

PRINCETON ALUMNI WEEKLY

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PRINCETON, N. J., APRIL 5, 1916

\$3.00 A YEAR

THE first report of the returns from the April campaign for the Alumni Fund will appear in our issue of next week. The campaign is already in progress and it is gratifying to be able to report that the early returns are very encouraging. Watch the page showing the returns up to each Saturday night during the month of April, both by Alumni Associations and by Classes. A glance at these tables will show you exactly what your Association and your Class are doing to augment the number of subscribers to the Alumni Fund. At the end of the month the total increase in subscribers by Alumni Associations and by Classes will be given. These tables will indicate which Associations and which Classes are doing most for the financial support of the substantial work of the University.

THE CAMPAIGN IS being conducted through the officers of our forty-eight Alumni Associations, in accordance with the plan of the Unit System adopted two years ago. Concerning this system the Finance Committee of the Graduate Council, in the Council's annual report just sent out to all alumni, says: "The idea of this system is to place responsibility upon the local Alumni Associations, and to have each Association obtain subscriptions from men in its own territory, calling upon the Secretary for such assistance as it may require. The new system has been inaugurated in many localities and in some has been productive of excellent results, but its success will depend almost entirely upon the vigor and enthusiasm exhibited by the officers of the respective Alumni Associations." The Council is also enlisting the services of all class officers to make the April campaign a success, but

all subscriptions are sent in through the Alumni Associations.

THE IMPORTANT THING to remember about the Alumni Fund is that it goes entirely for the regular, substantial work of the University. The money raised by the Graduate Council is exclusively for endowment and current expenses. The Council is under a pledge to raise a million dollars for endowment, and while this endowment is being raised, the

Council is obligated to pay interest upon any unpaid portion of the million dollars. In making a subscription to the Alumni Fund you are therefore contributing to Princeton's most important needs, the support of the distinctive work of education. Special gifts are important, class memorials are important, the physical equipment of the University is important,—all of these things are important in the varied work of education; but the all-important thing is to meet the general expenses and increase the general endowment of the University.



Wilder G. Penfield '13
Rhodes Scholar at Oxford who was injured in the "Sussex" disaster

THOMAS WILLIAMS ROBERTS '99 of Philadelphia is the unanimous choice of his fellow graduates for Alumni Trustee and will succeed Alexander Van Rensselaer '71 of Philadelphia, whose term expires in June. The nominations having closed April 1st, Mr. Roberts was the only graduate to receive the required number of nominations to place his name on the official ballot,—with the exception of Mr. Van Rensselaer, who had declined a renomination. We take this opportunity to offer Mr. Roberts our very hearty congratulations.

IN ADDITION TO the grave concern which Princetonians share with their fellow-countrymen in the present national crisis in our relations with the Teutonic powers, we of Princeton have a peculiar interest in the "Sussex" disaster because the lives of three of our graduates and those of the family of one of these graduates were placed in jeopardy in that disaster. As a result of injuries received while on board the "Sussex" Miss Elizabeth Baldwin, daughter of Professor J. Mark Baldwin '84, is now in a hospital near Boulogne. Her con-

Personal Recollections of Princeton Undergraduate Life

IV—The Coming of Dr. McCosh

By Benjamin B. Warfield '71

The Princeton of 1868

I USED to remark to Dr. McCosh on all fitting (perhaps I would better say, on all possible) occasions, that he and I ought to feel very close to one another, as we had entered College together. The remark seemed invariably to cause him some surprise. And this surprise did not wholly pass away when I remarked further, with becoming modesty, that we had it in common further that we had both entered to advanced standing, although our standing was, of course, not quite the same. He usually said, Huh! with some energy, and we let it go at that.

I entered the Sophomore Class in the summer of 1868. I say summer, not autumn, for the College was still following its older custom of opening in August and closing on the last Wednesday of June, distributing the vacation periods pretty equally between the summer and the winter months. I had come East from my Kentucky home, with my father, that summer, seeking summer pleasures; and we came down to Princeton about the middle of August that I might pass my entrance examinations. We found a very different Princeton from that which now exists. There was one long street (Nassau Street) dividing at its east end to enclose in its center a market house, and bifurcating at the west end into Stockton and Mercer. Witherspoon Street struck off as a spur northward from the middle of Nassau



Dr. Benjamin B. Warfield '71
As an Undergraduate

Street, and Canal Street struck off southward from near the end of Mercer Street. Stockton and Mercer were connected by what is now known as Library Place. That was all. The place looked very villagelike. Most of the professors were at home, but, the College not being yet in session, there were no students about. Instead, the streets were filled with fine setter dogs. My father's eye kindled at the sight. He observed that they were both well-bred and well-trained. He patted them on the head, and put them through their paces sufficiently to make sure they could be trusted in the field. All his reluctance to leaving me in Princeton vanished. He felt sure that where there were so many good dogs there must be some good fellows. He did not stop to inquire into the connection of the dogs with the College.

Dr. Maclean in Retirement

WHEN I came back to Princeton a few days later (August 20th) the College was assembled. Dr. Atwater was in charge as President *pro tempore*. He filled the office with dignity, and, if a little ponderously, with kindness and efficiency. Dr. Maclean had laid down the presidency the foregoing spring, and was now wisely making his resignation a real resignation. He was living in dignified retirement, quite isolated from the College, across the great stretches of boggy cow-lots which have been transformed into an inhabited land by the opening of University Place, Dickinson Street and Edwards Place. I was accustomed to take tea with him every two or three weeks, and eat his coriander-seed cookies and listen to his grave, wise talk, learning to love him as everybody who knew him learned to love him.

Perhaps I was particularly drawn to him as a fellow exile. I too, during the earlier months of my first year at College, lived in Canal Street, close to him, in a house the site of which is now hidden under Stuart Hall. It belonged to Stephen Weibel, or "Dutch Steve" as we called him. He was the College carpenter and served also as night postman, delivering the late letters to the students in their rooms, to keep them from "riotously congregating" at the post-office. There had been a serious "snob-fight," or "town and gown" battle, the preceding year at the hour of the delivery of "the nine o'clock mail,"—although its producing causes were unconnected with that—and the delivery of that mail was

thereafter made in the college buildings.

Three times every day I drew on my rubber boots and, having slushed through the marshes of the cow-lots and climbed three fences, ascended the hill of learning somewhat south of where Blair Hall steps now stand, debouching in the early morning at the Chapel across the campus, and at the later hours at the Sophomore class-room in the basement of what is now Stanhope Hall, or the "University Offices." In these dark and damp basement rooms the Freshman and Sophomore Classes were taught, and we climbed up-stairs only as we ascended into the upper classes. The Scientific Classes (except Dr. Guyot's)—they were of course only for the upper classes—met, however, in a corresponding building, now no longer extant, which stood in a corresponding place at the other end of Nassau Hall.

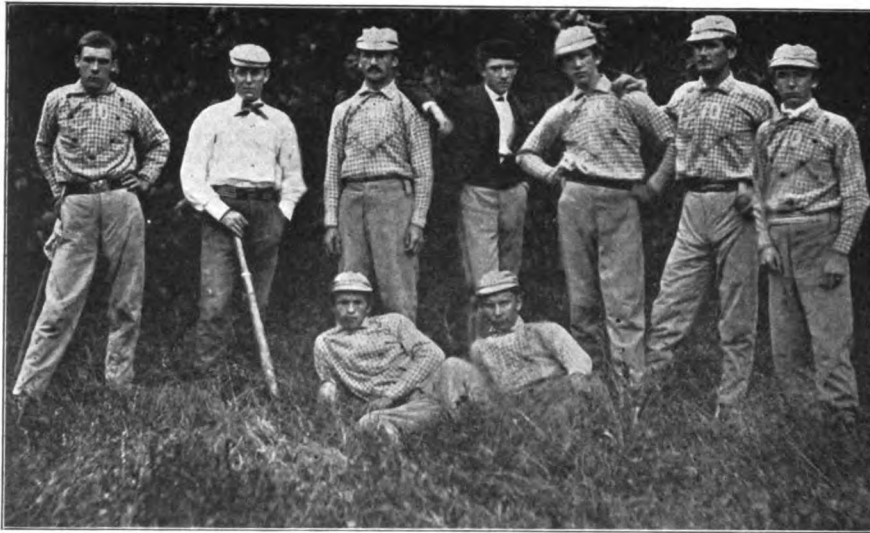
The Campus and the Streets

THE buildings of the College were as yet few, and they were compactly arranged. There was Nassau Hall in the middle. Behind it were East and West Colleges (without the mansard roofs) facing one another, and forming with



President McCosh

At the time of his Inauguration in 1868



A Baseball Team of the Early '70's

Nassau Hall three sides of a quadrangle. In front were the two classroom buildings already mentioned; the museums were housed in them. A small cruciform Chapel stood a little to the east of Nassau Hall. These were all the public buildings except the as yet unfinished Halstead Observatory well off to the west. The present Dean's house, occupied by Dean Magie, was the President's house. Across the campus opposite it, and forming the boundary of the grounds on the east side, stood its duplicate, then occupied by Dr. Atwater. There was a professor's house on the site on which Reunion Hall now stands, and another near the house now occupied by Dean McClenahan (then occupied by Dr. Aiken). These houses completed the whole tale of buildings on the campus.

There was no exit from the campus except on to Nassau Street, and nothing for any other exit to lead to. Accordingly the students were much more in evidence on the streets than is now the case. They made the post-office at the hours of incoming mails their exclusive possession, jamming the lobby while they waited for the mail to be distributed and the window to be opened. Stelle's bookstore was their particular loafing-place, and was densely crowded with them in the early evening. So closely identified did they feel with this shop that when one of the proprietors, Mr. W. W. Smith, died in the spring of 1868, the whole student-body spontaneously attended his funeral in testimony to the respect and affection which they felt for him. The only rival to the bookstore as a loafing place was Streeper's tobacco-shop, and that was its rival only *longe intervallo*.

Intellectual Pursuits

AS MAY be inferred from the popularity of the bookstore the cultivation of letters held, at least externally,

an apparently larger place in the life of the students than at present. There were fewer interests claiming their attention, and fewer outlets for their pent-up energies. The stream, banked up on this side and that, ran more smoothly in one channel. The Halls, Whig and Clio, for example, were taken very seriously. Every student belonged to one or the other of them. The rare student who was a member of neither was looked upon as some stray beast might have been, which had wandered into the wrong pasture. The *Nassau Literary Magazine* flourished. There was a sporadic weekly which fitfully appeared and ran for a space purlingly along and then sank again beneath the sands, to pop up once more after awhile when least expected. But *The Lit.* held its steady course year by year, instructing the students upon such matters as "The Mission of the Beautiful," "Wordsworth's Poetry," "National Credit among the Nations of Europe," and in its *Olla Podrida* (as the editorial notes were called) castigating the Faculty with great vigor and cheerfulness.

The habit of publishing scurrilous "Rakes" was dying out. My own class had had in its Freshman year a sad experience in publishing one—which it called "Revelations,"—and was deeply disinclined to enter upon another such venture. As the end of Sophomore year approached, however, when a "Rake" was expected of it, it became rather uneasy under the jeering eye of embodied College Custom. A member of the class had the happy thought of adjusting the matter through the agency of Dr. McCosh. He warned Dr. McCosh in an anonymous letter that the Class was preparing the customary "Rake." No time was lost in calling the class into conference with the President. We were faithfully dealt with and were finally reluctantly persuaded not to issue the "Rake" which we had no intention

whatever of issuing. Only one of the class stood sturdily out, declaring steadily that he "would not be bound by anyone"—which also was part of the fun. I regret to say that the class of '72 duly issued its "Rake"; but the snake was scotched, and died in due time.

Athletics

THE day of athleticism had not yet come. As soon as the Gymnasium was built (1870) the change began. As yet there was no gymnasium and no technical athletics. It must not be supposed, however, that the students suffered for lack of physical exercise. Of out-door sport there was a-plenty. No doubt it was unorganized, according to later standards, and it was not very varied. Of course, there was a good deal of walking. A few took their guns and shot over the marshes. In winter there was skating on the canal. There was a brisk hand-ball alley back of West; but it was little used. When croquet was a novelty, there was a temporary irruption of croquet. There was a regular boxing-mill in the west end of North. Everything ran, however, to baseball and after that, to football. I have the impression that a larger proportion of the student-body perhaps played these games and played them assiduously than is now the case. A "University Nine" (so it was already proleptically called) was maintained and went on its tours; and intercollegiate football began not very happily for Princeton on Nov. 9, 1869, by a defeat at New Brunswick at the hands of Rutgers—though the disgrace of this was wiped out by a victory in the return game at Princeton, on Nov. 13. Interest centered, however, not in the intercollegiate but in the inter-class contests. The classes were small, and their resources were all called out to provide the materials for these. Each class maintained at least two baseball nines, ordinarily three; and the football team required twenty-five men. My own class graduated only seventy-four men, and at no time was over about eighty-five strong. Its football team was the champion of the college, so much the champion that no other single class would face it; a team had to be made up from the whole remainder of the college to play it, and that team it proceeded promptly to beat in straight series. These twenty-five men absorbed about one-third of the whole membership of the class. Naturally there were very few men in the class who did not play some football. Indeed, general football for all comers was played during the suitable weather in the space between East and West Colleges (the sides being divided, generally, alphabetically: A to M against N to Z) and great numbers engaged daily in the sport. Something similar was in its measure true of baseball: it was by no means left to the crack players, but large numbers sought recreation in it and found in it healthful sport. One of the results of this general engagement with them was that

the games remained games; everybody played them—even those who made the most of them. No one made them a business. "Training" was unknown; and there was absolutely no "commercialism."

The Work of the College

THE instruction in the College was carried on by a small corps of nine or ten Professors, assisted by four or five Tutors. Except for certain classes in English, the Freshmen were handed over to the tender mercies of the Tutors. After that, the Professors took charge. The work-day began early. The whole body of students assembled in Chapel at seven o'clock for a general roll-call, succeeded by a short religious service. The roll was called with astonishing celerity. It would surprise one who had never seen it done, how quickly Tutor Rankin or Tutor O'Brien could call over some three hundred names and mark the absentees. The upper-classmen were free to go directly from Chapel to their breakfast at their respective clubs (there were no Commons, and the students boarded themselves in elective clubs of from a dozen to a score of members apiece), returning at nine for a class-room exercise. The

hapless under-classmen had to go to class first and breakfast afterwards. There were ordinarily two other class-meetings (at eleven and four) for each class daily—except on Saturday, when the afternoon was free. The day (including Saturday) closed with prayers at five o'clock.

It had been the earlier custom to divide the College year into autumn and spring sessions of nearly equal length, separated by summer and winter vacations, also of nearly equal length. There were (strangely enough) four examinations, at the middle and end points of each session. When I entered, this arrangement was in process of breaking up (since 1867). The long winter vacation was now distributed into two shorter ones, at Christmas and in the spring, thus dividing the so-called spring session into a winter and a spring session. The examinations had been reduced to three, one at the end of each session. After some tentative experiments in adjusting the relative length of the two winter vacations, the summer vacation was ultimately lengthened at the expense of the others, and it was thus made possible to open the College later in the autumn and to close it earlier in the summer. In my last two years,

the College opened on the first Wednesday of September and closed on the last Wednesday of June; but the process did not stop there.

The curriculum was built up around Latin, Greek, Mathematics and English as its core. The Freshmen had nothing else; and the Sophomores nothing else, except a very little Roman and Greek history (Liddell's and Smith's). Mental and Moral Philosophy, Physical and Political Science were added for the upper classes and progressively given larger proportionate space. The professors were not numerous, but there were among them able and cultured men and skilful teachers. Dr. Atwater, for example, was a solid lecturer and a fine drill-master. Nothing could be more lucid than Dr. Duffield's mathematical expositions. Dr. Guyot was a pioneer in the science of political geography and knew how to present his material interestingly. Dr. Schanck was that rare chemist whose experiments never failed. Dr. Aiken was an exceptionally good teacher of language. Dr. Shields was at the moment the most admired preacher in Princeton, and possessed a wide and rich culture. But I will not run through the whole list.

(To be continued)

THE GRADUATE VIEW CORRESPONDENCE

WHAT MAKES THEM LAZY?

Editor, The Alumni Weekly,

Dear Sir: This is a somewhat belated reply to the communication of R. G. Knott '12 in the issue of March 22; but perhaps it were better so, as it comes from one of the "lazy" whom, as he so aptly says, we have always with us, and consequently is the more typical of one of the "elect." His feeling upon this subject cannot, by me, be doubted as to its sincerity, because it was his misfortune to have me, for a brief period, as a classmate.

Now I am heartily in accord with Mr. Knott's argument against lowering the standard of regulations as to dropping students for deficiency in their work, and I believe, as he does, that in our time at least there was no excuse, other than laziness and indifference, for a student of normal intelligence failing to keep up in his work and to pass his examinations; and surely we must presuppose that, in order to pass his entrance requirements, the student would be nor-

mally intelligent. I am quite sure that, in our Class, all of the men who were dropped were normal with this exception,—that they were either lazy or indifferent as to the necessary regulations of the University. Up to this point Mr. Knott and I get along very nicely. However, I believe Mr. Knott's ideas could be very much improved along the lines of tolerance and merciful understanding.

It does seem to me that some considerably greater effort could be made by the faculty and trustees to supervise more diligently the work of each delinquent student. And this could be done without unduly irritating the youth and arousing him to a more stubborn animosity toward the existing order of things. Great care has always been exhibited in affording the eager student every opportunity for making the most of the advantages of his environment; but I at least found that for the delinquent there were only intermittent—however sincere—warnings from an overworked Dean,

and that, as a rule, this student was pretty free to follow his own devices. I can't help but believe that this state of affairs is all wrong. In the first place, every student is known to be an asset to the University as long as he can behave himself and do creditable work; while every student that has to be dropped is not only a temporary loss, but a permanent liability; because each time it means that a poorly developed young man is turned loose upon his community, carrying with him the fair name of a Princeton man, which, of course, he is proud to bear, but which he is in danger of discrediting. In the second place, it is almost a moral certainty that, could that young man have been kept, his full course at Princeton would have made him a better man, and that in letting him go, an obligation of the University had been slighted.

It is not for me to suggest a means of remedying the situation, for I am not sufficiently familiar with the curriculum, or with the difficulties of maintaining

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RETURNS from the secretaries of alumni associations received by the Graduate Council up to last Saturday night show a total of 1481 subscribers to the Alumni Fund. During the second week of the April Campaign, 206 new names were added to the Honor Roll, a total gain of 320% over the number subscribing to the fund last year. While the increase for the second week was not as great as that reported for the first week, it is to be remembered that the large number of subscribers added during the campaign in Pittsburgh was included in the first week's report. It was to be expected, also, that the first week's returns would be larger than those of the second, because a certain percentage of the alumni can always be depended upon to respond promptly. Now that the campaign is well under way and the alumni as a whole have been thoroughly informed of its purpose, the committee is confident that the remaining two weeks will bring large returns. The cumulative enthusiasm of the campaign is very evident in the numerous reports we are printing on another page, from the alumni associations and classes.

THE PITTSBURGH ASSOCIATION continues in the lead both in the number of subscribers and the percentage of its membership contributing. Indiana is now in second place in percentage and Erie in third place. Up to last Saturday night the first twelve associations in percentage of membership contributing were as follows:

1. Pittsburgh	49.2%
2. Indiana	26.9%
3. Erie	21.7%
4. Montclair	21.6%
5. Chicago	21.3%
6. Cincinnati	19.5%

7. Jersey City	19.4%
8. New York	19.4%
9. Englewood	19.1%
10. Paterson	19.0%
11. Kansas City	18.8%
12. Long Island	18.1%

AT THE END OF THE second week the Class of '99 maintained its lead in the number of names on the Honor Roll, with a total of seventy-eight. '95 continued to hold second place with seventy-one subscribers. For third place, however, the youngest alumni, the Class of '15, had displaced '97, with a total of sixty-eight. There were an even dozen classes with fifty or more subscribers to the fund, '97 having sixty-two; '00, sixty-one; '93, '06 and '14 fifty-five each; '12, fifty-two; '94 and '13, fifty-one each, and '01, fifty. By percentages the Class of '93 continues to lead with '99 second and '95 third, this order being the same as last week. The highest twelve classes on the percentage basis are now as follows:

1. '93	32.1%
2. '99	30.5%
3. '95	29.4%
4. '97	24.6%
5. '00	22.6%
6. '92	22.5%
7. '94	21.0%
8. '81	18.8%
9. '88	18.4%
10. '01	18.0%
11. '14	17.5%
12. '60	17.3%

OWING TO THE NECESSARY haste in compiling the figures for the first week, there were some errors in the table of returns sent in by the Graduate Council, which are corrected in this issue. Major Francis G. Landon '81, Chairman of the Finance Committee of the Graduate

Council, is sending to the secretaries of all associations and classes a report of which this is a portion:

NOW FOR ONE GREAT BIG GRAND COMBINED HUSTLE

"Let those work now that never worked before, and those that always worked, why, work the more."

Look at the wonderful record of the younger classes. They are all contributing to class memorials. But what of that, say they—11 per cent and over for a starter.

Look at the "Yellow Nineties." Over 19 per cent. Why called Yellow? Yellow—"A bright golden color, reflecting the most light of any."—Webster.

And the associations. Erie and Paterson not a contributor last year, and now in the first ten. Beat 'em if you can.

For week ending April 15th, total subscribers 1481.

Leaders

Associations:	
Number giving,	339
Per cent.	49.2
Classes:	
Number giving	78—'99
Per cent.	32.1—'93
Now we only want 3519 more.	

THERE NOW REMAIN only two weeks of the campaign, and if the committee is to realize its ambition of increasing the number of subscribers by 1000 per cent, it must have the energetic co-operation of all the association and all the classes. Once more we remind the alumni that the committee is not working so much for large subscriptions as for a big increase in the number of names on the Honor Roll of the Alumni Fund. It is not expected that all alumni can contribute large amounts. But it is reasonable to expect that practically every member of the Princeton family will give something, even if it is only one dollar a year. There are very few of us who cannot do that much. And in this

with a touch of his broad-toed service shoe and at the end of the rough and tumble fight that followed, and in which he was incomparable, Private Poe's authority over the destinies of the mule corral was as firmly fixed

as the Washington Monument. And it was further characteristic of him that the two became fast friends.

His enlistment, brief as it was, was a source of great pride to Johnny Poe in his after life.

He never lost touch with the activities of the Corps, and among the stories that he told with rare skill at various Princeton banquets and reunions were many that centered about his life in Panama.

Personal Recollections of Princeton Undergraduate Life

IV—The Coming of Dr. McCosh

By Benjamin B. Warfield '71

The Coming of Dr. McCosh

IT WAS to the College I described in my first article that Dr. McCosh came in the autumn of 1868. His coming was sufficiently dramatic. The college had assembled at the opening of the session with its eyes fixed on the approaching event, and was in a little fever of anticipation. There were meetings of the classes to appoint representatives who might meet in committees and make all due preparations. Through this machinery James Thomas Finley of Montgomery, Alabama, a member of the Senior Class, was selected to pronounce a Latin address of welcome to the new President on inauguration day. Ushers were appointed. A committee of all the classes was busied with preparations for a Promenade Concert. My own class distinguished itself by secretly arranging to come out suddenly on the inauguration day in a new Class-cap. It was

of plain navy-blue cloth, with a small blue button on the top, and a yellow cord just over the visor. The voracious historian, when describing the glories of the day, does not omit to record: "The appearance of our class in the new Class-cap was one of the features of the day, and was very highly spoken of." I am afraid that the cap fostered pride: and this pride too had its fall. The historian is compelled to record further that after the Promenade Concert "some of the class attempted to take canes from the Freshmen, but as they were not well backed-up by the rest of the class, they met with but little success." "This," he adds, "drew down upon us 'The Siege of Canes' in '72's 'Typical Forms'—that is in '72's 'Rake' admirably named after one of Dr. McCosh's books.

At last, on October 20, the news was spread that Dr. McCosh had landed in New York and would reach Princeton

that afternoon. Class-meetings were held and marshals elected to take charge of the procession, and the whole body of the students, together with the Faculty, and the Faculty of the Theological Seminary, were at the "Dummy" station at three o'clock to meet him. He was given a rousing reception and escorted to his new home, from the steps of which he gave the students an address, expressing his pleasure in being with them. Afterwards (so the story went; I will not vouch for its truth) the two young ladies of the party went for a stroll, accompanied by a couple of collegians who had been presented to them. They strolled to Trenton and back without turning a hair. Their escorts, on the contrary, spent the next day or two in bed. Thus Princeton made its first acquaintance with the new woman.

October 27th was the Inauguration Day, and a great day it was. The official records declare that the concourse was the greatest ever seen in Princeton; and think it necessary to mention that special trains were run from New York and Philadelphia. The procession formed on the campus at twelve o'clock and marched to the First Church where the exercises were held. "Every class," we are told, "for fifty years back without an exception, as far as was known, was represented." Two graduates of the Class of 1795 were on the stage to bridge the gulf of an hundred years that stretched between the two great Scotchmen, Witherspoon and McCosh. The exercises consumed three hours and a half and were followed by the students with unwearied attention. Especially did they punctuate the address of their own representative with applause, straight through from his "Sol exoptatus illuxit," to his "Sperantes, fidentes, laetantes te iterum iterumque salvere jubemus."

Ameliorations of College Life

DR. MCCOSH had taken as the subject of his Inaugural Address, "Academic Teaching in Europe." It contained really his programme. And he was by no means slow in beginning the translation of his theory into practice. I cannot say that the interior life of the student body was at once much affected by the new breath that was blowing



THE CLASS OF '71 LIT. BOARD

Left to right, top row—Benjamin B. Warfield, Oliver P. Happer, William B. Hornblower, Benjamin S. Lassiter, Frederick A. Pell.

Second row—Alexander G. VanCleave, David Mixsell, Samuel M. Perry.

Bottom—Samuel M. Nave.

Messrs. Happer, Hornblower, Pell, Mixsell and Nave are now deceased.

through the institution. But change was in the air. Numerous changes in the regulations governing the students were rapidly introduced. They were all enthusiastically received because they all made for the amelioration of the students' lot. The Freshmen were liberated from the exclusive rule of the Tutors. Morning prayers were brought down from seven to eight-fifteen o'clock, thus permitting students to have their breakfast before attending them, a permission which was sometimes availed of. Evening prayers on Saturday were intermitted, giving the students for the first time one unbroken afternoon in the week. The Gymnasium was built; and in the Gymnasium there were bath-rooms, the first bath-rooms ever installed on the campus. Before that the students were expected to bathe in their tooth-mugs. A class-room building was erected, and nobody who did not, as we did, crawl directly out of the basement of Stanhope Hall into the decent, well-lighted, well-heated, and well-aired rooms of Dickinson Hall can know what that meant. A new Dormitory was built—Keunion Hall—which was thought very fine and convenient then, but now, in comparison with so much that is better, is thought neither. The students assimilated every such improvement as it came, took full advantage of them all, and went on in their own way rejoicing.

Revolution in the College Work

IT WOULD be a mistake to think such improvements unimportant. But, of course, they lay on the periphery. At the center of Dr. McCosh's scheme of reconstruction, lay a revolution in the manner in which the College performed its teaching function. We began at once to feel the new life stirring here too. Dr. McCosh believed in giving encouragement to collegiate scholarship and we soon found prizes multiplied, and above all competitive fellowships established. These fellowships were first offered to the Class of '70. He had sound views of the function of examinations, and wished so to employ them as to give them an educational value. To that end he desired that they might crown long periods of study and not be permitted to chop up the course of instruction into short bits—something as an editor will chop up an article into little bits suitable to the weak assimilative powers of his readers. It must be confessed that the attempt to graft the better system on existing custom produced at first somewhat weird results. In my graduating year, there were sessional examinations at the end of each of the sessions; and annual examinations embracing the work of the whole year; and biennial examinations at the end of Sophomore year, embracing the work of the first two years; and final examinations embracing the work of the whole four years.

An accident complicated the working of this elaborate scheme. One of my classmates, rooming in the south entry of West (my own room, 13 West, was

on the top floor of the north entry) fell sick with a mild case of varioloid just two weeks before the end of the second session. Of course the students took advantage of the situation to get themselves ordered home by their parents. The session came to an abrupt close. It was hoped that the sessional examinations would be escaped. But nothing of the kind. The first thing we had to do on reassembling for the short Third Term, was to pass the omitted Second Term examinations. Then came, scattered through May, the final examinations on the work of the earlier years. And then, in early June, the Senior Finals. Not unnaturally, the historian of the Class complains that the whole Third Term seemed poisoned with examinations. On June 14th, however, we emerged from our last examination into "the Senior vacation" which covered the two weeks before Commencement. In former years this "Senior vacation" had been much longer, some six weeks or so long. After the year had been divided into three sessions, the Seniors finished their work at the end of the Second Session, and had the Third Session free. The curtailment of

this "Senior vacation" was one of Dr. McCosh's reforms.

The most far-reaching of Dr. McCosh's reforms, so far as we experienced them in these first years of his administration, was, of course, the enrichment of the course of study by the introduction into it of new branches, and the inauguration of the elective principle of administering it. That such a change was sorely needed and constituted a genuine reform there can be no doubt. I do not myself think that it was made in the best possible manner. To put the matter into a nut-shell, instead of introducing the new branches around the solid core of general educative branches, as honor-courses, subjected to the elective principle; the new branches of study were themselves made the required core of the course and the old general educative branches the elective fringe around them. Thus the old general educative course was not enriched by the addition of the new branches, but supplanted by the substitution of the new branches for it. One of the results of this was that the students were forbidden to pursue the study of Latin, Greek and Mathematics



THE ACE OF CLUBS

Dr. Warfield's sophomore eating club in 1868. The house, on Mercer Street, was torn down when the battle monument park was opened.

The members of the Ace of Clubs were: Standing within the doorway, from left to right—John R. Breckinridge '69, Short A. Willis '70, Jacob E. Michael '71; others, left to right—Samuel M. Nave '71, John G. Weir '71, William T. Austin '71 (standing in doorway), Henry B. Boyle '72, John T. Shelby '70, Nathaniel Ewing '69 (sitting), Benjamin B. Warfield '71 (standing by doorway), George B. Kinkead '70.

Of this interesting group, Messrs. Breckinridge, Michael, Nave, Weir, Austin, Boyle and Ewing are now deceased.



AN INTERCOLLEGIATE BASEBALL GAME IN THE EARLY SEVENTIES

On the old field at the foot of Chambers Street, now the residential park known as "Greenholm"

after their Sophomore year. Any two of these subjects of study the student might pursue, but not all three; and thus the common culture of the educated gentleman was denied him. So dissatisfied was I with the limitations thus imposed, that after making my choice of two subjects, I applied for and obtained permission to take on the third and now forbidden subject also; and I pursued it through the rest of my course not as a substitute for any other portion of the work of the class but as additional to it. This was no hardship, as the class-room work was quite light. The actual tendency of the new method of administering the course was already revealed in the choices of my class for Junior year—the first instance of its application. Four subjects were proposed out of which we had to choose two. Modern Languages were taken by sixty men; Latin by fifty-four; Mathematics by twenty-five and Greek by twenty. When that happened in the green tree, we all knew what was going to happen in the dry.

Dr. McCosh as a Teacher

THE best thing that Dr. McCosh brought to Princeton was himself. He had an inspiring personality, and was a great teacher. So soon as I have said that, I feel bound, however, to stop and discriminate. He had absolutely no faculty for quizzing—I speak, of course, only of his early years in Princeton when I was his pupil. And he was perfectly helpless in the face of disorder. When disorder required to be controlled, he never by any chance fixed upon the right man as the author of it; and he did not know how to reprove without temper. He completely lacked a sense of humor. I do not mean that he had no humor of his own or that he was not sometimes the cause of humor in others. I mean that he saw with difficulty the humor that arose outside of himself. This delivered him of course bound hand and foot into the hands of the Philistines. That the students did not take advantage of him and render his life unendurable—as they did the lives of more

than one instructor in my day, fairly driving them out of the institution—was due to their genuine admiration for him, as a man and as a teacher; admiration for the sincerity of his character, the elevation of his thought and life, the force of his intellect, in short for his real greatness. After all said he was a great man and a great teacher. It was in his lectures that his great qualities as a teacher showed themselves; and it was through them that he made his impact as a teacher on his pupils. He was distinctly the most inspiring force which came into my life during my college days.

No, he did not make me a Darwinian, as it was his pride to believe he ordinarily made his pupils. But that was doubtless because I was already a Darwinian of the purest water before I came into his hands, and knew my *Origin of Species and Animals and Plants under Domestication*, almost from A to Izard. In later years I fell away from this, his orthodoxy. He was a little nettled about it and used to inform me with some vigor—I am speaking of a time thirty years ago!—that all biologists under thirty years of age were Darwinians. I was never quite sure that he

understood what I was driving at when I replied that I was the last man in the world to wonder at that, since I was about that old myself before I outgrew it.

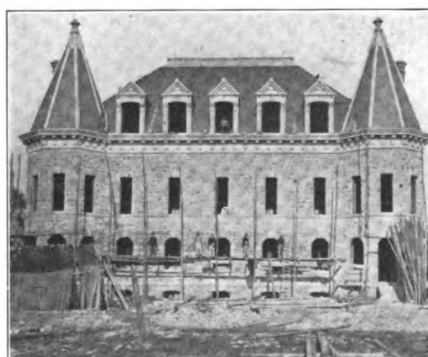
Other Inspiring Teachers

NEXT to Dr. McCosh, I received most inspiration, I think, from Dr. Packard, a man of very different personality. No student dared to chirp in his room. He was so very quiet, his manner was so very courteous, his demeanor so extremely demure, that everybody felt it would be best not to stir him up. He made us feel the classical authors which we read with him as literature. I had the happiness to read some of the Greek plays with him as well as the Latin authors which it was his more particular business to teach. He inspired me to turn the whole of the *Antigone* into English verse. I say nothing of the quality of the verse. In a matter of this kind, the point is, as Dr. Johnson said of the dancing dog, not whether it is done well but that it is done at all. But nearly anything is possible at eighteen!

Then there was Dr. Welling. I think I must place him next as an intellectual force in my college life. I am afraid my class did not treat him well. The English class-room had bad traditions attached to it: bad traditions which outlasted our time and Dr. Welling's time. He paid us out in his examination papers. When we read this question in one of our Senior papers: "Explain the following lines of Milton:

"Now had night measured with her shadowy cone
Halfway up hill this vast sublunar vault,"

there were some who felt that an unfair inturn had been taken on them. Had they not formally given up the Higher Mathematics at the end of Sophomore year?



The Old Gymnasium under construction in 1869

The First Building of President McCosh's Administration

Religious Life in the College
I MUST say a word of the religious life of the College in my day. It was very good: religion was a very real and a very pervasive force among us.

A majority of the students were members of the Church. There were individual men from whose persons radiated religious influence: I must not name living men—but John Laird is dead, and lo! his good works are still following him. A very large proportion of the students were preparing for the ministry. In my own class, which graduated seventy-four men, twenty-one had already before graduation decided upon the ministry as their life-work: twenty-seven ultimately found their way into it. Most of those studying for the ministry entered on graduation the neighboring Seminary. There was accordingly always a great body of recent graduates of the College continuing their studies in that institution. In the year 1872-3 fifty-one of the one hundred and seventeen students in the Seminary were graduates of Princeton College; and in 1874-5, forty-five out of its hundred and sixteen students. During the four years of my class' residence in College, the Princeton men in the Seminary were year by year as follows: forty-one out of a hundred and fifteen; thirty-one out of a hundred and seven; thirty-three out of a hundred and seventeen; thirty-five out of a hundred and twenty-two. With nearly a fourth of the students in College looking towards the Seminary and nearly a third of the students in the Seminary looking back to the College, the path between the two institutions was naturally beaten very smooth.

Religious instruction in the College in my day was very good. The center of it was Dr. McCosh's Sunday afternoon lectures. Dr. McCosh's lectures were always both interesting and valuable. Most of the professors were ministers and were not slack in exercising religious influence. The habit of church-



Hamilton Murray '72

The donor of Murray Hall, lost at sea the year after his graduation

going was in full vigor. The students, after attending Chapel at eleven o'clock on Sabbath morning and Dr. McCosh's lecture in the afternoon,—and many of them also prayer-meeting in the early evening at the rooms of the Philadelphian Society—still found themselves strong enough to fill Dr. MacDonald's gallery

at the First Church in the evening. The Philadelphian Society, when I entered College, was unpleasantly housed in the basement of Philosophical Hall. After Dickinson Hall was built and the Senior and Junior Class-rooms on the upper floor of Stanhope Hall were released for other uses, these were assigned to the Philadelphian Society and were refitted after a fashion which seemed to us very splendid. Hamilton Murray of the Class of '72 apparently thought otherwise; and when he was lost at sea shortly after his graduation, was found to have left to the Society a generous sum for building itself a suitable home. This was the origin of Murray Hall.

It was said in our time that no class in Princeton College ever passed through its four years without experiencing a religious revival. Our class formed no exception. Our revival came near the end of our Junior year. Scarcely anyone in the class was left ungarnered. When I entered the Seminary two years later, as a student for the ministry, I found among a multitude of old college friends already gathered there before me, one of the most obdurate of my classmates. Princeton College, in the earlier years of the seventies, was found by many an ingenuous youth a "means of grace," as well as a "seminary of learning" and a "school of life."

Eheu! fugaces labuntur anni! Or, since the modern languages are now the mode, let us say with a less genial poet, *Vorbei sind die Kinderspiele!*—though surely we shall not follow him in the "frightfulness" of his further remarks. We were lusty infants, though: the average age of the members of my class at graduation was twenty-two years, ten months, and twenty-three days.

THE GRADUATE VIEW

CORRESPONDENCE

APPRECIATION FROM THE NEXT ALUMNI TRUSTEE

Editor of The Alumni Weekly,

My dear Sir: In the last issue of The Weekly I saw your kind editorial, congratulating me on my nomination for Alumni Trustee.

Please accept my sincere thanks for your courtesy, and allow me to say, through The Weekly, how much I appreciate the cordial support which the Alumni have so generously given, in making me their nominee.

It is a great honor, and if elected I will do my best to prove worthy of their confidence.

Very truly yours,
T. WILLIAMS ROBERTS '99.

HONOR TO WHOM HONOR IS DUE

Dear Mr. Editor:

The article in The Weekly referring to the interscholastic indoor games as part of the work of the Schools Committee of the Princeton Club of New York speaks of me as Chairman of that

committee. It is true that I am the Chairman and I am proud of it, but the association of my name with the interscholastic indoor games in such close and intimate connection is farfetched. The games are arranged for and conducted by a sub-committee of the Schools Committee of which Samuel J. Reid, Jr., '06 is chairman and their great success is entirely due to his efforts and the hearty co-operation of the members of his committee. I am sure the members of the Princeton Club and the alumni in the vicinity of New York are