



THE ROTUNDA

From the center of the Quadrangle, University of Virginia

independent schools continues to this day, with perhaps a few modifications, consequently there is no fixed, uniform course of studies that every student must pursue; the elective system in a very broad sense is in force in the academic and graduate departments.

The University is now divided into the following departments: The Academic Departments, consisting of the College and the Department of Graduate Studies; the Professional Departments, consisting of the Department of Law, the Department of Medicine, the Department of Engineering, and the Department of Agriculture. The degrees conferred are: In the College, Bachelor of Arts, Cultural Bachelor of Science, Vocational Bachelor of Science; in the Department of Graduate Studies, Graduate in a School, Master of Arts, Master of Science, Doctor of Philosophy; in the Department of Law, Bachelor of Laws; in the Department of Medicine, Doctor of Medicine; in the Department of Engineering, Civil Engineer, Mechanical Engineer, Electrical Engineer, Mining Engineer, Chemical Engineer; in the Department of Agriculture, Bachelor of Science in Agriculture.

Description

Thomas Jefferson was undoubtedly a man with genuine æsthetic sense. His sojourning in France permitted the development of this trait and many of his letters, written while abroad give evidence of a passion for art, especially architectural art. Hence it was natural, that when Jefferson came to build the University, he should insist upon architectural good taste.

His plan was to place the buildings around three sides of a quadrangular space. The larger buildings called pavilions were symmetrically placed along the opposite, long sides of the quadrangle and were to be two stories in height. These were to be connected, on both sides of the quadrangle, by one story buildings divided into single rooms, which were to be student dormitories. The two parallel lines of buildings became East Lawn and West Lawn. The third side to be filled, the northern side, was to be closed by the Rotunda. The enclosed space became the Lawn. Parallel to East and West Lawn, one on either side, were built similar series of pavilions and dormitories. These became East Range and West Range.

Jefferson insisted upon the classic architecture of Greece and Rome being the model for the University which is the reason why the characteristic feature of the University is its white colonnades and the columns of the porticos. The Rotunda is a reproduction of the Roman Pantheon. The facades of various pavilions were modeled after the facades of Roman and Greek temples and buildings, furnishing examples of Ionic, Doric and Corinthian types. In consequence, the University of Virginia probably presents the most beautiful and cer-

tainly the most unique group of buildings to be found in American colleges. When, after the fire of 1895, the Rouss Physical Laboratory was constructed to continue East Lawn, the Engineering Laboratory to continue West Lawn and Cabell Hall to fill in the southern end of the quadrangle, the architecture was of the Græco-Roman type.

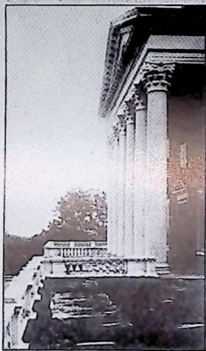
The central part of the University, formed by East Range, East Lawn, West Lawn and West Range, taking them in the order from east to west, lies on a long, gently sloping hill about a mile west of Charlottesville. As one stands before the white pillared portico of Cabell Hall and gazes northward, the scene is truly admirable. Before one, the lawn rises in four long terraces, edged on either side by a double row of ancient trees, to the massive bulk of the Rotunda, some eight hundred feet away. On either side the long colonnades before the pavilions and dormitories of East and West Lawn, the smaller Doric columns in front of the dormitories alternating with the larger Ionic and Corinthian columns of the pavilions, mount the terraces to join the low connecting wings of the Rotunda. At all times it is beautiful. The remembrance of the columns of the lawn has brought a thrill to thousands of men who in former years had found among them the joys of their student life.

One of the most beautiful of all the new buildings that have been constructed in the past few years is the president's home on Carr's Hill, a mansion of the best type of Colonial architecture, whose dignity and appearance are in keeping with its purpose and situation. Within the past three or four years, the University Commons has been built, two new wings added to the Hospital, and now the new Law Building is approaching completion. There are plans afoot to construct in the near future a Science Building and a building to house several of the laboratories of the Medical School. These structures, when all are completed, will add much to the beauty of the University. And they will furnish visible evidence of the progress Virginia is making.

Athletics at Virginia

Virginia is justly proud of her athletic prowess. In the trophy room at Madison Hall stand row upon row of cups won by Virginia's warriors, which testify to her triumphs. And the trophy-banners hung upon the walls of the Commons add further evidence of the might and brawn of Virginia athletes.

A glance at Virginia's athletic schedules will show how great an opportunity is afforded for contests with other colleges. Every season brings team after team from northern and southern colleges to Virginia, and among these teams, Theta Deltas are not lacking. Virginia's baseball schedule generally includes about thirty to thirty-five games, of which about twenty are played with colleges lying north of us, such as



VIEWS OF THE UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA

The Rotunda
The Hospital

The Esplanade
President's Mansion

Madison Hall
The Rotunda



George Washington, Princeton, Lehigh, Columbia, Harvard, and many others. And against these teams, Virginia's record has been enviable.

Besides baseball, football and track, basketball holds a strong place at Virginia. There are facilities here for perhaps every sport save that of rowing, and even this could be indulged in if the dam at the woolen mills were raised by a few feet. Many students find opportunity to indulge in that sport of sports, so dear to every Southerner's heart—fox hunting. The tennis courts at the University can accommodate about one hundred players at a time, while the well-equipped Fayerweather Gymnasium affords varied opportunities.

Virginia's athletic field really consists of two distinct fields, each large enough for any sort of game, and a third field, of like size, is under construction. The straight-away track is over 220 yards in length. The fields are beautifully situated, the view from the grandstand revealing a sweep of woodland and grassland closed to the west by the low spurs of the Ragged Mountains, and further westward, by the distant peaks of the Blue Ridge.

Virginia's proudest claim, however, is that in her athletics there is no taint of professionalism. Every man desiring to participate in any athletic contest is required to pledge his honor that he is an amateur; and the rules affecting what shall constitute an amateur are rigidly enforced. The coaching has, within the past few years, been removed from the professional type, and Virginia's recent successes have been won by means of an alumni coaching system.

Contribution to the Nation

Virginia's services to the nation and state have been many and honorable. In nearly every field of endeavor, her alumni have proved themselves masters and leaders; and in the works of these men her name finds its greatest monument.

The most conspicuous field, perhaps, in which Virginia's alumni have excelled is that of politics and governmental science. Her alumni have sat in the Congress, in the chairs of governors and on the bench; wherever there was conservative or constructive work to be done, these men have proved themselves leaders and often prophets. In the semi-political public works, such as organized philanthropy, municipal reform and public health, they have borne more than their share of the work. In the national Congress, Virginia alumni have always been present in numbers relatively greater than would be expected for a college of her size; and during a session in a recent year, her alumni absolutely outnumbered the alumni of any other institution, having twenty-one men to Harvard's nineteen. During recent years, when the West and Northwest were being developed, University of Virginia men were everywhere foremost among those striving to establish good government and sanely to conserve the tremendous resources of those regions.

In the scientific field, her alumni have been no less distinguished. Her school of medicine is known far and wide because of the epoch-making work of that humanitarian physician, Walter Ried, who discovered the means of transmission of yellow fever, and showed how that scourge may be eradicated. In the army and navy medical services, the percentage of Virginia medical men is probably relatively greater than that of any other college; the highest posts, including that of surgeon-general in both services, have been held by men who took their degrees here. In the sciences of geography and oceanography she claims one of the foremost men in America—Elisha Kent Kane, the famous Arctic explorer.

In the literary field, Virginia claims some of the highest names in the nation's annals. The second session of the University (1826) was made noteworthy by the presence, as a student, of a young man whose literary achievements won him a place among the world's immortals and there is no prouder boast among Virginia alumni than that Edgar Allan Poe was a student of the University. The names of John R. Thompson, the graceful poet; of Thomas Nelson Paige, the contemporary novelist; of Woodrow Wilson, the historian; and of a host of others whose pens have instructed and entertained, are worthy of the places they occupy in the nation's roll of celebrities.

All in all, the University has borne well her share in the upbuilding of the nation, in the conservation of its safety, in the discovery of things of benefit and in helping to adorn the tablets of our common fame with illustrious works of art, and there is no reason to believe that she will lose this proud distinction in years to come.

Student Activities

The activities of the students of the University are varied and, in some instances, picturesque. The more serious work is done by those men who are interested in literature and oratory; there are three student publications at the University—*College Topics*, a semi-weekly newspaper; the *Magazine*, a monthly publication, very old in years and with a substantial reputation, that is devoted solely to literature; and *Corks and Curls*, the annual. Two literary societies, The Washington and The Jefferson, foster the art of public speaking, and from their numbers are recruited the men who compose the debating teams, which have won an enviable series of victories in the North and South. The Civic Club is an organization of professors and students which has for its object the consideration of the problems of our body politic.

The religious activities centre about the Y. M. C. A., which has the largest membership of any college Y. M. C. A. in the South, and which is housed in an admirable building, open to all men in college, whether members or not. The Y. M. C. A. performs many functions.

It is in charge of the reception of new students, the arrangement of lyceum courses and the direction of an unusually successful student volunteer movement, whose object is the sending out of trained missionaries, physicians and the like. It is one of the most conservative and restraining forces in the University and the unusually large membership proves the confidence that the students have in its value.

Last year there was founded an Aëro Club, for the purpose of studying the problem of aviation; an aëroplane was constructed, prominent aviators were invited here to lecture, and the club bids fair to have a very successful career.

The lighter side of our life is very well represented by such organizations as The Arcadians, who present every year a comic opera, usually written by students; by the German Club; by The Hot Feet, whose coronation ceremonies every year are very picturesque; by numerous state and school clubs; and by the public ceremonies attending the initiations of several of the fraternities.

Held in the spring, the most typical of the University's social activities is the time-honored institution of "Easter Week," during which time the most attractive athletic games are played, the most elaborate Germans and teas and fêtes given—all for the amusement and entertainment of a host of visiting girls who come to the University at its most beautiful season.

These activities, from the most purposeful to the most frivolous, provide a means for the outlet of all the conceivable aspirations of the student body and lend to our life its peculiar charm and piquancy.

The Honor System

If there is anything at Virginia that may be considered a peculiarly basic characteristic, it is the general spirit that underlies and upholds the Honor System. This system is a product of a certain native idealism, and its tenets are the crystallized ideals of many generations of students. It has been entirely a product of evolution and not one of imposed or adapted theories; it is as much an essential part of the University as the Rotunda; and it is almost a trite thing to say that the man who loves Virginia loves her more for this spirit than for any other characteristic.

Perhaps the word "system," as applied here, is a little unfortunate; for the Honor System is not an affair of rules or laws; it is an affair of convictions and beliefs that amount almost to a religion. The honor system is not to be considered as applied merely to the conduct of examinations. It is far deeper, and its traditions underlie every phase of student life. To give an idea of what it means to us, it is only necessary to state the definition, given by the honor committee last year, of what shall constitute a breach of the Honor System—"Any act which unfits a man for the society of gentlemen."

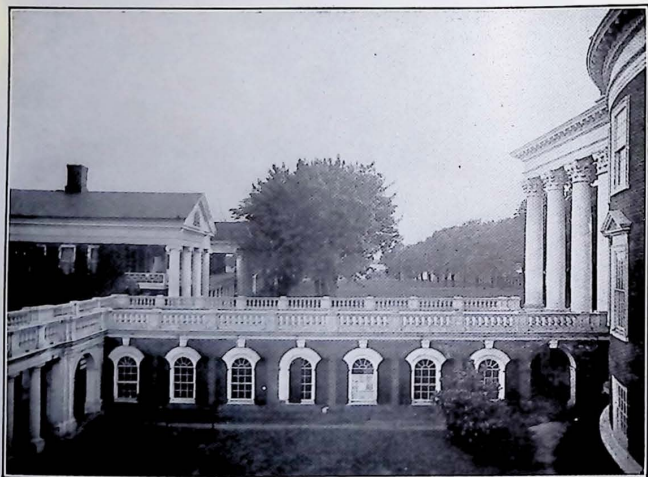
Practically, the spirit of the Honor System presumes a man to be a gentleman until he proves himself to be otherwise by committing a reprehensible act. There is no espionage, no detective methods, no observation on the part of designated individuals. All that is asked of a man is that he be careful so to conduct himself in the examination room—and out of it—that he shall not lay himself open to suspicion. The only danger that such a system has to face is that some newcomer, who has not learned this fact, will put himself in a compromising position by being indiscreet. To obviate this, at the beginning of each session, the new men are given a talk on the Honor System in which the greatest possible stress is laid on the advice to be prudent—even to the extent of prudishness—until the operations of the system have been grasped and its spirit comprehended; after that, it becomes spontaneous and habitual.

The Honor System is administered by a group of students known as the Honor Committee, composed of the presidents of the graduate, academic, engineering, medical and law classes, and the vice-president of the class from which the offender comes. This committee reviews all the evidence submitted and determines whether or not a breach of the system has been committed; and if one has been committed, it decrees the punishment. The trial may be held in public or in secrecy, as the accused decides, and counsel for the defense may be used if the accused so wishes. There is no appeal from the decision of the committee. The punishment meted out to offenders is almost invariably the simple request, on the part of the committee as the representatives of the student body, that the man leave college. Such a request carries with it an odium that makes it a punishment severe enough for any offense.

The faculty has absolutely nothing to do with the administration of the Honor System. The conduct of examinations is left entirely in the hands of the students; the professor generally leaves the room after submitting his questions and does not return until the examination is completed; the students are at liberty to write their examinations as they please—in the class room or out on the lawns, as they desire. All that is required is that they refrain from the appearance of evil. This method of conducting examinations puts the student and his professors in a peculiar and characteristic relationship, which constitutes one of the largest factors in the "atmosphere" of Virginia. Here there is none of the covert antagonism sometimes seen; there is instead a mutual respect, and a spirit of thorough goodfellowship between teachers and students that brings the faculty into the closest personal contact with the student body. And the fact that it is not "faculty control" that rules the behavior of the men, but "student control," gives to every individual student the sense that he is responsible for the honor of the University; and thus is engendered a self-reliance and self-respect that make Virginia men unique, in a way, when compared with men in many other institutions.



CABELL HALL
The Academic Building, University of Virginia



THE QUADRANGLE
From the Esplanade, University of Virginia

Fraternities

Virginia, along with Cornell, is often spoken of in college and fraternity circles as "the heaven for fraternities." There are twenty-three general fraternities, seven class fraternities, fifteen social and literary organizations, and six scholarship societies. The standing of the institution, the class of men in attendance, and the friendly attitude of the president and faculty of the University, no doubt all contribute to the prosperity of these numerous organizations.

The general fraternities represented at the University of Virginia, in the order of establishment, are as follows: Φ κ Σ (1850), Δ κ ϵ (1852), Φ κ Ψ (1853), B Θ Π (1854), Θ Δ X (1857), X Φ (1859), Σ A E (1858), Φ Γ Δ (1858), Δ Ψ (1859), Σ X (1860), A T Ω (1868), Π κ A (1868), Z Ψ (1868), κ Σ (1869), Σ N (1870), Φ Δ Θ (1873), κ A (1873), Δ T Δ (1889), Δ X (1905), Φ Σ κ (1906), Σ Φ E (1907), A X P (1907), and Δ Φ (1907).

The class fraternities are as follows: Φ Δ Φ (Law), Π M (Medical), N Σ N (Medical), Φ P Σ (Medical), Φ B Π (Medical), Λ Π (Academic), and Θ N E (Academic).

Most of the general fraternities initiate men indiscriminately from all the departments of the University. All the class fraternities initiate men regardless of whether they are fraternity men or not.

The number of men belonging to general fraternities in the University varies from about 330 to 370. Last session there were over 800 students enrolled so it may be seen that less than 50% of the student body are fraternity men.

Several of the fraternities live almost entirely by affiliation. In their cases they have chapters located at the numerous small colleges throughout the state, and men often take an academic course at the small colleges, later coming to the University to pursue graduate or professional courses. On the other hand some rarely ever have any affiliates and depend almost entirely upon initiates.

Eleven of the fraternities occupy houses, some of which are very handsome homes. The other chapters that do not occupy houses have meeting rooms in or near the campus.

The relation between the faculty and the fraternities and among the fraternities themselves is one of cooperation and concord. Nearly all of the teaching force are fraternity men, and not a few take an active interest in fraternity life. The University encourages the occupancy of fraternity houses.

Corks and Curls, the University annual is managed and published solely by the fraternities and is considered one of the most creditable publications gotten out by college men. Each fraternity selects a representative, who comprise the editorial staff. In this way the local organizations are brought in close touch by their common interests.

Down in Manatee*

BY FREDERIC P. LADD, Z '93

The adventures of certain Theta Delt Investors

Some friend of Bill Gitt told him of a chance to invest large sums of money to fabulous advantage in Florida West Coast truck lands. Bill had a positive genius as a promoter, and organized a party to visit the lovely Manatee country. I went along because I knew nothing about the truck business, and had derived all my intimate knowledge of agriculture by a severe training on Broadway, from 33d Street to 42d.

Also, I liked Bill. Everybody in the party liked Bill. There were six of us: Sylvester Oatkins, who had whiskers and a broken nose; Sam Riley, who limped, but talked fast; Tom Tolliver, who was classy as to clothes, young, dashing, and an ornament to any party; and Judson Jones, who had all kinds of money and needed investments. Jud. was serious about it. He was serious for four days out of New York on the *Mallory* to Tampa and didn't appear at his meals regularly. I never saw a more serious look on the face of any individual than when we mentioned food to Jud. on that sea trip. He was serious up to the very moment we steamed into the beautiful Manatee River, and made for the Bradentown dock.

There was a gentleman waiting for us on this dock whose soul illumined his face with a rare loveliness. Brotherly affection, tender friendship, were stamped upon the ample features of this fine fellow. His name was Stiggins, and his business was the welcoming of strangers to his city. Also, he dealt in Real Estate. This came out a few minutes after Stiggins had clasped our hands and announced his pleasure, and found out our names and had a drink with us. It was the sulphuretted hydrogen water of the locality, and there was enough for everybody in the tank in Stiggins' real estate office. We supposed he was taking us to a hotel when we entered the portals.

"Brother," said Stiggins—"Great Lord what water!" interrupted Bill Gitt, gagging.

"Brother!" said Stiggins, nearly embracing Tom Tolliver, "I've got an orange grove worth forty thousand dollars that I've been holding for you at eighteen thousand. I want to put you just an even twenty-two thousand to the good—Dammit, I like you!—We want you as a citizen!"

Tom swelled up, patted his classy cravat, and assumed the look of a financier; and jingled the eighteen cents in his pocket.

*See Ladd letter on page 306.

Sylvester Oatkins silently stroked his whiskers with deep thoughtfulness. Sam Riley murmured, sitting on a soap box, "Twenty-two thou' clear in five minutes.—This *is* God's Country!"

Bill Gitt cleared his throat importantly, but immediately assumed the look of a bored millionaire.

Judson Jones smiled, and looked out of the window.

"Gentlemen," said Stiggins, "we shall see the grove—and all our lovely country.—My car is yours!" His voice was vibrant with emotion. A hush fell upon the party.—Before we knew it, we had filed out of Stiggins' real estate office and were in his touring car.

Never may we forget that trip. We were individually offered orange and grape fruit groves, broad acres red with tomatoes, areas lovely with elegant lettuce and fields made glorious with egg plant. We were offered these properties at exactly one-third their actual value. Stiggins admitted it. When, at last, flushed with enthusiasm and our hearts within us singing very pæans of rapture, we were deposited at the hotel which Stiggins had selected for us, we were so glad we came to Bradentown that we could have died. Bill Gitt nearly did. He drank some more sulphuretted hydrogen water, while thinking about a twenty-seven thousand dollar tomato patch that was his for nine thousand, fruit and all. Jud. Jones offered not to lend him the money, and Bill forgot the taste in his mouth, and thus was saved from a shocking demise.

The events of the next few days, as I set them down from memory now, appear to me a maze of glorious surprises, a kaleidoscopic array of dazzling episodes. No doubt in the world's history there have been philanthropists nearly as noble as Stiggins; no doubt there have somewhere, sometime, been men more nearly destitute financially than were all of our party save Jud. Jones; but I question if anybody, anywhere, ever was offered such touching opportunities to invest money as were we,—save Jud. Jones. Jud. told Stiggins that the rest of us were the moneyed men of the trip; that he was along only to kodak what we bought.

There was one circumstance which should be mentioned here as clearly showing that Stiggins was not the only philanthropist in Bradentown. The mayor, the tax collector, the tax assessor, and about twenty-five of the choicest citizens and noblest land owners of the vicinity offered to our party groves and truck lands at prices in some instances nearly as low as those quoted by Stiggins himself. If we had had the United States treasury behind us, instead of Jud. Jones as official kodaker, we could have bought four town lots and several two acre orange groves, as easy as Sam Riley talked. Right here, I want to say that I never heard any man in my life talk so fluently as Sam Riley talked about his Broadway holdings and the exasperatingly unsatisfactory state of the stock market.

Bill Gitt mentioned his home on Fifth Avenue, in a tired out tone of voice.

I dropped a word to the effect that I was thinking of sending North for my steam yacht, *Priscilla*.

Tom Tolliver remarked he guessed he'd turn over some of his coffee plantations in Brazil and try grape fruit awhile.

Sylvester Oatkins stroked his whiskers and looked too wise to speak,—yet.

Stiggins, and the mayor of Bradentown, and others, took our party to three barbecues in one week. . . .

Over across the beautiful, languorous Manatee River from Bradentown, lies the fair site of Palmetto. No town in all Florida has natural advantages surpassing those of this perfect, river-set country. Miles of rich hammock lands, thousands of acres of fertile truck lands, sun-kissed areas that some day will bear golden groves and splendid harvests lie sleeping, waiting.

It was Bill Gitt who discovered Palmetto. He took us all over there early one morning before Stiggins, or the mayor of Bradentown, had arisen from slumber. Bill had chartered a launch the night before, the fancy having seized him to interview a particularly beautiful young lady whom he had saved from stepping into a large puddle on the Bradentown dock two days previously when he had sauntered down there to rest. The young lady had been in imminent danger of wetting the daintiest foot that ever trod a dock when Bill had, with indescribable chivalry, guided her safely over the wet, obtained an introduction from the nearest citizen, and—lost his heart. We didn't know that until afterward. Bill himself knew only that he wished to spend the rest of his life in Palmetto. . . .

We found it, as it was, Beautiful.

Palmetto! Name to conjure with. Abode of Netta Winneman! (This was the name of Bill Gitt's fiancée.) I may as well announce the engagement at this point, because it really occurred after we had been in Palmetto but five days. After the very first trip of our party there, we forsook Bradentown,—moved across the river. Miss Winneman's papa owned some rich hammock lands in Palmetto. Miss Winneman's papa had friends who also were land holders in and about Palmetto. These friends had daughters. These daughters were beautiful. The daughters entertained us, singly and collectively. There were picnics, drives, launch parties. Sam Riley lost his limp. Jud. Jones put away his kodak and made love to Mary Lane, and bought an orange grove from Mary's papa. . . .

In fine, they knew, in Palmetto, how to interest us. . . .

Jud. Jones became engaged to Mary Lane the day Bill Gitt eloped with Netta Winneman. They were married in Tampa, and came back the same night, were forgiven, and Bill was made a high official in Papa Winneman's biggest grape fruit grove, with a pretty cottage for his own.

Before long, Sam Riley married a widow who owned twelve acres of the handsomest tomatoes you ever saw.

Sylvester Oatkins married the spinster daughter of the mayor of Palmetto that spring, and they were very happy. (Jud. Jones loaned three thousand to Sylvester, and took a mortgage on the orange grove in which Sylvester invested; you could really buy a three thousand dollar grove for three thousand, over in Palmetto.)

As for me and Tom Tolliver,* we are still living in Palmetto, unmarried, but happy. All the day long, and in nights that are filled with the song of breathing pines, we court, and are courted. The Manatee river shimmers in the moonlight, and white dresses are whiter yet beneath the rays of that moon which seems to us to kiss Palmetto more fondly than it shines on Bradentown.

In Bradentown they have Real Estate men:—in Palmetto, girls; and land, rich land: I think it will all come out right.

HE GOT HIS ANSWER

Charles Hibson, Π^A '92, is the exponent of a brand of droll, dry humor which all who know him will readily call to mind. His quaint observations anent this, that or t'other, indicate a broad and comprehensive view and an unerring appreciation of the perspective of life's relations. In addition to this fundamental equipment for successful participation in a battle of wits, he is able to inject into the retort courteous a dash of sarcasm, which, with the accompanying tolerant smile, usually results in the discomfiture of the victim.

Brother Hibson's real estate office at Lexington Avenue and 34th Street has been known for many years to New York Theta Deltas. So they will not be astonished to learn that he was lately appointed real estate expert to the real estate bureau of the tax department of the comptroller's office. In this capacity Brother Hibson recently testified before the court which has jurisdiction in such matters. Counsel for the other side, with more zeal than discretion, sought to discredit the witness on cross-examination by impugning his competency. And this is the way he laid bare the dark secret of our brother's life:

Q: You are retained by the comptroller's office as a real estate expert?

A: Yes, sir.

Q: Now, as a matter of fact, you are a lawyer by profession, are you not?

Here the witness appealed to the judge for protection against his tormentor: "Your Honor, must I answer that question?" His gloating inquisitor insisted that the question was a proper one, and the court concurred. And then the witness answered, suavely, smilingly:

"That was one of my youthful indiscretions, sir."

*I wouldn't dare tell you that Tom Tolliver's real name is Bill Wright, Π^A '97. Bill Gitt goes under the name of Pete La Roche, Π^A 02, in New York. Pete has never been married—much.

Reveries of an Old Grad

[This is the third and last article of this series: "The Initiate's Dream" appearing in the February SHIELD was the first while "Position of the Young Graduate in $\theta \Delta X$ " published in the April SHIELD constituted the second section.—*Editor*]

I have wondered much, my dear brothers, as to how an old man already on the shadowy side of eighty, should best give expression to his lasting faith in our Fraternity so as to reflect on the varied minds and hearts of his readers the same deep, sweet and lasting impression it has made in his own, to give you even a slight clue as to the paths you must follow in order to realize its ultimate importance and to sow in your hearts the inspiration to follow them faithfully.

Many dreams and visions are permitted to Age that Youth in the turmoil and conflict of Life fails to meet and it may be pardoned in us old fellows if in warming our cold fingers to the temperature of our hearts over a cheery fire, we sentimentalize a little. Save for my books and dreams and the old familiar things that surround me, I am all alone these days. Death and the busy world have lured from me the forms of my loved ones. It is not surprising then that as night comes on and chilled by the touch of Fall in the air, I draw my chair closer to a crackling wood fire, many faces should come to keep me company in my loneliness. Here and there and everywhere,—looking from the shadows in every dark corner,—dancing back and forth with the fire-light into every nook and cranny of my dusty and well beloved library, they smile upon me and whisper sweet remembrances of old days into my willing ears. Dear faces,—how many times have we looked together upon joy and sorrow,—through how much mingled pain and pleasure have we passed in our journey along the twisted courses of Life's highway. Come and bide with me, creep into my old heart and warm it with the glowing fires of remembrance for the long shadows of Life's sunset are falling over me and night is near.

Let us journey back together upon this cool, crisp night, fragrant with all the incense of early autumn, to those other autumn nights that marked the beginning of our college term. Back from the farm after a long summer of hard and healthy work in the fields, we will travel together to the old college town. How we have looked forward to it during the past month, how anxiously we have longed for the old faces and the warm grasp, more eloquent than words of the heart's welcome. Life is full of the joy of living and as we sit with reverently bowed heads while the old Doctor asks a benediction upon "this college, its work and the young men gathered here in search of light," our souls kindle with lofty resolution to play a noble and unselfish part in whatever scheme of existence may be allotted to us. What young Sir Galahads we were, and how earnest were our visions of the Holy Grail.

Young and full of the defects of youth as we were, we with rare exceptions took our college work seriously. In those days college education was granted to comparatively few and to most of those few only by virtue of earnest work and the strictest kind of personal economy. College students were not regarded as conventionally finished young men, but were rather looked to as men having some special mission in life and this general attitude on the parts of our parents and friends together with the labor of acquisition, awakened a responsive chord in our hearts and stimulated us to get the most we could out of the time allotted to us. A pleasant mellow flavor of academic scholasticism pervaded our college life, and this and the earnest simplicity of our young hearts, provided the soundest sort of basis for the appreciation of our college associations.

Of all these of course, our Fraternity was first and best loved. We revered it with a truly wonderful and well deserved devotion, it was an object of transcendent importance to us and never in any connection descended to the level of the incidental. We were proud of it above all other things, and I remember well, with what superlative pride, in going home at Christmas, to mingle with the Yuletide festivities of the neighborhood, we used to stick our hands in our trousers pockets in order that our coats would swing back and reveal the cherished badge. How the girls smiled upon us and with what little sympathy we shouldered aside the less fortunate suitors for their favor. We felt something of a superstitious reverence for the stars and hand in hand, shoulder to shoulder, thoroughly one in heart and spirit, travelled together through our college days as though bound by a power beyond our understanding. A slight to one was the gage of battle to the others. There was nothing of snobbishness in our attitudes but it seemed to be the general spirit of those days that fraternity men travel in their own circles. Fraternity partisanship was keen and though we were compelled by mere fact to acknowledge in our minds the existence of other fraternities, we could never bring ourselves to admit them to relationship. We were solidly united, not only in appearance but in fact. There were, of course, faults in all of us but we never endeavored to correct such failings by overt methods. Love and confidence in the erring one's prevailing merit worked wonders where corrective discipline would have failed.

I believe that we were possibly more considerate of each other's tastes and better versed in each other's personalities than are the present generation. There was less then of the spirit of "each man for himself" and the attitude of being continually upon one's guard lest someone else transgress upon your privileges. We were willing to sacrifice ourselves for each other and were happy in the giving. There was of course on the outside, much of the same atmosphere as exists today, but we made our own atmosphere and lived in and up to it consistently. We were free and easy light-hearted lads and we made many mistakes

such as youth is prone to, but we guarded with especial care that no word, thought or deed intervene to mar the spirit of our brotherhood. It was after all, the spirit of our lives together that was surpassingly valuable, and for this spirit the Fraternity was responsible. Our material environment contained nothing that could pretend to the luxury of our present day houses but unity of purpose and mutual affection more than compensated for the lack of easy chairs. It is a pleasant thing for an old man, shut out from active participation in the Fraternity, to feel that the spirit of his own undergraduate days, is the spirit of today, and that this old spirit will live on forever, untroubled by the ceaseless change of Life's conditions.

It is a wonderful thing to have something in life, some ideal conception bigger than one's own sordid aims, to love, reverence, and emulate with a constancy unailing and faith great enough to smile at the petty contradictions and the personal piques of our existence. All of the truly great deeds of history, all of the really noble men of the ages, have been inspired by a divine unselfishness.

"Hands of invisible spirits touch the strings
Of that mysterious instrument, the soul,
And play the prelude of our fate."

One of the greatest tragedies of life is that old age has no faculty by which it can instruct youth in an appreciation of itself or inspire it to make the most of its opportunities. It can only speak in truisms that fail to interest and hold serious attention for it has lost the language of youth. However keenly it may realize that all of the lasting acquisitions of character must be gained in the germinant spring or early summer of life, it knows no effective appeal. Youth alone is permitted to be the sculptor of its destiny and what it loses is the loss of all the future for when, in the untimely bloom of autumn, we realize our neglected opportunities, the hour is too late for reparation,—character has lost its plasticity, environment becomes rigid, and the habits of years too settled to be broken.

Make the most then of your Fraternity while you are young for it is unquestionably the greatest and best influence upon character building that you will experience. Work while the time is ripe.

"There are gains for all our losses,
There are balms for all our pains,
But when Youth the dream departs
It takes something from our hearts
And it never comes again.

We are stronger and are better
Under Manhood's sterner reign,
Still we feel that something sweet
Followed Youth with flying feet
And will never come again."

I warn you that the part you will take henceforth in this world,—the rank you will attain in any phase of thought or action, depends with absolute certainty upon the utilization of your youth. When the hot flame of ambition has burned out and your eyes are opened by experience to the pettishness and futility of setting one's course by purely material objectives, this lesson will be graven deep upon your soul and you will comprehend the terrible tragedy of a declining life that tries in vain to glean from winter the treasures it should have sown in spring. I repeat that nothing will help you more than a deep and sincere appreciation of the inner spirit of our Fraternity.

I am inclined to believe, and to my sorrow, that present day conditions tend to the destruction of the old-fashioned fraternity spirit, that an increasing number of undergraduates are becoming guilty, even while believing themselves innocent, of accepting their fraternity bonds as a pretty abstraction incidental to the enjoyment of club privileges. I do not believe, I could not believe, that this were possible in $\Theta \Delta X$. My faith is as unchanging as the everlasting hills, as eternal as the ceaseless flight of Time, but I appeal to you to be unsleepingly upon your guard against the inroads of modern materialistic thought, and false liberalism. It is not the work of a dotard or fool that a man rear within himself a transcendently beautiful conception of life and the obligations of life, and endeavor to live it. It is not a thing of which you can afford to be other than proud. Thank your God for it and hug it ever more tightly to your heart for a man without religion is at best a miserable derelict upon the ocean of Immortality, a ship with no rudder to carve its path,—no star to direct its course. Let the world scoff if it will,—but don't let its sordid judgments influence your faith. The world has always scoffed at the things of which it was ignorant. Ike Marvel, whom I knew well and loved, said, "There are indeed, base moulded souls who know nothing of this,—they laugh,—they sneer,—they even affect to pity. Just so, the Huns under the avenging Atilla, who had been used to foul cooking and steaks stewed under their saddles, laughed brutally at the spiced banquets of an Apicius." I have lived long and have lived in much the same way and made much the same mistakes as the generality of men and as an ordinary man, and not an old man intoxicated by the mellow wine of Memory, I give you this message,—Read deep into the sense of our brotherhood, try honestly to live by what it teaches, and it will guide your feet into every highway and byway that leads to the truly useful and lastingly beautiful in life.

"Work while there is Light."

When you have, for the last time as an undergraduate, passed the college gate and gone out to do battle in the arena of life, do not let the everyday world deafen with its thunderous diapason of conflict, the sweet and tender melodies that steal into your heart through the

pathways of memory. When you are heartsick with daily disappointment call back the phantoms of the past and take counsel with them. Relive the old days,—laugh at the old joys,—grieve with the old sorrows,—glow with the old hopes and the old faith, and when you again take to the dusty highroad that lies before, you will have a lighter heart and a sprightlier step for having loitered for a moment to pick a flower by the wayside. It is as much of a duty to yourself as to the undergraduates of your old Charge, that you be faithful to your Fraternity and its doctrines, that you carry bravely and strongly into action, however much the tide of battle turns against you, the true manliness it has taught.

Treat kindly the clinging tendrils of this higher spirit, that seek to wind themselves around your heart, warm them with the sunshine of the joys,—water them with the tears of your remembrances. Who has not seen a vine, planted by some fortuitous breeze, search with its young shoots for a grasp upon an old dilapidated building that has long since become an eyesore and a blot upon the landscape? Carefully, patiently, thankful for every ray of sunlight, every drop of rain the Heavens send, the tender fingers search out each kindly roughness in the wall. Bending and twisting upon themselves, now advancing, now falling back, often disappointed but never despairing, they strive on until the ugly forbidding wall has become a solid mass of living green,—a thing of beauty that puts to shame the newer marble structure by its side. So it is with our inner consciousness of the better things. Grant to it the smallest place in our hearts, give it the slightest encouragement, and it will struggle bravely on and grow into a thing of beauty, with power to glorify the most sordidly commonplace, with Godliness sufficient to make of our lives, no matter how abjectly we have failed in the world's material eye, a divine success.

The years pass by with flying feet and as they go I grow more and more to the conviction that Life is but a transitory stage,—more and more grateful to the old Fraternity for the eternal spark whose matured glow now cheers my look upon futurity. Yet as I sit here and muse, the glamour of the old days steals round me. Ah, dear faces that throng my hearth, could we but go back to Youth together, to the old days, the old things, the old joys. Alas,—all, all are gone, I alone am left of

“The dear home faces whereupon
The fitful firelight paled and shone.”

But I am growing sad and lest Youth may fail to understand the sadly sweet ruminations of Age, I will take my candle and drag my old feet off to bed, wishing to each of you before I go, a sincere “God bless you” and “Good night.”

Unusual Occurrences

XII

To Have and to Hold

A Skit in One Shakedown by Ned Griffing and Three Somersaults by Rip Van Winkle

Dramatis Personæ: NED, Lawyer, EDWARD STETSON GRIFFING, I '89
 RIP, Lawyer, too, EDWARD VAN WINKLE, P^A '00
 MOB, GORDON GIBSON, Z^A '04
Place: A Den in the home of Ned, at New Rochelle
Time: Friday, the thirteenth of May, 1910
Occasion: Thedelchian meeting

NED: (*discoursing learnedly, but yet guardedly, as becomes one lawyer to another, and pointing to a document yellowed with age, hanging framed upon the wall*)—And here is an interesting bit. It is a bill of sale, executed August 16, 1794, and conveying title to a slave girl, Mary. The old geezer that drew it was a so-called lay judge. In those days it was customary to have two judges sitting on the bench. One, the law judge, passed upon technical points of law. The lay judge was elected by the people to pass upon penalties, sentences, etc. So you see this bill of sale is a lay product. As a matter of fact, it's a model document, as binding as you or I could draw,—or possibly better than you—

RIP: Soft pedal on that last, Ned. Somebody outside the profesh might overhear you. Isn't it lucky for you and me that men put not their faith in the home-made article today? By the way, who's your friend that drew this wonderful instrument?

NED: I don't remember his name; never noticed it particularly, in fact.

(*Rip polishes his spectacles, tucks his hands away beneath his ample coat tails, and assumes an elaborate attitude of critical inspection of the document.*)

RIP: Cripes!

NED: What's the matter?

RIP: Why, that's Daniel Van Winkle, my great-great-grandfather. (*Pushes both eyes back into their respective sockets.*)

NED: Hellyousay!

RIP: Sure as shootin'! (*Wipes persp. from high brow.*)

NED: Well now, seeing as you're you, and he was him,—I think,—yes, I am almost persuaded to believe that maybe,—when I make a new will,—if I do,—perhaps, someday,—I may incorporate a clause wherein

I shall bequeath, devise and give to you, your heirs and assigns, to have and to hold, now and forever,—

RIP: Wow!

NED: Honest!

RIP: Yes, but—

NED: No buts, I'll do it for *you*.

RIP: Yes, but—

NED: But what?

RIP: How do I know—

NED: Know what?

RIP: You see, I don't know—

NED: Know what?

RIP: Why, how long I may have to wait—

NED: O, of course, I should hate to have you rooting that way.

I suppose—

RIP: Yes?

NED: I shouldn't wonder—

RIP: Go on!

NED: If after all, our mutual peace of mind—

RIP: Is it mine?

NED: It is.

(They grip. Enter Mob.)

MOB: Why this ecstasy, Rip? These tears?

RIP: *(Sputteringly)* This bill of sale,—my great-great-grand-father—

MOB: Bill of Sale your grandmother!

(Explanations.)

MOB: Let's have a drink!

(They have it,—also on Ned.)

Curtain.

C. P. S., JR.

GOOD ADVICE

On the first day that a certain Theta Delt began his duties as reporter on one of the large New York dailies, a report came from a near-by town that there was a terrible fire raging. The editor of the paper immediately sent the new reporter to the place, and, upon arriving there, he found that the firemen were unable to get control of the fire, so he sent this telegram to the editor:

"Fire still raging. What shall I do?"

The editor thought it over a minute, and then sent back this message:

"Find out where the fire is hottest and jump in."

Then the reporter wired back: "Politest invitation I ever had. Go to h— yourself. P. S. I resign."



In order to make this department of the greatest possible value, we would like to receive details of the various banquets. It is the duty of the toastmaster to officially appoint a special SHIELD correspondent for the occasion. A list of those who attend is desired. EDITOR.

The Halsey Farewell

The privilege of giving a farewell dinner, in honor of an illustrious Theta Delt, came to the Central New York Graduate Association, on June 6th. Nearly thirty graduate and undergraduate Theta Delt from all over central New York met informally at a dinner in Syracuse, given under the auspices of the association to Lewis Halsey, Ξ '68, who was about to leave Clyde, N. Y., to take up his work at Wyoming, Ohio.

Brother Halsey needs no introduction to the Fraternity at large; his name and his work are known to the newest Theta Delt and are an inspiration to us all. To the members of the Central New York Graduate Association, however, Brother Halsey became intimately known and his departure from the state has been the cause of much regret to these older and younger associates of his.

The dinner was held at one of the leading restaurants of Syracuse and the hour was late before all of the brothers had expressed their regret on the departure of the guest of honor and had spoken a final goodbye. Rev. Wm. W. Dawley, D.D., Ψ '75, acted as toastmaster and after the reading of a dozen or more telegrams and letters from absent brothers, expressing their deep disappointment in not being able to attend, he called upon the various brothers to respond to the formal toasts of the evening. To these toasts Brothers Sawtelle, I^{Δ} '94, McKim, Θ '93, Scott, Ξ '70, Place, O^{Δ} '93, Westcott, Ψ '81, Gere, Ψ '84, and President Cook, Ξ '95, responded, each speaker emphasizing the work and worth of Brother Halsey to the Fraternity and setting forth the lessons of fidelity, loyalty and devotion, to be drawn from his example of an ideal fraternal life.

When called upon to bid us his farewell, Brother Halsey was nearly overcome with emotion. Several of the speakers who had preceded

him, had not only known him while he had resided in and around Syracuse but as an undergraduate and a parting after years of fraternal affection meant much to Brother Halsey. He delighted all present with, among other things, several of his poems, one written in 1885 at the first meeting of what is now the Central New York Graduate Association. He briefly outlined the history of the early efforts of the association and directed his remarks to the higher things of the Fraternity which such an organization inspires and develops. He briefly alluded to some of his own work in the Fraternity and expressed his sincere regret at leaving so many close Theta Delt friends.

It seemed to be irresistible on the part of those who had not already spoken to want to express to Brother Halsey their appreciation of his services and their feeling of sorrow to have him go, and each was given the opportunity. Old and young Theta Delt caught the spirit of the moment, addressing Brother Halsey and shaking his hand.

It developed during the evening that Brother Sawtelle was also about to move beyond the really defined limits of the association and he shared with Brother Halsey in the expressions of regret. Both Brother Halsey and Brother Sawtelle were made honorary members of the Central Graduate Association and inasmuch as neither was going away so very far, the hope was expressed that they might often return, at least to attend one of the little informal dinners which mean so much to Theta Delt of Central New York.

The Chicago Annual

On account of Convention, the annual banquet of the Central Graduate Association was held later this year than customary. However, in spite of the popular notion that on May 18th we were due to receive a massage and singe from the comet, thirty-six of us were draped around the table in the Great Northern Hotel on that evening.

After a light skirmish with the food, "Steve" Gardner, in the absence of Pres. Frank Compton, called for order and a fresh smoke. He received the latter. The election of officers for the ensuing year was the next thing on the card, so Brother Gardner appointed "Phil" Walter, Guy Pierce, and John Compton to act as a nominating committee. The latter adjourned for a short interval and nominated Waldo F. Tobey, B '95, for president; Tracy D. Luccock, Φ '05, for vice-president; Walter Neilson, Γ^A '09, for secretary and treasurer; and Ed. Farley, Ed. Lindberg, and Frank Compton, for the executive committee. The nominations were seconded and the secretary instructed to cast a unanimous ballot, but proceedings were interrupted at this point by Brother Tobey, who declined the nomination in a speech that paralyzed most of us. Brother Pierce was then nominated in his stead and the nomination vigorously seconded. But in a speech that

released the paralytics, he also declined. It began to look as though the good ship would be without a rudder this year. But then Brother Gardner asserted himself. With dignity becoming the chair, he announced that the next man to decline the presidency would join the comet-gazers on the street. "Steve" speaks with decision. After another adjournment, the nominating committee returned with an air of confidence, for this time Brother "Steve" himself had been selected. Need we add that he accepted the boomerang?

After the election, the reports of the various Convention committees were heard and accepted. W. M. Lalor, N^Δ '02, entertained us with a few of his latest and "Babe" Savage, Γ^Δ '98, recounted some of his interesting experiences while "globe trotting." The chair then called on Brothers Tobey and Pierce to lead us in a light yell which was fairly successful, and the banquet concluded with the usual toast to Ω.

The following brothers were present: Waldo F. Tobey, '95, P. M. Walter, '98, H. H. Sayse, '05, Ralph Ullman, '08, and Malcom R. McNeill, '11, all of B; Howard M. Cox, '95, G. M. Cox, '98, F. N. Savage, '98, H. S. Graves, '04, George Kuhn, '07, and Walter Neilson, '09, all of Γ^Δ; C. A. Rogers, H^Δ '06; North Storms, I '06; J. H. Bradbury, '79, and Guy Pierce, '96, of K; Ed. Lindberg, '09, A. P. Streff, '09, and W. C. Ware, '11, all of K^Δ; W. M. Lalor, N^Δ '02; R. E. Espy, E '05; R. S. Southgate, O^Δ '07; C. R. Smith, '93, and H. Haviland, '02, of P^Δ; George H. Jones, '97, Stephen Gardner, '02, R. R. Caskey, '04, J. M. Compton, '05, E. V. Eyman, '07, H. A. Porter, '07, Andrew K. Robertson, '07, J. W. Rosholt, '08, Ed. Farley, '09, E. J. Springer, '09, and L. K. Branyen, '11, all of Σ^Δ; R. C. Bryant, '91, and Eldredge Cole, '12, of Φ.

Southern California Activities

R. S. EMERSON ENTERTAINED

Some of the brothers in the "Angel City" got wind of the fact that Robt. S. Emerson, Z '97, Graduate Treasurer Grand Lodge, was due to pass through that town on his way to Mexico after having been to Convention and paying an official visit to the two coast Charges. Arrangements were made to give Bob the "Glad Hand" and when he arrived at the edifice known as the Southern Pacific depot, sometimes known as the "Ark," he was hustled into Nat Myrick's new buzz wagon and whisked off to Pasadena, Riverside, Redlands, and other of Southern California's more beautiful spots.

On Monday night March 14th, twenty of the Faithful rounded up at Al Levy's "Café Chantant" and proceeded to work havoc with sundry savory viands set before them. After the several courses had been tucked away, interspersed with Theta Delt songs to aid in good

digestion, Seward Simons, B '79, acting as toastmaster, introduced Brother Emerson, speaking of him as a "Live Wire." The appellation was a fit one for in his speech Brother Emerson showed every sign of being anything but a "Dead One." He told of the legislation passed at the recent Convention discussing the various features and enlarging upon them somewhat. The new corporation scheme was fully and carefully outlined. Brother Emerson showed that he has a fine grasp on conditions as they are in the Fraternity and a clear insight into problems to be met in the future.

A decided feature of the evening was the pleasure afforded by the presence of James MacBride Sterrett, X '67, who dropped into Los Angeles quite unexpectedly. When he arose to address the brothers, Brother Sterrett declared that he had been promised immunity from speaking—but, pshaw, what gathering of Theta Delt would go away from a meeting he attended without a few words from this father of six lusty Theta Delt? So the bunch heard one of his inspiring little talks, and then after hearty applause, the rafters rang with the appropriately expressed sentiment, "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow."

James Shankland, Z '69, one of the "Old Guard," as regards years, but ever youthful in looks and spirit, made a speech that was filled to overflowing with Fraternity tradition and friendship. Brother Shankland spoke feelingly of The Shield as being emblematic of $\Theta \Delta X$ and caused the hearts of all those present to be stirred with love for their Fraternity.

Those present: Seward Simons, Jas. MacBride Sterrett, Jas. H. Shankland, Robt. S. Emerson, L. W. Jutten, Nat Myrick, H. C. Brown, F. I. Wheat, I. R. Bancroft, W. P. Millspaugh, R. P. Ward, R. G. Kingsland, J. H. Joyce, J. K. Dotten, Roy Fergeson, Chauncey Smith, E. H. Ogier, R. S. Persons, Ben Mansfield, F. C. Nash.

THE BIG TIME AT REDONDO BEACH

The BIG TIME came off at Redondo Beach, on Saturday, June 11, when the Thetes of Southern California rounded up for a fish dinner at the "Pavilion," noted for its reputation of serving the best fish dinners on the Pacific Coast. Most of the brothers went down early in the afternoon and enjoyed a swim in the new plunge baths. Others found it more agreeable to sit in the Old Heidelberg Café and "reminisce." The curtain rose on the big show at 6.30 and as the salt air had furnished the fellows with a ravenous appetite, they didn't do a thing to the excellent dinner served by the Spanish Chef. The various courses were interspersed with Fraternity songs and cheers and college yells and the rafters of the Pavilion shook till the noise nearly drowned out the roar of the waves below. Fraternity feeling ran high and the songs were sung with a zest that gave evidence of the ever youthful spirit of $\Theta \Delta X$. When the limit had been reached in the eating line, Carl Laux,

O '62, who presided at the head of the table, convulsed the brothers by telling how he graduated in two years, after licking pretty near the whole college. It was the intention of Brother Laux to become a minister, but he missed his cue and turned out to be a chemist and is now president of the Sun Drug Company. Brother Laux, although well along in years, was as full of Fraternity spirit as the youngest Thete present and showed his versatility by playing several Fraternity songs on the piano and joining heartily in the singing. After some of the other brothers had demolished the piano, the meeting came to a close. This gathering of Thetes proved to be one of the most enjoyable held for some time in this vicinity and the idea of getting away from the more formal dinners seemed to be a happy one.

The following brothers were present: Julian Adams, '05, Claude Wayne, '07, G. R. Kingsland, '10, and Burdett Otis, '12, all of Δ^A; Nat Myrick, '00, and J. H. Joyce, '06, of Z; H. C. Brown, '04, Chauncey Smith, '11, Howard Lewis, '12, Frank Belcher, '13, Sidney Boughn, '13, and Howard Reed, '13, all of H^A; Richard P. Ward, I^A '95; I. R. Bancroft, K '97; Carl Laux, O '62; Ernst Borchert, '05, and J. P. Edwards, '06, of Σ^A.

Commencement Banquets

N^A HONORS C. C. HOFF, Ξ '90

N^A held her fourth annual banquet on June 11th, at the Sun Inn, Bethlehem, Pa; A. C. Callen, N^A '09, acted as toastmaster. Among those responding to the toasts were G. S. Post, '95, J. G. Lehman, '96, E. J. Murphy, '01, Floyd M. Skidgell, '10, Jno. Anderson, '10, all of N^A, and C. C. Hoff, Ξ '90.

Brother Hoff, who has been for the past three years the guardian-angel at N^A and who is leaving Bethlehem, where he has been connected with the Bethlehem Preparatory School, was the main attraction of the evening. On leaving Bethlehem, Brother Hoff goes to New York, where he will be located this coming winter at the Hamilton Institute for boys, headed by N. A. Shaw, Jr., Ψ '82. He was presented with a handsome Fraternity watch-fob as a reminder, though inadequately expressed, of how deeply his kindnesses were appreciated by the boys at N^A.

After the banquet, the Charge escorted Brother Hoff to the train. The sorrow caused by his departure was only lessened by the remembrances of our pleasant associations with him, his kindly and fatherly advice and the thought that he would be in a position to be with us frequently during the coming year.

In the course of the banquet, it was not definitely decided whether it would be more advisable to have an initiation banquet in the fall, or the banquet in June. N^A men are urged to express their preference at once to the Charge editor.

K^Δ'S SECOND BIRTHDAY

Thirty-five good live Thetes answered roll call at 8.30 P. M., July 28th, when K^Δ gave its second birthday banquet.

The banquet hall of the Beardsley Hotel was beautifully decorated in the colors of the Fraternity. Theta Delt and college pennants were also in abundance. The table was literally strewn with pink carnations and ferns.

Guy Ford, Σ^Δ '95, as toastmaster, kept things moving and in the course of the evening extracted speeches from the brothers as follows: "The Sixty-Second Convention"—F. O. Dufour, N^Δ '96; "A Thete in Athletics"—E. F. J. Lindberg, K^Δ '09; "Fraternities at Illinois"—Edward Bartow, I^Δ '92; "A Thete in the Newspaper World"—W. C. Grant, K^Δ '10; "The Central Graduate Association"—F. E. Compton, Σ^Δ '98; and "Our Prospects"—F. E. Warren, K^Δ '11. Husk Smith, K^Δ '10, I. A. I. Lindberg, K^Δ '10, and "Tiny" Hutchings, K^Δ '12, failed to get away without a talk.

It was a great evening and all who were there promised never to miss another K^Δ birthday party.

JUNE REUNION AT X

The annual reunion banquet of the X Charge was held on Monday evening, June 13th, in the Charge house, No. 296 Park Ave., Rochester, N. Y. There was a large attendance of alumni in addition to the entire undergraduate body.

The lower part of the house was abundantly decorated with college posters and flags lately received from a New York City alumnus. The music was furnished from a Wing organ and a Steinway piano, both of which are gifts to the Charge by a graduate who lives in the metropolis.

James Albert Gosnell, '02, acted as toastmaster and announced the following toasts: "The Bachelor versus the Married Man," Charles W. Watkeys, '01; "The House," William Love, '03; "The Olden Days," Thomas Blossom, '71; "Some Advice to the Young," Homer D. Brookins, '80; "Nothing," Harold Gilbert, '07, and "A Few Suggestions," David G. Meyers, '94. Prof. James A. Hamilton, '00, and Col. Willis S. Paine, '68, both of New York, sent their regrets.

Between the speeches those present joined in the singing of many Fraternity songs. The spirit of reunion in "Glorious Old X" was in evidence at all times and helped to make the occasion exceptionally pleasant to the older and most inspiring to the younger men.

CLASS OF 1910 GIVEN SEND-OFF BY Θ^{Δ}

The annual banquet and farewell to the class of 1910 was held by Θ^{Δ} at the Hotel Napoli, Boston, in May. Only the active members of the Charge were present and it was the best Theta Delt "get-together" held for a long time; each graduating brother favoring the Charge with some very encouraging words and sound advice. 1910 made quite a hole in the ranks of Θ^{Δ} when they departed into the cruel outer world.

Those who wrested their degrees from the faculty this year were Henry F. Miller, 2nd, Bergen Reynolds, Charles W. Wallower, Karl D. Fernstrom, and Maurice S. Chapin.

COMMENCEMENT BANQUET AT Φ

The forty-third annual banquet of Φ was held at the Charge house on Monday evening, June 20th, thirty-four of the brothers being present. Trower of Germantown acted as caterer for the occasion. As soon as the eating part of the program had been well disposed of, Fritz McCutcheon and Abe Hays acting the heavy rôle, the boys sat back and enjoyed the important part of the evening's entertainment. "Jack" Warbasse, '00, was at the helm and steered his happy remarks at the various speakers in great style, "Jim" Stradling, '00, and "Billie" Williams, '02, also coming in for a few side remarks by his honor, the toastmaster. Plenty of song and Theta Delt spirit was evident and the few short hours the brothers were together passed away so pleasantly, they wished it could have kept up forever. The following list of toasts were responded to: "Our Alma Mater," George Darsie, '09; " Φ of the Present," George Day, '12; " $\Theta \Delta X$ of the Future," O. G. A. Barker, '95; " $\Theta \Delta X$," Casper Dull, '77.

Those present were I. P. Pardee, '74, H. D. Michler, '76, Casper Dull, '77, L. W. Wymer, '85, O. G. A. Barker, '95, R. J. Glick, '95, H. N. Warbasse, '00, J. G. Stradling, '00, W. J. Williams, '02, Henry Lloyd, Jr., '03, Walter Guy, '05, J. A. Darsie, '07, C. R. Anderson, '07, E. R. Doud, '07, F. L. Sherrer, '07, H. D. Kinney, '08, George Darsie, '09, A. P. Hays, '10, W. B. Hindman, '10, W. W. Darsie, '10, F. C. McCutcheon, '10, H. B. Anderson, '11, S. B. Luccock, '11, F. A. Miller, '11, G. R. K. Day, '12, C. W. Andrews, '13, J. H. Hoeveler, '13, A. V. Lloyd, '13, F. W. Hanford, '13, C. A. Hindman, '13, E. K. Miller, '13, D. B. Skillman, '13, J. L. Pardee, '13, and A. C. Schreiber, '13, all of Φ .

Ξ FIFTY-THIRD REUNION

Annually, each Commencement, now, about a tenth of Ξ 's graduate Charge gathers for a renewal of its youth. It is well for the welfare of college and Fraternity that there are associations, in addition to those

of college life, capable of bringing the older graduates back into scholastic influence once more. For it is the spirit of the Fraternity, each spring, that brings a larger proportion of Ξ alumni back to Hobart than the other fraternities may boast of. Of those who sat down to the banquet on June 19th there were nearly three times as many graduates as there were undergraduates—and, with one exception, the whole active Charge was present.

Edward Van Winkle, P^A '00, had come with Mrs. Van Winkle to see what an Ξ Commencement is like. And "Rip," of course, was Ξ 's guest of honor at the banquet and as such he had to tell us that he liked us. He said in part that he had always liked small Charges, and from the rest of his remarks we concluded that Ξ had done nothing to lessen them in his estimation.

Dr. W. A. Howe, '84, managed somehow to find time from his duties as Deputy Commissioner of Health for New York State to forget Albany and drift around our way to act as toastmaster.

Rev. C. A. Poole, '72, had made his pilgrimage from Faribault, Minn., that he might be with us for a few days. Speaking at the banquet he mentioned that it had been nearly forty years since he had seen Hobart last. He spoke of the old lodge room which, in his time, was hidden in the business portion of the town, of the singing in the dead of the night when the men were on their way back to the campus and to "Old Room Twenty" in Geneva Hall—when Chapter Houses occurred not even in the dreams of Hobart fraternities.

Wm. S. Watson, '98, otherwise known as "Billy," had been holding a '98 reunion with F. D. Whitwell and Dr. J. B. Covert ever since he had been back. He said at the banquet that as soon as he hit the campus again and saw "Riley" Whitwell around with a worried look on his face he began to feel at home once more. At the College Alumni Luncheon later in the week these same three good Thetes were the only men of '98 present. Of course they sat together and spared no occasion to disturb the hall with loud yells for their class.

Until this Commencement few of the active brothers had been fortunate enough to meet Charles C. Hoff, '90, and none of them had ever heard him speak before. He told us how $\Theta \Delta X$ was first talked into him by "Billy" Howe; how, later, he had met Carl Harstrom in Phelps and envied him his privilege of talking $\Theta \Delta X$ to the boys who came under his influence. He spoke of the Gospel of Fraternity Spirit that sprang from Ed. Pierson, Carl Harstrom and Doc. Howe, all of Ξ , and, through one source and another, now animates so many Charges; and in closing he reëchoed the words of Brother Poole, "May our Ξ Charge live as long as old Hobart; and may we have Hobart as long as the earth shall roll."

"Bunny" Tilden from B spoke of the friendship between the Charges in Central New York and of the visits exchanged between B and Ξ .

"Eddie" Cook, '95, P. G. L., gave a brief résumé of the Convention doings, an outline of the work which the Grand Lodge hoped to accomplish during the coming year, and dwelt particularly on the chartering of Graduate Associations.

E. S. Warner, '02, H. R. Hollands, '05, F. D. Whitwell, '98, R. C. Scott, '70, F. A. Herendeen, '86, each said a few words. H. H. Yeames, Λ '95, a member of the Hobart faculty, and a big brother to the active Charge, helped us out, and "Billy" Raines, '70, who commands the hearts of Theta Delt listeners as few speakers can, spoke in his own inimitable way. "Bobby" Robison, '11, S. G. L., spoke for the Charge.

"Alec" Mann, '81, furnished a fitting climax. He had been the guest of the college for Commencement week, preached the Baccalaureate to the Seniors, and had done any number of social stunts. He even had to break away from something going on for his especial benefit, to be with us. He came, however, and brought to us a message that made the heart of the Charge grow big. He had been talking with two members of the faculty, he said, and added that neither of them was Brother Yeames, and upon asking about Ξ , they had told him that "for character, work, and college spirit, the Theta Delt is the peers of any men in Hobart." As to Boston, "it may well claim to be the Hub of the Universe because there are so many Charges of $\Theta \Delta X$ there."

Theta Delt guests for the week: Edw. Van Winkle, P^A '00; H. T. Wallis, B '13, G. E. Kent, B '10, W. O. Friese, B '13, Stanton Griffis, B '10, "Bunny" Tilden, B '11; H. H. Yeames, Λ '95; E. J. Cook, '95, E. S. Warner, '02, C. C. Hoff, '90, W. A. Howe, '85, H. R. Hollands, '05, L. S. Partridge, '06, R. D. Wait, '06, W. S. Bachman, '00, Wm. S. Watson, '98, Dr. J. B. Covert, '98, F. D. Whitwell, '98, W. G. Raines, '70, Rev. C. A. Poole, '72, R. C. Scott, '70, F. A. Herendeen, '86, Alexander Mann, '81, H. M. McWhorter, '10, H. H. Robison, '11, Wm. C. Sweet, '11, Theo. H. Warner, '12, M. G. Dennison, '12, M. J. Barker, '13, J. R. Izant, '13, C. N. Hand, '13, G. A. McWhorter, '13, all of Ξ .

M^A'S TWENTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY

Commencement, the time; Amherst, the place; and, as she is termed a sister Charge, I think I may call M^A the girl. That's the combination which made that little New England town the Mecca for M^A Thetes, coming from all directions to celebrate the twenty-fifth birthday of M^A. Every alumni-laden car, for several days before had deposited its quota of brothers, all eager and glad to get back, see the old friends and the "old red house" again, until by Sunday evening, June 26th, a jolly, noise-making mob had taken entire possession and started right in to make itself feel at home.

The old Charge house was dressed in very gay holiday attire for the big time. Through the kindness of a Thete, an immense $\Theta \Delta X$

banner had been obtained, and this was suspended over the front of the building, almost obscuring it. In order that grads of a convivial and class-reunion-loving nature might find their way home late at night, a sign bearing the legend $\Theta \Delta X$ in electric lights was hung over the piazza. Inside and out, everything had been put in spick and span order by George Martin, better known as "Marty," the friend of all M^A men.

The festivities began Sunday evening with an informal sing. Charlie Cobb, '97, led us with his sonorous bass through a long list of favorite Theta Delt and Amherst songs. By this time, all had become old friends and were hob-nobbing over pipes and cigars between songs.

Monday morning, everybody looked up their old classmates and indulged in informal receptions. Theta Delts were in evidence everywhere, wearing cheerful faces and rosettes of black, white, and blue ribbon. At 1.15 P. M., there was a formal meeting in the Charge room of alumni and undergraduates, who had stayed over, almost to a man, to be in at the birthday celebration. An address by Frank Palmer, '85, one of our founders and a man who has watched M^A grow for twenty-five years with unbounded interest, was enjoyed by all.

Tuesday, June 28th, was "the big show" in M^A's birthday party. From 12.30 to 2.00 P. M., a buffet luncheon was in progress, and alumni, with their wives, best girls, friends and undergraduates thronged the house. An orchestra played the proverbial sweet music while everybody ate, drank, and conversed, and the grads pointed out to the aforesaid wives, best girls, and friends, the exact place where they used to room. Socially, and in all other ways, that luncheon was a decided success.

Tuesday was a big day all around. In the evening there was a monster commencement lawn fête on the campus at which the crack Sixth Regiment band of New York played. It was late before all the fellows turned their steps homeward to gather once more "around the festive board" in honor of M^A. The parlors had been converted into a dining hall, and plenty of room was found for all. The menu was excellent, and soon everyone got out his particularly-holiday humor, in spite of the late hour. Every now and then, Charlie Cobb would start a song and it would be taken up with so much enthusiasm that the windows fairly rattled. When the "café noir" and smokes had made their appearance together with that satisfied feeling that steals over a man when he is on the outside of a good meal, Frank Kane, '04, the toastmaster arose.

As a preliminary, he got off several humorous stories in fine style and then called upon Edward Woodward, '85, one of the M^A founders. His talk was especially interesting as it concerned the founding of the Charge. Brother Woodward said that the founders had had no idea of the real extent and importance of that which they were creating. For this very reason, they have watched its growth and progress with

increasing surprise and interest and a pardonable pride. Sidney Sherman, Frank Palmer, and Ernest H. Smith, all of '85, were also called upon for toasts, and they told many interesting details of the founding of M^A. Brother Kane next called upon Paul C. Philips, '88, and James G. Riggs, '88. They also told of the birth of the Charge, throwing in plenty of illustrative stories. Rev. Herbert Jump, '96, did full justice to his subject, "Θ Δ X Ideals," telling some corking good jokes, that showed plainly that, in spite of a serious subject and a serious profession, he could "come back" with the best of them. Pierre Drewsen, '10, ably represented the undergraduates, describing the fraternal feeling which always exists in the House. We expected to hear toasts from Hobart Whittaker, '90, and Harry Bullock, '96, but unfortunately they were unable to be present. Several others, including the always witty "Stubby" Crawford, '97, responded to toasts. There was just one thing lacking to make the banquet perfect and that was the attendance of our president, Brother Cook. He found that he could not come at the last moment.

The evening ended with an informal discussion concerning the future welfare of the Charge, and the way in which the "old boys" pledged their support, financial and otherwise, was a revelation to the undergrads. After drinking the silent toast to Ω, all departed for the downy (?) couches which had been liberally scattered over the house. The next day saw an exodus of Thetes, soon to be widely separated by space perhaps, but always bound together by bonds that have been tried and tempered by twenty-five long years, the bonds of M^A of Θ Δ X.

Besides undergraduates, and the graduating delegation, the following alumni brothers participated in the anniversary celebration: 1885—Edw. M. Woodward, Francis L. Palmer, Ernest H. Smith, Sidney A. Sherman, Arthur G. Hopkins; 1886—Edwin Fairley; 1887—Nelson C. Haskell; 1888—Jas. G. Riggs, Frank L. Garfield, R. W. Bartlett, Paul C. Philips; 1890—W. L. Reynolds; 1892—Sam C. Fairley; 1893—Luther G. Paul, H. H. Baker; 1894—A. W. Howes; 1895—C. E. Kelly, H. W. Lane, J. A. Rawson, E. H. Bliss, W. W. Breck; 1896—G. W. Woodworth, G. R. Bliss, Jr., Chester Porter, Rev. H. H. Jump; 1897—F. S. Crawford, A. H. Merriam, Charles Cobb; 1899—R. W. Wight, C. W. Walker, W. A. Buxton, C. M. Blair, H. B. Marsh; 1900—F. O. Morris, W. E. Clapp, F. E. Bogues; 1902—S. D. Barber, W. T. Bryant; 1903—E. D. Hardy; 1904—J. A. Lowe, J. T. Kane, H. G. Lund; 1905—F. Hale, Jr., H. E. Warren, R. N. Squire, W. W. Palmer, A. S. Nash; 1906—C. A. Spear, W. T. Draper, M. J. Kane, R. L. Atwood; 1907—E. T. Hall; 1908—W. S. Kimball, A. L. Kimball; 1909—J. B. Jamieson, L. R. Clinton; 1911—Roy Pushee; and J. Fitzsimmons, B '13.



Our readers are requested to contribute to this department reports of such gatherings and events as would otherwise, perhaps, remain unpublished. Not only are these of interest to all Theta Deltas as news items, but they are furthermore valuable as a matter of record, so that the coöperation of all our readers, and especially of the secretaries of Graduate Associations, is earnestly solicited.—EDITOR.

SURPRISES AT Ψ

A set of dishes was presented to Ψ by the alumni of central New York. The plan was probably cooked up at the initiation last fall, when a number of the old fellows were back, and reached a happy climax in June when the set arrived just in time for Commencement.

The dishes have a white background with the new coat-of-arms in blue. On the plates this is in the center and is surrounded by a black border line on the edge. Below the coat-of-arms is the Greek letter Ψ. This general scheme is carried out on each piece of the set which includes three dozen of each article.

At the June meeting of the board of trustees of Hamilton College a resolution was passed authorizing the appointment of a committee, composed of trustees or alumni, to "consider the practicability of further centralizing the undergraduate life on the campus and to suggest means to that end." Hon. James S. Sherman was presiding and to represent Θ Δ X on that committee he appointed John D. Cary, Ψ '84. This is a movement to have all the fraternities build houses on the campus, room in the dormitories and eat at Commons Hall. It is feared this arrangement would very effectively break up the true fraternal life, which is found in the fraternity houses at present.

Φ RECEPTION

Φ Charge held their annual reception on the afternoon of the twentieth of June in the Charge House on the campus. Immediately

after the class day exercises some three hundred of the Commencement guests, together with the Easton friends of the Fraternity, went to the Charge house where a most enjoyable time was had. The house was simply decorated, palms and cut flowers being the only decoration used. Smith's Orchestra furnished the music throughout the afternoon and Trower, of Germantown, acted as caterer. The guests made constant use of the large veranda, and the house was well filled throughout the entire time in which the reception was being given.

O^A'S FORTIETH REUNION

The most successful gathering within the memory of any alumnus of O^A was held in the new Charge house at Hanover, New Hampshire, on June 27th, Monday of Dartmouth College Commencement Week. The gathering was of unusual significance because it marked not only the fortieth annual reunion but the first reunion in the new house. The annual meeting of the Charge corporation was held at this time.

About forty of the alumni were back and they all enjoyed themselves "to the limit"—from the old "grad" of the seventies to the tenderfoot of 1909. The active Charge outdid itself in hospitality to the "grads," giving them a welcome that they will never forget. It was a real inspiration to see the "old boys" warm up with the old $\Theta \Delta X$ spirit—many of them have not been back to Hanover since their graduation years ago. Some had traveled a long distance to be present. Brother Norton, '80, came all the way from San Francisco and Brother Wakefield, '85, from Seattle. Brother Abbott, '90, of Chicago, who was a prominent figure at the last Convention, was on hand and by his presence instilled a lot of ginger into the doings. Most of the returning brothers put up at the Charge house and they one and all said it seemed mighty good to have a place which was a real home. The chief characteristic of the new house is that it is cozy and homelike—a fact that impressed itself upon every alumnus present. It was most gratifying to the "grads" to find the Charge in such a flourishing condition, both as to the undergraduate Charge and the relation of the graduates to the Charge. Never has there been a time when the true Theta Delt spirit so pervaded the entire graduate and undergraduate Charge as at present.

The formal exercises of the reunion were exceedingly interesting and inspiring, thanks to that genial, enthusiastic brother who presided, Warren F. Gregory, '88. The Charge owes a huge debt to Brother Gregory for he has done excellent work as president of the Charge Corporation.

At the annual business meeting of the Charge Corporation the following officers were chosen for the ensuing year: President, Warren F. Gregory, '88; vice-president, J. Frank Drake, '02; clerk and auditor,

John M. Poor, '97; secretary, Lawrence M. Symmes, '08; treasurer, Charles D. Adams, '77, and Leslie P. Snow, '86, and Fletcher P. Burton, '10, were elected as directors for a term of three years. The reports of the officers showed the finances of both the active Charge and the Charge Corporation to be in excellent shape.

THE NORTHWESTERN ANNUAL GATHERING

The Annual Gathering of The Northwestern Graduate Association of $\Theta \Delta X$ began at six P. M., April 6, 1910, in the reception rooms of the Arctic Club in Seattle. Dinner was served at seven P. M. in the private dining room of the club. Harold Preston, B '79, sat at the head of the table, while on either hand were P. C. Kauffman, Φ '79, and Guy S. Eldredge, P^A '06, both of Tacoma. Smoking and the talking began at eight or thereabouts and ended almost any time around midnight.

A record number of brothers attended from widely scattered points in the great Northwest where they are now located. Thirteen different Charges, stretching all the way from the Atlantic states through the Middle West to the Pacific, were represented.

In the course of the past year the association has doubled in number and quadrupled in Fraternity activity—and in the amount of its assessments.

Harold Preston, P. C. Kauffman and C. E. Maxfield,—all 1879-ers,—were as interested and frisky as were the youngsters of thirty years later.

There was no holding the boys back when the question of obtaining one of those new Graduate Association Charters came up. They want one and they unanimously want it.

Arthur P. Redman, O^A '01, and Prof. H. C. Stevens, Γ^{Δ} '01, of the University of Washington, reported favorably on the University as a place for a Charge. Most of the evening was then given over to a discussion, searching and sincere, as to the field for a Charge of our Fraternity here in the Northwest. It was looked at from every possible view point and from every phase of fraternity life. Brothers of large influence, large in the affairs of the state and of long standing integrity in the city—brothers but recently graduated and recently arrived—all spoke and to a man voted that the rich Northwest field is ripe for a Charge of $\Theta \Delta X$.

The association desires earnestly the names and addresses of all brothers in this part of the world. Just send us the addresses and we will get hold of them. An hundred miles here in this hustling land is no more of an obstacle to travel than is ten miles in the staid settlements of the East, whence we all come.

The brothers present were: P. C. Kauffman, Φ '79; C. E. Maxfield, K '79; Harold Preston, B '79; F. B. Wilson, K '88, James E. Bradford, T^A '92; Chas. Albertson, Φ '93; C. R. Barney, Σ^A '94; Stanton E. Barrett, X '95; Horace Canfield, I '96; C. J. France, Ψ '98; Arthur P. Redman, O^A '01; Prof. H. C. Stevens, Γ^A '01; Inslee Blair Greene, Φ '02; Guy S. Eldredge, P^A '06; Alfred G. Place, Θ^A '08; Harold Wilder, B '08; M. D. Rector, B '08; A. F. Moulton, Δ^A '09.

The next monthly meeting was held in Seattle and the one following in Tacoma. Let us be forewarned if you travel this way.

IS MATRIMONY A FAILURE?

Never having carried indiscretion to that point, we can hardly venture an opinion. But we do know of one affair that was not a failure, namely, a little theater party held at Power's Theater, Chicago, on June 2d, in honor of Jim Bradbury, K '79, who was then playing a leading rôle in "Is Matrimony a Failure?"

About twenty Theta Delts made up the party. A few of the younger married men brought their wives. Most of the older married men didn't. One brother brought his sweetheart (we suppose). But the play was a corker and we certainly have to hand it to Brother Jim for real acting. After listening for years to the brand of wit usually dealt out at our Friday luncheons in Chicago, it is pretty hard to unfurl a laugh for any of the comedy handed out at the average theatrical performance of today, but this was an exception. It really was. After the show, a few of the bunch who don't care a hang what happens, took Jim out in search of a remedy for his cold. The remedy was discovered at the Union. After questioning him regarding the appearance of the leading lady off the stage and on other matters of the same ilk, the little bunch of Bohemians disbanded. It certainly was a ponderous evening.

WEEKLY LUNCHEONS

- Boston, Mass., City Club, Saturday, 1 P. M.
- Buffalo, N. Y., Hotel Statler, Friday, 12.30 P. M.
- Chicago, Ill., Great Northern Hotel, Friday, 12 o'clock.
- Milwaukee, Wis., Gimble's, Friday, 12 o'clock.
- Minneapolis, Minn., Dyckman Hotel (downstairs), Tuesday, 12 o'clock.
- Newark, N. J., Achtell-Stetters, Friday, 12.30 P. M.
- Pittsburgh, Pa., Hotel Henry, Thursday, 12 o'clock.
- Rochester, N. Y., Hotel Rochester, Monday, 12.30 P. M.
- San Francisco, Cal., Portola Café, Friday, 12.15 P. M.
- Seattle, Wash., Tuesday.
- Springfield, Ill., Leland Hotel, Friday, 12 o'clock.
- Washington, D. C., The Grotto, Saturday, 12.30 P. M.

THE SIXTY-THIRD CONVENTION

The Sixty-Third Convention will be assembled at New York, February 19-22, 1911. The headquarters will be located at Hotel Astor, Broadway, 7th Avenue and 44th Street. The arrangements will be in charge of the usual committees with the following personnel: Edward Van Winkle, P^Δ '00, general chairman of local committee, the personnel of which consists of the chairman of the following sub-committees:

General Arrangements—Edward Stetson Griffing, I '89, chairman; Laurence T. Cole, Γ^Δ '92, Harry Fischer, Π^Δ '02. *Publicity and Press*—Charles P. Schmid, Jr., Π^Δ '98, chairman; Frank L. Jones, Π^Δ '88; Carl Tombo, Π^Δ '97. *Reception and Smoker*—Louis J. Ehret, Ψ '04, chairman; Rudolf Tombo, P^Δ '98; W. G. Brady, P^Δ '05. *Theater Party*—J. Boyce Smith, P^Δ '01, chairman; J. Hess, E^Δ '98; Frank N. Dodd, P^Δ '91, who is general treasurer. *Banquet*—Daniel S. Dougherty, Π^Δ '82, chairman; Herbert H. Holton, Π^Δ '99; Robert W. Maloney, Π^Δ '03. *Finance*—Henry G. Hershfield, P^Δ '98, chairman; Robert E. Webster, I^Δ '05; Robert W. Maloney, Π^Δ '03.

The general committee met on June 24th, 1910, and adopted the following program which has been approved by the Grand Lodge. Every Theta Delt is urged to make early arrangements so that he can attend. This is to be a *Big* Convention.

CONVENTION PROGRAM

February 19-22, 1911

Headquarters—Hotel Astor

SUNDAY, 19	2:30 P. M.	Commemoration Service
MONDAY, 20	10:00 A. M.	Business Session
	2:30 P. M.	Business Session
	8:15 P. M.	Theater Party
TUESDAY, 21	10:00 A. M.	Business Session
	12:30 P. M.	Convention Photograph
	1:00 P. M.	Charge Luncheons
	2:30 P. M.	Business Sessions
	8:00 P. M.	Smoker or Reception
WEDNESDAY, 22	10:00 A. M.	Business Session
	2:30 P. M.	Installation of G. L.
	6:30 P. M.	Banquet

It is understood, with good authority, that the Thedelchians will entertain all the visiting Theta Deltas and visiting Thedelchians on Sunday evening.

ANNUAL BALL OF E CHARGE

E's Ball has followed the opera of the Paint and Powder Club on Monday night, June 13th, of Senior Week for so many years that it has become a Hobart tradition. The guests began to reach Williams Hall, the new gymnasium, about midnight, and the milkmen were astir on Geneva streets, and the sun was already climbing above Seneca Lake before they began to seek their carriages. The floor was never better, Moll's orchestra never swung more into the spirit of an affair, a finer supper was never more opportune, never were superlatives more in order.

The decorations were with Fraternity colors; a large Shield, the pearls of which were frosted electric bulbs, hung high at one end of the hall; opposite was a great Fraternity banner. Henry Reuter, E '03, deserves the credit for the electric effects; he is the head of the electrical construction business in Geneva and never lets slip an opportunity to give the Charge a lift. The credit for the management and collecting of funds is due to Frederick Whitwell, E '98, and to an able assistant from the Charge, H. M. McWhorter, '10. The patronesses were Mrs. F. A. Herendeen, Mrs. Walter Howard, Mrs. Edw. Van Winkle, Mrs. E. J. Cook, Mrs. H. H. Yeames, and Mrs. S. A. McWhorter.

BOOKS BY THETA DELTS

"The Health of the City," by Hollis Godfrey, K '95, has just come from the press of Houghton Mifflin Company, of New York and Boston, 12 mo., 358 pages, price \$1.25 net.

The book is an elaboration of ten articles previously published in the *Atlantic Monthly*. Each article is treated as a chapter of the book and all are admirably connected and intimately related. The titles of the chapters are: I. Air, II. The Milk Supply, III. The City's Food, IV. The Food of the Individual, V. City Water and City Waste, VI. Ice, VII. Sewer Gas and Plumbing, VIII. The City Noise, IX. City Housing Abroad, X. City Housing in America. In addition the author has presented a selected bibliography which is wholly an English list and according to the preface, is the genesis of much of the material used in the book.

The herding together of the city's masses has demanded attention of those charged with the administration of municipalities, and the importance of city sanitation and pure food legislation has but recently

come to be realized. This book is a timely one, written in non-technical English yet with the analytical feeling that appeals to the scientist. It should interest everyone that has ever experienced an interest in the home or has ever had a blush of civic pride. If our politicians could study this book and follow the many suggestions they would have an inspiration which would tend to elevate the masses and directly benefit the classes.

Brother Godfrey is quite prominent for his previous work in popular science, not the least of which is his book entitled "An Elementary Chemistry," which he uses as head of the department of science, Practical Arts High School of Boston, Mass.

Arthur Row, K '01, has contributed to the *Theater Magazine* and *Poet Lore* several interesting sketches about well known theatrical people. These all show a keen perception combined with a happy faculty of clothing his thoughts with exactly the right words to bring them most clearly before the reader. This is particularly shown in a little article in the autumn number of *Poet Lore* of 1908, entitled "Richard Mansfield: An Appreciation." This is the expression of the estimate in which many of us held Mr. Mansfield but which we were unable to tell in such fitting terms. Again in his delineation of the art of Nazimova as Heddar Gabler in the winter number of *Poet Lore* for 1907, Brother Row's skill in analysis and his power of clearly presenting his point of view are peculiarly in evidence.

All these merits of Brother Row are used to great advantage in a most capable article which is to appear in the autumn number of *Poet Lore* of this year. It is entitled "New York versus Chicago as a Dramatic Centre," and is an admirable discussion of the difference in attitude of the two cities towards dramatic matters. This, according to Brother Row, is typical of the natures of the two people as "Eastern people are critical while Western people are appreciative." No doubt this opinion will be the cause of some little controversy and whether we enroll ourselves with the Easterners or with the Westerners we must admit that Brother Row has stated impartially but also plainly many truths about the two big cities as dramatic centres.

In a different vein from the other products of Brother Row's pen, previously mentioned, is his account of "A Rehearsal with the Late Sir Henry Irving" in the *Theater Magazine* for August, 1910, which is not only engrossing but gives an intimate view of the individuality of the great English actor. He makes us realize why the stage pictures in the Irving productions were so exquisite as a whole and true in every detail. According to a very vivid recital of the rehearsal of the Brocken Scene in Faust this is due to the thoroughness of the rehearsals and the dominating personality of Sir Henry when upon the stage. We are also vouchsafed an insight into the pleasing character of the gentle old man,

who made so many friends and had won so many admirers through his conscientious work with the characters he made live for us upon the stage.

"A Poet in Exile." In 1858 John Hay, Z '58, Ω '05, then twenty years of age, graduated from Brown University and went to study law in Warsaw, Illinois. This was his poetic period of storm and stress. Remote from the literary friendships that had been a delight and inspiration in college, exile as he felt himself, he poured himself out in some interesting unpublished poems, and particularly in a series of letters to his friend, Miss Nora Perry, the poet of Providence, who was one of the most interesting women of her time. These letters and poems, woven by Miss Caroline Ticknor into an illuminating narrative entitled "A Poet in Exile," are now published for the first time, in a beautiful Riverside Press Edition limited to 440 numbered copies, with a frontispiece portrait. The edition was very largely subscribed for in advance of publication. (\$5.00 net.)

In *Science* for May 6, Rudolf Tombo, Jr., P^A '98, has a paper on "Statistics of Foreign Universities," in which he states that there were in attendance at the German universities during the winter semester (1909-10) 58,342 students, 93.5 per cent. of whom were men and 6.5 per cent. women. The matriculated students constituted 98.8 per cent. of the grand total and the auditors 9.2 per cent. Of the matriculated students 96.5 per cent. were men and only 3.5 per cent. women. Of the auditors no less than 36.3 per cent. were women. Almost one-half (49.4 per cent.) of the matriculated students were enrolled in the faculty of philosophy, law coming next with 21.9 per cent., then medicine with 21.1 per cent., and finally theology with 7.6 per cent. In point of total attendance the German institutions rank as follows: (1) Berlin; (2) München; (3) Leipzig; (4) Bonn; (5) Breslau; (6) Halle; (7) Göttingen; (8) Freiburg; (9) Strassburg; (10) Heidelberg; (11) Münster; (12) Marburg; (13) Tübingen; (14) Kiel; (15) Jena; (16) Königsberg; (17) Würzburg; (18) Giessen; (19) Erlangen; (20) Greifswald and (21) Rostock.

Brother Tombo contributed an article to *Internationale Wochenschrift*, April 2, 1910, "Amerikanische's Universitätswesen."

"Why Socialism is Impracticable" is the contribution of Charles R. Miller, O^A '72, to the April number of the *Century Magazine*. Brother Miller is editor of the *New York Times* and writes with conviction. This article deserves careful study by all Theta Delt interested in sociology and sociological problems.

"Fishes of Labrador" is the title of a monograph recently contributed to the *Proceedings of the Portland Society of Natural History* by

Dr. William C. Kendall, H '85. Brother Kendall is with the U. S. Bureau of Fisheries and is considered an authority upon such matters.

"The Fog Eaters," a poem which was printed in the June number of the *Century Magazine* was the work of Francis A. Sullivan, Φ '08.

"Shooting Ducks at New York's Back Door" is the title of an article Percy M. Cushing, P^A '08, recently published in *Outing*. Every lover of this kind of sport will find much of unusual interest in this story by Brother Cushing.

"The Paralysis of Fear" by Orison Swett Marden, Λ '77, appeared in the July, 1910, number of *Success*. The many previous works by Brother Marden entitle his productions to the most careful consideration. This article on Fear should be studied by all students of psychology.

"Stevens Institute Indicator" is a quarterly published by the alumni and undergraduates of the Stevens Institute of Technology. J. H. Cuntz, Δ '86, is its editor.

POLITE FOOTBALL

[College football needs reforming. I hope to see it this season a more gentlemanly game.—*Western Professor.*]

"I beg your pardon, sir; I fear
My elbow caught you on the nose."

"Don't mention it, I beg of you;
I hope I have not smashed your toes."

"Dear me! I must apologize.
Pray, let me help you to your feet."

"I thank you, sir. Let me commend
Your tackling; 'twas extremely neat."

"I've bruised your jaw—believe me, sir,
I do regret such sad mischance."

"A trifle—prithee, take my arm;
I'll lead you to the ambulance."

"Your ear, I think, sir—I am grieved;
I have been rather rough, I fear."

Will courtesies like these be heard
When Yale and Harvard meet this year?

—Ex.



STANTON C. PEELLE, X^A '99

WHO'S WHO IN Θ Δ Χ

When Mr. Clarence R. Wilson recently found himself appointed United States Attorney for the District of Columbia, by President Taft, he apparently had little difficulty in selecting an able First Assistant United States Attorney for the District of Columbia, to help him carry the burdens of his office. Anyway and however notwithstanding et cetera, he chose quickly and without hesitation, Stanton C. Peelle, X^A '99.

Those closest to Stanton know for a fact that his acceptance of the honor was not without careful consideration upon his part. Having hammered conscientiously at the practice of the law for eight years, since his admission to the bar in October, 1902, he hesitated to allow even the high honor above mentioned, to break in upon the lucrative practice he has perseveringly built up, and it was only after scientific persuasion and a clear understanding that Brother Peelle consented to give a portion of his time and energies to representing the United States in the District of Columbia.

As often happens, Stanton has entire charge of the legal machinery of the government, relating to the District of Columbia. He must direct all criminal prosecutions where crimes have been committed against the United States in the District of Columbia, or where crimes committed against the United States elsewhere are tried in the District of Columbia; the two criminal branches of the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia must be kept going, trying offenses and crimes in violation of the penal sections of the Code of the District of Columbia, to say nothing of the United States Branch and District of Columbia Branch of the police court; applications for pardons must be considered and a host of other important matters constantly pass over his desk.

The machinery of the United States Attorney's office is handled, divided and sub-divided, among eight or ten able attorneys connected therewith. With canvas all set, in the busy season, she is a ship of some importance on Uncle Sam's legal seas and we are proud to find Brother Peelle with a first mate's ticket hanging in the aft cabin and taking his trick at the wheel, as it were.

Far be it from me to give you the idea that Stanton Canfield Peelle has fallen from the heights, the top of the pot in law practice, to wit,—representing fat trusts and lucrative equity suits,—to sordid criminal matters. Nothing of the sort, brothers. I should have explained long before this but I was trying to show you how he had to help run this craft. Brother Stanton's actual work, where he takes his pen in hand, or rather rings for his stenographer, or where he has to stand up and say,—“If your Honor pleases,” is of an entirely different nature. Bless our bones, but it would be foolish and a waste of talent to send S. Canfield Peelle into a criminal court to bellow at a jury for hours at a time but when it comes to arguing fine points of law in important cases, where the United States is a party, in the Court of Appeals of the

District, or the Supreme Court of the United States, you will find said Stanton C. Peelle holding a brief for the government and pointing out to the dignified bench just what is meet, considering the premises. Yes, indeed, (we must get this firmly in mind before we go any further) the First Assistant United States Attorney for the District of Columbia (sounds like someone throwing a cook stove down the back stairs, doesn't it), is the appellate court man. He who can handle the government's case in the Court of Appeals for the District of Columbia, or before the Supreme Court of the United States, as an expert "Frencher" handles his rapier in a real duel, must be a man of decided ability and we rejoice in the knowledge that a Theta Delt was chosen for this office.

Stanton has been for the defense on several of the most important criminal cases ever tried in the District of Columbia, and has fortunately never had to see his client take the count before the judge, when the smoke cleared away,—but that's however. His true worth to the government will come when he stands before the nine solemn judges of the Supreme Court of the United States and tries to point out to them what Congress intended when it passed certain legislation for the District of Columbia.

Not the least of Stanton's duties is, that he is the legal adviser to the Board of Education for the District of Columbia and must also keep a careful eye to violations of, and prosecutions under, the Pure Food and Drug Act, recently passed by Congress, all of which might lead you to the conclusion that he is a reasonably busy man when you stop to consider that he still maintains his office and keeps up his practice on the outside. He had hardly been sworn in office before he was called upon to represent the Board of Education in a very important suit which would decide whether or not a colored child could attend a public school for white children, and drawing in question the constitutionality of the Act of Congress appertaining thereto. Needless to say, Stanton was successful in the outcome of the case before the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia, but will, in all probabilities, have to try the case again in the Court of Appeals and perhaps in the Supreme Court of the United States. In the trial of the well-known Woodbury will case in the Supreme Court of the United States, Stanton won his spurs before he had turned his twenty-ninth birthday; he also won his case at the same time.

Stanton Canfield Peelle was born in Indianapolis, Indiana, on July 5th, 1880, and you can figure it out for yourself that in spite of his talents and progress in the world and particularly in the law, he is hardly what you would call an elderly man, being just turned thirty. Stanton's father, Hon. Stanton J. Peelle is Chief Justice of the United States Court of Claims and formerly represented the State of Indiana in Congress.

Stanton obtained his early education in the public and private schools of Indiana and Washington, D. C. He was graduated with high honors from Columbian University (now George Washington) with the degree of A.B. in 1899, and was a charter member of X^A.

Immediately after graduating from the academic department of the university, he entered the law school and was graduated again with high honors in 1902, receiving his LL.B.

On October 25, 1905, he married Miss Julia Ravenel, one of Washington's most charming young ladies and is now the proud father of two fine children, a boy and a girl. As he himself expresses it, when proudly referring to his family: "I've got one of every kind."

In conclusion I can only add, that we have every reason to expect greater things of Stanton in the future. His early start coupled with his keen ability in his chosen profession, seem to mark him as one who will undoubtedly reach a degree of eminence few of us ordinary mortals attain. He is a brilliant and careful lawyer, representing clients few men of his years can boast and he has the highest respect and admiration of his fellow members of the bar. Indeed he stands for all that is best, cleanest and highest in the profession. He is modest, hard working, genial, a good friend and a loyal Theta Delt, and what higher praise could be bestowed upon any man?

Hon. William W. Thomas, H '60, former United States minister to Sweden, living in that country a greater part of the last few years, returned to Maine last June to attend two very interesting events: the fiftieth reunion of his class and the fortieth anniversary of the settlement of New Sweden, Me. The latter event was especially interesting to Brother Thomas because New Sweden is a monument to his foresight, enterprise and ability.

Forty years ago, after laboring for three years in the legislature, he secured the passage of an act to encourage Swedish immigration to the State of Maine. He had been the war-time consul in Sweden and had seen great hordes of Swedish immigrants embarking for all other parts of the United States.

"If these hardy, God-fearing people can find homes in other parts of the country, why can't they establish homes and be prosperous in Maine, where they will have the same climate, the same woods and practically the same conditions they now have at home?" Brother Thomas repeated this statement many times to men in Maine whom he tried to interest in this undertaking. Finally he was made the commissioner and went to Sweden to secure immigrants. He devoted his whole heart to this task, selected the best material available, brought them over to Maine and established them in the dense forests of Aroostook county. It was the beginning of a colony which has grown and expanded until today no town in Maine is more prosperous or has a better citizenship than has New Sweden.

It was W. W. Thomas who erected the signboard pointing out the path to Maine business men and legislators, showing them how the state might secure population for the vast tracts of land that were lying idle and were practically of no value. He not only erected the signboard but stayed by it until it was gilded with success. and planted so deeply in the soil that time itself could not uproot it.



We would like to receive and publish an obituary of each and every brother who has passed into the Ω Charge.—EDITOR.

JOSEPH N. McCREARY

Γ^{Δ} 1908

Ω March 28, 1910

WHEREAS, It has pleased Almighty God in his infinite goodness, and wisdom to call from our number our beloved brother, Joseph N. McCreary, and

WHEREAS, In his death Γ^{Δ} Charge of $\theta \Delta X$ loses one of its most valued members, and the Fraternity one of her most promising sons; be it

RESOLVED, That we, the members of Γ^{Δ} Charge of $\theta \Delta X$, while humbly bowing to the will of God, hereby declare our inexpressible sorrow at the loss of one, who was bound to us by the closest ties; and our regret that the Fraternity has been deprived of one whose enthusiasm and zeal in its service never failed, and whose upright, noble character, spirit of friendship, and manliness won the respect and admiration of all.

RESOLVED, That we hereby express our heartfelt sympathy with the parents and brother in their great affliction, and be it

RESOLVED, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the family of the deceased, to the Grand Lodge of the Fraternity, to all the Charges, the Alumni of our own Charge, and to THE SHIELD for publication.

For Γ^{Δ} Charge,

BRADFORD S. KREIS,
 FRED E. GOODING,
 MELLIN C. MARTIN
 CHARLES A. BOWMAN,
 WALTER B. MONTGOMERY.

ROBERT ARMISTEAD HOLT

E 1904

Ω July 4, 1910

None thought six months ago that in so short a time one would be taken from among us who was then on the threshold of life and full of hope and plans for the future. On the afternoon of July 4th, the spirit of Robert Armistead Holt was called to take its flight and join that great Ω Charge, where some day we all hope to meet and where there shall be no more parting.



ROBERT ARMISTEAD HOLT, E '04

Since last Christmas Brother Holt had been in failing health and about the first of February gave up his position with the Newport News Ship Building and Dry Dock Co., determined to take a complete rest and recover his strength. But the fight was against too great odds and after five months of suffering, borne without murmuring or complaint but with the ever present hope of eventual recovery, the end came peacefully at the home of his parents in Hampton, Va. The funeral services were held at St. John's Episcopal Church, of which he had long been a member, on Wednesday, July 6th.

Robert Armistead Holt was born in Hampton, Va., November 16th, 1882, being the son of Virginius Phillips Holt and Mary Armistead Holt. Prepared for college at the Hampton High School, he entered William and Mary in October, 1901, and was shortly afterwards initiated into the local *M II A* Fraternity, which was to later petition *θ A X* for the revival of *E* Charge. Brother Holt was initiated on the 22d of April, 1904, being one of the charter members of the revival of *E*. Among the earliest members of *E* we find a cousin to Brother Holt, William Yelverton Peyton, '59.

From the time of entering college Brother Holt took an active part in all of the college organizations. In his first year he played on the base ball team, was chief marshal of the Phoenix Literary Society at its final celebration and won the declaimers' medal, and was winner of the Corcoran Scholarship for high standing in his classes. During the subsequent sessions that he was at William and Mary he was director of the glee club, playing second mandolin in the same, was secretary-treasurer of the dramatic club and was president of the final ball, the highest social office in the gift of the student body. Brother Holt received his B.A. degree on the 23d of June, 1904, having completed the full course in three years. A few months later he accepted a position with the Newport News Ship Building and Dry Dock Co., which he held until the time of his death.

In the death of Robert Holt *E* Charge loses the first of her charter members to pass into the *Ω* and a member who was ever alert to do anything for the welfare of his Fraternity and its members, while the individual Theta Deltas lose one who was a true friend to every wearer of the shield.

A. D. W.

AYERS MASON EDWARDS

H 1880

Ω July 21, 1910

The death of Ayers Mason Edwards comes as a sudden shock and a severe sorrow to his many friends and relatives, who appreciate his remarkable ability and his great worth as a man.

Brother Edwards was taken ill at his summer home in Bethel, Me., and with his wife and son went to Boston to consult physicians. His trouble was diagnosed as appendicitis, necessitating a surgical operation which took place in a Boston hospital. Pneumonia developed and death resulted on July 21st, 1910.

Brother Edwards was a prominent educator and through his associations with leading book publishing houses had become an authority on book publications, having for years been with Ginn & Co., and Macmillan Co., both in New York and New England.

Ayers Mason Edwards was born January 12th, 1857, at Bethel. He graduated from the schools at Bethel and entered Bowdoin College, graduated in the

class of 1880 and was later a teacher and superintendent of schools in Lewiston Me., and Pittsfield, Mass. From Pittsfield he went to Syracuse, N. Y., where he was representative for Ginn & Co., publishers and later allied himself with Macmillan Co., having been their representative in New England for a number of years and holding this position at the time of his death.

Personally, Brother Edwards was a strong, positive character, gifted with a capacity for executive detail, with a strong business sense, and an indefatigable capacity for work. He was strict in his personal life, conservative in his views, strongly intrenched in his religious and moral life, given to keeping his own counsel, a firm and loyal friend, a charming conversationalist, generous and kind to everyone and a useful citizen wherever he was placed. His death at the age of 53, removes him in the height of his usefulness.

HARRIS DAVID MEARS

I^A 1903

2 June 13, 1910

WHEREAS, Since it has been the will of Almighty God to call to Himself our beloved brother, Harris David Mears, we can but bow to the decree of a wisdom superior to our own, and

WHEREAS, In his death I^A Charge of $\theta \Delta X$ loses one of its most valued members, and the Fraternity one of her most loyal sons, Be it

RESOLVED, That we, the members of I^A Charge of $\theta \Delta X$, hereby express our heartfelt sense of bereavement, and extend our sympathy to those by whom our brother was held dear.

RESOLVED, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the relatives of our departed brother, to the Grand Lodge of the Fraternity, to each of the Charges, to the Alumni of our own Charge, and to THE SHIELD for publication.

For I^A Charge,

RICHARD O. BAILEY,
ELLIOT C. W. JOHNSON,
HERBERT C. PETER, JR.
C. DOUGLAS WOODHOUSE.

WINSOR BROWN FRENCH

K 1859

2 March 24, 1910

During the past year, two of the K founders have passed into the 2: William Erastus Gibbs, '59, who died on December 1st, 1909; and Gen. Winsor Brown French, '59, who died at his home on Broadway, Saratoga Springs, N. Y., on March 24th, 1910, in his eightieth year. For some time Brother French had been physically far from strong; even on the occasion of the K Semi-Centenary in 1906, his poor health prevented his coming to the Hill, though his letter, read at the dinner, showed that his heart was with the brothers. The end came not unexpectedly, and the immediate cause of death was arterio-sclerosis. With Brother French one of the glories of K has departed, though his memory will burn bright for many a year. Of those nine young Tufts men who in 1856 founded the K Charge, but one remains, the Hon. Augustus E. Scott, '59, who came to Tufts from the Z at Brown, and in whose mind originated the idea of the K.

Winsor Brown French was born on July 28th, 1832 at Proctorsville, Vt. At Woodstock Academy he prepared himself for college, and he entered Tufts in the autumn of 1855. He and Brother Gibbs had met and had become firm friends during the summer, and together they made the journey to the Hill. It is not at all surprising that, when the little group of Tufts men was selected to bear forward the shield of $\theta \Delta X$, the names of these two friends should have been among the first. Hardly had Brother French received his degree and settled himself in the northern part of New York state, when the Civil War broke out. He set immediately to work and organized a company of the Seventy-seventh New York Volunteers, which was recruited in that section, and which was known as the Bemis Heights Regiment. Of this body of troops, Brother French became lieutenant-colonel, and finally on the battlefield of Cedar Creek, he was brevetted brigadier-general.

Upon receiving his honorable discharge at the close of the war, Brother French took up the practice of the law in Saratoga Springs. At one time he was the partner of Senator Brackett, but after a while the firm was dissolved by mutual consent. In 1868 he was elected district attorney of Saratoga County, and during his term of office his firmness and strength of personality settled at least one important question of legal procedure. His interest in the war to which he had given nearly four years of his life did not end in 1865, for he was a member and a past commander of Luther M. Wheeler Post, G. A. R., of Saratoga Springs, and at the time of his death he was the senior officer, both in rank and in age, of all the Grand Army veterans in northern New York state. For some time he served as vice-president and one of the counsel for the United States Mutual Association of New York. The general was a member of the Saratoga Club and of the Legion of Honor, a warden of the Bethesda Episcopal Church, a former president of the Humane Society of Saratoga Springs, and one of the founders and life members of the Saratoga Atheneum. His legal practice was extensive, and his influence in the community was always pure.

Brother French was twice married, and his second wife, who was Miss Frances Morris Shepard of Troy, together with his daughter, Mrs. J. Andrew Harris, Jr., of Philadelphia, and a son, Mr. W. A. Shepard French of Saratoga Springs, survive him. His first son, Winsor P. French, died on January 24th, 1908.

In three different fields, General French won honor: as a member of the bar, as a leader in the Civil War, and as one of the founders of the κ Charge of $\theta \Delta X$.

In 1879, during his tenure of the office of district attorney of Saratoga County, he had the distinction of establishing a legal precedent of the first order. Mr. Henry Ray, who at that time was a member of the New York General Assembly, was subpoenaed by the district attorney's office to appear before the grand jury of the county. Mr. Ray, holding that such a demand was not binding upon a member of the Legislature, refused to appear. Thereupon District Attorney French applied for a writ of attachment, which was served, and Mr. Ray was arrested. Such firm and immediate action could not be without results, and Brother French was almost at once summoned to appear before the General Assembly on a charge of high breach of privilege in offending the dignity of the House by arresting one of its members. On the appointed day Brother French came, but so well did he set forth his case at the session that the House, instead of punishing him, passed resolutions discharging the action

against the district attorney. Such was the famous "breach of privilege case," and since 1879 no legislature has ever undertaken to interfere with the jurisdiction of the courts.

During the War of the Rebellion, as a captain and afterward as lieutenant-colonel of the Seventy-seventh New York, his is a record of the highest bravery and the finest patriotism. The Bemis Heights Regiment was a part of the Third Brigade, Second Division, Sixth Army Corps, of the Army of the Potomac which was commanded at various times by Generals MacClellan, Hooker, Grant, and Sheridan. The history of the Seventy-seventh includes *the Seven Days Battles, June 25th-July 1st, 1862 under Col. James B. MacLean; the Maryland Campaign, 1862, under Capt. Nathan S. Babcock; the Chancellorsville Campaign, 1863, and Gettysburg, July 1-3, 1863, under Lieutenant-Colonel French; Grant's Campaign against Richmond, 1864, under Captain Babcock; Cold Harbor, June 1st, 1864, under Lieutenant-Colonel French; and Cedar Creek, October 19th, 1864, under Brother French, who during the action succeeded to the command of the Third Brigade.

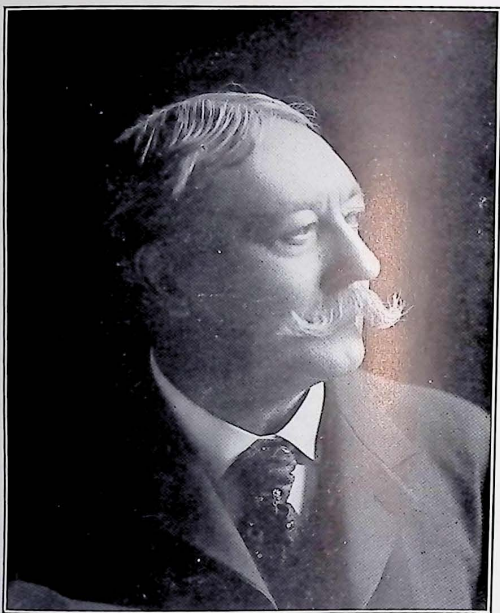
It was during the battle of Cedar Creek that Gen. Phil Sheridan rode "from Winchester down to save the day." General French's part in the engagement consisted in holding a hill against a part of the Confederate forces under Col. Jubal E. Early. At the beginning of the action the Third Brigade was under Brigadier-General Bidwell, but in the course of the day he was killed on the field, and Brother French, who was next in rank, at once took command of the troops. Under him what had had all the earmarks of defeat was turned into at least a partial victory, and the Confederates were put to flight. A part of his report to Maj. William H. Long, assistant adjutant-general, runs as follows:†

"My immediate command was very small. . . . I took position in the brigade line, second from the right. . . . A few skirmishers . . . were thrown to the front for the purpose of observing the movements of the enemy, who were rapidly advancing, a thick fog enabling them to approach close to my line unobserved. . . . They came boldly up to within thirty paces . . . under cover of a hill. Upon rising, they received a full volley from our guns which seemed to throw them into confusion. I at once ordered a charge, which the regiments on my right and left nobly participated in. The enemy broke and fled in disorder down the hill and beyond the range of our rifles. . . . A heavy artillery fire opening on us, we retired to our original line. He quickly reformed and came up again, this time in single line. . . . We were compelled to fall back, but we . . . received the enemy at close range. . . . A well-directed fire sent him reeling to the rear. We again advanced and occupied our former position. . . . At this time I learned of the death of General Bidwell, and at once took command of the brigade.

"The regiment retired in line, and took position on the right of and near the pike. . . . About 4 P.M. it advanced in conformity with the line. . . . Near the brick mill . . . it received a withering fire from the stone wall in front . . . and the sharpshooters posted in the mill . . . The left regiment of the Vermont brigade gave way, and also the left of our own brigade. The regiment then fell back in good order. The whole line was quickly reformed; . . . a second advance was made . . . with little loss and much less opposition. The

*"Battles and Leaders of the Civil War," The Century Co., N. Y., Vols. II, III, IV, Tables of Opposing Forces.

†"War of the Rebellion, Official Records of the Union and Confederate Armies." Series I, Vol. XLIII, Part I, page 220.



COLONEL S. DOUGLAS CORNELL, E '60

stone wall was gained. . . . This position was held for a few moments, and again we advanced. The enemy . . . broke and fled in confusion. For the rest, it was simply a running fight, without . . . formation.

"Too much praise cannot be given to the officers and men under my command; they behaved admirably, displaying that coolness and bravery so necessary and commendable under fire."

As a member of that group of Tufts men who, in the summer of 1856 brought $\theta \Delta X$ to College Hill, General French was very dear to the heart of every K man. He was rarely if ever seen at the Hill, but his loyalty was as firm and as lasting as if he were never absent from a single meeting. His face was one of the first that the newly-made brother of K came to know, a kindly and pleasant face, with something of youth about it in spite of its years. His record was one of the first that the younger sons of the Old Woman learned to reverence, not only as a founder of the Charge, but as a brother in the bonds. There are those whose example, quietly and often unconsciously set, gives to young men infinitely more than the spoken or the written precept of fifty others. Of such fibre, strong in the qualities which constitute the highest pride of $\theta \Delta X$, was Winsor Brown French.

HOWARD J. SAVAGE, K '07.

WINSOR BROWN FRENCH

K 1859

\mathcal{Q} March 24, 1910

WHEREAS it hath pleased God to take to the \mathcal{Q} our brother, Winsor Brown French; and

WHEREAS in his death the K Charge of $\theta \Delta X$ realizes that in him it has lost a true and steadfast founder, friend, and brother: be it

RESOLVED that the Charge extend to his family and his friends its sympathy; and be it further

RESOLVED that these minutes be sent to THE SHIELD of $\theta \Delta X$, and incorporated in the records of the K Charge.

For the K Charge,

ALLAN FRIEND McLANE.

SAMUEL DOUGLAS CORNELL

Ξ 1860

\mathcal{Q} April 7, 1910

"Now cracks a noble heart. Good night, sweet prince,
And flights of angels sing thee to thy rest!"

To those of us within the mystic circle of $\theta \Delta X$ who delight in the steady, phenomenal growth of the Fraternity in its various new aspects, there is an irreparable tinge of sadness in the too rapid passing of those brothers whose loyalty and enthusiasm are largely responsible for our real traditions and spirit.

In the death of Samuel Douglas Cornell, which occurred at Dansville, N. Y., April 7th, 1910, we are again called to pause in silent grief for the loss of a dearly beloved brother, an eminent citizen, and a staunch friend. "Dug" Cornell was truly one of the pillars of $\theta \Delta X$. From the time he entered Hobart and became a Thete to the day of his death, his devotion to the Fraternity was

inspiring and sincere. His fervent enthusiasm, his many acts of kindness and strong faith in $\theta \Delta X$, may well serve as a lasting example of a true Theta Delt and the possibilities of fraternal blessings when one gives his heart unremittingly to the belief in brotherhood.

My friendship with Brother Cornell began in the summer of 1899, when I was in Buffalo for a stock engagement. In some way he had learned that a Theta Delt was connected with the organization and I can never forget his kindness to me at that time. I saw him many times afterward and always to enjoy his breezy, delightful personality, though I came to know him better that first summer through the many long talks and reminiscences, I had the privilege to enjoy with him, and which to my youthful impressionistic mind were particularly interesting and illuminating from the Fraternity standpoint. Though we have sustained a great loss in his truly lamented demise, there is something beautiful, something sublime in the death of Colonel Cornell, in the fulfillment of a life complete—a useful, well-spent life, overflowing with the milk of human kindness, with every duty well performed, the unqualified respect of his fellowmen deservedly earned and the world better for the beneficent influence of such a man.

Brother Cornell was born in Glenville, Conn., December 2d, 1839. When he was ten years old his family moved to Buffalo, where he resided the rest of his life. For years he was one of the most prominent business men of that city and had long been esteemed as one of her most eminent citizens. His father was engaged in the manufacture of white lead and the son early took an interest in that industry, following in his father's footsteps and becoming one of the leading white lead manufacturers of the country. He was graduated from Hobart College in 1860 with the degree of B.A. and three years later was given an M.A. by his Alma Mater. Joining Ξ Charge as a Freshman, he always maintained a lively interest in the affairs of Ξ and the general Fraternity. Indeed, his enthusiasm has been proverbial for years, particularly at conventions which he seldom missed and where he was regarded as a necessary adjunct to the real success of those annual gatherings. He was a trustee of Hobart College at the time of his death, an office he had held for many years, and was a permanent, conspicuous figure at commencements where he was to be seen as marshal of the parade. His affection for his college found a fitting tribute in his will by a bequest of \$5,000.

For several years he was representative for the Burroughs Gold Mining Co., making frequent visits to Colorado in the old stage coach days. It was after these experiences he settled in Buffalo with his father, the firm becoming S. G. Cornell & Son. He followed this business in which he was very successful financially, until October, 1887, when the new lead trust, of which he was a founder, amalgamated the enterprise and he retired permanently from active business life. He continued to live in Buffalo, maintaining also a superb summer home at Coburg, Ontario, where he delighted to entertain his friends—his hospitality becoming famed among his circle of acquaintances.

As a young man he entered the National Guard as a private in the Seventy-fourth Regiment, serving about twenty-five years, holding every office in line and field except second-lieutenant. He became colonel and was made adjutant-general, chief of staff Fourth Brigade, as a special mark of esteem. So highly was he thought of in his military circle, that his resignation was never formally accepted, his name appearing merely as retired.

Brother Cornell always exhibited great interest in the stage and throughout his life evinced much ability and love for dramatic work. He made an enviable name for himself in amateur ranks, being for years the organizer of several dramatic clubs. He designed the theater in the old home of S. V. Watson which is now the Buffalo Club, and had in his own house on Delaware Avenue a perfectly appointed miniature theater where many highly creditable performances were given. As an amateur he won distinction in such rôles as De Mauprat in "Richelieu," Sir Harcourt Courtly in "London Assurance," and Baron Stein in "Diplomacy."

Brother Cornell was married January 29th, 1862, to Miss Lydia Hadfield, one of the most beautiful women Buffalo has ever known. His wife died about five years ago and he is survived by three children,—Dr. Peter Cornell, manager of the Star Theater; Douglas Cornell, and Miss Lydia H. Cornell, whose devotion to her father was rarely beautiful and a cheerful, comforting influence during his last years and final illness.

Brother Cornell's breakdown in health began with his return from the $\theta \Delta X$ Convention three years ago, at which he contracted a severe cold. Neuritis followed and later kidney trouble developed. He gradually failed, though his condition was not thought to be serious as he was favored by periods of apparently fair health. It had long been his habit to go to the sanitarium at Dansville, N. Y., for the baths, and it was while there the final summons came. Having received his morning bath, the attendant wheeled him to his room, but contrary to his usual custom of dressing and sitting up for his breakfast he complained to his daughter of feeling very tired and insisted upon returning to his bed where he soon fell into a heavy sleep. He never awoke—passing away peacefully late in the afternoon of April 7th. His remains were brought to Buffalo and the funeral conducted from the home of his son, Dr. Peter Cornell. The services were held in St. Paul's Church, where he had been married forty-eight years before, and were largely attended. The active pall bearers were all members of $\theta \Delta X$ —brothers he had long known and who expressly desired to pay this last tribute of love and respect for him, while a beautiful floral emblem bore evidence of the affectionate regard in which he was held by the Buffalo Graduate Association. The brothers who served were Gen. John C. Graves, K '62; James C. Beecher, E '73; Geo. E. D. Brady, B '03; Chas. H. Brown, Jr., M '04; S. W. Petrie, Ψ '76; Clark H. Timerman, Ψ '87; Wm. B. Hoyt, B '81; and Pres. Edward J. Cook, E '95; while T. Guilford Smith, A '61, was among the honorary bearers. That evening his remains together with those of his wife, which had rested temporarily in Buffalo, were brought to Brooklyn and placed in the Cornell family vault in Greenwood Cemetery.

He was unique in his way and for years was regarded as one of the most interesting, picturesque characters in the city of Buffalo. All honor to the memory of "Dug" Cornell! $\theta \Delta X$ has never had reason to be prouder of a more faithful son, whose life verified his belief in the high ideals of his Fraternity and reflected the love and respect the world felt for him.

The peaceful end which came to him was a fitting way for his soul to take its flight, for noble and chivalric man that he was, when called to surrender he in truth gallantly wrapped his mantle silently about him and lay down to pleasant dreams. Verily may we apply the immortal lines of the late Deane Stratton, Π^A '99, written in tribute to Rudie Dulon, Π^A '03:

"His bright spirit treads no sombre Stygian Shore! Our brother walks

the happy Halls of Omega, and there a goodly company have greeted him Spahn and Hay; Bachman and Capen, Gilbert, Lockwood, Gentlemen unafraid."

NORMAN HACKETT, Γ^A '98.

HOBART BREWER CONE

Ξ 1869

Ω August 4, 1910

Brother Cone was born in Bethany, N. Y., on May 3d, 1843. He was the son of Nathaniel and Adeline Brewer Cone who came from Connecticut and settled in Genesee County in 1840. He entered Hobart College in the fall of 1865, when he was twenty-two years old. He was initiated into the Fraternity November 17th, 1866, at the beginning of his Sophomore year. College activities appealed to him from the first of his college course. He was poet, treasurer, and historian of his class, an editor of the annual of his Junior class, and a member of the Philopeuthian Literary Society. Being somewhat above the average age of a Freshman when he entered college, he naturally appreciated the value of his opportunities. He graduated in 1869, with honors, stood third in his class, and was elected to *Φ B K*.

Brother Cone's college life and the inference of his later years are contained in the following extract from one of his letters in the possession of the Charge:

"I was twenty-one and upwards when I entered college. I came in opposition to my father's wishes and without promise of support from anyone. Had \$800 saved up to carry me through college. Did not care for anybody nor care whether anybody cared for me. After a time I became known as a poor student who had plenty of money because if anyone wished to sell anything, Cone had the money to purchase it. My class and the Ξ Charge put me in control of all financial matters. My total expenses for the first year were \$233.34. I received from my father unasked \$100 per year, the last year \$200, and graduated with \$600 cash in my pocket. It would make quite a chapter to tell how I managed to save this, but it was through hard work and good management. When I entered college there was but one* man a member of Ξ, Brother Dox, and he did not wear his badge openly. I was initiated in Brother Pritchett's law office and shortly afterward Cameron Mann was initiated in room 25 of the Franklin House. At the suggestion of the Cornells a tombstone was proposed for the unmarked grave of Wm. K. Logie. The entire matter was entrusted to me, who even selected every letter on the stone. Also the financial part of having the song book printed was undertaken and executed by me. One of the most pleasant recollections of my life is my relations with *θ Δ X*. We sought to elevate and assist each other in high and holy thoughts, against vice and immorality. A friendship under such circumstances is most ennobling."

He might well have added, as a matter of history of interest to the Fraternity at large, that he had a hand in publishing the first SHIELD. Indeed THE SHIELD was inspired by a little paper which used to be prepared by the brothers of Ξ, a little pen-written sheet of which Brother Cone was editor, and which used to be read in the lodge room at each meeting. It was this that gave Brother Gilbert, the first editor of THE SHIELD, his idea.

*The college annals and the records of Ξ show four men—A. C. Bunn, R. S. Mansfield, A. C. Means and E. B. Dox—to have been members of Ξ when Brother Cone entered Hobart.

Upon graduation he went to Batavia, N. Y., and began to study law in the office of the Hon. George Bowen. The following year he was admitted to the bar and began at once the practice which he kept up until the time of his death. In 1907 he took his son, N. K. Cone, into partnership with him, the firm becoming known as Cone & Cone. He had inherited a taste for mathematics and surveying and the resulting outdoor work had kept him in excellent health until about three years before his death. He had always been a Democrat and his opinions were held in high regard by the members of that party; in 1894 he was the nominee of his party for the office of county judge. In 1878, Brother Cone married Miss Jennie E. Bently, who survives him with three children. He died in the Homeopathic Hospital in Rochester, N. Y., on August 4th, 1910.

HAROLD H. ROBISON, *E* '11.

JOHN BROWN LAPHAM

O 1860

Q March 13, 1910

While preparing to go to church on the morning of March 13th, 1910, Brother Lapham was stricken with heart disease and died. Brother Lapham, who was 78 years old, remained in active service until 1906, when he completed forty-five years' work in the ministry. For six years he was presiding elder of the Portland district. Since retiring he had resided at Old Orchard, Me. He leaves a wife, a son and a daughter.

PETER TRENHOLM MARSHALL

O^A 1876

Q May 2, 1910

Peter T. Marshall of Horseheads, N. Y., died suddenly of paralytic shock, May 2, 1910. Brother Marshall was sixty-two years of age and was a graduate of Alfred University and Dartmouth College. After extensive travels in Europe, following his graduation, he studied law at Elmira and was soon admitted to the bar. Later he chose teaching as a profession and was principal of the schools at Palatine, Mohawk, and Hudson, N. Y., and at Manistee, Mich., and for five years principal of the Horseheads School. Brother Marshall is survived by two daughters, Hannah and Bernice, his father, Levi Marshall, and one brother, Major A. Marshall.

KIRK P. CRANDALL

W 1869

Q April 5, 1910

WHEREAS, Since it has been the will of Almighty God to call from this world our beloved brother, Kirk P. Crandall, we cannot but bow to the decree of a wisdom superior to our own; but we desire to express our heartfelt sense of bereavement, and to extend our sympathy to those by whom our brother was held dear.

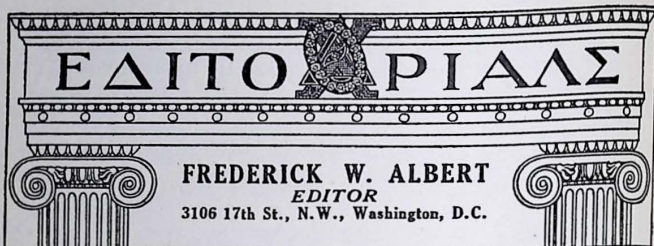
RESOLVED, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the relatives of our departed brother, to each of the Charges and to THE SHIELD for publication.

For the *W* Charge of *θ* *Λ* *X*,

P. B. FISK, '10,

H. H. SWIFT, '10,

H. G. GETMAN, '10



N is reestablished! After thirty-three years of somnolence this one-time fruitful Charge has come to life and, with a strong, energetic nucleus, has again undertaken the duties and responsibilities of an active Charge.

REESTABLISHMENT OF N

On June 11th, 1910, Pres. Edward J. Cook, Ε '95, Ex-Pres. Rudolf Tombo, Jr., P^Δ '98, and Frederick W. Albert, X^Δ '05, as the official embassy, conducted the installation ceremonies at the X^Δ house, 930 18th Street, N. W., Washington, D. C. A complete account of the installation, a brief history of the successful petitioning body and an unusually complete and entertaining write up of the University of Virginia are all to be found elsewhere in this issue of **THE SHIELD**.

We rejoice in the relighting of this erstwhile brilliant star in the firmament of Θ Δ X and believe that the members of the N Charge with their inherent ideals, constant environments and natural tendencies will add materially to the glory, strength and power of Θ Δ X. In reestablishing N we are convinced that our Fraternity has taken one of its most progressive steps and feel sure that the resultant product must be only good. As the old Charge developed only the highest type of Fraternity enthusiasm and spirit so we look to the new N to become the exponent of our most lofty and cherished ideals.

To the N Charge our welcome is the reflection of all Θ Δ X—most hearty and sincere. With just the same cordiality and spontaneous enthusiasm as the ancient Athenians welcomed home their successful and victorious countrymen, after the battle of Salamis, do we welcome you of N into our brotherhood. Eagerly learn your new duties and obligations, emulate the efforts of your many brethren to forward our Fraternity and realize that in each of us you will find one anxious to help you toward the successful accomplishment of your highest aims, the mutual enjoyment of our bonds and the practical working of all things Θ Δ X. Hold with us all, as the trinity of a college fraternity, the University, the Fraternity and the Charge—to the development of the individual.

The August 13th edition of *Collier's* contains on page 28 a beautiful poem by J. W. Foley entitled "The Reciprocity of Smiles." The story is told by a little child just old enough to run about and notice things. She gets a smile, a pat on the head or a "How-d'-do" from the passersby and doesn't know that she is smiling or

RECIPROCITY OF SMILES has smiled at them. "If you smile at folks they always smile at you for most always they feel better for it," her mother tells her.

It's a doctrine we like to preach and preach often. In fact we believe this spirit of smiling happiness is one of the best methods of outwardly expressing the inward $\Theta \Delta X$ feelings that Theta Deltas have. Then, too, it's the old, old story of "Laugh and the world laughs with you" or "a two cent grin and a lifted chin helps some, my boy, helps some." In college and out of college, in sports and out of sports, in work and in play, in fact all through life we believe there will be a Reciprocity of Smiles and, as the result, that there will be a blame sight more sunshine in your life for you. Try it.

President Cook has appointed an exceptionally able committee to revise the Fraternity Quiz book. This committee intends to expand the scope of the present Quiz book by adding questions and subjects which will not only cover Fraternity government but Fraternity traditions and history as well. Most of the information, covered by the last two subjects, will be obtained from many articles, stories and biographies published in **SURPLUS SHIELDS** THE SHIELD, since its inception. In view of this we strongly urge that all the Charges and every Theta Delt interested in $\Theta \Delta X$ obtain from the custodian of THE SHIELD surplus—James C. Hallock, 51 Renner Ave., Newark, N. J.—as many of the back copies of THE SHIELD as possible and which they do not now possess. These copies can be obtained either by exchanging the extra copies of old SHIELDS which they now have on hand or by purchase. We believe that every Charge or individual who complies with this suggestion will profit greatly in the long run. So firmly do we believe this that we think the Charges should be censured by the Grand Lodge if they do not.

In writing of the surplus SHIELDS, Brother Hallock laid great stress upon the Fraternity using the SHIELD surplus department as an exchange bureau. Through this means those wishing to do so can complete their sets of SHIELDS by volumes and beside, have provided a repository into which every good Theta Delt should send all his surplus copies of THE SHIELD and not keep them stored away in some attic. The demand for copies of the various numbers of the first six volumes cannot be supplied from the present stock but "I feel sure," writes Brother Hallock, "that there are a good many of these numbers stored

away and perhaps forgotten, in the homes of the brothers. Can't we persuade the fellows who own them to send these old SHIELDS into the surplus department?"

We add our word to the plea of the custodian and wish in this way to bring the needs and possibilities of the SHIELD surplus department prominently before both the graduates and undergraduates.

"Make haste slowly" seems to be the slogan of many subeditors working on the new catalogue of $\Theta \Delta X$. The publication of the sixth catalogue has been delayed because a number of the Charges have not sent in the information concerning their members. Brother Griffing, the editor, has sent out detailed instructions, sample cards and form cards to all the Charges. Some have returned these properly filled out, while others, however, have not, and should do so at once. The need for the new catalogue must be realized by all and for that reason we hope that this statement will incite the members of each Charge into seeing that their particular Charge is not one of the procrastinating few, who are retarding the evolution of this much needed addition to $\Theta \Delta X$ publications.

To those who have not already subscribed for a copy of the new catalogue it might be of interest to learn that their subscription of \$2.00, plus exchange if check is not a New York check, should be sent in to Edward Stetson Griffing, 154 Nassau Street, New York City, at once, as the edition will be limited to the number who subscribe for copies in advance. The date of issue is determined practically by one fact—has your Charge sent in the desired information, upon the proper cards, to Brother Griffing? If it has and you have not already subscribed, better do so at once, for the catalogue will not be far behind. The book will be a pocket edition, with a flexible cover, about $4\frac{1}{2}'' \times 7''$.

The graduates have asked for more news of themselves in THE SHIELD. The object of THE SHIELD is to gratify the wishes of its readers, in so far as that is possible. With this in mind we have made an earnest effort to publish in this issue an unusually large collection of graduate personals, all alive and interesting. We trust that we succeed, in some measure, in satisfying the appetite of those anxious to learn about the graduate body of $\Theta \Delta X$. It is our belief that this is the largest collection of personals ever published in one issue of THE SHIELD. News of the graduates can best be furnished by the graduates themselves. If more news is desired let more graduates send in the information. Follow the form used for the personals in this issue and send in your copy day by day as you get it. In this way THE SHIELD will become indeed the chronicler of $\Theta \Delta X$.

From the time of their first appearance in October, 1908, the Greek-English headings in THE SHIELD have been subject to more or less criticism and discussion. We have waited in vain for someone to produce new and better designs. As has so often been said, it is easy

**NEW
HEADINGS**

to tear down but hard to build up. However, appreciating the feeling of discontent, we are anxious to accede to the general wish and herewith request every one with ideas, as to what the department headings should be, to submit them to us for consideration prior to November 20th. If you desire the present headings changed express yourself through suggestions or through new designs, but if you cannot, don't knock.

Oh, life is a wonder and death is a blunder! It's good to be living and strong! It's fine to be chaffing and joking and laughing, and chortling a tra-la-la song! It's great to be working like blitzen and jerking your living from out of the soil! It's gay to be earning real money and spurning the thought of a life without toil. Most

**THE JOY
OF LIVING***

all the repining and grunting and whining is done by the loafers, you'll note; the toilers and tillers, old Industry's pillars, no time to complaining devote; they skirmish and rustle, they hump and they hustle, and put up their hay in the sun; they mow and they garner and don't give a darn or a whoop for the indolent one. Such fellows are useful; they're worth a caboose full of men who have nothing to do but grunt all together concerning the weather, the crops, and the government, too. I tell you, dear chappy, if you would be happy, you'll have to get busy and work; there isn't much pleasure for people of leisure, there isn't much use for a shirk. The man who is lazy drives busy men crazy, and over the transom he's hurled; but things keep a-coming to folks who are humming, and this is a bully old world.

*Copyrighted. Walt Mason in the *Washington Herald*



Palmetto, Fla.,
January 15, 1910.

Dear Brother Albert:

The last SHIELD is packed with good things.

So is this country whereat I am. You are just at the core of the best in the world when you are down in this perfect winter climate, where the oranges orange and the cukes cuke and the tomatoes tomat and nature always smiles and often laughs.

This Palmetto section is certainly lacking in Theta Delts, however, and I don't see a thing for you to do but organize a colony, and get some good men to come here. Trucking and grape fruit are inducements if any good brothers really want to invest in something to occupy their time and become more or less wealthy.

I have a site all picked out, river front property, on the beautiful Manatee river, for a Theta Delt club house. I can imagine a new theatre on Main Street with Jim Bradbury, Norm Hackett and Charlie Clark holding forth. (Talk about your All Star Companies!)

But, to be as serious as I can be, considerationing my own limitations, I say, in profound earnest, let Charlie Neidlinger, Bill Wright, George Ward and Stanley Hawkins come here with the sanction of the G.L. and raise strawberries (50c. per box easy, and iced cars all the way to New York); also, let Ned Grifing and other legal lights of $\theta \Delta X$ come here with the set purpose of running the town as masterfully as ever New Rochelle, New York, was run, and I'll stay in this country and watch it grow till Broadway, New York is a village lane in comparison with Manatee Avenue.

Now don't laugh; we're young yet, but the only thing we need is Theta Delts to make us produce a world's supply of everything from lettuce and celery to more Theta Delts. It sure is some climate.

Hope you're not frozen to death in Washington, and here's to you, with my sincere appreciation of the big, fine, brotherly SHIELD you are getting out.

Fraternally yours,

FREDERIC P. LADD, Z '93.

Geneva, N. Y.,
June 2, '10.

Dear Brother:

I am sending you a copy of our last alumni letter. This is about the seventh we have sent to our alumni this year, and results have shown that the money it has cost us has been the best we have ever invested. We have enthusiastic letters from old Σ men who have been quiet for years and years, so quiet that we have often wondered if our letters ever reached them, or whether the spirit they had as college men had died out.

I am convinced that every grad in $\theta \Delta X$ has the right kind of spirit somewhere in his make-up if you can only get to where it is smouldering and blow it into a flame. It is unfortunate that as a Fraternity we cannot afford to send a good letter to each of our six thousand old boys two or three times a year. Then we would have such graduate spirit as no fraternity ever had. The alumni are all right.

Yours in the bonds,

H. H. ROBISON, Σ '11.

American Church Mission, Wuhu, China,
January 7, 1910.

Dear Brother Albert:

I would gladly comply with your request to write for THE SHIELD, but I really do not know how to write an article that would be of Fraternity interest, would contain Fraternity news and would not be personal.

China is not like the States. The means of communication are few, the Thetes are scattered and have little time free from their respective duties to meet each other. We can not have frequent Fraternity luncheons as you do at home. It is now nearly a year since I have given the grip, Brother Tenney being the last Thete I have seen. I have not yet met Brother Sinclair, although I have exchanged letters with him. He is a general favorite in the District of Shanghai (I am in the District of Hankau of the Mission) and I often hear him spoken of when I see any members of that District. The last news I heard of him was that he was matrimonially inclined. It was told me last summer he went with blood in his eye to Kuling, a large summer resort. From all accounts he was a busy man there but I do not know whether anything has materialized.

When you asked me to write of an "Unexpected Occurrence" I dare say you meant an unexpected occurrence in China. As I have said I have at present no material for such. I might mention in passing an unusual, or at least an infrequent occurrence. Whether it is the first or not, I don't know but I shall not place myself in the position of a Peary or Cook by saying it is. Last summer while in Japan I had the pleasure of climbing Fujiyama, the sacred mountain. My wife was with me and wore the Badge. $\theta \Delta X$ reaches at times even the unfrequented parts of the earth.

If you will permit me to "reminisce" a little I will tell you of an "Unexpected Occurrence" that happened nearly three years ago when I was in the seminary in New York City. A personal in the October SHIELD brought it to mind.

It was a Saturday evening. I had been out calling and reached my room about 10.00 P. M. The superintendent was there waiting for me. He said Professor D——— wished to see me. I knew that I had been in no mischief

but thought perhaps that I had written some heresy in the last sermon I had handed him. With fear and trembling I went to the professor's house. On the way I was relieved by learning that a college friend of mine from Washington was there and wanted to get married. The only man I could think of was France, formerly Ψ '05, a classmate of mine, who later joined X^A . It was not he, however, but another of the same Charge. The prospective bride was there. I was asked to witness the ceremony which I gladly consented to do. I hunted out another Thete, P^A Perkins, who was then in the seminary. He thought I was half crazy and wanted to get married myself, when I burst into his room in excitement. He came along with me, however.

It was a solemn occasion there in the professor's study at 10.30 P. M. that Saturday evening. The high book shelves upon which fell a "dim religious" light from a desk lamp, the professor arrayed in his long black cassock, the deep monotonous syllables of his voice, all added to the solemnity. It was all over in five minutes but while it lasted it constituted a most unusual experience for the participants. It was a Thete wedding sure enough. When it was over the Thete left with his bride, while "Perk" and I returned to our rooms. I have seen this Thete once since then. I have often seen mentions of him in THE SHIELD and am glad to hear of his successes in life and his many happinesses and joys. I shall never forget that Saturday evening three years ago at No. 2 Chelsea Square.

I am writing this letter between doses of medicine. Please pardon any staleness and remember that I am not in the midst of things. I wish I might do better but my muse at present is thinking chiefly in Chinese and such would not appear well in your columns. If I ever run across any extraordinary incident out here I shall be glad to give you a version of it.

Hope the Convention, which will probably be past history when you receive this, was a howling success, a "one piecey hot time." Until you hear from me again, believe me to be ever

Fraternally yours,
JOHN CLARK DEAN, Ψ '05.

POST ANNOS MULTOS.

During the evening hours of February 22d, while the Convention Banquet was in progress, I was poring over the pages of the February SHIELD. It was nearly midnight when I had completed the reading of it from A to Izzard, and decided it was "the best ever I had seen." It was almost daylight when "balmy sleep" wooed my eyelids,— "tired nature's sweet restorer."

"Backward, turn backward, O Time, in your flight."

During the few intervening days I find myself almost involuntarily reverting to the days of 1857-59, when I was an undergraduate Theta Delt. I dwell on the record of William Erastus Gibbs, K '59, one of the founders of that Charge who entered Tufts in 1855, when I entered Wesleyan, and who graduated in 1859, as I did. Howard J. Savage, K '07, has paid a worthy tribute to the memory of Brother Gibbs; and the Charge by its official action has seconded their heartfelt appreciation of Brother Gibbs. Living as he did so many years, almost under the shadow of K 's home they venerated him as a Father in Israel. All Theta Delt's will acclaim K for their affectionate tribute to their departed founder.

And so I "turned backward" to ask myself,—How many Theta Deltas are yet alive, who in 1859 were transferred to the graduate list of their respective Charges? The Charges thus included are *A, Γ, Δ, E, Ζ, Η, Θ, Ι, Κ, Μ, Ξ*, and *Ο*. And here the roll ceases, for while *Π* did send out graduates in 1859, all of them before 1902 had been transferred to *Q*; and, as very many have been transferred to *Q* since the issuance of the Catalog in 1902, it may be that some of the above-named Charges should be classed with *Π*.

It would be an interesting feature of the December SHIELD to have my query then and there answered. The following are the survivors of *Ο* who graduated fifty years ago: Robert Henry, '55, Fall River, Mass.; Dr. Nehemiah Nickerson,* '55, Meriden, Ct.; Charles Collard Adams,* '59, Cromwell, Ct.; Asa Boothly, Jr., '59, Westbrook, Me.; Henry B. Brown,* '59, East Hampton, Ct.; Samuel Emery,* '59, Manchester, N. H.

CHARLES COLLARD ADAMS, *Ο* '59.

Geneva, N. Y.

May 13, 1910.

Dear Brother:

Allow me to present most cordial congratulations on the handsome and impressive Convention number, and at the same time to offer a bit of friendly criticism.

The motto on the cover is all that a motto should be; it expresses in brief and ringing words the Fraternity ideal; it is noble and Homeric. Why then the awkward repetition of the same idea, in the heading of each number, in words that are neither ringing nor noble nor Homeric, nor even Greek?

I wish, too, to join the protest against the schoolboy trick of transliterating English words into Greek letters in the various department headings. The drawings are neat and attractive, and classical enough, and ought not to be spoiled by this sorry display of ignorance. Every page of THE SHIELD sparkles with good humor and good fellowship. May it not also diffuse the quiet and gracious light of good taste and good scholarship?

Fraternally yours,

H. H. YEAMES, *Δ* '95.

67 Reilly Ave., Wyoming, Ohio,

July 14, 1910.

Dear Brother Albert:

I congratulate you. The last SHIELD puts every Theta Delt in debt to the editor. No frater who sees a copy of that SHIELD can ever forget it. The magazine in the mind of the editor was a happy thought which in publication found happy expression. And what patience, what tact, what persuasiveness he must have had. To change two words of the quotation:

"It was a phantom of delight,

A perfect number nobly planned."

For years I have advocated the issuing of a pocket catalogue. It is good to learn that we are to have one. We need a catalogue not for ornament, but for use. Engravings make a magazine or a memorial volume more valuable, but make a catalogue more cumbersome. We might publish a handsome octavo once in every ten years; and once in three years, issue a neat pocket catalogue,

*Veterans of the Civil War.

with Charge roll, alphabetical list, and "geographical distribution." Such a catalogue could be published at a fraction of the cost of an octavo, and for practical use would be more valuable than the larger volume.

LEWIS HALSEY, E '68.

Batavia, N. Y.
March 17, 1910.

Dear Brother Albert:

In reply to your esteemed favor of the first, with reference to the Patron Goddess of θ Δ X —Minerva—I here state that I never was impressed with the protective power of the lady until I saw her illustrated in the frontispiece of the old catalogue.

Father Time is usually represented as a lean, worn-out figure, but in this instance, he appears as a husky individual. His hand placed on his brow shows grief because he is unable to overcome the powers of the goddess who with the shield is able to protect, upon the altar, the everburning fires of fraternal friendship against all powerful Time.

The figure that inspires me most is the female at the left, the Theta Delta mother. The position of her hands indicates the course of life that a Theta should follow from birth to death in order to reach glorious immortality. She also, represents that "close friendship" that a mother has for her offspring. The whole treatment of this figure, suggestive of the finer feelings of the heart, is most artistic and beautiful. It needs to be studied to be fully appreciated.

I should like to see this frontispiece in the new catalogue.

Fraternally yours,

HOBART B. CONE, E '69.

ΓΡΑΔΥΑΤΕ ΠΕΡΣΟΝΑΣ



Topics of interest for this section are earnestly solicited from all who are able to give them. Communications should be addressed to the editor, Frederick W. Albert, 3106 17th street, N.W., Washington, D. C.

B CHARGE

A. N. Fitch, '71, has a charming home in Sylvan, Wash. This is west of Tacoma on one of the most beautiful of the Puget Sound Islands. His life is an inspiration and uplift to the entire community.

Harold Preston, '79, is one of the big, substantial men of Seattle and is well-known for his rugged integrity. Many of the important legal affairs of city and state get to him for advice.

Prof. G. R. Wicker, '90, after two fleeting visits to Hanover, N. H., returned to Madison, Wisconsin, for his second year as professor of economics in the summer school of the University of Wisconsin. Brother Wicker has recently been occupied with field work in Oklahoma, in connection with the taking of the Census, and will probably write the petroleum report for that work. He was voted a professorship in economics at the last meeting of the Board of Trustees of Dartmouth College.

Walter Howard, '96, is vice-president of the Automobile Club of Geneva, N. Y.

E. B. Chinn, '97, is in the lumber business at 610 American Bank Bldg., Seattle.

R. S. Persons, '00, is located at Walnut, Cal., in connection with one of the local banks.

Erskine Wilder, '05, and Mrs. Wilder had born to them on June 6th, a fine girl baby.

Wm. Beckwith, '08, who has been learning the automobile business in the six months' apprenticeship course of the Packard Co. in Detroit, has been given a permanent position with the Packard Concern in the Technical Department of their New York office, assuming his new duties the middle of July.

M. D. Rector, '08, is in business with the Crosby Towboat Co. at 24 Colman Dock, Seattle. He reports his occupation as "Logs" which means that his varied experiences in timber cruising have made him an expert. He hustles the timber end of the business for his company.

Harold Wilder, '08, is at Fortson, Wash., in the lumber business.

"Stan" Griffis, '10, has adjourned to his fruit ranch in Eagle Point, Oregon, where he will be located at least for the present.

Γ^A CHARGE

A. S. Gaylord, '93, has enough of the "filthy lucre" so that he can stroll around the orange orchards or drive his "chug chug" along the many beautiful drives that abound in Pasadena, Cal., where he lives. Brother Gaylord came prominently into the public lime light last April when it was learned, through a special message to Congress from President Taft, of his investigations and recommendations upon the ravages and prevalence of cancer among fishes. Brother Gaylord is director of the New York State Cancer Laboratory. The *New York Times* for April 17th publishes a three-quarter page article upon the subject of "Cancer in Fishes" and devotes most of the space to quotations from Brother Gaylord's memorandum to President Taft.

Norman Hackett, '98, has accepted an offer from the Shuberts and will have the leading rôle in their big production of "The City," the last play from the pen of Clyde Fitch, which made a sensational success in New York the past season. The Shuberts are the big power in present day theatricals and Norm's getting in with them is a distinct feather in his cap. His tour will embrace the entire country so Theta Deltis may expect to see him if they get within range of his company. He is to have the part of George Rand, Jr., a strong rôle, well within the range of his ability.

Prof. H. C. Stevens, '01, who has been for several years professor of psychology at the University of Washington, Seattle, was recently called to Tacoma in an important murder case as an expert psychologist. The case was finally decided on the evidence obtained from his deductions.

Herb Graver, '04, surprised us all the other day by announcing his engagement. Most of us had long ago given up "The Quiller" as a hopeless apostle of "single blessedness." Miss Anna Thorne of Chicago is the other party.

D. F. Stevenson, '08, is now writing copy for the Mahin Advertising Co. in Chicago. "Steve" was something of a scribe when in college, being News Editor of the *The Michigan Daily*.

"Stub" Crumpacker, '09, has completed a successful year at Harvard Law School. We have a hunch that he will make good at the bar.

Wells Crawford, '10, has entirely recovered from his somewhat protracted case of nervous indigestion and returned to Detroit where he has accepted a position with the Hudson Motor Car Co.

J. W. Petrie, '10, has settled permanently in Detroit where he has accepted a flattering position with the Detroit Testing Laboratory Co.

Δ CHARGE

C. C. Arosemena, '92, has been accorded the exceptional honor of being appointed Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary on special mission to Mexico to represent Panama at the coming Mexican centennial celebration of its independence from Spain. He left on this mission August 31st.

Δ^Δ CHARGE

R. J. Hutchins, '04, is in Leopold, New Mexico and is connected with the Burro Copper Mining Company.

A. J. McComb, '05, is in charge of the Otis Elevator Co.'s work and office in Portland, Ore., and vicinity.

Julian Adams, '06, is now living at 1711 Fletcher Ave., South Pasadena where he has completed a very attractive bungalow. Brother Adams is with the Engineering Dept. of the Salt Lake R. R.

E. E. Barker, '06, is in Ely, Nevada, and is connected with one of the big mining companies there.

H. W. Beecher, '06, is manager for Chas. C. Moore & Co., engineers, at 618 Mutual Life Bldg., Seattle. Brother Beecher picks up big power plant work for his Company and looks after the construction as well. On a recent contract in Vancouver, B. C., he secured a big bonus for finishing the installation of a complete street railway power plant ahead of the time limit. This contract, by the way, is the largest of its kind in the Pacific Northwest ever let in its entirety to one firm.

O. W. Bryant, '06, has recently returned from Cheyenne, Wyo., to Los Angeles, Cal., where he is working for the Board of Fire Underwriters helping to increase the dividends of the insurance companies.

W. R. DeLeon, '06, is with the Ferris Hartman Comic Opera Company at the Princess theatre in San Francisco.

Frank H. Buck, '07, expects to complete his course at the Harvard law school this year.

E. S. Crane, '07, has worked up to an important position with Fairbanks, Morse & Co. in Seattle, where he has been occupied for some five years. A year old prospective Theta Delt cheers the family.

G. Ray Kingsland, '07, is with the Otis Elevator Co., in Los Angeles, Cal. He is such a suave guy that he can sell elevators to people that live in a one story building. He has done a lot of good work for the Fraternity since he came to Los Angeles and is a mighty good addition to the Thetas already located in Southern California.

C. A. Wayne, '07, is at present in Los Angeles in the insurance business and expects to take examinations as an actuary in a few months. Brother Wayne is making good as usual.

Julian C. Whitman, '07, is in charge of the operations of the Verg Land Co. at Greenacres, Spokane Co., Wash., where he has been very successful in irri-

gation work. His company owns and operates, by means of electrically driven centrifugal pumps, several wells from which many large neighboring tracts are watered.

Geo. T. Boyd, '08, is one of the town trustees of Yuba City and is also cashier of one of the banks there.

Ralph D. Robinson, '08, is with the Wells-Fargo Co. at Portland, Ore.

Norman W. Shaw, '08, was married early in the summer to an attractive Portland, Ore., girl. This was the consummation of a college courtship. They have a home nest in Portland where Brother Shaw has an excellent position with Whidden and Lewis, prominent architects.

Geo. H. Stoddard, '08, is associated with a large oil concern and has an office in San Francisco.

F. W. Bowley, '09, is still at the United States Military Academy at West Point; he expects to finish his course in a short time.

James Caughy, '09, is in Vacaville in charge of a large fruit ranch.

Jos. E. Hill, '09, is connected with the California Canneries Company in San Francisco and is manager of one of the departments.

D. L. McKay, '09, is with Whittier-Coburn Company in San Francisco.

D. N. Morgan, '09, who has been in Imperial for the past year has taken a position in the Agricultural Department of the Stockton High School.

A. F. Moulton, '09, who has been in Seattle, on important telephone extension work for the Pacific Telephone and Telegraph Co., has been transferred to Los Angeles where he will continue along similar lines, with an allied company. Large amounts of money are expended under Brother Moulton's O. K. Brother Moulton was married on his way south to his new position.

Paul T. Williamson, '09, is in the real estate business in Stockton.

R. W. Parsons, '10, is employed in the cyanide plant of the North Star Mines Company at Grass Valley.

E CHARGE

William H. Burroughs, '54, practices law in Norfolk, Va., in partnership with his brother under the firm name of Burroughs and Burroughs. His home is at 207 Boush Street.

A. Taylor Bell, '55, is a practicing physician at 1820 W. Fayette St., Baltimore.

William Dunnington Bloxham, '55, has probably given more time to the service of his state of Florida in various official capacities than any other of her sons. His record includes two years as a member of the State Legislature, four years as Surveyor General, four years as Secretary of State, four years as Lieutenant Governor, eight years as Comptroller and eight years as Governor—a total of thirty years of public service. Brother Bloxham spent the past summer, as is his custom, at Waynesville, N. C., returning to his home in Tallahassee, Fla., for the winter.

Cassius Carter, '55, is a splendid type of the old Virginia gentleman, spending the evening of life in farming at Casanova, Fauquier Co., Va. Recently Brother Sherier, X^A '09, had the pleasure of meeting Brother Carter and was the first Theta Delt who had given him the grip since he left college fifty-five years ago. Yet Brother Sherier says that Brother Carter gave that grip as if it had been a daily custom through all those years and the mention of $\theta \Delta X$ brought a sparkle to his eyes and a suggestion that it had been ever held in cherished memory.

William H. Graves, '56, is a retired lawyer and banker of Birmingham, Ala. Last summer he spent abroad with his wife and daughter, chiefly in Scotland, while the summer of 1910 he has spent at Atlantic City, N. J., and will spend the month of September in New York City before returning to Birmingham for the winter.

Charles Poindexter, '61, formerly State Librarian, is doing literary work and lives at 512 E. Franklin St., Richmond, Va.

Peter M. Boyden, '72, is pastor of a number of Episcopal Churches in Prince George County, Va. His address is Burrowsville.

Charles W. Wharton, '72, is deputy clerk of the Circuit Court of Bedford County, Va., and lives at Bedford City.

Joseph H. Chitwood, '02, visited Williamsburg during commencement to attend the annual meeting of the Board of Visitors of the College of William and Mary, of which board he is a member. He is practicing law in Roanoke and lives at 365 10th Ave., S. W.

Jackson Davis, '02, has again changed his position and residence, but as yet has not changed his own nor anyone else's *name*. But it is not to be inferred that he is not making progress toward that end. Interested brothers are advised to ask Jack why he is going South next February! Meanwhile he is Supervisor of Rural Elementary Schools for the State of Virginia and may be addressed at P. O. Box 80, Richmond, Va.

W. T. Hodges, '02, attended the summer session of Columbia University. He is busily *engaged* with the schools and *teachers* of Alexandria Co., Va.

Arthur R. W. Mackreth, '04, alias "John Bull," says his star is set, as he is neither married nor engaged, but is busy earning fame (?) on the staff of the *Richmond Times Dispatch*. He reports "no permanent address; nothing permanent except a desire to live." Really?

W. Arthur Maddox, '04, has resigned as Superintendent of Schools of Henrico County to become Professor of Psychology in the State Normal School at Farmville, Va. In a recent letter he said: "I can't recall anything that has happened to me since December 15th, 1909." He ought to give a psychological explanation of that statement as the date is the date of his marriage. He spent the summer at Columbia University.

Rev. T. Lowry Sinclair, '04, has no doubt grown many pigtales ere this. He was "on his way" when he started for Chinkiang, China, two years ago. We have heard nothing recently of any engagements or marriages in which "Guinea" has figured. It is strange.

Arthur D. Wright, '04, has resigned the superintendency of the Fredericksburg Public Schools to succeed Brother Maddox as Superintendent of Schools of Henrico County and has returned to the old address of P. O. Box 15, Richmond. During the past summer he was Local Manager of the Fredericksburg Summer Normal School and special faculty committee of *one* on the entertainment of the student-teachers. For further interesting news concerning this brother read the December SHIELD.

C. Irving Carey, '05, reports, among other things, "No marriages, nor any definite prospects for same, yet, indefinitely speaking and in my mind's eye, many. No complete death at this writing, though I might chronicle for the pleasure of my friends a sort of gentle, imperceptible death, accompanied with the thought that I must live yet to save funeral expenses." Brother Carey is a lawyer of Rome, Ga.

Rev. T. N. Lawrence, '05, is of somewhat the same mind as Brother Maddox, for he recalls that nothing has happened to him since his marriage on October 27th, 1909.

Joel C. Rawls, '06, writes "nothing doing," which is the first time that we have heard of such a state of affairs where "Reddy" was involved. He is healing the sick of Crystal River, Florida.

John Willis Abbitt, '07, M. D. of the University of Maryland in June, 1910, is practicing at his home town, Port Norfolk, Va.

Francis O'Keeffe, '07, "Bones," says he is going at the same old gait and the same old work—architecture—in New York City.

Harry G. Carter, '08, will teach science and English in the Richmond Academy and at the same time take some work in the Medical College of Virginia.

George E. Fletcher, '08, is overseer in the finishing department of the Emmons Loom Harness Co., of Lawrence, Mass. His home is at 590 Haverhill Street.

Rev. Harry H. Marsden, '08, can be addressed at Astoria, Oregon, where he is doing missionary work for the Protestant Episcopal Church.

Wm. H. Pettus, '08, assisted at St. Mark's Church, New York City, during the summer and will return to the Theological Seminary of Virginia for his senior year this fall.

Robert H. Standing, '08, is a merchandise broker, inventor, etc., and lives at 318 N. Washington St., Alexandria, Va. In the spring Bob visited his native land, British Honduras.

O. Bruce Watson, '08, has resigned as cashier of the Virginia Iron, Coal and Coke Co., and will enter Washington and Lee University this fall to study law.

C. C. Huntington, Jr., '09, remembered as one of the best "ends" William and Mary ever had, is living at 1023 Madison Ave., Memphis, Tenn., but if he is doing anything else it has not yet been discovered.

Charles A. Taylor, Jr., '09, another William and Mary gridiron star, and more recently a hero in another field of manly endeavor, will be principal of the John Smith School, Richmond, Va., this session.

Seldon R. Warner, '09, will teach biology in the John Marshall High School, Richmond, Va.

Joseph E. Healy, '10, is principal of the school at Red Hill, Albemarle County, Va.

Herbert S. Joynes, '10, is a bank clerk in Norfolk. During the summer he played a star third base on the Hampton, Va., base ball team, in the Peninsula league.

Amos R. Koontz, '10, has been appointed instructor in biology at the College of William and Mary for the session 1910-1911. He spent the summer studying zoölogy at the University of Chicago. Those who were with him at the Convention last February readily understand why he chose the University of Chicago for his summer work.

J. L. Lawless, '10, is in the lumber business in Florida.

R. C. Young, '10, will be principal this session of a high school near his home in Wise County, Va.

A. W. Martin, '11, is with the Union Trust and Title Corporation of Portsmouth, Va.

E^A CHARGE

B. Franklin Mansfield, '96. We have often wondered how "Benny" makes his money as he always seems to have some, though nobody has ever been able to find him working. He is ostensibly in the brokerage business but must have a hidden gold mine somewhere near Los Angeles, where he is located.

Dr. Dudley B. Deming, '97, was married on March 29th, 1910, but to whom we have yet to learn.

Jas. E. McIntyre, '98, is in the real estate business which is one of the principal industries in Los Angeles, Cal. "Jimmie" was in the advertising business and was very successful as he is full of original ideas. He retired from that line to give his competitors a chance and went into the land office business and will probably be loaded with money some of these days; at least, we hope so.

Z CHARGE

J. H. Shankland, '69, is one of the most prominent and successful lawyers in Los Angeles. His careful, painstaking methods have won him many a case and he is deserving of all the success he has attained. He made a speech recently at one of the Fraternity banquets that was a gem for spirit and Fraternity feeling, and will be long remembered by those present.

Jeffrey Davis, '70, spent the summer at his summer home at Narragansett Pier, R. I., having recently returned from an extensive trip abroad.

Geo. H. Webb, '90, has an interesting article in the *New England Magazine* for June entitled: "Providence, Rhode Island, the Gateway of Southern New England." Brother Webb is also on the committee of the Providence

Board of Trade which is making arrangements for the deeper waterways meeting in Providence in the fall.

Robert S. Emerson, '97, on May 10, 1910, was appointed, with Geo. T. Greenhalge, permanent receiver for the Harrison Yarn and Dyeing Company of Pawtucket, R. I. The receivers got authority to continue the business until further order of the court. There was no opposition to the appointment.

Chas. A. Hull, '99, of New York City, and Miss Bertha A. Buffington, of Providence, R. I., have announced their engagement.

Nat W. Myrick, '00, is secretary and treasurer of the Consolidated Pipe Co., of Los Angeles, Cal. When Brother Myrick isn't signing checks he is out at the ball field where he is one of the "rabid fans." Brother Myrick is the proud father of a girl born August 11, 1910. Nat has two fine boys already and the advent of a girl is exceedingly pleasing.

Wm. H. Hull, '01, is connected with the Yale Jewelry Mfg. Co. His address is 62 Page St., Providence, R. I.

L. W. Jutten, '04, has been eminently successful since he came to Los Angeles, Cal., and established himself as a "legal shark." He is a member of one of the largest and most prominent firms in Los Angeles and is rapidly accumulating money as well as avoirdupois. He is at present prosecuting the Anti Picketing Injunction against the Labor Unions in Los Angeles. Los Angeles is in the throes of a labor struggle and much interest has been excited over the injunction obtained by the employers of labor against picketing. Brother Jutten was married recently and has his home in that town of bloated millionaires, Pasadena, Cal.

J. H. Joyce, '06, is making good with The Spreckels Bros. Com'l. Co. of Los Angeles, Cal., and although one of the busiest Theta Deltas in the city, he always finds time to do most effective work for the Fraternity. Brother Joyce recently bought a bungalow at 1842 W. 49th Street, where he is now living. In the card index line Harry can rival Postmaster General Hitchcock.

Leonard S. Little, '07, and wife are receiving congratulations on the birth of a son, Robert Williams Little.

"Chic" Raymond, '09, is catching on the Binghamton Ball Club team of the New York State League.

Z^A CHARGE

Jas. Duncan, '02, who is still practising surgery in Montreal has moved from his former home on Bishop Street to the new Sherbrooke Apartments.

Claude Fortin, '03, of Winnipeg, has severed a former partnership and is practising successfully alone. Our Charge, especially, and his other brothers, generally, were sorry to hear of his recent bereavement in the loss of his sister.

Dr. H. B. Munroe, '03, practising in Lynn, Mass., is contemplating a trip abroad in the near future.

"Bill" Graham, '03, still with the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway, has been recently engaged as locating engineer for the branch running from the Kootenays

to Tête jaune Cachee. Brother "Bill" warmly appreciates (and immediately answers—better still) any epistles the brothers may find time to address him in the wilderness.

Wilfrid Bovey, '03, is busily engaged in the intricacies of corporation law, yet always has time to welcome any brothers who call on him.

"Bud" Chambers', '04, shadow is not growing smaller and his hair is as curly as ever. The Charge appreciates the thorough grounding in the principles of $\theta \Delta X$ which "Bud" has given to his and our Brother Hugh.

"Bill" Greenwood, '04, is working hard and developing a large practice in the City of St. Catherines.

G. M. Gibson, '04, has now arrived at that degree of success in the practice of surgery when he can now impassionately watch an ambulance go by without experiencing a tickling in his toes.

"Si" Nagle, '04, is president of the Ottawa Athletic Association.

M. B. Atkinson, '04, walks around all day trying to look busy with his hands in his pockets directing the work on Quebec bridge. He hopes to have his theory of aërial suspension accepted this autumn.

"Mose" Fullington, '05, informs us of the honor conferred on him when he was elected an honorary member of the $\Sigma \Delta$ Society of Toronto, petitioners at the Sixty-second Annual Convention.

"Finnie" Sutherland, '05, is still the "Chesty" man of the Nova Scotia Steel and Coal Co., and we fear that his onerous task is proving too much for him, judging from the presence of increasing grey hairs.

"Pat" Cowen, '06, is presently engaged in Montreal with Mussels Ltd.

W. G. Peterson, '06, is playing a fast game of Lacrosse on the Senior Oxford Lacrosse Team.

"Wendy" Graham, '07, is at present in Vancouver Island, B. C.

P. B. Fraser, '07, has moved to Coaticook where medical and political honours are rapidly coming his way.

Dallas Bray, '07, and wife on their return to Sayville, N. Y. stopped over in Montreal. We were glad to greet them and to them extend all our best wishes.

E. R. Parkins, '03, is busily engaged in law with the firm of Greenshields and Greenshields, and has lately had more responsibility placed upon his shoulders by the appointment of one of the senior partners to a judgeship.

O. M. Stitt, '08, who is with the Dominion Government Geodetic Survey has been located in the West and is expected to return East shortly.

Dick Mohan, '08, recently returned to Brockville from South Carolina and looks much improved in health.

"Rob" MacKay, '07, was in Montreal a few days in the early summer on his way to Toronto.

We would not be surprised to receive the news at anytime that C. E. Richardson, '09, will be initiated into the ranks of Benedicts.

"Charley" Cantley, '09, we are "credibly informed" is enjoying life down at Wabana, Newfoundland. He is engaged there with Brother Chambers in installing the plant for operating the sub-marine areas belonging to the Nova Scotia Steel and Coal Co.

Brother McKinnon, '09, has entered fully into the business life of the West where he is travelling for the Cement Company of Canada.

Brother Baldwin, '10, is preparing for the New York State board examination.

G. A. Shiler, '10, has recently received a two-year appointment on the staff of the Montreal General Hospital.

Stowe MacLean, '10, will soon leave for South Africa where he will be engineer in one of the coal mines near Johannesburg.

"Ken" Allen, '10, has gone to California where he will practice medicine in partnership with his uncle.

G. O. Scott, '10, has received a hospital appointment in the City of Ottawa.

H CHARGE

Frank M. Byron, '79, is representing the N. Y. C. R. R. Co., in Southern California, with headquarters at Los Angeles, Cal.

Hon. Levi Turner, '86, judge of the Cumberland County Superior Court, has been recently appointed commissioner on uniform laws for the State of Maine by the Governor and began his duties at the Annual Conference of Commissioners at Chattanooga, Tennessee, in August.

Henry Clinton Hill, '86, has been appointed professor of law at the University of Kansas.

Parker C. Newbegin, '91, has recently been promoted to the position of maintenance engineer of the Bangor and Aroostook Railroad in Northeastern Maine.

Eugene L. Bodge, '97, is finishing a two years' term as assistant county attorney of Cumberland County, Maine. With Philip Dana, '96, Brother Bodge recently won the Maine tennis championship in doubles. Brother Dana was runner-up for the singles championship.

Dr. John H. Morse, '97, has been appointed assistant professor of laryngology and rhinology at the University of Minn. Perhaps someone understands this?

Donald B. McMillan, '98, who accompanied Com. Robert E. Peary on his journey to the North Pole, was one of the speakers at the exercises in honor of Commander Peary at the Bowdoin College Commencement in June. Brother McMillan received at that time an honorary degree of A.M. from Bowdoin College in recognition of his achievements in the polar expedition.

Dr. George B. Farnsworth, '03, a graduate of Harvard Medical School in 1907, after a service at the Massachusetts General Hospital and study in Europe, has begun practice in Cleveland, Ohio.

Lorenzo W. Baldwin, '07, received the degree of LL.B. from Columbia University in June.

James M. Chandler, '08, sends the following: "The Lovett-Chandler Co. Inc. is no more. The new letterheads read, "J. M. Chandler Co. formerly Lovett-Chandler Company Inc., advertising. 6 Beacon St., Boston, Mass."

John A. Wentworth, '09, has completed the first year at the Harvard Medical School and has been a resident house officer at the St. Barnabas Hospital, Portland, Me., this summer.

H^A CHARGE

Jimmy Knapp, '04, has business in San Francisco but still continues to live in Palo Alto. Quite frequently Jimmy strolls in and spends the day with the H^A boys.

Sanford L. Bacon, '04, is in the shoe business in San José, Cal.

Walter Crossman, '04, is doing real estate work in San Francisco and makes his home in Sunnyvale midway between Stanford University and San José. Walt has a fine promising young Thete.

Walter I. Ogier, '05, is still with the Yuba Construction Co., gold dredgers, located temporarily at Idaho City, Idaho, with more permanent headquarters at Marysville, Yuba Co., Cal.

Bill Edwards, '05, is gold dredging in British Columbia, exact location unknown. Bill and Walt Ogier were division engineers for two or three years on the Yukon Gold Mining job in Alaska (the one Lawson made famous or infamous).

"Bob" Gaither, '06, has been spending most of his time in Indianapolis for the last six months, where he is taking care of some large contracts for the Allis-Chalmers Co. We hope the company will see fit to transfer him back to Chicago for we certainly miss him at the Friday luncheons.

"Bob" Hudson, '06, is still in San Francisco making good in the architect's business.

Carl Ferguson, '07, is married and lives in Riverside. He is with the Chemical Fertilizer Co.

W. T. Young, '07, married last semester and lives in Etna, Cal., in which place he is cashier of the Etna Bank.

John K. Dotten, '07, is trying to entice the almighty dollar from the pockets of unsuspecting tourists and others by selling real estate in Pasadena, Cal.

Dall Wood, '08, is advertiser for the Hale Department Store of Oakland.

E. L. Stockwell, '08, is at present situated in San Francisco. "Stock" although taken into our fold as a post-graduate has proven himself a thorough Thete and an unceasing worker.

Lowell Hart, '09, who has done much for H^A and the Fraternity in general, is secretary of an oil company in Coalinga, Cal. With Brother Hart is Roger Brown, '10, our past president.

Frank C. Nye, '09, is engaged in the theatrical business and besides running the Opera House at Riverside, Cal., has recently leased a play house at Santa Barbara, Cal., which he will manage during the coming year.

Harry E. Reed, '10, sailed on the Atlantic Transport Liner *Minnetonka*, July 23d, for a three months' tour of England, Germany, France, and Austria. He was in the party of Pres. David Starr Jordan and some other Stanford men. Upon his return in the fall, Brother Reed will go into the banking business with his father at Lewisburg, Kansas.

Dell Gammon, '10, at the close of college accepted a position in Hydraulic, B. C. with Bill Edwards, '07. In such a God-forsaken country it is a blessing indeed to meet another Thete, for Dell wrote: "If you ever want to know how good it is to be a Theta Delt, just get in among strangers in a foreign country and then blow into a fine fellow who shakes hands right."

Howard A. Lewis, '11, imbibed so much of the spirit of $\theta \Delta X$ while he was at Stanford that he is overflowing with it and we wonder what would have happened if he had stayed to complete his course. Every Thete in Los Angeles knows his "Sunny Jim" smile and hearty grip. He is taking a course in real estate and from present indications will soon be raking in the shekels.

E. R. Canterbury, '12, has lost his heart and with it his interest in college. Hence he has accepted a position as salesman with the Edison Electric Co. in Los Angeles.

⊖ CHARGE

E. L. Case, '86, would welcome a few more Theta Delt in Prairie du Chien, Wisconsin, for he sees few of them out there. He writes: "During my college days our lodge room was in a one-room log cabin situated in the woods about a mile from Kenyon. It was in this log house that I was initiated. I always have been and have not the slightest doubt but what I always will be enthusiastic for and over $\theta \Delta X$ and her interests."

⊖^A CHARGE

John Mather, '06, stopped over in Boston, in July, on his way to Virginia to take examinations for first-lieutenancy in coast artillery.

Alfred G. Place, '08, is with the Seattle Electric Co., Seventh Ave. and Olive St. He holds an important position in the Power and Lighting Dept.

Chas. Wallower, '10, is with the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, traveling in all the North Atlantic states.

Bergen Reynolds, '10, is now with the United Shoe Machinery Company, Boston and Beverly, Mass. Home address, Somerville, Mass.

I CHARGE

Rev. Dr. Loring W. Batten, '85, rector of St. Mark's Church, at 232 East Eleventh Street, New York City, told the members of his congregation that their future donations will go into his new work of reclaiming drunkards by hypnotism.

Brother Batten has been experimenting with psychotherapeutic treatment for inebriates for several years, and has at last evolved a method which is infallible, with a record of fifty cures. All that is necessary is for the patient with the drink habit to wish for a cure, and the treatment open to him in the rector's study will do the rest.

Brother Batten in outlining results on some of his fifty patients said that his cures were 100 per cent. perfect, but he added that there was one backslider who took a night off to celebrate when he was first pronounced cured. After his spree he came back for a post-graduate course, however, and finally left in a drink-proof condition. Another of the fifty backslid three times, and went on a debauch covering a period of two months, but he, too, repeated the hypnotic treatment, and was finally cured so completely that he fairly hated the sight of a beer glass.

The work of Dr. Batten with those whose will power has been broken down through drink began after a visit he made some years ago to the Bowery Mission. The treatment will be given without cost as a part of the church extension work.

Arthur J. Russell, '95, is busy in the practice of architecture at 609 Eiler Bldg., Seattle.

Horace Canfield, '96, is in the real estate business at 416 American Bank Bldg., Seattle.

E. Frere Champney, '96, is a member of the firm of Gould and Champney, architects, at 1212 American Bank Bldg., Seattle. They have a widely extended and lucrative practice. We understand that Brother Champney is the architectural brains of the firm and that many pleasing designs for the recent A. Y. P. Exposition should be credited to him.

Fred L. Beecher, '98, who is largely interested in the Hastings Mill Co., Vancouver, B. C., spent an enjoyable summer in Europe.

Harry P. Brown, '03, has been elected president of the Merchants' Association of Fall River, Mass. In view of the fact that Brother Brown is the youngest member of the Association, the compliment is an extraordinary one but it is, however, well merited. Brother Brown was, while an under-graduate, a member of the Grand Lodge.

Donald Parson, '05, is president of the Motormart with offices at 128 West Rayen Ave., Youngstown, Ohio. (See X^A notes for statement.)

Arthur M. Cook, '06, is in the U. S. Department of Agriculture Forest Service at the Hayden National Forest, Colorado. He may be reached at Fraser, Colorado, in care of the Forest Service.

I^A CHARGE

Dean F. C. Ferry, '91, represented Williams College at the annual meeting of the New England College Entrance Examination Board which meets in Cambridge in May, 1910.

Rev. Wm. O. Work, '92, formerly at Bellingham, Wash., is now located at 812 Chamber of Commerce Building, Portland, Ore.

Paul M. Goodrich, '94. The *Springfield (Mass.) Republican* of Sept. 9, 1910, contains the following item:—"Lieut. Paul M. Goodrich of the United States Army is spending a month in North Adams. He has just completed a year in the signal service school at Fort Leavenworth, being one of the five lieutenants to be selected from 66 candidates for study in that department last year."

Rev. W. L. Sawtelle, '94, has left Fulton, N. Y., to accept a more fortunate position in Elmira, N. Y.

Dr. W. P. Millspaugh, '95, is wearing a broad smile these days because of the advent of a second daughter born July 1910.

Richard P. Ward, '95, of So. Pasadena, Cal. You would never think to look at him that Brother Ward came West for his health. He is a rugged, healthy, husky looking guy and will be shuffling around this mortal coil long after most of us have shuffled off. Brother Ward is a great Thete and has done much to help the Fraternity along in Southern California. He is a great worker and never tires of putting in the good licks for the frat. Would there were more like him!

John I. Zoller, '95, had a son born to him on June 29th, 1910, named John Jacob. Their home is in Little Falls, N. Y.

Philip H. Dater, '96, is resident engineer at Little Falls for the Barge Canal purposes.

C. J. Russell, '96, has been elected Acting Superintendent of the Pittsfield (Mass.) Public Schools during a year's leave of absence of the superintendent.

Lawrence W. Hawkins, '97, was married to Miss Ruth Kellogg at Pittsfield, Mass. on August 20, 1910.

Elmer I. Shepard, '00, received the appointment of assistant professor of mathematics at Williams College, to take effect on July 1st, 1910.

Dr. Brainerd Mears, '03, received the appointment of assistant professor of chemistry at Williams College, to take effect on July 1st, 1910.

E. F. Gibbs, '04, has a daughter, Priscilla, born in July, 1910. Their home is at Arlington Heights, Mass.

Herman L. Tucker, '06, is reported by the newspapers to be a member of an expedition which left Seattle in May to attempt the ascent of Mt. McKinley, Alaska. Brother Tucker is an enthusiast over mountain climbing, and in the course of his work in the Forestry Service has had much experience which should stand him in stead in his latest and boldest undertaking. Members of the Appalachian Mountain Club have had many evidences of his remarkable endurance powers and of his daring, and they believe that if the ascent is a human possibility the summit will be reached this time.

Readers of the sporting page, morning editions of the *Boston Herald*, were treated last spring to an unusual treat, i.e. to an almost daily short poem on subjects of interest to them. At the opening of the baseball season, the opening stanzas of "The Baseball Rubaiyat," appeared modestly signed R. E. McM. The verses were so clever and they became so popular that they were continued and are still appearing at intervals, now bearing the full name of their clever author, R. E. McMillin, '05. That Boston should prefer its baseball reports in

verse form is not surprising, but that "Bobby" McMillin should have developed into the Laureate of the Fans is a decidedly unexpected turn of the wheel. To date he has accepted some thirty chances without an error, and is hitting for about 900. Some "class" to Bobby.

Robert W. Fernald, '07, is a bond salesman with Geo. A. Fernald & Co., bankers, 67 Milk St., Boston, Mass.

K CHARGE

Of Jim Bradbury's, '79, work in the Dittrichstein farce "Is Matrimony a Failure?" the *Boston Herald* said: "After Mr. Worthing, praise should go to Mr. James Bradbury for the humanity and uncton that he put into the husband, Frank Bolt, whose misdeeds finally found him out. His acting was one of the most delightful features of the evening." "Jim," who is a K '79 man, is the second best Theta Delt in the world; the reader is left to name the best. He spent the summer at Swan Lake, Maine, where he fished, ran a motor boat, ballasted three of the Shetland Faculty of Tufts College, and amused the natives. He is to be with the same company next season, and if any good Theta Delt wants to see a screaming piece of work, he should take in Jim's playing,— and then see Jim after the show.

C. E. Maxfield, '79, is a mainstay in the City Controller's Office, Seattle. He lives in the beautiful Fauntleroy Park overlooking Puget Sound. And if you ever saw a genial, enthusiastic Theta Delt, he is one.

W. M. Perry, '79, is located in the Burke Bldg., Seattle.

President Frederick W. Hamilton, '80, was a member of the reception committee which welcomed Lieut. Sir Ernest H. Shackleton, the distinguished polar explorer, to Boston.

Brother Hamilton turned an April fool joke in his own favor and that of the faculty last spring. Many, perhaps, know the story, but it is well worth retelling. Some one had put an alarm clock behind a radiator in the chapel and the alarm went off during the chapel exercises.

Prexy was leading the opening prayer when the bell began to ring loudly. It continued for twenty seconds and then stopped. Everyone was startled. After twenty seconds the alarm sounded again. This continued during the reading of the scriptures and the singing. The service was nearly over before the clock rang itself out.

Conducting the exercises as if nothing had happened Prexy made no reference to the incident. At the point in the exercises when he is accustomed to make special announcements he picked a slip of paper from his desk and read, "The young men will please remain seated after the exercises are over."

The students obeyed, believing there was to be an investigation of the alarm clock affair. To their surprise Prexy and all the other members of the faculty filed out. The students had remained seated for fully twenty minutes wondering what was going to happen when some one yelled "April fool." The rest may be imagined.

Edwin A. Start, '84, is located in Washington as the executive secretary of the American Forestry Association. His address is Maryland Building, 1410 H St. N. W., Washington, D. C.

Frank B. Wilson, '86, can be found at 318 Pike St., Seattle, when he is not supervising some one of his other book stores in the city.

Rev. Arthur W. Grose, D. D., '91, has refused a call from his place in the First Universalist Church in Rochester, N. Y., to the Crave Theological School where he was offered the place as dean, left vacant by the resignation of the Rev. Dr. Leonard, who retires because of his age.

Charles Neal Barney, '95, who is president of the Massachusetts Universalist Convention, acted as toastmaster at a dinner given in Boston to the eminent Scottish divine, Rev. John Hunter of Glasgow.

Hollis Godfrey, '95, who has made a name for himself as a writer along lines connected with the health of municipalities, is to deliver a course of lectures during the coming fall and winter at the Garland School in Boston, Mass., on "Health in the City and the Household." Five lectures are to be given dealing with the possibilities of health and disease in air, water, ice, and foods, including milk. In addition he will take up the sanitary problems offered by sewage and its removal. The fundamental principles of health which concern every home will finally be touched upon by Brother Godfrey. He is at present head of the department of science in the Practical Arts High School in Boston.

Frank W. Knowlton, '99, is now a member of the law firm of Choate, Hall & Stewart at 60 State St., Boston, Mass.

Ernest G. Marble, '99, is treasurer of the American Ship Windlass Co. of Providence, R. I.

Charles R. Marvin, '99, has accepted a position as assistant superintendent of the Slatersville Finishing Co. of Slatersville, R. I.

Considerable excitement was caused during the recent Knights Templar Conclave in Chicago by the appearance of Guy Pierce, '97, in the full uniform of that organization. We don't know what Commandery Guy belongs to but from our point of view he is some little crusader, all right.

Dr. Irving R. Bancroft, '97, is assistant city physician and connected with the health department of Los Angeles, Cal.

Ralph L. Burbank, '98, has announced his engagement to Miss Louise Thayer of St. Louis. The wedding will take place in that city in December. In the meantime, the felicitations of Ralph's friends will reach him at 245 Frisco Building.

Ira R. Kent, '99, has been employing his spare moments this summer playing tennis, with such good effect that with his partners he was runner-up in the Mystic Valley Doubles Championship tournament at the Oakley County Club at Watertown, Mass., and in the Vermont State Championship at St. Johnsbury, Vt. Brother Kent is now associate editor of the *Youth's Companion*, 201 Columbus Ave., Boston, Mass.

R. B. Manbert, '02, who was formerly in the advertising department of the American Radiator Company at Chicago has moved to California and is

engaged in the advertising business in Los Angeles. His address is San Gabriel, Cal., R. F. D. No. 1.

S. S. Fiske, '02, is located at Penticton, B. C., with Geo. H. Dyer, 2^d '04.

"Charlie" MacMahon, '04, is now occupying offices at 1 Liberty St., New York City. He is living on Staten Island.

"S. B." Witham, '04, has recently been elected president of the Saco Valley Teachers' Association. "Sun" is a district superintendent of New Hampshire schools, and has charge of twenty-six schools in Conway and Madison.

"L. C." Powers, '05, has offices in the Real Estate Trust Building, 734, Philadelphia. He is doing well at accounting.

Rev. C. H. Temple, '05, announces an addition to his family in the shape of a fine little girl. Brother Temple is pastor of the First Universalist Church at Lewiston, Me.

S. P. Sweetser, '05, is the proud possessor of a son and heir, Edwin A. Sweetser. Brother Sweetser is still with the Colima Lumber Company of Colima, Mexico.

Herbert L. Michael, '06, is one of the army at work on the great Catskill reservoir which will supply New York City with water for many years to come. Brother Michael's address is Brown's Station, N. Y.

Geoffrey Winslow, '06, is doing a successful engineering and commercial business at 514 Crary Bldg., Seattle. The following clipping from a midsummer issue of a Seattle daily tells of his engagement: Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Smith announce the engagement of their daughter, Elizabeth, to Mr. Geoffrey Winslow, formerly of New Bedford, Mass. The wedding will take place in the early fall. Miss Smith is one of the popular members of the younger set of Seattle society.

W. G. Alpaugh, '07, has become a member of the firm of Stetson & Alpaugh, foresters and surveyors, with offices at Bangor, Me., and Willimantic, Conn., Brother Alpaugh, who usually has for his headquarters the Maine office at 180 Exchange St., Bangor, says of his interesting work:

"Our work here in Maine is of a much more extensive nature than that of the more Southern New England States. Here we explore tracts of several thousand acres, usually done in townships, estimate the amount of standing timber, and at the same time make topographic maps. We also run out old town lines and do any rough woods surveying. In addition to our forestry we also do tree surgery and spraying."

"Abe" Turner, '07, has returned from a trip through France, Holland, and England. "Abe" is not so stout as he was.

Howard J. Savage, '07, will have his name on the title pages of two books issued this fall for use in the Tufts Engineering School, "Argumentation for Engineers" and "Sentences and their Elements."

The latest address of "Patsy" Case, '08, is 8 Boulevard, West New Brighton, Staten Island, N. Y. He is rooming there with "Bill" Michael, and the city is redder than ever.

William E. Hooper, '09, and John A. Adams, '10, are keeping a bachelor establishment in the City of Mexico. They may be reached by letter at the Mexican Tramway Co. Kappa has four brothers in Mexico now, Clare Baker, '02, with the American Smelting Co., and S. P. Sweetser at Colima being the other two.

John Adams, '10, has gone to Mexico to help "Bill" Hooper, '09, in electrical work.

By a vote of the trustees of the institution, last April, as many of the brothers doubtless know, Tufts College ceased to be a coeducational institution. As soon as the necessary changes can be made in the charter of the institution a new college, to be known as the Jackson College for Women, will be established. Until the necessary charter changes can be brought about the women will attend a separate department of Tufts College.

K^Δ CHARGE

E. E. Bullard, '06, can be addressed at the University Club, Tacoma, Wash.

J. Fred Meyer, '06, is rapidly becoming the Morgan of the West, the Napoleon of Missouri's finances. "Fritz" is now president of the Meyer & Co. planing mill and the Meyer Lumber yard of Hannibal, Mo. He is a silent partner in Hannibal's largest furniture establishment. He holds the controlling stock in the Cheese Knife Cutter Manufacturing Company, pioneers in the invention and manufacture of patented cheese knives, and he is also the senior member of one of Hannibal's best families and the owner of three large automobiles. With the Hannibal "Breeze" we may well say "upward and onward, Fred."

Jasper N. Hunt, '07, and his brother, "Spike" Hunt, '08, of Chicago are now managing a sugar cane ranch in Mexico.

"Swad" Lindberg, '10, is paymaster and assistant to the Field Engineer of the General Railway Signal Company which is doing contract work in Minnesota. His address is 402 Newton Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.

Jesse T. Smith, '10, has recently received a material advancement in the clerical department of the Panama Canal service of the United States government.

P. A. Hutchings, '12, otherwise known as "Tiny" in Norman Hackett's play is president of the Atlas Storage and Transfer Company of Kansas City.

W. C. Woodward, '12, the former "Hinky Dink" of K^Δ is now the general sales manager of the Moss and Satterlee firm, handlers of supplies for electric railways.

A CHARGE

Solon I. Bailey, '81, professor of astronomy at Harvard, was one of the principal speakers at the meeting of the Astronomical and Astro-physical Society of America in Cambridge last month. Later he accompanied the

European guests of the society to the conference of the International Solar Society at Pasadena, Cal.

Albert R. Archibald, '83, is professor in Taylor University, Upland, Indiana.

Frank I. Wheat, '87, beside being a jovial Thete is a jovial undertaker if such a thing be possible. He is always present at the Fraternity gatherings (not with an eye to business we hope) but because he is full of Fraternity spirit.

F. Spencer Baldwin, '88, professor of economics in Boston University, has finished his labors with the Massachusetts Commission on the Cost of Living. The results are plainly set forth in a large volume, many copies of which reached Theta Delts last month. Those not favored may obtain copies at the State House, if they wish to fill their minds with knowledge during the long winter evenings.

Charles J. Bullock, '89, professor of economics at Harvard, returned last month from Europe, where he spent the summer investigating taxation schemes. His principal labors were in Switzerland, but Austria and Italy received some of his attention.

William H. Clifford, '89, is principal of the Denver High School and lives at 2041 So. Downing Ave., Denver, Col.

Luther Freeman, '89, is president of Morningside College, Sioux City, Iowa.

George F. Willett, '91, leaves his wool business long enough to win a few cups in the big golf and tennis tournaments around Boston. Mrs. Willett also comes in for her share as evidenced by such headlines as, "The Willetts Win Mixed Doubles," in the daily papers.

Fred Winslow Adams, '92, is pastor of the First M. E. Church, Schenectady, N. Y.

William S. Spencer, '93, is professor in Rhode Island State College, Kingston, R. I.

Elihu Grant, '98, is professor of history in Smith College, Northampton, Mass.

Raymond G. Clapp, '00, is instructor in the Divinity School of Yale University, New Haven, Conn.

Daniel Clark Dorchester, '00, is now serving the Mt. Washington M. E. Church, Pittsburg, Pa., as pastor.

Archibald E. Noble, '00, is vice-president and general manager of the Watertown Lumber Co., Watertown, Mass.

Francis E. Heminway, '01, announces the birth of a daughter. Brother Heminway is a hemp planter and in addition is principal of the Leyte Provincial High School, Tacloban, Leyte, Philippines.

Morton G. Hopkins, '03, has left the Boston Woven Hose and Rubber Co., and now has charge of the Boston office of A. T. Morse and Co., rubber importers. There are generally a few Theta Delts smoking the firm's habanas up in his private office at 161 Summer Street, and Mort hasn't forgotten the grip. So don't forget him when in Boston.

E. Jefts Beede, '05, asks all Theta Delts who are also Shriners to communicate with him at 139 Lincoln St., Boston, Mass.

James Duncan MacNair, '05, Chaplain U. S. N., stationed on the Battleship *Georgia*, gets shore leave occasionally to come to Boston and have a meal with the boys.

M CHARGE

But five initiates of the Charge that once represented $\theta \Delta X$ in the University of North Carolina are now living. William Macon Coleman, '58, lives in Washington, D. C. and is dean of the Intercontinental University's School of Law. Brother Coleman is best known to Theta Delts as the author of "Come My Boys."

George C. McConnaughey, '59, lives at Salisbury, N. C. Brother McConnaughey is in poor health.

Richard A. Bullock, '60, is a farmer at Williamsboro, N. C. Brother Bullock was the first recorder of deeds of Vance Co., N. C.

Allen T. Bowie, Jr., '61, long lost, has been found at Mound, La., in Madison Parish. Brother Bowie, on August 17th, 1910, celebrated his seventieth birthday.

Joseph Motley Morehead, '61, is a lawyer of Greensboro, N. C. During "the late unpleasantness" he was first lieutenant of the Second N. C. Regiment, C. S. A.

M^A CHARGE

Pierre Drewsen, '10, is to be with the brothers of θ^A next fall.

J. P. Henry, '10, was first chosen by the *Evening Post* (N. Y.) as the catcher on its selection of an ideal All-Eastern college nine, and then signed with the Washington team of the American league. His work has been most satisfactory and promises a great future for him if he stays in the business.

G. F. Whicher, '10, received a scholarship in English from Columbia University this May and will enter the School of Philosophy at Columbia in the fall.

N CHARGE

Oliver P. Baldwin, '73, is a member of the editorial staff of the *Baltimore Sun* and lives at 2204 Ruskin St., Baltimore.

Alexander F. Robertson, '73, one of the leading lawyers of Staunton, Va., practices in partnership with his son. He is president of the City School Board.

John D. Bellamy, '74, state senator and afterwards Congressman from North Carolina, now practices law in Wilmington, N. C., with offices in the Southern Building.

Robert T. Grinnan, '74, has for the past thirty years been assistant superintendent and professor of mathematics at the Bingham School, Asheville, N. C.

James M. Dunlap, '75, is a practicing physician at Ansonville, N. C.

Bryan Callaghan, '76, sometime recorder, alderman, county judge and mayor of San Antonio, Texas, is a member of the law firm of McLeary and Callaghan, of that city, and lives at 341 Crockett Street.

John Cooke Olmsted, '76, is a practicing physician at 620 Piedmont Ave., Atlanta, Ga. He is also professor of clinical medicine in the Atlanta College of Physicians and Surgeons.

Thornton S. Wilson, '76, formerly of News Ferry, Va., is now living at 667 N. Boulevard, Atlanta, Ga., where he is engaged in editing the *Southern Presbyterian*.

Horace Miller Marshall, '77, is an assistant U. S. engineer, located at Vicksburg, Miss.

George S. Thomas, '79, is professor of Latin and dean of the College of Liberal Arts, in the University of North Dakota. His home address is 515 S. 5th St., Grand Forks, N. D.

Andrew Dew DeJarnette Hart, '81, who since becoming a Theta Delt has changed his name to the above from Andrew Hart DeJarnette Dew, is an orchardist and farmer at North Garden, near Charlottesville, Va.

Needham S. Turnbull, Jr., '08, is a practicing attorney of Victoria, Va., a new town recently built on the new Virginian Railway in Lunenburg County, Va. Brother Turnbull is prominent in masonry and politics, but is AS YET unmarried.

Archie M. Aiken, Jr., '10, graduated as an A.B. last June, but will return to Virginia this fall to enter upon the work of the Law School.

Chesley A. Haden, '10, will enter into some line of business this fall, possibly in Pittsburgh, Pa.

M. T. McClure, '10, instructor in philosophy in the University of Virginia last session, will do similar work at Columbia University this session and at the same time pursue advanced work.

Fritz L. Dressler, '12, is studying abroad this session and will return next summer. His address is Kaiser Wilhelm Strasse 93, Hamburg, Germany.

N^A CHARGE

C. A. Luckenbach, '86, is manager of the construction department of the Los Angeles Gas & Elec. Corp., one of the biggest corporations in Southern California.

A. J. Farabaugh, '04, is assistant superintendent of blast furnaces with the Bethlehem Steel Company, Bethlehem, Pa.

W. L. Bosbyshell, '05, holds the position of liability auditor for the *Ætna* Life Insurance Company, with offices at Philadelphia.

A. Oram Fulton, '08, has offices at 35 Olive St., Boston, Mass., where he has the position of sales engineer for Wheelock, Lovejoy & Co.

Arthur Mandell, '09, is field manager for the Producers' Oil Co., at Vivian, La.

A. C. Callen, '09, is acting as assistant in the mining department of Lehigh University.

T. F. Walsh, '09, is president of the John F. O'Toole Machine Company at Scranton, Pa.

F. M. Skidgell, '10, is acting in the capacity of chemist for the Taylor Iron and Steel Company, Highbridge, New Jersey.

☒ CHARGE

Rev. Lewis Halsey, '68, has left Syracuse and is now at 67 Reilly Road, Wyoming, Ohio. Prior to his departure the Central Graduate Association of N. Y. tendered Brother Halsey a farewell banquet; see account in this SHIELD.

Francis A. Herendeen, '86, is president of the Automobile Club of Geneva, N. Y.

Charles Carr Hoff, '90, who has been engaged in teaching at Bethlehem, Pa., for sometime has recently accepted a position with Archibald Shaw in New York as professor of physics in the Hamilton Institute for Boys. Prior to his departure from Bethlehem, NA presented Brother Hoff with a very beautiful gold Fraternity watch fob, with the letters set in jewels, in recognition of his splendid work for the Charge at Lehigh, during his stay in Bethlehem.

William C. Dooris, '03, owing to some kerflummix involving the relations of the Haitian Government with the Bank of France, did not go to Haiti as contemplated on steamer sailing June 16th. He is now at Walkill, Ulster County, N. Y., where he is engaged with construction work upon the aqueduct but may be somewhere else pretty soon.

Rev. Floyd B. VanKeuren, '04, it is rumored, is to be married sometime in this October. As yet, we haven't learned who the fair one is.

Hugh McWhorter, '10, and Gardner McWhorter, '13, have turned their backs upon the charms of Geneva, N. Y., and can now be found in Chicago, Ill. Early in September the boys folded up their tents and silently stole away. They have promised to ally themselves with the Central Graduate Association and can be located through that organization.

O CHARGE

C. Collard Adams, '59, through the columns of the *Middletown Penny Press*, clearly demonstrated the unfairness of the last tax valuation of Cromwell, Conn., real estate and obtained an agreement from the Board of Assessors to reassess the property at its fair market price. Not satisfied with this work Brother Adams celebrated his seventy-fifth birthday on June 22d, 1910, by publicly pledging his support for the establishment of a free public library and im-

mediately entered the lists to help obtain it. On July 4th, with George B. Chandler, H '90, Brother Adams addressed a patriotic celebration held at Plainville camp grounds.

Henry B. Brown, '59, is seriously ill at his home in East Hampton, Conn., with diabetes.

W. R. Walkley entertained the class of 1860 at his summer home, Durham, Conn.

Wesleyan University Commencement brought to their Fiftieth Anniversary W. R. Walkley, '60, John Young, '60, and Wm. E. Morgan, '60. Others present were H. B. Brown and C. C. Adams, '59.

Carl Laux, '62, is one of the "Old Guard" but is young in spirit and enthusiasm for $\theta \Delta X$. He is president of the Sun Drug Co., Los Angeles, Cal., but spends most of his time in the laboratory where he concocts delightful perfumes, which is his hobby. He is also the manufacturer of a "sure" cure for rheumatism which has gained considerable renown on the Pacific Slope.

OA CHARGE

William H. Leonard, '72, one of the charter members, has lately retired from business and is now situated in Alamogordo, N. M. Brother Leonard was formerly a prominent ranchman and cattle owner of the West.

Wm. E. Hogan, '72, is a prominent lawyer in Bath, Me.

J. B. Mills, '72, is night editor of the *Grand Rapids* (Mich.) *Herald*.

John N. Jenks, '72, has retired from business and is living in Bannister, P. Q., Canada.

Rev. Joseph B. Clarke, '73, is now in Tulare, Cal.

J. J. Wertheimer, '75, is president of the Wertheimer Swarts Shoe Co., and takes an active part in building up and bettering St. Louis.

Alfred H. Campbell, '77, is principal of the Campbell School, Windsor, Conn.

Rev. William L. Sutherland, '77, has moved to Grinnell, Iowa.

A. E. Ewing, M.D., '78, is clerical professor of ophthalmology at Washington University, St. Louis, Mo.

On arbor day the teachers and pupils of the public schools of Providence planted and dedicated with appropriate exercises an avenue of trees in Roger Williams Park to be known as "The Walter H. Small Avenue," in honor of their late superintendent of schools. (W. H. Small, '78, Δ '09.)

Charles D. Tenney, D.D., '78, returned to Peking, China, recently, to carry on educational work. Doctor Tenney is president of the Pei Yang University in China.

The *New York Times* of August 5th published the following about Brother Tenney:

"Seattle, Washington, Aug. 4.—C. D. Tenney, secretary of the American Legation at Peking, has arrived from the Orient and reports that China has

ordered two cruisers of 3,000 tons constructed in England for training vessels and will revive the Foo Chow and Tien Tsin Naval Colleges.

"Professor Tenney, who has been many years in China, and was formerly head of the Pei Yang University, said the new army organization was nearly effected. There was now more rapid progress than at any time in China's history.

"Not in the days since China entered the progressive era have the affairs of the United States, its trade, and its people been regarded with the favor that now prevails," said Mr. Tenney. "American enterprises in the empire are flourishing. The number of resident United States citizens is steadily growing. The opening of several institutions recently have added a large number of young Americans."

Dr. William F. English, '82, pastor of the First Congregational Church of East Windsor, Conn., was surprised on his silver wedding anniversary by a small reception in his honor at the church parlors. Doctor and Mrs. English were presented purses of gold. Doctor English is very prominent in the affairs of East Windsor. He was graduated from the Hartford Theological Seminary in 1885.

Charles O. Thurston, '84, is at Cincinnati, O., in the employ of the Kinney Mfg. Co., Colonial Bldg., Boston, Mass.

Rev. A. Herbert Armes, '85, for the past three years the minister at the Westminster Congregational Church, has accepted a pastorate in Middleboro, Mass.

D. O. Bean, '85, has given up his pastorate in Seattle and gone into fruit raising in Portland, Oregon.

A. W. Whitcomb, '85, has removed to Chicago where he is president of the manufacturing firm of Whitcomb and Boyce.

Leslie P. Snow, '86, accompanied by his sons, Conrad and Leslie, both of O^A '12, enjoyed a European trip this summer.

Henry W. Thurston, '86, is chief probation officer of the Chicago Juvenile Court. He has held this position since 1895.

F. J. Urquhart, '87, is editor and part owner of the *Newark Sunday Call*.

Charles H. Morrill, '88, is principal of the State Normal School at Randolph Center, Vt.

J. B. Benton, '90, featured in one of the recent Boston papers as follows:

"Bedford, Aug. 30—Jay Benton of Boston, who, with Frank P. Bowker, also of Boston, went up in the balloon Boston at 4.40 this afternoon from Lowell, landed a little over an hour later in the village of Carlisle, a distance of twelve miles from the starting point. The balloon reached an altitude of 7,200 feet, striking a current which drove it toward Boston."

William I. Abbott, '90, has been elected a vice president of the Central Trust Company of Illinois. This is a very important and responsible position, and Brother Abbott is admirably qualified for the duties involved, by training, temperament, and ability, being an accomplished and successful lawyer who has specialized in corporation and banking laws. He is a member of the law firm of

Ritsher, Montgomery, Hart and Abbott of Chicago, and is president of the Dartmouth Alumni Association of Chicago.

John H. Morse, '94, is temporarily located in Gold Creek, Elko County, Nev., where he is engaged in mining.

Bertrand A. Smalley, '94, advertising manager of Rueter and Company, Boston, read a paper on "Brewery Advertising" recently, which has been ordered printed by the U. S. Brewers' Association.

Dr. John H. Pollard, '95, who has been athletic director at the University of Alabama, has taken a similar position at Washington and Lee University, Virginia, where he will, also, be a member of the faculty as adjunct professor of geology.

Arthur P. Redman, '01, is office attorney for the Washington Savings and Loan Association at 104 Cherry St., Seattle. Besides this responsible work he devotes some time to his private practice. His residence is at Kirkland on the shore of interesting Lake Washington.

John F. Moody, '00, is teaching at Bridgton Academy, North Bridgton, Me.

Thomas A. Mason, '01, is instructor in French at Syracuse University.

"Duckie" Drake, '02, played second base on the Springfield, Mass., City Council ball team. In a game with the Worcester Council he made two runs and one base hit, and was on the winning side as he always is. Brother Drake is the proud father of a daughter born April 6, 1910.

J. C. O'Connor, '02, is a successful physician located at 1027 Elm St., Manchester, N. H. A son was born to him a few months ago. Brother O'Connor will assist in coaching the football team at Dartmouth this fall.

E. J. Fletcher, '02, is a member of the firm of Noyes and Fletcher, Investment Bonds, 120 Exchange St., Portland, Me.

K. A. Pember, '02, is an architect and resides at Woodstock, Vt.

W. P. Craig, '02, is a practicing physician at Walpole, N. H.

W. H. Howard, '02, is an instructor at Holdemen School, Plymouth, N. H.

George L. Scales, '04, is a civil engineer in the employ of the Solvay Process Co., with which company he has been connected for several years. He is at present located in Detroit, Mich.

Dr. E. E. Day, '05, has left the "Fratres in Universitate" at Hanover to teach a few stunts in economics at Harvard. He says he has an extra bed out there—look him up.

Ira A. Newick, '05, has lately left Providence, R. I., and has returned to Portsmouth, N. H.—his old stamping grounds.

Arthur N. Burnie, '06, of Biddeford, Maine, is temporarily located at Stonington, Maine, in the employ of the Hudson Terminal Co. of New York.

R. S. Southgate, '07, returned recently to Chicago from a "large" trip to his home town, Woodstock, Vt. Somehow, we always suspected that he was from the East.

Charles D. Ryder, '07, is with the firm of Morgan and Wells, Story Bldg., Los Angeles, Cal.

L. M. Symmes, '08, president *theta Xi* Press, has been transferred from the Boston branch to the main office of the P. W. Brooks & Co., Room 208, 115 Broadway, New York City. Larry made the change on September 1st.

Dick Locke, '09, is somewhere near the top of the Sulpho-Naphthol business and is after everything that smells bad because he has a substance that smells good—but Sulpho-Naphthol has other good qualities too.

Irving Jewett, '10, after motoring abroad is to enter the employ of Cyrus Brewer & Co. of Boston, and will write your insurance at any time.

Philip Forristall, '10, is with the National India Rubber Co. at the New York office. Phil is living at the *P*^A House and we know that Phil knows how to live and be happy.

Sturgis Pishon, '10. The last we heard of this fellow he was a director in some Maine summer camp—unfortunately they did not have an opportunity for him to work out as catalog subeditor.

Hazen Jones, '10, is cutting capers with the business world in the employ of the Grant Nail & Supply Co. of Boston. The president of the company is W. G. Aborn, '93.

The three studious "Ps," Parker, Pierce and Porter, all of '10, are hanging around Hanover another year so that sometime they will be able to hang a yellow academic rag around their necks and then think that they will have something on the rest of us.

Mart Hannon, '10, is with Browning & King in Providence, R. I., and seems to be doing well.

The following are the remainder of the 1910 delegation: Leslie C. Bartlett, Dell, Oregon; John Wesley Bates, Somersworth, N. H.; Fletcher Payne Burton, c/o Curran & Burton, Inc., Providence, R. I.; John Thurston Farwell, Berlin, N. H.; John Alva Ferguson, Seaver St., Roxbury, Mass.; Walter H. Norton, 101 Summit Ave., Winthrop, Mass.; Russell Tillinghast Williams, Mutual Benefit Life Ins. Co., Farmers Bank Bldg., Pittsburgh, Pa.

J. Wallace Mahlstedt, '12, is working at the insurance business on Pine St., New York City. Residence at 2766 Boulevard, Jersey City. "Dutch" would like to see some of the boys.

Esmond R. Crowley, '13, is the owner of a 500-acre ranch in Butte, Mont. "Fat" is in the employ of the Rocky Mt. Bell Co. during the day and tends to his ranch at night. "Fat" left the ranks of the bachelors last March and is still in the seventh heaven of delight. We will wager that he is a model married man.

Offices in the several Dartmouth Alumni Associations held by graduates of 0^A: The General Association, statistical secretary—John M. Comstock, '77; Dartmouth Club of Boston, secretary—L. M. Symmes, '08; Chicago Association, president—William T. Abbott, '90; Western Massachusetts Association, secretary—Malcolm Stearns, '08; Detroit Association, president—Rev. William S. Sayres, '76; "Of The Plains" Association, secretary—Dr. Charles W. Pollard, '95; Connecticut Association, president—Albion B. Wilson, '95; The Dartmouth Club of the City of New York, vice president—Arthur L. Liver-

more, '88; Pacific Coast Association, president—Frank Morton, '80; secretary—Frank W. Wentworth, '03; Secretaries of the following classes are *0^A* men: 1877, 1884, 1885, 1897, 1908.

II CHARGE

Rev. Jas. W. Wightman, '60, recently suffered the loss of his daughter, Miss Emma J. Wightman, who died at Corsham, England, on August 19th, and was buried in Pittsburg, Pa. Brother Wightman lives at 1726 Willard St., Washington, D. C.

James R. Mellen, '65, has been quite sick this past summer, spending the major part of his time at French Lick Springs, Indiana. We hope to early report that he is back at the old stand.

Fenton C. Overholt, '69, is located at Sanger, Fresno Co., California.

II^A CHARGE

Dr. Daniel S. Dougherty, '82, has established his permanent residence in Nanuet, N. Y., having given up his home, where so many Theta Deltas have been royally entertained at 259 West 45 Street. Brother Dougherty maintains an office at 73 West 49 Street.

Ambrose de Cardenas, '86, divides his time between Cuba and Bensonhurst, L. I. His address in Cuba is Colonia "La Caoba," Aguada de Pasajeros, Santa Clara Province. The Bensonhurst address is easier, to wit, 8634 Bay 24 Street.

F. Valdés, '86, one of the founders of *II^A*, spent last winter and the early part of the summer in New York, and many of his old friends had the pleasure of meeting again this youngest of all the "old grads." He is now back in Cuba, where his address is Calle "Y," No. 15, Vedado, Havana.

Daniel de Cardenas, '87, is export manager of the Robert A. Keasbey Co., dealers in asbestos supplies, at 100 North Moore St., New York.

Frank L. Jones, '88, has decided that New York is good enough for him, and for the present, at least, has established his Lares and Penates at 121 West 79 Street. Scores of Theta Deltas look back with pleasurable recollection and a reminiscent smacking of the lips, to the good times enjoyed at the hospitable old Bay Ridge home, which Brother Jones has temporarily vacated. His daughter, Miss Marjorie Jones, has matriculated at Smith College; *M^A* take note.

Gonzalo de Quesada, '88, is minister to Germany from Cuba, and was Cuba's delegate to the Pan-American Conference held in Buenos Ayres in July. The United States appointed him as its arbitrator in the question with Venezuela.

Henry C. Nelson, '91, has left the Pittsfield, Mass., office of the General Electric Company and is now connected with their New York office. His New York address is 420 Lennox Avenue.

Henry E. Crampton, '93, professor of zoölogy at Columbia, and curator of invertebrate zoölogy at the American Museum of Natural History, made another trip to the South Sea Islands, last year, under the auspices of the museum, undertaken for the collecting and studying of zoölogical specimens. It may astonish some of Brother Crampton's friends to learn that he is a cannibal. The fact is that in his several trips to the South Sea Islands he has made himself so well liked by the natives that they elected him to full membership in one of the tribes which not many generations ago fed on human flesh.

Carl F. Wilken, '95, who for many years devoted himself to ranching at Berino, New Mexico, has returned to New York. His friends will find him at the Strobel and Wilken Company at 591 Broadway.

Carl Philip Schmid, Jr., '97, has a daughter, who was born on the eighth of June. Brother and Mrs. Schmid planned to name their child for her father, and decided upon Carol Phyllis as an appropriate approximation.

James Hamill, '97, was thus featured in the *Evening World* of May 6th:

"When Comptroller Prendergast made public a few days ago a list of public officials provided with telephones at their homes by the city the name of James Hamill, attaché of the District-Attorney's office, was among the lot.

"There is a reason for Hamill having a city paid telephone in his home. He is the official investigator of the Homicide Bureau in the District-Attorney's office, and as such works on an average twenty hours a day, and few of the thousands of municipal employees have more exciting duties.

"Without Hamill there would be very few convictions for murder in this county,' is the way Assistant District-Attorney Turnbull, who has charge of the Homicide Bureau, commends the investigator.

"Hamill's duties are numerous. He never takes a vacation, and is supposed to be on call every hour of the day, three hundred and sixty-five days in the year. In his home, No. 1130 Bryant Avenue, the Bronx, the city provides him with a fire alarm gong, a special telephone and a policeman at his beck and call. Posted in his room alongside the telephone is the call, official and unofficial, of every judge, magistrate, police official, district-attorney and coroner in the Boroughs of Manhattan and the Bronx.

"It is Hamill's duty to hurry to the scene of every death that occurs in the boroughs in which there is the least suspicion. For this purpose a taxicab is kept in a nearby garage ready for his use at any hour of the day or night. Besides Hamill uses a power launch, in charge of two competent men, for duty along the river front. In cases of emergency Hamill has the authority to use any city conveyance, patrol wagon, ambulance, police launch or fire chief's wagon.

"Under the rules of the Police and Fire Departments, all deaths of a suspicious nature must be reported first to the coroner's office and then to the district-attorney's office for investigation. The coroner and his assistants usually get on the job anywhere from one hour to one day late.

"The notices to the district-attorney are telephoned directly to Hamill during the day to his office on the fourth floor of the Criminal Courts Building and at night, Sundays and holidays, to his home. Hamill receives full information from the police lieutenant on desk duty in the precinct in which the homicide occurs, taking it down in shorthand. Notifying an assistant district-attorney over the phone, the first one he can get to meet him at the scene of the death,

Hamill hurries there, where he interviews all witnesses, taking down their statements in shorthand, maps out the scene of the crime, marks all weapons found as exhibits, and if a prisoner has been arrested takes down his statement, if he makes any.

"In the latter case the prisoner is always advised as to his rights. This is necessary under the law, in order that the statement may be used in court.

"The prisoner is always questioned in the presence of witnesses, usually the police captain and some of his aids, as well as an assistant district-attorney. When the prisoner is arraigned for trial a typewritten transcript of his statement is furnished to his counsel. Hamill reads to the jury from his original notes the prisoner's statement, destroying in some instances the entire defense of a murderer who on the stand tells an entirely different story from what he told when arrested.

"Hamill has been connected with the district-attorney's office since 1905. During the five years he has investigated nearly 500 deaths."

Ernest E. Schmid, '99, has worn the smile that won't come off, since June 13th, when Miss Roberta Dale arrived. She is named for three cronies of her dad, among them his brother, Robert M. Schmid, II^A '02, and Robert W. Maloney, II^A '03. It is said that the Godfathers' Association has been duly organized and incorporated. This young lady, with her plurality of sponsors, will be known, quite appropriately it would seem, as "Bobs."

George W. Steele, '99, resigned his second lieutenantcy in the First Signal Corps some months ago, and is an adjutant in the Ninth Regiment, with the rank of first lieutenant.

Arthur L. Howe, '00, announced his engagement to Miss Mabel New last spring. His prospective bride is well known to the younger II^A contingent, among whom she enjoys well-deserved popularity. The date of the wedding was set for October 8th.

Conrad L. Trubenbach, '02, continues to represent the New York Athletic Club with great success in swimming meets. He was recently featured by the Metropolitan press with Daniels and Goodwin as one of a trio of aquatic champions who had maintained their supremacy for years.

Warner W. Clements, '09, has been in the employ of the Detroit Lumber Co. at Detroit since the early spring. He expects possibly to return to New York this fall.

P CHARGE

Walter T. Chandler, '71, is with Franklin McVegh and Co. of Chicago. Brother Chandler lives at Highland Park, Ill.

William Winbourne Gray, '71, is deputy surgeon general of the U. S., with the rank of lieutenant colonel and is chief surgeon of the department of the Gulf, with headquarters at Atlanta, Ga.

John Stacker Lewis, '72, treasurer of the *Nashville American*, lives at 2011 Hayes St., Nashville, Tenn.

W. H. Shields, '72, is engaged in the real estate business in Natchez, Miss.

P^A CHARGE

Clarence Norman Fenner, '92, was awarded the degree of doctor of philosophy by Columbia University in June.

Louis E. Eickwort, Jr., '96, who was formerly in the drug business in Brooklyn, has entered the building trade in the Bronx, and may be addressed at 3332 Perry Ave., New York City.

Walter Irvine Slichter, '96, was appointed professor of electrical engineering at the May, 1910, meeting of the Board of Trustees, Columbia University.

Rudolf Tombo, Jr., '98, has been designated by the Department of State as a delegate on the part of the United States to the International Congress on Higher Technical Education to be held at Brussels, September 9-11, 1910. Rudi sailed with Boyce Smith, P^A '01, on the *Amerika* of the Hamburg American Line on August 13th.

Brother Tombo delivered the second sermon in the new chapel at the U. S. M. A. on June 26th, 1910, and spent a delightful day with Brothers Bowley of Δ^A and Chapman of Π^A , the two Theta Delt cadets at West Point, and Boyce Smith, P^A '01. Brother Bowley, in his rôle of adjutant, passed the plate for Brother Tombo and thereby hangs a tale, which Brother Bowley ought to divulge.

Rudi has been invited to lecture during his stay abroad at Hamburg, Frankfurt, Mannheim, Karlsruhe, Metz, Posen, Saarbrücken, Iserlohn, Kottbus, Mühlhausen, Frankfurt, Kattowitz (Silesia), Chemnitz (Saxony) and other cities in Germany.

R. T., Jr., presided at dinner at Hotel Langham, N. Y., May 17th, 1910, of Direct Primaries Associations of Fifteenth, Seventeenth and Nineteenth Assembly District. Large gathering, passed resolutions putting it up to the senator to vote for Hinman-Green bill the following day, and he did!

Edward Van Winkle, '00, has been appointed by George Westinghouse, president of the American Society of Mechanical Engineers, on a committee to consider the advisability of establishing a museum in this country for the preservation of models of Epoch Making Machinery. This committee is to send two of its members abroad to investigate the workings of museums in Great Britain, Germany and France.

Brother Van Winkle received a pleasant surprise the other day in the offer of professorship of mechanical engineering in the University of Illinois. It came as a great surprise, unsolicited and without the slightest intimation. After considering the offer from all points of view, "Rip" decided it was best to continue in his present profession and not have his ambitions side tracked into a byway, only the entrance of which is strewn with roses. "Rip" is at present a consulting patent engineer with offices at 90 West St., New York City and likewise is the secretary and on the Board of Directors of the Simplex Mfg. Co., New York City.

Manuel E. Rionda, '00, has been chosen to serve upon the Columbia Decennial committee of the class of 1900.

Charles Eastmond, '01, is conducting an X-Ray Laboratory at 67 Hanson Place, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Ward Fenton, '04, Arch., is back in New York City and is associated with W. Bosworth & Co., at 527 Fifth Ave., New York.

Robert Benson Rogers, '05, is with the New York-Honduras Rosario Mining Company, San Juancito, Honduras.

I. C. Perkins, '05, was married in December, 1909, at Morrilton, Ark. Clen is now in charge of his own parish.

Guy S. Eldredge, '06, is interested in timber lands with office quarters at 1005 A St., Tacoma, Wash.

Charles A. Stewart, '06, is an instructor of geology at Cornell. Teaches co-eds, too.

C. A. Fulton, '06, is holding down an engineer's job in the south of Mexico. He has been married for over a year to Miss Ethel Pagan.

Donald MacArthur, '07, is in charge of the Boston office of *Everybody's Magazine*. Address Old South Bldg., c/o Butterick Co.

E. B. Sigerson, '07, is managing the interests of the Doolittle Rim for the Goodyear Company in Boston.

F. N. Lund, '07, is attached to the staff of the engineers of the Tennessee Coal, Iron and Railroad Company of Birmingham, Ala.

R. S. McElwee, '07, is connected with a large concern introducing harvesting machines into Germany.

Paul Billingsley, '08, has left New York for Montana to accept a position in the geological department of the Amalgamated Copper Company. His address is care of Reno H. Sales, Tennessee Block, Butte, Montana.

W.-H. Ashton, '08, is now associated with Thompson & Singleston, bond brokers, at 37 Wall Street.

Hickerman Price, '08, has for the last year been on the reporting staff of the *New York Sun*. He is now going to Texas on business.

Paul Sheehan, '09, received the degree of bachelor of laws from Columbia University in June.

Kenneth Caulfield Browne, '10, was elected to the honorary scientific society ΣE .

Waldemar H. Grassi, '11, left New York City last April, to accompany Prof. H. C. Parker of Columbia University on his proposed trip to scale Mount McKinley, Alaska.

The Columbia Summer Session as usual has attracted several Thetes from the South, including Brothers Maddox, Hodges and Taylor of E and Brother Balz of N.

The following brothers have lately moved into the P^A House: R. Hodgkinson, I^A '08; Philip Forristall, O^A '10; Lawrence Arnold, B '06; and K. H. Dresser, H '09.

Since buying the house P^A has paid off \$2,000 on the second mortgage, so far; there has been a small surplus from operations each year, and practically every cent from stock subscriptions has been paid out on house-purchase or

mortgage-reduction account. They have one \$1,000 bond outstanding, exchanged in part for stock and realizing in cash about half the cost of installing a new heating plant last year, the former plant having proved inadequate.

Σ^A CHARGE

Charles R. Barney, '94, has a very satisfactory law practice at 319 New York Block, Seattle. His four years' residence in the Northwest has proved thoroughly enjoyable. Some of the SHIELD readers may not know that he was married in Seattle, October 10th, 1908, to Miss Virna M. Bartholmew, a charming Wisconsin girl.

Geo. H. Dyer, '94, who has been with the Great Northern Ry. in Washington and British Columbia doing important engineering work left the Northwest recently and is now in Chicago.

W. B. Naylor, '94, known as one of the most effective campaigners in Wisconsin, visits Madison occasionally in the interests of the coming conflict, which will be one of the greatest in the history of the state.

"Doc" Salsbury, '95, who has been a keen and zealous worker for Σ^A, has left Madison to engage in fruit farming in the Bitter Root Valley.

"Tug" Wilson, '96, has left the selling end of the book business and has gone into the teaching end. He is principal of the Ashland, Wis., High School, one of the best in the state.

Ernest Stavarum, '97, has an orchestra booking agency in Chicago.

Frank Compton, '98, is building a new home in Glencoe, Ill.

Leslie Evarts, '00, is deputy comptroller of Milwaukee.

"Tommy" Brazeau, '01, has retired from active participation in politics. He was State senator from his district. "Tommy" was one of the most powerful little men in Wisconsin politics, and he is as great a lawyer as he is a politician. Another Theta Delta from the Grand Rapids colony, George Hambrecht, Σ^A '96, who distinguished himself as one of the real leaders of the last legislature, is a candidate for Congress. It is sufficient to state that he is leading the race.

W. J. Carr, '01, is assistant city attorney of Pasadena, Cal., and was a leading figure in the recent fight between the city and the Edison Co. Needless to say Brother Carr landed on top!

R. E. Nichols, '02, is at 504 Central Bldg., Seattle, where he recently started in the real estate business. He is making a pronounced success handling acreage tracts for small farms and orchards throughout the many fertile valleys in this section. For a long time previous to this he was in charge of the C. H. Nichols Lumber Co.'s Shingle Mills at Ballard in the limits of Seattle.

Guy and Frank Ford, and John Compton, '05, have taken a trip to the Pacific coast.

"Buck" Edwards and Ernest Borchert, '05, have gone into the contracting business at Los Angeles.

Geo. F. Hannan, '06, is mixing some up-to-date politics with his legal work at 306 New York Block, Seattle. He is also treasurer of the Northwestern Graduate Association.

Frank Kessenich, '06, and "Scobie" Kessenich, '09, have become members of the firm, Keely, Neckerman, and Kessenich, dry goods merchants.

Morton Macartney, '07, is making a reputation for himself as the following dispatch to a Seattle paper shows:

"Spokane, July 14.—To show his confidence that the long span of the bridge over the Spokane river would not fall when cut at its top point, City Engineer Morton Macartney stood this afternoon on the structure, watching the workmen sever the connections that took away the cantilever pressure and left the weight entirely on the false work.

"The span is said to be the longest in the world—281 feet. The bridge, which was built in 1896, is being torn down to make way for a concrete structure.

"Iron workers employed in tearing out the old bridge quit yesterday, declaring that the false work was insufficient and that the big central span would drop into the Spokane falls, 100 feet below."

Andrew K. Robertson, '07, has been such a regular absentee at our Friday luncheon that we concluded to investigate. We find that he is now located in Detroit, Mich., as general manager of Wm. B. Hough & Co.'s branch in that city. A respectable job, we assure you.

John Rosholt, '08, is with the Electric Storage Battery Company, Chicago.

"Jimmie" Robertson, '08, is managing the "Burnside" dairy farms at Eccleston near Baltimore, Md.

"Bill" Hannan, '08, is engaged in organizing and boosting the candidacy of Francis E. McGovern for governor.

"Ed" Farley, '09, is president of the Chicago Yacht Brokerage Company. He is, also, one of the members of the committee which has been appointed by the mayor of Chicago to present plans for the beautification of that city.

"Jim" Johnson, '09, has decided to hang out his shingle in Seattle. He left for the wild and woolly West the first part of August.

"Ernie" Springer, '09, who has been in the employ of the Heine Chimney Company of Chicago since his graduation, has been appointed city sales agent.

TA CHARGE

James E. Bradford, '92, is the hustling president of the Northwestern Graduate Association. Some ten years he has been a Seattle resident and for the past three years has been in the corporation counsel's office where he is making an enviable record. He is making an effort to secure the Republican nomination for prosecuting attorney for King County at the primaries to be held September 13th. Seattle is the county seat of King County, which

makes it the most wealthy and populous in the state and the office of prosecuting attorney is a very important one.

Prof. Francis Ramsley, '95, of the University of Colorado, is in charge of the botanical work being carried on at the University of Colorado Mountain Laboratory at Tolland, Colo. At the elevation of nearly 9,000 feet, Brother Ramsley and his co-workers will devote especial emphasis to Alpine problems.

Dr. Soren P. Rees, '96, has been elected to a clinical professorship of medicine at the University of Minnesota.

Wendell Hertig, '97, managed the annual tournament of the Western Golf Association held on the links of the Minikahda Club of Minneapolis in July.

Gottfried E. Hult, '97, professor of Greek in the University of North Dakota has recently published a volume of his poems, which has met with enthusiastic comment in literary circles.

Dr. W. Colby Rucker, '98, formerly of Seattle, Wash., and holding a government position at that place, has been appointed special health commissioner of Milwaukee.

S. E. Hayes, '00, is busy and interested with Schwager and Nettleton, a big lumber and timber company at 811 White Bldg., Seattle.

Percy J. Lawrence, '02, who has devoted most of his time to music for the past few years, has joined the procession of auto-men and has the agency for one of the popular cars in Minneapolis.

Melville Bacheller, '03, is again "running" the North Dakota State Fair for 1910.

William C. Deering, '04, of Wadena, Minn., has taken a position with the Hennepin Lumber Co. of Minneapolis, and has moved back among us.

Geo. H. Tyler, '04, is county attorney at Elk River, Minnesota. George is as fat and happy as ever, and is doing a good business. He is a candidate for reelection to the position of county attorney of Sherburne County.

Dr. Thomas Roy Martin, '06, is on the regular medical faculty of his alma mater.

Erle D. Luce, '07, has extended his business activities to railroad building and as president of his company, is constructing a suburban electric line out of Minneapolis. Brother Luce has recently been appointed major of the First Regiment Minn. N. G.

Earl W. Huntley, '08, spent three weeks in Minneapolis and vicinity during July, selling fruit orchards and recruiting settlers for Oregon. With George Kremer, T^A '08, he went to Medford, Oregon, in November, 1909, and entered the real estate business.

M. E. Salisbury, '08, is travelling in North Dakota for his firm, the Salisbury & Satterlee Co.

Walter M. Leuthold, '09, has left his home in St. Paul to locate in Spokane, Wash., there to engage in the lumber business with a couple of his college classmates. He is also engaged in another way, and expects to be married soon.

Asa J. Hunter, '11, admits he's engaged—further than that, he's proud of it.

Glenn W. Carpenter, '12, is enrolled in Princeton this year.

Y CHARGE

I. F. Overholt, '68, is president of the Shade Coal Mining Co., with mines at Arrow, Somerset Co., Pennsylvania. He is located at Mount Pleasant, Pa.

Y^A CHARGE

Henry Lane Wilson, '79, American ambassador to Mexico, believes that a plot to embarrass him in the discharge of the duties of his office exists in Mexico City. The trouble seems to have arisen out of a speech Brother Wilson is reported to have made at a banquet given in his honor by the American Colony in Mexico City, shortly after his arrival there. An historical reference to the Empire of Charles V of Spain, noting the rise and development, in a large degree, of the Mexican civilization, misquoted or misinterpreted, is taken as the basis out of which to brew a tempest in a tea pot. As yet the intriguers have not been named by Brother Wilson, but after his experience in Chili and Belgium at handling difficult problems of State, we do not doubt Henry Lane Wilson's ability to care for this incident.

Φ CHARGE

Clay W. Holmes, '69, is president of the Elmira, N. Y., Auto Club.

P. C. Kauffman, '79, addressed the Portland, Oregon, Association of credit men on February 16th, 1910, taking as his subject, "Is a system of Postal Savings Banks desirable?" Brother Kauffman opposes the proposition to establish postal savings banks. The February 19th, 1910, issue of the *Tacoma Daily Tribune* devotes a full page to the address by Brother Kauffman and in an editorial in the same issue approves of his views on postal savings banks. He is vice-president of the Fidelity Trust Co., Tacoma, and is also an officer in several national and local financial associations.

Wayne Dumont, '92, was elected a trustee of Lafayette College at the June meeting of the Lafayette Alumni Association.

Chas. Albertson, '93, is at 727 Henry Bldg., Seattle. During the summer he enjoyed three weeks in the mountains round about Glacier Peak and the wonderful Lake Chelan country. He climbed the peak with "The Mountaineers" and says the scenery equals any he has seen in the Alps. Last year he climbed Mt. Rainier, probably the highest and certainly the finest in the United States. According to him the half has never been told about the scenic wonders of the great Northwest.

Rev. Joseph Russell Lynes, '01, sometime editor of THE SHIELD, has accepted a call to St. James' Episcopal Church at Great Barrington, Mass. Brother Lynes has heretofore been at the East Orange, N. J., Christ Church.

Dr. Insee Blair Greene, '02, is building up a splendid practice at 220 Central Bldg., Seattle.

Tracy D. Luccock, '05, is playing a new rôle of late, i.e., he is supernumerary to one Caroline Mary Luccock of recent arrival. It may be remembered

that our Tracy married the sister of Eldredge Cole, Φ '12, so it would appear that the little lady is considerable of a Theta Delt already. Spending the evening at home now, Tracy?

C. R. Anderson, '07, is an engineer with the Lehigh Valley R. R., and is located at Hazelton, Pa.

E. R. Doud, '07, is with the Manganese Steel Company of Paterson, N. J., and has his offices at that city.

W. W. Darsie, '10, is spending the coming year taking a trip around the world. Bill left his home at Pittsburg and sailed from San Francisco in the early part of July.

J. O. Parker, '10, spent the past summer at Lucerne, Switzerland, and will enter business this fall.

Francis A. Sullivan, '08, is with the *New York Evening Mail*.

F. C. McCutcheon, '10, takes up the study of law this fall at the University of Pennsylvania Law School.

W. B. Hindman, '10, starts a three years' post-graduate course at Princeton University this fall.

X CHARGE

Col. Willis S. Paine, '68, sailed on the *Carnonia* in late June for a five months' tour through the European countries.

Ivan Powers, '72, who is a special examiner for the U. S. Bureau of Pensions is now located in Natchez, Miss.

Arthur H. Fitch, '73, has given up farming in favor of lumber, the lure of the city being irresistible. His address is Lonoke Lumber Co., Lonoke, Ark.

Benjamin F. Simpson, '77, is in Sloan, Ia.

Rev. William H. Dexter, '78, was recently promoted to a position of greater responsibility in the U. S. Department of Agriculture. He now has under his personal supervision several hundred experts employed to fight the cotton boll weevil in the South. Brother Dexter recently made a trip to Texas to meet his field assistants and get acquainted with his new work. We wish him success.

William L. Dickinson, M.D., '78, has an office at 917 Genesee St., Saginaw, Mich. His practice is limited to proctology.

Stanton E. Barrett, '95, expects to spend a year or so in Washington, D. C., with the Census Bureau of the Department of Commerce and Labor. His home is still in Seattle, Wash.

Benjamin G. Estes, '95, having made an enviable record as a high school principal, is now turning his attention to the real estate and lumber business. He is planning to develop the state of North Carolina. He represents the New York and North Carolina Land and Lumber Co., at Brevard, N. C.

Charles E. Hyde, '99, is doing remarkably well (so we hear) as travelling salesman. His home is 45 E. High St., Detroit, Mich.

Martin F. Tiernan, '06, is bacteriologist and chemist for the Gerard Process Co., of New York, manufacturers of water purification plants. "Mike" has just been sent to Mexico to find out whether the water there is fit to drink.

Henry L. Wilder, '07, is chemist for the Pennsylvania Steel Co., at Steelton, Pa.

Edgar C. Taggart, '07, also with the Pennsylvania Steel Co., at Steelton, has been made assistant superintendent of the Open Hearth Department.

Fred C. Moses, '09, has felt the call of the West. He is a draftsman in Los Angeles, Cal., his address being 1941 La Mirada Avenue.

X^A CHARGE

Capt. E. J. Dent, '98, is serving Uncle Sam at Vancouver Barracks, Wash.

Don Fugitt, '99, is now located at San Pedro, Cal., where he is booming the development of the harbor that he may thereby increase the sale of real estate, in which business he is engaged. Brother Fugitt is also secretary of the Association of Lumber Dealers of the Pacific Coast.

Stanton C. Peelle, '99, has added to his record for "Who's Who" another dignity. He is now assistant district attorney in Washington.

Gilbert W. Kelly, '00, editor. In June last, "Gil" resigned from his position as principal of the East Aurora (Ill.) High School to assume the duties of editor for the Scott Foresman Co., 378 Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill. Brother Kelly has found the work of his new position unusually congenial.

J. Homer Deis, '04, scholar, gentleman and judge of good tennis, is evangelizing the wicked city of Philadelphia and with much success, be it said. 2659 Hutchinson Street is the new address.

Donald Parson, '04, has changed his occupation; he is now president of the Motormart, successors to the Standard Auto Garage Co. He has the agency for the White, the Hudson and the Ranch and Lang electric. "Don" writes: "And if any of the fellows ever want to blow themselves to a boat and don't give us the preference, there will be blood on the face of the moon." Brother Parson's new address is 128 West Rayen Ave., Youngstown, Ohio.

Norman P. Foster, '05, finding the Columbia Cotton Oil and Provision Corporation more or less "smooth" in their transactions severed his connection with that corporation and has lately allied himself with his father in the Percy S. Foster Piano Co. at 1330 G St. N. W., Washington, D. C. "Fats" wants all his friends to know of this change and to spread the news, for if there is "anything musical" wanted, he wants the job of furnishing it.

Walter H. Lee, '06, is the real busy man, private secretary in the U. S. Court of Claims, court reporting and stenographical work on the side, part owner and instructor in the Success Shorthand School of Washington, D. C., and real estate speculator are some of the activities Brother Lee has to keep going. In spite of this work Walter continues to add on weight.

William K. West, '06, has shaken the dust of the U. S. General Land Office from his eyes and feet and begs to announce that he entered the general practice

of law at 501 Chamber of Commerce Building, Portland, Oregon, on May 15th, 1910. If any one deserves success "Billy" does, and he certainly has the best wishes of X^A toward that end.

Walter M. Gilbert, '07, and Mrs. Gilbert are happy over the arrival of one Charles Merwin Gilbert in May last.

Edwin H. King, '07, is known to be one of those rare individuals who will not elbow his way through a mob of 10,000 people to see a base ball game. "False rumor," says "Ed."

L. Randolph Mason, '07, hopes to be retained by the Standard Oil Co. in their pending suit before the U. S. Supreme Court. He recently passed the D. C. bar exam.

James P. Mewshaw, '03, is selling brass. Is Jimmie qualified?

John A. Sterrett, '07, is going to Trenton, N. J., to take up the practice of his profession—electrical engineering.

Arthur Schoenfeld, '07, has been appointed clerk of Uncle Sam's legation in Caracas, Venezuela, and will also perform the duties of consular agent at that place.

William J. Turkenton, '08, has deserted the realms of poetry and romance for the more remunerative interest of building. Those who live in his houses can enjoy the poetry.

Frank H. West, '08, one time indispensable asset to the U. S. Geological Survey in their work in Texas and Montana, has left the survey and is now superintending construction work for James Stewart & Co., 30 Church St., New York City. "Dimp" likes life in the Big City; he is living at the P^A House.

"Steve" Brodie, '09, is a clever advertiser, as well as architect. He recently posted a sign on a new building done by him: "I can build you the same house for half the money."

William A. Backus, '09, upon completing his course at Cornell, immediately entered into the duties of apprentice superintendent at the Wisconsin Steel Co., South Chicago, Ill. Bill likes the work and thinks he could not be better placed. He is given every opportunity to learn and has his future all mapped out; it's one continuous climb up into the boss job. Brother Backus is now living at 7616 Bond Ave., Chicago.

Ralph McElfresh, '09, was awarded a scholarship in architecture by Columbia University, this spring, and will enter the Columbia School of Architecture in September.

One "Seedy," alias Clyde D. Garrett, '10, has not been accumulating the wealth of a Cræsus for naught. He has a system, whereby to beat the matrimonial lottery.

Julian W. Whiting, '10, achieved many honors in the Georgetown University Law School during his courses there but none equal those obtained at the end of his Senior year. Graduating with the degree of LL.B., he won in addition the McArthur medal for graduating first in the class—his average was 96½%; thirteen volumes of "cyc" for passing the best examination on Common Law Pleadings—100%; and was within two points of winning the only other prize, on Real Property.

Robert G. Irby, '11, has changed his residence to Cheshire, Conn., where he will be glad to see Theta Delt at all times. Bob is associated with Church-Paxson & Co., 1367-9 Broadway, New York City, in the song writing and music publishing business. Some of his latest successes include: "My Passion Flower," "Love me in that Shakespear way," "The Sweetest Kiss from a Little Miss is the Kiss You Never Got," "Sleep, Honey Sleep," "The Song of the Dead Men," "O, Golden Land of Rest and Peace," and "I'd Wait Ten Thousand Years for You."

Roswell Dague, '12, is writing a didactic drama on the theme—"Booming Boulder" (Colo.).

Ψ CHARGE

Rev. J. G. Blue, '77, is acting pastor of the First Presbyterian Church in Pasadena, Cal.

Jas. McLachlan, '78, Congressman from the Seventh District, Cal., is a victim of insurgency having been defeated for a renomination in the recent Republican Primaries.

Calvin N. Kendall, '82, is superintendent of schools at Indianapolis, Ind. His interest in the Charge and things Hamilton was shown on May 19th, when he spoke at the twenty-fourth annual meeting of the Western Alumni Association held in the LaSalle Hotel, Chicago.

George Lawyer, '85, is the professor of contracts, personal property and sales and bankruptcy in the Union University Law Department. Brother Lawyer is exceedingly popular and a rising member of the Junior Bar at the capital city of New York State.

Duncan C. Lee, '91, whose present address is 14 Talbot Road, High Gate N., London, England, during August was engaged in organizing a company to take over the *London Weekly Times*, an old established and well-known paper. During the past six months Brother Lee has been editor of the *Liberal Opinion*; he was joint founder of this paper and carried on a very successful and political propagandist Liberal paper during the campaign against the Lords during last winter. Brother Lee's opportunity of taking over the *London Weekly Times* comes to him on account of his great success on the *Liberal Opinion*. The stork has recently left to Brother and Mrs. Lee as a token of his esteem a baby boy to be called Hardy Campbell Lee.

C. J. France, '98, is practicing law at 901 Alaska Bldg., Seattle. Some of his spare time is occupied with civic betterment problems. He is the effective vice-president of the Northwestern Graduate Association.

Cameron Handel Bristol, '04, announces his engagement to Miss Ethel Albert of Philadelphia, Pa.

John Clark Dean, '05, and Mrs. Dean are rejoicing over the advent of a prospective Theta Delt who arrived on April 22d, 1910. The youngster's name is John Clark Dean, Jr., present address, Wuhu, China.



CRANE—HASTINGS

Talmage Burt Crane, 4^A '05, was married to Miss Ethel Hastings at the Palace Hotel, Fresno, Cal., on June 22, 1910. Brother and Mrs. Crane will reside in Los Angeles, Cal.

TAYLOR—PERKINS

Charles Albert Taylor, Jr., E '09, and Miss Mary Claudia Perkins were married at 5 o'clock on the afternoon of Wednesday, August 16th, at the home of the bride's grandfather, Dr. Carter Perkins, 111 Thirty Second St., Newport News, Va. The wedding was a very quiet home affair, only the immediate relatives and friends of the bride and groom being present. Selden R. Warner, E '09, was best man. Brother and Mrs. Taylor will be at home after September 15th, in Richmond, Va.

TAYLOR—RICH

Henry Church Taylor, 1^A '99, was married on May 19th last, to Miss Alice S. Rich of Springfield, Mass. "Dutch" will be at home after June 1st, at 21 Massachusetts Ave., Springfield, Mass.

MITCHELL—BUTLER

Roscoe Rowland Mitchell, 1^A '04, and Miss Ada Deen Butler were married on Monday, April 18, 1910, at 7.30 o'clock, at the home of the bride's father, Mr. Edward H. Butler, 672 Delaware Ave., Buffalo, N. Y. Brother and Mrs. Mitchell will be at home at 672 Delaware Ave., Buffalo, N. Y., after September 1, 1910.

DOLE—MERRILL

Henry Haile Dole, K '06, of Hinsdale, N. H., was married on April 19, 1910, in the Second Church, Dorchester, Mass., to Miss Louise Merrill, daughter of

Mr. and Mrs. William B. Merrill of Bloomfield St., Dorchester. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Arthur Little, D.D. Dr. E. A. Knowlton, K '06, was one of the ushers. Following the ceremony there was a breakfast at the home of the bride's parents. Brother and Mrs. Dole will make their home at Hinsdale.

EDGELL—CAMPBELL

Frank Dexter Edgell, M^A '93, and Miss Katherine Campbell announce their marriage on Monday the eleventh of July, 1910, East Northfield, Mass.

FITTS—STEPHENS

Charles T. Fitts, M^A '04, was married to Miss Ada May Stephens of 43 Green Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y. Brother and Mrs. Fitts will make their future home in Honolulu, Hawaii.

CHAPMAN—ADAIR

Mr. and Mrs. William Alexander Adair announce the marriage of their daughter, Jessie McIntosh, to Arthur Wood Chapman, E '03, on June 28th last.

VANDER HOOFF—OSTERLOH

Miss Julie Mariatt Osterloh, daughter of Mrs. Adolph Osterloh, of Richmond, Va., was married to Dr. Douglas Vander Hoof, O^A '01, of the same place, on Wednesday, August 17th, in Christ Church, Lancaster Gate, London, England. After some time spent on the Continent Brother and Mrs. Vander Hoof will be at home at 603 E. Grace St., Richmond, Va.

PARKER—BUCKLE

Harold Francis Parker, O^A '02, and Miss Bertha Gould Buckle were married on Thursday, April 28, 1910, in Reading, Mass. After the ceremony a reception was given in honor of the bride and groom by Mr. James Buckle, father of the bride. Brother and Mrs. Parker will live in Reading, Mass.

NOLTHENIUS—WALLER

Paul Tutein Nolthenius, P^A '05, was married on May 19, 1910, at Delft, Holland, to Miss E. S. Waller of Delft.

MILLER—STAFFORD

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Stafford announce the marriage of their daughter, Blanche, to Donald Herbert Miller, P^A '07, Tuesday, March 29, 1910, Binghamton, N. Y.

THE SHIELD

ADAMS—BYRNE

William F. Adams, T^A '00, and Miss Corinne L. Byrne were married at Marquette College, Milwaukee, Wis., on June 11, 1910. Brother and Mrs. Adams are living at 87 31st St., Milwaukee, Wis.

BRADFORD—LUTHER

James E. Bradford, T^A '92, and Miss Lavena Luther were married on August 4, 1910, at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. O. C. Luther. Brother and Mrs. Bradford will live at the Lincoln in Seattle, Wash.

HARRISON—BEAN

Merton E. Harrison, T^A '00, and Miss Vera Bean, both of Minneapolis, were married early in June at the country home of the bride's aunt, Mrs. M. W. Savage, at Savage, Minn.

VARCO—SODERSTROM

Dr. Ray Varco, T^A '04, was married on August 10th, to Miss Ida Soderstrom, Minn. Ex. '05. Since his graduation Brother Varco has practiced medicine at Miles City, and he will continue to make that city his home.

IRSFIELD—HALL

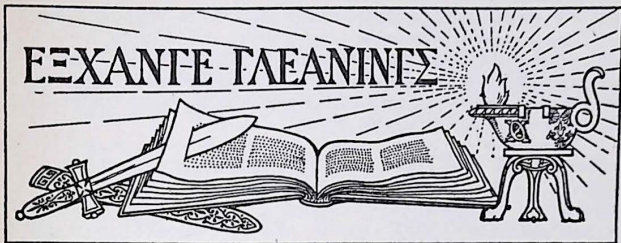
On June 15th, James Balthasar Irsfield, T^A '05, was married to Miss Mary Vincentia Hall of Hollywood, Cal. Their wedding trip took them to Spokane, Wash., where they have made their home.

SHELDON—LA RUE

On August 3d, William J. Sheldon, T^A '06, of Alexandria, Minn., was married to Miss Beth LaRue of Minneapolis. Dr. S. Wilson McEwan, T^A '10, was Brother Sheldon's best man.

RYAN—BYRNE

William D. Ryan, Jr., T^A '12, and Miss Katharine Loreth Byrne were married on Wednesday, June 8, 1910, at 10 o'clock from St. Joseph's Church, Washington, D. C. A reception at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Patrick J. Byrne, followed the ceremony, giving the happy couple an opportunity to receive the congratulations and well wishes of their many friends.



Our exchanges are requested to send one copy of each issue to Edward John Cook, Σ '95, Geneva, N. Y., and one copy to Frederick W. Albert, χ^{Δ} '05, 3106 17th street, N.W., Washington, D. C., and one copy to Theta Delta Chi Press, 90 West street, New York City. In return three copies of *THE SHIELD* will be sent to any desired addresses.

FURTHER COMMENT ON "TAX DODGING"

See *THE SHIELD*, Volume XXVI, No. 2, page 236.

The following is the complete editorial appearing in a recent number of *The Caduceus*.

In the January *Caduceus* there was published an editorial which branded the desires and attempts of certain fraternity men to escape paying taxes on their chapter houses as tax dodging pure and simple. Of course, $\Phi \Delta \theta$ and $\Sigma \Lambda E$, two fraternities which have taken a more or less leading part in this tax dodging movement—the former advising fraternity men everywhere to work for the enactment of state statutes that will exempt fraternity houses from taxation—have not liked it because *The Caduceus* spoke its mind on the subject, $\Sigma \Lambda E$ going so far as to make the baseless statement that it was misrepresented and misquoted. From other quarters, however, there have come evidences of approval of the editorial in question. The $\theta \Delta \chi$ *Shield* quotes the editorial in its entirety, first stating that "we are in thorough accord;" and a member of that fraternity, Mr. Olcott O. Partridge, of Boston, whose exhaustive study of "The Legal Status of a College Fraternity Chapter" was copied widely in the fraternity press two years ago, following its initial publication in the $\theta \Delta \chi$ *Shield*, writes as follows:

"I have been reading the April number of the $\theta \Delta \chi$ *Shield*, which quotes with approval your editorial on the proposal to exempt fraternity houses from taxation. I wish to express my hearty agreement with the stand you have taken on this question and to congratulate you upon the admirable way in which you have expressed what I am sure must be the attitude of many fraternity graduates. I have never seen any sufficient ground upon which a chapter house in which the men room and take their meals could fairly claim to be exempt from taxation, except through special provision by the legislature; and it seems to me hardly the manly course for the members of any organization whose aims are primarily social rather than educational to ask the legislature to exempt them as a special

favor from one of the ordinary duties of citizens. While a fraternity offers a field for the expression of the highest and most charitable impulses, it should not seek to be regarded before the law as either a means or an object of charity."

Thus, a legally trained mind sums up the situation, and, to our way of thinking, sums it up admirably. As for the manner in which the tax dodging proposition as put forth by $\Phi \Delta \theta$ appeals to an earnest fraternity worker of years standing, we quote the following from a letter written to us by the Worthy Grand Treasurer of $\kappa \Sigma$, Bro. Stanley W. Martin:

"In regard to your editorial on the tax dodging question, you go far in this matter, but not half so far as you should have gone. When a Greek letter fraternity, that is supposed to stand for the best there is in the college life, preaches tax dodging, it is time for every decent college fraternity (and, in fact, every decent American citizen), to rise upon its hind legs and call a halt. I am sick and tired of this game of playing favorites in politics and asking for special privileges over other people, and I would gladly vote to disband our fraternity before I would ask for any such action as $\Phi \Delta \theta$ advocates in this proposition. It is not honest, and is a disgrace to the Greek letter fraternity system."

It certainly is a disgrace to the Greek letter fraternity system, and one that is simply augmented by $\Phi \Delta \theta$'s blind perversity in the matter. That is, $\Phi \Delta \theta$ as represented by Mr. Walter B. Palmer in the pages of the *$\Phi \Delta \theta$ Scroll*; for we can not bring ourselves to believe that the great body of his fraternity mates is back of him in his declaration that fraternity houses are educational institutions and, therefore, should be exempt from taxation. We prefer to believe that the average $\Phi \Delta \theta$ is actuated by patriotic rather than basely selfish motives.

ENDOWMENT FUND

The ΣX Fraternity have had since 1898 an endowment fund, established by Joseph C. Nate. About \$12,500 was raised by voluntary contributions from the alumni as a beginning. To this amount was added each year \$2.50 from each initiate. Many chapters have been assisted in securing houses through this fund.

THE CHAPTER HOUSE

It is not contended here that the fraternity can accomplish the impossible but that it can do in every chapter what it is now doing in the best. It can, for example,

1. Prevent a man of studious habits from becoming a mere grind, a book-worm, a recluse, by forcing him out into society.
2. It can prevent a man of strong social inclination from wasting time to the detriment of his mental development.
3. It can tone up a boy of good mind but slovenly habits and tone down a dude and prevent him from becoming the laughing-stock of sensible people.
4. It can prevent vulgar language, coarse manners and loafing in the chapter-house; and dishonesty and immorality everywhere as things unworthy a Greek-letter man.

5. It can hold in check a young man of strong appetites and passions until the danger point is passed—until he has developed sufficient strength of character to resist temptation.

6. It can reach down a helping hand to a hard-working, honest student who needs help and lift him up.

7. In short, it can keep constantly before its men the desirability of a well-rounded, symmetrical life.—Φ X.

Many of the Greek journals are carrying on a campaign to increase subscriptions from alumni. Δ T Δ reports only 8.96 per cent subscribers and many others worse. By far the best showing is made by Δ Υ (no wonder). Φ Δ Θ says: "Δ Υ has the largest alumni circulation of any Greek letter publication." In two years, says the *Quarterly*, "we have increased 100 per cent. This is but a beginning." Alumni subscribers 2092, December, 1909.—Φ X.

FALSE PERSONATION BY NON-MEMBER WEARING BADGE OF SOCIETY

An interesting legal point is discussed in *The Kentuckian Pythian* which should lead to further extension of the protection offered the Knights of Pythias for the use of their emblem by negroes and others. *The Pythian*, volume 8, number 8, contains a lengthy article on the subject of "Negro Pythians Cannot Use Name." From these two articles we extract:

From "Cases of Interest," cited in "Our Bulletin" of the National Reporter System, we clip the following:

"False Personation by Non-Member Wearing Badge of Society. As the membership in most societies, whether secret or otherwise, is the result of fitness and selection, which gives members standing and character at least among their fellows and to a greater or less degree with the public, the Supreme Court of Indiana in the case of *Hammer vs. State*, 89 *Northeastern Reporter*, 850, holds that he who wears a badge of a secret society without being a member thereof is guilty of false personation, and a statute prohibiting the wearing of such a badge by a non-member is not in conflict with the Constitution, is a proper police regulation based upon public policy, and relates to matter of purely State concern. Although one may adorn himself as he pleases, he may not by so doing hold himself out to be one whom he is not, thereby assuming a status to which he is not entitled, where such adornment affects others or of which advantage may be taken to their detriment.

"Copies of the *Reporter* contained the full text of the opinion, and the statute quoted may be had from the West Publishing Company, St. Paul, for twenty-five cents."

"In giving their decision the Georgia Supreme court stated that when an organization took unto itself a name, whether chosen from history, mythology, or what not, it had a legal right to the exclusive use of that particular name. As the claim that the action of the Superior Court was a violation of the United

States Constitution, it was ruled that no argument was made along this line at all; that the plaintiff did not place as a reason for suit anything about the race, color or creed, but made their claims along perfectly legal and equitable grounds. The fact that the defendant was proposing to use a colorable imitation of their name was their entire claim.

"Therefore the court affirmed the original decision of the Superior Court, all the justices concurring.—*Delta of S N.*

B Θ Π AND HARVARD

The corresponding secretary of the alumni association at Harvard writes to the general secretary that there are thirty-eight members of the Fraternity at Harvard representing twenty-five chapters, and that seventy-five per cent of them have attended all or nearly all of the meetings held monthly at the rooms of the different men; that there has been a very lively interest taken in the affairs of the association and the meetings have been very enjoyable.

We hope that in the near future an effort will be made to reestablish our chapter at Harvard upon a proper basis. Many of the present generation of the Fraternity do not know why the charter of the chapter at Harvard was withdrawn. It was because of the spirit engendered at Harvard which makes the usual Harvard undergraduate indifferent to everything except Harvard activities. The chapter was composed of men of high character and of unusual ability, as their subsequent careers have shown, but the chapter as such was quite indifferent to its fraternal relations. It failed to send delegates to the conventions; it paid its general dues only after much urging; it extended but a grudging hospitality to visiting brothers and in general seemed to think that as a local Harvard organization it was of much more importance than as a chapter of *B Θ Π*. Under such circumstances its connections with *B Θ Π* were severed. It became a local club and has been very successful in that character. Other fraternities at Harvard have met with the same difficulty and have failed to overcome the conditions which there exist and inculcate into the undergraduate members admitted at Harvard the usual spirit of fraternal allegiance common in other colleges.

The difficulties in the way of reestablishing the Harvard chapter do not, however, to us seem insurmountable. More than half the men initiated at Harvard have turned out to be appreciative alumni of the Fraternity and there seems to be no good reason why this proportion should not be increased.—*B Θ Π.*

K Σ'S ALLEGED ANTIQUITY

The *K Σ Caduceus* continues to publish articles about the University of Bologna, with intimations that *K Σ* was founded there five centuries ago. The March issue contains an article about the university in 1403, "When Bologna Taught the World," giving "A Vivid Picture of Student Life in the Days When Kappa Sigma was Young." The frontispiece is a portrait of Baldassare Cossa, a cardinal, who when a student attended the university. Whether or not he was a Kappa Sigma is not stated, but we are promised "more of him anon."

It is well to remember that *K Σ* has never offered the slightest proof that it was founded in Europe during the middle ages. If there is any basis for the assertion, some evidence should be furnished, some historical references cited,

and some explanation made of how the Fraternity was transplanted to the University of Virginia in 1869 when $K \Sigma$ originated there.

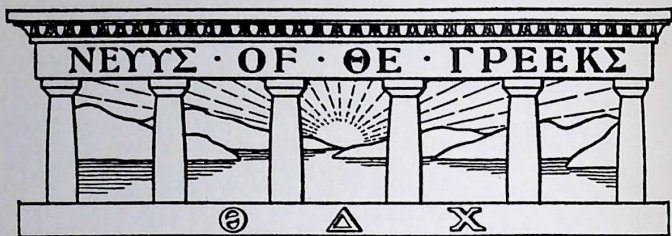
The manual of $K \Sigma$ throws no light on the subject. Admitting that $K \Sigma$ ever existed in Europe, where are its European chapters and members now? Are they all dead, or were they all dead in 1869? Those who write about Bologna say nothing about the existence of $K \Sigma$ there now or in recent centuries, and nothing about European members who were alive when $K \Sigma$ made its appearance in this country. How did $K \Sigma$ get here? Can the Virginia chapter produce a charter from any European source? If so when and where was it signed and who signed it? If $K \Sigma$ holds such a charter the manual does not mention it, nor does any other account of the Fraternity that has been published.

The absence of any evidence forces the conclusion that $K \Sigma$ has none to present. The surviving founders might come forward with some sort of an explanation, but they have never enlightened a waiting world. The manual says that the origin of $K \Sigma$ is shrouded in tradition and legend, like Masonry. Doubtless it is if the order was founded during mediæval times. But it seems that the Fraternity is also trying to shroud its origin in Virginia in tradition and legend. That was too recent talk about tradition, and unless the founders, of whom several are yet living, make an explanation or somebody makes a statement for them, no one outside of $K \Sigma$ will believe that it had any antecedents older than those who were students at Virginia forty years ago.

The editor of the *Caduceus* thinks that this is none of our business. Well, it is our business when $K \Sigma$ seeks to derive the advantage of prestige by its claim to be centuries older than all other college fraternities. It cannot expect its unsupported claim to rest unchallenged. The challenge has been made before, but all that $K \Sigma$ has said was that it was presumption for anybody to question its assertion. Until proofs are adduced, college men will no more accept an unproven statement that $K \Sigma$ was founded in Italy 500 years ago than the world accepted Dr. Cook's claim that he discovered the North Pole after he had opportunity to present his proofs and failed to do so.

$X \Phi$ has long contended that it was founded in 1824, which if true, would make it older than $K \Lambda$, which was founded in 1825 and which is recognized as the oldest of inter-collegiate secret fraternities. Of late an order named $\Sigma \Pi$ has claimed to have been founded in 1752, which if true, would make it older than $\Phi B K$, which was founded in 1776, and which is known as the oldest college Greek-letter society. The fraternity world has never acknowledged the claims of either $X \Phi$ or $\Sigma \Pi$ and will never acknowledge the far more extravagant claim of $K \Sigma$ unless some sort of proof is exhibited.—*The Scroll of $\Phi \Lambda \theta$* .

A quarter of a century ago but 33 college chapters owned or rented fraternity houses. Now there are over 1,100 fraternity houses, valued at some \$8,000,000, and the number of members has risen from 72,000 to 269,000. It is idle to talk of abolishing fraternities. What college authorities must do is to shape their great and growing influence in undergraduate life for good.—*The Boston Record*.



Γ Φ Β announces the installation of Ξ chapter of the University of Idaho, Moscow, Idaho, February the third, nineteen hundred and ten.

The Grand Chapter of the Σ Φ Ε announces the establishment of the Kansas Alpha at Baker University, Baldwin, Kansas, on Saturday, April second, nineteen hundred and ten.

The Arch Chapter of the Δ Τ Δ fraternity announces the reestablishment of the Ψ at the University of Wooster, Wooster, Ohio, on Friday, May the thirteenth, nineteen hundred and ten.

The New York Herald for March 26th, 1910, published what purported to be the testimony of Lon Alberts, an electric tattooer of 32 Oakland Avenue, Brooklyn, to the effect that every Δ Κ Ε man has a diamond shaped mark, with Δ Κ Ε inside, tattooed over his heart.

THE SHIELD

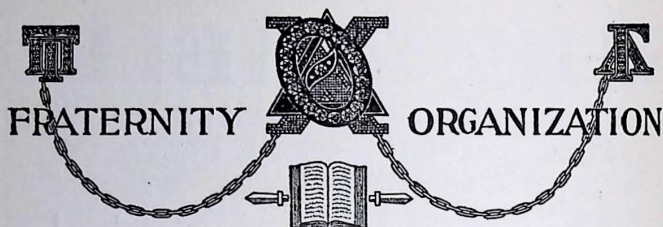
A MAGAZINE PUBLISHED QUARTERLY BY THE THETA DELTA CHI PRESS, NINETY WEST STREET NEW YORK CITY : : : :
FOUNDED 1869 :: REVIVED 1884



For while the eternal stars night's purple robe
Begem; while swings in space the pendent globe
Friendship must live! Ah may its impulse high
Still guide and guard the Theta Delta Chi.

VOLUME XXVI

NUMBER 4



GRAND LODGE

PRESIDENT

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FREDERICK W. ALBERT, X^A '05, 3106 17th Street, N. W.,
Washington, D. C.

**THE CHARGES
AND
THEIR ORGANIZATIONS**

Secretaries are requested to carefully examine the following information in each issue and report promptly any corrections or changes to the Editor.

The President of the Grand Lodge holds the President of every $\Theta \Delta X$ organization responsible for the correctness of all the following information in each issue.

—B—

Charge—Cornell University—January 11, 1870

$\Theta \Delta X$ House, 15 South Ave., Ithaca, N. Y.

Sunday, 7.00 P. M.

President—SAMUEL F. NIXON, '11

Corresponding Secretary—ROBERT M. ADAMS, '12

Charge Editor—J. W. STODDARD, JR., '12

— Γ^{Δ} —

Charge—University of Michigan—December 13, 1889

$\Theta \Delta X$ House, 910 Cornwell Place, Ann Arbor, Mich.

Sunday, 6.30 P. M.

President—H. B. MONTGOMERY, '11.

Corresponding Secretary—W. P. PINKERTON, '11.

Charge Editor—FRANK DANIELS, '12.

Γ^{Δ} Association of $\Theta \Delta X$ —October 25, 1899

President—WOLCOTT H. BUTLER, '91, 628 Packard St., Ann Arbor, Mich.

Treasurer—RICHARD M. HEAMES, '98, c/o Heames & Co., Detroit, Mich.

Secretary—RALPH H. COLLAMORE, '97, 710 Washington Arcade, Detroit, Mich.

Directors—FRANK BRISCOE, '95; HOWARD M. COX, '95; ALFRED KOCH, '07.

— Δ^{Δ} —

Charge—University of California—April 20, 1900

$\Theta \Delta X$ House, 2316 Bowditch St., Berkeley, Cal.

Monday, 7.00 P. M.

President—W. W. CLINCH, '11.

Corresponding Secretary—KENDAL P. FROST, '13.

Charge Editor—IRVING SCOTT, '13.

—E—

Charge—College of William and Mary—May 12, 1853
 Θ Δ X House, Williamsburg, Va.
 Saturday, 10.00 P. M.

President—AMOS R. KOONTZ, '10.

Corresponding Secretary—CARLETON BARNWELL, '13.

Charge Editor—CHARLES C. SNOW, '12.

E Alumni Association—1904

President—ARTHUR D. WRIGHT, '04, Fredericksburg, Va.

Vice-President—W. T. HODGES, '02, Arlington, Va.

Secretary—W. ARTHUR MADDOX, '04, Henrico Court House, Va.

Treasurer—H. JACKSON DAVIS, '02, Richmond, Va.

—E^Δ—

Charge—Sheffield Scientific School, Yale—November 21, 1887
 Charter surrendered October, 1900
 "Thirty-Six Club"—1903

President—HOLMES C. JACKSON, '96, 400 W. 112th St., New York City.

Secretary—ANDREW J. GILMOUR, '95, 133 E. 57th St., New York City.

Treasurer—WILLIAM P. McCORD, '00, Greenwich, Conn.

—Z—

Charge—Brown University—November 12, 1853
 Θ Δ X House, 81 Waterman Street, Providence, R. I.
 Friday, 8.00 P. M.

President—JOHN C. CLARK, '11.

Corresponding Secretary—ROBERT D. CHASE, '11.

Charge Editor—WALTER H. SNELL, '13.

Z Alumni Association (See Rhode Island Alumni Association).

—Z^Δ—

Charge—McGill University—October 4, 1901
 Θ Δ X House, 149 Durocher St., Montreal, Canada.
 Saturday, 7.15 P. M.

President—P. H. SKELTON, '11.

Corresponding Secretary—J. F. GALLAGHER, '13.

Charge Editor—RALPH F. STOCKWELL, '11.

Z^Δ Alumni Association—1902

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—H—

Charge—Bowdoin College—June, 1854
 Θ Δ X House, Maine and McKeen Sts., Brunswick, Me.
 Wednesday, 7.00 P. M.

President—GEORGE W. HOWE, '11.

Corresponding Secretary—ARTHUR D. WELCH, '12.

Charge Editor—HAROLD P. MARSTON, '11.

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Θ Δ X House, 24 Lasuen St., Stanford University, Cal.

Monday, 7.30 P. M.

President—CARL E. NEWMAN, '11.*Corresponding Secretary*—SIDNEY L. BOUGHN, '13.*Charge Editor*—ALDEN O. GRAGG, '12.**Eta Deuteron Alumni Association—House Corporation—October 20, 1905***President*—PERRY B. ROBERTS, B '87, Palo Alto, Cal.*Vice-President*—FRANK C. NYE, H^A '09, Riverside, Cal.*Secretary and Treasurer*—EUGENE L. STOCKWELL, H^A '08, 1001 Pine St., San Francisco, Cal.*Directors*—Officers and D. E. WOOD, H^A '08; S. L. BACON, H^A '94.—Θ^A—**Charge—Massachusetts Institute of Technology—March 21, 1890**

Θ Δ X House, 262 Newbury St., Boston, Mass.

Monday, 7.00 P. M.

President—H. D. WILLIAMS, '11.*Corresponding Secretary*—C. L. HUFSMITH, '11.*Charge Editor*—A. C. GOODNOW, '12.

—I—

Charge—Harvard University—1856

54 Dunster St., Cambridge, Mass.

Tuesday

President—LIONEL E. DREW, '11.*Corresponding Secretary*—H. S. HOYT, '11.*Charge Editor*—A. M. OSGOOD, '11.**I Graduate Association—1902***Secretary*—FRED. L. CARTER, JR., '03, 20 Merrimac St., Boston, Mass.—I^A—**Charge—Williams College—June 12, 1891**

Θ Δ X House, Park St., Williamstown, Mass.

Tuesday, 9.30 P. M.

President—ALEXANDER C. HOOKER, '11.*Corresponding Secretary*—BENJAMIN T. MCGILL, '12.*Charge Editor*—ALEXANDER H. NEAGLE, '12.**Θ Δ X Association of Williams College—1906***President*—FREDERICK C. FERRY, '91, Williams College, Williamstown, Mass.*Treasurer*—EDMONDS PUTNEY, '96, 2 Rector St., New York City

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 Mass.; GEORGE C. FORREY, JR., '03, Anderson, Ind.

—K—

Charge—Tufts College—June 12, 1866
 Θ Δ X House, 123 Packard Ave., Tufts College, Mass.
 Monday, 7.15 P. M.

President—ALLEN F. McLANE, '11.
Corresponding Secretary—AUSTIN W. FISHER, '12.
Charge Editor—HERBERT V. FIELD, '12.

Kappa Charge of the Theta Delta Chi Fraternity Corporation—April 28, 1883

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 St., Lynn, Mass.; THOMAS WHITTEMORE, '94, Tufts College, Mass.;
 JOSIAH BUTLER, '01, Lowell, Mass.

Trustees Semi-Centennial Fund

ARTHUR W. PEIRCE, '82, Franklin, Mass.
 IRA RICH KENT, '99, 201 Columbus Ave., Boston, Mass.

—K^Δ—

Charge—University of Illinois—May 29, 1908
 Θ Δ X House, 201 East Green St., Champaign, Ill.
 Monday, 7.15 P. M.

President—R. J. JORDAN, '11.
Corresponding Secretary—R. R. LEWIS, '12.
Charge Editor—E. H. McFARLAND, '12.

Θ Δ X Building Association, 201 East Green St., Champaign, Ill.
Committee—E. F. J. LINDBERG, '09; I. A. I. LINDBERG, '10; WALTER HAMIL-
 TON, '11; A. H. EDGERTON, '12.

—Λ—

Charge—Boston University—March 14, 1877
 74 Huntington Ave., Boston, Mass.
 Thursday, 7.30 P. M.

President—MILO G. GREEN, '12.
Corresponding Secretary—CLYDE B. MORGAN, '12.
Charge Editor—WILLIAM H. CAMPBELL, '12, 688 Boylston St., Boston, Mass.

A Graduate Association—1899

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 York City.
Secretary-Treasurer—GEORGE B. CURRIER, '99, Fourth Ave. and 36th St.,
 New York City

—M^Δ—

Charge—Amherst College—June 15, 1885
 Θ Δ X House, 13 Northampton Road, Amherst, Mass.
 Tuesday, 8.00 P. M.

President—T. LEO KANE, '11.

Corresponding Secretary—LAURENCE W. BABBAGE, '11.

Charge Editor—LAURENCE W. BABBAGE, '11.

M^Δ Association of Θ Δ X Society—1890

President—NATHAN P. AVERY, '91, Holyoke, Mass.

Treasurer—CHARLES W. WALKER, '99, Northampton, Mass.

Secretary—ARTHUR J. HOPKINS, '85, Amherst, Mass.

Trustees—The Officers and PAUL C. PHILLIPS, '88, Amherst, Mass.; ASA G. BAKER, '88, 6 Cornell St., Springfield, Mass.; HARRY A. BULLOCK, '99, "The Times," New York City; RALPH W. WIGHT, '99, Indian Orchard, Mass.

—N—

Charge—University of Virginia—1857
 Θ Δ X House, University Ave., Charlottesville, Va.
 Tuesday, 8.00 P. M.

President—A. M. AIKEN, JR., '10.

Corresponding Secretary—CHAS. E. FRENCH, JR., '12.

Charge Editor—A. G. A. BALZ, '12.

—N^Δ—

Charge—Lehigh University—June 14, 1884
 Θ Δ X House, 601 Delaware Ave., South Bethlehem, Pa.
 Tuesday, 9.00 P. M.

President—A. ELLIS HUNT, '11.

Corresponding Secretary—CLOTWORTHY BIRNIE, JR., '12.

Charge Editor—A. R. SHAW, '11.

N^Δ Alumni Association—1908

President—HORACE A. LUCKENBACH, '86, 151 South Main St., Bethlehem, Pa.
Secretary-Treasurer—HARRY T. MORRIS, '91, 200 South High St., Bethlehem, Pa.

—Ξ—

Charge—Hobart College—June 29, 1857
 Θ Δ X House, Geneva, N. Y.
 Monday, 7.15 P. M.

President—HAROLD H. ROBISON, '11.

Corresponding Secretary—G. A. McWHORTER, '13.

Charge Editor—M. J. BARKER, JR., '13.

Xi Charge of Θ Δ X Corporation—1907

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Secretary—FREDERICK D. WHITWELL, '98, Geneva, N. Y.

Treasurer—EDWARD J. COOK, '95, Geneva, N. Y.

Directors—The Officers and EDWARD B. PARTRIDGE, '99, Phelps, N. Y.

—O—

"The Omicron Survivors Association"—June 5, 1908*President*—HENRY BASCOM BROWN, '59, East Hampton P. O., Conn.*Vice-President and Treasurer*—WILLIAM DAWSON BRIDGE, '61, 150 Fifth Ave., New York City.*Secretary*—CHARLES COLLARD ADAMS, '59, Cromwell, Conn.—O^Δ—**Charge—Dartmouth College—September 28, 1869**

Θ Δ X House, Hanover, N. H.

Wednesday, 7.30 P. M.

President—GUY C. STEEVES, '11.*Corresponding Secretary*—C. E. SNOW, '12.*Charge Editor*—F. P. WALSH, '12.**O^Δ Alumni Association***President*—ARCHIBALD C. BOYD, '89, Boston, Mass.*Vice-President*—WARREN F. GREGORY, '88, Boston, Mass.*Secretary and Treasurer*—PERCY O. DORR, '02, Springfield, Mass.*Executive Committee*—The above and ARTHUR N. WARD, '72, West Somerville, Mass.; JESSE B. TWISS, '80, Somerville, Mass.; LESLIE P. SNOW, '86, Rochester, N. H.; ELMER C. POTTER, '92, Worcester, Mass.; LAWRENCE M. SYMMES, '08, 115 Broadway, New York City.—II^Δ—**Charge—College of the City of New York—November 3, 1881**

165 Edgecomb Ave., New York City.

Friday, 8.00 P. M.

President—ENOS WATERS, '13.*Corresponding Secretary*—J. A. CHAPMAN, '14.*Charge Editor*—ENOS WATERS, '13.**Graduate Association of II^Δ—1906***President*—HARRY A. FISHER, '02, 258 West 131st St., New York City.*Vice-President*—C. S. HAIGHT, '92, 747 East 168th St., New York City.*Secretary*—HERBERT M. HOLTON, '99, Boston Road, Eastchester, N. Y.*Treasurer*—CHAS. P. SCHMID, JR., '97, 13 Laight St., New York City.

—P—

Charge—Washington and Lee University—Lexington, Virginia

Established December 29, 1869—discontinued in 1872

P Alumni Association—December 20, 1907

Secretary—WALTER T. CHANDLER, '71, 29 Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.—P^Δ—**Charge—Columbia University—1883**

Θ Δ X House, 619 W. 113th St., New York City.

Monday, 8.30 P. M.

President—WILLIAM H. HASTINGS, '11.*Corresponding Secretary*—WM. M. DEDERICK, '12.*Charge Editor*—CHARLES E. GAUTIER, '12.**P^Δ Alumni Association—1903***President*—RUDOLF TOMBO, JR., '98, 311 East Hall, Columbia University, New York City.*Vice-President*—GEORGE EHRET, JR., '99, 1070 Madison Ave., New York City.

Treasurer—J. BOYCE SMITH, JR., '01, 115 Broadway, New York City. ~~1770~~
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P^Δ Company—1904

President—J. BOYCE SMITH, JR., '01, 115 Broadway, New York City.
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Treasurer—FRANK N. DODD, '91, 150 W. 40th St., New York City.
Secretary—HARRY HULL ST. CLAIR, '00, 20 Exchange Place, New York City.
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33 8 20 1/2

—Σ^Δ—

Charge—University of Wisconsin—May 15, 1895

Θ Δ X House, 703 State St., Madison, Wis.

Monday, 7.00 P. M.

President—A. RUDOLF DIEHL, '12.
Corresponding Secretary—STUART O. BLYTHE, '12.
Charge Editor—STUART O. BLYTHE, '12.

Σ^Δ Alumni Association of Θ Δ X—May 23, 1903

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Vice-President—E. V. EYMAN, '07, Chicago, Ill.
Treasurer—W. F. ADAMS, '00, Milwaukee, Wis.
Secretary—O. M. SALISBURY, '95, Box 503, Madison, Wis.
Executive Committee—F. E. COMPTON, '98; J. F. KESSENICH, '06; C. R. KAYSER, '06, Madison, Wis.

The Wisconsin Association of Θ Δ X—May, 1895

Re-incorporated—January, 1905

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Vice-President—F. E. COMPTON, '98, 191 Market St., Chicago, Ill.
Secretary-Treasurer—HARRY A. PORTER, '07, 501 W. Jackson Boulevard, Chicago, Ill.
Assistant Secretary—CLEM ROSSBACH, '11, Madison, Wis.
Directors—The above and G. W. MEAD, '94, Grand Rapids, Wis.; C. R. KAYSER, '06, Madison, Wis.; W. C. BURDICK, '01, Milwaukee, Wis.

—T^Δ—

Charge—University of Minnesota—April 27, 1892

Θ Δ X House, 1521 University Ave., S. E., Minneapolis, Minn.

Tuesday, 7.30 P. M.

President—CHAUNCEY C. COON, '10.
Corresponding Secretary—EARLE T. PICKERING, '11.
Charge Editor—ARTHUR V. BROWN, '11.

T^Δ Alumni Association (See Minnesota Association).

—Φ—

Charge—Lafayette College—February 11, 1867

Θ Δ X House, Easton, Pa.

Monday

President—S. B. LUCCOCK, '11.
Corresponding Secretary—DAVID B. SKILLMAN.
Charge Editor—GEORGE R. K. DAY, '12.

Φ House Trustees

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Vice-President—JOHN MARKLE, '80, Jeddo, Pa.

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Secretary—FRANK N. DAY, '74, Hazleton, Pa.

Trustees—The Officers and CHARLES B. ADAMSON, '77, Philadelphia, Pa.;
CLAY W. HOLMES, '69, Elmira, N. Y.

—X—

Charge—University of Rochester—May, 1867
Θ Δ X House, 296 Park Ave., Rochester, N. Y.
Wednesday, 8.00 P. M.

President—DONALD J. MACPHERSON, '11.

Corresponding Secretary—EARL B. TAYLOR, '12.

Charge Editor—W. RAY CONVERSE, '12.

X Alumni Association. (See Rochester Graduate Association).

X Alumni Association of New York—1909

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Vice-President—HOMER D. BROOKINS, '80.

Secretary—CHARLES A. SIMPSON, '07, 328 W. 56th St., New York City.

—X^Δ—

Charge—George Washington University—March 26, 1896
Θ Δ X House, 930 18th St., N. W., Washington, D. C.
Saturday, 8.00 P. M.

President—KENNETH F. MAXCY, '11.

Corresponding Secretary—JOHN N. SWARTZELL, '13.

Charge Editor—HOWARD W. HODGKINS, '13.

X^Δ Graduate Association—October, 1901

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Secretary-Treasurer—WM. J. TURKENTON, '08, 1513 33d St., N. W., Washington, D. C.

X^Δ Fund Trustees—May, 1906

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Treasurer—WILLIAM D. RYAN, JR., '12, 930 18th St., N. W., Washington, D. C.

—Ψ—

Charge—Hamilton College—March 13, 1868
Θ Δ X House, College Hill, Clinton, N. Y.
Tuesday, 7.00 P. M.

President—ALBERT A. GETMAN, '11.

Corresponding Secretary—CLARENCE BARBER, '13.

Charge Editor—WM. C. WESTCOTT, '11.

Ψ Alumni Association

President—JAMES B. LEE, '86.

Secretary—DOUGLAS ERSKINE, '12.

Treasurer—FRANK D. WESTCOTT, '81.

Ψ House Trustees

President—BRADFORD W. SHERWOOD, '82, Syracuse, N. Y.

Treasurer—FRANK D. WESTCOTT, '81, Utica, N. Y.

Secretary—DOUGLAS ERSKINE, '12, Clinton, N. Y.

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Secretaries are requested to carefully examine the following information in each issue and report promptly any corrections or changes to the Editor.

The President of the Grand Lodge holds the President of every Θ Δ Χ organization responsible for the correctness of all the following data in each issue.

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Secretary—FRANK N. DODD, P^Δ '91, 150 W. 40th St., New York City.

Grand Lodge Curator—ROBERT S. EMERSON, Z '97, Providence, R. I.

Θ Δ Χ Press—1907

Address for All Departments: Ninety West Street, New York City

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1424 Broadway, New York City.

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DOORIS, Ξ '03, 120 W. 11th St., New York City; A. J. GILMOUR, E^Δ '95,

133 E. 57th St., New York City.

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TERMS EXPIRE APRIL, 1910.

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TERMS EXPIRE APRIL, 1911.

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TERMS EXPIRE APRIL, 1912.

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334 Fifth Ave., New York City

President—HON. WILLIS S. PAINE, LL.D., X '68, Plaza Hotel, New York City.

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Curator—EDWARD VAN WINKLE, Π^Α '00, 90 West St., New York City.

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Historian—ROBERT J. MAHON, Π^Α '83, 154 Nassau St., New York City.

New England Association—1884

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Treasurer—CLARK H. TIMERMAN, Ψ '87, 756 Ellicot Square, Buffalo, N. Y.
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Treasurer—ROBERT K. LYONS, Z '99, 159 Lloyd Ave., Providence, R. I.
Secretary—WILLIAM H. HULL, Z '01, Auburn, R. I.
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Minnesota Association—1900

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Secretary—J. B. MOFFETT, T^Δ '95, 118 Fourth St., So., Minneapolis, Minn.

Rochester Graduate Association of Θ Δ X

Rochester, New York

Incorporated, April 21, 1902.

- President*—CARL PAUL, X '05, 112 Shepherd St., Rochester, N. Y.
Vice-Presidents—WILLIS S. PAINE, X '68, Plaza Hotel, New York City; ADELBERT P. LITTLE, X '72, Powers Building, Rochester, N. Y.
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Secretary—WILLIAM J. RICHTER, X '04, Court House, Rochester, N. Y.
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Secretary—HENRY LLOYD, JR., Φ '03, Bellefield Dwellings, Pittsburg, Pa.
Shield Correspondent—CHAUNCEY LOBINGIER, Φ '96, Suite 432, Frick Bldg.,
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Secretary—ABRAM ZOLLER, I^A '04, Syracuse, N. Y.
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Vice-President—B. L. BRYANT, H '95, Bangor, Maine.
Secretary-Treasurer—JOHN E. BROOKS, Z^A '03, Bangor, Maine.

Kansas City Graduate Association of Θ Δ X—August 21, 1907

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Vice-President—HERBERT H. GETMAN, Ψ '79, 409 Heist Building, Kansas
 City, Mo.
Treasurer—BENTON C. MOSS, E^A '91, 1714 Jefferson St., Kansas City, Mo.
Secretary—C. H. BUSHNELL, 1716 Penn St., Kansas City, Mo.

The Θ Δ X—Montreal, 1907

Incorporated November 5, 1907

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Treasurer—F. R. PARKINS, '03, 86 Notre Dame St., Montreal, Canada.
Secretary—M. B. ATKINSON, '05, 543 Lansdowne Ave., Westmount, Canada.

Θ Δ X Corporation of Rhode Island—March 21, 1908

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Treasurer—JULIUS PALMER, Z '77, 7 Franklin St., Providence, R. I.
Secretary—ROBERT S. EMERSON, Z '97, Banigan Bldg., Providence, R. I.
Trustees—The Officers and WILKINS U. HIDDEN, Z '65, 283 Benefit St.,
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 HAROLD M. PITMAN, Z '09, 97 Williams St., Providence, R. I.; J.
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The Connecticut Association of Θ Δ X—December 11, 1908

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Vice-President—GEORGE W. BAKER, Θ^A '92, Room 337 Conn. Mutual Bldg.,
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Secretary-Treasurer—C. COLLARD ADAMS, O '59.
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The Central Illinois Association of $\Theta \Delta X$ —December, 1908

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Secretary-Treasurer—W. C. GRANT, K Δ '10, 427 W. Washington St., Springfield, Ill.

California Graduate Association of $\Theta \Delta X$ —1908

President—ALBERT E. KINDT, $\Sigma\Delta$ '02, 15th and Utah Sts., San Francisco, Cal.

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Secretary—RAY KINGSLAND, $\Delta\Delta$ '10, 271 Frederick St., San Francisco, Cal.

Treasurer—WILLIAM T. YOUNG, $\Theta\Delta$ '07, Metropolis Trust and Savings Bank, San Francisco, Cal.

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Northwestern Graduate Association of $\Theta \Delta X$ —February 10, 1909

Seattle, Washington.

President—J. E. BRADFORD, T Δ '92, 502 Mutual Life Bldg., Seattle, Wash.

Vice-President—C. J. FRANCE, Ψ '98, 901 Alaska Bldg., Seattle, Wash.

Secretary—CHARLES ALBERTSON, Φ '93, 727 Henry Bldg., Seattle, Wash.

Treasurer—GEO. F. HANNAN, $\Sigma\Delta$ '06, 306 New York Block, Seattle, Wash.

Executive Committee—The above Officers.

The Boston Club of $\Theta \Delta X$, April 30, 1909

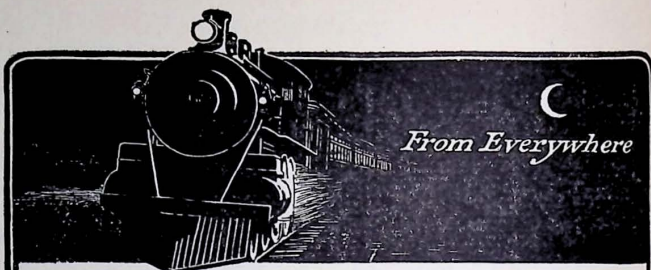
Secretary—HOLLIS GODFREY, K '95, 63 Brooks St., West Medford, Mass.

Cleveland Alumni Association of $\Theta \Delta X$ —November 5, 1909

President—JAMES LAWRENCE, Θ '71.

Vice-President—W. M. RAYNOLDS, Θ '73.

Secretary-Treasurer—J. A. HARRIS, B '09, 8218 Euclid Ave., Cleveland, Ohio.



Advance Announcement:

THE SIXTY-THIRD CONVENTION

Will be held in New York, February 19-22, 1911. The headquarters will be at the Hotel Astor, and the program as follows:

Sunday, 19th,	2.30 p.m.	Commemoration Service
Monday, 20th,	10.00 a.m.	Business Session
	2.30 p.m.	Business Session
	8.15 p.m.	Theater Party
Tuesday, 21st,	10.00 a.m.	Business Session
	12.30 p.m.	Convention Photograph
	1.00 p.m.	Charge Luncheons
	2.30 p.m.	Business Session
	8.00 p.m.	Smoker
Wednesday, 22d,	10.00 a.m.	Business Session
	2.30 p.m.	Installation of G. L.
	6.30 p.m.	Banquet

Individual invitations will be mailed to every Theta Delt in January, conveying full details of the arrangements.

Any desired information can be had by addressing the General Chairman of the Convention Committee, Edward Van Winkle, 90 West Street, New York



To Little Old New York

THE SHIELD

FREDERICK W. ALBERT, EDITOR

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THETA DELTA CHI PRESS, Ninety West Street, New York City.

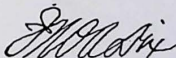
A Message to Theta Delta Chi

*E*ARLY in my college course I became an interested member of the $\Theta \Delta X$ and I believe that the associations formed at that time and the friendships made, have had a marked influence upon my life.

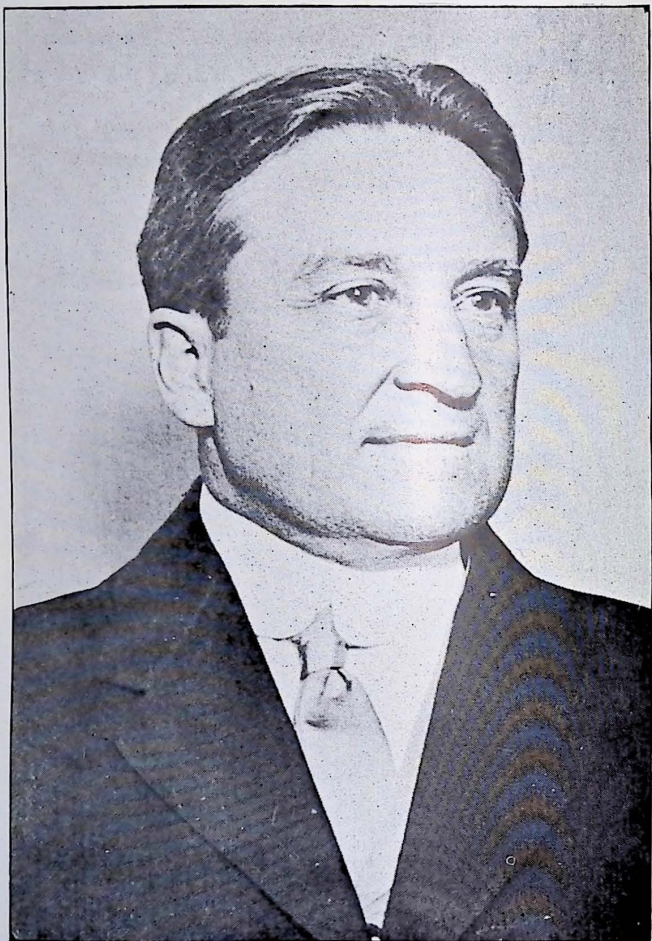
The character of the members of B Charge were, and, I understand, have always been, of the high type of manhood.

Living in the atmosphere of men who make for types of good citizens, men who desire to be of some benefit to the communities in which they live, I believe, makes a turning point in the career of every young man.

Fraternally,



Thomson, N. Y., November 9, 1910.



HON. JOHN A. DIX, B '83
Governor-Elect of New York State



THE SHIELD

VOL. XXVI.

DECEMBER 10, 1910

No. 4

Theta Delta Chi's New Governor

BY FRANK LAWRENCE JONES, Π^Δ '88

John A. Dix, B '83, a man of high ideals and principles, upright, fair, honest, a splendid example of the true American gentleman, chosen by the people of New York State to be their Governor.

It was eight of the clock on the night of election that a tall, broad shouldered man closed his library doors upon a mass of papers upon which he had been working in solitude and walked deliberately toward the billiard room. "Pine Needles," his home, was aglow with lights and good cheer, in sharp contrast to the clear cold of the outer air and the night silence, broken only by the faint click of the telegraph key in a little bungalow on the lawn.

"Governor Dix, I congratulate you"—Just who spoke first matters little, for John Alden Dix, B '83, turned to his wife and in her happy face read that he had indeed been elected Governor of New York. Then his friends closed round him to tell him how he had carried the Empire State for his party for the first time in sixteen years and had administered the first real defeat to the man who had nominated his opponent at Saratoga.

Because Brother Dix is the first Theta Delt to occupy this high office it is most fitting here and now to set down just what kind of a Theta Delt he is. I know of no better way to tell this than to let his actions speak.

Because of the date on which this number of the SHIELD must go to press I had to ask Brother Dix for some data covering his life as an active member of B. He was at his home in Thomson, N. Y., and my communication was handed to him the morning after election just as he was stepping into his automobile bound for camp and complete rest.

"I'll answer that just as soon as I get to camp," he said, "and I'll see that there shall be no delay."

This was Wednesday morning and just forty-eight hours later this letter was laid upon my desk:

DEAR BROTHER JONES:

I entered Cornell University in September, 1879, and there were at the university at that time less than four hundred students. I believe the spirit of the university became a part of student life there to so great an extent that our Class of '83 became a factor in college life and the class spirit has remained.

Even today '83 men have a feeling for one another that links them very closely to the university, in fact, the advent of that class seemed to be the turning point in university life.

It was a period when scholarship reached a higher level than at any previous time in the university. Our class took a prominent part in scholarship, in sports and in every move that pertains to the upbuilding of a great university.

Early in my course I became an interested member of the $\Theta \Delta X$ and I believe that the associations formed at that time and the friendships made have had a marked influence upon my life.

The character of the members of B Charge were and, I understand, have always been, of the high type of manhood.

Living in the atmosphere of men who make for types of good citizens, men who desire to be of some benefit to the communities in which they live, I believe makes a turning point in the career of every young man.

I have always had a keen interest in the development of this great university, for I believe that its scope and its usefulness is one of the greatest monuments to humanity. When Ezra Cornell announced "I would found a university where any person can find instruction in any study" he builded wisely and those who have succeeded him in guiding the destiny of that university have, I believe, adhered to that broad principle.

It was my satisfaction and pleasure two years ago to visit Cornell again. The changes due to its magnificent growth did not obscure in any way the spirit of its teachings. The number of its members, however, had changed from four hundred to over four thousand.

It seems unfortunate that after one becomes absorbed in the duties and responsibilities of an active life one does not revisit frequently those scenes of his early life to become imbued again with the spirit of university influence. We too often allow trivial matters of life to prevent that joining together of associates who have taken so important a part in moulding one's career.

I have been as guilty, or perhaps more so, than many of the members of B but I hope that the future may afford me opportunities of again partaking of that charm of scholarship and good feeling which attends all gatherings of our Fraternity.

Very truly yours,

JOHN A. DIX.

I am sure that no Theta Delt will read this letter without an additional thrill of pride in the man who willingly put all other business aside at the very moment of his triumph to send a message to his Fraternity that should inspire its young men and rekindle enthusiasm in the hearts of those of larger growth.

Glens Falls, in this state, was the birthplace of John A. Dix.

It is a striking coincidence that that town should have given the state two governors in succession for Charles E. Hughes was born there too. Brother Dix's entrance into this world was on Christmas Day, 1860. His father was James Lawton Dix and his mother had been Miss Laura Stevens. At the time of his entrance into politics most of the newspapers identified Brother Dix as the nephew of that former General and Governor John A. Dix who once sent a message to a revenue cutter commander at New Orleans to this effect: "If anyone attempts to haul down the American flag, shoot him on the spot."

This relationship was brought to an end by Brother Dix himself. In a letter written last June he says: "There is some confusion regarding my name and although I have on many occasions endeavored to have it put right it does not always appear correctly. I am not related to the John Adams Dix family unless in some generations past. My name is John Alden Dix and my grandfather was Samuel Dix."

The boyhood of our new governor was spent in Glens Falls, the schooldays at the Glens Falls Academy, where he was a graduate of the Class of 1879. While his father was well-to-do he had some very positive ideas on the usefulness of boys, so young John, by the time he was ready to go to Cornell, was a skilled mechanic well capable of making his own way in the world.

At Ithaca he was a member of the Class of 1883 and soon after entering walked across the campus one day wearing the Shield of $\Theta \Delta X$. With his fellow members of B as well as with his college mates generally he was popular and highly esteemed. He showed quietly but without mistake the possession of sterling qualities both of scholarship and sociability.

He was tall then, clean of limb and deep of chest, fond of all outdoor sports, and an athlete of high standing.

At the end of his Junior year, however, he decided to go into business at Glens Falls. He became a member of the firm of Reynolds and Dix, dealers in black marble, but soon lumber was added to this and in 1887 he devoted his entire attention to lumber, becoming associated with Mr. Lemon Thomson of Albany and Thomson, N. Y.

It was while with Mr. Thomson that he met the future Mrs. Dix, for on April 24, 1889 he married Miss Gertrude Thomson, the elder daughter of his associate. With his father-in-law Brother Dix became more and more interested in the lumber business and soon developed the paper industry that dominates the town of Thomson.

Brother Dix's thorough devotion to whatever work he finds before him led him to the Black Forest in Germany to study forestry that the knowledge might aid him in the manufacture of wall paper. Speaking recently of his study along this line he said:

"I have always had a keen interest in forestry, especially in the Adirondacks. I have devoted much time to the study of reforestation and the growing of seedlings for that purpose."

So extensive have his interests in lumber and paper become that

he is now president of the Iroquois Pulp and Paper Company and of the Moose River Lumber Company, vice-president of the Blandy Paper Company and treasurer of the American Woodboard Company. He is also a director of the Standard Wall Paper Company.

It would seem that these activities ought to satisfy almost any man but Brother Dix was the exception. The growth of his various companies had naturally turned his attention to the banking business and it was not long before he was drawn into it.

At the time that he thought it would be desirable to have a bank in Albany, Anthony N. Brady controlled the leading bank there and incidentally held the entire local banking business in his hands. The Brady bank was getting all or nearly all of the State's money, paying the State two per cent and loaning at six.

Brother Dix had some stock in the Exchange and First National banks and decided to consolidate the two, build up a strong bank and break the Brady monopoly. As soon as his activity was noticeable he was told that he was acting contrary to reason and was warned that he was attacking a combination that would annihilate him.

Brother Dix smiled. Then he thanked his informants and went right ahead. The First National Bank of which he is the first vice-president is today one of the strongest banks up the state. It divides the state deposits with the Brady bank and it pays the State three per cent, forcing its competitors to do the same.

In addition to the First National Bank office Brother Dix is president of the Albany Securities Company and a director in the National Bank of Schuylerville, the Glens Falls Trust Company, the Albany Trust Company and the Adirondack Trust Company. And yet he found time to go into politics!

Many men have devoted the greater part of a lifetime to the game of politics, never to reach the power that now lies in the hands of John A. Dix six years after his first appearance, and of those six years only four were of activity.

In 1904 those Democratic neighbors of his who wanted to nominate a moderate man for the Presidency begged him to go as a delegate to the National Convention at St. Louis. He would have begged off but the conviction that it was a duty was too strong and his political career was begun.

He was made chairman of the Democratic Committee of his own county—Washington—at a time when no one else was willing to take the responsibility of leading a party divided against itself. Yet it was his experience in this position that gave him the idea that an organization of County Chairmen would be an excellent thing for the party and in preaching it he called the attention of all the leaders to himself and John A. Dix was the coming man. He helped, too, to found the Democratic League and as a member stands for personal freedom, National and State economy, the revision of the tariff and revenue laws and the abolition of gigantic "infant industries."

In 1906 his name was presented to the State Convention at Buffalo as a candidate for governor and he got just 19 votes. William R. Hearst was nominated and when most of the other Democrats were struggling to maintain their "regularity" even against their convictions, John A. Dix calmly bolted the nominee. He explained that he would remain true to Democratic principles but that he could not and would not support Hearst. We all remember how Hearst tried to return the compliment such a short time ago.

Two years later, in 1908, he was regular enough to be nominated for lieutenant-governor only to meet defeat. Then came the turning, no further back than last June.

"Fingy" Conners was State Chairman but he had trod on the tail of Charlie Murphy's coat and there was blood on the face of the moon. The Tammany tomahawks were sharpened and the Conners' scalp lock had to go. "Fingy" stormed and blustered and bluffed but he just had to go even though he was allowed, temporarily, to stand on the order of his going.

It wasn't much of a fight after all but "Fingy" went down before the coming man and John A. Dix was the leader of his party in New York.

There are two stories told that illustrate delightfully the different fighting powers of these men. "Fingy" had worked as a stevedore on the Buffalo docks for quite a while before he was put in charge of a gang. That same day he called the men before him and thus spoke:

"I'm the boss of this gang and before we start to work I want to know if there's anyone here thinks he can lick me."

There was silence, but as Conners said it all over again a husky laborer stepped out, shook his fist at the new boss, and said:

"Conners, I can lick yer."

"You can?" queried "Fingy."

"I can that," said the other, making ready to fight.

"All right," said Conners, "if you can lick me you're fired. I won't have a man in my gang I can't lick!"

Now see the difference. Some time ago there were labor troubles in many paper mills and the directors of one of the companies in which Brother Dix was interested congratulated him on the fact that he was not having any difficulty.

"Why should we have trouble?" was the reply. "We are friends and we are working together."

One day he went to his workmen at noon and had a talk with them. He told them that he and his fellow directors appreciated the fact that they had not joined the general strike but he wanted that appreciation to take some definite form. Orders, he said, were coming in so fast that all it needed was a little extra exertion to make the output large enough for him to go before the directors and demand of them an increase in wages. The men accepted the suggestion with a will, increased the output and got a ten per cent increase which they have to this day.

Small wonder then that the Democratic leaders watched this

man with keen interest. When the day came for "Fingy" to retire, the state committee met in the Hoffman House in New York and "Fingy" was the first to arrive. He brought his retinue with him but he would never have used that word. Had an ermine robe trailed behind him and had it been a diadem instead of a derby resting on one ear he would not have looked more the ruler of the place. Murphy came in as near shrinkingly as he could and sat down in a corner.

Some of the other committeemen looked at Conners and wondered if he was going to fight. "Fingy" was mad clear through and every line of his face showed it but he wasn't crazy, and so when the name of Dix was presented it was Conners' own Mayor of Buffalo who seconded it and the redoubtable "Fingy's" day was over. Then Brother Dix was escorted into the room and thus a witness describes the scene:

"Had Mr. Dix been possessed of two heads or four hands he could not have been a more distinct type of what not to expect in machine politics. Broad shouldered, full chested, with eye and complexion the clarity of which showed an outdoor and well ordered life—Dix as he walked into the room and shook hands with Conners of the bulldog jaw looked more like a man who had come to sit in judgment than one who had come to lead.

"Even in his first words, spoken slowly and without the slightest attempt at oratory he had essentially the quiet manner of a business man, the man of education rather than the rough-and-ready political leader with the familiar grin of triumph. The difference between Conners and Dix as they faced each other that day was a difference not only of men but of species. The contrast fascinated even the least analytical, for it is seldom that two such extremes meet in so curious a position."

It is said that the irrepressible "Fingy," after taking another chair, gave his successor a thorough looking over. The result spelled considerable amazement, for as soon as he got his breath he turned to his nearest lieutenant and whispered huskily, "God, he's got on an Alice blue necktie!"

The nomination for governor, the vigorous, splendid campaign and the sweeping victory of November eighth need few details at this time. $\Theta \Delta X$ did her share for Brother Dix. All over the state Theta Delt worked for him as individuals and as associations. To every Theta Delt in and near New York the Graduate Club sent the following notice:

New York, November 5, 1910

MY DEAR SIR AND BROTHER:

Do you know that the Democratic candidate for Governor of the Empire State, John A. Dix, has been for many years a loyal member of our beloved Fraternity (B '83)? Without reference or suggestion as to political faith, I believe it is my duty, as it is my great privilege to make this announcement.

Should John A. Dix receive the majority vote in the coming election, every Theta Delt will rejoice in his success and the honor it will bring to our Fraternity.

Yours in the bonds of $\Theta \Delta X$,

N. A. SHAW, JR., Ψ '82, *President*

And now a glimpse at the home life of our new governor. It is a meagre description to say that from the beginning to the end, in all that he does, whether in business or in politics, he finds a capable and clear-headed comrade in his wife. Mrs. Dix, despite her many social duties, finds full time to be absorbingly interested in all that concerns her husband.

Yet she insists that there is no place for her in public life. Her sphere is the home and to this she adheres with unswerving determination. All through the campaign she refused over and over again to have her personality touched on in public print or to have her views laid before strangers. She won the heart of every newspaper man who was on duty at Thomson but she made each one promise he would keep her name out of the paper all he was able to.

Brother Dix and his wife make their winter home in Albany at No. 491 State street. This house is filled with treasures, many of them collected abroad, for they spend nearly three months in Europe each year. Brother Dix is an enthusiastic collector of historical china and possesses one of the finest collections in this country.

But the greater part of their year is spent at "Pine Needles," their beautiful home at Thomson on the banks of the Hudson River. It is here that Brother Dix is best able to devote himself to his relaxations from business; they are golf and automobiling. He is also extremely fond of skating and to these three sports he gives all the time he can spare.

Brother Dix is also greatly interested in the affairs of the Episcopal Church. He is a member of the Standing Committee of the Diocese of Albany and Junior Warden of St. Stephen's Church, Schuylerville. Two years ago he was lay delegate to the Pan-Anglican Congress at London. The list of his activities would not be complete without his membership in the Glens Falls lodge of Masons.

It is at Thomson that Brother Dix's relations with his workmen are most complete. During the campaign he was attacked as a foe of labor and this he resented so deeply that he never after mentioned in any speech the name of the man who was so unjustly attacking him.

Thomson's factory is a model. It is kept in the most sanitary condition possible. The employees are comfortably housed, they are satisfied with all the conditions and they believe that Brother Dix is the greatest man they know. In a statement issued just before election Brother Dix said:

"The best evidence of my attitude toward labor is found in the facts that there has never been a strike in the mill which I control; that the men regulate their own hours of labor; that they are free if they choose to join the unions of their craft, and many of them are members of their respective unions; that the wages we pay are at least equal to the highest paid by any of our competitors and average the sum of \$2.38 per day, and that the hours of work are entirely optional with the men and are the same as those in the other wall paper mills in the country."

On the first day of January Brother Dix will stand in the Capitol at Albany and take the oath of office as Chief Magistrate of New York. How he will keep faith with the people every act of his life indicates. Only one promise has he publicly made since election and that is this:

"I desire again to repeat to you in the name of the Democratic party that I shall strive and shall work incessantly and devotedly for the public interest, and the public interest alone; that I shall be swayed by no other influence than my duty to the whole people, irrespective of race, condition or religion, and I shall be the servant of all the people and shall be guided only by my conscience and my sense of right as taught by the grace of God."

The last Democratic President of the United States went from the Capitol at Albany to the White House. Grover Cleveland had no more in his favor than has John A. Dix today.

Already in the West a "John A. Dix for President" Club has been formed and as the days pass and our brother's strength grows with the people, as it must grow, the whole country will see him as he is, a great, strong, honest leader in whom they can rest their faith and on whom they can call to show the way to victory.

And $\Theta \Delta X$ will see him—who shall say nay?—her first President of the United States.

IT PAYS TO ADVERTISE

$\Theta \Delta X$ has its traditions and its tales of loyalty and brotherhood; these are ever increasing. There is a destiny which shapes our ends and likewise there seems to be one which brings the brothers in $\Theta \Delta X$ in closer touch with one another and tightens the bond as the years roll on. Two of our brothers have had one of the experiences which bring Theta Delts together, in an unusual way. The coincidence bears telling in these pages.

About a year ago Carl Tombo, Π^A '97, became interested in a smoke consumer which recently placed its first advertisement in a trade paper under the name of the Bunsen Smokeless Furnace Co. Way out in New Mexico on his $\frac{E}{V}$ ranch Carl Wilkin, Π^A '95, was making progress and found the necessity for a small boiler which he installed there. Then along comes the paper with the Bunsen ad. and Brother Wilkin, whose stack has been shedding forth smoke enough to make itself cordially disliked on the ranch, reads, marks and inwardly digests—not the smoke but the Bunsen ad.

Act No. 3 sees Brother Wilkin on a train en route for a visit in New York and, after the usual greetings and family rejoicings, he finds himself in a new Broadway pay-as-you-enter car which carries him to the Bunsen office. In he goes, prepared to meet a portly bewhiskered president guarded by a retinue of freckle-faced office boys and a princess-gowned typewriter, when behold, before him stands his Fraternity brother, Carl Tombo, of his own Charge. Grip, tableau, curtain. How small the world is after all to Theta Delts!

“If”

BY RUDYARD KIPLING

If you can keep your head when all about you
 Are losing theirs and blaming it on you;
 If you can trust yourself when all men doubt you,
 But make allowance for their doubting too;
 If you can wait and not be tired by waiting,
 Or being lied about don't deal in lies,
 Or being hated don't give way to hating,
 And yet don't look too good, nor talk too wise;

If you can dream—and not make dreams your master;
 If you can think—and not make thoughts your aim;
 If you can meet with Triumph and Disaster
 And treat those two impostors just the same;
 If you can bear to hear the truth you've spoken
 Twisted by knaves to make a trap for fools,
 Or watch the things you gave your life to, broken
 And stoop and build them up with worn-out tools;

If you can make one heap of all your winnings
 And risk it on one turn of pitch-and-toss,
 And lose and start again at your beginnings
 And never breathe a word about your loss;
 If you can force your heart and nerve and sinew
 To serve your turn long after they are gone,
 And so hold on when there is nothing in you
 Except the Will which says to them: “Hold on!”

If you can talk with crowds and keep your virtue,
 Or walk with Kings—nor lose the common touch;
 If neither foes nor loving friends can hurt you;
 If all men count with you, but none too much;
 If you can fill the unforgiving minute
 With sixty seconds' worth of distance run,
 Yours is the Earth and everything that's in it,
 And—which is more—you'll be a Man, my son!

With Peary in the Arctic*

By D. B. MACMILLAN, H '98

A diary in two parts, showing the difficulties encountered on a side trip from Cape Sheridan to Cape Columbia.

PART I

From our reading of Kane, Hayes, Hall, Greely, and other Arctic explorers, we come to look upon that white land beyond the Arctic circle as most inhospitable, almost as a place to suffer in and to die in. True, exploration in the far north has been a series of tragedies. Dr. Kane and his men, afflicted with scurvy, dragged out two years of miserable existence at Rensselaer Harbor. Away up on that bleak Siberian shore the hand of the brave De Long was found protruding from the snow, and around him men who suffered untold agonies in their march toward civilization. On the northern shore of Cape Sabine the twenty-five men of the Lady Franklin Bay Expedition died one by one until only seven were left. The one hundred and twenty-nine men of the Sir John Franklin Expedition failed to return. The Esquimaux say, "They fell forward on their faces and died as they walked."

And so on for the last three hundred years the relentless north has exacted its heavy toll of men who have dared to look upon its wonders. In a book recently published I read "of land marches when exhausted humanity staggered along, leaving traces of blood on snow or rock; of solitude and monotony, terrible in the weeks of constant polar sunlight but almost unsettling the reason in the months of continuous Arctic darkness; of silence awful at all times; of darkness so continuous and intense that the disturbed mind is driven to wonder whether the ordinary course of nature will bring back the sun or whether the world has been cast out of its orbit in the planetary universe into new conditions; of cold so intense that any exposure is followed by instant freezing; of monotonous surroundings that threaten with time to unbalance the reason; of deprivations wasting the body and so impairing the mind;" all so different from our experience in the land of midnight sun and noon-day night that a copy of my diary, kept on one of my trips in mid-winter, might be of interest to you.

Unlike other expeditions Commander Peary has kept his men in the field every month in the year. With his equipment, perfected through many years of experience, living as the Esquimaux live,

*All illustrations in Part I are from "The Discovery of the North Pole," by Robert E. Peary, U. S. N., published in *Hampton's Magazine*, 1910.



MacMillan, Borup, Gushue and Henson with Sledge "Morris K. Jesup," that reached the Pole

clothed as the Esquimaux are clothed, one can defy the proverbial darkness and the bitter cold of the long Arctic night.

PEARY ARCTIC CLUB NORTH POLAR EXPEDITION
S. S. *Roosevelt*, November 6, 1908

INSTRUCTIONS

DEAR SIR:

Proceed to Cape Columbia with your party comprising your sailor, Jack Barnes, and the two Esquimaux, E-ging-wah, In-u-gheto, and their wives, for the purpose of obtaining a month's series of hourly tidal observations.

Your personal interviews with, and instructions from, Doctor Harris render it superfluous for me to give you detailed instructions. I will, however, note one point. In addition to your hourly observations, you will take additional readings at closer intervals during a period of one hour immediately before and one hour immediately after the culmination of high and low water to more clearly trace the tidal curve at those times.

The peculiar condition of the wide permanent glacial fringe at Cape Columbia will make the problem of a satisfactory location for your tide gauge somewhat difficult, but I have confidence in your ability to solve it.

As you are aware, Professor Marvin will take simultaneous observations at the *Roosevelt*. The question of time, therefore, as also the establishment of a reliable bench mark for future reference are two vital points which must claim your constant and best attention.

You will keep the two Esquimaux men in the field hunting at every opportunity. You will start on your return to the ship on the completion of a lunar month of observations, and not later than the 14th of December in any event.

Very truly yours,

R. E. PEARY

PROF. D. B. MACMILLAN

SUPPLEMENTAL INSTRUCTIONS

DEAR SIR:

While the tidal observations are your main object at Cape Columbia the opportunities in other directions afforded by a month's stay at the most northerly limit of all North American lands are not to be thrown away.

In connection with your tidal observations you will make hourly observations of temperature and atmospheric pressure, with full notes in regard to the weather (direction and force of wind, clouds, fog, snow, etc.), movements of the ice when practicable, presence of open water, aurorae, etc.

Very truly yours,

R. E. PEARY

I looked forward eagerly to the pleasures of such a trip. I longed to get away from the crowded ship, from the oppressive heat of the after cabin, to get out again on the long white trail, to wind in and out along the shore among the grounded bergs. Sledging by moonlight along the northern shore of Grant Land in the darkness of the great Arctic night! What memories! The great hills, silent, mysterious, wrapt in their mantle of snow! The heavens studded with their millions of stars revolving around that one star almost directly above us; the rugged ice of the polar pack stretching off to the horizon; the pressure ridges sharply outlined against the sky; the long black shadows of the stranded bergs against the hill!

As we dashed into camp here tonight a stray dog came up out of the snow near the provision cache. The Esquimaux tell me that it is a dog which was tossed by a musk-ox some time ago and is slowly making its way home.

The girls are in their sleeping bags pretty tired after their long cold walk. E-ging-wah and In-u-ghe-to are playing donkey. Barometer is rising; clouds seem to be breaking away. Thermometer at zero.

Nov. 9, Monday, James Ross Bay.—As I came out of the tent this morning I found the stray dog shot through the head and cut open. Questioned each Esquimau and finally learned that he had bolted all the pemmican which Oo-bloo-yah had cut up for his eight dogs. The poor animal only enjoyed it about a minute when Oo-bloo-yah had it back again.

Has been another dark day, no moon, sky completely overcast. Have been ahead with the lantern all day picking trail, but would have been lost a dozen times if it were not for the sharp eyes of the two Esquimau women, In-u-wah-o and Tu-cum-ah. It is astonishing how they can feel the trail buried beneath soft snow, or detect the faintest trace of a dog's foot or sledge runner, by the uncertain light of a flickering lantern the globe of which is heavily frosted or coated with driven snow.

It has cleared off splendidly; the moon is now throwing a flood of light on the high hills of Joseph Henry and Cape Hecla.

Nov. 10, Tuesday, Cape Colan—Over the hills to Sail Harbor was pretty tough going, deep snow, heavy drifts, and bare ground; rather discouraging work for the dogs. The moonlight was so brilliant in Clements Markham Inlet that I could not believe that Cape Colan was twelve miles away. As we passed the mouth, almost unconsciously I began to count one-two-three-four, as I had been ordered to do in survey for eighty miles around its shores two weeks ago—192,000 steps; may I never have that pleasure again! I counted for days afterwards, counted in my sleep, counted my steps wherever I went, would get up in the morning and count my steps to the breakfast table, just twelve from my bunk; thought I would count for the rest of my life.

Was obliged to turn south into the inlet to avoid open water and thin ice. We are in camp tonight off on the sea ice in the lea of a pressure ridge opposite Cape Colan.

Nov. 11, Wednesday—Before breaking camp this morning Jack and I visited a cache on the land of the 1905 expedition. Digging into the snow we found two cases and seven tins of blue pemmican, one tin of biscuit, one pick, one ice cutter, and a flag, which we raised over the cache to mark it. We then struck out over the level surface of a lead of young ice hoping it would eventually swing to the westward but no such luck. In a short time we found ourselves two miles from land with the lead trending to the north. It was then a plunge through deep snow to the shore to rejoin the Esquimaux who had wisely chosen the inshore trail.

About four o'clock we could plainly see the high bluff of Cape Aldrich showing up in the moonlight. I promised cigars, "tee-dick-swah," to the men if we could make it, but the girls were pretty tired having snowshoed continuously for ten hours; the dogs went slower and slower, so we were obliged to go into camp. We pitching our tent, the supporting party building a snow house.

Nov. 12, Thursday, Cape Columbia—Here we are, the most northern human beings in the world, on the most northern point of all North American lands, huddled together in a canvas tent slatting and banging in the wind at a temperature of 38 below zero! Outside it is blowing a gale, one continu-

ous roar of wind and drifting snow. When we left camp this morning conditions were perfect; hundreds of snow covered mountains could be seen in the interior of Grant Land shining in the bright moonlight. A puff of wind in our faces, a whirl of snow, and almost instantly everything was obscured. In the darkness and blinding snow we had some difficulty in finding the provision cache left here by the boys some weeks ago. Pitching the tent in the lee of the boxes we began at once to dig a hole through the sea ice for our tidal gauge. To our surprise after digging through four feet and a half we found gravel. Pretty tough work as it grew colder every minute and wind increasing. Some distance off shore we tried it again working through five feet of ice and still no water.

Nov. 13, Friday—Conditions the same as they were last night—snowing, blowing, and drifting. Our tent is pretty well covered up and so weighted down with snow that the girls are practically buried in their sleeping bags. It is impossible to do a thing outside. Now 36 below zero.

Nov. 14, Saturday—No change, blowing and snowing as hard as ever. Cape Columbia has certainly given us a savage welcome; is doing her best to prove to us that she doesn't receive visitors after dark.

11.00 P. M.—Has been growing warmer all day, now only 12 below. Very low barometer, 28.90, but the clouds are breaking away and wind going down. At four o'clock conditions were so favorable that I sent E-ging-wah and In-u-ghe-to down into Parr Bay for soundings, telling them they must find water before they come back.

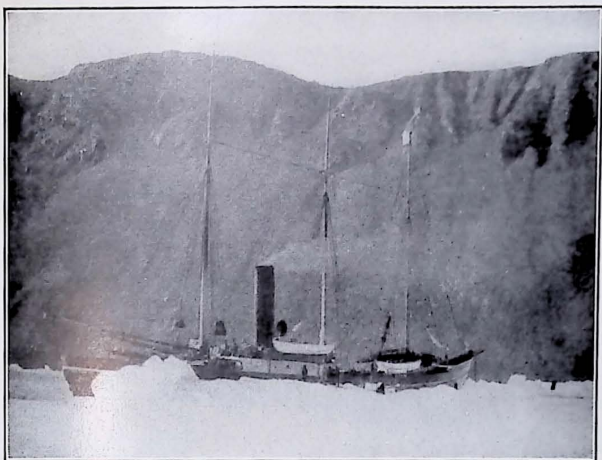
Oo-bloo-yah, Pu-ad-loon-ah, and Zig-loo leave for the *Roosevelt* at midnight. Have fitted them out with tea, sugar, and biscuit as far as Sail Harbor; there they can get plenty of food for rest of journey.

Nov. 15, Sunday—We struck water this morning at 2.15 down under the high cliffs of Cape Aldrich. Will turn in for a few hours' sleep and then move everything down. For breakfast we had a big stew of tomatoes, canned hash, and crackers, all mixed up with the tea—by mistake. We didn't know we had eaten the tea until someone looked around for it.

Nov. 16, Monday—We are living tonight in our new home, a snow igloo, and feel as if we can enjoy its comforts as we are pretty tired, having dug more than four tons of ice out of the tidal hole to make room for gauge.

As six of us are to live here one month the Esquimau boys have built a good sized igloo, 11 feet 7 inches one way by 12 the other, with a total height of 8 feet 2 inches. On the snow bed we have placed small boards and snow shoes, covering these with sheep skins to prevent the heat of our bodies from melting the snow. The girls lighted up the oil stoves, making it so warm inside that water ran down the walls in streams; they then put these out and opened the door. The inner surface of the hard compacted snow blocks soon changed into ice giving promise of resisting any degree of heat which we might have in the future. In going out we drop through a hole in the floor into a smaller igloo; then on hands and knees through a tunnel to the outer entrance.

Nov. 17, Tuesday—Jack and I have established six hour watches for our tidal observations. Turned in at 12.40 and had a very comfortable night in our new house; called at 6.30. Found sky overcast and snowing a little. Have packed away our supplies in "tossut" (outer entrance). Find we have 22 cans tomatoes, 17 corn, 17 brown bread, 29 beans, 16 salmon, 21 milk, and 27 hash. As I shall need 324 rations this supply will permit me to furnish each person per meal with a third of a can of each. This together with a quart of tea and eight ounces of crackers will constitute our meals for a month.



The "Roosevelt" in the Greenland Ice in the Autumn of 1908



"Crane City"—The Igloo Camp at Cape Columbia, most northerly land camp in the world



MacMillan taking weather observations at Cape Sheridan



Typical Arctic Sledging

Will go home on pemmican if we do not kill musk-oxen on the next moon. Have sent the Esquimaux back into the hills hunting but with no success. They report "tu-mee tee-dick-swah" (many tracks). Possibly the musk-oxen heard the barking of our dogs and have taken to the mountains.

As soon as our tin stove was up and ready for use Jack rubbed his hands together declaring we would have a damn good fire. To prove his statement he proceeded to cram in all the wood we had in the house. I think it began to smoke when he reached for a match, and soon put everything to shame that I ever saw. Jack, rubbing his eyes and coughing, managed to gasp out "Every-new-one-smokes," and that is the last I heard clearly; that is, the last complete sentence in good English. The ejaculations, exclamations, words showing his extreme disgust, and swearing, were very pronounced. I crawled down beneath the bed clothes, the women buried their faces in the musk-ox skins, E-ging-wah dove out through the hole in the floor and knocked a hole in the roof.

Nov. 18, Wednesday—Thirty-two below zero today. Put in bench mark on the shore at the foot of the cliff opposite the tidal igloo. Tried to take sights with transit, one of the girls holding a lantern so that I could see cross hairs, but wind blew so hard that I found it impossible. The screws on the telescope burned like hot iron. Have broken two of our lanterns; if we break another, our last, we shall have a hard time getting home, as it will be impossible to see the trail with only a part of the last quarter of the moon to travel by.

Jack is up on his throne mourning for his pipe which he lost on the trail. The Esquimaux played a good joke on him today. They are now in bed at twelve o'clock laughing about it, and all eating dog pemmican!

Nov. 19, Thursday—38 below zero. Have buried the last lantern in a snow bank so that no one will use it. Found out what it was on my last trip to go through broken ice in the dark. The boys have been up into Parr Bay again today after musk-oxen but failed to see anything, although there were plenty of tracks. Our stove eats up wood like a furnace; pemmican cases nearly gone. We shall not have half wood enough.

Nov. 20, Friday—Had a fire last night in the igloo—where we did not want it. Our blanket lining caught around the stove pipe melting quite a large hole in the roof. Learned that the Esquimaux word for hole is "up-shah-sul-nee-eye." Later in the day I requested In-u-wah-o to take her needle and thread and sew up the hole in my bear skin trousers. Both girls burst out laughing and continued to do so for some time. When they quieted down she told me that I asked her to take her needle and thread and sew up the snow hole in the roof of my pants! Should have used the word "keed-lah." There are different words for different kinds of holes. Have been out on the ice today for six hours taking a tidal observation every fifteen minutes.

Nov. 21, Saturday—Thermometer 42 below. Northern lights extending across the sky from north to south. Sent the boys today to Bartlett's cache on the point after wood, dog pemmican, and oil. Since coming here it has been quite a problem how to keep the Esquimaux contented and happy. Almost every day one of them will ask me the question, "How many sleeps before we go back to the ship?" They realize that the others on board are having a good time, are much more comfortable, and have more to eat. Each night I try to tell them stories of our country, of the big houses, of the crowded streets, of railway trains, of trolley cars, of automobiles (describing them as sledges without dogs!) all very wonderful and hard for them to understand!

Nov. 22, Sunday—The *dévil* came again today, and we were obliged to shoot him several times before he consented to leave. Strange people! "Children of the Arctic" they have been called and well named! A people without a God, without even a good spirit, but with two devils! When in trouble instead of praying to God to help them they implore the Devil (*Torn-gar-suk*) to let them alone! Huddled together in the bed, conversing in tones hardly above a whisper, they listened intently to every sound—the sighing of the wind, the swish of the drifting snow, the cracking of the ice foot.

Yes, he was coming tonight! Was even now coming down the big cliff back of our snow house! Loading their rifles the two Esquimaux dropped noiselessly out of the hole in the floor, crept along the snow entrance, jumped to their feet, fired their rifles into the air, darted into the passage, popped up through the door, and were once more in bed waiting patiently for the glad sound of the retreat of their greatest enemy.

Nov. 23, Monday—Forty below today. A bit chilly out on the ice lying down on our breast taking ten minute observations for three hours! It takes about all of our time to keep the water from freezing and the tide gauge free of ice. The watch must be held in the warm hand down inside of the bear skin mitten or it would soon stop. Got some interesting results showing that the tide fluctuates back and forth according to the cracking of the ice.

Could not break Jack out of his warm bed at two o'clock, so continued my observations until four. To save wood and oil will let fire go out tonight and burn only one side of oil stove.

Nov. 24, Tuesday—Jack called me early this morning as I requested him to, so that I could take another sight at bench mark and tidal igloo from opposite direction. So cold that the telescope worked with difficulty. Think I got it accurately—bench mark 8.37 feet above zero of tidal gauge. Have taken five minute observations today for both high and low water.

Nov. 25, Wednesday—So cold in igloo last night that I frosted both heels. Have decided to let my feet and the oil stove room together after this on watch; have made a box for them which I shall try tonight.

Have had some sudden changes in temperature today, the thermometer rising 18 degrees in one hour, and later in the day dropping 12. Wood nearly gone. Wicks in oil stove very short; looks as though we will be obliged to make some out of our shirts for the home trip.

Nov. 26, Thursday—Thanksgiving Day! And one long to be remembered! I lie among the skins on the bed platform and think of the many good dinners I have had, and where I have spent some very pleasant Thanksgiving Days. This one is unique in many ways.

I celebrate the day by first having a good wash; some of us wash about once a week and some not at all. Jack and I sing a few old familiar songs—not familiar to us! I tell the Esquimaux what the day means to us at home; that it is a day of thanksgiving and prayer; that on that day there are many family reunions; that fathers, mothers, brothers, sisters, all sit together around a big table, and the table is piled high with food. This last especially interested them; Dick Dead Eye, In-u-ghe-to, sat right up straight in bed.

I told them we ought to have something extra in honor of the day. Looking into my box I found a quart jar of cranberries which Charlie Percy, the cook, had placed there on my leaving the *Roosevelt*; and visions of a cranberry pie such as I had seen in restaurant windows, with the straps going across one way and then the other, arose before me. We had the pie. As



Interior of an Igloo, showing Esquimau woman cooking

the Esquimaux pronounced it the best one which they had ever eaten I take the liberty to write out the recipe here. Grease plate with butter. Crush up biscuits with your hands into as fine a dust as possible. Mix with large tube of musk-ox tallow; use all of it as crackers are very dry. To be sure of good results, that is, to have a good flaky crust, put in three large lumps of butter in addition to all the tallow. Cover plate with thick layer and spread on cranberries. Put it on the oil stove and bake quickly before the fat has a chance to boil up through the cranberries. If grease runs out on top of your oil stove creating a dense smoke in your igloo, remove the pie at once and place it in the open air at a temperature of forty below zero. This is simply another way of hardening the crust if heat fails to do it. Serve cold and eat at once providing each guest with a hammer or an axe according to the condition of his teeth. The musk-ox tallow makes an especially appropriate shortening for such a day, giving to the crust a peculiar odor as well as taste not unlike that of turkey stuffing.

(On my return to the ship I learned that my tin tube of musk-ox tallow was salve which the Doctor had prepared for cuts, frost bites and burns!!)

After dinner cigars were passed around; a group flashlight picture was taken; and then to our sleeping bags and the day was over.

Concluded in the February number

Sing a song of dollars

Jingling in your jeans

Cash to come to Little Old

New York is what it means.

Cash to come in February

For Convention time—

(Wish we'd started out in prose,

This sure is rotten rhyme.)

A New Playwright

BY NORMAN HACKETT, Γ^A '98

A Theta Delt proclaimed the successor of Geo. M. Cohan.

It will be a matter of interest and pride to all Theta Delt to know that on October eighteenth at the Princess Theater, San Francisco, a Theta Delt in the person of Walter De Leon, Δ^A '97, had his first composition produced professionally and scored a pronounced success. His work is a musical play called "The Campus" with college life as its theme.

The production was made by the Ferris Hartman Opera Company and won the unanimous verdict of the San Francisco press. Hartman will produce it on the coast and already eastern managers are negotiating for the rights of future works of its young author.

Brother De Leon attracted attention at the University of California by his clever songs, originality, specialty performances and good fellowship. A more popular man has never gone through the University of California, and his class play was considered unusually bright and clever. After the earthquake disaster he left college and applied to Ferris Hartman, who had an opera company in Oakland, for a position. He was started in the chorus and rapidly advanced to stage manager and leading comedian, having been with the organization ever since. A year ago he married Miss "Muggins" Davis, the charming ingenue of the company, who also scored a success in "The Campus" in the opposite leading part to Brother De Leon.

At the first performance of "The Campus" several hundred California students and the entire Δ^A Charge attended and gave the production and principals a great send-off. Several San Francisco critics seem to have discovered a successor to the invincible Geo. M. Cohan in Brother De Leon and predict great things for his future. At any rate he has scored one, and is a mighty brilliant, talented young fellow of whom Θ Δ X has reason already to be very proud and whose future the Fraternity will watch with even greater interest and gratification.

The following excerpts from the 'Frisco press speak for themselves:

"The Campus" is the real goods. Sparkles with wit, glows with atmosphere, and teems with much catchy music.—*The Chronicle*.

"The Campus" is Cohanesque in a measure, yet sufficiently original to give hope for a lot of good things from its author. It surprised even the warmest friends of De Leon last night.—*The Examiner*.

De Leon's musical comedy emphatically makes good. There is no use tagging De Leon as one of the comers in the ranks of musical comedy

writers, for he has made the discovery himself and all who have seen "The Campus" are in on the discovery.—*The Evening Post*.

"The Campus" is clean and surprisingly musical. Mr. De Leon is the author of the music as well as of the words. His melodies are tuneful, his lyrics good verse and not doggerel. If he has not equalled Geo. Ade in wit, he has certainly outdone Geo. M. Cohan in plausibility and sense.—*The Argonaut*.

"SHORTY'S" UNDOING

In the annals of K^Δ there is a tale that will live for long—the story of "Shorty's" undoing. Stanley E. Wilkinson of Kankakee, Ill., K^Δ '08, was small "below" his age but learned beyond his size and years. It was "Shorty's" wont to write home each and every week, telling Papa and Mama of his unprecedented grades, his exemplary behavior, and other matters which would meet with the parents' unqualified approval and enthusiastic endorsement. Among other topics of parental interest Stanley never failed to mention his pilgrimages to the First Methodist church of Urbana—every Sunday, never skipping pilgrimages, mind you. Well, the story is told, and indeed it sounds quite plausible, that once upon a time "Shorty's" father dropped in upon him unexpectedly for a short visit. 'Twas Sunday a. m. and all the contemptible cigarets were "ditched" with well assumed disdain, and there was an unusual general excellence and tameness in the boys' manners. Nothing would do but Father must go to church with "Shorty." That was agreed without argument. Stanley did not argue; he commanded. But, alas, he did not catch the twinkle in the corners of several eyes, nor the smothered snicker behind various backs.

"Shorty" stepped out gallantly, and in his anxiety to lead his father to his weekly shrine of worship he was somewhat like the steel jawed bull pup at the far end of a healthy chain. In due season "Shorty" and his parent arrived at the scene of his religious mania.

Behold—the stately pile was indeed a pile—of bricks. Several weeks previous workmen had begun to tear down the church preparatory to building a newer house of worship. Alas for "Shorty's" knowledge of the landscape in that vicinity. He had not been to church for many a long month, and when the twain suddenly beheld the result of three weeks' destruction there were innumerable explanations which fell rather flat on the fatherly ear, and much ado about what was then nothing.

The story is passed down from generation unto generation.

The Fraternity

BY W. H. WIGGIN, JR., I '92

The product of the imagination beautifully expressing the spirit of youth.

I fancy the Fraternity means many things to many men—that it means something different to each one of us and that this meaning is colored by our own distinctive personality. Regardless, however, of these individual meanings which may be read into the Fraternity, I think we can arrive at some statement, approximately accurate, of what the Fraternity stands for, symbolizes, or means to all of us.

In a sense I resent any attempt at defining what the Fraternity means. The minute we begin to define we limit and I find myself loath to set any limits to what the Fraternity or the spirit of the Fraternity may mean to us. I like to think of the Fraternity as without limits in its possible meaning and inspiration to us.

I fancy the Fraternity may appeal to many of us because it constitutes a sort of aristocracy. It is an aristocracy to which we are not born but are elected. Once elected, however, our standing is fixed and becomes as much and inviolably ours as if we had been born to it and as if it were our birthright. The Fraternity may not mean more than a pleasant social organization made up of men who are or who have been in college and who have similar antecedents in the way of training, education and natural taste.

If I am not mistaken our Fraternity has a more fundamental appeal than that expressed simply by an aristocracy, a social or fraternal order. While being all this, if the Fraternity did not express and meet some more elemental need it could not be the source of inspiration which it is; it might serve its purpose and pass into history or be forgotten.

In my attempt to define the meaning of our Fraternity I want to call your attention to two facts which seem to me significant. The first is that the Fraternity is over sixty years old and in the sixty years of its life has grown marvellously. There must be something enduring in the principle or conception it expresses. Institutions and organizations do not last unless there be some good reason for their being.

“Age cannot wither her nor custom stale her infinite variety.”

The second fact is that the Fraternity was founded by young men while they were still in college. This signifies that in some way it expresses the spirit of the young man—the spirit of youth. What is the spirit of youth? What is the quality about youth which distinguishes it from old age? What is the thing about our own youth which sets it apart from all the other years of our lives and

hallows it in our memory? Perhaps you who are now in college, who are now very young men, who are filled with the abounding life of youth, and are more occupied with the enjoyment of your youth than with the analysis of it, cannot answer this question so readily as we who have passed on out of college days and to whom those days are a memory. I believe that to us who are older, as we look back upon our youth, there are a number of things about it that impress us at once.

Youth is the period of hope. Life is at its beginning. We ourselves are untried and inexperienced. The future is before us, big with unrealized and un-lived significance. It calls to us and we indulge larger hopes about it and about ourselves than at any other time in our lives. To paraphrase Tennyson's lines, then it is we "dip into the future far as human eye can see; see the vision of the world and all the wonder that it be." The inspiration of life is upon us.

Youth is a period of courage. It is then that the man girds up his loins, breathes deep and full, looks the whole universe fearlessly and expectantly in the face and is ready for any undertaking. "When duty whispers low, 'Thou must' the youth replies, 'I can.'"

Youth is the period of decisions. It is then that the important decisions of a man's life are made. It is then that he has the courage to start on new journeys and large undertakings which it will take a lifetime to carry out and when he has the hope and conviction of reaching his journey's end. It is then that the young man decides upon his career, that the "die is cast." It is then that the young man leaves home, that he leaves friends and old associations, perhaps to endure want and poverty, that he renounces pleasures, comforts and established position that he may make more of himself or that he may realize what he conceives to be his mission in the world. This is an essential quality of youth. It may be nothing more than a commercial ambition that fires him, it may be the search for truth or religious zeal. The propelling causes are as many and as wide as human interests. It may be an exalted purpose and ideal that sustains him comparable to that of Prince Siddartha, who cried on renouncing the pleasures of the world:

"Oh suffering world,
Oh known and unknown of my common flesh
I see, I feel the vastness of the agony of earth
The vainness of its joys, the mockery
Of all its best, the anguish of its worst."

Pitiful and poverty stricken indeed is the life of the young man who has not felt the coercing power or some mastering ideal—something so much bigger than himself that it holds him, sanctifies and consecrates him and puts meaning and purpose into his life. It is now that the young man puts his hand to the plow and knows that he who looks back is unworthy of his calling.

Youth is also the period of faith. It is not only that the youth conceives largely concerning himself and the world but he has also

an abiding faith in his own capacity to do things and that things are worth doing. "In the bright lexicon of youth there is no such word as fail." The palsied hand of doubt has not made itself felt as yet. That comes with age.

Youth is therefore the period of hope, of courage, of decisions and of faith. There is another quality of youth which gives the reason for this hope, this courage, this decision and this faith.

Youth is the period of visions. It has hope, courage, decisions and faith because it has visions. Nothing truer was ever said than that "Unless they have a vision the people perish." Youth has visions because it has imagination. The imagination is the creative faculty; it is the power of conceiving and expressing the ideal. It is the faculty which enables us to project ourselves into the future and to conceive largely of that future and of ourselves. It gives us visions and unless we have visions we perish. Youth is impregnated with the imagination.

The $\Theta \Delta X$ Fraternity is the product of the imagination and expresses a beautiful vision of youth. In this it stands for and expresses the spirit of youth. We love it and return to it not merely because it renews our youth, but because once more to us, who are getting old, it takes us back to the visions of our youth. It calls us to reconsecrate ourselves to the purposes and ideals of our youth and we love it because in itself it is a great reservoir of youth. The richness and fulness of its life is his who can take it. The Fraternity says to each one of us, "I am come that ye might have more life and that ye might have it more abundantly."

PEOPLE WHO LIVE IN GLASS HOUSES

should dress in the dark

**What's that got to do with
C O N V E N T I O N ?**

***Come to New York February 19-22 for the answer
and the TIME OF YOUR LIFE***

The Side-Show and the Main Tent*

BY STANTON GRIFFIS, B'10

A plea for a return by students to serious work in college.

The president of Princeton University has asked the question, "What is a college for?" observing, that in this day and generation it is indeed strange that such a question should be necessary. In his analysis of the situation, Mr. Wilson declares that in the American college the "side-show" of student activities is encroaching rapidly upon the "main tent" of college work, a condition under which he is not entirely sure that he cares to remain as ring-master.

In the good old days of colleges, when interest was centered upon the valedictorian and when football captains did not exist, the life of the college, reflecting as it does today the life of the world without, was less complex, its interests fewer. But with the more complex life of today the college has become a veritable community, a world, with its professions and all its varied activities in miniature.

It is these institutions which have grown up as the extra-curriculum manifestations of college life that the president of Princeton characterizes as the "side-show." It is here lies the lure away from the "main tent." The so-called college activities, which have become of such all-engrossing interest in the undergraduate's mind, have made necessary the question, What is a college for? Truly, when it becomes by no means unusual for an editor or a manager of a college newspaper to devote an average of four or five hours daily to his paper throughout his college course, when added to this work is the multitude of social obligations which attach themselves as a matter of course to such a position, when the college athlete is handled like a professional prize-fighter to insure perfect physical condition, when he is placed at a training table in order, in the words of the coaches, he may eat, talk and sleep football, it is time to ask, What is a college for?

The development of undergraduate activities, as we have observed, is the reflection of the world of today. It is an age of activity, an age of work, an age of multiple interests. The undergraduate, feeling the throb and bustle of modern life, conscious of powers of work stirring within him, is not content to tread the beaten path of the curriculum but turns aside to new enterprises. That very public opinion, too, that decries the existence of college activities of such magnitude, sweeps them into ever increasing vogue by its intense interest in them.

*Delivered by Brother Griffis as the winning oration in competition for the Woodford Prize in Oratory at Cornell University on May 6th, 1910. "Stan" Griffis had perhaps more college honors than any other man in the class of 1910, Cornell. He was editor-in-chief of the *Cornell Daily Sun*, 1909-10.—EDITOR.

The magazine and newspaper editor allows his choice of material to be guided by the public demand; the playwright follows the thought of the day. So the underclassman looks about him for that line of activity carrying most prestige in the public eye, and it is not difficult for him to realize that the captain of the football team is the idol of the college and the country, while the man who heads his class in scholarship receives only a Φ B K key and oblivion.

The influence of the returning alumnus is thrown entirely in favor of the extra-curriculum activities. His tales told at the fire-side as the undergraduates group about him, are not of books or classrooms, but rather of the gridiron or baseball diamond, or of college honors not granted for scholarship. But perhaps the greatest of all influences in favor of the development of college activities can be found in that typical social development of the college, the Greek letter fraternities.

For it is by reason of the fact that the ranking of the various fraternities in the undergraduate mind is apt to be purely on the basis of the college prominence of their members, that the underclassmen of every fraternity are practically forced to enter the lists of undergraduate competition in order that, as the leaders of the fraternity express it, they may "uphold the honor of the house."

In the social, physical or business training received by the undergraduate who gives the main quota of his time to college activities there is undoubted benefit. There is a general training of mind and body; there is sometimes a preliminary drill in a vocation; there are severe tests of manhood not dissimilar to those which will later be experienced in a less artificial life. But the danger mark is crossed when your so-called prominent student begins to forget his university work at all times save when examinations loom up directly ahead, when he so loses all sense of proportion that the childish triumphs of college allow him to bask in his own sunshine and in the emulation of the underclassmen who do his bidding.

There is danger, indeed, in the American college when the election of an undergraduate to an organization which has become the social arbiter of the student community changes him almost ex-officio into a snob; when social lines in a network of clubs are so closely drawn that undergraduate democracy is forgotten.

The question, What is a college for? can be answered in but one way; the college is first and foremost a place for mental discipline and training rather than a place for heterogeneous experience, a discipline which shall result in a general awakening of the faculties rather than a preliminary vocational drill. There can be no doubt of the purpose of the college, but that purpose will not be fulfilled until the student activities, overgrown and top-heavy with self-importance, shall be subordinated to their proper place in college life.

How, then, can they be subordinated? The solution of the problem must lie partly with the faculties, but to a greater extent with the undergraduates themselves. New standards of the value of work within and without the classroom must be set up, new habits

of thought established. When the undergraduate of today, led by the men who are older in college experience, shall realize that college honors, as they are considered today, are but tinsel and paste, when he shall understand that the only athletics of real value to the college are the intramural, democratic athletics, when the fashion of affecting intellectual vacuity shall give way to outspoken respect for the scholar, then will the "side-show" cease to exist as a competitor of the "main tent."

Then, indeed, will President Wilson's collegiate ideal be realized, and our colleges shall conceive of themselves as organizations into which young men are received as into a family of free persons, bound together by common obligations and common privileges, living together, teacher and pupil, in an intercourse of common advantage; its main object, study; its diversions, diversions, not occupations; its sport, sport, not competitive business; its society a free society of equals, not a congeries of rival social groups.

AT THE TURN OF THE LANE

Some years ago I was touring with a little company in some obscure Southern towns (I forget where) and I had a wish to desert the whole outfit. I did not go to the hotel but wandered off by myself over the hills and far away. And what did I strike do you suppose? Nothing less than a marble college, or it may have been a university. Connected with the affair was a rather exclusive hotel and there I put up.

At dinner I was next to various professors. I remember hearing President Chapin say once that each college puts its stamp upon their men. So to me a Theta Delt has a very distinctive quality. At this same table there seemed one man especially so distinguished. After a while conversation turned on college and fraternity life especially. This young professor said he had belonged to a college fraternity but no longer wore the pin! I inquired what fraternity and he replied to $\Theta\Delta X!!!$ Then I knew why I wandered away from my company and what led me to the college quarters. From that moment until we left town he did not allow me out of his sight.

Of course we had many mutual friends and conversation did not precisely lag! Before I left he was wearing his Fraternity emblem and wondering why he ever became so apathetic regarding it. Much as the Fraternity means in college, it often bears a deeper significance out of college, and in later years. Such has been my experience and before I left this brother he realized some of the great injustice he had done himself.

A. R., K '01

The Enchanted Lagoon

From *Newark Sunday Call**

A story of the strange experiences a Theta Delt met while surveying a country the Indians of Ecuador believed to be haunted.

'Tis strange—but true: for truth is always strange;
 Stranger than fiction; if it could be told,
 How much would novels gain by the exchange!
 How differently the world would men behold * * *
 —Byron.

Some people live stories, as Kipling says of "Bob" Evans, while others write them. Most of the stories that were lived were never written, and most of the stories that have been written were never lived. There's many a fish in the sea that never was caught; there's many a diamond that never was mined, and there's many a thrilling story of real life that never was published to the world. The Coopers and the Mayne Reids and the Haggards and the Stevensons are too busy with their own specialty to make the adventures they describe, and the men who do make adventures generally have something else to do than to dress them up in literary guise. As a general rule, your real man of adventure is apt to be close-mouthed about his experiences, and, if you ask him for a story, as like as not he will reply in the words of George Canning's knife grinder:

"Story? God bless you, I have none to tell, sir."

And thus it is that no one knows what his next door neighbor may have up his sleeve.

So much by way of preface.

Newark, like every other community, has among its citizens those who have lived stories. A *Call* man chanced the other day to catch one of them on the defensive and lost no time in thrusting home an insistent demand for a yarn of some sort.

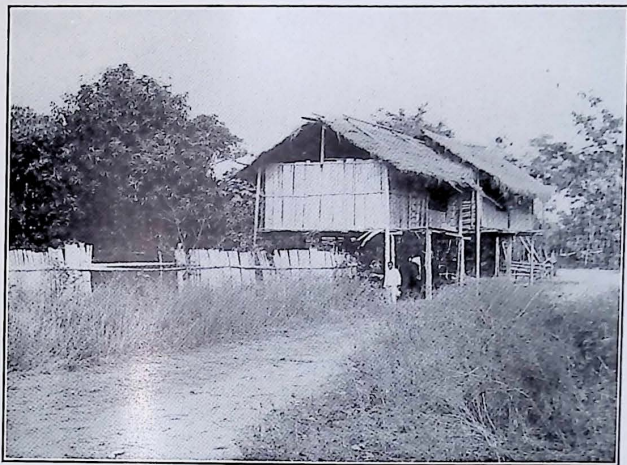
"Yarn, yarn, what do you mean?" he said. "What the country girls use to make mittens for their sweethearts? And woe to him who gets it!" he added solemnly.

"Gets what—the mitten? One would think you had been there," suggested the scribe. "That dolorous tone has the true ring."

"One would think right," said the other. "It was the fickleness of a girl—or perhaps I should say my own inability to convince her I was the only real thing that had existed up to date—that sent me on the path of the only adventures I have had." The speaker was James C. Hallock, Δ '91, chief assistant to City Engineer Sherrerd.

"You demand the history of my life?" he said. "Well, sir, you shall have it. Suppose we start in this fashion:

*This interview appeared in the July 3, 1910, issue.



Courtesy of the Bureau of American Republics.

Homes along the coast of Ecuador



Courtesy of the Bureau of American Republics.

A gathering of Ecuadorian Indians



"Born in the romantic island of Skye, in the Inner Hebrides, at the early age of 13—"

"Hold on, that won't do! Thirteen's unlucky. It will never do to start that way."

"Now you see I am beginning a history, but I'll try not to bore you, for I may tell you a thing or two later out of the ordinary. Well, in New York I ran across one of my classmates at 'Poly.' He was an Ecuadorian. Had plugged it pretty much on his own hook through the institute and had sort of lost track of his family. I gave him a synopsis of the situation, in so far as my case was concerned.

" 'Let's go to South America,' he said, when I had finished.

" 'All right,' I replied, without any hesitation at all. I was game for anything then, so long as it had the flavor of adventure in it. Walking down Broadway, I saw visions of Patagonians in battle array.

"We were headed for the Panama steamship office. When I got there I discovered that José—that was his name—hadn't any money; or, rather, had so little that it wasn't worth discussing. I suppose modesty had forbidden him to mention the fact. We got passage by steeerage. When the steward learned we were civil engineers fresh from college, he took pity on us and brought us to his own mess. The other officers kicked, because we were steeerage passengers, but he threatened to resign. He knew they couldn't get another steward at the Isthmus so we fared pretty well on that particular part of the trip. How we accomplished the rest of the journey to Ecuador would be telling. We mightn't be there yet if it hadn't been for a Rensselaer man who was holding down a good job in the City of Panama. He 'staked' us and also sent back a small loan the steward had forced on us.

"Well, José found his folks,* and we fell into the bosom of the family. There I guess we can safely leave him and I'll go on on my own hook. Ecuador was all new to me—scenery, people, customs—and I enjoyed it, in spite of the heat, which was terrific in that low country adjoining the Pacific, a degree from the equator."

The speaker paused in his narrative long enough to get a fresh cigar in action.

"You could have lighted a cigar with a pebble from the beach down there," he said, "if you could have held the pebble in your fingers long enough."

"Continue, Baron Munchausen," said the scribe, meekly.

"Ah, but Baron Munchausen wrote his own adventures, and it is you who will have to do the baronial honors in this case. I am responsible for only what I say, not for what you publish. However, I think a Dante could do better than a Munchausen in describing the heat of that particular part of Ecuador.

"After I had been in the province of Esmeraldas for some time the Governor sent for me. He had heard of me as a young civil engineer from the United States. In the first place he asked me for

*See "Unusual Occurrences," on page 297, Volume XXV.

my credentials. I had left my diploma at home, but I told him I thought I could get it, properly certified. It was six months before I did, but meantime they had taken me on trust, and I was placed in official charge of a survey which, in many respects, was one of the most peculiar I have ever undertaken.

"There had been a great many private grants of land throughout a territory largely composed of morass and jungle, and inhabited almost entirely by wild beasts and all sorts of tropical snakes and water animals. Nobody knew where one grant ended and another began. The Governor wanted this wilderness explored and charted, and that was the task cut out for me. I hardly knew whether it was an honor, or whether he regarded me as a prospective revolutionist and wanted to get rid of me in an easy way.

"When I began to study the texts of the grants and the rough charts that had been filed with them I saw right away that I was going to get interested. Most of the documents referred to an 'Enchanted Lagoon' at some point out in the wilderness, the location of which appeared to be taken for granted."

Mr. Hallock paused to puff up on his cigar, which had been neglected. He then devoted a critical moment to an inspection of the glowing ash.

"I am now," he said, "getting to the Edgar Allan Poe stage of my narrative."

"That means a variation from Munchausen?"

"That means," he replied, "that I am going to tell you one of the weirdest experiences any citizen of the States ever had in a South American jungle, and every word of it gospel. I made up my mind that the first thing I would have to do would be to find this Enchanted Lagoon. After diligent inquiry among the inhabitants, I got hazy information that it was 'off there.' They pointed in a vague direction.

"They told me the legend of the place. A certain man who was said to be a German engineer had come over with Pizarro. He heard one of those old-time tales of fabulous wealth in the wilds of what is now the province of Esmeraldas, and set out alone to find it. Long after that they found at the edge of this Enchanted Lagoon a parchment on which he told of his strange fate. In his wanderings he had come to the lagoon and found there a beautiful spirit, the presiding genius of the place. She had fallen in love with him and pleaded with him to jump from a tall cliff that bordered the water and become hers forever. It seems that at the time of writing he had yielded to her blandishments and consented to make the jump.

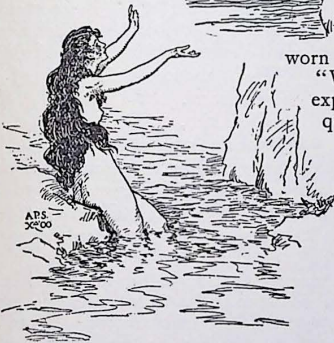
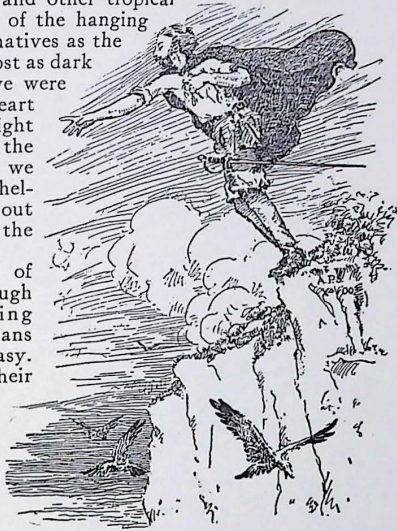
"Tradition tells us that Sappho became a swan when she took the Lover's Leap. Ecuador is not far behind when it comes to fine poetical methods of disposing of the heroes of romance, and so they made the young German the presiding genius of the place, along with the mermaid, or naiad, or whatever she was, who is supposed to have caught him in her arms when he fell.

"For the purposes of my expedition I selected six Indians who appeared to know something about the Enchanted Lagoon. Much

of our way we had to cut through jungle with machetes. Once I remember in the level country I looked back through a low tunnel nearly a mile long. At the end was just a pin point of light where we had entered the jungle. The thick foliage of the rubber, mahogany, ebony, *lignum vitæ* and other tropical trees and the leaves of the hanging vine known by the natives as the *bajouka* made it almost as dark in our tunnel as if we were going through the heart of a mountain. At night we would get near the running water when we could, and put up a shelter of leaves to keep out the constant drip of the heavy dews.

"After two weeks of hacking our way through jungle and struggling through bogs the Indians began to get uneasy. Finally they sent their spokesman to me.

"Our provisions are almost gone," he said. "The men are



worn out. We must turn back.'

"We were in a section where I expected to find the object of our quest, if it were to be found anywhere, and I told them we must go on. And on we went. I was confident the lagoon existed and also that I would recognize it if I saw it. The descriptions I had seen were definite, and appeared to be authentic. Finally the men admitted we were on the right track and

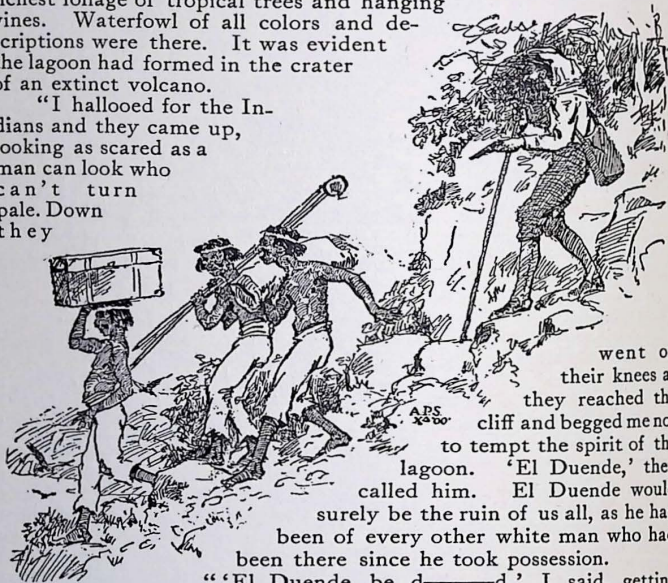
said the lagoon was straight on. But suddenly they balked and I couldn't get them to go a step further.

"For a time I couldn't find out what was the matter. Then the spokesman told me I shouldn't go to the lagoon, because the spirit of the white man that haunted the place would cause the water to rise up and overwhelm me if I appeared on the shore, and they

would perish with me. Their actions led me to suspect that the lagoon was close by. I took a machete and went on alone for a short distance and came to a cliff about three hundred feet high. The top was bare, and I looked down and saw a pond, or lagoon, covering about fifteen acres. The cliff rose almost perpendicularly from the shores on three sides, and opposite where I stood there was a rugged descent to the water.

"Eureka!" I cried, but in a low voice, for what I saw made me almost speechless. It would be hard to conceive anything more wild, romantic and beautiful. It was all framed and draped in the richest foliage of tropical trees and hanging vines. Waterfowl of all colors and descriptions were there. It was evident the lagoon had formed in the crater of an extinct volcano.

"I halloooed for the Indians and they came up, looking as scared as a man can look who can't turn pale. Down they



went on their knees as they reached the cliff and begged me not to tempt the spirit of the lagoon. 'El Duende,' they called him. El Duende would surely be the ruin of us all, as he had been of every other white man who had been there since he took possession. "El Duende be d——d," I said, getting tired of this nonsense. 'I'll take care of him when he starts anything.'

"None of them appeared to understand me, but they did begin to take notice when I pulled a revolver and ordered them to go on ahead of me to a place where we could descend the cliff. It was like driving cats into a brook to get them down to the water's edge. There they flopped on their knees again and begged me not to do anything to insult the spirit of the place. I saw the only way to act was to take the bull by the horns, so I picked up as large a stone as I could handle for the purpose and threw it into the pond, bellowing as loud as I could, 'El Duende! El Duende!' with a few choice epithets in Spanish.

"Did anything ever get your goat, as the polite youths of the modern day express it? Well, what happened then and there got mine. There was a loud and sudden swish and whirr of wings as the waterfowl rose in large numbers, and the water of the lagoon began to boil. The whole thing was really unnerving, considering the solitary situation I was in, and the horrors that had unconsciously instilled themselves into me through the abject terror of the Indians. For a moment I stood dazed. I was incapable of thinking, but I felt in my system that I was in the midst of enchantment. I stared at the water, half expecting to see the twin spirits rise in their wrath to overwhelm me. But all I saw were two or three big indignant alligators that had been disturbed in their nap.

"Alligators are old pals in that country, and they brought me back to my senses. But on the Indians they had an opposite effect. These children of nature apparently thought they had been sent by the spirits as a warning.

"'Maybe they will send more messengers,' I said. I bombarded the lagoon with stones and shouted more defiance to the late lamented Teuton and his amphibious bride. Nothing happened.

"'Wait,' said one of the oldest of the Indians, shaking his head.

"With the greatest of difficulty I managed to persuade my companions to camp on the shore, but about four o'clock in the morning we were awakened by the most unearthly noises, sounding at times like the grunt of a pig and at other times like the bellow of a bull. I grabbed my shotgun and ran from under the shelter. In the dim light I saw one of the Indians standing in the water, stark naked. He declared that during the night El Duende had dragged him from the camp into the lagoon and tried to drown or strangle him. I suspected that Indian, but I couldn't figure for the life of me how a human being could make such a noise.

"We went back to bed, but not to sleep. Before we could close our eyes there arose a wild screeching, along with cries for help. My companions in the tent appeared too terrified to move, so I went out again with my shotgun, and found another of the Indians in apparent trouble. His clothes were scattered about, and he had a terrible tale to tell about a struggle with El Duende. By this time the thing began to get on my nerves, though I didn't care to show it. At daylight there came a shout from the back of the shelter where we had been sleeping.

"'Patron! Patron!' That meant me. Somebody evidently was very much alarmed over something, and I hurried out. I found some of the Indians. They pointed to a big hole in the ground, evidently dug during the night. They tried to persuade me it was a grave El Duende had made to put our bodies in after he had disposed of us in the way that might best suit his taste and convenience. I told you we were going to have some Poe. Let it be 'The Gold Bug' in this particular instance.

"In the bottom of that hole the natural earth formed a mould which presented distinctly the outlines of a box. I have since wondered whether those Indians had some treasure buried there

which they did not want me to find. I learned later that they had brought me to the lagoon by a circuituous route, and they themselves might have known how to come by a shorter one.

"I was greatly puzzled by the queer events of the night, but didn't dare to look it. We were almost out of provisions and I sent some of the Indians to bring back a fresh stock from the nearest ranch. As nearly as I could figure it, this was about thirty miles away. Then I persuaded the rest of them to aid me in the task of surveying the lagoon and the surrounding territory. We began it and worked hard the first day.

"That night I was awakened by the screech of a jaguar. With a Winchester in my hand I crawled out of the shelter and started a fire with some tinder we had collected. Then I found that all my companions had taken French leave. The night was very still. As I stood by the fire peering out into the darkness I heard distinctly a sound as of bells or chimes. Now and then the jaguar would break in with a weird note. It was uncanny, and I confess I didn't feel at all at ease.

"'What are those chimes,' I kept asking myself, 'out here fifty miles from a church?' I got to thinking of El Duende, and curiosity, or superstition, got the better of me, and I walked out on a sand spit and tried to scan the darkened waters of the lagoon. As I did so, there came a cry from a distance that made my blood curdle.

"The next morning I found what caused the cry. Skirting the lagoon in search of game, I came upon the mangled carcass of one of my Indian companions. A wild animal had killed him, possibly the jaguar that had startled me with its screech.

"I shot a deer about the size of a greyhound and took it to camp. In the afternoon two of the Indians came back, very repentant. They professed great affection, but I imagine they feared they might get in trouble for deserting me. I didn't tell them that time my suspicions of their actions on the first night at the Enchanted Lagoon.

"With those two Indians I did some exploring and found that the pond was fed by two streams. For a time we couldn't find any outlet. Then we discovered that the water ran out underground and came to the surface about a quarter of a mile below the point where the extinct crater lay. Here I made another interesting discovery. The stream burst out intermittently, with occasionally a peculiar musical sound, evidently the chimes I had heard in the stillness of the night. The passage through which it ran seemed to become air-locked at times. As the water came out it sometimes made a noise like a whistle and sometimes like a bell.

"I had more adventure at the Enchanted Lagoon with my two faithful Indians and also on our perilous trip back through swamp and jungle to civilization. When I recovered from a fever that laid me up for a week and tried to get some Indians together to go back with me and complete the survey I had begun, I was informed that no one could make the trip under a leader who was not a member of the 'Band of Wizards.' This was the first time I had heard of

the 'Band of Wizards,' and I began to think of the queer things at the lagoon, particularly the print of the box in the earth. It occurred to me that if I could join the band I might learn a few things that would satisfy my curiosity, at the least, and so I made formal application for membership. Before I was allowed to do so they informed me that to every candidate for initiation into the mysteries of the order was given a poisoned bottle, from which he was compelled to drink, and a wooden sword, with which he was supposed to conquer all the wild animals he met. If he failed in either test, he was secretly put to death, they told me. I persisted, though I had no intention to drink from the bottle, but they held a solemn conclave and decided that El Duende would surely annihilate them all if they admitted a white man to their order. And that is the reason I am not a wizard."

"Did you ever go back to the Enchanted Lagoon?"

"I did, and made a complete survey of it, but only with the aid of white men. The Governor commended me for my work and also offered me a reward, in his own way. An English company owned a hundred thousand acres, but had no idea as to the proper boundaries of the tract.

"'You fix the boundaries so that they will have ninety thousand,' he said to me, 'and we'll keep the ten thousand and sell them. I'll fix it so that no one will be the wiser.'

"When I declined his offer he became very indignant and told me the climate of Esmeraldas wasn't very propitious for citizens of the States, as they had been frequently known to expire over night—wake up dead, as it were. I knew how they did things down there, and how much they cared for human life, so that very night I cut loose and set out for the mines up the Santiago river. I learned afterward that it was lucky for me that I did. But that isn't the closest escape I've had. If you're really interested in unwritten stories drawn from personal experience I'll tell you, when we next have the opportunity, of the time I was given a military execution in Ambato."

EDITOR'S NOTE—This is the first of a series of stories dealing with the adventures encountered by James C. Hallock, Δ '91, in South America.

FINE FEATHERS MAKE FINE

Featherbeds (*Stung!*)

Ain't that a Bird?

That CONVENTION will be a Cuckoo, too!

DON'T MISS IT! FEBRUARY 19-22

in Little Old New York

A Double Coincidence

The following was the contribution of Dr. Reeve Turner, Π^Δ '96, to a little symposium of reminiscences at the Café Frankenbach, following the Π^Δ initiation in November, 1909—C. P. S., Jr.

I recall a very pleasant coincidence in connection with my marriage in the winter of 1900-1901. The quiet wedding which I had planned would have been an impossibility had any word of my intentions been whispered about Middletown among those solicitous friends whose cunning schemes every prospective bridal pair must meet with cunning. I was taking no chances: I would go out of town. Just why I chose Suffern I cannot say, excepting that possibly my desire for a quiet wedding seemed likely to be gratified in proportion to the number of miles that would separate Middletown from the scene of my wedding. And Suffern is some few miles from Middletown.

I got off the train and started in quest of a clergyman. I knew none in Suffern, and had no definite ideas whatever on the subject. Attracted by the appearance of the Episcopal church I sought the rector, whom I fortunately found in his study. He proved to be a large, kindly looking man, with hair and beard turned almost white. While gulping and gasping in my effort to frame a fitting preamble to the story I had come to tell, I noticed that he wore on his vest a badge which bore a close resemblance to those of ancient design which, in undergraduate days, I had learned to recognize as characteristic of the earliest decades of the Fraternity's existence. A closer inspection proved that it was indeed a brother to whom I was talking,—the Rev. Romaine S. Mansfield, Ε '67,—and right there was my mission for the moment forgotten as our hands were clasped in the grip which he had learned at Hobart nearly forty years before. It is needless to say that my arrangements were facilitated by the discovery of this bond between us, no further credentials being required.

That chance should have directed my uncertain footsteps into this rectory was, of course, a delightful coincidence. In the course of my chat with Brother Mansfield he told me of another coincidence, even more remarkable, perhaps, which I trust there is no impropriety in my repeating to you. Only two or three days before my visit, that very badge which converted me from a stammering youth into a Fraternity brother on familiar ground, had been returned to him by a lady to whom he had presented it thirty years before. And as soon as it came back to him he pinned it on his breast.

I have been too busy to carry out my plan of revisiting Suffern. That is a pleasure which I trust the near future holds for me. When I go, the journey will be not merely a trip, but a pilgrimage hallowed by memories of peculiar charm.



In order to make this department of the greatest possible value, we would like to receive details of the various banquets. It is the duty of the toastmaster to officially appoint a special SHIELD correspondent for the occasion. A list of those who attend is desired.—EDITOR.

Chi Deuteron Celebrates Birthday

X^A, rejoicing in the fourteenth anniversary of her birth, must needs celebrate, and so, on Saturday, March 26, 1910, the festive board was spread à la Rauscher (i. e., cuisine unsurpassed), and with James McLachlan, Ψ '78, as toastmaster, and our honored President Cook, Ξ '95, as the headliner of a veritable Chautauqua, believe me this birthday party was what the society reporters term "piquant."

The first floor of the Charge house was tastefully decorated as only a certain X^A committee on decorations *can* decorate. Festoons (or to be more profusely descriptive, a galaxy) of flowers, fruits and vegetables hung above the heavy-laden tables, and there was a mild scramble among the speakers as to whom the coveted distinction as "lemon of this pure food exhibit" should fall. The writer, not wishing to sidestep such a glorious opportunity for telling the truth and being almost humorous at the same time, will arbitrate the matter by strenuously insisting that every speech was a luscious peach!

Brother Cook spoke chiefly on what the Convention accomplished along legislative lines—petitions, the methods of handling various problems, etc. He discussed expansion—conservative expansion, and pointed with pride to the creditable showing already made by our then baby Charge, K^A. Our hearts were stirred by his eloquent tribute to Andrew H. Green—who couldn't stay away. He told us of Brother Waters' beautiful Convention sermon—told us what it had meant to the President of Θ Δ X. Let me quote a portion of Brother Cook's speech.

"It seems to me the words of Brother Waters brought to us the meaning of our motto in a different way and I think we all appreciated more than ever the fact that friendship is eternal. I think we appreciated more the necessity of having our friendship

ring true, that we are not friends just merely in name, not just because we are $\Theta \Delta X$ brothers, but that we have got to realize just what constitutes a friend, we have got to sympathize with our brother, we have got to be able to put ourselves in his position, and it is up to us to see that our friendship rings true."

Brother Cook predicted the reestablishment of N at the University of Virginia, saying: "This is a good opportunity and a good place for $\Theta \Delta X$ to be represented." He discussed the question of amending by-laws for the purpose of chartering graduate associations so that a closer affiliation between the members of these associations and the Grand Lodge might be effected. The graduate associations, said President Cook, should be granted the privilege of sending delegates to the conventions.

Brother Van Winkle, P^A '00, who said he had come all the way from New York to welcome Brother Cook to Washington, was surely at his best on this particular evening. It certainly tickled a number of our esteemed editor's correspondents to hear "Rip" read a letter which he had discovered among Pat's papers. Most of us have been stung by at least one of these perpetual enigmas from Pat's hap-hazard pen, and if he will please not blue-pencil this part of my copy, I know you will enjoy a good one at Pat's expense. The letter reads thusly:

My dear Pat: It was very pleasing to me to get your recent letter. Perhaps I should have been more pleased had I been able to master any of it beyond the date, which I knew, and the signature, which I guessed at. There is a singular and perpetual charm in a letter of yours. It never grows old, it never loses its novelty. One can say to oneself every morning, "Here is that letter of Pat's. I have not read it yet, but I think I will take another try at it today and maybe I shall in the course of a few months be able to make out what he means by those t's that look like i's and those i's that have no eyebrows." Other letters are read and thrown away, but yours are kept forever. One of your letters will last a reasonable man's lifetime.

Admiringly yours * * * "

And in brackets it is recorded that there was laughter and applause.

"Rip" told one or two on Brother McLachlan that are so good that mere print will not do them justice, for the charm of a story, they say, lies in the spoken words. So you'll have to ask Brother Van Winkle to tell you—anyhow, those are Pat's orders. Here's a dandy excerpt from Brother Van Winkle's speech, however, guaranteed to appeal to that in you which makes you a Theta Delt:

" $\Theta \Delta X$ was founded by earnest men, who, after their first meetings in 1847 adopted a pin and were not ashamed of that pin, were not ashamed of membership in $\Theta \Delta X$ and wore that pin right out on their vests, not in their vest pockets or on their undershirts as the other fraternity men of the day were wont to do. They were proud of their membership in $\Theta \Delta X$, and the first opportunity they had they went down to the college chapel of Union College and carved on the window sill of the wooden structure a shield of $\Theta \Delta X$ large enough to contain the names of every one of the members. This was quite a curiosity and was the cause of much inter-fraternity

contention and in the early fifties three Ψ Τ men cut a block of wood from the window sill still containing the shield and hid it away. That block of wood remained under cover for many years. At present Ψ Τ is building a chapter house at Union College and they intend to mount this Θ Δ X shield that was cut from the window sill of Union College in the main room in their mantelpiece. I thought that was rather an interesting affair. (Applause.) I thank you, brothers, for listening to me; I feel that you did not get even a whole lemon, you have got only the pits." (Applause.)

Notice it? Always that lemon flavor? Didn't I tell you?

Leonard M. Cox, Δ '92, a civil engineer in the Navy, was to me a dark horse on the oratorical staff. With the characteristic deliberation of a Southerner he arose somewhat reluctantly, apparently taken unawares. The opening sentence, however, betrayed, and soon I discovered that Brother Cox was an old hand at the after-dinner stunt—a raconteur, as we say in France. Such wit, such sprightliness, such ease! His stories were confessions and so were somewhat deep; but when the humor had spent itself you discovered that there was real good stuff at the bottom—facts well worth pondering over. He told of having once, on the 24th of January, received orders to leave New York and catch a transport leaving San Francisco February 4th for the Island of Guam. He rushed from New York to Washington with his wife and young baby—his "one-ring circus," he called them—then to St. Louis and across the continent to Frisco where finally he caught his transport with very little time to spare. Everywhere, he said, there was a Theta Delt to help him—at Washington, a brother in the War Department; en route, a Theta Delt chief engineer on the road between Washington and St. Louis, and while crossing the prairies of the far West he happily espied a charming young woman wearing a Theta Delt pin and greatly shocked his wife by his unconventional yet warm greeting. Then, too, he told how "Jimmy" Hallock, whom he met at Frisco, had "fixed up" things that had suddenly gone wrong concerning his passage. Brother Cox finished the story with: "Now it is no wonder that my little girl was so badly mixed up that on the deck of the ship as we sailed out she said: 'Mama, you are an Episcopalian and Dad's a Theta Delt. What am I—a Democrat?'"

Le Grand Powers, K '72, spoke for Doctor Sterrett who was unable to be present. In referring to our extinct Southern charges Brother Powers told the following anecdote of the stirring Civil War days:

"When I came into the Fraternity as a boy of twenty-one, my first meeting with the Fraternity as a whole was at the Grand Lodge in the Astor House one night after the death of Tilghman, who was Jeff Davis's secretary. He had died shortly preceding the convention, and the convention, as had been done in the past, took up a collection for Tilghman's widow. Tilghman had been a hearty spirit in the Fraternity before the war, as a young man, and though the feeling between the North and South in certain ways was intense

in 1868 as compared with what it is as you know it, notwithstanding that the sentiment of Fraternity over and above the sentiment of national war, which was still bitter in the country, was such that there was raised at that convention eighteen hundred dollars for Tilghman's widow. This was raised mainly by the Northern men for the secretary of the leader of the South, and that at the close of the war. (Applause.) The feeling that then came into my heart, that the $\Theta \Delta X$ Fraternity meant something stronger than section, that it meant the nation, has never vanished from my heart, and hence those of you who are familiar with the facts know that I took a very prominent part in trying to restore and revive the old chapter of E. I am glad of the opportunity and I want to voice that feeling not only here tonight but on every occasion, that I have had for several years, that our Fraternity is not national in the sense that it was when I entered it. We have extended the Fraternity in certain lines, but we have not extended it into the South, and our Fraternity as it stands today will not be what it was to me as a boy until we have some strong representatives of it in the Southern States."

In discussing educational policies and progress Brother Powers paid eloquent tribute to the people of the South, declaring that "The Southern people are today working out with limited financial resources the principles that are ultimately to dominate this country in the primary education of this country, and there is to come from the South as great a change governing our high school system. (Applause.) . . . There is a body of leaders in the South who are working for the common education of the masses of the people, and I tell you that while in some of those Southern schools the higher education may not be the equal of that in the Northern schools, this education is being carried on by this type of men who understand the fraternity of equality, the fraternity for which $\Theta \Delta X$ stands. Hence, I want to emphasize this fact, because I believe the South is to modify and control some of our ideas of national education, and I want our Fraternity to be in the South and take part in this work." (Applause.)

Brother Turkenton, X^A '08, spoke for the X^A Graduate Association, of which he is secretary and treasurer. After assuring the association members present that no awful design was meditated upon their pocket-books, Brother Turkenton proceeded to briefly outline the policy which is to be pursued in making the X^A Graduate Association the peer of any like organization in $\Theta \Delta X$ or any other fraternity in the United States.

"One of the objects of an organization of this kind," said Brother Turkenton, "is that it shall keep its members informed as to Fraternity activities, but it is not desirable because of this fact that the whole existence of the organization should resolve itself into a question of one annual meeting, the collection of dues and the sending out of letters and the buying of stamps. I do not mean to intimate that such has been the history of the X^A Graduate Association, but it is safe to say that, without close personal relations and without decided coöperation on the part of the members, any organization

of this character is very apt to degenerate into such a state. It is evident, I think, that closer relationship among the brothers and greater activity is the thing to be worked for, not only that the brothers who comprise the association may benefit thereby, but that they may carry into practice what they maintain in theory as their intention to assist the active Charge." Here is a delightful bit of some of Brother Turkenton's philosophy—one of the practical, heart-to-heart talks which we, of X^A, are grateful for and which we seldom have the opportunity to record:

"To be in touch with the men you know, men you can trust, to feel that you can deal frankly and honestly and drop the dissimulation that all of us are more or less forced to adopt in the world, means a great thing. I have often felt that it was a great pity a college man is obliged to work for his living. (Laughter and applause.) I admit it is a rather peculiar sentiment to express, considering the fact that all of us are supposed to be of some usefulness in the world, but, judging from the expressed confidences of a number of the brothers on past occasions and also from the applause that went around, I believe that I am not alone in that sentiment. A man leaving college undergoes a sudden transformation; from the realm of the ideal he drops into the rather sordid rôle of bread winner, and with the change there are apt to come other changes that make for bitterness, and this is not typical only of the man who has just left college, but who has been away from college for a year or two years. The struggle for self-preservation is full of hardening influences, and it is a good thing in the life of every man to have something better and bigger than himself to think about. It teaches him just how small and mean a thing he is as an individual. It is a good thing and it gives him balance; it turns his feet in the right path when without the restraining influence he would probably stray."

Last but in no wise the least enjoyed speech of the banquet was that of Roswell Dague, President of the X^A Charge. It was a warm expression of the welcome which was extended to every local and out-of-town Theta Delt who found it possible to be present.

In closing, Brother McLachlan, the toastmaster, said:

"But our minds go back to those who are not here tonight. There is not one within the sound of my voice who does not recall some dear brother who has been in the habit of meeting at our gatherings, and how much we miss them all. I lived in the day when dear old Fate Bachman was an inspiration in every gathering like this, and I recall how he passed away on the shores of the Pacific one night, alone, sitting in his own library, and in the morning they found him dead in his chair, and by his side, a little piece of paper on which he had scribbled the last words he ever wrote: 'Here he lies among his books; the peace of God on all his looks.' Brothers, let us rise and drink in silence to the Ω Charge."

The following were present: E. J. Cook, Ξ '95, President of the Grand Lodge; F. S. Curtis, Θ '89; W. T. Hodges, E '02; C. R. Wright, Σ '69; Le Grand Powers, K '72; C. A. Sherer, Γ Δ ; W. H. Dexter, X '78; L. C. Powers, K '05; A. L. Fullerton, Φ '74; James McLachlan, Ψ '78;

E. Van Winkle, P^Δ '00; Ralph Adams, P^Δ '05; W. A. Draper, N^Δ '07; L. M. Cox, Δ '92; L. B. Mears, I^Δ '06; G. R. Davis, '95, S. C. Peelle, '99, H. T. Domer, '00, N. E. Robinson, '01, Z. F. Barnum, '03, F. W. Albert, '05, W. H. Lee, J. P. Mewshaw, F. C. Lyman, A. P. Warner, C. H. Tompkins, all of '06, W. M. Gilbert and E. H. King of '07, A. Schoenfeld and W. J. Turkenton of '08, W. E. Lamb and J. T. Sherier, Jr., of '09, A. J. Hendley, J. D. Dodson, C. D. Garrett, C. C. Caywood and C. H. McCray of '10, A. W. Bryan, K. F. Maxcy, G. V. Graham, H. B. Myers and J. D. Myers of '11, M. S. Curtis, L. F. Bond, E. W. Bond, R. L. J. Newhouser, W. D. Ryan, Jr., and R. Dague, of '12, J. N. Swartzell, M. S. Farmer, H. W. Hodgkins, R. Hospital and O. Campbell of '13, all of X^Δ.

A. J. H., X^Δ '10.

The Springfield Get-Together

Local members of Θ Δ X to the number of 17, and representing ten different colleges, gathered on October 3, 1910, at the Nayasset Club, Springfield, Mass., for one of their periodical dinners and talks. The principal object of the get-together, however, was to welcome to local Theta Delt circles William C. Hill, Z '94, the new principal of the Central High School. During the evening Brother Hill had something to say of the Fraternity in general and other things in particular. This dinner was the last that local Theta Delts had before the departure of the organization's secretary, C. Henry Hathaway, O^Δ '07, who leaves the secretaryship of the Springfield Board of Trade to take up a new work in Chicago, so that the affair was something of a farewell to him as well as a welcome to Brother Hill.

The eating was begun about 6.45 o'clock, and afterward considerable time was spent in talking over subjects of interest in the life of the Fraternity at the different colleges represented at the gathering. Those present were Charles H. Beckwith, William C. Hill, Ernest Howard, C. Henry Hathaway, Percy O. Dorr, J. Frank Drake, Malcolm Stearns, Clinton E. Bell, Henry W. Lyman, Walter T. Bryant, Albert Candlin, Henry P. Chapman, Maurice Scott Chapin, Frederick A. Bassette, Arthur F. Bassett, Ralph R. French and G. H. Burke.

C. Henry Hathaway has been a leading Theta Delt in Springfield and will be greatly missed but what is Springfield's loss will be Chicago's gain.

Initiation Banquets

N^Δ HOLDS ITS FIRST

In accordance with a suggestion made last year at the Annual Alumni Banquet in June, N^Δ, as an experiment, held an Initiation Banquet this fall and found it more than successful in every detail. At our home on the evening of Tuesday, October the eighteenth,

directly after the initiation ceremony this very informal function took place. To say this first initiation banquet was a success would be putting it mildly for it was an exceptionally enjoyable affair and one that will remain in the memory of all who participated for a long time to come. Among those present were the following alumni: Brothers Morris N^A '91, Ullman N^A '95, Hoff E '90, Callen N^A '09, Jacobs N^A '10, Lawson N^A '10 and Facht N^A '10. All the brothers were extremely delighted that Brother Hoff was with us again. His presence was something of a surprise rather than an expectation, as he dropped in upon us unexpectedly a few moments before the festivities took place.

At the feed Brother Hunt acted as toastmaster and messages were read from Brothers Cook E '95, Shaw W '82 and Schober N^A '92. All of the alumni present responded to toasts, the general theme being advice to the incoming delegation and suggestions to the Charge in general, from which suggestions much benefit has already been derived by the Charge. The new brothers, as well as the old were greatly impressed with the ideals of $\Theta \Delta X$ as set forth by the speakers.

In response to a toast, Brother Ash N^A '14, representing the newly initiated brothers, gave a little talk which augured well for our belief that the standards of $\Theta \Delta X$ will always remain uppermost in the minds of those he represented. The remarks by Brother Ash were much appreciated by the Charge as a whole.

Formal invitations were not sent to the alumni as it was an entirely new venture, but next year at the initiation there will be a larger banquet and a successful one is assured.



Initiation in the Cave

PI DEUTERON CHARGE will be glad to welcome you at the Fall Initiation at 8¹⁵ o'clock on the evening of Saturday, November 5th, 1919

The start for the Cave will be at 8¹⁵ promptly, from 23 Beekman Place (50th Street & East River)

After the Ceremony the Brethren will reconvene at Beekman Place, there to commingle in festivities befitting the occasion

Be sure to come

The Committee

The Neophytes: Clarence Feltner, Ralph A. Hookey, Walter A. Schmid

K^Δ'S HOME COMING

When the curtain rang up at the K^Δ annual initiation banquet, held in the Charge house October 14, 1910, in connection with the Illinois Home Coming, forty of the happiest Thetas that ever assembled were gathered there. Billy Grant, '10, the liveliest wire that ever sputtered at a Theta Delt banquet, handed forth volumes of good natured sarcasm and extracted talks from the following brothers: Edward Barton, I '92, "Talk;" E. B. Davenport, I '05, "More talk;" F. O. Dufour, N^Δ '96, "And still some talk;" R. J. Jordan, "Our prospects;" H. B. Lewis, I '85, "A few words;" G. S. Ford, Σ^Δ '95, "A few more words;" and H. B. Parker, K^Δ '14, "For the Freshmen."

The house was beautifully decorated for the occasion, and that dining room never had looked so fascinating. The singing of Theta Delt and Illinois songs was, perhaps, one of the most delightful features of the evening.

The old boys who came back to help blow smoke and to see us beat Chicago, as we did this year, were J. W. Ullman, B '09; E. Barton, I^Δ '92; F. O. Dufour, N^Δ '96; H. F. Lewis, I '85; G. S. Ford, Σ '95; Geo. Chapin, '06, Doc Cutter, '10, E. C. Rainey, '09, Billy Grant, '10, E. N. Hager, '09, Phil Gray, '13, J. W. Smith, '10, R. W. Miller, '11, H. H. Hanke, '10, J. T. Daugherty, '12, C. W. Bullard, '09, G. G. Pfisterer, '08, E. P. Streff, '09, all of K^Δ.

Put this "Daffydil" over on the next
Theta Delt you meet:

You:--Heard the news about Con?

He (maybe):--Con who?

You:--Convention.

Then beat it, and don't stop till you
finally land at Little Old New York,
February 19-22.