



The CLASS of
NINETEEN
HUNDRED
and THREE
COLUMBIA
COLLEGE



Class LD 1244

Book 1903

PRESENTED BY

THE
NINETEEN HUNDRED & THREE
CLASS BOOK

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THE
NINETEEN HUNDRED & THREE
CLASS BOOK

A
Record of the Senior Class
of
COLUMBIA COLLEGE



Published by the Class in June
Nineteen Hundred and Three



THE GRAFTON PRESS

70 FIFTH AVENUE
NEW YORK

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7, N. Y.
College

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Columbia University
in the City of New York
Earl Hall

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G. A. Butler

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TO
GEORGE EDWARD WOODBERRY

TO NINETEEN-THREE

Twelve are the years Columbia gave to me;
Twelve are the classes of happy memory;
And yours the last of the twelve, and no more shall be.

But O, to say farewell and fond adieu!
Four years to me are dear, and dearer far to you;
And the years, that seemed so many, are found too few.

I taught you the ways of life, as poets teach;
Scott, Shelley, Tennyson, you heard me preach;
Yet most through my own heart to your hearts I reach.

I taught you Shakspeare next, the infinite brain,—
Romeo, Hamlet, Lear,—our life of pain;
And by my art I turned this woe to gain.

I taught you Plato in his masterhood,
Who, loving beauty, found thereby the good;
Yet in myself nearer to you I stood;

And more received, giving my brain and heart,
From whose exhausted springs new fountains start,
Because you made your lives of mine a part.

Where leaped the shell, my heart rowed with the crew;
My hand was on the tape, where Bishop flew;
Where broke the blue flag, I was there with you.

The years of football your bright records grace;
Game called, you saw me always in my place;
I taught your Harold the famed Fennel Race;

And glad I saw him down the dazed field skim
In his first years; and much I honor him,
Borne shoulder-high, until my eyes grow dim.

You wonder not who heard that April day,
I praised, loud-voiced, the perfect Harvard way
Of Marshall Newell, when I left the play.

TO NINETEEN-THREE

Nor less, because I mingled with you so,
Shall you my intimate power, befriending, know,
Lifelong, within your souls, where'er you go.

O, why recall what was to me most dear,
The Crown, where duly, year by shining year,
The best Americans received our cheer?

Yet more, far more, generous you gave to me,—
Your banded hearts in perfect loyalty;
Whence I your debtor must forever be.

A thousand times the loud Columbia cheer,
Linked with my name, has fallen upon my ear,
Sweeter and sweeter with each passing year,

Though yours the last with those of old combine;
A thousand young Columbia hearts are mine,
Though yours the last, crowning the happy line

With love and honor, honor and love to one,
Whose labor for Columbia hearts is done,
Though not his love, a love not lightly won.

I murmur not, when fate has struck the ball;
The work our hands have raised can never fall;
Yet in my heart I grieve to end it all.

Not unto me be praise, the praise not mine;
Praise ye the poets dead, and power divine
Whence they had strength; pray God, their strength be
thine!

Break hands, and part; but long this verse endures,
And loyal love to all and each assures,
With yours, and ever and ever yours, and yours.

G. E. WOODBERRY.

Autobiographies

CLINTON GILBERT ABBOTT

'T WAS Easter morn in eighty-one,
When Clint first saw the light,
In the English town of Liverpool;
His hist'ry now I'll write.

At the famous school of Uppingham
He was drilled in Greek and Latin,
And languages and other things
They tried to make him pat in.

When he was sixteen years of age,
He took his longest step,
For he crossed the briny ocean,
And went to Poly. Prep.

Of classes and of colleges,
Which was the best to be?
Of course he chose Columbia
And the Class of Nineteen-Three.

The Nineteen-Three Columbian
He thought he'd bind with leather,
But after an hour or two of use,
It wouldn't hold together.

And yet in spite of such a "break,"
Would you not call it rash
To vote him Football Manager,
And trust him with the cash?

But such was done, and he preferred
This work to that of scholar,
And so henceforth his mind he's made
A business life to "foller."



FREDERIC JOSEPH AGATE

I WAS born at Yonkers, on February second, eighteen-eighty, and prepared for College at the Drisler School. I entered the Freshman Class at Columbia in eighteen-ninety-nine.



THEODORE HENRY ALLEN

HE arrived the fifth day of October, eighteen-eighty-one, in Red Bank, New Jersey. A storm carried him to New York when he was a year old, and he has been a foreigner ever since. Having gone through public school, he decided to be a soldier, so went to Barnard School, in Harlem. His next ambition was to be a lawyer: he prepared for Columbia and ultimately entered, through an oversight of the Entrance Committee. But meeting several students, he concluded that law was too difficult and strenuous. For a time, he knew not what to do, and consequently had leanings toward the ministry. A friend seeing him in doubt, suggested that he might easily take up the study of medicine. He misconstrued this for an "easy study," and is still laboring under the delusion. Needless to say that he is not yet at P. and S.

He is a good student when the professors are careless, and an athlete as long as he pays his tailor's bills. In spite of his virtues, he is popular, but only with those of his Class who have paid their dues. I cannot, with modesty, say anything of his looks, except, "Allow me—my photograph!"



WILLIAM FITCH ALLEN

HE was born in Oswego, New York, on December twentieth, eighteen-eighty-one, where he lived until in eighteen-ninety-nine he became a member of the Class of Nineteen-Three at Columbia College. He was pretty lucky in being born in eighteen-eighty-one, because if he had been born a year earlier or a year later he would probably have missed the privilege of being a member of the above-mentioned class. The first sentence tells about all the important events of his life before entering college, and the subsequent events have been just about as important. This being true they have been treated with sufficient consideration.



MARTIN CHARLES ANSORGE

WANTED—To exchange a college education for something useful.

The subject was the victim of a conspiracy to increase the population. Both the victim and the conspiracy were hatched on New Year's Day, eighteen-eighty-two, in the town of Corning, New York, notorious as his birthplace. Having been born without teeth and with little or no hair on his head, it would appear by the accompanying photo (Pach's, regularly \$20.00 a dozen—special rates to Columbia students, \$3.00), that he hath purchased for himself a wig and a set of the false article. But be that as it may, it is not for the biographer to intrude and examine. At the early age of two, by means of an occasional trot around the crib, he passed many of his college examinations. He hath made much use of the athletic field and very little of the library, where he sometimes spent an idle hour, studying (the latest styles in millinery and complexion powders). He is one of seven brothers, all single (mothers of unmarried daughters call evenings, after seven).

If the Dean sees fit to graduate him, he will study the law, and give his friends the opportunity to say, as they have said of many before, "There's another man gone wrong."



DAVID ASCH

MINE has been a most extraordinary and eventful career. I was born in Manhattan twenty years ago, and have lived there ever since. Between the ages of seven and sixteen I went to school, where I learned many things, and from sixteen to the present time I have frequented Columbia, where I have unlearned many things. My chief fear during this latter period has been that I might get brain-fever from overwork, but I have so far successfully guarded against that dread disease.



GEORGE FREDERICK BAMBACH

I WAS born October fourteenth, eighteen-eighty-one, in the old City of New York, present Borough of Manhattan. When four years of age I received my first instruction in a kindergarten, and from that time to the present I have been anxiously striving to fit myself for life. After leaving kindergarten I went to Public School No. 69, from which I graduated in eighteen-ninety-five and entered the College of the City of New York. Here I remained a year, leaving it to prepare for Columbia at Trinity School, New York. After three pleasant years at Trinity, I entered Columbia, where the past four years have been spent. I never took much interest in athletics except as a spectator, but have tried to do my part in that capacity whenever my outside work would allow. My chief delight, while at college, has been to flit about before the footlights, and although I like the excitement of the stage, shall try to do my best work as a Church missionary in some foreign land.



NATHANIEL WARING BARNES

AS nearly as I can remember, I was born on July twenty-fifth, eighteen-eighty-four, at Newburgh, New York. The Good Book says that a city set on a hill cannot be hid, and thus it is with my birthplace. For, thanks to its colonial relics, its heroes and its lobsters, Newburgh is known of all men. However, the stories told by tourists that its hills are so precipitous that the inhabitants have to chain their houses down to keep them from sliding into the river, is exaggerated, and except in a few cases, absolutely false. After an uneventful childhood, characterized chiefly by a small appetite and an insatiable fondness for travel, I entered the Siglar School. There I remained for five years, on a diet of conjugations, theorems, and Yale-blue air, escaping in time to enter Columbia with the Class of Nineteen-Three. Early in my Freshman year I made the 'Varsity Commuting Team, and have rolled up a record of one hundred and twenty-five thousand miles to my Alma Mater's credit. From the beginning I have striven to follow the example of Cæsar each day, and have so far succeeded that I can say with him, "I came, I saw, I went."



ROBERT BRADFORD BARTHOLOMEW

I WAS born at Hartford, Connecticut, and prepared at Drisler School, in New York City, entering Columbia in eighteen-ninety-nine. I played football at school and rowed a bit at college, but did not begin to study, as I have since realized, till my senior year, when I became an awful grind.



JAMES BASSETT, JR.

“How trying 'tis when young
To learn the a, b, c's,
Yet men work years
And only get A. B's.”

I WILL relieve the mind of the reader from a tedious perusal of an enumeration of the toils of my life in securing the long-hoped-for A.B. I was graduated from Grammar School No. 89, then from the Horace Mann High School. During the four years spent at Columbia, I obtained General Honors in my Freshman, Sophomore and Junior years, and now hope to wear the “gown of sombre hue.”

“What though we flounder wearily,
Through integrals and a' that?
For A.B. we bear them cheerfully.
We love them well for a' that,
For a' that, and a' that,
Old 'log' and 'trig' and a' that,
E'en the unmathematical,
They love them well for a' that.”



ALEXANDER OTTO BECHERT

I WAS born of German parents, in Brooklyn, New York, on July fifth, eighteen-seventy-nine. When six years of age, I entered the St. Mark's German-English School, where I remained seven years. After spending two and one-half years at Grammar School No. 74, and four and one-half years at the Boys' High School, in Brooklyn (one-half year in the commercial course and four years in the academic course), I entered Columbia. Thus four-and-twenty years have passed and I've done naught for immortality, unless the key to its temple is that of Phi Beta Kappa.



HENRY RUTGERS BEEKMAN

I WAS born in New York City, November eighteenth, eighteen-eighty-one. Cutler School, of New York City, prepared me for college, which I entered in ninety-nine. My college course has been marked by pleasant experiences only.



HERBERT CORLIES BRINCKERHOFF

I WAS born April fourteenth, eighteen-eighty-two—it was Friday, but, praise be, it wasn't the day before. The place of my birth and early childhood was Mt. Vernon, New York, where the Primary, Grammar and High Schools all contributed their share toward my preparation for Columbia. In my early youth I had spasms which shook the whole family and dislodged from my infant cosmos the germ of achievement. My whole College Course, as a consequence of the aforesaid spasms, has been marked by a series of futile attempts. In athletics I tried for cane sprints, crews, and football teams to little purpose. In Freshman year my efforts for high marks were rewarded by one solitary A in elementary French (I studied French two years in Prep. School). At present I am waiting for one more spasm which will bring back to me my lost germ in time to achieve a degree in June and success in the law which I intend to follow, and let us hope, catch.



BENJAMIN FRANKLIN BUTLER

I COULD write an interesting history of my life were it not for the facts.



GEORGE HENRY BUTLER

ORATOR, editor, and journalist, born in the State of Maine, December twenty-nine, eighteen-eighty-one. His early education was received in the public schools of his native State, Riverview Academy in Poughkeepsie, and Columbia Grammar School in this city, from which he was graduated in 1899. In the fall of the same year he entered Columbia College and began his career with a number of more or less auspicious conditions. He early joined the Christian Association and the Philolexian Society and was intimately connected with both organizations throughout his college course. He was a member of six debating teams representing Philolexian and was President of the Society. In his junior year he joined the editorial staff of "Spectator" and served in the various capacities of Associate Editor, Managing Editor, and Business Manager, and in his senior year was the first Business Manager of "Daily Spectator." During the same year he was president of the Debating Union, Editor of the 1903 Students' Handbook, and Manager of the Senior Class Book. He took little interest in athletics, but in all other forms of undergraduate activity he was keenly interested. He was the promoter and first Vice-President of the Columbia Grammar School Club, and a member of the Chess Club, King's Crown, and the Boys' Club.



LOUIS CASAMAJOR

I FIRST saw the light of day and made my presence felt in the world by a long, healthy howl on the twelfth day of August, eighteen-eighty-one, in the city of "Homes and Churches," Brooklyn. That I howled I am sure; howling was ever my strong point. From the age of two to fifteen I held the long-distance howling record of Brooklyn, and successfully defended it against all comers. I never said the bright things the average child is reported as saying. I never cried for the moon. In short, I don't remember doing anything but howling. In the fall of ninety-one, after preliminary training, I entered the Adelphi Academy. In the spring of ninety-eight I left the Adelphi, for the good of that institution, and in the fall of the same year entered the Woodbridge School, in New York. Here I studied for one year and entered Columbia in the fall of ninety-nine. A stranger in a strange land, I survived, however. In class fights I took very little interest after a heavy man had sat upon my head for ten consecutive minutes in one of them. Chemistry and zoology absorbed most of my interest. Prescribed studies were my bugbears. In the fall of nineteen-two I entered the College of Physicians and Surgeons, where I hope to finish my course in the near future.



DAYTON COLIE

I WAS born just too late for church and just in time for dinner on Sunday, February fourteenth, eighteen-eighty-one. The facts have no significance, but as this is a history it of necessity deals with the naked truth, which I blushinglly set down. My young days were mostly taken up trying the various schools of my native "burgh," until I finally reached Lawrenceville, where I spent three years. Thence I went to Princeton, but led always by the phantom of economy (of time), I found myself the next year in Columbia, where, to all appearance, I am a fixture.



WILLIAM PHILLIPS COMSTOCK

I WAS born in New York City, and have always lived there. My school life consisted of about four years spent in the Horace Mann School and then two years at the Woodbridge School, in direct preparation for College. College life has brought me a great many pleasant experiences, both in my social acquaintance and interest in athletics. After spending three years in the College course, my interest in scientific subjects has led me to change my course to Mining Engineering, in which subject I hope to take a degree with the Class of Nineteen-Six.



JOHN WHITING CROWELL

SOME there are who have led quiet lives and whose existences have been disturbed by no momentous events. I am one of those.

I first saw the light of this dreary planet in New York City, February fifth, eighteen-eighty-two. They say that, as an infant, I had my distinguishing points, but this I have always questioned.

At the mature age of eight years, I took up my abode in Flushing, where, with the exception of short incursions into the surrounding country, I have since remained.

After being graduated from that excellent institution, the Flushing High School, my family said, "Columbia for his," and there I went, to the regret, least of all, of myself.

There is no use in dilating on my College career. I have tried to satisfy the otherwise unrecognized cravings of a budding musical genius by incessant whistling, even at the risk of becoming blatant. In this I may truthfully say that I have succeeded.



ALBERT DAVIS

HIS birth antedated, by about sixteen hours, the one hundred and forty-ninth anniversary of the birthday of the Father of Our Country—for which reason he has always lived, so to speak, in the shadow of classic truthfulness. At the mature age of six he decided to take a course in kindergarten methods, and later became deeply interested in the “three Rs.”

He prepared for College at the Boys' High School in Brooklyn, but left before completing the course, in order to enter Columbia with the Class of Nineteen-Three.

He was a member of the Rowing Club and of Kings Crown, from his Sophomore year. He contributed occasionally to the pages of Morningside. In his Junior year he was chosen Class Poet and Historian, and the following year was elected Class Poet for Commencement. Senior year, he became, by invitation, the only non-graduate member of the Graduate English Club.

His literary remains are to be found in the Nineteen-Three Columbian, and in the Nineteen-Three Class Book.

This history is in the past tense, because

“ The present has already flown,
The future is one vast unknown.”



MARCELLUS HARTLEY DODGE

I WAS born February twenty-eighth, eighteen-eighty-one, in New York City. After dividing my time for some years between being thrown from the back of one of a pair of Shetland ponies, or driving a pair of white goats tandem, I began to go to school. I entered College from Mr. Browning's School. If you should ask me what has impressed me more than anything else during my sojourn here, I would say it is how much there is to know and how little of it I know myself.



PENDLETON DUDLEY

I WAS born at Troy, Missouri, September eighth, eighteen-seventy-six. Four years ago I entered Columbia as a special student, but concluded to graduate. This has brought about a tedious but interesting College course. It is my intention to remain in New York.



HARRY HAMMAN DYRSEN

I WAS born in New York City, July twentieth, eighteen-eighty-two, and liked the place so much that I have never left it. Really, one becomes quite attached to a town like New York. At the age of seven I was first sent to school to be educated. Behold my face yonder and see what a botch they have made of it. I don't mean the photographer; I mean the teachers. I think I should have been sent to school when five.

In September, eighteen-ninety-nine, I entered Columbia University, unconditioned of course (what a chance!). By the way, I have tried most every means of getting rid of conditions; if anybody is in need of assistance, let him consult me (confidential). Money returned if unsatisfied.



VICTOR DE LA MONTAGNE EARLE

THE birth of a truly great individual is an event to be remembered forever and cherished by all humanity. On the twenty-fourth day of May, eighteen-eighty, I made my appearance on the stage of this world of joy and misery; and, since that time, each year without fail, that day has been a day apart from all others, a day celebrated with pomp and ceremony, firecrackers and cannon, rejoicing and jubilation, in every part of the civilized world. It has been most difficult for me to understand how people so early discovered the great significance of my birthday, but the disclosure made to me by this remarkable intuition on their part has ever been a most active incentive to aid me in striving to fulfil this indication of my future greatness.

N. B.—It is a strange coincidence that Queen Victoria was also born on the twenty-fourth of May.



ARTHUR FREDERICK EGNER

I WAS born September twentieth, eighteen-eighty-two, in Newark, New Jersey. In eighteen-ninety-nine I was graduated from the Newark High School. So far the placid life of the easy conscience, broken only by examinations and rumors of them, has been my lot. On the whole I have lived a very satisfactory sort of life; and by far the best part of it has been my four years at Columbia. In this short time have happened many never-to-be-forgotten events: some pleasant, some unpleasant when they happened, but now all enjoyable in retrospect. The greatest treasure gleaned from all four years, however, has been a deep-seated love and veneration for Columbia.



HENRY HART ELIAS

I BEGAN my most uneventful career on November ninth, eighteen-eighty-two, and was thunderstruck at the many changes that had taken place in New York. From that time until June of ninety-nine, private tutors and Columbia Grammar School got me in good trim for the great ordeal of entering College. After having passed the entrance examinations and become a full-fledged Freshman, I took up Campus Course No. 1 by Professor Air (not hot), and must admit that during the last few years I have derived great benefit from it. Whenever I desired "recreation," I went into the various buildings and for the price of a few examinations saw some of the most original "artists" in the "profession." I listened to them with the greatest pleasure, and think that in return they will present me with a Bachelor's Degree.



COLIN GARFIELD FINK

HE was born in New Jersey, on December thirty-first, eighteen-eighty-one. He received his early education in the private schools of New York. He entered Columbia College in eighteen-ninety-nine, where he spent most of his time smiling, doing "math" and "lab" work.



JAY IRVING FORT

I WAS born in Linden, New Jersey, June first, eighteen-eighty, and it was a lucky day for me. At the age of nine I started to school, and am still a student. For six short years I spent my time at the Newark Academy, doing all I could in various ways. In eighteen-ninety-nine I left there, or rather graduated, and in the fall of the same year I entered Columbia. Here I have managed to stay for four years, and at the end of this one I hope to graduate, the Faculty willing. For further particulars, kindly communicate with J. Irving Fort, thirty-three South Tenth Street, Newark, New Jersey.



ROSCOE CROSBY GAIGE

Captains of Unindustry

MR. ROSCOE CROSBY GAIGE, like his name, is very impressive. The impression gained is one of externals, due largely to the wealth of massive forehead from which the hair is so combed as to produce a Greeley-Webster effect. This sensation is further emphasized by a bland smile which creates the belief that Mr. Gaige is calmly contemplating us inferior mortals from superior heights, while in reality he is but wondering how he can avoid betraying himself.

Mr. Gaige is not yet a man, but expects to become one on July 26, largely because twenty-one years ago that day the town clock in Casenovia, New York, suddenly ceased work in celebration of the advent of an infant poet, who, as the Fates willed, was to become more of a politician than a singer of rhymed verses.

Our hero's first act was to toss around in his crib, and prying beneath the mattress, to secure a firm hold on the wires, which he has held ever since. This was, as history has shown, a marked indication of his future talents.

Mr. Gaige has been a man of remarkable versatility; he has been President of the notorious "Beaux Arts Club," lately suppressed by the police; an official of the "Automobile Club," which has its annual run in the Columbian; Editor-in-Chief of Spectator, and has occasionally condescended to have some of his writings in the Times. It is, of course, well known that he had a poem in the Bookman the month its circulation fell off five thousand copies. Mr. Gaige, it might be noted as a point of information, went to several lectures in his Freshman year, and most of the professors in his elected courses he knows by sight.

ROI C. MEGRUE.



ENOS THROOP GEER

I WAS born in Oyster Bay, Long Island, New York, on the sixth of February, eighteen-eighty-three. In eighteen-eighty-eight, the family took up their abode in New York City, where they have lived ever since. At the age of eight I went to Trinity School and studied there until eighteen-ninety-five, when I left and became a student at Drisler's, when sixteen years old, and in the fall of eighteen-ninety-nine entered Columbia University with the Class of Nineteen-Three. In the beginning of my Senior year I was obliged to discontinue my studies on account of illness and go abroad for the winter. I was thus prevented from graduating with the Class of Nineteen-Three.



FRANK VALENTINE GOODMAN

IN the language of the immortal poets, later set to verse, "it was a dark and stormy night" when he first hit this terrestrial globe. As that night of the twenty-fifth of November, eighteen-eighty-one, has since gradually brightened into a day of average brightness, I suppose he should not kick. All this occurred in Lockport, New York, so I've been told. Much time was spent in elementary schools preparing his brain for the studies, and, incidentally, his body for the athletics of a College course.

May the celestial stars be thanked that the College chosen was Columbia and the class that of Nineteen-Three. What little he got there from athletics and (I hate to do it) from studies, cannot help but make him a better representative of that College and Class of which he is very proud. Moreover, may the stars keep up their fine team-work and enable him to start a young alphabet after his name.



HERBERT JOSEPH HAAS

EVERYONE, perhaps, remembers the Charleston earthquake of eighteen-eighty-six. This was prophesied in Atlanta, Georgia, two years before, so some people say, by my arrival into this world. The prophesy came by way of continual yelling, which had kept up long after the Charleston earthquake became a matter of history. I attended public schools in my native town, and, as I remember, my earliest ambitions were to own a livery stable or drive a street car. This unhealthy state of mind was soon changed when I became a student under Prof. W. M. Slator, of the Boys' High School of Atlanta, who, I was informed, had a disagreeable habit of administering corporal punishment in the shape of shaking one until the position of the head was a very uncertain one.

Not being good enough to become a minister, nor smart enough to become a successful man, nor desirous enough of losing sleep in later years to become a doctor, I decided to study law, after taking a course in Columbia College, bearing well in mind a dictum of an acute Southerner, "Many young men who are studying law are more fit to be street-car drivers." This, you see, brings me closer to my first ambition.

Here I enjoyed my life at Columbia very much, and shall never forget her. As my "prophetic eye" shows the future horizon, I see two things plainly: New York, the largest city of the world, the great center of the United States, with Columbia, the largest and best-equipped of all universities, and Atlanta, the pride of the South, emulating New York not only in business methods but in the establishment and support of educational enterprises.



RICHARD COMPTON HARRISON

“**W**E can’t leave a blank,” the editor said;
“Just sit down and write us a ‘blank’ verse instead.
Why tell of your parentage, then of your birth,
And of any old thing which will rouse us to mirth.”

I purchased some paper, some ink, and a pen,
Read fifty-six volumes of lives of great men;
But search as I would nowhere could I see
A single analogy pointing to me.

In my twenty-one years, several months, and odd days,
I have done but one action deserving of praise.
I entered COLUMBIA, as you can see,
So fixing the date as to be with NOUGHT-THREE.



CHARLES LeROY HENDRICKSON

I WAS born on May twenty-ninth, eighteen-eighty-three, and have made strenuous efforts to graduate before becoming a legal being. I attended a co-educational school when six years old, but upon reaching the discreet age of ten I became disgusted with the swish of skirts in the schoolroom and entered an institution of learning where masculine meditation was undisturbed. Upon leaving Poly. Prep. I entered this immortal Class of Nineteen-Three, with whose swift pace I have found it very difficult to keep up.

My first two years at Columbia were, of course, spent under the protecting dome of the Library in the diligent pursuit of knowledge scholastic. Having completed that space of time which the greatest educational authorities now deem sufficient for the attainment of the degree for which I was striving, I endeavored in my remaining years to learn the ways of the life around me. This latter pursuit I have found to be far more instructive and profitable, and it is by these last two years that I hope to remember Columbia.



HENRY K. HEYMAN

I WAS born in New York City, March second, eighteen-eighty-four, and was graduated from Grammar School No. 89, in eighteen-ninety-seven, then entered the College of the City of New York, where I remained until nineteen-one, when I became a member of the Junior Class of Columbia College. I have elected law as my intended occupation and have already begun its study during my Senior year.



WILLIAM FORREST HILLS

IN referring to one's ancestry, a man incurs the danger of being accused like the potato: the better part under ground; greenest on top. At any rate, my ancestor, Joseph Hills, came to America in the ship "Susan and Ellen," in August, sixteen-thirty-eight. His wife was Rose Dunster, a sister of Henry Dunster, Harvard College's first president. My father's mother was the great-granddaughter of Major-General William Heath, who took command of West Point in seventeen-eighty at Washington's request.

The present exhibit was discovered in San Antonio, Texas, on September fifth, eighteen-eighty. Be it said in our defence that we broke away from our early surroundings and became a mild, peace-loving creature. Perhaps on that account, we took little interest in College sports during the Freshman year, but spent most of the time in grinding for General Honors. For the past three years we have been Clerk of the Gymnasium Department, where we have not only gained valuable experience and knowledge but also come to admire, and in a small way to take part in, the activity of the athlete. Two summers ago, our time was spent in arranging a series of home gymnastics, which is published in the Success Library. Our chief interest is in philosophy and the general subject of education, so that we hope to obtain a higher degree before leaving our Alma Mater.

Our College preparation consisted of three years' training at the Kimball Union Academy, at Meriden, New Hampshire, and two years at Boys' High School, in Brooklyn, New York.

We have held no student's office in the past, but have been elected Assistant Manager of the Gymnastic Team for next year.



ALFRED HOFFMAN

I HAVE spent most of my life in Brooklyn, where I attended public school. From eighteen-ninety-four to ninety-seven I studied in Germany. On my return I spent two years at Morse and Rogers School and then entered College.



RUSSELL PRATT HOYT, JR.

THE hardest task that can be set anyone is to ask them to write a history of their life. I would rather receive a card asking me to call on the Dean than be forced to write all this nonsense.

There seems to be a general opinion, among the members of the family that I was born on November eleventh, eighteen-seventy-eight; a long time ago if you stop to think about it. I was not a precocious child, and did nothing of note until I was two years old. At that tender age I became aware that I possessed a voice of rare power and brilliancy, and I determined to use it. This discovery pleased me so that I straightway emitted an "A-flat" of such beauty and volume that the neighboring houses rocked and all traffic in the streets was stopped. This was the deed of note to which I referred above. At six I was a wonder at baseball, and wrote a treatise on "Some Atmospheric Disturbances Caused by the In-Curve." This article is on reference at the Loan Desk. I prepared for College at Columbia Institute, and this school has the honor of crowding me into Columbia. While in College I have grown at least four years older. This fact can be accounted for by my frequent visits with the Dean and my unremitting toil as Manager of the Glee and Mandolin Clubs; but there has been a great deal of enjoyment in both these harmless pursuits.



STANLEY MYER ISAACS

'T WAS the month of September, eighty-two—
Of men there still live thousands who
Could remember the fateful day and minute,
Had they only known what was happening in it—
That I entered the world (so tradition says)
Just eleven months and fifteen days,
And some three hundred and ninety years,
Since Columbus came here. As it appears,
This strange coincidence was the cause
Of my entering through COLUMBIA'S doors,
The house of learning. But here I must pause,
And leave to my Boswell the next to relate,
Even if the world for years must wait,
In order to learn what remains of my fate
(Really because I have no more time,
And cannot think of another rhyme).



LEWIS ISELIN

I WAS born in New York City, December seventeenth, eighteen-seventy-nine. I believe that I gave few indications of future greatness except that my nurse thought me destined for the Church because of my solemn face. I received my early education at Miss Reynolds' School and at Cutler's. In eighteen-ninety-five I went abroad with a tutor, and on my return continued my studies under private teachers. I entered College in ninety-nine. In College I have done a little rowing and some studying.



ELY JACQUES KAHN

IT was on the first of June, eighteen-eighty-four, that I made my first public appearance. The date was a rather strange one to select, but, as they told me afterwards, 'twas a clever ruse—you see, it just balanced birthday and Christmas presents. I was kept at school for a long while, here in New York, and in my pre-Freshman days had only decided on fourteen different avocations when I should have to face the world. Luckily I gave up hope of becoming a policeman, fireman, President of the United States, etc., before I entered College, and for four years have rambled through the groves of higher education, studying exactly those things that I won't need later. Next year I expect to enter the School of Architecture and put my air castles on a firmer foundation, so that at least one of my fourteen aspirations won't be lost sight of. It is too early to speak of futures, so I'll ring off and connect you with the Fates and their alluring though derisive voices.



HOWARD ALLEN KEELER

I STARTED my existence on January twenty-third, eighteen-eighty-three, in the City of New York, with a great hustle—the only memento I have kept of my infancy. At the end of my first decade I entered Columbia Grammar School and was made head of the class as the most convenient place for keeping an eye on me. After graduating with the “highest honors” (?), I entered the Class of Nineteen-Three at Columbia College. I had found “scholarly honors” too easy of attainment, so I determined to give the other fellows a show. Resolving to do something for my Alma Mater, I looked over the various branches open to youthful energy. Football, crew, track, and baseball had so many supporters that I decided to take up chess as the most select and æsthetic occupation. I have had the pleasure of representing Columbia on all occasions for the last three years. As the track team seemed to be in need of good material, I also went out each year for the mile run. After I had trained some inferior runner so that he could beat me, I always considerably retired. I might also mention that I have been collector of dues for several societies.



NICHOLAS AUGUST KOENIG

I WAS born on the twenty-seventh of June, eighteen-eighty-three, in the City of New York. My early education was obtained at Grammar School No. 35, and at Trinity School, both in New York City. In ninety-nine I entered Columbia, which action I have never regretted. Although I am fond of athletics, I have never engaged in any while at College, as I have an absolute horror of the training table. My motto is "Eat Early and Often"; for which reason I favor the Deutscher Verein.



BARENT LEFFERTS

I WAS born in New York City, on May fifth, eighteen-eighty-two, prepared at Cutler School, and arrived on the scene of action at Columbia in time to join the Class of Nineteen-Three.



HERBERT SPENCER LOVEMAN

ON the shore of the North River, in the great City of New York—for I had decided long beforehand that that was the only place in the world in which to make my entry into the world—I was born on the eighth of November, eighteen-eighty-two. To the happy circumstance that this very day marked the departure for Europe of Herbert Spencer, then on a visit to the United States, I owe my first and second name. As for the third and last, that had long been awaiting me. At the age of eight I first fell into the hands of the schoolmaster at the Military Academy in Summit, New Jersey. Two years later, putting off the soldier's uniform and refusing numerous offers to enter West Point, I removed to Cleveland, Ohio, and thence to New York, where I finished my preparation for College in the public schools of the city. In the fall of eighteen-ninety-nine I came to Columbia and registered with the Class of Nineteen-Three, of which I have been fortunate enough to remain a member ever since. Regarding law and medicine more or less as popular fads, I have decided to take up study of Mechanical Engineering, and expect to return to the University next year to complete my course in the Schools of Applied Sciences.



HAROLD CHAFFEE M'COLLOM

IN spite of surroundings, my early life in Brooklyn was a quiet one, except for the noise which I myself made in the few years immediately following my birth in eighteen-eighty-two. I received my early education in Grammar School No. 11, where I learned to par. and side-step baby carriages. I was prepared for College at the Brooklyn Latin School; then, taking with me my two distinguishing traits, virtue, which may be attributed to the churches, and careful deliberation, due to the trolley cars of my native town, I entered Columbia in eighteen-ninety-nine. The following four years were marked thus:

Eighteen-ninety-nine to nineteen hundred: Learned my way round Harlem and the Library.

Nineteen-hundred to nineteen-one: Slipped my knee-cap and developed a distinguished, or at least a distinguish-ing, walk.

Nineteen-one to nineteen-two: Took up, in Economics, the study of money, which appears to be a rather interesting subject.

Nineteen-two to nineteen-three: Joined the Glee Club: was fined five dollars for singing in public.



JAMES EDWARD McDONALD

I WAS born in December, eighteen-eighty-one, at Consett, County Durham, England.

Since then I have done nothing with remarkable success. I thought on account of crossing the Atlantic that I might become a famous oarsman, but I changed my mind after about two weeks' training. Now I am satisfied to cheer the crews from the non-observation train, and so in a way I have wandered along for three years, content to be at least a spectator in the great events which have happened during my time.



HERBERT MONTGOMERY McCLINTOCK

HE was born July thirty-first, eighteen-eighty-one, in New York City, and after having passed through what Shakespere chose to call the first stage of man, he went, or rather was sent, to the Collegiate School, where he passed the next ten years of his uneventful life. And when he was old enough to think of College, he gazed around and spying Columbia, he said, "That for mine."

He entered that ancient institution of learning in the fall of eighteen-ninety-nine, and if the Fates are propitious hopes to leave it with the Class of Nineteen-Three.



ROI COOPER MEGRUE

Captains of Industry

MEGRUE is rather a funny ass, but not such a bad sort after all, and it is for this latter reason that I have consented, at his earnest request, to become his Boswell; though, God knows, he is no Johnson. Some few months ago it would have been difficult to find a lad with greater blondness of facial or literary expression than Megrue, but now, alas, the milk of human kindness has turned to acid in his veins. Through no fault of his own, Fate cast him into the managership of the 'Varsity Show, a seat carefully mined with tacks, but with little else, by the managers of the past five years. We miss his merry smile now, for he is busy writing his life in five volumes, "The Gentle Art of Making Enemies, or How I Did It with the Philharmonic."

He prepared for College at Nice and Monte Carlo, where he learned the science of taking chances. When he entered Columbia in eighteen-ninety-nine he was so advanced that it was not necessary for him to devote his time to sordid study like the rest of his classmates. Instead, in his leisure moments he amused himself by turning off with his facile pen leaders for the London Times, the Saratoga Sentinel, the New York Herald and several other prominent newspapers.

So much attention was drawn to Megrue through his journalistic work that his efforts were awarded by his election in his Senior year to the Associate Board of Spectator, an exalted position that he has filled with distinction ever since. He also was Editor of Lit.

But I must cease weaving these fragrant garlands for my old friend, for as Mr. Alan Dale said in reviewing him for the Journal, he might think that I'm in earnest, and I'm not.

R. C. GAIGE.



JAMES GARFIELD MOSES

I WAS born in old Kentucky and bred amidst the ignorant and degrading conditions obtaining in that State. It was only on my arrival in New York some four years since, and my entrance into Columbia College that I first became cognizant of the utter savagery of my native State. Then, for the first time, did I learn to know wherein consisted the true elements of progress. It was such a pleasant sensation to realize what hospitality, courage, liberality, and intelligence meant. And these first impressions have not in any way been obliterated. All is so perfect and lovely here, in such striking contrast with those horrid and reprehensible qualities and characteristics of my old Kentucky home, that I remember my date of birth no longer as September twenty-seventh, eighteen-eighty-two, but as October of eighteen-ninety-nine. Nevertheless, I regularly hie me to the land of blue-grass and horses, not to mention other far-famed products, just to catch a whiff of air uncontaminated by the decencies of New York civilization. This is hardly an account of a rather uneventful existence, but my literary executors will present to the world an adequate biography, which will be found on sale at all book-stores and news-stands.



HERBERT ROE ODELL

BORN in Newburgh, New York, on July fifteenth, eighteen-eighty. After years of study I entered Columbia College in October, eighteen-ninety-nine. My first notable act was to eat luncheon unmolested at the tavern while a sub-Freshman, unaccompanied by Guardian or upper Classman, and my last was to take Latin B. in my Senior year.



LOUIS S. ODELL

“ For me! sae laigh I need na bow,
For, Lord be thankit, I can plough.”

NEAR Kelloggsville, a little hamlet resting peacefully among the rolling uplands of the lake region of Central New York, on December eighteenth, eighteen-seventy-four, was born the humble subject of this sketch. My boyhood was divided between the “deestricht” school and the surrounding woods and fields, for which I am duly thankful. In the early part of my second decade my base of operations was transferred to the High School in the neighboring village of Moravia, which town then became my home. After graduation there, a few terms of teaching in rural schools knocked out of my visions most of the illusions. Two pleasant years in the social and professional atmosphere of the Oneonta State Normal School followed. Then came three strenuous years as Principal of the High School at Liberty, New York. Finally, the long-cherished ideal of a College course was reached and in eighteen-ninety-nine, after due considerations of my needs, especially in the matter of having my rough corners smoothed and the odors of hay and hemlock removed, I selected Columbia as my Alma Mater. Here my class responsibilities, Christian Association work, riding upon street railways, singing in a choir, and innumerable other engagements, have, strange to say, allowed me considerable time for such incidents as mathematics and botany.



GERALD STUART O'LOUGHLIN

HE was born in the city of Winnipeg, in the Province of Manitoba, Canada, on October sixteenth, eighteen-eighty-two. He died in—but I am anticipating. His life was one of possibilities. His birth, I think, may fairly be called the most important event of that life, since it made possible all the subsequent events. The fact of his being born in Winnipeg made it possible for him to come to New York at the age of twelve, that in turn made it possible for him to enter a public school from which the College of the City of New York was a possibility. He went to the College of the City of New York and two years made it possible (nay, desirable, even imperative) for him to leave and enter Columbia in eighteen-ninety-nine with the glorious Class of Nineteen-Three, which he did (I do not mean he did the Class, but entered with it).

By this step he was enabled to go into all the various activities of College life, which he did not do for a very simple reason. You see he was naturally of a generous disposition, and therefore confined his attention to one line, leaving the positions he might have occupied in all the other lines open to the other students in the University. Unselfish, wasn't he?

In course of time he became a Senior, which fact is responsible for the infliction of this history on whomsoever may be unfortunate enough to read it.



CHARLES WHYTLAW OSBORN

WAS born at Bellport, Long Island, February seventh, eighteen-seventy-nine. He is the only child and the idol of his parents, who look up to him—or rather used to look up to him, for they have become wise and do not do it any more—as a youth of great possibilities. Imagine the surprise of the devoted parents when, at the age of two, and upon hearing one of the paternal jokes, he turned to his father and said: “Father, the profundity of your jocularly so closely approximates the frivolity of your earnestness that it renders the arduous task of differentiation intricately difficult.” That settled it. It was decided then and there that when he grew up he should go to Columbia University.

The years passed rapidly and at last, oh joy of joys, time was ripe for “little Charlie” to take his entrance examinations. Finally the terrible struggle was over; and the above-named youth, at the tender age of twenty, entered upon his four years of triumph. When he first began to sit up and take notice, he became much impressed with the number of beautiful Barnard girls that were accustomed to infest the Library, where he used to sit for many hours a day and plug; he had never before seen so much or such exquisite beauty at one time in his life. But no! he would not allow the sight of these fair nymphs to take him from his work, for he was a hard and diligent student, almost a grind. After his four years of hard and faithful work, he stopped long enough to look back and view the great number of things he had accomplished by his faithfulness. He had learned to smoke a pipe, and cigarettes, and, yes, even cigars. He had also learned to mix a cocktail, and—but space is limited. So, to make things short, we will say, this youth can look back with pride and exclaim, with the flush of triumph on his face: “I have accomplished something.”



THOMAS LOCKWOOD PERRY

SO far as I know, I was born in Troy, New York, September eighteenth, eighteen-eighty. I have no recollection of what I did before that event to "pass away the time." After some years, however, I happened in at the Columbia Grammar School and discovered that there was some difference between the light as I then saw it and the "light" I was to get. Howbeit, I was thought a fit subject on which to experiment with Greek and Latin meters. But the line being measured, I strolled into Columbia College to enjoy the all-too-short course of four years "while it could be taken." The Columbian describes me as "A gentle, harmless youth and of good conscience." Of that you must judge. What Fate has determined for me I do not know, nor have I determined what to do with Fate.



HARRY TWYFORD PETERS

I WAS born August first, eighteen-eighty-one, in Greenwich, Connecticut, and prepared for Columbia at Cutler and Browning's School, entering in eighteen-ninety-nine.



EDGAR DUDENSING PITSKE

HE was born in New York City, September thirtieth, eighteen-eighty-one, and was the son of a student and a scholar who graduated first in his class at College. From his early school career young Edgar seemed destined to follow in his father's footsteps, although handicapped by repeated changes of schools—a year at Dr. Dowie's, Long Acre Square, New York; a year at Dr. Eckhard's, Heidelberg, Germany; three years at Dr. Schmidt's, Irving Place, New York, and a year at the Thirteenth Street Public School. Edgar was noted for his diligence and perseverance, always working his way to the first of the class. But in his fourteenth year, at Horace Mann School, a great change came over him. His father being dead and his mother indulging him, young Edgar found that loafing and making a fool of himself and of his teachers was easier than studying. In this state of mind Edgar put himself under the tutelage of a Mr. Senftner to prepare for College, but the end of the year saw only two-thirds of the examinations passed and Columbia refused the young loafer admittance. A year of play at Trinity School, however, resulted in entering without a condition. What he did at Columbia all know. How in his first two years he was a would-be athlete, how in his third year he again tried to become a student by passing off twenty-six hours, how in his fourth he has given up all hope of becoming anything, and consoling himself in "his little, nameless, unremembered acts."



ARTHUR MALCOLM REIS

THAT posterity in general, and my future biographer in particular, may not search the public and private archives in vain for records of my infancy and early manhood, I have here set forth those events of my life which I deem worthy of public interest.

The first resolution of my life, namely to be born, was taken on January the nineteenth, eighteen-eighty-three. Though as you may see I have attained to no great age, my years have spanned two centuries—a good omen indeed. How I spent these two centuries would be difficult to relate, but be it known amongst ye all that in the year nineteen hundred I entered the Freshman class of Columbia College, and finding after three years that there was nothing more to be learned, I decided to take my degree with the Class of Nineteen-Three.

On the threshold of College I dreamed my dreams:—alack, alack, dreams are but dreams, after all. Have I been disappointed? At least as I bid Alma Mater farewell, I can say that I have grown wiser in dreaming.



BERNARD HERMAN RIDDER

BREVITY is the soul of wit—also the first requisite of a truthful account of my life. I was born March twentieth, eighteen-eighty-three, on which day there was no other mistake of any importance. I haven't been in much in College except debt and trouble.

These biographies are a beastly bore anyway. If you tell the truth you are labelled "conceited"; but it ill comports with the dignity of a Senior to hide what is quite apparent. Therefore the only solution lies in a middle course—while I have accomplished any number of unusually brilliant things, false modesty would feign impel me to silence.



LAWRASON RIGGS, JR.

I WAS born in St. Louis, Missouri, on April thirtieth, eighteen-eighty-one, and started life a barefoot boy. I was rescued early and brought East, and graduated from St. Paul's School, Concord, in eighteen-ninety-eight. I pursued the language and other things in Switzerland in eighteen-ninety-eight-nine. I entered Columbia in eighteen-ninety-nine, where I have been chiefly a hearer and spectator (not the Spectator—from which institution I was banished with the reform administration).



RUDOLPH CARL THEODORE SCHROEDER, JR.

I WAS born in New York City, in eighteen-eighty-one, but have resided in Hoboken, New Jersey, for the past sixteen years. I attended the public schools and prepared for Columbia at the Hoboken High School. I entered Columbia College in October, eighteen-ninety-nine, and shall study Law here at Columbia.



ARNOLD O. SCHRAMM

HE was born in New York City, in August, eighteen-eighty. Since that date he has changed residence eleven times—giving an average of one moving once in two years. This removing does not include temporary or summer homes. He is so imbued with the moving spirit that in the spring he does not dare go near a railroad lest he should board a freight car and turn hobo.

As a child he had his troubles, of course. A complete lack of respect for school teachers seems to have been at the bottom of them.

After attending various institutions for the instruction of the young, he entered the Horace Mann School, where he remained for four years preparing for College. He entered Columbia with the Class of Nineteen-Three.

His record in College is remarkable for its emptiness. He did nothing until his Junior year, by which time people had succeeded in convincing him that he ought "to do something for the University." So he put on a football suit and went forth. Since that time he has never been able to understand how a man with brains enough to play football has not sense enough to stay out. Our hero had neither. Not getting enough in one year, he appeared again in nineteen-two. He was on deck every day, occupying space and making demands on the attention of the coaches. But greatness was not his own. At the end of the season a committee with a sense of humor awarded him "Varsity" stripes and football insignia. He does not intend to wear them in a locality in which he is known.



ROBERT SCHULMAN

MY birthplace is some unpronounceable Russian little village. There I was born in eighteen-eighty, and from there my parents found it advisable to emigrate ten years later. It was not before my tenth year that I was initiated into the mysteries of letters and numbers. Now I am a medical student.



ROBERT LIVINGSTON SCHUYLER

SHALL I compare me to a summer's day,
As with slouch hat down-pulled upon my pate,
I slouch along the student's weary way,
And look upon myself and cuss my fate?
My joy, it is the violin to play;
Nothing but early rising do I hate,
And ever since I left the baby's bottle
I've read Euripides and Aristotle.

A Democrat, I hate each corporation,
Except the rather large one which I sport;
To "smile," it is my favorite recreation;
And I imbibe my soda by the quart—
A habit which would jar poor Carrie Nation;
And I do lots of things I hadn't ought;
But I am not among tobacco's chewers,
Nor do I joy in liquors spirituous.

Full many a glorious morning have I seen
Apollo with a double sovereign eye;
And when within the swimming-tank I've been
The angry waters overflowed on high;
But I care nothing for a thing so mean
As water, when I'm really feeling dry,
For I—a trait traditional with Schuylers—
Consume enormous quantities of—Huyler's.



HARVEY AMBROSE SEIL

I WAS born at Doylestown, Ohio, February fifth, eighteen-eighty-two. After this important occurrence, my life has been rather an uneventful one. I came East in company with a great blizzard, and in eighteen-ninety migrated to Perth Amboy, New Jersey. My boyhood days were spent in the usual manner.

I prepared for College at the Perth Amboy High School and entered Columbia in eighteen-ninety-nine. During my four years' stay I have been a staunch supporter of my State, and have often defended New Jersey against the gibes cast against her. I have been a steady commuter and am a close second to Barnes.

I hope to graduate with my Class and return next year to take up the course in Chemistry.



RALPH LOUIS SHAINWALD, JR.

I WAS born on the fifth of March, eighteen-eighty-three, in San Francisco. Two years later the family moved to New York.

To fill in the time until I should join the Class of Nineteen-Three, I went to the Ethical Culture School, where beside the three Rs I was taught to hammer a nail and handle a lathe. This sort of work always interested me, and one fine day as I was tinkering in my workshop, I struck something new, which I ran off and patented—No. 688,705—if you are interested.

In nineteen-hundred-and-one I joined the Baldwin-Ziegler Polar Expedition. The good ship "America" and her consort, the "Frithiof," left Tromsø, Norway, on the seventeenth of July. After being wedged for two days in a Polar ice-jam, after running full speed against ice-floes to break a path for the ship, and after three weeks of doubt, we sighted Cape Flora, where Jackson rescued Nansen. We established our first headquarters in latitude 80° 24' N., about six hundred miles from the Pole. Here we shot thirteen polar bears, and I managed to gather together a few score of the Arctic plants for Columbia's museum. In August I returned to Norway on the "Frithiof."

I expect this summer to accompany an expedition to Alaska, to climb Mt. McKinley, the highest mountain in North America—five thousand feet higher than Mt. St. Elias, which the Duke D'Abruzzi climbed in eighteen-ninety-six.



HAROLD SHIELDS

I WAS born at a tender age in Eastern Pennsylvania, in eighteen-eighty-one. I began to articulate almost immediately, uttering the word "wa-a-a" when but a few hours old. I made continuous use of this vocabulary for the next three years. During my childhood I consumed milk and agricultural products in large quantities, producing in me a very gentle and docile disposition. After a long and uneventful boyhood, I entered Columbia with the intention of studying law, but soon decided that the aforesaid docile disposition, and the habit of truthfulness, unfortunately developed during my Sophomore year, was better suited for the profession of engineering. I have never been in jail.



JEROME BENJAMIN SHOENFELD

IT was on January twenty-seventh, eighteen-eighty-four, that Mother Earth was graced with my presence. As a child I thought I was "it," as every child who doesn't know any better is bound to think; but I wasn't really "it," in a game of tag, until I had reached the age of six. My fondness for knowledge was already manifesting itself (I have learned better since attending Columbia). Knowledge isn't the only aim of life, and book knowledge isn't the only kind of knowledge (sometimes a crib or a grind next to you is better than a book). As soon as I arrived in the Catskills, —in the good old summer time (ages ago), I commenced my research work, by examining all the bureau drawers and closets, and when questioned said, "I'm looking for the mountains." As for school, I was an angel—in disguise—my true nature has since cropped out. My career at the College of the City of New York, or rather the College of the City of New York's career with me, had better rest in the same oblivion in which that institution rests in the minds of all great men. In nineteen hundred I entered Columbia as a Sophomore—a member of the illustrious Class of Nineteen-Three. As a Soph, I studied hard with poor results; as a Junior, I thought I'd be big and smoke a pipe—disastrous results. Hence I'm a notabac. As a Senior, I loafed—and am awaiting results.



WALTER SCOTT SPIEGELBERG

WALTER SCOTT SPIEGELBERG is my name,
'Most nineteen years I'm in the game;
Ate butter-scotch and rhymed a lot,
That's why my parents called me Scott.
Far down in "woolly" Santa Fe,
Was born on Decoration Day,
And so from early childhood's hour
They've called me but the family flower.
In public schools I did prepare
To later dine on higher fare,
For "Primer-books" and "A-B-C"
Soon gave place to Psychology.
But I am patriotic, too,
And love the glorious WHITE and BLUE,
And with COLUMBIA hangs my fate
With Nineteen-Three to graduate.



HARRY WYLBUR STANLEY

OVER twenty-two years ago, in a prosperous city of sunny Kansas, a State upon whose thousand hills now roam the cattle; upon whose plains the breezes kiss the seas of waving grain; and where the tall cow-stalks point to a sky more beautifully blue than the fabled blue of Italy, —in such a State I was fortunate enough to be born. Ambitious to be a big man, I became a tall one at least. I spent three years in Baker University, Baldwin, Kansas, and in the Executive Department of the State, but was suddenly seized with an inordinate desire to learn to sing, came to this wicked and dangerous city to do so, and have assisted in making its hideous noises since October first, nineteen-two. I had my College grades transferred and entered upon my Senior year at Columbia with its advantages and disadvantages. As to the latter, Barnard—but why say more. I pause to wipe away a tear at the mention of the name.

Law is to be my line of operations, but to a Columbia Nineteen-Three man wishing to get away from a noisy, wicked place like New York, I will play the real estate agent and will be glad to show him the way to a home in a famous, happy and prosperous State. (And we don't have any Crokers or Canfields there, either.)



HARRISON ROSS STEEVES

I WAS born in New York City, April eighth, eighteen-eighty-one, passed an uneventful childhood, and decided to go to College as soon as I was old enough to know what it was. Ever since my Freshman year I have been trying to reason out the justification for my decision; but in the main I am as much in doubt as ever. I am at least satisfied that I have learned some things and have even found out that I can derive profit from experience. As for my "College career," I must let that pass, for one can't write a history of things that never happened.



ARTHUR LEWIS STRASSER

I WAS born in an infinitesimal hamlet in Wisconsin, which acquires its name, Stockbridge, from an Indian tribe which occupied a reservation nearby. At the age of seven I removed, with my family, to a slightly larger village, Antigo, also of Indian derivation, where I worried my way through eleven years of grammar and high schools. I came to New York in eighteen-ninety-eight and prepared for Columbia at Sach's. I have had an averagely quiet four years at College, varying the monotony of my own life, and increasing that of others, by indulging from time to time in the gentle art of debating. I am at present studying law, and hope some day to do a stunt in the twinkled line along with New York's other future legal lights.



GEORGE AUGUSTUS KEENE SUTTON

I WAS born October fifth, eighteen-eighty. My great sustaining consolation throughout life has been the fact that Brooklyn and not Hoboken was my natal village. When a few months old my parents chartered a special train and took me to Newark, New Jersey. There having passed an uneventful boyhood, I was put through a course of sprouts at the Newark Academy and entered Columbia on the first trial. Then my domicile was shifted to "God's Own Country." My Freshman year was uneventful except where marked with flunks. Being of a literary bent, I joined "Morningside" in my Sophomore year, becoming finally Editor-in-Chief. Being quite a tank, I early made a raid on the Deutscher Verein, with such good results that during my Junior year I handled the cash, and as a Senior called its meetings to order with the proverbial stein.

But happiness cannot be unalloyed, for being a Tammanyite, I almost passed away when Low was chosen Mayor. A fly gets in the honey sometime. I have only to mention my future calling. I had for years been torn with doubts between being President of the United States or digging in the subway; but finally coming to realize what a capital liar I am, I chose the law. Employ me if you should happen to want a divorce.



JOHN AUGUST SWENSON

I WAS born in Sodra Wram, Sweden, August eleventh, eighteen-eighty. When seven years old, I was sent to the village school, from which I graduated in eighteen-ninety-three. In eighteen-ninety-five I entered a technological institute intending to become a mechanical engineer, but left in ninety-seven and served as an apprentice in a machine-shop for some time. In eighteen-ninety-eight I left Sweden for the United States. My first resort was a farm in Medford, Massachusetts, but finding this too tedious, I shipped as fireman on a steamer and in this way added to my knowledge of the world by seeing more of it. In nineteen-hundred, I entered the Sophomore Class in Bethany College, Lindsborg, Kansas. Intending to become a minister, I was sent to Passaic, New Jersey, to assist in clerical work during the summer of nineteen-one. My fondness for the sciences made me, however, change my intended profession, and in October, nineteen-one, I entered Columbia College with the intention of becoming a teacher. This view I still hold, and after some post-graduate work I intend to make teaching my life-work. January second, nineteen-three, I became Office Editor of Mathematics and Astronomy of the "New International Encyclopedia."



JOHN WARNER TAYLOR

THERE are in my opinion few things less instructive than the ordinary Senior biography. Everyone, when called on for a record of his life, deems it necessary to put himself in a facetious record; to conceal for modesty's sake what he has really done; and to compose something that shall read lightly and wittily if it does nothing else. There seems, too, to be a traditional formula that governs their structure. Quite properly they all follow a chronological sequence, beginning with the interesting fact of the birth of the writer and moving by fits and starts to the Senior year in College. But for my part, I shall not tell you when I was born. It might prove embarrassing thirty years hence, you know. Nor shall I bore you with the details of my height and weight and birth-marks, because I desire to leave as few traces as possible, if in the future I should become embroiled with the police courts. My Prep. school was the Utica Academy, through which I glided as through Columbia, without any extraordinary successes, but still unmarked by any dismal failures. Study has never worried me over much, or at any rate no more than it should, and finally I think I voice the sentiment of my classmates when I say that I feel a genuine sorrow at leaving behind me these four pleasant, undergraduate years at Columbia.



BENJAMIN ABNER TINTNER

“**H**APPY he without a history.” I might, therefore, consider myself almost happy. Suffice it to say, though, I began my career May seventh, eighteen-eighty-one, at Newark, New Jersey, and came to Columbia from New York University up at Chancier’s Farm. I thought I would try football; my sole ambition was to tackle Weekes. I did so; and as a result nursed a bruised muscle. I came out a second time, was promoted to the “Scrub,” and because of my donning football togs, and occasionally running up and down South Field, was awarded “Varsity” stripes and monogram; an incentive to all young insignia aspirants.



WILLIAM FREDERIC THOMAN

I WAS born in New York, March fifth, eighteen-eighty-four, and graduated from Public School No. 32, in eighteen-ninety-seven. I entered the College of the City of New York, where I remained until nineteen hundred, when I joined the Class of Nineteen-Three at Columbia, in the Sophomore year. I have never regretted the change.



WILLIAM FYFE TURNBULL

THE founder of this name was a mighty hunter who saved the life of King Robert Bruce of Scotland from the attack of a wild Scotch bull by wringing its neck. This was about thirteen-twenty. The King dubbed him "Turn bull" and gave him a castle upon the banks of the Tweed, from which in later years his descendants sallied forth to annoy the quiet folk of the Scotch border. Three expeditions were sent by the King of England against this powerful clan, so that it was finally broken up and scattered to the four winds about fifteen-twenty.

Some years after this I was born in a quiet town on the northern shores of Lake Ontario. At an early age I emigrated to the Wild West, landing in a small railroad and mining town up in the mountains. Having occasion during the next ten years to cross the continent seven times each way, by the age of twelve I had traveled twenty-five thousand miles by rail, which is as much as even Barnes can boast of.

I went to school at various times in Waterford, Canada; Salida and Denver, Colorado; Newark and Orange, New Jersey. I prepared for College at Orange High School, and entered Columbia with the Class of Nineteen-Three.



HENRY CLARK TOWNSEND, JR.

I WAS born in New York City on July first, eighteen-eighty-one. My career consists in twenty-one years of limited experience in various forms and branches of life. I have done this and been that and yet at the same time was never called proficient in anything. In fact, I am somewhat a jack-of-all-trades. I was created with an unusually large head, wearing at the age of three a seven and a quarter hat; and this fact alone, not considering my other marks of personal beauty, distinguished me from all other kids of the same age. My mother, somewhat alarmed at the abnormal size of my cranium, took me to a phrenologist, and there, after the learned gentleman had passed his hands several times over my top-piece, informed me that I had the making of a great man. This only goes to prove how mistaken some professional people can be. Perhaps, however, sometime in the future, that prophecy may be realized. Here is hoping that it may be so. So long.



CAMILLE AUGUSTE TOUSSAINT

“ Vanité des vanités; tous est vanité.”

ABOUT a score and ten years ago, wearied of the strife, turmoil and vanity of this great New York, my father migrated to the beautiful Palisades of New Jersey, where I was born on a charming June day in the year eighteen-eighty-one. At that time an epidemic of “musteeks” was raging. Thus the early days of my unassuming existence were passed in an almost constant squall. The early years of my life were uneventful, just as those of most children are. They say a genius occurs once in a generation. However, a marked tendency to a thorough appreciation of the value of numbers was noticeable in my schoolday years—always preferring the greater division of the spoils of war in play.

Finally, I entered on an uneventful career in the Jersey City High School—perhaps scorning the insufficient, narrow honors of a small population. Ambition was my watchword—some day the world, not a school of a university, a mere infatuated part of that world, should realize my merit and ability. However, many honors, which I will not here enumerate, were forced upon me, unsought, by reason of my unexcelled abilities in Mathematics. I entered Columbia in eighteen-ninety-nine and have continued therein until this my year of graduation.



CHARLES DOSWELL TOMKIES

THE affront his dignity suffered at the hands of his publishers, who requested him to write the story of his life in the space of two hundred and fifty words, has been partly allayed by time. Moreover, the secret fear that it would never be recounted unless written here, "a decent respect for the opinions of mankind," and a high regard for the welfare of posterity (who would otherwise suffer an irreparable loss), has moved the author to take up his pen at the eleventh hour, and herewith follows the wondrous tale.

Far down in the Southland, the land of chivalry and romance, where the sun shines the brightest and the moon beams with the softest glow, where the mocking-bird sings the sweetest and the redbird's plumage glows the most brilliant, in a little hamlet in the northwestern part of the State named after the French King, on February twenty-first, eighteen-eighty-two, the subject of this sketch first saw light.

Further towards the setting sun, centuries before, the Keachies roamed through the silent forest. Tradition says this was the parent stock whence all the other Southern Pawnees were sprung. But long ago the red man has gone to join his brethren in the Happy Hunting Ground, and of him naught now remains save his name made immortal by the quaint little village of Keachie, which preserves also tradition, for it has long been regarded by all the country round as the source of all things great and good. Here his early youth was spent.

"What's his history?"

"A blank, my Lord."



RUDOLPH LUDWIG VON BERNUTH

I WAS born on December eighteenth, eighteen-eighty-three, and passed my infancy as a nuisance to everybody. At the age of six I was sent to the Collegiate School, where I stayed until I was graduated in nineteen hundred. During my scholastic career, I was the butt of the school, and acquired the world-famous name of "Pop." I then entered Columbia with the Class of Nineteen-Four. Although I have never indulged in riotous conduct, my College career has been a fast one in a sense of the word; for in one of the class fights I received a mighty shove and was precipitated into the Class of Nineteen-Three, where I now stand to get my "sheepskin."



BENJAMIN RUDOLPH VON SHOLLY

THERE are many rare abilities in the world that fortune never brings to light.



RALPH HENRY WADDELL

I WAS born into this world of toil and trouble February fifth, eighteen-eighty-one. The State of Illinois claims the honor. My father is a minister, paradoxical as it may seem. When very young, like other clergymen's sons, I attended church regularly, sat in the "amen" corner and ate cookies to quiet my nerves. When twelve years old I moved to North Dakota, taking father and mother with me. Locating at Devil's Lake, near the Fort Totten Indian reservation, I led a life of constant warfare with ravenous beasts and savage Sioux. After the Turtle Mountain massacre of ninety-eight, I returned to Illinois and entered Knox College. From Knox I went to the University of Minnesota. While there I determined to come East and get my degree at Columbia. So here I am, ready to graduate with the Class of Nineteen-Three. I expect to remain here, go into the claims business, and claim everything in sight.



LEONARD MICHAEL WALLSTEIN

LESS than thirty years ago, I was born in New York City. Ever since my first glimpse of earth I have been the possessor of a surname similar to that of one of the most illustrious soldiers in history, Albrecht Wencesles Wallenstein. I went through the usual stunts of preparation for College and joined the Class of Nineteen-Three at Columbia. Like my noble namesake, I have striven, but, unlike him, I have striven for scholarly attainments and not the praise and allegiance of man.



GEORGE EARLE WARREN

I WAS born in Brooklyn, January ninth, eighteen-eighty-one, and in eighteen-ninety-four made the best move in my life to New York City. I entered Columbia in ninety-nine, where I have spent most of my time studying literature in Earl Hall.



HAROLD HATHAWAY WEEKES

I WAS born in New York City, April second, eighteen-eighty, and prepared for Columbia at the Morristown School. While at school I took considerable interest in athletics, and it is needless to say that my enthusiasm never waned while at College.



FREDERIC LYMAN WELLS

I WAS born at Boston, on April twenty-second, eighteen-eighty-four, and migrated the next year to Providence, Rhode Island. From here I went to Germany, where I received my first schooling from the Spanish Rohr in the skilled hands of a teacher in a Munich public school. At the age of seven I returned to America, and a year later encamped at Sewanee, Tennessee, where I remained for eight years. By virtue of this residence I arrogate to myself the title of Southerner. I received my preparatory education at the Sewanee Grammar School, and after a year's study in the University of the South, entered Columbia when Nineteen-Three were "Sophs."



GERARD BERNARD WERNER

A SERIOUS biographical notice, I think, is more appropriate in a necrology than in a class-book; and a humorous sketch of one's life ought not to be attempted when the writer is not possessed of the humorous faculty. I will therefore merely record, for the benefit of my future biographer, that I was born in St. Louis, December seventh, eighteen-eighty-three; that I migrated to New York in April, eighteen-ninety, and that I am now studying to be an electrical engineer.



EDWIN WOLFF

I WAS born March fourth, eighteen-eighty-four, so as to be in time to celebrate Cleveland's first inauguration on my first birthday. After a while I went to Public School No. 68, and later on to Grammar School No. 93. In eighteen-ninety-five I went down to the Ethical Culture School, where I remained until eighteen-ninety-nine, when I entered the most glorious Class of Columbia ever known, the only thing I did of which I am proud. I took part in all class fights, examinations and other harmless pleasures, and accordingly hope to be graduated.



ALBERT WORTMANN

WHAT'S the use? To work like this is to go back on all my past principles. For four years I have learned the methods of the educated loafer, and actually placed myself in the prime condition to graduate as such. What a come down. But since I must, here goes.

I led an uneventful life of measles, etc., up to the time of my entering College, when my physical sicknesses turned to those of the brain upon encountering Math. A. and History A. After a careful and thorough study, however, of the principles involved in the mode of "getting through" the exams. without work, I was finally able to devote my time to the beauties of Nature as seen from the football and baseball fields (while consuming peanuts, etc.), and am now in a position to write a textbook on the subject. But my abilities are as short in that direction as they are in writing this history, and so until I get the opportunity of talking it off my mind, I end my past life.



CHRISTOPHER BILLOPP WYATT

CHRISTOPHER WYATT was born in New York City on March nineteenth, eighteen-eighty-two. For further particulars, see Class statistics at the end, where he figures, unfortunately, only too prominently.



CLARENCE JOHNSON WYCKOFF

ON the twenty-fifth of October, eighteen-eighty-one, I became an inhabitant of Brooklyn, the city of churches and baby carriages, and since then have ever lived in that place. After the usual experiences of a public school, I entered the Polytechnic Preparatory School, graduating in the spring of eighteen-ninety-nine. With the exception of an arduous struggle with mathematics at "Poly" and also at Columbia, my career thus far has proved uneventful. Law is to be my profession.



CLASS ROLL

Clinton Gilbert Abbott.	Victor de La Montagne Earle.
*Almon Edgar Adams.	Arthur Frederick Egner.
Frederic Joseph Agate.	Henry Hart Elias.
Theodore Henry Allen.	*Milton A. Falk.
William Fitch Allen.	*Pierce Philip Ferris.
*William A. Andrews.	Colin Garfield Fink.
Martin Charles Ansorge.	*Mortimer Levi Fisher.
David Asch.	Jay Irving Fort.
*Daniel Read Bacon.	*Walter Frank.
*John James Bakerman.	*Leonard Felix Fuld.
George Frederick Bambach.	Roscoe Crosby Gaige.
*Percival Martin Barker.	*Enos Throop Geer.
Nathaniel Waring Barnes.	*Emanuel Goldenweiser.
Robert Bradford Bartholomew.	Frank Valentine Goodman.
*Murray Harold Bass.	*Hamilton Adair Gordon.
*James Basset, Jr.	*Arnold Gross.
*John Grenville Bates.	Herbert J. Haas.
Alexander Otto Bechert.	*Jacob Lionel Haas.
Henry Rutgers Beekman.	*Edmond Jordan Harrison.
*Dino Bigongiari.	Richard Compton Harrison.
*Joseph S. Bikle.	*W. Claude Heaton.
*Marcus Isser Blank, M.D.	Charles LeRoy Hendrickson.
*Frank Tefft Bogue.	*Henry K. Heyman.
*Algernon Keen Boyesen.	William Forrest Hills.
*Pierre S. Boisse.	Alfred Hoffman.
*Yeoman Briggs.	*Floyd D. Holmes.
Herbert Corlies Brinckerhoff.	*Everett House.
*Benjamin Franklin Butler.	Russell Pratt Hoyt, Jr.
George Henry Butler, Jr.	Stanley Myer Isaacs.
Louis Casamajor.	Lewis Iselin.
*Frederick Ambrose Clark.	*Walter Abraham Jacobs.
*Ralston Roberts Coffin.	*Maurice Lamotte Jenks.
Dayton Colie.	Ely Jacques Kahn.
William Phillips Comstock.	Howard Allen Keeler.
John Whiting Crowell.	*Charles William Kennedy.
Albert Davis.	*Edwin B. Koenig.
*Alfred Dickinson.	Nicholas August Koenig.
Marcellus Hartley Dodge.	*Charles Francis Lawson.
*Pendleton Dudley.	Barent Lefferts.
Harry Hammond Dyrsen.	*Charles Howard Loper.

*Not in the Class for four years.

†Deceased.

CLASS ROLL

- | | |
|-------------------------------|------------------------------|
| Herbert Spencer Loveman. | *William Alonzo Simmons, Jr. |
| Herbert David Mandelbaum. | *Bert Veitch Smith. |
| Harold Chaffee McCollom. | †Charles Henry Smithers. |
| James Edward McDonald. | *Nelson Lockwood Somers. |
| *Frederick Seybel McLintock. | Walter Scott Spiegelberg. |
| Herbert M. McLintock. | *Kenneth Miller Simpson. |
| Roi Cooper Megrue. | *Harry Wylbur Stanley. |
| *David Ammen Menocal. | Harrison Ross Steeves. |
| J. Garfield Moses. | Arthur Lewis Strasser. |
| *Hopper Lenox Mott. | George Augustus Keen Sutton. |
| *Samuel Sherill Mulford. | *John August Swenson. |
| Herbert Roe Odell. | John Warner Taylor. |
| Louis S. Odell. | Samuel Abraham Telzy. |
| Gerald Stuart O'Loughlin. | *William Frederick Thoman. |
| *Louis Herbert Orr, Jr. | *Lloyd Brant Thomas. |
| Charles Whytlaw Osborn. | *Benjamin Abner Tintner. |
| Thomas Lockwood Perry. | *Charles Doswell Tomkies. |
| Harry Twyford Peters. | Camille Auguste Toussaint. |
| Edgar Dudensing Pitske. | Henry Clark Townsend. |
| *Percival Valentine Raisbeck. | William Fyfe Turnbull. |
| *Arthur Malcolm Reis. | *Rudolph Ludwig Von Bernuth. |
| Bernard Hermen Ridder. | Benjamin Rudolph Von Sholly. |
| Lawrason Riggs, Jr. | *Morris Voss. |
| *William Rossbach. | *Ralph Henry Waddell. |
| *Charles Edward Scharps. | Leonard Michael Wallstein. |
| Arnold O. Schramm. | George Earl Warren. |
| Rudolph C. T. Schroeder. | Harold Hathaway Weekes. |
| Robert Schulman. | *Frederick Lyman Wells. |
| Robert Livingston Schuyler. | *Arthur Werner. |
| *Frederic Cromwell Seaman. | Edwin Wolff. |
| Henry Augustus Seil. | Albert Wortman. |
| Ralph Louis Shainwald, Jr. | Christopher Billopp Wyatt. |
| Harold Shields. | Clarence Johnson Wyckoff. |
| Jerome Benjamin Shoenfeld. | *Robert Hasbrouck Wyld. |

*Not in the Class⁷four years.

†Deceased.

CLASS STATISTICS

89 Ballots.

HOME.—New York City, 66; other parts of New York State, 10; New Jersey, 8; Georgia, 1; Kentucky, 1; Pennsylvania, 1; Kansas, 1; Sweden, 1.

PLACE OF BIRTH.—New York, 59; New Jersey, 7; Connecticut, 2; Missouri, 2; Pennsylvania, 2; Canada, 2; England, 2; Russia, 2; Georgia, 1; Kentucky, 1; Kansas, 1; Wisconsin, 1; Massachusetts, 1; Maine, 1; Texas, 1; Ohio, 1; California, 1; New Mexico, 1; Sweden, 1.

AVERAGE AGE AT GRADUATION.—Twenty-one years, two months.

RELIGION.—Episcopalian, 26; Hebrew, 20; Presbyterian, 12; Lutheran, 7; Baptist, 5; Methodist, 3; Dutch Reformed, 3; Roman Catholic, 2; Agnostic, 1; Congregationalist, 1; Nothing, 9.

POLITICS.—Republican, 56; Democrat, 14; Independent, 3; Mugwump, 6; Socialist, 1; Prohibitionist, 1; Fusionist, 1; Anarchist, 1; nothing, 5; gentle art of knocking, 1.

PREPARATORY SCHOOLS.—Public High Schools, 28; College of the City of New York, 9; Polytechnic Preparatory School, 4; Sachs, 4; Columbia Grammar, 4; Trinity, 3; Cutler, 3; Barnard, 2; Drisler, 2; Browning School, 2; Morse & Rogers School, 2; Collegiate School, 2; Dwight School, 2; others, 20.

INTENDED OCCUPATION.—Law, 28; business, 17; teaching, 9; civil engineer, 4; chemist, 4; doctor of medicine, 4; mining engineer, 3; architect, 2; millionaire, 2; journalist, 1; politician, 1; electrical engineer, 1; philanthropist, 1; forester, 1; clergyman, 1; theatrical manager, 1; nothing, 8.

FAVORITE STUDY.—Literature; history; economics.

FAVORITE PROFESSOR.—Professor Woodberry; (Professors Van Amringe, Chandler and Lord.)

MOST POPULAR MAN.—Weekes, O'Loughlin, Dodge.

HANDSOMEST.—(Weekes, Earle), Bartholomew.

LUCKIEST.—Dodge, Townsend, Gaige.

WITTIEST.—Megrue.

LAZIEST.—Gaige, McDonald, Dyrsen.

NOISIEST.—Von Bernuth, Pitske.

SLOUCHIEST.—Schuyler, Toussaint, Wells.

GROUCHIEST.—Turnbull, Wyatt, Schramm.

BIGGEST FUSSER.—Keeler, T. H. Allen, Crowell.

BEST DRESSED.—Peters, Iselin, Wyatt.

LOUDEST DRESSED.—Wyatt, Fort, Beekman.

BEST ATHLETE.—Weekes.

BEST STUDENT.—Isaacs, Abbott, Barnes.

CLASS STATISTICS

BEST ALL-ROUND MAN.—Earle, O'Loughlin, Bartholomew.

WORST GRIND.—Wallstein, Crowell.

MOST CONCEITED.—Wyatt, Abbott, Agate.

MOST MODEST.—Weekes, Bartholomew, Dodge.

MOST SUBURBAN.—Barnes, Wells, Crowell.

MOST INNOCENT.—Crowell, Bambach, Barnes.

CLASS ODE

(Air, "America")

Columbia on the hill,
To thee, with right good-will,
Our praise shall be,
Thy sons who went before
Have held, in greatest store,
The honor that they bore,
A gift from thee.

Our thoughts will ever turn,
Our hearts will ever yearn,
From far or near,
To thee, O College great,
To thee, enthroned in state,
A mighty potentate,
Our College dear.

Thy name shall always bind
Each loyal heart and mind,
Columbia!
Through all the country 'round
Thy fame shall loud resound,
Thou, with all glory crowned,
Columbia!

ALBERT DAVIS.

FAREWELL.

O, mighty Mother, thou who sit'st enthroned
Upon the height of that rock-circled hill,
Which watches o'er the Hudson as it glides
Between its sloping banks to join the sea,
Thy sons are loth to leave thee. Sad are we,
For we have loved thee: loving from that day—
How dim and distant now that time has grown
After the lapse of four swift-gliding years—
When first we saw thee guarding all the plain
In calm benignity. And thus we said,
As climbing upward to thy throne we came,
“How highly favored are that Mother's sons!
How foolish they that spurn her kindly love!
'Tis honor thus to stand beneath her flag,
To bear it onward as it floats on high.
A gracious parent glories in her child,
And he in turn is by her glorified.”

So, looking, hoping, yearning, up we came
And entered in, and lived those four short years;
Four years which glided swift, as swallows wing
Their circling flight athwart the sun-flecked air—
In joy of life and light and sunny glow,
Darting and soaring past us on their way—
While we, thy sons, have all thy favor known,
Have shaped our manhood toward the high ideal
That shines, a beacon, flashing far above;
We live in hope to reach it, and that hope
Will hold us steadfast till the goal is won.

'Twas here we studied 'neath the lofty dome
Which rears itself to meet the vaulted blue,
Outstretching o'er it with a vaster calm;
'Twas here we lived our life, and ran our race,
And won our laurels; now we face the world.

FAREWELL

O, glorious Mother, we, thy sons, bemoan
The fate that sends us outward far from thee.
Not that we fear to struggle and to strive;
Nor that the turmoil of the busy world
Will make us falter. Life is still before.
The lordly river, bending at thy feet,
Is proud to pay thee homage and respect
As flashing ever toward the sea it flows,
And we flow on, the Classes, going forth
In slow procession as the years glide by.
We soon must pass; yet longing holds us back,
And binds us closer till the parting come.
We stand upon the margin where the stream
Is merged and lost within the billowing sea.

O, honored Mother, we, thy sons, must part,
Must part from one another, and from thee.
These first few days of Summer and of warmth
Have coaxed the rosebud from its casing sheath,
And flung the leaves far out upon the bough
To dance and tremble in the floods of light.
The world now bids us hasten, tuned in song
With earth and sky to chant our hymn of praise.
Go we not forth our College to uphold,
To gain fresh laurels which shall deck her brow,
To bring our many glories back to her,
And add our rushlight to her glowing flame?

ALBERT DAVIS.

PRESIDENT'S ADDRESS

Time was at Columbia, and that not so long ago, when Class Day, with its interesting customs, was not so important as it is now. Further back still it did not exist at all, and the part the students took in their graduation was confined entirely to the Commencement exercises. These started at nine o'clock in the morning and lasted all day. Each graduating student was required to read his oration to the assembled gathering. The spirit of these august occasions was that of solemnity and serious propriety, too sober to make most effective the portion of the programme devoted to the students. The result of this, was the establishment of Class Day by the Class of Eighteen-Sixty-Five, in order that the Class might have its own exercises where a spirit of mirth and cheerfulness most proper for such a gathering might prevail. Though at first only a few speeches of those graduating were given at Class Day, gradually, as year by year the practice was continued, Commencement finally lost the whole of the student side of its exercises, and Class Day was the gainer. The two characteristics of the custom which the Class of Nineteen-Three has asked you to aid in upholding to-day are, first, that this is a meeting essentially by the Class itself, and secondly, that long usage has decreed as most fitting for it an atmosphere of pleasure and mirthfulness.

It may be interesting to you to hear a few of the details of a commencement, about eighteen-twenty, as given in the announcement of the exercises.

The announcement states that the line of march of the procession shall be from the College green in the morning, precisely at nine o'clock.

Among those that shall be in line are mentioned, the Janitor of the University, the President of the University, Members of the Corporation of the City, Judges of the Supreme Court, Foreign Consuls resident in the city, the Clergy and Strangers of distinction. Among the subjects

PRESIDENT'S ADDRESS

of the orations delivered by the students we find the following: "On the Character of Martin Luther"; "The World in the Twentieth Century"; "An Oration on the Influence and Importance of Women in Society," followed by one on the theme "Absurdity." I am sure the two were not meant in any way to be connected. An oration "On the Progress and Vicissitudes of Letters" and one on "Flour-ence." The Commencement closed with a prayer by the President.

The celebration of this day has for us who are members of the College proper a very real significance at a time when we are witnessing the great expansion of the University in its various schools. It brings home to us in a true sense the fact that the College was the parent of the University. That around the College, sacred and precious for its traditions of the past, and standing forth as the champion of full hope for the future, Columbia has grown to her present state. That almost every custom by which she has been endeared to her sons has originated and been made possible of perpetuation through the College.

It is here the men have more time to work for their Alma Mater. It is here those ties of friendship are bound most tightly together, which terminate only with life itself. A University without a College to place and keep at the helm the unwritten law of the past is deprived to a large extent of that power to affect the lives of her students to which she is entitled. How melancholy and uninteresting, how uninspiring and unprofitable would your walk and mine here at Columbia have been if we had not had these customs to live up to as Freshmen, to perpetuate as Upper Classmen, and to receive our parting word of encouragement from, as we leave to go out into the world? It is not surprising, then, that we are glad to welcome you here this afternoon, and to be permitted in your presence to add for our Class her stone to that foundation of time which supports without doubt our most cherished College custom.

PRESIDENT'S ADDRESS

But what of the Class which is doing this this afternoon! I will be frank with you. Some of you doubtless have heard of great men or great bodies of men, some of you doubtless have read of great men or great bodies of men, some of you doubtless have seen great men or great bodies of men, but I feel confident you will surely agree with me when I say that never before in the history of man has been gathered together so great a body of truly great men as sit before you this afternoon. You exclaim, "Tell me of their past, their future, of their hopes and their ideals," and I candidly answer that when they have passed through the tender clutches of the classmates who follow me, you will know more about them than of any other body of men in the world. The Historian will tell you a few things we are,—and perhaps a few things we are not;—the Poet will give you our poetic side; the Prophet, as best he can, will lay out our future for us; the Presentation Orator will make us feel at times very ill at ease, and that our presence before you is truly no delusion; while the Vaedictorian will impress upon you the soundness of the advice he gives us in his words of farewell.

Now, as we proceed with our last Class-meeting as undergraduates, I want, in behalf of my classmates of Noughty Three, to extend to you the warmest welcome which it lies in our power to give.

MARCELLUS HARTLEY DODGE.

CLASS HISTORY

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen:

As you all will undoubtedly have surmised from the ultra-intelligent faces of the Class of Nineteen-Three, here arrayed before you, the chronicle of their notable doings is necessarily a long one. Indeed, to enumerate even those actions which might be regarded as epoch-making in the history of Columbia College would occupy a much longer time than would please speakers to follow, who have been impatiently awaiting this afternoon as the opportunity, *par excellence*, of making their grand bow to the world. So I have been forced merely to jot down the more salient points of the Class's record, which I have this afternoon the unspeakable honor of presenting to you.

By way of introduction, I would say (and I say it with all modesty) that the members of the Class of Nineteen-Three feel that they may lay just claim to being, in all that goes to make up a fine Class, superior to every Class that has yet o'erstepped the threshold of this illustrious University—in other words, we feel that we are in a class by ourselves. This claim we make for two reasons: first, because we possess the best athletes, the best scholars, the best writers, the best actors, the best business men, the best debaters, the best chess-players, the best artists, the best musicians, the best fussers and the best lookers that the College has yet produced; second, of course, because one of the members of our Class is Harold Weekes. This second reason every one naturally expected and its validity no one will dispute. Of the first I can only trust that ere the afternoon is over there will not be a vestige of skepticism or doubt in the minds of any of you.

It was way back last century some time—in the Fall of ninety-nine, to be a little more specific—that, as a Class, we first made the acropolis of New York our stronghold. We first came to know each other during those inspiring lectures by Dr. Savage, when we learned that, by payment of

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seven dollars, each was entitled to the privilege of recording the full list of his diseases, together with the number of hours per day spent upon each. It was then that, under the kind guidance of nineteen-one, we began to hold meetings of our own, the first desire of all Freshmen. The saucy Sophs started to peep in upon us through the windows, but with dignity becoming our positions as full-fledged College men, we merely arose and drew down the shades. In fact, I would at this point impress upon you that one of the most marked characteristics of our Class throughout its course has been its *dignity*; whereas that of the Class which preceded us was *insidiousness*. But more of this anon; just at present I am transported in thought, though at the time it was in a furniture van, to a very undignified Sophomore smoker, to which we were "invited" during the first week of our College life. The invitations consisted of cowardly and insidious seizure of individual Freshmen, the Sophs having no heart to face us as a Class. At the smoker we bore ourselves with our usual dignity, obeying no unpleasant commands, and soon after sent a dignified challenge to our rival Class to engage in the annual cane-sprees. They could find no plausible excuse for withdrawing, and were therefore forced to comply. That we won goes without saying, the Sophomores only hastening their own downfall by resorting to their usual insidious tactics. Since he won the light-weight spree for us that time, victory has become such a commonplace thing for Mr. Earle that they tell me he now habitually signs himself "Victor." The sprees over, and our canes won, we at once adjourned to South Field to determine our right to smoke pipes by a tug of war. The exact result of the contest has remained an unknown quantity to this day, for just at the crucial moment, when every strand was strained, the rope suddenly broke in the middle, and we all sat down with less dignity than was our custom. The Sophomores then, in gluttonous fashion, attempted to

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keep all to themselves the beer that had been provided for the refreshment of all. Suffice it to say that South Field was left after the battle a beautiful botch of beer, blood, and brownness.

It was not long after that the Sophomores held their Class dinner, and again their insidious nature manifested itself. For one of them represented himself over the telephone to our president as a friend of his, asking him to come out. But no sooner had he set foot upon the sidewalk than he was grabbed by two or three figures that had been skulking behind the steps, hurried into a cab, and driven off a captive. At our own Class dinner we enjoyed true good cheer and drank many times to the health (?) of Nineteen-Three. If you could have seen us going home you would have determined that that dinner had done more to bind us together and to enable us to look to our classmates for support than anything else hitherto.

As for the remainder of the Freshman year, it was marked chiefly by a long string of athletic successes: Messrs. Weekes and Berrien had already made the 'varsity football team, while Mr. Bates sprang into prominence as one of the world's best golfers. Mr. Coffin as an oar, Mr. Earle as a gymnast, Mr. Goodman as a baseball player—all on 'varsity teams. And innumerable others made a name on the various Class teams, of which we had a goodly array.

With Sophomore year came new responsibilities. A new Class had appeared on the scene of action to the education of whose members we felt it was incumbent upon us to attend with unceasing diligence. We reminded them gently that they must not walk on the grass, sit on the library ledges, smoke pipes or carry canes; gave them lessons in rowing on the pavement in front of Barnard; allowed them to help the Italians dig the subway, and in general curbed the exuberance of their childish spirits.

Early in the year we, too, decided to have a smoker

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(somehow or other we seemed to regard the idea in a different light from that of a year previous). It was an amusing sight to watch our innocent little visitors from Nineteen-four mount a chair in our midst and, after taking a pull at the bottle and giving a cheer for Nineteen-Three, describe themselves, when bidden, thus: "I am Obo, the mountain goat, who may be seen *leaping* from crag to crag, scattering my horns, not singly, but one by one." Another youngster gave us this touching little rhyme:

If you see a bumble bee,
Coming o'er the lea,
If you've got a grain of sense,
You'll let that bumble be.

I am inclined to believe that it is partly due to this piece of advice that B. Lefferts, the crew manager, has this year been given such a wide berth. Whenever he is seen making a B line for anyone, as his custom is, his destination is apt mysteriously to disappear before he gets there.

But the great event of the year was the Sophomore Show. Not only was every member of the cast and chorus a member of the Class of Nineteen-Three, but the play itself was written by one of our classmates—a feat which no subsequent Class has proved equal to. To be sure, Leonidas intended it originally for Maud Adams and Faversham, but he gave it to his Class and now he is writing something else for Maud Adams. Who will soon forget Gerry O'Loughlin's impersonation of retiring maidenhood, who Dayton Colie's coy ways, as she shook off her wig in the violence of extruding her tongue at her mother? And the Soph Show trip! Let me speedily draw a veil over the scene in that large room at the Lakewood Laurel House, which was assigned to no less than six of us for a comfortable night's rest!

But the sad time finally came when we were compelled

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to leave theatrical boards, so we consoled ourselves by gathering around festal boards and celebrating our second annual dinner. For some unaccountable reason the dinner was not held at the same hotel as the previous year, in fact they say that its proprietor ran for his revolver when he heard that a delegation of Nineteen-Three men were again waiting on him. Whether or not, we thoroughly enjoyed that Sophomore dinner, while a few specially invited Freshmen provided the vaudeville entertainment and sipped their lacteal beverage to the soul-inspiring tones of Holt's "Nineteen-Three March."

The absurd and old-fashioned "Sophomore Triumph," so called, we considered it below our dignity to indulge in, and every subsequent Class has followed our wise example. But that reminds me of another incident. Have any of you noticed that the back of the Library has a yellowish tinge? It came about this way: One sunny morning the Freshmen decided to have their Class photograph taken. They were festooned about the windows and ledges at the back of the Library, blinking their innocent little blue eyes at the man with the camera, when Vic Earle and Gerry O'Loughlin happened along. Now I might inform you, in the words of the lawyer whose eloquence exceeded his knowledge of the classics, that as David to Jonathan, as Damon to Pythias, as Orestes to Pylades, and as *Scylla to Charybdis*, so is Vic to Gerry. In the course of their inseparable perambulations they chanced to stroll between the camera and the Freshies; and they strolled and strolled. It was a perfectly dignified proceeding; surely all the campus is public. Now Vic has been voted one of the handsomest men in the Class, and you can see for yourselves what a fine-looking chap Gerry is when he gets up to deliver the valedictory; and you may wonder that the Freshies were not delighted merely to include them in the picture. But somehow they seemed to think otherwise, especially when a few more Sophs, who

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chanced to be passing, were unaccountably seized with a desire to stroll in the same spot. At last the temper of the Freshies became ruffled, as did their hair and their clothes in the fray which quickly ensued. Suddenly, whiz! an egg flew, followed by another, and another, till the pavement and the backs of both the Library and the photographer's head were egg-bestrewn. (As to the quality of the eggs, that they were from the lunch-room is sufficient guarantee.) But all good things must have an end; the superintendent's men in blue appeared, and—well, Vic and Gerry were not seen on the campus for several days thereafter.

The shining light of the Junior Year was the "Columbian." I say shining light because I am inclined to believe that the books have probably had their greatest sphere of usefulness as fire kindling. The fact is, the editors, having evidently something of the goat in their own make-up, were so stuck on limp kid as a binding that they did the book true Roycroftie. But unfortunately the leaves were not stuck on the leather quite as much as the editors, and they have been coming out steadily ever since. Anyway, the book came out on time, and in its originality was typical of the Class, at least. The editors tell me, too, it was a tremendous financial success. I cannot recall the exact amount of the profits, but I know there was a six somewhere—either 60, 600, or 6,000—or was it just plain 6?

The other two notable events of the Junior Year were the opening of the large, new lunch-room, by which Mr. Heubner was enabled to discharge all his waiters and make the men wait on themselves, and the Junior Ball. But since so many of the beautiful young ladies sitting here were undoubtedly present at the Junior Ball, I will not delay to describe that now.

Our Senior Year has been a severe one. We have maintained to the end our usual dignity, and have, I am sure, been a model to all the lower Classes. We have succeeded

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in learning to perfection how to continually lessen the time spent on our lessons, an art which many cannot master in only four years.

It will be noticed that Columbia has advanced in all its departments since the Class of Nineteen-Three came there. In numbers it has progressed to the front place; in athletics, the formation and maintenance of a football team of the first rank is perhaps the most notable achievement; socially, the expanded function of King's Crown, now the University society, should be cited, and religiously, the erection of Earl Hall and the regeneration of the Y. M. C. A.; in a literary way we would emphasize the transition of "Spectator" to a daily surpassed by that of no other College—a work chiefly promoted by Nineteen-Three men. There is not a captaincy, not a managership but has been held by Nineteen-Three; indeed, for two successive years the football captaincy was ours.

Oh, it is a wonderful Class, there is no denying it! They say that each seventh wave is a big one, and certainly unusually good Classes come at intervals. But in searching the annals I have been able to find nothing that even approaches the general excellence of Nineteen-Three, and I have been compelled to regard it merely as a phenomenon of nature—a gift of Providence.

CLINTON GILBERT ABBOTT.

PRESENTATION ORATION

I am like the future, for no man in the Class of Nineteen-Three knows what I hold in store for him. See how they shrink and tremble! 'Tis in truth a modest, retiring bunch of College men, for many a man has pleaded with me not to give him a present this afternoon. Indeed, were I a Devery instead of a Seth Low I should be rich had I taken all the bribes offered me on the condition that I did not call So-and-so up here in the limelight.

Ladies and gentlemen, to invent this opening paragraph cost me many a weary hour when I might have been attending absorbing lectures in economics and philosophy. For, you see, some are born with reputations, others achieve them, but mine was thrust upon me by fifty-eight enemies of mine who had me elected the wittiest man in the Class. It reminds me of the proud young married woman who had been entertaining her friends with the tale of what a severe, almost fatal, cold her son had. When her heir appeared no sign of cold did he exhibit, either nasal, vocal, or pulmonary. Rather annoyed, the mother said peevishly: "Cough for the ladies, Johnny, cough for the ladies!" And that is about what the Class has done for me; though I have never exhibited any physical, mental or spiritual marks of humor, my fellow-students have bid me "Be funny, Megrue, be funny!" But oh, victims in the audience, in apology for what is to come from my lips, I may say with the poet, "I never dare to be as funny as I can." If my janitorial friends will now please close the windows and barricade the doors, we will return to the subject, as the Freshman in German A said after he had vainly searched for the predicate six miles down at the end of the sentence. The first specimen I propose to exhibit—(now, gentle reader of Nineteen-Three, I do not intend to allow you to know who my first victim is until I stand on the platform on June eighth, so we shall pass on)—I must confess in passing, because of a small—very small—conscience which weighs upon me,

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that there was one bribe I did accept, and that from Mr. Roscoe C. Gaige. Mr. Gaige agreed that if I would say nothing about him he would be equally reticent in my regard. I know Mr. Gaige pretty well, and I know many things about him that would be interesting in the telling; but he knows many—too many—things about me, so that is why he sits there calmly smiling, realizing that I do not dare. (On Class Day I propose at this juncture to present George Bambach with a few presents; he is, however, editor of the Class Book, and if he knew what I had in mind for him he might not be here—which would be unfortunate.)

Some of us there are in College with whom Fortune has played her capricious pranks. Some of us have been limited in our exchequer and have had financially to battle our way through College. True it is that we have lived on cakes and pie for luncheon, but that is due to the fact that we have been unable to afford a regular lunch—price, thirty cents, bread and butter charged extra. Such a man is Marcellus Hartley Dodge, who is here on the platform now. Mr. Dodge, we all appreciate how successfully and against what odds you have labored with the wolf ever scraping on the threshold of your humble cottage on the Harlem rocks amid the Harlem goats. You have battled against direst poverty, and your classmates, realizing this, and realizing, too, how much you have done for Columbia, have collected funds to set you firmly on your feet to travel down the pathway of life. Mr. Dodge, it affords me much pleasure to present you with this small sum of \$11,000,000.

The Class usually exhibits a playful humor which is naïve if untruthful in its Class elections. For example, I have already demonstrated that I am not the wittiest man in the Class, and I have suspicions about some of the other choices. In one instance, however, the Class was absolutely correct. It chose Mr. Howard Allen Keeler as the biggest fusser. (Will Mr. Keeler please come up, all the way

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up?) For four years Mr. Keeler has conducted a monopoly on the heights of Morningside; it has been one in girls. Not a dance, not an athletic game, not a Columbia function of which Mr. Keeler has not been the shining light, always with a fair young maiden reposing restfully on his arm. He has had all kinds of girls, short and tall, slim and stout, blonde and brunette, and every time he has had a different one (I hope this is not an unpleasant awakening to any girl here to-day); and all this indicates a certain masterful skill, if not absolute loyalty. Sometimes when the moon has set high in the heavens on a starlit night—and carriages have been expensive—the girl has come from Barnard and Teachers' College a-foot; again, when Jupiter Pluvius turned on his nozzle and money has been more plenty, she has come from all parts of the city, once indeed from Brooklyn—and greater love hath no man than this. Girls have been Mr. Keeler's vocation, his avocations have been many. He has played chess largely because of the strategic knowledge it gives, so valuable in affairs of the heart, and for many organizations he has been an indefatigable raiser of money, a valuable adjunct after marriage. Therefore, I can assure all Mr. Keeler's future wives—if there are any such in the audience—that for this reason they need have no fear of financial worries. But Mr. Keeler's four years are over and no longer as an alumnus can he decorate the gym dances with that same aplomb that he has manifested as an undergraduate. As a reminder of his College triumphs, I take pleasure in presenting him with this girl, who will be silent and who will ever yield with maiden modesty to Mr. Keeler's clarion cry, "To arms!"

One man of keen perception voted for Mr. Nathaniel W. Barnes as the luckiest man in the Class, because for four years he has traveled daily from Newburgh to Columbia and return and is still alive. Coming from the wilds of up the State in rain and snow, sun and storm, Mr. Barnes

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has shown a pluck that has rarely been surpassed on the football field. His classmates do not want him to go back to Newburgh to stagnate and so they have purchased this little house in which he may repose calmly in the city, untrammelled by the thoughts of trains and ferry-boats.

Incidentally, ladies and gentlemen, looking down on you now, I am wondering which of us has enjoyed this oration less, you or I? You don't know how hard it is to try to be funny. You always think of the clever things you might have said now about five o'clock this afternoon. This is apropos of the act that for five months I have been trying to decide which of the Class of Nineteen-Three is the Class goat—and I can't tell. I have thought of (a certain kindness makes me refrain from mentioning names in print now), but almost until this very moment I have been unable to say who should receive this coveted position. Realizing what I have done this afternoon has brought to me the consciousness that I indeed, as presentation orator, am the Class goat. My only regret is that I have no goat to give myself, so I have got around this difficulty by remembering that mirrors are everywhere.

And so, my masters, I have been the jester, the court jester, as one of my predecessors in this office once said. The court jester, with his motley and his bells, who beneath his laugh sometimes has a heart little in keeping with his smile. I have laughed and I have joked, but in my heart and in the hearts of all of us there is the sad knowledge that in the book of College where for four years we have been discovering new wonders and new pleasures we have almost reached that page marked *Finis*. Then come a few blank leaves, empty indeed, until we pick up timidly that wonderful volume, the book of life.

But again, my masters, the jester, though he sigh now and then and long for more serious things, must always, none the less, smirk and jingle his bells. So now I must

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performer announce, at the request of the management, that following this number on the program will come Mr. G. Stuart O'Loughlin, the famous bareback valedictorian, who will perform his dashing, death-dealing and dare-devil act of defying emphasis, unity and coherence. Without aid from the audience he will go up in the air and remain suspended there during his entire act. This will be the climax of the greatest Class Day on earth. Pink lemonade and peanuts will then be served by uniformed professors in the audience. Following the regular performance the spectators will kindly leave this spacious tent, so far successfully heated this afternoon by means of hot air, and adjourn to the yew tree, where a male chorus of ninety-one voices will give a short vocal selection. Mr. R. Bradford Bartholomew will then offer his notable performance of rhetorical handsprings and pathetic preludes. I will now circulate among the audience selling tickets for the open-air specialties at the modest price of your sympathy in our failures to-day, your appreciation in what we have tried to do, and your God-speed for our future.

ROI COOPER MEGRUE.

—APOLOGIA.—If it were not for Mr. Bambach this would not be here. He made life so much of a burden that to satisfy him and his Class Book I had to write something. I do not know whether I shall have the nerve to deliver this on Class Day. If I do, I may assure you, my Classmates, in a spirit of vindictiveness, that there will be other and worse victims than those who appear above. But whether you like my roasts or not, I wish you, in good-will and fellowship, long life, health and prosperity. But this job is rather up to the valedictorian—the bareback one—so au revoir till our first reunion in Nineteen-Four.

CLASS PROPHECY

Ladies and Gentlemen:

When the Class Platts and Crokers decided that I should be the prophet for Nineteen-Three, I was very much pleased over the turn that events had taken, but since my election a strange feeling has been growing in my bosom, reaching its climax in the present moment, that those who put me here were actuated not so much by the wish to find the best man for the place, nor even, as might be supposed, by the demands of political expediency as by personal enmity toward myself. I venture to say that no man was ever placed in a position more fraught with burden and harrowing responsibility than the exalted one that I at present occupy. ❦

If you were to receive reliable information that on the ninth of June, just twenty years from to-day, at eight o'clock in the evening, you were to shuffle off this mortal coil, I think that you must confess that it would not add materially to the joyousness of this occasion or of any other in which you might participate. Now, that is just the predicament in which I find myself as prophet. I am possessed of all these pleasant little details about the futures of my Classmates, but as their friend and well-wisher, how in conscience can I ruthlessly destroy their chances for a happy life by telling them whether they are to graduate or not, the number of times that some of them will appear in divorce proceedings, others in petitions of bankruptcy, and all in the obituary columns of the morning newspapers. How, for instance, can I be mean enough to crush Mr. O'Loughlin's hopes for a place on the police force, by telling him that just as sure as the sun shines in the Heavens he is to be a valet, to tell Mr. Dodge that he will not become a second Andrew Carnegie, but that he is to spend his fortune and his life providing canned asparagus, bottled cock-tails and mackintoshes for the civilization of the South Sea Islanders, or to point out to Mr. Herbert Roe Odell that he

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is at a comparatively early age to be chosen to fill an office of vast power, that he is to hold the fate of thousands in his hands, that he is to be President of the United States—Cigar Stores Company.

No, a thousand times no. Far be it from me to tip off Providence in that scandalous fashion. I must pass on through the years, shrouding the awful burden of knowledge in my tortured breast, a marked and melancholy man. Still, for the benefit of the proud parents who are present, I am able to tear aside the veil and disclose a few of the less important things in store for their unhappy progeny. For making this concession to parental pride I must lay my most humble apologies at the feet of those not interested in the aforementioned progeny by bonds of consanguinity.

ROSCOE CROSBY GAIGE.

(To be concluded on Class Day.)

VALEDICTORY

Fellow-Classmates, Ladies and Gentlemen:

"Time rolls his ceaseless course" and with him we are drifting on toward the end of our College life. These Class-day exercises themselves are drawing to a close, and now it is a matter of but a short time, a few days, and our undergraduate life here at Columbia will be a thing of the past. Still a few days more and we ourselves shall be things of the past, and the "all-beholding sun" will see us no more, for we shall have been gathered to the Mother Earth whence we sprung. However, let us not think of that now. Rather, as we approach the termination of the four years which to us have seemed all too short, it seems fitting that some expression be given to the thoughts which come tumbling through our minds—thoughts which are darkened by the mournful gloom of partings and farewells.

Friends, what I have to say differs from the wit and humor which has gone before, inasmuch as that to which you have just been listening has shown you something which goes to make up the light, the careless, the humorous side of the undergraduate, while this concerns the solemn side, the more serious significance of it all; it deals with what just now lies nearest all our hearts and which makes at times a feeling of sadness steal over us on these, the last few days of our life in Columbia; which makes us feel that something is being broken, something is being severed, something being taken away, which we can never recover, and which in the future will remain in our souls only as a flood of memories, pleasant and unpleasant, sweet and bitter. For in addition to the joys in College there has, I think, come to most of us many a disappointment, many a heartache, many a realization of the infinitely sorrowful words of Whittier, "It might have been." Most of us have, I think, experienced that intense yearning after a place in some line of College activity in which we would dearly love to have excelled; some of us have, no doubt, longed

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even for a chance to try for such a coveted place—only to have our aims, ambitions and aspirations in that direction defeated by an adverse decree of Fate. And the disappointment has seemed to us at the time almost unbearably keen.

All these, however, it seems most comforting to think, have been but the necessary experiences, the steps toward the finding each his own proper course and sphere of influence in life. Let us hope that Father Time, the only physician who cures wounded and saddened hearts, will remove the sorrows and disappointments and leave in our memories only the recollection of the joys and happy associations of our life as undergraduates. Then how good it will seem twenty or thirty years hence to meet some old College chum, by whose side in the old days we fought our fights, bore our trials, won our triumphs, with whom we shared our glories and humiliations—someone with whom we will talk over old times, feel the old love well up in our hearts and live the old life over again. For

“Memory’s leaflets close shall twine
Around our hearts for aye,
And waft us back o’er life’s broad track
To pleasures long gone by.”

It is to this College life of trials and triumphs, humiliations and glories, sorrows and joys, that we are to bid farewell here to-day. Farewell! The very word itself has a sorrowful sound, a tinge of sadness; and yet in one sense to us on this present occasion it ought to be welcome, for although we are leaving the scenes, associations, and some of the friends we hold so dear, are we not going forth to face the great world with all its new and greater battles and victories, to new services, new triumphs, to the stern reality of doing something worth while? We stand before you to-day not as the ancient gladiators who were wont to say be-

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fore they entered the combat in the arena, "We, who are about to die, salute you," but with us now entering the combat in the great arena of life it is: "We, who are about to LIVE, salute you."

We are, it is true, saying farewell to the life within these College walls, but not to the things, to the innumerable benefits which it has bestowed upon us. Of those no one can deprive us; those neither moth nor rust can corrupt and thieves cannot steal. What are they? To the outside observer they seem to be at most two things—mental and possibly physical development. To us, however, who are living the life, the meaning is far deeper. Someone has aptly said of a College education that it consists of two parts—the part you get in the schoolroom from the professors, and the part you get outside from the boys. The first can only make you a scholar, but the second can make you a man.

The first—the acquirement of knowledge—some think the whole end and aim. Surely that is a narrow view. It is true enough that knowledge and its acquisition are the standards on which we were admitted to this institution, on which we remain, on which we are either permitted or forbidden to enter athletics, and it is presumably the attainment of a certain degree of learning which puts us in a position to say this farewell. "Knowledge," says Bacon, "is power." And after all, the desire for power, for superiority one over another, is perhaps the strongest single motive of mankind. Nevertheless, Knowledge is not all. Saul of Tarsus, you will remember, the Apostle Paul, studied at the feet of Gamaliel, the greatest teacher of his time, and became a very learned citizen of Rome; but not until he had acquired something beyond the power of learning and Philosophy to give, a thing essentially of the emotions, a great faith, was the intense yearning of his soul satisfied. The great Goethe, in his "Faust," shows us the utter inadequacy

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of all the wisdom of mortals to satisfy the cravings of the human Soul. To come back to College, so it is here.

Besides Knowledge in the well-rounded Collegian there is an indefinite, elusive, indescribable feeling, a loyalty, a thing of the emotions, which we are wont to designate by the term "College Spirit." This thing is best known by its fruits, which are all the seemingly crazy, reckless, fool-hardy, as well as many more sane things, a man does for his College. It is what makes him think angry reproofs, bruises, strains, even broken bones on the football gridiron, as nothing; which makes him toil for six months for the privilege of representing Columbia on the crew; which prompts him to do things of a similar nature on all the other teams for the glory of his Alma Mater. It is what makes men give up their time, the use of their talents and energy in the interests of their College. It is what has the power to bring a man after his graduation back to Columbia from New Mexico to coach a green football team. The men who have done all these things have created for themselves memories and associations which will remain with them after most of the studies, the book-learning, have long been forgotten. These men will come back in future years to games and races, and that spirit will make the old grads rise in their seats and shout themselves hoarse beside the greenest Freshman and be boys again. That spirit is one of the things you get not in the classroom, but outside from the boys.

Besides this love of our College, there is a different love which is engendered in the hearts of most of us while we are here as undergraduates. I refer to the love of one friend for another, to the self-sacrificing devotion so often characteristic of the friendships formed in College. Nothing can be more beautiful than the sincere, unselfish love of two College chums. It is their solace in time of trouble and in success it is a spur to yet higher attainments—their

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never-failing source of sympathy and encouragement. And the influence of one of these friends upon the other can hardly be overestimated; indeed, the effect of our friends on our characters is far deeper than most of us imagine. Consider, then, this fact: that here it is we make friendships which will last through our lives.

Again, in addition to all these, there are influences too numerous, too far-reaching, to describe. Suffice it to say, however, that all of these forces, knowledge, learning, College spirit, friendships and the rest, acting on a man's inherent nature, co-operate in the making of his character.

This, then, the formation of character, is in the broadest sense what a man obtains from his sojourn in the University. This is the work our College does for us, the building and broadening of our characters. Surely such a work is indeed a great one. For, after all is said and done, is not character the only thing which we can take with us from this fleeting, transitory life into the great unknown on the other side of the grave? When the great pilot, Death, meets us face to face to steer the storm-tossed bark of our existence into our last port, whatever that port may be, or whatever we may think lies beyond, wealth, learning, power, fame, influence and renown, all the trappings and ornaments of this life of shams and deceptions will be stripped from us, and character only will remain.

The character, then, as moulded by the various diversified influences of College life, is what we are taking away with us (and God grant it may be strong, firm and resolute to withstand the attacks and win the battles of our future.) But—and this it is which gives the note of sadness to the farewell—we are leaving a great deal.

We are bidding good-bye to the scenes, the places, the associations, the activities and some of the people we have grown to love; farewell to the profs we have learned to revere, esteem and respect and to whom we owe a debt of

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gratitude we can never hope to repay for the part they have played in the formation of our highest ideals, aims and aspirations; farewell to our College activities, our athletics, our papers, our elections, our contests and celebrations; farewell to the other three classes—may they look well to the interests we leave in their keeping—and finally the saddest of all are the farewells to one another.

Fellow-Classmates, we are leaving much behind which is very dear to us, leaving the scenes where we have spent so many happy, so many bitter, moments. Our Class is together in its entirety probably for the last time. After this, we separate and go in all directions, some of us never to meet again. But still always let there be one unifying force, one common interest, which will ever bind us together, even though we may be scattered far and wide over the world—something which will never die out of our hearts—the love we all bear for Columbia and for the friends made within the shadows of her walls—friendships and a love which will outlast the fervor of youth and sweeten the maturity of later life. And so, fellows,—

“ One last toast ere we part,
Written on every heart
This motto stay:
Long may Columbia stand,
Honored throughout the land,
Our Alma Mater grand,
Now and for aye.”
GERALD STUART O'LOUGHLIN.

YEW TREE ORATION

Classmates, for the last time we all meet, not as we have done over in College Hall, across from our Dean's den, with our squabbles and mutual jealousies, but about our Yew Tree, with friendship in our hearts and the pipe of peace at our lips.

Soon we will be scattered by our life pursuits and, as so many other Classes are remembered, so will this one be, by its Yew Tree only, unless by our actions in after-life we individually and collectively make famous the name of our Class. And this is what I would urge upon you, one and all, to-day: that you take care that the Class of Nineteen-Three make it a precedent for Columbia, that each Class that graduates shall vie with all the others to see which can do the most for our University; and by so doing each of us will advance himself individually. For as in the College world a College is known by her athletic prowess, so in the greater, broader world is she celebrated by the men she has produced and by their activities in life.

Then, think of all the great benefits we have received from Columbia. First, the training of our minds, then the training of our bodies, and last, that greatest of all joys which runs deepest at College, the pleasures of friendship. How can we ever in our lives repay her for these things? From us, graduates of Colleges, much is expected, for we have received much, and woe and shame to us if we do not show ourselves worthy of those gifts. We must remember that the man who does something worth doing is the man who takes pride in his work for the work's sake, not for a reward, but because the work itself is the reward.

The aim of Colleges is to fit the graduates to do a service to their country, and they do fit them to perform this service by training them in character; and this means they must train them, not to possess only the softer and gentler virtues, but the virtues which are proper to a race of vigorous

YEW TREE ORATION

men: the courage and the honesty that war aggressively for the Right, and then to add to the Hard Common-Sense.

Courage, Honesty and Common-Sense constitute Character. Let us be men of character, and let us take care that we never do anything that will bring aught but honor to Columbia, so that by our deeds and not by our Yew Tree alone may our memory be kept alive in the hearts of all who love Columbia.

ROBERT B. BARTHOLOMEW.

SEP 29 1904

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