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# THE 1913 BULL

VOLUME I

JUNE, 1914

SHEET 2

## THE LURE OF THE BULL RING OR ALL ABOARD

“A LIVING DOG IS BETTER THAN A DEAD LION.”—Luke, IX, 4.

The curtain is about to rise! Already a tremor of excitement is stirring on the good old Campus. The Dean shifts anxiously in his swivel chair, summons his trusty centurions, and gives them hasty instructions in a trembling whisper. The cloud of gloom and despond which has enveloped that seat of learning,—old Nassau (Inn),—for twelve dry months begins to lift. Even the trees feel it and start to rear their young, while the joyous sparrow sprouts in his merriment. The erstwhile melancholy undergraduate, (age 20yrs., 11mos.,) takes hope, and the pass word on every lip is “We’ll whoop her up for Old Thirteen,” so “What the h—l do we care now.” “Buster” Lewis is wreathed in smiles and a new hat, “Our Mayor” Phillips has three special clerks engaged in revising the local statutes, and a stadium is being built in honor of the occasion. What is it all about? Dear reader, surely you have guessed it already! Yes, that’s right, ’13 IS COMING BACK.

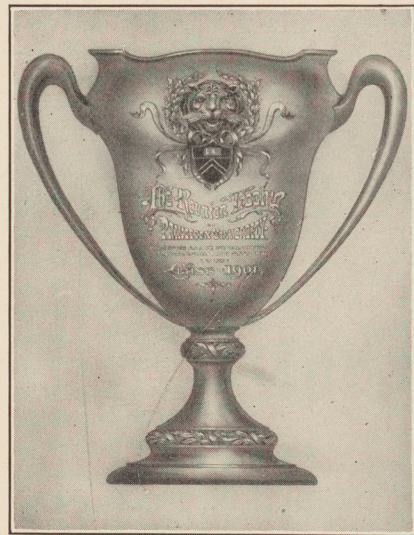
What a “volume” is expressed in those few brief words! From far and farther, from Shanghai to Rocky Hill, the cohorts are gathering, and on Friday, June 12th, the pent up

“pep”,—and savings,—of twelve solemn and dusty months, (@ \$10 per) will gush forth o’er the greensward of Princeton. There will be dancing in the barn and gamb(o)ling on the green, handshakes and milk-shakes (?), hot dogs and cold bottles, and organized disorganization will prevail.

### 1913 Stick Together

But a word as to the plan of battle. For there is a plan, though you may not believe it, and we will mention it right at the start. It is simply this,—“’13 STICK TOGETHER.” The first time most of us heard this slogan was in our verdant freshman days when we swept 1912 off the Dickinson steps. But it is just as essential and just as applicable to the honor and success of the Class to-day as it was then. Some British wit once said, “England expects every man to do his duty,” and it is those same words which the Spirit of ’13 should be whispering to every loyal son about this time of the year, by merely changing the word England for Thirteen. Try it and see what you get. While it cannot be called a “duty” in the ordinary sense of the word, to return to reunion, it is nevertheless a joy

coupled with a duty, in which joy is 99 per cent. But to those of us who feel that we can deny ourselves the joy, let us not forget the other all important 1 per cent. Remember,



#### OURS TO WIN

duty first. And also remember that 1901 Reunion Trophy which goes to the class with the largest percentage back, and that YOUR absence may cost the Class the cup.

#### Formal Opening

The official "Bull Ring" will be formally opened on Friday afternoon, June 12, at 5.30 p. m. We say "formally" intentionally. For, though the gates will be opened to refresh the weary traveller any time after 2 o'clock, the real noise will not begin until the arrival of the "Special" from the Big City bearing ten trusty sons of Orpheus in the form of Friends Band. All hands will get themselves together at the Station, and the joyous rout will be on. From the Station the conquering heroes will proceed to the palace of mirth which will be cast upon the lot on Tulane Street, just off Nassau Street, and adjoining the Crabtree Garage. Here all things to make the weary soul glad—and the dusty throat moist,—may be found. Among others being the famous "Falstaff Brew," which will gush from a fountain artistically surrounded with "palms," in the center of a ring, having

been piped direct from the St. Louis foundry. Once auspiciously opened, the lid will not be put down (even momentarily), until Tuesday night, June 16.

#### Sign Up and Pay Up on Arrival

On arrival at the tent two duties will stare every man in the face. First, the signing of the Class register, and second, the payment of his assessment which is obligatory to the obtaining of a costume, same being distributed as assessments are paid. Although it was hoped that the figure would be less, it has been found advisable to place the assessment figure at \$15. per man. This should insure payment of all our expenses if there are 175 men back. And if, as we hope and feel sure will be the case, more men turn up, any surplus will go to the account for next year, and enable the Committee to operate on a proper business basis. This figure (\$15), will include all expenses except your baseball seat at the Yale game, and those men who have "seen their duty and done it" in the form of part payments already made will, of course, be credited with the amount paid when this final hour of reckoning is reached.

#### Baseball Seats for Yale Game

As to baseball tickets, one of the members of the reunion committee will have the entire lot reserved for the Class in hand and will distribute them as they are paid for at the tent. Any men desiring reserved seats in the Grand Stand should apply to G. R. Murray direct at the Athletic Offices. These functions performed, nothing will remain but to "go to it."

Friday evening will be one of unrestrained merriment. A regular tango tea, without the tango and with substitutes for tea. The band will play, but only rough dancing will be permitted by the sawdust. "Glad-to-see-you-back" will be Master of Ceremonies, and "What-do-you-mean-you-lost-your-pep" will be the pass word.

Saturday,—well everybody knows Saturday of Commencement. At 11.15 reinforcements will arrive to our band. We will then "take the steps" about 11.30 o'clock, and McManus will take the Class as soon thereafter as they look pleasant. After that will be the same good old routine. Anticipation, at the tent if "Harold" can be subdued; preparation, about 1 p. m. in front of Nassau Hall when the Class will be marshalled together by the

Class Officers before its triumphal entry into University Field headed by the "Sacred Bull" and goosed on by the good ship "Sinking Suds;" realization, when the Tiger cuts loose at the Bull Dog; and, finally cremation, when we pay our last solemn rites to a much bechewed canine. In the evening there will be the customary consternation, and the Triangle Club has announced that it will extend the courtesies of the Casino to all graduates and their friends,—on payment of two beans per.

Between the hours of 11 and 12 o'clock on Sunday morning, the tent will be given up to a reception to Robert R. Gailey '96, who, as Directing Secretary of the Princeton Work at Peking, has made a name not only for himself but for Princeton in the history of North China during the last two decades. Gailey has been the master mind of this whole movement and his work is considered as one of the most successful undertakings that has been accomplished by a Princeton man. His visit should afford a valuable opportunity to members of the Class to hear and meet one who has played so prominent a part in the annals of the new republic.

#### Business and Pleasure

On Sunday evening, from 6.30 p. m. until 8.30 p. m. the "Bull Ring" will be closed to visitors, and the Class banquet and business meeting will be held. Brown Brother's dusky quartet from the Metropolis will deliver the goods during the festivities, and immediately after the repast the ring will be cleared to allow contestants for the Long Distance Cup to establish their claims. And, we wish to notify all prospective contestants at this date, that this trophy will be one that will cure the lamenting of any mileage rate possible.

An informal Bull Fight will be held on Monday morning, and will last during the better part of the day provided the "bull" doesn't give out, and, on Monday evening Louis Kaplan wishes to notify all "grads" that he has proctor-proof disguises in the form of dress-suitings which he will guarantee to gain admission to the Sophomore Prom for all those who may desire to "trip" the light fantastic. But for those who cannot afford such luxury, the ball room of the "Bull Ring" will be available free of charge and negligee costume will be endured.

Tuesday is alumni day! The polls will open for the election of alumni trustee at 12

o'clock noon, the alumni luncheon will be served in the Gymnasium at 12.30 p. m., and President and Mrs. Hibben will hold a reception in the afternoon from 4 to 6 at "Prospect." Here endeth the first lesson.

#### In Re Costumes

But before saying "s'long" until we meet under the spreading canvas, the reunion committee wishes to again remind everyone to send in his costume order to J. F. Grady, P. O. Box 1121, New Haven, Conn, at once. Mr. Grady has informed us that he will be unable to fill any orders received after May 10th., and that the number of "extras" which he will have on hand will be limited. Any member of the Class who has mislaid the card sent him for this purpose earlier in the year, should fill out a slip headed 1913 PRINCETON COSTUME ORDER, and in addition to his name and address, containing his waist, chest, inseam trouser, and hat measurements, and his height, mailing it direct to Grady at the above address.

So we bid you adieu 'till we meet in the very near future in the Never, Never Land, beneath the snowy canvas and by the cool streamlet of "Lemp's Best." Give the office one last good sweep, forfeit a week's salary if need be, but get there if you have to bust a suspender button!

THE REUNION COMMITTEE.

The complete program for the "biggest ever," is as follows:

Friday, June 12th:

- 2 p. m.—Tent open to weary wayfarers.
- 2 p. m.—Golf, Graduates vs Undergraduates.
- 5.30 p. m.—Arrival of Band and formal opening of the "1913 Bull Ring."
- 8.30 p. m.—Freshman torchlight p-rade.

Saturday, June 13th:

- 10 a. m.—Junior Oratorical Contest, Alexander Hall.
- 10.15 a. m.—Band Reinforcements arrive.
- 10.30 a. m.—1913 Takes The Steps; Class Photograph, Nassau Hall.
- 1.45 p. m.—Alumni P-rade forms in front of Nassau Hall.
- 3 p. m.—Baseball with Yale, University Field.

8.15 p. m.—Triangle Club performance, Casino.

Sunday, June 14th:

11 a. m.—Baccalaureate address, President Hibben, Alexander Hall.

11.30 a. m.—1913 Reception to Robert R. Gailey, '96, at the "Bull Ring."

5 p. m.—Alumni Religious Conference, Murray-Dodge Hall.

6.30-8.30 p. m.—1913 Class Meeting, Banquet and Awarding of Long Distance Cup, at the "Bull Ring."

Monday, June 15th:

Informal bull fight lasting all day at the "Bull Ring."

9.15 a. m.—Annual meeting Phi Beta Kappa, Murray-Dodge Hall.

10.15 a. m.—Annual meeting of Whig and Clio Halls.

11 a. m.—Class Day opening exercises, Alexander Hall.

12 m.—Ivy Oration and Planting 1914 Ivy, Nassau Hall.

3.30 p. m.—Cannon Exercises, naturally at the Cannon.

8.15 p. m.—Glee Club Concert, Alexander Hall.

9.30 p. m.—Sophomore Reception, Gymnasium.

Informal bull fight continues indefinitely.

Tuesday, June 16th:

10.30 a. m.—Commencement exercises, Alexander Hall.

12-1.00 p. m.—Polls open for Alumni Trustee election, Secretary's Office, Nassau Hall.

12.30 p. m.—Alumni Luncheon, Gymnasium.

4 to 6 p. m.—Reception by President and Mrs. Hibben, at "Prospect."

Wednesday, June 17th:

1 a. m.—"Bull Ring" liable to close up, and remove to New York.

G. T. Wisner is learning how to put Burbank, the "wizard of the weeds," in the shade at Cornell Ag. College. G. T. reports that he gets pretty tired of resting sometimes, and is positively driven to work for an hour or two.

PINK'S PUNCH

April 17, 1914.

Dear Truman:

As I have not been in Chicago for over a month, you have picked a poor one to serve The Bull.

The Chicago delegation consists of Raleigh Warner (engaged), Chops Date (married), Brick Fauntleroy and Van Jarvis (rooming at the Y. M. C. A.—!!?), Spud Bonner (miscellaneous), Spike Green (in the woolly west), Jim Semple (Pittsburgh), Bob Adams (ill but now well) and Tom Boyde (more miscellaneous).

With the help of smokers and combined college dinners the crowd has kept together pretty well. The last party was held on March 28th—although I had to leave the week before.

Pennies for a trip to Princeton are being saved by all hands and without exception the boys all expect to be on hand in June.

Yours,  
PINK WASHBURN.

NEWSY NUBBINS

(Being the contribution of the 1913 correspondent of the Gotham Weekly Gazette, and offered with five hundred genuflections and a couple of obeisances to Goodolefrankadams.)

The members of our class are pretty well scattered these days, some being in New York, Don Smith being in Singapore, and others being in Brooklyn. But this only goes to prove the statement once said by Shakespeare the famous poet, namely that the world is a small place.

Morris Kinnan, popularly known as Fat which nickname is caused by him being quite stout, has lost ten lbs. since last we went to press mostly in the region of the stomach or abdomen this being where he lost the fat not where we went to press. Good work Fat, say we.

Mallett Logan has attended several of the new fangled tea-parties which the rich set in New York has been giving lately, at which we understand people dance and drink highballs this being why they are called tea-parties. Mallett wearing a cutaway coat to same. All right Mallett if you want to be like Mr. Vanderbilt the esteemed 1,000,000-aire, but our

contention is one and the same with Johnnie Milton the poet, who said, fine feathers do not make fine fellers. But that is the way when a boy goes to a big city.

Bill D. Bickham is now at Cambridge New England studying law, the well-known profession. Bill told us that he intended to practice in Dayton Ohio to which we replied, well Bill when you have got done practicing where are you going to work? But some people never can see a joke be they good as they may, and Bill never cracked his face.

There are those who have had things to say about the moral tone of our last issue, to which our answer is *oni soit kee mali panse* as they say in Paris (France).

Lloyd Richards they tell us is well on the road to being a doctor. Well maybe Lloyd will be a pretty good M.D. (doctor) but all we can say is that if Lloyd were operating on some man, we would not like to be said man referred to.

Several of our classmates are now married men, or to talk more refined, benedicks. Well it only goes to show that nowadays a fellow cant be too careful what he says to a girl.

Ferdie Eberstadt is just back from Germany, Europe, where he has been pursuing his studies almost all winter and nearly caught some of them. He says that a good deal of beer, the famous beverage, is manufactured over there.

Karl Smith is quite funny some times. We call to mind the class dinner on April 24th, and when Rupie Thomas got up and said, fellows, somebody has just given 250\$ to the memorial fund, Karl said huzza, huzza, and several fellows laughed quite heartily. Karl is a droll lad at that.

Rupert Thomas appeared at a masquerade ball masque in Flushing lately in a costume of the seventeenth century, which ye Ed. con-

siders very immoral for a class secretary to do because it is reported that Rupert had absolutely nothing on below the knee but a pair of white stockings. This is not good say we, because if men start copying the women's customs then pretty soon everybody will be saying votes for women.

JOHN REID CHRISTIE, JR.  
SCHOLARSHIP

Before his death, on October 13th last, Reid Christie expressed the wish that his personal account be given to Princeton. This money, which he had received on birthdays and various other occasions, amounted to \$2,500. The sum was turned over to President Hibben last fall by Reid's father, and will establish the John Reid Christie, Jr. scholarship.

It will come close to the hearts of Reid's classmates, and to some extent lighten the sorrow of his loss, to know that during his entire sickness Princeton was always in his thoughts.

The 1913 men at Law School have an exam on the morning of the Commencement game with Yale, but all are planning to reach Princeton sometime that evening. Those at "Tech" and Harvard Medical School expect to be on hand for the opening gun.

RHOADES SCHOLARSHIP AWARDS

'Thirteeners Honored

Two members of the Class have recently been appointed by the Rhoades Scholarship Committee to form part of the American delegation which will go to Oxford next fall. They are W. G. Penfield and R. R. Lytle. Pen, however, will not enter the University at its opening, as it has been arranged with the committee for him to have leave of absence to cover the Princeton football season, in order that he may fulfill his contract as head field coach for the Varsity next fall.

As was formerly announced, W. C. Davison, is already in England studying medicine under a Rhoades Scholarship award received last year.

THE 1913 BULL

Two Sheets a Year—A Magazine of Mexican Athletic Literature—Published at The Princeton Press By

THE TAIL BOARD

Keeper—T. P. Handy. Ass't Keepers—C. D. Orth and R. B. Thomas. Cart Department—P. E. Adams.

The BULL will be tied outside or mailed free to any address within reason.

Stable of the Keeper—50 West 87th Street, New York City, N. Y.

BANG!! .....BANG!! Bang!! Bang!!.....Bang!! Bang!! Bang-Bang-BANG!!! ...Bang-Bang-BANG!! Bang-Bing-bing, bing,—BANGBANGBANG!!

We salute you (simultaneously) gun for gun! Not on account of any Mexican indignities you have done us—or any we expect to do you, BUT simply because we wish to greet you in the most up-to-the-minute (as we go to press) and out-of-date (as we appear in print) manner possible.

Then changing with lightning like rapidity to another simile, we steal some of Santa Claus' thunder, and gaily burst into verse:

"Reunion comes but once a year, But with it comes some damfine beer!"

Only 103 men have subscribed to the Alumni Weekly.

In Collecting the bull for THE BULL, our Tailboard has attempted to spread itself considerably. But omitting the Crystal Palace lingo, we might explain more fully by saying that we have tried to get news from both varied and widely separated sources. We have sought to pick a George Ade in every section of the Universe where one or more of our number have been located. Pleased as all these Georges must have been with what we so cheerfully wished upon them, nevertheless, with one or two exceptions they have all sent immediate replies to our letters. We

thank you one and all, and, as a word of encouragement might add that writing for THE BULL is like serving jury duty—after you've done it once, you will not be asked again,—until the next time.

Two hundred and eighty-six men on the Class roll have not subscribed to the Alumni Weekly.

The whirlwind campaign of the Y.M.C.A. workers last winter had nothing on THE BULL. Our editorial hint for financial donations temporarily swamped the mails but in less than four weeks the amazing amount of \$2.25 had been received.

To all who contributed, our sincere thanks.

Less than 27 per cent of the class are on the Alumni Weekly subscription list.

THIS STUFF WILL PLEASE THE BOYS

Mallet Logan says: "Gee, I'm sore fellers, my girl's got a cold, and now I've got one too."

They tell it about Karl Smith, and we want all you fellers to listen careful. Karl, y'know, is quite a lad in the steam radiator world, and one day he went around to see a wealthy client about an estimate. Karl was all dolled out in fur coat, feathered derby, and other paraphernalia denoting the successful business man. "Good morrow, fair maiden," he gurgled at the tow-headed domestic who opened the door, "I have come to take measurements for the radiators." The damsel fluttered to the stairs, and bawled out into the upper stories: "Mrs. Smith! The plumber bane come!"

Puss Adams saw Chub Seggerman dolled up in his Squadron uniform the other day. (Explanation for benefit of Westerners: Ken is a militia-man now.) "Ah, Chub," chortled the C. J., naïvely stealing some of F. P. A.'s stuff, "I see you're all dressed up and no-Huerta go." "Oh, but I have," came back Ken, "I'm going to the Squadron Ball!" (Stage directions: Hero points to head, muttering, "Nobody home!")

Speaking of Social Service, this is too good to keep. You know how this law stuff does get to the boys? Simply can't leave their books, doncherknow, and all that sort of rot? Well, Ross Kenyon saw Puss Adams one day at about 2 in the afternoon in the Knickerbocker bar. Puss was immersed in a copy of "Keener on Contracts" which he held in one hand, and was immersing a highball which he held in the other. (Shift to 2.30; scene: Astor bar.) Adams is discovered waving Keener's Contracts in his right, and punishing a gin rickey with his left. (Three o'clock: Sherry's bar.) Kenyon still on the trail; Adams with Keener's Contracts firmly tucked under one arm, and balancing two Bronxes in the other. (Another half hour, and the Plaza bar): Adams sitting on Keener, and surrounded by highballs and Tom Collinses. (Final scene: 5.30 in Healy's bar.) Adams juggling eight stingers in one hand and fourteen bottles of Benedictine in the other, and blithely kicking Keener on Contracts around the floor!

Who shall say we haven't a good one on Si Perkins? One lovely Sunday Si accompanied a young lady to church. (No, it isn't time to laugh yet.) The aged deacon who was passing the plate stumbled over Si's silk hat (no, no, not yet!) and the plate, with its hoard of jingling coins, went tinkling to the floor. From force of habit, Si yelps, "Tails!" We will now sing the fortieth hymn!

Whaddye know about Don Cowl? Coming out of the er- er- that room at the Princeton Club, Don ran into an '82 reunion, with President Hibben among those present. The President, with recollections of the smiling face in Sophomore Logic, saluted Don pleasantly. Don was there with the reciprocity. "Howdy do, howdy do," he beamed, and then—"Did you hear about the new Stadium?"

Hank O'Donahue has been spreading the report that this BULL was going to have something in it about Hank O'Donahue. Well, Hank, we're sorry to disappoint you.

"Gosh, I had a funny dream the other night," says Barney Wolfe, "I dreamt I was asleep!"

Get this students, and then laugh as hard as you want. Of course you all know that Herbie Richards is a budding surgeon. He was coming away from the dissecting room one day, and walking along Fifty-Ninth Street, he wondered why all the people gazed at his feet with varying expressions. Of course the people weren't quite wise to the dope, but Richards thought it funny as a crutch when he found a piece of human brain sticking on his shoe.

A STEINFULL OF SUDS FROM EBERSTADT

Univ. of Berlin, Oct. 28, 1913.

Dear Skinny:

The only conditions under which I shall consent to the publication of anything I may write, are that you attempt no editorial comment in explanation of my actions or my writings. I have grown older now, and I don't know whether my vitality would be equal to the strain of living down any more criminal reputation for which your kindly pen furnished circumstantial evidence. But speaking of vitality—I suppose you know that I am now living in Berlin, attending the University. Berlin is a beautiful city and a grand place to live in. One hardly realizes that he is in the capital city of a world power; there is no haste, no noise, no dirt. Every day, however, there is a p-rade, headed by a big German band, behind which I trot along with the Berliners—just as in the old Commencement days.

The taste of Commencement makes me say a few words about the good old German national fluid. Really, in that respect, American colleges cannot give the education one can get here. The students, I know, did study hard in Prof. Renwick's hydraulics, but he simply hasn't got it. If any one could introduce German beer into Princeton it would drive the Phillamedelphian Society's licker movement out of business over night. It is sweet as honey, clear as crystal, light as water, and cheap as dirt. I haven't bought any retail yet, but I think I heard someone say a "fass" (equal to a bathtub in capacity) could be bought for funf and funfzig pfennigs, which being interpreted is about ten cents. In fact everything is comparatively cheap over here; you can eat yourself to

death on caviar, squabs, "rinderbraten," and "Limburger Kase" for a quarter, and if you give the waiter a two-and-a-half cent tip, he not only holds your coat, brushes you off, lights your cigar, but actually polishes your shoes.

As to the University life, I can say very little at present, since the University does not formally open until the fifteenth of October. Then only the theology lecturers begin, for they have the professional minister's conscience. Those who are not so endowed open their classes anywhere from a week to two weeks late. The idea of compulsory attendance at recitations would be a violation of the traditional academic freedom, which is only hampered by the single limitation compelling every member of the student body to register for at least one course. There are no dormitories, as at home, but one lives in furnished rooms in various student sections of the city. I live in a very comfortable room facing a court-yard, the furniture consists of one double bed, one washstand, one desk, one window, and one hundred curtains to shut out whatever air and light might penetrate within. I am waiting for the evening of a real good dinner to remove those curtains.

I have seen three of our class since leaving America. As you know, Mallett Logan and I crossed together, and spent a week in Hamburg. On the boat the songs were good, the wine was fine, but there was only one unmarried woman aboard. She was the daughter of a St. Louis brewer, and Mallett, seeing visions of free beer, at once became attentive, but a steward soon cut him out. Next to our chairs were those of two very beautifully dressed women—one young, slender, and pretty, always clad in sober black—the typical mysterious woman; the other middle-aged, ugly, and enormous—but also most beautifully dressed. Modesty will not allow me to state whose heart I won, but suffice it to say that on the last day of the trip it was arranged that Mallett and I should tour Europe in an automobile with, and at the expense of, these two dollar princesses. Of course, after such an invitation, we could not but give a few teas and dinners to these ladies, who, after we arrived in Hamburg, kept postponing the trip from day to day, until one morning when we appeared at their hotel, we learned from the clerk that Mrs. ———, the New

York dress-maker, and her model had departed the day before.

I saw Larry Howell here on his way to China, and showed him the sights of this city. For a man doing missionary work, he caught the atmosphere of the place quite well.

Pete Hendel stopped off here on his way to Marburg, where he is now studying.

I thought of the boys on the night of September twenty-seventh, and drank their health in good old Munchener while they were downing Renwick's "beer a la horse"—or worse, if Joe Smith was on the committee.

Best to all the boys.

EBER.

(ED'S NOTE. The above was written before Eber received the first issue of THE BULL. Another was received after he had gotten the noble sheet, with the following P. S. attached:

"I did not mind your slandering such things as my honesty in the Prince editorials, but don't use the BULL to attack my moral character—it's harder to defend.")

#### BINNS-FULL OF BULL

April 12, 1914.

The Fort Pitt—Room No. (wait till I go outside and look at the door)—oh, yes—1382.  
Pittsburgh, Pa.

Dear Tail-Board:

The debate was a sharp one, Razor edges were discussed, human edges were disgusting, beer foamed, voices thundered, razors flashed, pandemonium rained—and THE SMOKER WAS A SUCCESS!!!

Therefore, I hasten, while the spirit is on me, to tell you all I can remember about the "dirty thirteeners" of our Smoky City.

Early in the evening, Pud Nimick, who is still cleaning test-tubes in the laboratories of the Colonial Steel Company, persuaded me to go down to the Club, and the first person we ran into was Jimmy Semple. Neither of us had seen Jim or knew that he was in town so we pulled the usual questions, and found out that he was working for the Pennsylvania Lines and had just been transferred from Chicago to here. He said business was poor and as far as he was concerned everything had been going from bad to worse. We weren't just sure how he meant that.

It wasn't long before Don Goslin wandered

in from some little town down the river the name of which he was either too uncertain about to mention or I failed to remember. He said he was working for a radium company that was turning out about a gram of radium a month. Don always seemed a little too delicate to do such heavy work but it doesn't seem to be hurting him any. Walter Boon was next. He's working in one of the banks here in town and asked me if I knew of a job as he would like to get one. Some people are never happy! But I suppose it's the cage maybe that makes him nervous.

Court Johnson and Bill Bickel blew in quite late and only stayed a short time. They were too much interested in a dance going on at the Schenley Hotel. Of course, you wouldn't be surprised to hear that about "Court" but I suppose it will jolt some of the boys when they hear that Bill has taken up the terpsichorian (?) art, only working for the Bank of Pittsburgh in his spare time. I don't know what started him, unless he made up his mind that he could win a prize if Liz Hunter could. Liz didn't show up at the smoker, although home from Columbia Law. He has the mumps! Wouldn't you know it?

Bruce Harlow couldn't be on hand either for it happened that to-night Bruce was to carry a spear or something in the third act of a dramatic spasm of one of the Sewickley churches. He is still "making up crates and boxes" for the H. W. Johns Manville Mfg. Co., but I suspect him strongly of dickered with the "Feds" for a position as score keeper. The scab! Herb Hostetter was in New York and so naturally couldn't be on hand. I see quite a little of Herb and guess that he is getting along finely—still making and selling cans,—milk cans.

Ferdy Weil and Fred Atwood are both at the University of Pittsburgh Law School. Fred says he doesn't know just how this railroad rate business is going to end, for "the law may be against the railroads but hang the law, it stands to reason," etc., etc. Fred hears more from Doc Mabon than any of the rest of us, I guess, and he informs me that Back Bay and Francis Hall are smoothing, polishing and pounding the poor old Doc into such "social shape" that he doesn't even see his way clear to coming home for Easter Vacation.

Barney Wolfe hasn't returned from New Bedford yet but hopes to get here next fall.

Bob Paterson is still with W. G. Johnston & Co., Stationers. Ned Buchanon is at Harvard Medical and Charlie Cornelius at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. Ralph Marshal is selling his own Bonds.

I think that covers all of the Pittsburgh boys except George Morgan and myself. I haven't been able to locate George, and as for myself, suffice it to say that I am pulling down "Fatima money" from the Hussey—Binns Shovel Co's mills at Charleroi, Pa. I don't smoke as much as I used to.

With best wishes and a many happy returns of the day to the noble BULL on his first birthday, I remain yours till the cows come home and the BULL rages on the Nassau pasture lot in June,

RALPH H. BINNS, JR.

#### EXTRA! EXTRA! ALL ABOUT OPIUM DEN HOWELL

A copy of the *Alumni Weekly* for February 11, 1914 was sent to every Princeton graduate. Those who did not actually receive one or who have not yet read it, will find that number on file at any of the Princeton headquarters. It contains a brief but comprehensive account of the history, nature and scope of the Princeton Work in Peking, with an intimate glimpse of the representative Princeton men who have devoted so much of their time to developing this undertaking to its present efficient and practical capacity. This is just one more instance where that spirit of service so closely associated with all the ideals of Princeton is put into actual practice.

In June further descriptive matter will be available, and Robert Gailey and other Alumni will be back from the active field to tell of the progress of the work. The facts apparently only need to be known to meet with the characteristic whole-hearted support of the grads. at home. The Alumni in general, seem to realize the importance and possibilities of the work and are backing it financially, at this rather critical time in a most gratifying manner.

Frank Wells '11, to whose position in Peking Larry Howell has succeeded, has but recently returned and is enthusiastic over the situation in China. He says it is very generally

believed that the revolution has left the country in a more receptive mood than ever before.

The Y. M. C. A. aims to get in touch with the young men of China, who, because of their education, are bound to be important factors in the new Republic. By imparting to them, not simply theological instruction, but the fundamental principles of Christianized civilization, it moulds and develops national standards along lines that will only be appreciated when that country begins to figure to a greater extent in the fields in which its hitherto untouched resources are bound to expand.

So far 1913 has contributed splendidly to the Peking Fund. We have not only been in the first division since the start but all through the early spring have kept in second place, with every indication that before the season is over we will capture the pennant. To do this, however, everybody must be heard from. The Peking Fund is distinctly a class affair.

The amount you contribute does not have to be so large as to make the struggling collection committee ill with envy (anything from 98c up gets a "thank ye"). Try, however, to draw a check that will be honored and DO IT NOW.

#### YOU CAN'T LOSE

JUST SEND A CHECK MADE OUT TO ROBERT GARRETT, TREAS. TO W. M. CHESTER—270 Riverside Drive, N. Y. City, and he'll TELL YOU WHY

#### CALIFORNIA CACKLE

Los Angeles, Cal., April 15, 1914.

To Members of 1913:

As our struggle for existence is quite a ways from "the village," you can imagine what a treat it is to us Westerners to be able to receive such illuminating publications as the BULL, the *Alumni Weekly*, and the writings of one Jno. Miller—those gentle reminders of inalienable rights signed away in a moment of abstraction. It really does seem hard at times not to be able to take a Saturday off, draw a week's salary in advance, persuade some fair one's mother that you are financially and socially responsible, drop

down for a game, and then leave her to have a cup of tea with the aunt of your roommate of Soph year, while you take a cab to the—but maybe all of you don't do that. Hence, any epistles or postals, whether soberly signed or not, and any news is very much appreciated.

As you may know, the noble Class of 1913 is represented in Southern California by Swells Morris, Steiner Mulford, Doc Shively, and yours humbly,—all of us poor but striving, all of us unmarried, and all of us out of jail. Who said lucky? Swells is in the Trust Department of a bank, has a little cage just like any convict, and is taking a law course on "Alimony and Its Uses." He is one of our "well-known young society men." (I'd like to say more, but the truth is, I sponge a lot of dinners off him, and so). Steiner has a position (no jobs out here) with a Title Guarantee Co., which is one of those concerns that tells you after you have paid \$10.00 for a \$5.00 lot, that the lot is not really yours. He still sports a moustache, and talks in a loud tone of voice, but withal seems to have reformed since removed from the evil influence of Geo. Scribner.

Doc Shively teaches (so he says) at my prep school, and has acquired something of the dignity and poise so necessary to awe the young. He also acquired an attack of the measles about six weeks ago. As for myself, I am Asst Mgr. of a lumber yard, when the boss is away, and when he is not so absent, I am office boy, stenographer, and bookkeeper. The boss is here nearly all of the time. Don't go to church as much as in college days, but then do not break the "three nights a week" rule so often. Sort of a standoff. Nope, no gray hairs.

In closing, let me state that in 1915, there is going to be an Exposition out here, and some of you "rising young men" ought to be able to steal enough of the world's wealth to make the jaunt, even if it is a trifle more expensive than paying Jack Larkin a visit at Sing Sing (I have forgotten the stage name of his home town). Any number of pretty girls and technically efficient dispensers of liquids vouched for. What more do you want? Also might suggest that I have heard tell that this country is an ideal place for a honeymoon, and I have not any real estate to sell, either. Bob Piel and Geo. Whittaker

have already been informed of this, and to them you are referred for further information. We are hoping to have at least one representative back in June, as we know it is going to be some Reunion. Best luck to everybody.

CAP NEBEKER.

#### HARVARD HASH AND BOSTON BEANS

Sam Markheim's legal training is beginning to teach him the value of money. Along with three other law students, Sam had several books stolen from the locker room. A few days after he had reported his loss he received notice from the police to the effect that the guilty party had been found and that the lost property would be returned upon identification. After looking over several lots, Markheim picked out five books without owner's names in them. "How do you know they are yours," asked the police official. "Well," replied Sam, "they must be mine—I figured on being able to sell them for more at the end of the year if they weren't written in."

Mr. Clarence V. S. Mitchell is our one best bet for the blue book of Boston. No social function is considered a success unless Clarence attends, and Clarence considers no social function a success unless—but that's another story.

They do say that Ned Buchanan is hobnobbing at medical school with Capt. Percy Wendell. More of this when-brain-meets-brawn-stuff.

Liz Reussille is *working* ten hours a day now, so HE says, and Tom Rütter, his roommate, confirms same, handing in the following copy of Liz's schedule:

- 8-9: Recitation,
- 9-10: Study,
- 10-6: Radcliffe.

Red Robinson found the Harvard P.G. English course wasn't as classical as he had expected, and is now taking shorthand at a Boston business college.

Jim Rose got a job singing at a vaudeville house some time ago, and was sent on with a little bear to pull off a few sentimental love

songs. All went well until the Grand Finale, when the girl, to make the scene as human as possible warmed up to Jim and slipped him a long, lingering, regular Dad Struve movie kiss ———!!!———?———!!——— However, Jim admits that he likes it now.

Ott O'Donnell and Herb Benton are attending "Tech," but take most of their courses down on Tremont Street. I love the cows and chickens, etc., etc.

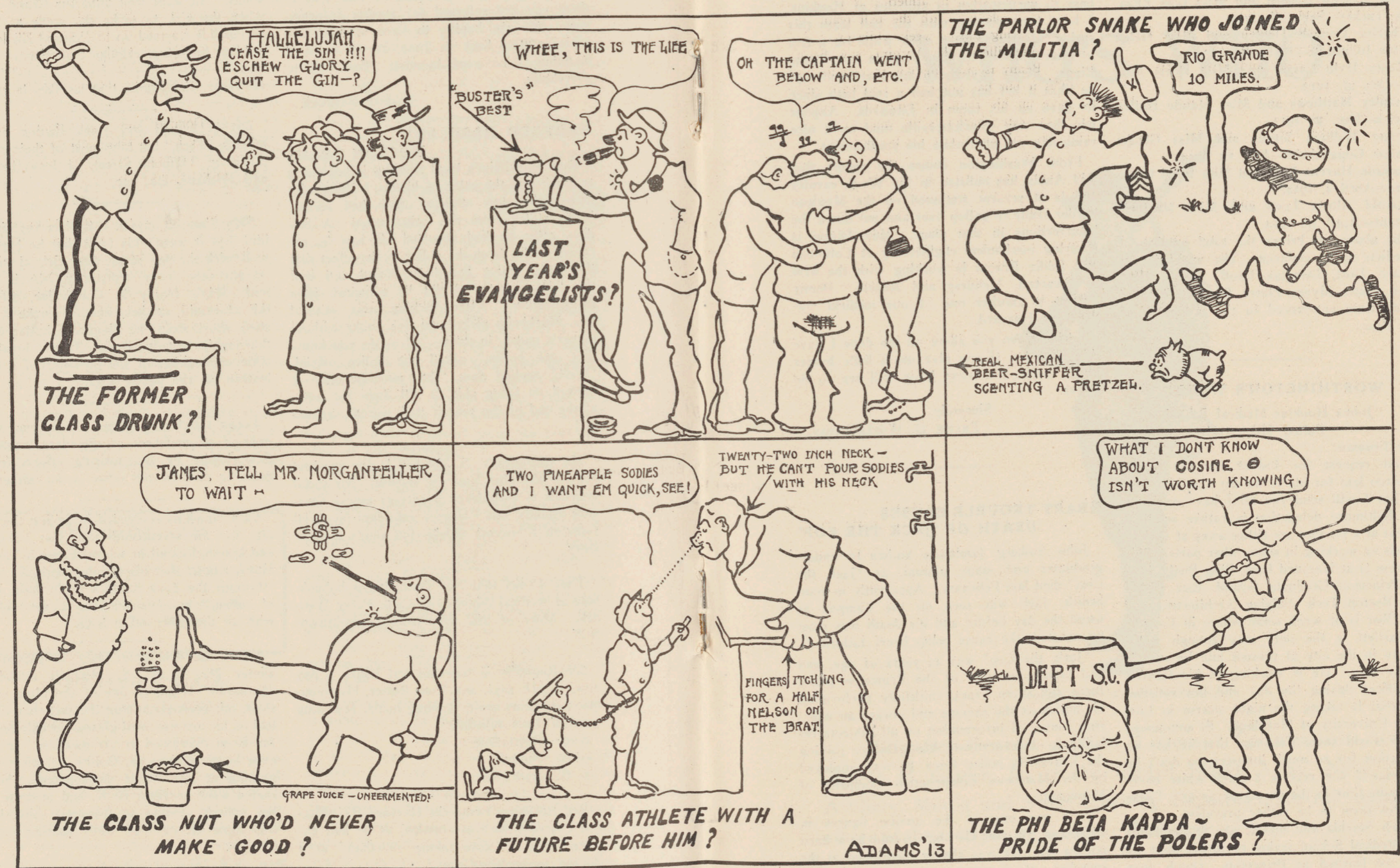
Skip Simpson says nobody has anything on him, But it wasn't his fault that he happened to be sick the day of the Law School smoker. At any rate, Tom Armstrong, who is living with Skip's family in Cambridge, attended the aforesaid smoker, and, to make a long story short, even the Simpson's butler wasn't thoroughly convinced by Tom's breakfast-table explanation of the presence of a green lantern on the parlor sofa.

Loren Gatch has earned the eternal gratitude of all members of the class located in this vicinity by his untiring efforts in organizing dinners and other social gatherings.

Cam Hawkins succeeded in foiling the Faculty for the seventeenth time last February, and is now located in a bond house in Boston. Hawk admits that his training with the bones "through the four (and a half) long years of college" has enabled him to get right in with all the other office boys.

When the debutantes were in season last winter Mr. C. V. S. Mitchell introduced "Sumarun" Wight to one of the ultra exclusives, but notwithstanding the fact that Goldie had on his tortoise-shell glasses the lady seemed far from overjoyed at the meeting. In fact, even as time went on, Goldie got away with nothing at all. Later developments showed that a week previous G. K. had made a vain but valiant attempt to introduce himself to this same bit of fluff while skating on the Charles.

Shortly after resigning the Presidency of N. Y. U., Charles L. Auger, Jr., writes from the North that mail will reach him addressed to Empress Alberta, Canada.



"WHO'D A THOUGHT IT, OSWALD"

or

The Devastating Changes in One Year away from the Lofty Elms



## THE 1913 BULL

—?—  
Irad Morton Hidden and Miss Lois Elizabeth Tucker—Sept. 26, 1913.

Charles Connell Dunlap and Miss Helen Porter Johnstone—Nov. 26, 1913.

Henry Irvin Caesar and Miss Doris Porter—Dec. 27, 1913.

Stanley Matthews and Miss Maude Holley Aldrich—Dec. 30, 1913.

Roger William Straus and Miss Gladys Eleanor Guggenheim—Jan. 12, 1914.

Lamson Havens Date and Miss Ethel Grace Jones—April 4, 1914.

Harold Albert Loeb and Miss Marjorie Content—April 16, 1914.

The above list brings the total number of Benedicts up to eighteen. The marriages of Messrs. Dort, Douglas, Groff, Heath, Hostetter, Klatte, Myers, Pierce, Rauch, West and Wolfe were announced in the last issue of THE BULL.

### WORTHINGTON'S WORST

Johns Hopkins Medical School,  
Balto., Md., April 21, 1914.

Dear Truman:

Your request for fodder for the "Bull" came too late for me to do any special foraging, but I will send you all I have on hand. Our Baltimore delegation is rather small at present as a number are either away at various schools or working in some other parts. Skip Simpson is at Harvard Law, Bing Bagby is at the Princeton Graduate School, Este Fisher is at Boston Tech studying Architecture and Bob Ober is at work some where in Canada. Si Bartlett is the only sure enough Baltimorean in the city at present and he sure is a busy man. He is working in his father's law offices during the day and not satisfied with that is taking the night course in Law at the University of Maryland. Si announced to the world some time ago that he has an inspiration for so much industry, so don't be surprised if you receive a thick white envelope some time in the next year or so. These missives seem to be rather prevalent.

Dutch Stachle and myself are at the Hopkins Medical School trying to forget most of what we learned at Princeton. Dutch does very nicely as long as no nurses are around, but their presence seems to bring on a relapse—and thoughts of Newark's bright lights!

As the infirmities of old age are the only bars to participation in athletics at Hopkins, I have been playing with the ball team this spring. During Easter week while on a trip to Charlottesville to play Virginia saw Benny Biggs. Benny is studying law there and says he likes it but has not had a real bath since he gave up his room in Edwards. Anyone who has seen Charlottesville mud on a nice rainy day will appreciate his predicament.

From Washington comes the report that Kid Annin has enlisted in the W. S. cavalry and is at present stationed on the Mexican border ready to gallop over and put down the insurrections in that place. Max Dixon is studying mechanical engineering at Columbia and Eddie Rheem is working with the firm of Swartzel, Hennessy and Rheem. Denny Adams is another one of our medical students at Harvard.

I have given you about all the dope I have this time, but if you give me a little longer notice before the next issue will try to do better.

Sincerely,  
FRANK D. WORTHINGTON.

### HEART TROUBLE CAUSES DEATH OF "JACK THE COP"

John Amberg, familiarly known to undergraduates and many alumni, as "Jack the Cop," died last February. Apparently in good health, Jack was seen on the Campus as usual the day before and his death was most unexpected, the cause being heart failure.

"Jack, the Cop" was 43 years of age, and had been a member of the Princeton police force for seven years, faithfully performing his duties on the campus and always an unerring source of information on all subjects relating to undergraduate life. Before joining the University police force, he was employed by the Matthews Construction Company of Princeton.

Jack was one of the unique figures in Princeton life and his place would be a hard one to fill. He was always mentioned in the speeches at Commencement, Washington's Birthday and other state occasions and his quaint figure will be long remembered by his many friends.

# WHO'S WHO



Courtesy of "Review of Reviews"

Brigadier-General-Adjuant-Leftenant-Commandant-Admiral  
George H. Gaston, Jr., of the United States Army, Navy, Coast  
Artillery, Militia and Street-Cleaning Department, in full regalia of  
offices at the Gettysburg Summer Encampment.

THE 1913 BULL

THE ROOKING OF ROWLAND

List to the story of Rowland McKee,  
The rollicking student of law:  
How he tried to shine up to a beautiful dame,  
And received a swift left to the jaw:  
How blithely and boldly he entered the fray,  
Like a knight of old, knowing no fear—  
How he went plunging in in the glory of  
youth,  
And came skidding out on his ear.

The town was New York, Easter Sunday the  
day;

Came Kinnan, with his neat pleasure truck,  
Saying, "Rowland, me lad, leave us ease for  
a ride."

Says Rowland, "I'm there like a duck!"  
But how about finding a couple of dames?"  
Quoth Fat, "Clever hunching, in sooth!"  
With that, he got hit by a wonderful scheme,  
And piked for a telephone booth.  
He soon fixed it up, and they chug-chugged  
up town;

The ladies were there on the dot;  
Says Rowland, "Great guns, what a peach—  
what a dream!"

And passed out with joy on the spot.  
"Miss Smith," says Kinnan; "Howdy do,"  
says McKee,

Extending a firm, fervent mitt;  
And slipping her one of those oh-you-kid  
looks,

He piled in to make the big hit  
All the long afternoon as they motored around,  
McKee simply revelled in joy:

He tossed her the soft stuff in bushels and  
quarts;

Convinced her that he was *some* boy;  
He quoted from Byron, and likewise from  
Keats—

He dwelt upon love at first sight;  
Compared to the average female, he said,  
She differed as day did from night;  
He raved on her hair, on her ears, on her  
eyes,

On her gown, on her shoes, on her hat,—  
But what is this low, gurgling laugh from  
in front?

Be calm, gentle reader: 'tis Fat.  
For Fat knows a couple of things that Mic  
don't;

We'll tell them without further parley;

We'll pass o'er the rest of those blissful few  
hours,  
And slip you the tragic finale:

"I hope that we'll meet again soon," she  
averred;

"Let me see you to-morrow," begged Mic;  
"No, I can't." "Aw, why not?" "Oh dear!  
If you *must* know,—

I'M AFRAID THAT MY HUSBAND  
MIGHT KICK!"

THE TRUTH FROM TRENTON

Trenton, N. J., April 21, 1914.

Dear Truman:

The day I received your respectful request  
to feed the BULL I was preparing to go to  
St. Francis Hospital for the second time. Two  
days later, I was jabbed in the neck for what  
the operating surgeon called enlarged glands  
or an abscess or something, but even though  
he was a Yale man I had to give him credit  
for knowing his business. I have been de-  
prived of my God-given birthright of "pep"  
ever since February, when I was operated on  
for the first time by the aforesaid gentleman  
from New Haven. Hence, I have absolutely  
no dope on my classmates in this love-and—  
stricken town of Trenton. They must have  
all gone down to lick the Mexicans, since they  
cannot be otherwise accounted for. I have  
written to several without any results, but,  
when you consider the temptations that lurk  
in our city, they may have met a worse fate  
than death at the hands of Mexican bull  
fighters.

Of course this is all presumption on my  
part and these gentlemen have ample oppor-  
tunity to define their position later. (That  
isn't the correct phrase but our loyal alumnus  
Woody Wilson has been saying it to Huerta  
so much that it sounds like the proper caper.)

I expect to be on the firing line in June.

With love to your family  
(if you have one).

WILLARD S. DANSER.

P. S. The readers of the BULL can let  
their experience or imagination fill in the  
blank above. W. S. D.

THE 1913 BULL

MEMORIAL FUND BOUQUET  
Over Two Thousand Dollars Now on Hand  
—Twenty-five Hundred Wanted  
By Commencement

315 Raymond Ave., Louisville, Ky.  
April 17, 1914.

Dear Truman:

You were right in supposing that I have  
something to say to the Class through the  
BULL, and I may as well start off by stating  
that my remarks are meant to gather up in  
the form of a bouquet, whether I am able to  
leave that impression or not.

The men have come across generously and  
in good numbers, and the collecting hasn't  
been as much of a tooth-pulling job as we  
had every reason to suppose it would be. One  
hundred and seventy-seven have contributed  
something and it has been just as great a  
pleasure to put a fellow down for one dollar  
as for twenty-five.

The Fund as it stands on the bank book  
to-day totals up to Seventeen Hundred and  
Seventy-four Dollars and seventy-two cents  
(\$1,774.72)\*. That makes an average of a  
little over ten dollars per man that we have  
heard from and it doesn't take any very keen  
bean work for any one of us to realize that  
ten dollars in these times is quite some money  
—lunch for two months.

Nearly eighteen hundred dollars is a fine  
showing, but when you realize that this is the  
work of less than 60 per cent of the class  
it is easily seen that we have possibilities for  
greater success. The 40 per cent that have  
been hanging back we have no doubt have  
been so pressed for funds that a contribution  
seemed out of the question. We want to have  
twenty-five hundred dollars by commencement  
time and as soon as this paper has had a  
chance to circulate around a bit we are going  
to give the delinquents a chance: a chance to  
know that they have been of material help in  
establishing a record for "one year out"  
classes.

Haven't seen but one of our class since last  
June so I am pretty dry on Princeton dope.  
"How I mean dry" will be well demonstrated  
in June—I hope to be on hand.

Wish you joy in getting out the BULL, but  
know you won't have any.

Sincerely yours,

JOHNNIE MILLER.

\* The \$250.00 given anonomously by a mem-

ber of the Class at the 1913 dinner in New  
York on April 24th, brings the grand total  
up to \$2,024.72.

Bill Williams, post-graduate poet, parodist,  
takes a fall out of "The Rosary" and grad-  
uate union wage as follows:

—THE MISERY—

The dollars I make each week, dear friend,  
Are like a string of diamonds rare.  
I count each one unto the end—  
And six are there.

Each dollar a bone, each bone a buck;  
To still a paunch for parties hung.  
I tell each one, and curse my luck—  
To know that I am stung!

On colletch days that are no more!  
Oh Siple Joe, Oh Renwick, dear!  
I've saved five cents—You wink, and ask:  
"What for?"  
Let's have one beer, dear-heart, let's have  
one beer!



JOHN WOLFE, JR.

Not the cup-winner, but some boy, never-  
theless.

## THE 1913 BULL

### HOW THE STREET WAS FILLED

Two-Hundred and forty-seven Sophomores had signed up for the Upper Class Clubs when the season for the formation of sections ended. A complete list by clubs follows:

Arch—C. Banigan, R. A. Brotmarble, E. C. Buchanan, W. J. Bunn, Jr., C. N. Frontz, R. S. Irvine, F. H. Knight, F. J. Kruse, T. P. McKee, Jr., J. H. Sheppard, C. R. Stauffer, D. B. Tayler.

Campus—C. L. Campbell, E. S. Carter, R. T. Chaplin, Verne Clair, E. D. Dodd, E. Ferguson, B. Heath, W. E. Hayle, Jr., R. P. Hinchman, A. H. Kenny, A. O'Brien Moore, Vinton Pierce, A. H. Snowden, C. P. Smyth, C. I. Stewart, D. C. Swatland, W. R. Willoughby, J. K. Wood.

Cannon—T. H. Boland, Wallace Bauer, R. W. Burns, P. O. Fendrick, D. S. Good, T. E. Hibben, Jr., T. B. Jackson, W. C. Shanley, Jr., C. B. Shea, F. M. Shanbacker, G. Smith.

Cap and Gown—L. Abbott, Jr., H. F. Armstrong, J. D. Baker, L. H. Barber, A. W. Bevin, J. M. Carey, F. T. Farrell, W. F. Fillebrown, Moore Gates, Frank Glick, O. D. Knight, W. Lloyd-Smith, L. G. Payson, F. C. Roberts, Jr., Mason Scudder, J. R. Stockton, J. V. Wadsworth, D. B. Watt, Walter White.

Charter—R. L. Cleveland, W. S. Dell, W. T. Field, L. B. Gill, Allan Hunter, R. C. Heyl, Jr., J. B. Holmes, A. H. Jackson, W. M. Kalt, E. K. Mitchell, O. P. McComas, Jr., J. E. Osman, G. E. Pitcairn, J. N. Robinson, L. Seymour, G. M. Shipman, Jr., J. P. Twaddell, E. Wilson, Jr., C. M. Young.

Cloister—A. B. Bingham, J. W. Danenhower, T. J. Davies, J. M. Dowell, Benjamin Franklin, Jr., C. D. Fowers, R. W. Furman, L. Glover, H. G. Gilland, B. M. Grant, D. G. Kennedy, Stewart Mudd, K. A. Metzertott, E. J. Meddour, A. K. Price, H. R. Robinson, S. C. Reynolds, W. A. West, R. J. Wortendyke, Jr., A. Wiese.

Colonial—William Agar, M. S. Ackerman, Jr., B. A. Ames, F. W. Bailey, E. P. Bird, J. N. Baker, C. T. Garrison, H. H. Kennedy, M. Melville, R. N. Stilwell, Moury Smith, C. R. Smith, D. T. Turner, A. Underhill.

Cottage—V. W. Alexander, Nicholas Biddle, W. C. Crawford, B. G. Dancy, L. E. Gaines, A. Kimball, Charles Kock, J. W. Massie, H. C. Sargent, M. G. Traylor.

Dial Lodge—A. T. Benton, W. W. Cator,

Jr., R. H. Dawbarn, D. R. Demaree, H. Davies, H. H. Frank, E. J. Frazier, P. H. Gadebusch, W. L. Hopkins, H. B. Hudnut, R. S. Martin, J. E. Murdock, K. H. Rocky, L. Ransom, J. C. Vickery.

Elm—S. Brown, F. K. Barbour, W. H. Deyo, N. B. Dawes, D. R. Ellis, T. S. Frederick, O. D. Gould, P. G. Giffin, A. N. Harrigan, P. B. Harrigan, V. G. Link, J. B. Muirhead, C. O. Nichols, C. A. Nebeker, T. B. Niles, J. D. Thomson, H. A. Williams.

Ivy—J. McF. Barr, B. Bullock, 3rd, A. M. Butler, W. R. Dolton, A. L. Haskell, J. Hoyt, H. D. Harvey, B. C. Law, W. H. T. Mackie, N. Miller, W. H. Osborn, S. M. Shoemaker, E. B. Wall.

Key and Seal Club—K. V. Blue, R. J. Boyd, W. J. Burke, W. J. Carpenter, Jr., A. C. Dunn, R. D. Evans, H. E. Fisher, C. C. Hockmeyer, C. C. Linn, E. D. Meier, R. S. McKee, F. R. Parkin.

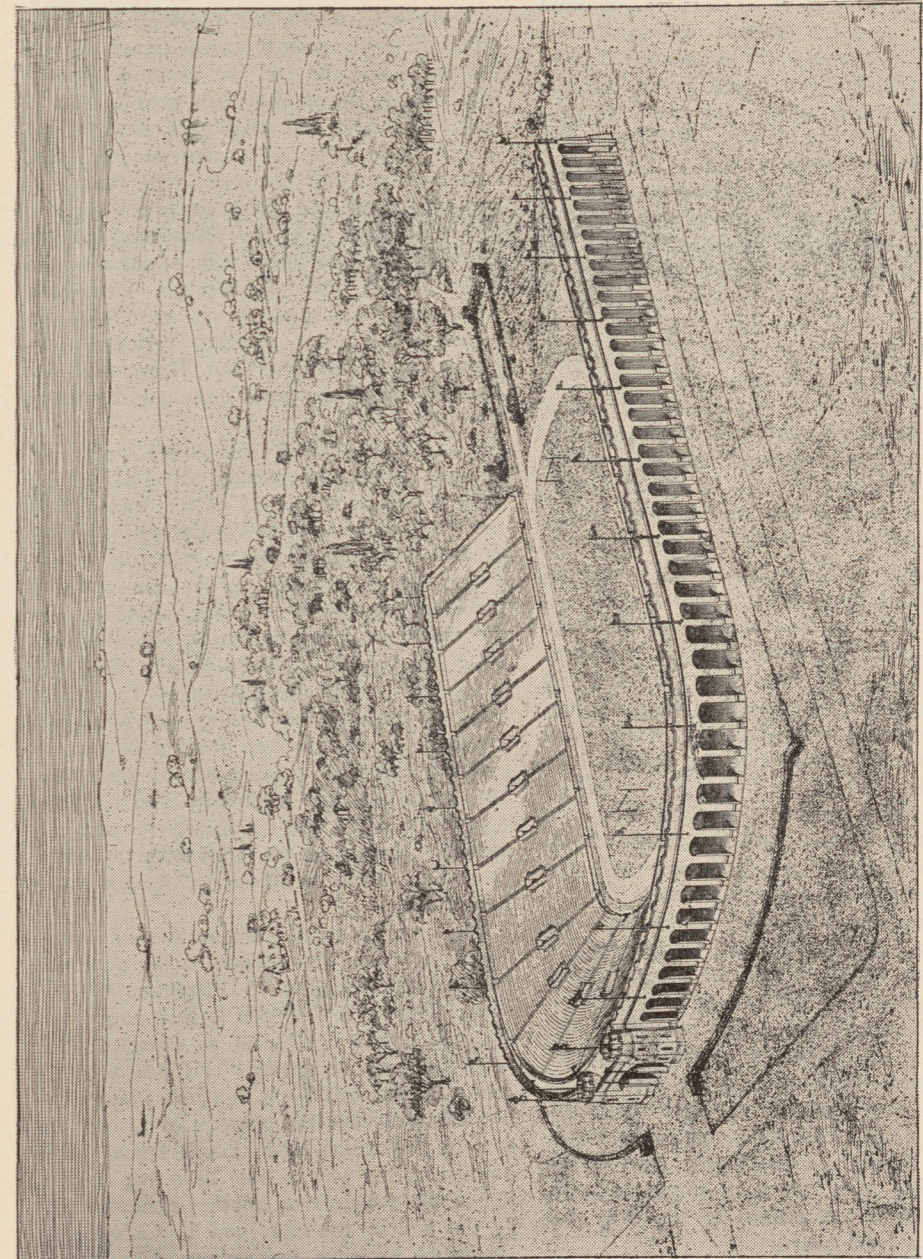
Quadrangle—W. H. Beatty, D. M. Davy, B. Douglas, T. F. Fritz, J. D. Gould, H. L. Gordon, Jr., R. R. Lester, E. S. Lloyd, D. M. Lake, E. E. Mount, H. J. Richardson, H. M. Selby, W. L. Wells.

Terrace—B. B. Atterbury, E. Childs, E. S. Decker, W. Dodd, A. M. Frantz, F. Harrison, E. H. Lee, O. Mandel, D. S. McChesney, C. A. McWilliams, S. L. Phraner, N. Reed, J. Russell, Jr., N. W. Scudder, J. M. Speers, Jr., L. Sweet, A. W. Talley, M. A. Tancock.

Tiger Inn—S. A. Bowman, H. G. Brown, R. N. B. Fay, W. H. Friesell, Jr., G. Gillespie, C. L. Heyniger, D. S. Hirschberg, A. A. Kelleher, W. DeL. Love, K. Moore, P. Moore, F. D. Payne, F. R. Pemberton, G. A. Peacock, G. S. Runk, Jr., E. L. Shea, J. N. VanBuren, H. B. Vanderhoef, H. F. Van der Voort, Jr.

Tower—H. H. Barnett, W. H. Burford, J. E. Butterworth, H. C. Cross, F. H. Cardwell, S. L. Hypes, J. E. Heintz, N. T. Kenyon, J. D. McLanahan, J. W. Morgan, J. R. L. Otis, H. S. Price, S. M. Raymond, J. R. Rhoads, P. M. Runyon, Gordon Sykes, R. C. Twitchell.

Milt Brown, our well known lecturer-to-be, is studying art in Rome. You've got the wrong dope, Milt: it's Spain, not Italy, where they throw the—aw, wha' did ya want to go and spoil it for?



For the benefit of those who may not have talked with Don Cowl,\* or seen any of the pictures of The Stadium we print the above.  
\*See page so and so.

WHAT GOES ON ON THE CAMPUS

Since the BULL last broke loose, the campus has been as busy as is its wont. If, incidentally, you could see the pile of miscellaneous and undated clippings which our genial secretary has sent the Tail Board for the purposes of preparing this article, you would conceive it to be a darn sight busier. But, be that as it may, the first event of note which saw the light of day after Thanksgiving was the Triangle Trip. The club came across this year with "The Pursuit of Priscilla," one of that famous organization's usual girl-and-music concoctions, for which R. Strain, '14, H. P. Elliott, '14, F. H. Dyckman, '14, and D. D. Griffin, '15 were mainly responsible, and which fully measured up to the standard. They took it to New York, Philadelphia, Washington, St. Louis, Chicago and Pittsburgh, and from all accounts received got away with a wallop everywhere, in spite of the lamentable absence of Puss Adams and his red lantern from the scene of activities.

The hockey team was the next to command the spot-light, and well they deserved it, for they established a clear and undisputed claim to the championship in as handy a manner as any team has ever done, and that is saying something when one considers the last four years of Princeton hockey. The team's records were ten victories and two defeats, both of the latter being in extra period games. Starting with a victory over St. Paul's by a score of 8-3, Toronto and the Boston A. A. were mowed down in quick succession, but Ottawa succeeded in slipping over a 4-2 defeat in two extra periods. Three more decisive victories, over Cornell, Dartmouth and West Point followed, but the crippled team which went against Harvard in the first game of the series suffered a 2-1 set-back. The last four games were all splendid victories, and the defeat of both Yale and Harvard in two games each gave the Varsity the pennant. Capt. Kuhn and Hobie Baker were the Princeton stars throughout the season, and at the team dinner after the last Harvard game, Grant Peacock was elected to "go thou and do likewise" next year.

The next few weeks were well occupied in watching the new system of club elections in active operation for the first time, and the period conclusively proved to all Alumni who watched it closely that while there are un-

doubtedly some rough edges to be worn off, the system as a whole forms the most reasonable and efficient solution of Princeton's social problems which has yet been advanced. Under it, about 250 sophomores signed up with the clubs, and the full list of those in each club will be found elsewhere in this issue.

The swimming and water polo teams hopped to the front with a brilliant record. The swimmers lost but one meet (the final contest with Yale) and the water-polo team won the undisputed title for Princeton for the fourth consecutive year. Out of the six men selected for the all-collegiate water-polo team, five were members of the Princeton quintette, and the sporting writers were unanimous in declaring Capt. Hesenbruch the greatest player the game has had for many moons.

Last winter horsing came in for more than its usual share. In January the Princetonian made a post card canvass of the Senior class and the Faculty to ascertain the sentiment regarding this custom, and as a result it was found that 55 per cent of the men were in favor of discontinuing horsing. Nothing further was done, however, until a few days ago, when the Senior Council officially abolished horsing as a Princeton custom. This act has not only reopened the horsing discussion with a vengeance, but has also brought down considerable criticism on the heads of these Senior law-makers for arbitrarily declaring the custom abolished, and not merely recommending such action to the University at large, and then holding an official ballot open to all four classes.

The greatest event from an Alumni standpoint of the last few months is the presentation of the Stadium to Princeton by Mr. Edgar Palmer, '03. Work is well under way at present, and if all goes as expected, it is probable that University Field has seen its last Yale football game, and that next fall the Elis will have the pleasure of tasting defeat in Princeton's new athletic home. It is not out of the way to note here that Princeton is the recipient of another generous gift by the will of the late John L. Cadwalader, '56, which gives an endowment of \$25,000 to be applied to the Preceptorial fund,—where its need is very generally recognized.

The football management has announced eight games on next season's schedule, the only changes being the substitution of Wil-

SOME PEOPLE ARE NEVER SATISFIED

Addresses Changed Since Last Number of the Bull

F. D. Adams, 21 Drayton Hall, Cambridge, Mass.; P. E. Adams, Garden City Hotel, Garden City, Long Island, N. Y.; C. L. Auger, Jr., Empress, Alberta, Canada; W. M. Baker, 135 East 66th St., New York; R. D. Baldwin, Bay Shore, Long Island, N. Y.; S. D. Bell, 28 West 59th St., New York; H. G. Benton, 98 St. James Ave., Boston, Mass.; C. E. Bingham, 270 Hancock St., Brooklyn, N. Y.; W. S. Bonnell, 600 Main St., East Orange, N. J.; A. S. Bonner, 65 Cedar St., Chicago, Ill.; W. C. Brewster, 20 N. Edwards, Princeton, N. J.; W. W. Brown, c/o Dr. Tinker, Cornell Heights, Ithaca, N. Y.; G. M. Bryan, Cottage Club, Princeton, N. J.; E. P. Buchanan, Harvard Medical School, Boston, Mass.; P. F. Burrage, Sunburst, N. C.; H. I. Caesar, 27 East 62nd St., New York; E. W. Caffery, University of Virginia Law School, Charlottesville, Va.; P. L. Coffin, 8 B. Graduate School, Princeton, N. J.; K. H. Condit, 18 N. Edwards, Princeton, N. J.; E. Congelton, 1391 Commonwealth Ave., Boston, Mass.; C. O. Cornelius, Mass. Institute of Technology, Boston, Mass.; P. K. Crooks, 241 Summer St., Paterson, N. J.; T. L. Cunningham, 46 Hamilton Pl., New York; L. E. de la Reussille, Drayton Hall, Cambridge, Mass.; B. M. Donaldson, Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York; A. B. Drullard, 431 Riverside Drive, New York; G. R. Fauntleroy, West Side Y. M. C. A., 1515 West Monroe St., Chicago, Ill.; A. D. Faxon, 157 West 78th St., New York; D. K. E. Fisher, Mass. Institute of Technology, Boston, Mass.; E. S. Ford, 43 West 16th St., New York; F. Ford, 151 West 42nd St., New York, c/o P. K. Frowert Co.; J. A. Furman, Jr., 11 C. Graduate School, Princeton, N. J.; J. S. Gleason, Bell Telephone Co. of Pa., 1230 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.; J. H. Gorham, 202 West 74th St., New York; H. E. Hackney, Harvard Law School, Cambridge, Mass.; B. C. Harrington, Jamna Mission, Allahabad, India; H. W. Hastings, 12 Newbury St., Boston, Mass.; Warren Hastings, 525 Westminster Ave., Elizabeth, N. J.; J. C. Hawkins, c/o N. W. Harris & Co., 178 Devonshire St., Boston, Mass.; D. A. Hawley, Central Y. M. C. A. Bldg., Cleveland, Ohio; T. W. Henderson, Bachelor House, Palmerton, Pa.; I. M. Hadden, 57 Franklin Ave., Ocean Grove, N. J.; W. D. Horne, Jr., Hermon, N. Y.; K. Howard, 436 Portland Ave., St. Paul, Minn.; B. F. Howell, Jr., 14 A. Graduate School, Princeton, N. J.; L. D. Howell, Army Y. M. C. A., Peking, China; A. H. Hunter, 428 Furnald Hall, Columbia University, N. Y.; V. Jarvis, West Side Y. M. C. A., 1515 West Monroe St., Chicago, Ill.; R. M. Jones, 7 West Wither- spoon, Princeton, N. J.; H. F. Jung, 295 Riverside Drive, New York; L. E. Kimball, Jr., Livingston Hall, Columbia University, New

liams and Lafayette for Holy Cross and Fordham, respectively. Rutgers, Bucknell, Syracuse, Dartmouth, Harvard and Yale are the other opponents, the latter two games coming on successive Saturdays despite Manager Froelick's efforts to the contrary. Albert Williams Bevin, 1916, has been elected assistant manager of the team, while John M. Barr, 1916, was chosen to manage the 1918 team.

While we are on officers, the Triangle has elected Walker M. Ellis, '15, J. F. Adams, '15, and C. L. Heyniger, '16 as President, Vice-President, and Secretary respectively. The senior elections resulted in the choice of J. M. Colt as Master of Ceremonies, J. B. Pitney as Presentation Orator, K. Bonner as Prophet, G. E. Harris as Historian, G. B. Stockton as Ivy Orator, J. E. Jenkins as Class Poet, and J. O. Alder as Class Orator.

A busy spring is on the calendar, with May 9th and May 23rd as the banner days. The former date has the Cornell baseball game, the Yale track meet (at New Haven), the Yale freshman baseball game, the Dartmouth golf match, and the triangular regatta with Columbia and Penn. The 23rd shows the Harvard baseball game (at Cambridge), the interscholastic track meet at Princeton, the triangular regatta with Yale and Cornell at Ithaca, and the Cornell tennis match at Ithaca.

But the busiest day of spring, summer, autumn and winter is set for June the 12th, when all Princeton will open its arms and the 1913 tent will open its kegs on Tulane Street. Till then, Heaven spare us all, and after—we care not!

Chuck Augur shoots one of the best wads of the year from his trysting place in Jacklondonville. He says there is only one girl in the place, and he talked to her for an hour once, during which time she only said three words—"yes" twice, and "no" once. History fails to relate what he asked her.

A REUNION STORY IN THREE CHAPTERS

- Chapter I \_\_\_\_\_
- Chapter II \_\_\_\_\_
- Chapter III \_\_\_\_\_

York; R. C. Lee, Defender Photo Supply Co., 505 Cudahoga Bldg., Cleveland, Ohio; H. A. Loeb, Empress, Alberta, Canada; F. H. McCarthy, 1116 East 1st St., Duluth, Minn.; J. C. McCoy, c/o International Life Ins. Co., St. Louis, Mo.; D. L. McCuen, 12 Thomas Penn. Dormitory, U. of P., Philadelphia, Pa.; T. M. McMillan, 137 Hopkinson Dormitory, U. of P., Philadelphia, Pa.; T. M. Mabon, 89 Hyslop Road, Brookline, Mass.; E. Mack, Jr., 14 B. Graduate School, Princeton, N. J.; F. H. Marling, 54 West 48th St., New York; K. Mathiasen, American Legation, Copenhagen, Denmark; S. Matthews, 55 West 95th St., New York; C. S. Merrifield, 393 West End Ave., New York; B. R. Michael, Hotel Clinton, East Orange, N. J.; D. Y. Miller, Chestnut Hill, Philadelphia, Pa.; J. A. Miller, 315 Raymond Ave., Louisville, Ky.; C. V. Mitchell, 206 Cragie Hall, Cambridge, Mass.; F. W. Morrell, 335 South Broad St., Elizabeth, N. J.; S. R. Mulford, 2039 Edgewood Drive, South Pasadena, Cal.; J. E. Murdock, Bell Telephone Co. of Pa., 1230 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.; P. F. Myers, The Kenyon, 1372 Kenyon St. N. W., Washington, D. C.; R. Ober, 200 Kennedy St., Winnipeg, Manitoba, Canada; J. H. Parsons, Suffern, N. Y.; R. W. Patterson, Jr., 6016 Howe St., Pittsburgh, Pa.; E. H. Patton, Waco, Texas; T. T. Pendleton, c/o Pratt & Lambert, 75 Tonawanda St., Buffalo, N. Y.; R. M. Pierce, Pasadena, Cal.; R. S. Rauch, Villa Nova, Pa.; H. K. Reese, 653 South Willett St., Memphis, Tenn.; D. J. C. Robertson, 10 Winthrop Hall, Cambridge, Mass.; S. Roebing, Roebing, N. J.; E. A. Rogers, 276 West 89th St., New York; J. M. Rose, Harvard Law School, Cambridge, Mass.; S. M. Rushmore, Mamaroneck, N. Y.; T. R. Rutter, 1 Drayton Hall, Cambridge, Mass.; G. F. Scudder, 111 West 13th St., New York; J. A. Selby, 68 Oxford St., Cambridge, Mass.; D. J. Smith, c/o Standard Oil Co., Singapore, Straits Settlements; R. W. Straus, 929 Park Ave., New York; E. A. Stubbs, 311 West 101st St., New York; W. N. Todd, 726 North Downing St., Piqua, Ohio; R. L. Van Cleve, 301 Bell Ave., North Braddock, Pa.; J. N. T. Walker, Tower Club, Princeton, N. J.; R. Warner, 427 Greenwood Boulevard, Evanston, Ill.; A. T. Waterman, 14 A. Graduate School, Princeton, N. J.; H. Wells, 3612 Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.; J. deV. Wilkins, 305 West Chester Ave., Port Chester, N. Y.; J. G. Winant, St. Paul's School, Concord, N. H.; G. T. Wisner, 129 Hobart Ave., Summit, N. J.; J. Wolfe, 121 Loring Ave., Pelham, N. Y.; W. B. Wolfe, 144 Hawthorne St., New Bedford, Mass.; D. J. Woodriff, c/o Wall Rope Works of N. Y., 48 South St., New York.

Joe Smith, Bob McLean and Don Cowl all got sick at about the same time last winter, and all went down to Atlantic City to recuperate. Little more need be said.

**JERUSALEM THE GOLDEN**

We quote from the "Washington Square Dealer" of the N. Y. Univ. School of Commerce and Accounts:

"Under the guidance of Professor Gerstenberg, the cackling young things, sometimes known as Freshmen, held their first meeting at an early date. Considering how little they know, the Freshies are to be congratulated on their almost intelligent selections.

"The blackboard showed the following results:

- President.....Charles L. Auger, Jr.
- Vice-President.....Louis Levinsky
- Secretary.....I. W. Isaacs
- Treasurer.....Maurice A. Kerns

**DON SMITH PRATTLES**

**OF THE TROPICS**

Jan. 18, 1914.

*Dear Don: (Cowl)*

After a fine trip out we arrived here in Singapore the 20th of December and left the North German Lloyd boat "Lutzow." At the S.O. office we were informed that two men were needed here instead of one as we had supposed so I was stopped here and not allowed to go on to Java and since then I have not been at all sorry for it.

The life out here is really a very pleasant surprise to me—I live in a bungalow with two other young S.O. men and three Britishers in the B.A. Tobacco Company and we have a mighty nice "mess" as it is called; each man has his own servant—Malay or Chinese boy and each his own rikisha coolie to take him down to the office in the morning and back again at night (hours are from 9 to 4:30 with from 1 to 2 for tiffin or luncheon). We play tennis at the Cricket Club or here at the house—turf courts and I like them very much.

Saturday afternoons and Sunday we go over to the Swimming Club and ride and play tennis—you have to get a lot of exercise out here; it's absolutely essential. Of course it's not hard to get up a sweat as you can easily imagine; but it's not so awfully hot—about 75°—80° average. Everybody (Europeans) wears white drill suits and white topis or sun helmets and it is a mighty comfortable way of dressing.

The Malay language is the common one for all the different classes of people here (Ben-

galies, Tourils, Malays, Chinese, Arabians, etc.) and is very simple—not hard to learn and rather nice to speak—have a Malay teacher and my boy is a Malay so I'm getting on with it a bit.

Not many Americans out here but those that are here are darn nice—had a great time Christmas at Rayner's (the manager) house. He is a young Amherst grad—'08 I think and a darn nice chap. The second S.O. man here is Tracy—used to live in Brooklyn I think; then comes Schultz from Richmond Hill (and Columbia) and then Rankin from Ithaca and Cornell '12. Bill Sykes (Yale '13), one of the fellows I came out with, and I make up the rest of the European force in the office. The clerks are Chinese and the office boys or "tambies" are Malays. Tracy and Sykes are going up north to Penang to open an office there soon and so there'll only be four of us left here. Sykes and I are getting a hand in at the work and are pretty well satisfied—the country is very pretty and the nights are cool—altogether it is not at all bad. Then, too, all the S.O. men are young and a good crowd so you see we're pretty lucky that way.

Please write to me if you get a chance because mail is very much appreciated out here and I haven't heard from you in a long time.

DON SMITH.

Standard Oil Co. of N. Y.,  
Singapore,  
Straits Settlements.

**FOOTBALL "P" MEN CHOOSE BALLIN FOR 1914 LEADER**

Harold Roy Ballin 1915, of New York City, was elected Captain of the 1914 Varsity football team at a meeting of the men who played in the Yale and Harvard games. Ballin comes of a family previously connected with Princeton's major sports, and his brother, Cyril G. Ballin '10, was a member of the Varsity football, baseball and hockey teams.

Ballin prepared for Princeton at Lawrenceville. He played tackle on the 1911 Freshman football team, and in 1912 was substitute tackle on the Varsity, winning his letter for playing in the Harvard game. Ballin's work this year has been conspicuous in every game and he has been mentioned by several critics for a berth on the All-American team. He is one of the youngest captains that Princeton's football team has ever had. He is 19 years old.

Rube Ross writes:

**FROM PAGE TO PAGE**

Philadelphia, Pa., April 18th, 1914.

*Dear Truman:*

Owing to the fact that I have been in West Virginia most of the winter, I haven't too much dope from the City of Brotherly Affection, and what little I have is all hearsay. Nevertheless, the BULL must be slung, so here goes.

Ned Law and P. Henry are working in the Law School at Penn. Reeves says he is going West again this summer and will try to discover a new way to get lost. Ned has been the Debutantes' Delight of Philly all winter, but he is now rowing on the University Barge Club eight. John North and Rudy Rauch are working in tool factories, and some day expect to be rivals in the tack hammer business (touch of humor). The Evening Bulletin is still being published—thanks to Bob McLean (adv.).

Rumor has it that Coal Hole Coleman is much disappointed because the Gin Club is not nearly so successful in the coal fields of Pa. as it was in the town of its origin. Daws is now doing engineering work in a mine, and I don't believe he will ever laugh at a C.I. again for being a rough guy.

Yours truly has also been doing coal hole work but in W. Va. I hope however to be definitely removed to the Philadelphia office in time for Commencement. Will certainly be glad to crawl into some keggings tweeds and sit around the boards with the crowd again. Till the fourteenth of June.

Sincerely,

NED PAGE.

Fran Phillips is rapidly rounding into mid-season form, having done the training stuff every Saturday afternoon all winter, with the Knick bar as quarters. He expects to smash all records when the big tent comes around, having shaded his best previous time for "bottoms up" to 2/5 of one second.

## 1913 MEN

YOU will find that it will be to your advantage to keep in touch with us. You know that there are times during the year that you will

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## 1913

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1913



BULL



# THE 1913 BULL

Vol. I

NOVEMBER, 1913

Sheet 1

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## SOME STRAIGHT DOPE

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From Our Worthy President, Tol  
Pendleton

Chapel Hill, N. C.,  
October 13, 1913.

Dear Truman:

Tom Wilson and myself have just finished reading, in *The Alumni Weekly*, the account of our first reunion. It must have been great, and it is not necessary to say that we were mighty sorry not to have been there. Nevertheless, it was fine to know that things had started so well. Now that we have broken the record at the start, it should be the aim of us all to maintain that standard. As in everything else, however, it is harder to hold a record than to set one, so it means that we must all work that much harder to help the men in charge of our committees, etc.

The fellows all ought to realize that "Rupe" and "Skip", and you people on THE BULL, too, have the hard work to do, while ours is comparatively easy. Therefore the least we can all do is to respond immediately to all communications that we may receive. We have got to beat that 1912 bunch! They are a pretty good class all right and don't give you a chance to forget it, so let's not lose sight of the fact, but stick together and beat them.

If everyone only realized what these reunions mean! In five minutes all the old friendships come back as strong as if we had never been parted, but if a man doesn't return he can't help drifting away from his classmates and from Princeton. Just talk to a grad of a university where they don't have reunions and you will get some idea of how much they count. Each fellow has to be his own judge as to the sacrifice he must make to get back, but there ought to be mighty large obstacles in the road to keep him away.

As for the Harvard reunion, I'm afraid Tom

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JOHN REID CHRISTIE, JR.

"After a lingering illness of fourteen weeks, John Reid Christie, Jr., passed away three a. m., October 13th, at Arcachon, France." This was the sad message which announced the untimely death of one of our classmates, and brought such sorrow to his friends.

Reid Christie entered Princeton, as a great many of us do, without the best foundation, and at the close of sophomore year was unfortunately obliged to leave college for a term. But, on his return, he determined to retrieve himself and with this purpose ever before him, he plodded on, although in poor health, until, after taking ten final examinations he at last obtained his diploma on the twenty-sixth of June. But the strain and worry of this hard struggle probably cost Reid his life. For his condition was such, that it was impossible for him to withstand the tubercular poisoning and other painful complications that ensued soon after his arrival in Paris last July.

If Reid had lived a normal length of time he would undoubtedly have accomplished a great deal. It was always his habit to pay strict attention to his duties—a trait which prophesied much. As seen by those who knew him intimately his character was beyond reproach.

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and myself can't make it, for we have a big game here and can't very well desert our charges.

However, here's hoping that it will be the last one I shall ever miss.

With best wishes for everything,  
Most sincerely,

TOL.

## BALTIMORE BULL

Baltimore, Md., October 13, 1913.

*Dear Truman:*

Yes I know what you want, but please remember that the Federal government has prescribed certain limits as to what may be sent through the mails. (26 U. S. 179.) Our Bar Association will recognize the quotation.

Which reminds me that Daniel Boon Baker lasted through just two law lectures at the University of Maryland leaving it entirely to me to puzzle out whether my neighbor takes notes in Yiddish or shorthand. The lecture on Domestic Relations wherein he found out that a contract to marry might be implied by conduct finished him. I heard him murmur "stoo much" as he handed in his resignation and turning to me he said: "Lord, think of the chances I've taken, Si."

Our worthy little baseball captain won the rag for a local ball club, and when last seen Frank was celebrating his otherwise errorless season in a place which tries to live up to our memories of the Nass. Frank and Dutch Staehle are now attending the Hopkins Medical School and are trying to find a serum that will be a permanent cure for the Yale Itch.

Skip, who really does live here and not in London, is now at the w. k. Harvard Law School and Gouldie writes that he is at present hob-nobbing with Este D. K., etc., Fisher who is taking a course in how to drive a car and at the same time look out for his friends at Boston Tech.

Most of the girls in town have decided that they will put off coming out until Bob Ober returns from the Northwest, because they say, "What is a Tango Tea without 'Bobbing up and Down'." They also "just perfectly can't imagine a dance without Mr. Hoffman, isn't he a dear." But Bill has seen fit to linger a while in Princeton as he has become so used to leaving after mid-years that he only considered last June the regular annual party. Tom Bagby has the same idea, so has returned to a life of luxury in Andy West's new Home for Incurables.

That "tells the tale" as Lloyd Richards would say, and here is hoping that you don't have as large an office to sweep as I do.

Sincerely,

SI BARTLETT.

RUFUS DAWES 1913 MEMORIAL  
HOTEL NEAR COMPLETION500 Lodgings for Men Out of Work Will  
be ready in Memory of Princeton  
Man

The Rufus Dawes Memorial Hotel, of Chicago, Ill., erected in memory of Rufus Dawes ex-'13, for the purpose of providing comfortable lodging for deserving men, is now nearing completion and it is hoped that the building will be ready for occupation by the first of December. If the present plans are carried out in this way, the hotel will be in a position to offer accommodations to the great number of men who are out of work in Chicago during the winter months—a time when their hardships would be the greatest. This is the intention of Mr. Dawes, who is building the hotel.

The plans of the building and the basis upon which it is to be run are ideal for its purpose. When completed, the hotel will afford accommodation for 300 men, but it is so arranged that, in an emergency, 500 can be given shelter. Meals will be served to the lodgers at a cost of from two to five cents each, while it is planned to make a charge of five or ten cents for a night's lodging. Sanitary conditions are excellent and the bathing facilities of the best. The restaurant and dining-room are to be installed in the basement, offices and baths will occupy the first floor, and the second floor is to be given over entirely to sleeping quarters. The estimated cost of the land and building was \$100,000.

## How the Plan Originated

The idea of erecting a building of this sort originated with Rufus Dawes, himself, while a member of the University, and an active worker in the Philadelphian Society. Dawes was drowned in the summer of 1912 in Lake Geneva. He believed that the men would gain self-respect, to a marked degree if they were permitted to board at a hotel run by a private company, which furnished them with meals and lodging at cost or even below cost. If the hotel is a success, it is planned to erect a similar building for women.

WHAT THE CLASS OF 1913 HAS  
DONE FOR ROWING AT PRINCE-  
TON—AND MORE BESIDES

The Class of 1913 did more than any class has ever done to put Princeton in the position which she now holds in rowing.

In Freshman year our class crew was the first in about twenty-five years to row an outside race, and we reopened such competition in good style by easily defeating the Central High School eight. In our Sophomore year the first intercollegiate regatta was held on Lake Carnegie. One man from 1913 rowed in that race, and though we were beaten by Cornell, we crossed the line many lengths ahead of Yale.

As Juniors, two of the class were on the crew, and two regattas were arranged. On Lake Carnegie we beat Pennsylvania and made Columbia work hard for a victory, while on the Charles, although we finished third, Princeton was but a quarter of a length behind Harvard. "Rudy" Rauch was captain of this crew and was re-elected at the end of the season.

1913 capped the climax in Senior year by winning a regatta on the Charles against Harvard and Pennsylvania. Five of our classmates were on this victorious crew. Thus at the end of just three years of intercollegiate rowing, during which time our class had continually and ably supported the crew, we succeeded in actually winning a triangular race against veteran competitors. This record is one of which any class might be proud. We have put Princeton among the first on the water and I'm sure everyone in our class wants to see her stay there.

But Princeton cannot retain her place in the front in crew without the support of the graduates. The Rowing Association is a separate organization from the Athletic Association, and although the latter allows the manager of the crew a certain amount, it is by no means enough to conduct a season of intercollegiate racing. Out of town trips cost a great deal, and when we have visitors we want to treat them well. Through the generosity of the Class of '87, Princeton now has a first-class boat house. Up to the present a few liberal graduates have borne the extra expenses of the crew, but last year a Princeton University Rowing Association was

formed with membership dues of five dollars per year. If we can make and maintain a large enough membership for this association, it will be easy sailing for the Princeton crews. The question, however, is how to do it.

As I have indicated our class has done probably more than any other to put Princeton rowing where it now stands and we are to a certain extent identified with this sport, 1913 will always stand out as the year Princeton won her first regatta on the Charles River. Therefore, as graduates let us, by supporting the crew, maintain the unique position which we won by supporting it as undergraduates.

We have all learned this early in the wide, wide world, I am afraid, how nimble the mighty dollar is. But for the benefit of 1913, a special arrangement has been made with the Graduate Advisory Board whereby every member of the class who subscribes to the Association now will retain his membership until April 1915, instead of April 1914.

Checks should be made payable to Charles S. Bryan, Chairman, 220 Fifth Avenue, New York. You may be sure that your money will not be wasted if for no other reason than that rowing at Princeton is run 75% more economically than any other sport.

(Signed) JACK LARKIN,  
Mgr. 1913 Crew.

## "YOU MADE ME LOVE YOU"

(I didn't want to do it)

Converse Dettmer West and Katharine Carr,  
April 8, 1909.

Herbert Hostetter and Miss Margaret Brown, November 2, 1912.

Warren Heath and Miss Fredrika Montgomery Maclead, June 10, 1913.

Robert Pierce and Miss Ruth Lattin, May 28, 1913.

Paul Forest Myers and Mae Claire Holt,  
June 14, 1913.

Louis Eugene Klatte and Miss Ruth Olive Miles, June 19, 1913.

Earl LeRoy Douglass and Lois Elizabeth Haler, September 4, 1913.

Alden Donnelly Groff and Edith Ray Horner, October 4, 1913.

Rudolph S. Rauch and Helen French, October 11, 1913.

Ralph Bates Dort and Helen Adams Wilson,  
October 15, 1913.

THE 1913 BULL

Two Sheets a Year—A Magazine of Mexican Athletic Literature—Published at The Princeton Press By

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The Bull will be tied outside or mailed free to any address within reason.

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Although born a bit prematurely, The Bull has, nevertheless, been weened successfully and has at last arrived at the momentous age of Volume I, Sheet 1. Gawd knows how long the damn thing will live, but having survived distemper, spavin, printer's itch and various cowslips, we hope for the best.

To all those who have been good enough to furnish fodder—whether in the shape of stories or of ads—we are more than thankful. While to those who have so kindly refrained from making any response to THE BULL's hungry appeals, we can only say that the next time we hope you will at least take the trouble to tell us why. Stamps still cost but two cents per.

Up to the present time the Class of 1913 is far below the average in the number of men who have subscribed to THE ALUMNI WEEKLY. The benefits obtained from a regular perusal of the class and campus notes contained in this pamphlet are quite obvious; so without going into the matter further, we merely advise all who have not yet had their names put on the subscription list to do so at once.

Owing to the H. C. of L. and sundry other causes, this first sheet has unfortunately cost us more than we anticipated. Hence, a shekel of even the smallest denomination will be gladly received by any member of The Tail

Board or welcomed with open arms if brought by the postman to our Barn Door.

The Reunion Committee wishes to announce through our columns that it has been decided for various reasons not to hold an organized reunion or class dinner the evening before the Harvard game. A room in The Nass, however, has been engaged for Saturday night and a smoker will be held there about 8 o'clock. Said smoker will not only include drinks and tobacco, but also sandwiches, chicken salad and softies. The price is but one dollar and twenty-five cents per head.

All men who return to Princeton for the Harvard game are urgently requested to sign up in the Class Register. This book will naturally become more and more interesting as time goes on, but it can never attain its full value unless every man (and wife) take the trouble to enroll.

Following the example of one of our worthy contemporaries, THE BULL will publish in its next throw an article on "Advice to The Lovelorn" or "Hints for Bachelors," by Iva Hotteboxe.

ON THE CAMPUS

Class Officers

- |      |  |
|------|--|
| 1914 | { Pres. George F. Phillips<br>V. " James Bruen<br>S. & T. (not elected yet)              |
| 1915 | { Pres. Albert B. Longstreth<br>V. " C. Parder Erdman<br>S. & T. Richard Bard            |
| 1916 | { Pres. Frank Glick<br>V. " Byrd Douglas<br>S. & T. Allen W. Bevin                       |
| 1917 | { Pres. Howard P. Ballantyne<br>V. " John S. Humphreys<br>S. & T. Duncan D. Chaplin, Jr. |

Cheer Leaders—A. C. M. Azoy, E. E. Bunzel, J. M. Colt, F. W. Gardner, G. E. Harris, P. S. Heath, C. W. Messinger, F. A. Winants.

HOT DOPE FROM THE GAY WHITE WAY  
What and Whom Some of Us Noo Yawkers is Doing

Shelt Farr is down the street showing Brown Bros. & Co. how to make money. He reports that his immediate superior is a "hell of a nice office boy". His most potent wad, however, is about a stenographer. Shelt was starting off for Princeton for the reunion when a classy skirt who taps the typewriter eased up to him with a glassy stare and slipped him a drool about how the she-employees were tearing off a tea-and-trot party that evening, and wouldn't he please come. Shelt told her that he was deucedly sorry, doncherknow, but that he was on the way to P-town, and couldn't possibly make the grade. Whereupon the dame sidled around, and rolled the deep blue orbs and gushed: "Oh, Mr. Farr, if you could *only* be sure and come next Saturday, I'll have the girls postpone the party!" Shelt tells this like it really happened.

Irv Kingsford started in work with J. P. Morgan & Co., the w. k. financiers, last week. Just to get started the right way, Irv bought himself an auto before going to work. Gawd help the guy who has to earn his living!

Johnny Groff is doing advertising down on Pine Street. We asked John the other day if he was going to any of the games, whereupon he came across with some stuff about "us guys who shoulder responsibility early in life" having to be careful about slipping two beans away just to see a football game. You said it, Jawn.

Jack MacDonald reports that he is making good money in the Comptroller's office, is in love with the finest little girl in the world (yea! Tha' 'swat they all say!), and is not drinking any more than is necessary. Whad-d'ye mean, necessary?

Rube Ross has been so infernally busy answering invitations and helping the police to keep the gangs of debutantes from his doorstep who have come to personally urge him to attend their dances, that he has only just started work. He's had a bid to go in partnership with Maurice, but thinks he'd rather live to dance than dance to live.

Art Trowbridge is on a Cook's tour of the world. When last heard from he was showing the Jap sports how to wear a monocle and get away with it, and incidentally putting down gallons of Jap beer. Art said he was tired of hearing the King's English murdered in New York, so he went to Japan.

We tried to get some dope from Charlie Scribner as to where he was working, but he took so long to tell us that we had to hop the subway to get to the office in time.

George Gaston is at Columbia Law, but he's so darned busy giving confidential advice to the President that he has to neglect his studies.

Jack Montgomery eases away with the brown derby so far as being a regular working man goes. The damn boob commutes from Trenton every day. Will we hand it to John, students?

Laidlaw Dewey is in the manufacturing business, but if you stick around Churchill's most any night, you'll find out pretty quick that George is among those who don't make jam all night.

Art Rogers is pitching boxes (Oh, clevah!) around at the American Express Co.'s downtown offices.

Jack Larkin is writing stories all morning, works in Mr. J. M. Beck's office in the afternoon, and goes to N. Y. Law School at night. The rest of the time he just loaf.

Scurve Marling is with Doubleday, Page & Co. He still knows how to tell a story, and the week after he arrived all the female stenographers arose in a body, and announced that they hadn't come there to be insulted, and were leaving. Which proves that there is one guy whose summer didn't do him any good. (Get that last, Scurve!)

Chuck Auger, that w. k. C. I., is attending the N. Y. Yoi School of Commerce, and in addition to being rushed by seventeen fraternities has also been elected President of the Freshman Class. (Et's a doity politics!)



TEXAS TOMMY AND TWO TAME  
TENDERFEET

[Editor's Note.—This is the first of a series of stories by our Texas correspondent. The second installment, "Larkin's Adventures in Texas" will appear in our next issue.]

To the Keeper of THE BULL:

As the minute hand neared 12 o'clock everyone on the deck looked nervously toward the gang plank for Fauntleroy. He was due to go to Texas with Bob Patterson and yours truly, but it looked as though the night before in New York had been too much for him and it was a case of no one to carry Harry to the ferry. At the last minute, however, he came tearing down to the dock running as though the New Haven patrol were after him and breathlessly climbed aboard the ship. The trip was on, we stood on the deck waving good byes to Bluie,



Tom Wilson, Gray Bryan, Irv Larom and Bob Piel until Brick discovered that his plans were foiled; his girl was not on board. Ten days later we landed in Texas, arriving on the Armstrong Ranch in the middle of the night. Two cut-throat Mexicans were at the station to meet us, and when relieved of our suit cases it was evident that Brick and Pat were in doubt as to whether this was a friendly greeting or a hold up by the "Spaniard that blighted my

life". "We shall die," exclaimed Brick in a whisper, and the Mexican said "Carramba!"

As we rode over the prairie toward the ranch house, with nothing to break the monotony but the occasional wail of a lone coyote, or the splash of a frog in a far away pond, the two tenderfeet realized that they had come to visit the wrong friend, and though not usually lacking in courage, their flasks were already empty.

The next morning I informed them that they were to go out after cattle on horseback. Both admitted they had never been on a horse but said they had ridden bicycles, though each realized that horses and bicycles are very different—"horses are entirely covered with hair, bicycles are not". It did not take them long to get on to it. Mount by the left "pedal" and guide the horse by "two strings tied to each side of his face",—it was a cinch. After the first

day they found that it was "simpler to ride standing up with the feet on the pedals". Apropos of a remark on his new style of riding, Pat might have said, "Give me another horse, bind up my wounds."

When they had been there long enough to understand ranch life thoroughly Brick demonstrated that nothing could be put over on him. It happened one day as we riding over to see some yearling bulls. We happened to pass

a two-year old and I remarked to Brick, "There's a two-year old, Brick." "How do you tell?" asked Brick. "By their horns" replied Tom, "Two horns—two years." About a quarter of a mile further on as we approached some more cattle, which by the way had horns, he yelled: "Hey, Tommy, there are some more two-year olds. Guess I'm pretty good at this ranch stuff, eh!"

Don't get the idea that Brick and Pat were green though, and even if they didn't know everything at the start, by the end of two weeks I believe that either could in a pinch have saddled his own horse with the aid of a left handed monkey wrench.

One week-end all were invited up to one of the adjoining ranches where a big wild cat hunt was all prepared for us. It took place at night and while the old stuffed wild cat waited out in the woods, the girls explained to Brick and Pat just how tame the beasts could be when there was an automobile full of people nearby—"they become blinded by the headlight and stop to listen to the engine, you know." Brick and Pat understood perfectly. It was all very simple. They were given automatic rifles and instructed not to shoot unless one of the genus felis crossed our path. Silently we approached the hidden spot, the pivoted searchlight flashed on the jungle's pride, the automobile came to a sudden stop within twenty feet of it, and the driver pointed a silently trembling finger at it. Pat and Brick needed no second bidding and the flash of their automatics and the deafening reports drowned our laughter. Each hunter emptied his gun, but the loyal and devoted animal retained his quaint, upright posture deaf to the gun shots and heedless of the bullets. Pat and Brick looked at it in silence, and then Pat scratched his head and said: "Darned if I don't believe the d— thing is stuffed." I leave it to you to guess if Pat was right (he didn't make Phi Beta Kappa but he came near it, you know!).

Sincerely,

T. R. A.

## CLASS ADDRESSES

## A Revised List Compiled from the Secretary's Roll

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1315 Clayton St., Wilmington, Del.; D. Craig, Charter Club, Princeton, N. J.; M. M. Critchlow, 5704 Jackson Ave., Chicago, Ill.; P. K. Crookes, 241 Sumner St., Paterson, N. J.; J. R. Currier, 161 Quitman St., Newark, N. J.; T. L. Cunningham, 46 Hamilton Place, New York; A. P. Curtis, Kingsley School, Essex Fells, N. J.; W. S. Danser, 55 Hudson St., Trenton, N. J.; L. H. Date, 6038 Sheridan Road, Chicago, Ill.; W. C. Davison, Merton College, Oxford, England; L. E. De La Reussille, 38 Broad St., Red Bank, N. J.; H. L. Dewey, University & Tremont Aves., Morris Heights, N. Y.; W. H. Dickey, 4318 Prospect Ave., Cleveland, O.; M. M. Dixon, 1748 Lamont St., Washington, D. C.; W. T. Dixon, 823 Park Ave., Baltimore, Md.; B. M. Donaldson, 115 Arden Park, Detroit, Mich.; L. M. Donaldson, 309 West 85th St., New York; R. B. Dort, 88 Willett St., Albany, N. Y.; E. L. Douglass, 609 West 114th St., New York; C. C. Dunlap, 678 North Broad St., Elizabeth, N. J.; A. B. Drullard, Willow St., Montclair, N. J.; H. B. Earle, 163 North 7th St., Newark, N. J.; F. Eberstadt, 214 Glenwood Ave., East Orange, N. J.; P. V. Erben, Radnor, Pa.; F. S. Farr, 14 West 10th St., New York; G. R. Fauntleroy, Geneva, Ill.; A. D. Faxon, Great Barrington, Mass.; T. Fenton, 120 North Montgomery St., Trenton, N. J.; L. Ferris, 50 East 21st St., New York; R. T. Fish, 305 West 104th St., New York; D. K. E. Fisher, Jr., 1301 Park Ave., Baltimore, Md.; A. F. Folz, 1395 Washington Ave., New York; G. Forbes, 8 West 56th St., New York; H. Forbes, 105 Madison Ave., Morristown, N. J.; E. S. Ford, Morristown, N. J.; F. Ford, Princeton, N. J.; H. A. Foster, 205 Garfield Place, South Orange, N. J.; J. T. Foster, 107 Duncan Ave., Jersey City, N. J.; D. F. Fowler, 440 Riverside Drive, New York; J. W. Fowler, Hackettstown, N. J.; A. E. Fox, Graduate College, Princeton, N. J.; K. G. G. Francke, 2026 North Meridian St., Indianapolis, Ind.; J. H. Frantz, 25 Maple Ave., New Rochelle, N. Y.; E. R. Frazier, 107 West Main St., Norwalk, O.; D. B. Fullerton, 520 West 7th St., Plainfield, N. J.; J. A. Furman, Jr., 65 South 10th St., Newark, N. J.; N. H. Furman, Graduate School, Princeton, N. J.; G. W. Galinger, 817 West End Ave., New York; G. H. Gaston, Jr., The Apthorp, Broadway and 70th St., New York; L. G. Gatch, 1 Winthrop Hall, Cambridge, Mass.; H. Geiger, 302 Pelham Road, Germantown, Pa.; R. C. Gillies, Medina, N. Y.; J. A. Gilmore, City Line, Overbrook, Pa.; W. R. Gilmour, 4259 Penn St., Philadelphia, Pa.; J. B. Gold, 1026 Locust St., Allegheny, Pa.; N. T. Gordon, 7 C, Graduate College, Princeton, N. J.; J. H. Gorham, General Theological Seminary, Chelsea Sq., New York; D. S. Goslyne, Belle Vernon, Pa.; S. Gough, 313 Franklin Place, Plainfield, N. J.; R. M. Green, Avondale Ave., Cincinnati, O.; G. S. Griggs, Somerville, N. J.; A. D. Groof, 96 Martense Road, Flatbush, Brooklyn, N. Y.; J. C. Grundy, P. O. Box 173, Lebanon, Ky.; H. E. Hackney, 36 Church St., Uniontown, Pa.;

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Larom, 219 West 78th St., New York; E. Law, Saint Davids, Pa.; R. C. Lee, 261 Culver Road, Rochester, N. Y.; R. P. Lingle, 4114 Parish St., Philadelphia, Pa.; E. D. Lobdell, Boonton, N. J.; R. G. Lockwood, 1909 North Penn St., Indianapolis, Ind.; H. A. Loeb, 875 Park Ave., New York; W. J. Logan, 187 Marlborough Road, Brooklyn, N. Y.; M. B. Lowe, Tenafly, N. J.; E. L. Lowman, Lowman, N. Y.; F. C. Lowthorp, III, 152 Greenwood Ave., Trenton, N. J.; A. W. Lukens, Haverford, Pa.; J. B. Lynch, 75 Maple Terrace, Naugatuck, Conn.; W. C. Lyon, Academy Road, Caldwell, N. J.; R. R. Lytle, Jr., 76 Graduate College, Princeton, N. J.; F. H. McCarthy, 116 East 1st St., Duluth, Minn.; J. C. McCoy, 3412 Campbell St., Kansas City, Mo.; D. L. McCuen, 117 West 3rd St., Oil City, Pa.; J. R. McDonald, 509 West 121st St., New York; F. C. McKee, 6104 Howe St., Pittsburgh, Pa.; R. H. McKee, 26 Garden St., Cambridge, Mass.; S. McKittrick, 4256 Westminster Place, St. Louis, Mo.; R. McLean, Queen Lane, Germantown, Pa.; T. M. McMullan, Jr., 921 Government St., Mobile, Ala.; J. P. McWilliams, c/o Burns, Jordan & Co., Fort George, British Columbia, Canada; T. M. Mabon, 721 Sandusky St., Pittsburgh, Pa.; E. Mack, Jr., Lane Seminary, Cincinnati, O.; W. H. Magill, 512 11th St., South Fargo, N. D.; J. H. Mahan, Jr., 1257 Dean St., Brooklyn, N. Y.; S. S. Markham, 26 Garden St., Cambridge, Mass.; C. D. Marlatt, Swarthmore College, Swarthmore, Pa.; F. H. Marling, 16 Llewellyn Road, Montclair, N. J.; R. B. Marshall, 829 Oliver Bldg., Pittsburgh, Pa.; R. J. Mathis, 302 Unity Bldg., Springfield, Ill.; K. Mathieson, Jr., Keyport, N. J.; S. Matthews, 514 Main St., Cleveland, O.; B. H. Mautner, 1070 Madison Ave., New York; C. S. Merrifield, 309 West 83rd St., New York; R. W. Merrill, Curtis Publishing Co., 137 La Salle St., Chicago; J. R. Metcalf, 241 West 9th St., Erie, Pa.; V. M. Meyer, 1 West 70th St., New York; W. E. Meyers, 69 East 80th St., N. Y.; B. R. Michael, Hotel Alvord, East Orange, N. J.; D. Y. Miller, 333 De Kalb St., Norristown, Pa.; J. A. Miller, 314 Raymond Ave., Louisville, Ky.; C. L. Minton, 210 West Wheeling St., Washington, Pa.; C. V. Mitchell, Bernardsville, N. J.; S. M. Moffatt, 139 Park Ave., Yonkers, N. Y.; J. R. Montgomery, 321 West State St., Trenton, N. J.; G. O. Morgan, Jr., American Refining Co., Okmulgee, Okla.; S. W. Morgan, 978 Avondale Ave., Cincinnati, O.; F. W. Morrell, 316 South Broad St., Elizabeth, N. J.; S. W. Morris, 421 West Adams St., Los Angeles, Cal.; E. S. Mulford, Brookside Drive, Greenwich, Conn.; S. R. Mulford, 24 Broadway, Camden, N. J.; J. E. Murdoch, Riverton, N. J.; J. C. Murray, 237 Greenwood Ave., Trenton, N. J.; P. F. Myers, Dillsburg, Pa.; L. P. Naylor, Jr., Cranford, N. J.; C. M. Nebeker, Box 366, Santa Monica, Cal.; J. H. Nielson, Malvern Hill, Peoria, Ill.; T. B. Neuman, 1506 Montana St., El Paso, Texas.; M. W. Neustadt, c/o Hallgarten & Co., 5 Nassau St., New York; F. B. Nimick, 6315 Fifth Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa.; W. H. Nor-

man, Station A, R. F. D., New Orleans, La.; J. S. North, 7301 Boyer St., Mt. Airy, Philadelphia, Pa.; P. D. Norton, c/o Northwestern Lumber Co., Haquiam, Wash.; R. Ober, 301 Vaughan St., Winnipeg, Manitoba, Can.; H. O'Connor, 501 Sixth Ave., New Kensington, Pa.; O. O'Donnell, 98 St. James Ave., Boston, Mass.; H. B. O'Donahue, 262 West 73rd St., New York; A. C. Oliver, Jr., Atlantic Highlands, N. J.; C. D. Orth, Jr., 345 West 87th St., New York; E. C. Page, Rosemont, Pa.; A. I. Paine, 328 West 108th St., New York; J. H. Parsons, c/o American Beache Shoe and Foundry Co., Mahwah, N. J.; R. W. Paterson, Jr., 6061 Howe St., Pittsburgh, Pa.; T. T. Pendleton, Berkeley Springs, W. Va.; W. G. Penfield, Galahad, Hudson, Wis.; C. B. Perkins, 730 14th St., Denver, Colo.; F. T. Phillips, 191 Gates Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.; R. Piel, 150 Rvierside Drive, New York; R. M. Pierce, Palisade Ave., Englewood, N. J.; J. N. Pomeroy, 308 East Market St., Chambersburg, Pa.; G. M. Price, c/o Public Ledger, 6th and Chestnut Sts., Philadelphia, Pa.; A. F. Randolph, 114 Livingston Hall, Columbia Univ., New York; R. S. Rauch, 13 East 9th St., New York; H. C. Raymond, 73 West 49th St., New York; M. E. Read, 63 Summit St., Pawtucket, R. I.; R. E. Reed, Cap and Gown Club, Princeton, N. J.; H. K. Reese, 6538 South Willett St., Memphis, Tenn.; F. F. Reid, 608 Cathedral St., Baltimore, Md.; F. D. Reid, Fairbault, Minn.; E. D. Rheem, 1612 S. St., N. W., Washington, D. C.; T. M. Riach, Short Hills, N. J.; J. H. Rial, Greensburg, Pa.; J. J. Rich, 541 Curtain St., Harrisburg, Pa.; L. Richards, 55 East 65th St., New York; A. S. Richardson, 13 South West, Princeton, N. J.; P. Richardson, Richmore, South Tacoma, Wash.; C. B. Riker, 432 Scotland Road, South Orange, N. J.; R. J. Riker, 111 Cleveland St., Orange, N. J.; D. J. C. Robertson, 834 Union St., Brooklyn, N. Y.; R. E. Robinson, 1429 North Front St., Harrisburg, Pa.; S. Roebeling, Bernardsville, N. J.; E. A. Rogers, Hightstown, N. J.; J. M. Rose, Mercersburg, Pa.; H. M. Ross, c/o Y. M. C. A., Corozal, Canal Zone; R. J. Ross, 25 West 75th St., New York; W. N. Rothschild, 25 Montgomery Place, Brooklyn, N. Y.; J. B. Rowley, 74 Sprogue Ave., Middleton, N. Y.; D. M. Roy, Princeton Univ. Press, Princeton, N. J.; F. S. Royster, Jr., 100 Colonial Ave., Norfolk, Va.; S. M. Rushmore, 170 West 85th St., New York; T. R. Rutter, 814 Fifth Ave., New York; W. P. Schenck, Princeton, N. J.; C. Scribner, Jr., 9 East 66th St., New York; G. K. Scribner, 121 Church St., Boonton, N. J.; W. C. Schwarz, 4397 Westminster Place, St. Louis, Mo.; R. Sealy, 220 Broadway, Galveston, Tex.; K. M. Seggerman, 302 West 81st St., New York; J. R. Semple, 242 Hollenden Hotel, 61st St., Chicago, Ill.; J. A. Selby, Snow Hill, Md.; J. Shand, Jr., c/o Alaska Consolidated Copper Co., Strelina, Alaska; I. H. Shaner, Boyertown, Pa.; G. F. Shaw, 4522 15th Ave., N. E., Seattle, Wash.; J. C. Shively, Harvard Military Academy, Los

Angeles, Cal.; E. E. Silvernail, 177 Pearl St., Rochester, N. Y.; L. V. Silvester, Mount Lucas, Princeton, N. J.; J. F. Simons, 67 Wellington Road, Edgbaston, Birmingham, Eng.; E. R. Simpson, 21 Kirkland St., Cambridge, Mass.; A. D. Smith, 23 Hammond St., Cambridge, Mass.; D. J. Smith, 241 Front St., New York; J. L. Smith, 57 Washington St., Newark, N. J.; K. B. Smith, 29 West 90th St., New York; R. M. Smith, Jr., Orange, N. J.; W. R. Smith, 421 Ellison St., Paterson, N. J.; F. C. Speir, 276 Ridgewood Road, South Orange, N. J.; L. H. Spencer, 360 Scotland Road, South Orange, N. J.; R. H. Staehle, Johns Hopkins Medical School, Baltimore, Md.; R. W. Steele, Jr., 1079 Washington St., Denver, Colo.; L. C. Stickney, 288 Summit Ave., St. Paul, Minn.; W. C. Story, 171 West Merrick Road, Freeport, Long Island, N. Y.; R. W. Straus, 44 Warren St., New York; E. A. Stubbs, 309 West 101st St., New York; A. J. Sullivan, High St. and Belmont Place, Passaic, N. J.; J. J. Sullivan, Jr., 64 Garland St., Bangor, Me.; H. W. Suydam, 172 Bainbridge St., Brooklyn, N. Y.; W. S. Taylor, Harrisburg Academy, Harrisburg, Pa.; R. B. Thomas, Jr., 259 Broadway, Flushing, Long Island, N. Y.; J. K. Tilton, 14 Walter Hastings Hall, Cambridge, Mass.; W. N. Todd, 76 North Downing St., Piqua, O.; W. I. Tracy, 543 Valley Road, Upper Montclair, N. J.; V. A. Traub, Mercersburg Academy, Mercersburg, Pa.; A. L. Trowbridge, 57 East 34th St., New York; J. N. Troyer, Bird-in-Hand, Pa.; P. D. Turner, 224 South 45th St., Philadelphia, Pa.; G. H. Updike, 112 South Montgomery St., Trenton, N. J.; R. L. Van Cleve, 162 Nassau St., Princeton, N. J.; G. R. Van Pelt, 349 Convent Ave., New York; B. F. Van Vliet, Shrewsbury, N. J.; J. W. Vasbinder, Mercersburg Academy, Mercersburg, Pa.; H. Vreeland, Jr., 78 Summit Ave., Jersey City, N. J.; J. N. T. Walker, 7th Ave. and Dick St., Carnegie, Pa.; R. C. Wallace, 24 North Jefferson St., New Castle, Pa.; R. Warner, 112 West Adams St., Chicago, Ill.; F. C. Washburn, Prospect Ave., Hackensack, N. J.; A. T. Waterman, 69 Paradise Road, Northampton, Mass.; J. H. Watrous, 202 Marion Bldg., Seattle, Wash.; F. T. Weil, 5931 Howe St., Pittsburgh, Pa.; S. J. Weingarten, 47 West 34th St., New York; N. D. Weir, 166 Prospect Place, Brooklyn, N. Y.; C. D. West, 128 North Mountain Ave., Montclair, N. J.; W. R. Wensley, 30 Wellesley St., East Cleveland, O.; T. K. Whipple, 112 Graduate College, Princeton, N. J.; G. P. Whitaker, Wheeling, W. Va.; N. R. White, 427 East Fulton St., Grand Rapids, Mich.; G. K. Wight, 206 Craigie Hall, Cambridge, Mass.; J. D. Wilkins, 305 W. C. Ave., Port Chester, N. Y.; R. B. Williams, 137 Summit Ave., Summit, N. J.; W. C. R. Williams, Princeton Theological Seminary, Princeton, N. J.; T. A. Wilson, 27 N. St., Binghamton, N. Y.; J. G. Winant, 103 East 71st St., New York; G. T. Wisner, College of Agriculture, Cornell Univ., Ithaca, N. Y.;

J. Wolfe, 49 West 57th St., New York; W. B. Wolfe, 5060 Forbes St., Pittsburgh, Pa.; D. J. Woodriff, Madison Run, Orange Co., Va.; F. W. M. Woodrow, 1429 Laurel St., Columbia, S. C.; C. J. Worth, Bridgehampton, Long Island, N. Y.; F. D. Worthington, Johns Hopkins Medical School, Baltimore, Md.

### TOLD IN TYPE, or WE SHOULD WORRY

The tenth of June! How sad them words

On autumn breezes dies!

Commencement! Ah, that were the time

When we was regular guys!

How fond mammas and proud papas

Hung on our every word!

How beauteous damsels bowed down low

By admiration stirred!

For we was Seniors then, and all the world

Seemed right in tune.

This type expresses just how big we felt—But that was June.

October! Gadzooks! Gosh a-mighty—  
Likewise Holy Crap—  
How changed the mugs we used to know!  
How altered is the map!  
No longer do we down the brew,  
And sing them colletch tunes—  
We sweep the office floor the nonce  
And empty out garboons!  
For we are young grads now; our mien  
is sad and staid and sober:  
And *this* type tells you just how big  
We're feeling in October!

Bush Dunlap dislocated his shoulder again last summer while taking his morning exercise—yawning in bed.

### COLLETCH LIFE AT COLUMBIA

New York, N. Y., October 17, 1913.

Editor of the B. S.:

Dear Sir: Being in a more or less simple frame of mind (usually more), I'm taking up my trusty old Waterman to drop a few thoughts on the foolscap about the Columbia Law School aggregation. However, don't let that prejudice you against this to begin with. This life is not all "lights and darks", but a hard, hard existence. Our law building is situated south of that institution of Beauty, Barnard College (through no fault of ours), and just three blocks north of the nearest saloon, and its (the law building's) principal point of interest is the front door, it being the quickest place of egress. Over the door is the Latin inscription, "How is it by you?"

There are twelve 1913 Princeton men here in the first year class, counting Fat Kinnan as one, and Ham Vreeland, who is usually down town, with a flower in his button-hole and a cock-simple smile on his face, calling. This collection is the largest ever sent here from Princeton. All of which goes to show the pressing need there must be for lawyers in the country. Several of the prospective LL.B.'s are commuting, and the early rising and late bed hours are certainly well summed up by Al Kinnan in his terse and somewhat ambiguous (?) statement, "It may be all right in the country to go to bed with the chickens, but it's certainly hell in the city." What he meant by this I'm not sure, but he added, "It's more expensive."

Our difficulties at first were something terrible. Pat Kimball eased up to me the other day in the smoking room, in that quiet, judicial way of his (you know what I mean!) and said, "My god, Puss, I've read twenty-seven cases in contracts and all these Bennies who rendered the opinion had the same initial, J., except one who was C. J. Funny, isn't it?" Some second-year man made a swing at him but Pat dodged. That reminds me of Sherman Class who asked Ross Kenyon "Who the hell is this Res Publica who has so many law suits on?"—and that is gospel truth.

George Gaston went out to lunch for a whole week with a chap with a beak as big as an ostrich's and each time set him up to his meals. It seems this parasite let slip some stuff that gave George the impression that he,

George, was to be tapped, and noticing that the boy had a hush-button on the place where his chest should have been, George thought he'd cultivate him and get the dope. After a week, the fellow having touched him for a five-spot, George discovered that the lad was from a small Western university, was in the school of Journalism, and that his hush-button was a badge of some local political organization. George goes home for his meals now!

Rupe Thomas sat next to a young Daniel Webster the other day who had both of his mitts in bandages. Mr. Terry called on aforesaid D. Webster, who after a few stammerings and stutterings subsided into silence without answering the question. Rupe, turning to the man on the other side said, "Poor devil, has he injured his throat?" "Injured nothing—how can he talk, don't you see both of his hands are in slings." We have a few of them but nothing compared with New York Law. Jack Larkin told me that one morning last week the Prof in one class received a note from some of the men which he read aloud to the effect that, "As to-day is a Hebrew holiday, Yom Kipper, we desire that you allow us to leave for the day", etc. The Prof assented, saying that any gentlemen of that denomination might go, and so when the crowd had gone, Jack and the fellow in seat 203 went on with the class.

Speaking of Swiss cheese, Dewitt Jones met Bill Chester in the Columbia gym the other day at one of the crowded times of the afternoon when said building was full of the upper West Side boys. De yelled over at Bill and asked him if the tank was perfectly safe to splash in—all of which, of course, warmed the hearts of the Columbia boys towards us—and Bill in reply (with his foot up against his locker so no one could steal his jock) yells out, "It's all right, De, if you keep moving they can't catch you!" Then we wonder why we're so sought out up here.

Well, students, the bull's given out and so I had better stop. Who slings it doesn't matter. We have a board and a tail-board and if our board drops don't blame me. The bell is ringing, and so I have to go up and see who's a liar, Thaw or William Travers Jerome. Hope some day we'll be able to get you off of a life sentence.

PUSS ADAMS.

TALE OF A MERMAID

When S. T. Coleridge sat him down  
And shot a potent wad  
About how three young wedding-guests  
Got thrown off a rod  
By hearing of an "albatross",  
And "sea-as-black-as-ink",  
And "water-water-everywhere  
But-who-the-hell-would-drink" . . .  
He thought (I mean the poet)  
He thought he had some tale:  
But hearken to a story now  
Which makes poor Sam look pale!

It was a youthful graduate  
Who stoppeth one of three,  
"You bandy-legged ruffian!  
Now wherefore stoppest thou me?"

"Come smoke a Fat," replied the Grad,  
"And slip a drink of booze,  
And I'll tell of Ferdy Eberstadt  
Upon the famous cruise."

"'Twas on the good ship 'Apple Core',  
And we started out full well,  
With eight good guys and a Swedish crew,  
And we pointed the helm toward Hell."

"'Twas on the third day out from home,  
When the crew came to the skipper,  
The crew—his name was Harry,  
And his mien was far from chipper."

"Says he, 'There bane some phoney things  
Aboard this craft, Gawd please us!  
That Eberstadt gets off this boat  
Or I yump the yob, by .Yesus!'"

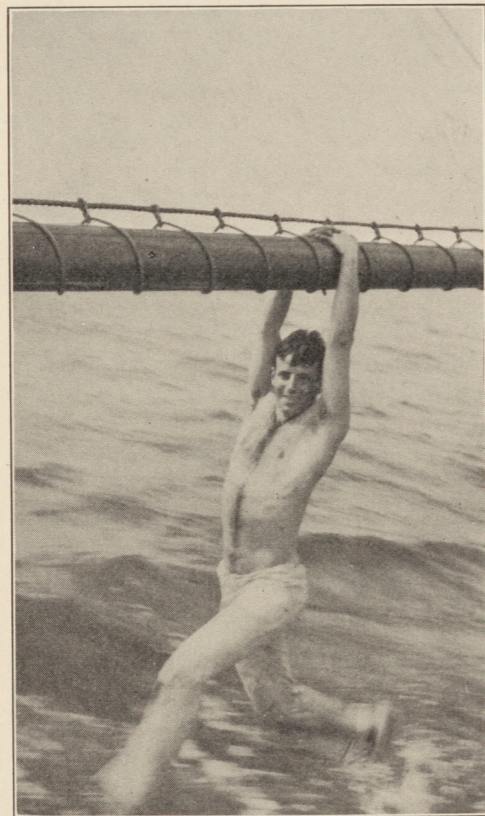
"'What's this, good Swede?' we cried, dis-  
mayed,  
'What's Eber done to you?'  
'He bane bewitched: he bane in wrong!'  
Replied our tow-haired crew."

"'Come, look ye, yolly yentlemen,  
And see your classmate's doom!  
We looked, and there was Ferdinand  
A-swinging from the boom!"

"A baleful gleam was in his eye,  
He wore a glassy stare;  
His face was full of agony,  
His chest was full of hair."

"'Ah, Eber sweet!' we cried aloud,  
'What do ye swinging there?'  
He hung with one hand on the boom,  
With the other tore his hair,—

"'I am in love! I am in love!  
I am in love!' he moaned;  
'I love a lovely mermaid,  
Whom I saw last night,' he groaned."



"'For I was lying in my bunk,  
When in the moon-light pale  
I saw a-climbing o'er the bow  
A lovely bit of tail.'"

"'I sat up straight, and rubbed my eyes,  
My heart was all aflame;  
For lo! I saw the tail was hitched  
Onto a lovely dame!'"

"'I rose up from my corn-husk bunk;  
I could not think of sleep;  
But lackaday! e'er I got out,  
She'd dropped back in the deep!'"

"'But that one glance of mermaid eyes,  
Was quite enough, I vow!  
I loved her—and if you *must* know,  
I'm fishing for her now!'"

"And lo! Throughout the whole darn cruise  
He swung from off the boom,  
And fished to find his lady love  
A-swimming in the spume."

"Alas, thru all Eternity,  
He'll be cast down and pale;  
Till life shall end he'll dream about  
The lady with the tail!"

PENNSYLVANIA PRATTLE

Anonymous Author from Philadelphia Phils  
Several Columns

Philadelphia, Pa.  
October 16th, 1913.

Dear Skinny:

Your letter asking me to contribute some of that "you know the sort of drule I want" stuff has caught me rather unawares and unprepared. But as I note that you go to press within a day or so for the first appearance of that noble sheet THE BULL, I guess I'd better "make hay while the sun shines" and try to provide a little something to fill up that yawning cavity within. When I say unprepared I certainly mean it, for the press of my daily duties has kept me so busy that by the time the call for evening "beans" comes around my mind is about as dead as our Philadelphia Stock Exchange on Sunday afternoon. (Ed. Note—Whadd'ye mean Sunday?)

Some of us have started work, and there hasn't been such excitement here since Brick Fauntleroy's last visit in the fall of 1912. It isn't the work, it is the starting something that almost made Billy Penn dizzy, accustomed as he is to such trivialities as a world's series now and then and a championship ball team as a regular thing. It has been a little more difficult to ascertain exactly what the workers are doing. Nevertheless, any visitor who wanders aimlessly down among the Kensing-

ton factories during a regular work day may find Johny North bending anxiously over a desk piled high with invoices, running his hand through those fast-thinning auburn locks of his, and muttering sadly to himself that Meeker's economics and Kemmerer's theories of finance hold none of the terrors of the average job. John is at present trying to discover a method by which to make money under the new tariff, pay the income tax assessments, avoid the complications of new currency legislature and still have enough for the evening glass of Bud—and all on five per!

Rudy Rauch is another of those unfortunate victims who punches a time clock, wears overhauls, and eats his luncheon off a high stool with the rest of us. He is the only one of the bunch, however, who has fallen for this marriage idea. He stood up bravely under fire last Saturday, muttered a few words through chattering teeth at the right time but slipped the ring over the wrong finger of the bride's left hand. Gil Winants, who came into town for the occasion, Johny North and Ned Law all donned their grey kids as ushers, while Bill Rauch acted as best man. Rudy expects to live in the suburbs and catch the 5 a. m. train every morning—that is, if he ever gets back to earth and hard work again.

There is a rumor abroad that Garby Price is in town but as yet all attempts to find him have proved fruitless. Some suggestion was made that we get Bob Piel over to work on the case. Bob always did have the dope.

Bob McLean, sometime editor of ye Daily Princetonian has entered journalism, and according to the latest inserts of the local columns is subpencil sharpener for office boy number 7. He hopes someday, however, to startle the world with a new method of advertising.

Ned Page, of fame among the C.I.'s has found Philadelphia Society too thrilling and has therefore proceeded south of Mason & Dixon's Line to enter new fields of ditch digging and constructive work.

There are many among us however, who have avoided the seductive charms of honest labor, and are still making a pretense of seeking knowledge. Our jovial Vice-President, Tom McMillan is out at the University of Penn dissecting flie's eggs and studying the structure of the human form divine. Although the bashful recipient of much attention from all the nurses at the hospital, Tom has so far



escaped any entangling alliances, and reports that he and that other heart-breaker, Yake Miller, are fast learning how to bisect a man's uniform appendix and cure the D.T.'s without the use of water.

Ned Law is devoting his attention to the series of courses which are included under the general head which his name betokens. Reeves Henry has followed suit. By the way, did you hear about Reeves' narrow escape this summer? "Dave" has promised to write it up for the Sunday newspapers but as Ned has delivered an opinion on the legal aspect of the case, and says that I will infringe no copyright by giving some of the details, I submit the following:

The first I knew of it was when an item with these headlines appeared in a Philadelphia newspaper.

**"PHILADELPHIAN LOST  
ON WESTERN PRAIRIE**

D. R. Henry of this city Disappears from Wyoming Ranch—Is found Crazy and Starving after thirty-six Hours' Search.

**ATTACKED BY WOLVES**

Fights for life against ravenous beasts after Ammunition is Exhausted."

A graphic tale followed of how D. Reeves Henry, prominent Philadelphia clubman and Princeton athlete wandered away from his guide while on a hunting trip along the Snake River in the wildest portion of Wyoming; of how he traveled all day in constantly decreasing concentric circles till he was able to deduce from what he remembered of his college trigonometry that he was arriving nowhere; of how he gathered berries and ate them to soothe the ravages of his cruel hunger; of how that burning thirst (by which he was always troubled) gnawed at his vitals, and of how he fell asleep exhausted and dreamed deliriously of wolves, of the Nass and of many foaming tankards—until Daws Coleman and searching party relieved him with some of Gordon's best. So much for Reeves.

The latest news from Princeton gives report of a very dry season thereabouts and at present writing all the Philadelphia contingent plan to be on hand for the informal reunion of 1913 on the eve of the Harvard game.

Hastily, but sincerely,  
YOUR PHILADELPHIA CORRESPONDENT.

**BICKHAM'S BICKER  
All the Dope from Cambridge  
Cambridge, Mass.,**

Oct. 16, 1913.

Dear Tailboard:

Inasmuch as we are very doubtful as to the exact location of this contrib. in the anatomical structure of "Ye Bulle" we have hesitated (too long it is to be feared) in deciding what manner of speech in which to couch our sentiments. We trust you will feed this morsel to his nibs with all the loving tenderness of a Fauntleroy. Just what will become of it after the beast has consumed it, is a delicate question we will leave for the rt. hon. editorial staff to determine.

A law stude is a hopeless (likewise dopeless) sort of individual when seen to best advantage, but one is afforded an excellent opportunity to obtain an inside view when one sees that species of the *genus homo* on such a *locus operandi* as Cambridge, Mass.—at least that is the way Goldie Wight puts it! Yes, Goldie has changed since his last June night in Princeton (Sumurun!!) He even goes so far as to say the legal work is like unto gravy!

Quite the opposite view is taken by our little flaxen-haired Skip. The onerous duty of telling THE BULL whatthehellgoeson at Harvard Law originally rested on his shoulders. But it was shifted as soon as he was heard to moan that he was buried too deep in work to take lessons on how and what to feed a bull.

Boston society has been getting the benefit of "Sky Blue Waters" and other Jim Rose-on airs fer the past fortnight. When the Bijou Dream first heard Jim's voice they offered all kinds of inducements—and Jim fell!

We sought for that eminently distinguished deputy-sheriff from the Lone Star State in order to find his most respected opinion of this life, hoping he would voice the sentiments of the whole crowd. But Mr. Armstrong, with the modesty of a September Morn, said, in part, that he was unable tuh unduhstand what benefits he would derive from tuh pursuit of tuh law when in his country they strung a man up without evuh consultin' a membah of the bah. Unfortunately, all of us do not come from that glorious State so we cannot wholly agree with him.

Ott O'Donell, Herb Benton and Este Fisher have been discovered in the wilds of Boston Tech. It seems that they have had a poor time of it from the start with all the incon-

veniences of freshman year to live over again plus the strenuous tussels from the grasping clutches of the frat-rushers. Ott is still on his never-tiring keg-hunt,—but he thinks Boston is such poor soil for keg-cultivation that he may be forced to give up his chase.

Four of 13's coming doc's are struggling along in Brookline trying to discover the best way to become an undertaker's first assistant. They are: France Hall, Tom Mabon, Ned Buchanan and Denny Adams. The last named, after two weeks of knife-wielding, regrets very much that he gave up his journalistic career for one of carving. He says the Joe Sipp places of Brookline don't open for the first two weeks of student life because of the lack of appetites.

To return to the subject of those who have taken up their quarters in "Havad" proper, Rutter and Reussille have entered into a partnership (purpose, law) and they may be seen almost any old day plodding through this delectable New England mud. Jack Selby, Al Cooper and East Hackney are taking "Scollech life" as easy as they did in the good old undergraduate days. (Note—the rest of us are *working*.) Mick McKee, Sam Markham and Clarry Mitchell are hustling along dodging monuments just like 'regular' law students. The monumental form of architecture has developed into quite an obstruction, or rather series of obstructions, in our path of progress. There are enough engraved tablets in this town to build a hundred Sage towers, and each piece of granite represents enough American Hist. (404) to keep Bobby McElroy teaching until a host of 13's grandsons get a chance to flunk one of his exams. We have all come to the conclusion that G. Washington, Esq. must have been all pepped out by the time he got as far as Jersey; judging from the much greater number of dents he felt in the landscapes hereabouts.

Don Smith has been seen in Cambridge riding upon a vehicle which bears a marked resemblance to a water-wagon in form if not in fact. He is learning the gentle art of tank-riding preparatory to inveigling the natives of far-off Java into investing in Standard Oil. It is a 'slick' job to be chummy with John D. but it is going to keep him rather far from Ye Nasse.

Now that you have the dope on us individually you can better understand our general sentiments. We are inclined to agree with Lorney Gatch who says "the best thing about

Cambridge is that it is easy to get out of" rather than Shorty Armstrong whose reason for sticking around is: "because Cambridge is a dry town"! How the lads do change!

The big reunion at the opening of the Universitatis Princetoniensis was a little too far away and came at too inconvenient a time for most of us to attend but, unlike our predecessors, we are promised a release for our First Annual. That means the quantity, if not the quality of our representation will be greater in June than it was at the large September party.

We have inherited the name of "Exiles" from those who have gone before us from Jersey to Mass. So it is the merry little band of that name who wish all kinds of good luck to Ye Bulle and through Ye Bulle to those on the other side.

Yours Thirteenally,  
BILL BICKHAM.

**NOISE FROM ILLINOIS  
A Wallop from Warner, the Spaniard Who  
Blighted Our Life**

Dear Skinny:

On receiving your impertinent note requesting me to tell you of the conditions here, I endeavored to dictate a suitable reply but was rudely interrupted by the refusal of "my" secretary to listen further to the language I was using.

The most interesting bit of news here is that Fauntleroy is working. It's a fact. They say that Brick's language is all that keeps the Griffin Wheel Co. on its feet from one week to another. He and Van Jarvis are working there, and after their usual night-cap, they retire to the West Side Y. M. C. A. where they reside. There is humor in that.

Alison Bryan is at present the mainstay of Harris & Co., Bankers, here in the city, but nevertheless asserts that Minnie Spence is still first and foremost.

Spud Bonner has not been seen, but from all accounts and my knowledge of his intercollegiate work, I imagine the barkeeps are still making money.

We now have in our midst Spike Green, who was a short sojourner in our class as you remember. He is backing up his uncle, Mr. Kidder of C. S. Kidder & Co., in the stock and bond business. Spike said he has the heluva time fighting off the bank presidents who are clamoring for his services.

But, Skinny, "never was I so disappointed in

THE 1913 BULL

my life before but once." It so happened that I had planned to be with you all on Sept. 27th, but the President of the Bank, whose bond department I don't run but should if they only realized my marvellous intellect and ability, was a bit indisposed on Sept. 26th, the day I was planning to leave for the Nass, so naturally the directors insisted on my remaining here and seeing that every little thing went all right. Fate wuz agin me.

Nevertheless, we all send our regards to the motley crew of '13 in the East and elsewhere, and our war-cry is "June, down with Pennsylvania R. R. rates and the Brew!" Be good.

Sincerely,

RAWLEIGH WARNER,

First and Foremost of Illinois Bankers.

BOOBS ABROAD

Eber's letter arrives just too late, so this time there's only one Boob—but, nevertheless, Old Stem Simons Shoots Some Line.

St. Moritz, Engadine, Oct. 9, 1913.

Dear Truman:

Although I have never had much experience in Mexican athletics, I may have a little dope which could be well classified under the heading of 1913 BULL. I would have given a lot to have been present at the big comeback on the 27th, but on that very day I was travelling from gay Paree to Zurich, and trying to think of the French and German words for whiskey, tobacco, and playing-cards at the various customs examinations.

As you probably know, I am over on this side for a year, and am trying to get the two boys I am with interested enough in Princeton to try for the entrance exams next June and the following year. I have heard that fun is "what you pay for", and work is "what you get paid for", but my experience so far is that you can have both without coming out behind in either.

I reached London the 21st of July, and had not been there more than an hour before I ran across Jack Binns kinging it along Pall Mall, and wearing the latest thing in canes. Since then I have not seen anyone from 1913, although I just missed Sam Bell by a day at the village of Broadway (the original one).

One time this summer we tried out what they had to offer at several swimming beaches, rigged up in the most unflattering (or flattering?) kind of one-piece bathing suits. We saw some remarkable sights in "costumes de mer",

and if Mallet Logan had been there I am afraid he would never have left the place.

We have been in St. Moritz now for a week, and expect to stay for the whole winter. I am pretty lucky to be here as it is the best place in the world for winter sports (outdoor).

The first snowfall came this morning; when we got up we found that the snow-line had dropped about 3,000 feet—right down to the lake—and that there was an inch of snow everywhere around us. This seems impossible, until you realize that the valley here is as high as the summit of Mt. Washington. (This is not bull, and so should not be published.)

I have followed the example of Tom Rutter and Karl Smith by coming across with a knickerbocker suit, although of course I am outclassed by them in that line. If you had written me a little later, I could probably give you some vivid accounts of graceful (?) skeeing and how to fall from a bob-sled on the Cresta Run—but these are experiences which are still in the future.

Think of knowing that the world's series is going on now, and no news of it for a week! All I know is, that Bob Piel and Bruce Harlow are using up a good deal of Pennsylvania mileage. The news of the Yale game will be another hard thing to wait for, especially after reading various clippings about the good football material this year.

As news is not very plentiful over here, I am waiting impatiently for THE BULL.

Ever sincerely,

JOHN F. SIMONS.

P.S. My address until July is: The American Consulate, Birmingham, England. [Sure you don't mean Care of King George, Jawn?]

FRESH FROM THE SUNNY SOUTH

Louisville, Ky., October 13, 1913.

Dear Truman:

I am sure it couldn't do any harm to slip a little jolt to the readers of THE BULL in the form of a gentle reminder of the fact that the first call for Class Memorial funds will be made next month. At the present writing the sum of actual cash on hand is very small, but large enough to be deposited in a good local bank at 3% interest. Twenty-four hundred and seventeen dollars have been pledged and I have obtained pledge cards from only two hundred and thirty-two of our classmates. All the "unknowns" will hear from me, however, and if they respond as they should the

THE 1913 BULL

total ought to come up to three thousand dollars.

I realize that the collecting of the actual cash is going to be some job, but I feel confident that all those who can get the money by hook or crook will come across.

My summer was, as usual, quite uneventful except for the month of August, when I rode a cow pony and wore a Stetson and chewed tobacco and rolled the ciggies with one hand, and in general planned my makeup after a mental picture of Tommy Armstrong. I have never seen Tommy in his native hants, but I've heard him criticize the Westerners in the

movies until I knew just how it ought to be done when I arrived in Wyoming.

At present (but not for long) I am employed in the paper business. I push a truck nearly all day with a thousand pounds or so on it and as diversion lick labels and count "onion skin", which would be some job even for a C.E.

Hoping that I may be able to furnish some real "figgers" about the progress of the Memorial Fund for the next BULL, and wishing you success in whatever you are doing, I am

Sincerely yours,

JOHNNY MILLER.

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In buying horses last Fall in England and Belgium for my farms I was fortunate enough to pick up four exceptionally good Irish Hunters which I can sell at a remarkably low price considering the pedigree and quality of the horses.

**Desdemona** is a light bay mare, six years old, sired by the famous Desmond; her dam was Yarna by Cabin Boy.

**Grayling** is a grey mare, beautifully dappled, six years old, sire Grey Leg, dam Duchess by Juggler.

**The Nun** is a whitish grey mare, seven years old; sire Grey Friar; dam by Prince Rudolph.

**Frizetta** is a mahogany chestnut mare, eight years old; sire Curley; dam by Summer Time by Saunterer.

These horses were exhibited at the International Live Stock Exposition at Chicago in November and took four ribbons.

Grayling and The Nun would make a fine show team of riders for lady and gentleman.

The horses are all registered in England; are thoroughly trained, practical jumpers and have all the good points both in appearance and action that belong to the high strain from which they came and are first-class in every respect.

The accompanying cut is a fair representation of Desdemona.

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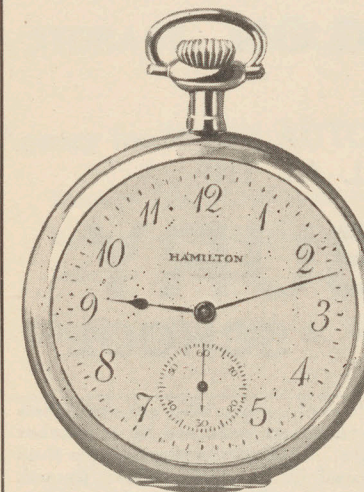
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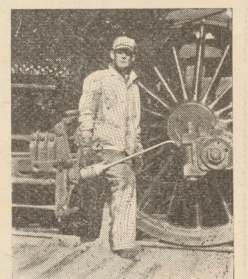
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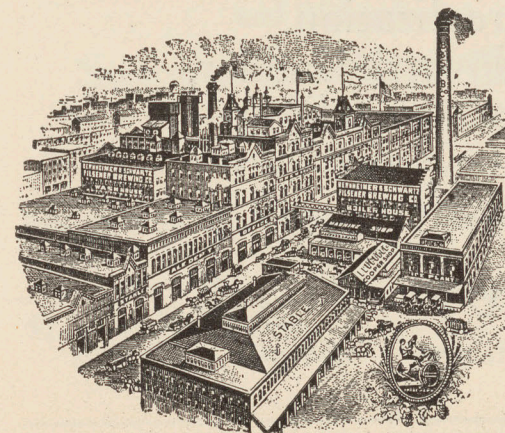
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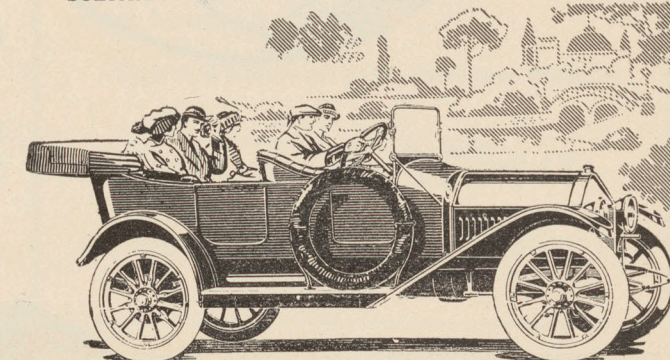
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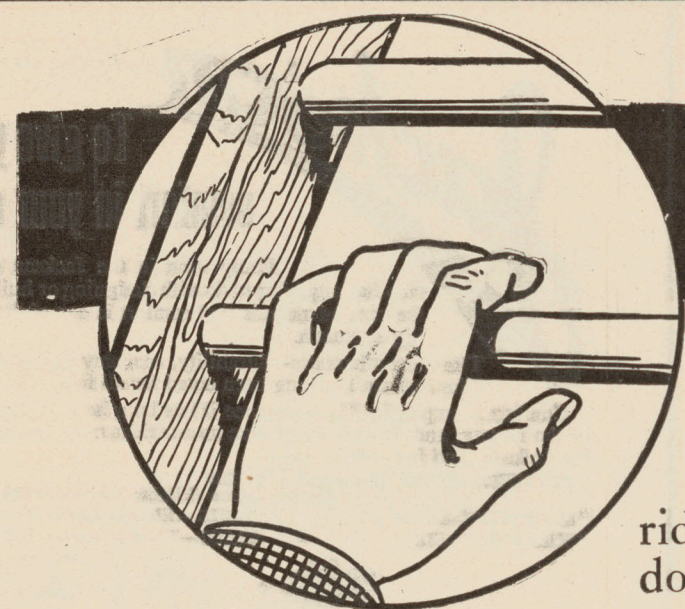
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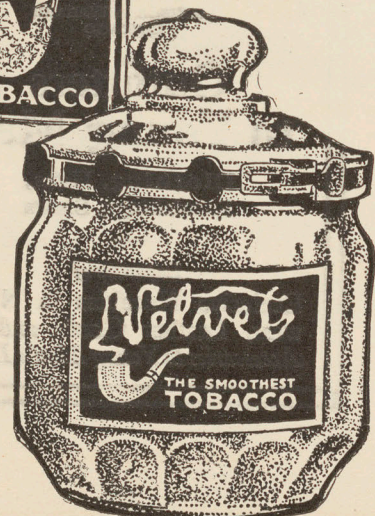
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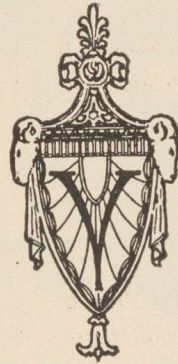
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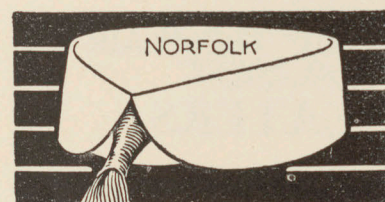
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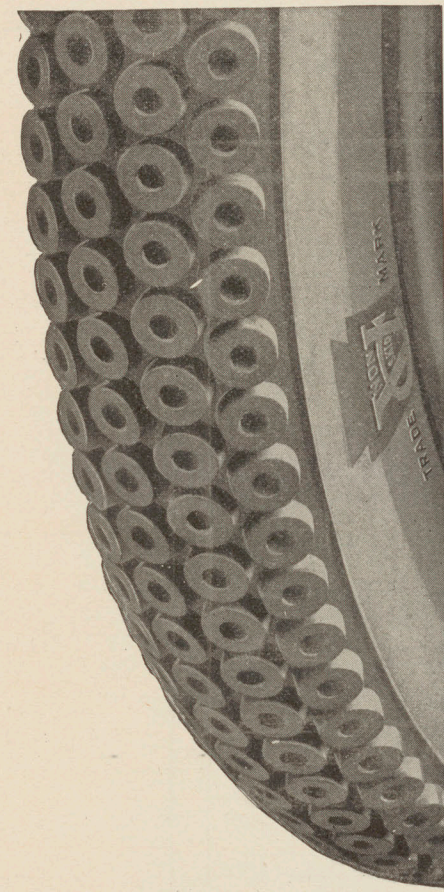
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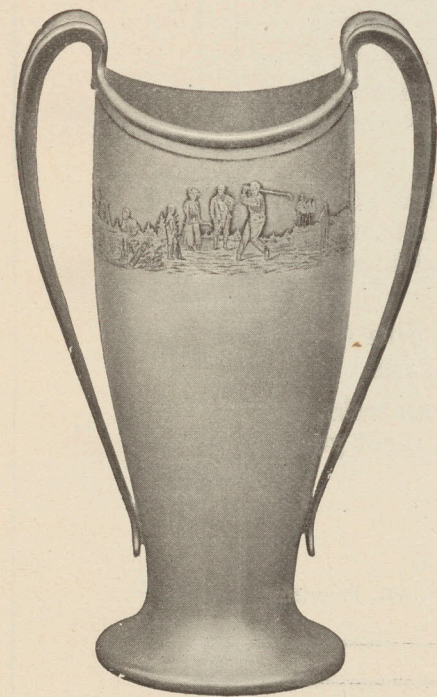
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 Stude—Do you drink, sir?  
 Prof.—Yes, indeed! I enjoy nothing better than a bottle of wine.  
 Stude—Gee! it's going to cost me something to pass this course!  
 —Widow.

He—Would you take a dare?  
 She—Er—this is so sudden.

—The Sun.

Tardy Arrival (at the concert)—Have I missed much? What are they playing now?

One of the Elect—The Ninth Symphony.

Tardy Arrival—Goodness, am I as late as that?

—Harper's Bazaar.

Gent—I've no change this morning. I'll give you something on my return.

Beggar (sadly)—Ah, sir! You'd be surprised if you knew how much money I've lost by giving credit that way!

Howard—Why do you term your wife an angel?

Coward—Because she's always ready to fly, she's continually harping, and she hasn't an earthly thing to wear.

—Life.

### A GIRLISH SCHEME

"Your daughter plays some very robust pieces."

"She's got a beau in the parlor," growled Pa Wombat, "and that loud music is to drown the sound of her mother washing the dishes."

—Courier-Journal.

# THE YALE RECORD, Inc.

## ADVERTISING RATES

(In effect until October 15th, 1913)

**Guaranteed Average Net Circulation for 1912-1913—2,700 Copies per Issue.**

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THE YALE RECORD excludes:—All liquor advertisements; All suggestive and demoralizing advertisements, and advertisements which could be justly criticised by its readers.

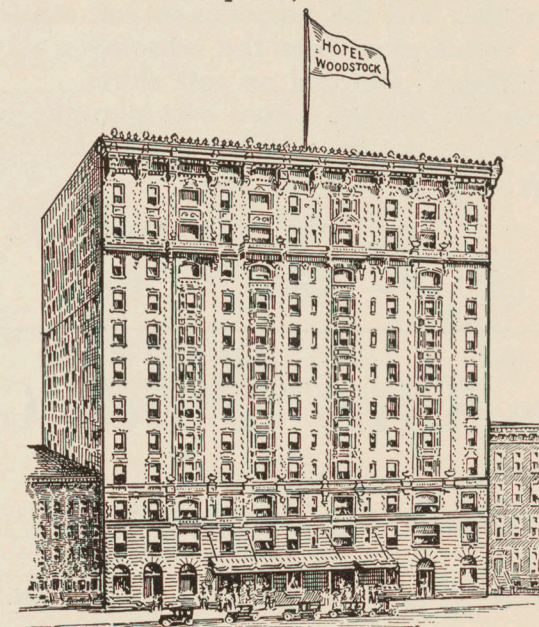
CIRCULATION—Guaranteed average net circulation 2,700 copies per issue. THE RECORD is sent to 51 Prep. Schools and Colleges; 55 High Schools and Girls' Schools.

FROM Our Statistical Blanks, signed by a thousand men taken at random in the University, we obtained the following results: 61½% of Yale students smoke; 54 4-10% either run or own an automobile; 55% either own or handle a boat.

DATES OF ISSUE AND ADVERTISING FORMS, FOR VOLUME 42 (1913-14):

	Issued.	Forms Close.
No. 1—Freshman Number, . . . . .	October 10, 1913	October 1, 1913
No. 2, . . . . .	October 24, 1913	October 15, 1913
No. 3—Princeton Game Number, . . . . .	November 14, 1913	November 5, 1913
No. 4, . . . . .	November 28, 1913	November 19, 1913
No. 5—Christmas Number, . . . . .	December 12, 1913	December 3, 1913
No. 6, . . . . .	January 16, 1914	January 7, 1914
No. 7—Prom. Number, . . . . .	January 30, 1914	January 21, 1914
No. 8, . . . . .	February 13, 1914	February 4, 1914
No. 9, . . . . .	February 27, 1914	February 18, 1914
No. 10—Graduates Number, . . . . .	March 13, 1914	March 4, 1914
No. 11, . . . . .	April 3, 1914	March 25, 1914
No. 12—Special Number, . . . . .	April 24, 1914	April 16, 1914
No. 13, . . . . .	May 1, 1914	April 22, 1914
No. 14, . . . . .	May 15, 1914	May 6, 1914
No. 15—Princeton Game Number, . . . . .	May 29, 1914	May 20, 1914
No. 16—Commencement Number, . . . . .	June 12, 1914	June 3, 1914

IN THE HEART OF THINGS  
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365 Rooms European Plan only 270 Baths  
Room with Bath, for one . . . . . \$2.50 to \$3.00  
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Write for our beautiful booklet in four colors, showing twelve elegant styles of PEACE DALE STEAMER RUGS.

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BOOK STORE  
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We have a line of Tennis Rackets, Baseball Gloves and Bats that will improve your game fifty per cent. We have a new line of Outing Shirts that are the embodiment of comfort. They would even pass the censorship of the Yale "News" editorial on soft shirts. Remember, it's the actual cost plus the cost of handling, not the middleman's profit.

We're here to serve you.

THE YALE CO-OP.  
IN THE HEART OF YALE

## The Sperry & Treat Co.

General Contractors

NEW HAVEN, . . . . . CONN.

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Furnishers of Yale Men's Rooms since 1835

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Crown and Orange Streets, "Corner Store"

FURNITURE, RUGS, DRAPERIES, ETC.



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Drawing Inks  
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Emancipate yourself from the use of corrosive and ill-smelling inks and adhesives and adopt the **Higgins Inks and Adhesives**. They will be a revelation to you; they are so sweet, clean, well put up, and withal so efficient.

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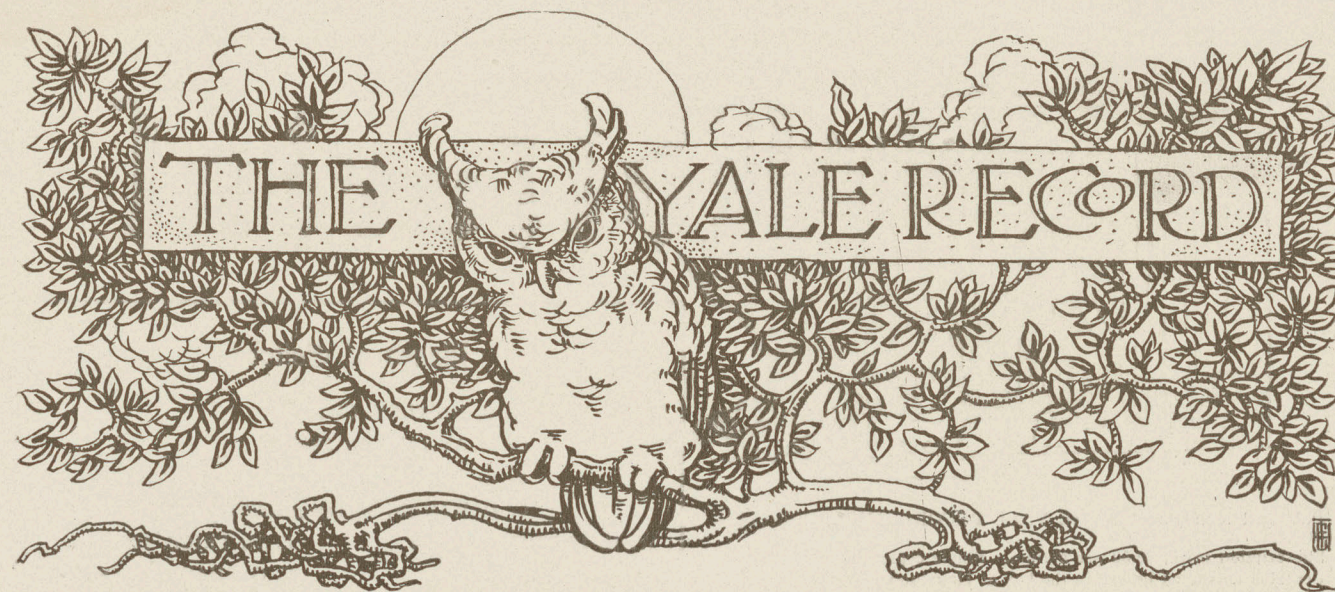
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- Shoes in Newest Shapes—Tennis or Yachting Shoes
- Neckwear, Shirts, Hosiery
- Trunks, Bags, Holdalls
- English Blazers, Shetland Sweaters, Jackets, Etc., Etc.

Send for Illustrated Catalogue, also secure Latest Booklet, "Summer Sport."



### Here's to Princeton

There are some colleges, they say,  
Where athletes daily go to teas  
And ping pong is the thing to play,—  
But Princeton is not one of these.

At other places, all men strive  
To win Phi Beta Kappa keys,  
And only "men of thought" survive,—  
But Princeton is not one of these.

Still other places are so cold  
And snobbish, that one's left to freeze,  
Unless he's well supplied with gold,—  
But Princeton is not one of these.

Your name with might and fame is bright,  
So here's to Princeton — you're all right!

C. A. M.



Copies of Courant Wanted.  
—News.

Really? Somebody will want the Lit. next.



Several Records Approached."  
—News.

When pressed for an interview, however, our dear old back numbers stoutly refused to divulge.

### BALLADE OF BROTHER BILL

An eager future Fresh, is he—  
Kid brother Bill, of summers eight;  
At home how he cross-questions me,  
His curiosity to sate!  
About the "ways of Yale" I prate,  
But still he clamors for more;  
For Bill hopes to matriculate  
In Nineteen Hundred Twenty-four!

He sprawls himself upon my knee,  
And hearkens well while I relate  
How Eli Crews put out to sea,  
Of "catching runners at the plate,"  
Of Football rallies obstinate,  
Or "how that drop-kick tied the score"—  
(Bill says he'll be a Fullback great  
In Nineteen Hundred Twenty-four.)

Those Harvard chaps he "cannot see,"  
Princeton is "punk," he "got that straight";  
"That ball team sure looks good to me,"  
Says Brother Bill, with air elate.  
His slang is most elaborate  
And Ralph D. Paine he does adore—  
He'll be "some classy" candidate  
For Nineteen Hundred Twenty-four.

### L'ENVOI

Keep up your Harvard-Princeton hate,  
Kid Brother Bill, and then some more!  
'Twill pity be for their sad fate  
By Nineteen Hundred Twenty-four!

H.



THE GOVERNOR'S FOOT GUARDS



# Editorial

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VOL. XLI, No. 15

MAY 30, 1913



## ALVETE, Gladiatores!

With the return of summer comes the return of the Tiger—and the returns—in Yale's favor—on the ticker. Yesterday was Memorial; today will be Memorable. A Tiger team of strength unknown meets a Yale team sprung full-panoplied from the head of Hercules; a twenty-game team, a seventeen-straight-victory team, which has bowed only to the National and State champions, and the ever-redoubtable Williams. Yale trots on the field without the least bit of over-confidence—Princeton in the dim past, and Williams recently, have taught her that. But she has not the least bit of under-confidence; Captain Blossom and his men, with their batting rallies, and extra-inning games of "linkèd fleetness long-drawn out," have taught her what to expect. And Yale expects their best today—and will give her best—in wager and war—whoop—to the furtherance of the Eighteenth Victory.

The Record takes pleasure in announcing the election of C. A. Merz and F. W. Tuttle of 1915, and the award of Owl Charms to R. F. King and H. D. Scott of 1914.

We ask to tea our Princeton friends, our roommates, and our girls, within our office; when the game is o'er, the kettle purls. We'll point with pride to its inside—the office, not the kettle—the Owl as host his guests will toast, his wit be on its mettle!

### HERO WORSHIP

Hero worship reigns at Nassau  
 (E'en Carlyle would be delighted),  
 Such devotion no one e'er saw;  
 Every room is Sammy Whited,  
 Autographs displayed and vied for,  
 Hobe Baker framed and prayed for,  
 Curls as souvenirs applied for,  
 So they live and work and die for—  
 Hero Worship.

R. DeF. B.

Editor—What's a one-line joke of the high-quality?

Heeler—The New York, New Haven and Hartford.

They buried the heeler at dusk.



## THE SPECTATOR HEARS FROM YALE No. 999—Tuesday, May 13 (1913)

From among the many diaries I have received modeled after the Journal of a week ago Tuesday, I have already printed for the benefit the one signed by Clarinda. I had thought that this would be sufficient as a moral example, but there has just come another, if it could be called a Diary at all, that I would give to my readers as a riddle, for I can make nothing of it. It uses language that would be incorrect in Bedlam and yet it seems at times to be almost intelligible.

Dear Mr. Spectator:—

I was greatly impressed with the exercise you set for your readers in one of your last week's papers; so I am sending you a few leaves from my Journal. You must know, Mr. Spectator, that I am a student at Yale and a candidate for the Gun Club, which is a very important organization in the University.

Sunday:

I slept. Mem. Monitor was absent from Chapel, so received no marks.

Monday:

Eight-seven—Hands, but not face.  
 Eight-ten—Chapel, studied Economics.  
 Eight-thirty—Attended Economics, read News, studied Physics.  
 From Ten till Twelve—Physics. Mem. Was called on out of turn today; failed.  
 From Twelve to One—Waited in line at Dwight Hall Grill.  
 From One to One-fifteen—Luncheon.  
 From One-fifteen till Six—Gun Club. Missed half the clay pigeons.  
 From Six to Ten—Supper. Poli's, poor show this week. Bed.

Tuesday:

From Nine to Ten—Abed. Read the News. Mentioned as prominent candidate for Gun Club. Mem. made clipping.  
 From Ten till half an hour after Twelve—Dry cut in History; took a chance in Greek. Mem. Prepare next lesson, teacher read over lesson today.  
 From Two to Six—Gun Club. Other candidate beat me. Must train more for Princeton meet. Supper, ate roast beef and prunes.  
 From Seven to Ten—Wiggled my trigger finger two thousand times. Bed. Couldn't sleep thinking of Gun meet.

Wednesday:

Eight to Twelve—Dreamed I shot two hundred clay pigeons with one hundred shots. Chapel; studied as usual. Read News; noticed the shooting trip to Princeton, my name not included. Cut all classes.  
 From Twelve to One—Lunched alone. Wrote communication to News about unfair choice of teams.  
 From One till Six—Gun Club. Captain said I could go to Princeton if I paid expenses. Mem. Will mention my name in News tomorrow.  
 Six o'clock—Supper.  
 Seven to Nine—Bijou. Retired early to keep in training.

Thursday:

Eight-ten—Went to Chapel, having no more marks; studied English.  
 Eight-thirty to Twelve. Drew pictures of pigeons in class. Wrote a letter home. Mem. Teacher thought I was taking notes. Took my roommate's Greek book to class; couldn't read his writing, so failed.  
 From One to Six—Friend from Dartmouth dropped in to see me. Took him to Gun Club; no Gun Club at Dartmouth. Took him to Sheff., but didn't know the names of any buildings. He left at six.  
 From Six to Ten—Packed suit-case for Princeton trip. Wiggled my finger and gave it a rub-down. Went to bed.

I notice on reading over my Diary that I am wasting a great deal of time that I might spend shooting. I really don't care to spend all the morning in classes, but it is necessary, to stay in college. I think, however, I will be able to cut one morning a week, anyway.

R. DeF. B.



"NOT A CHANCE"

FANCIES OF FAMOUS FANS  
THE OLD, OLD STUNT

(With manifold apologies to the reader)

"Take me out to the ball field,  
Take me out to the game;  
Buy me some peanuts and crackerjack,  
I don't care if I never get back!  
And we'll root, root, root for the home team,  
If they don't win it's a shame!  
In the "one, two, three strikes, you're out!"  
Of the old ball game!"

As Bill Shakespeare would put it:

In Orange is a ball field richly dight—  
Thither let me hie, the baseball game to see;  
Whilom we on the festive peanut munch,  
The crackerjack likewise—ah, then, Tinpanio,  
Methinks I'd care not if I ne'er returned.  
With lusty shouts we'll back our native braves—  
A dire misfortune if, perchance, they win not.  
In the aye-recurring order of their smites—  
Attendant on the blithsome game of ball,  
"Once, twice and thrice"—alas, the caitiff's out!

Alec Pope exhorts thusly:  
Ah, would that thou'st escort me to the Field;  
To watch the team the festive bats to wield!  
Then thou wouldst crackerjack and peanuts buy,  
And for returning not a care would I.  
For local warriors lustily we'd root  
And pray that some kind wop the umpire'd shoot  
If Fates unkind, the team to lose should force,  
Whilst striking thrice in vain—a piteous loss!

Bob Burns hoots awa':  
Ye sunny bleachers of Yale Field,  
Why dae ye look so dreerilie?  
Aye, let us tae the ba' game gang,  
And towfy moonch recht merrilie,  
If howso'er I ne'er git back  
I dinna gie a damn—  
If only I maun hae a brick  
Wi' which yon ump to slam!  
We'll for the hame team hoot awa'  
And if they canna win—  
While fechting thrice thon cussed ba'—  
We'll droon oor grief in gin!

Sam Coleridge—sick low-quitter:  
In Orange town did Eli Yale  
A joyous pleasure-ground decree—  
Where baseball, sacred game, is played  
In ways occult, and no fair maid  
Can grasp its mystery;  
But ever to be taken there  
They clamor lustily.  
On peanuts and on crackerjack  
They long to feast; and then,  
They care not if they ne'er get back  
Or see their homes again.  
Tumultuous cheers they utter  
To back the Eli team—  
Their escorts fain would mutter—  
The word doth not beseem—  
To see a strong man striking thrice  
And hitting naught but air;  
For by that act he fanneth out  
And causeth great despair!

Rud Kipling shrieks:  
Ye that are flush in pocket, in honor and bjink\* of fame,  
Oh, take me out to the ball-field; oh, take me out to  
the game!  
Purchase of peanuts a-plenty; crackerjack likewise,  
galore!  
Naught care I for returning, or seeing Bombay ever-  
more!  
Root we will for the home team, guardians of Empire's  
name!  
If they win not the victory, our Nation's manhood's  
the shame!  
Smiting, and smiting with vigor—"one, two, three—  
batter's out!"  
(Small, thin wail of the umpire, lost in the bleacher's  
shout!)

\* Indian word, of doubtful origin.—Ed.

H.



THE RECORD'S REBUS  
(Answer will be announced by Princeton cheer leader)



She—Who is that man that all the players  
are standing around, arguing with?

He (answering the 999th question)—Oh,  
that's the fellow who's keeping the score.

She—And won't he give it up?

(Awfully sorry, old Benny, but it was the only He-She handed in this time)

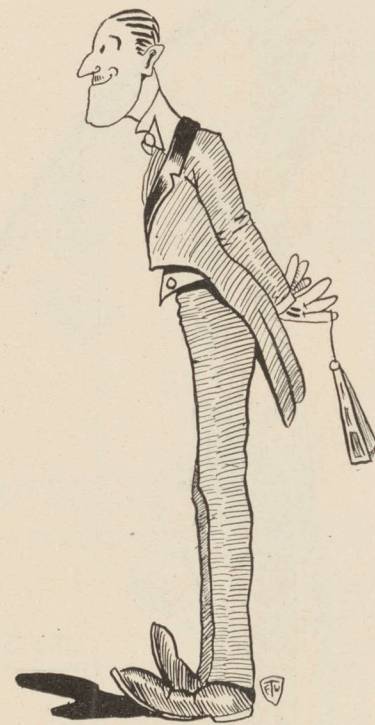
FOR PRINCETON MEN ONLY  
(A little more light on a much discussed  
question)

"The rule is, jam yesterday and jam tomorrow, but never  
jam TODAY."—Lewis Carroll.

Dodge Lecture Today.  
—News Heading.

My dear News, is this not rather inconsistent  
with your culture-rampant editorials?

CAMPUS CURSES



No. 1—The Parlor-Snake:

Here we have an erstwhile specimen of the genus homo, proving the old adage that "anybody can cop with some fluff." And why shouldn't he if he foots the bill? Foxwood Bloodfret Whiffet spends most of his time in debt and hibernation. But every now and again he blooms forth in "Yale Suitings" with a "queen," much to the amazement of his classmates. Ordinarily he looks like a plumber's assistant, but you should see him at the Prom. and the Lawn Club! His blasé manner is quite irresistible. Brain? What for? He knows ten semi-original "I should worries." What more would you want? And besides he's handsome and has a perfect head for a straw hat. If you meet his girl and hear that "Fox (the old peach) had to give up the Glee Club trip because of his abstinence," don't shatter it. Remember, you have done it yourself.



Squash Officials Elected.  
—News Heading.

They may deserve it, but pray desist from such unnecessary violence.

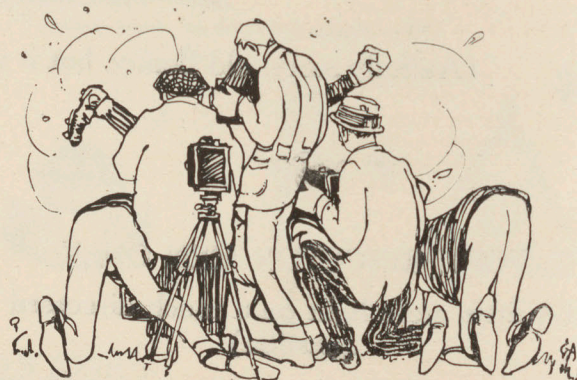
O'CONNOR FROM NASSAU

(With apologies)

You could hear him when he started from the town of old Nassau,  
You could hear his happy battle-cry, "Rah! Rah! Rah!"  
You could even hear the colors in the cubist tie he wore  
And the people fairly shivered at the way O'Connor swore.  
'Twas averred that in New Haven, full two hundred miles away,  
They felt a little tremor when O'Connor looked that way.  
Though he was miles away,  
When O'Connor looked that way  
The people in New Haven felt the shock of it that day,  
And they said in deepest gloom,  
"We see our city's doom  
For O'Connor's due today; clear the tracks and give him room."

O'Connor owned the railroad from Princeton to the Taft,  
He crouched on rear of engine and he chaffed and quaffed  
and laughed.  
He smashed the plate-glass windows, for he didn't like the styles,  
He smashed and promptly settled for a dozen stove-pipe tiles.  
They took him into limbo right and left along the line,  
He pulled his roll and willingly kept peeling off his fine.  
With his portly wad of kale  
Large enough to choke a whale  
He pensioned half the justices from Princeton up to Yale.  
For now that he was rich  
And no longer in the ditch,  
He saw no special reason why his palm should burn and itch.

O'Connor reached New Haven and he reached it with a jar,  
He covered all the money he could find—both near and far;  
He merely had a nickel left to get him to the game  
And came near putting that up with a newsboy who was lame.  
And when the game was over, it was won by us of course.  
They summoned cops to hold him 'till they'd called out half the force.  
He had spent his last lone copper, but they auctioned off his cane  
For enough to send him back to Nassau safe and sound again.  
They put him in a crate  
And they shipped him back by freight  
Billed as alcoholic goods at a very lowish rate.  
And earnestly he swore  
When they dumped him out on shore  
He had never spent his money quite so pleasantly before.  
W. A. R.



OUT AT THIRD?



YALE, 2; PRINCETON, 1

CLASSIC ODE TO PRINCETON

When last we dazed upon your rum-soaked grass,  
And joyfully beheld each fussed lass  
Besporting Princeton's turf, the bloody game  
Between the Record and the Tiger lame  
Was played. We won. The score was two to two,  
Because the wreathed hero of the Blue  
Punctured the ozone with three mighty swings,  
Stole second, third, and some on feath'ry wings,  
Whilst our king slugger knocked a home run foul.  
How we on third in triumph loud did howl!

Oh, mem'ries sweet! Oh, keg of beer on third!  
Oh, happy days! Thy echo still is heard,  
And dost re-echo on the last of May,  
For Princeton plays us on this sunny\* day.  
We welcome her with song and gladsome hand;  
(We'll win a lot of cash from Tiger land).

\* Maybe.

H. McK. H.



Nebraskan Wind Kills Ten.  
—New York Times.

And he only gives his guests grape juice!

Owl Breaks Out Again.

—News.

The Record Board wish emphatically to deny that they have measles or have even been captured by the New Haven police force.



I GOT IT

I have suffered tortures frantic  
In the wilds of Willimantic—  
And in the caves of Newman's  
I have trapped the griz'ly bear.  
I have gurgled down gazzazums,  
And passed out cold in spazzums,  
Where the lovely creature groans—  
At Mellone's.

But this feeling that's existing,  
In my heart with fearful twisting—  
Is a feeling that's a compound  
Of the things I've talked about.  
It's a feeling sweet and funny,  
Full of wine and milk and honey,  
Makes me optimist and churl—  
I GOTTA GIRL.

J. A. H., JR.



IN THEORY

BASEBALL

IN PRACTICE



AND



E. B. Dietzman  
-1915-





THE INITIAL CONTEST

How Yale and Princeton Crossed Bats in 1813



Just one hundred years ago today, the first Yale-Princeton baseball game was played—May 31, 1813—two years after the New Haven Station was built and four years before the first joke was made about it. Walter L. Sideburns pitched for Yale and I. Nevershaved was on the slab for Princeton; it was a pitchers' battle throughout—the final score being 87 to 86 in favor of Yale.

The game was played at the Polo Grounds in New York, and Yale, being the home team, took the field. The first ball pitched glanced off the bat and struck the Yale catcher squarely on the nose. As masks had not yet been invented, it is quite possible that he would have felt the blow, had he not had the presence of mind to suddenly brush his beard up over his face. Good pitching in the rest of the inning held Princeton to 14 runs.

In Yale's half of the first, I. Nevershaved, the Princeton slab artist, mystified the Yale batters—forcing each man to hit the first ball pitched over the fence, thus retiring the side on three pitched balls.

In the second and third innings, Yale rallied—scoring 83 runs to Princeton's 59. A home run, scoring three men and two coachers, and a triple steal, resulting in three outs, featured this rally.

In the fourth—and last—inning, Yale was three runs behind and had the bases full, with two out, when the Princeton shortstop threw the ball six feet over the first baseman's head and straight through a knot-hole in the fence, giving the home team four runs and the game.

The fielding feature of the game came in the second inning, when one of the Yale players caught a high fly on the first bounce.

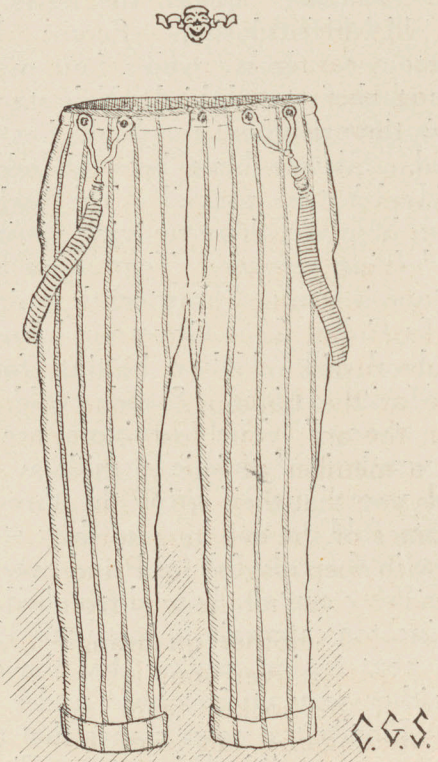
J. Pendlebaker, of Princeton, led in the batting, with seven home runs, five three-baggers, three doubles and a single.

The box score follows:

	1	2	3	4	Total
Princeton .....	14	31	28	13	86
Yale .....	0	52	31	4	87

Home runs—Yale, 36; Princeton, 31. Stolen bases—Yale, 23; Princeton, 28. Strikeouts—None. Bases on balls—Off Sideburns, 18; off Nevershaved, 19. Hit by pitcher—Umpire, twice; rest of players, once each. Wild pitches—No record kept. Game started—7 A. M.; called at the end of the fourth inning, on account of darkness. Umpire—Hell-Devil Skillman.

C. A. M.



WHAT THE MEN WILL WEAR

A STUDENT'S BAEDEKER TO PRINCETON

If good luck, garbed in the form of a straying cow, stops your train, you alight at Princeton Junction, where you indulge in a lively little game of hide-and-seek through several miniature tunnels and finally discover an imitation train, hiding in the corn-fields. If the good old wood-fire is burning in the engine, you are apt to start within a day or two, and a thrilling five-mile race with the oldest horse in New Jersey brings you to Princeton improper.

You are met, perhaps, by your chum—the fellow who lives next door to you in Finleyville, Ind., and who went to Princeton instead of to Yale because his mother liked the combination of orange and black so much better than just plain blue. He seizes your bag in true collegiate fashion and leads you up the seven thousand four hundred sixty-nine steps of Blair Hall—up to the campus. You ascend in awe—listening attentively to your chum's praises of his alma mater's hockey team, and, at the same time, secretly vowing not to lose count of the steps.

At last you reach the campus—you are surprised—you are disappointed—the few students who are sitting around on "quadrangles" are not wearing orange blazers; no one is drinking beer to the melodious tinklings of a banjo; there isn't even a tiger.

Trying to hide your disappointment, you accompany your guide across several "front campuses," "quadrangles," and "back campuses" (thank Gawd there's no yawd!). You pass two awe-inspiring marble tombs, with iron doors and no windows; a keen sense of pleasure rushes over you and you steal a sly glance at the buildings; your chum catches you in the act; you blush—suppose he is already a member of one of them! And then he tells you that they are Whig and Clio Halls, the homes of the debating societies. You are filled with deep disgust for Princeton, and wish you hadn't come all the way from New Haven.

You cross another quadrangle and just as you are gazing over your left shoulder at the captain of the hockey team, you crack your knee-bone against an iron obstacle, which strikes you as being either a hitching-post or a beer-keg. You are about to curse it out,

when your chum tells you, in hallowed tones, that it is "the Big Cannon," captured from the English in some war or other. You grumblingly assert that no matter if it is the Queen of Sheba's foot-stool, that is no place to put it.

But you must not judge too harshly, for you have not yet seen the real Princeton. A short walk down Nassau Street—which looks so much like the front drop in the dear old Grand Theatre in Finleyville that it makes you homesick—brings you to Prospect Street and its famous coterie of clubs. This is the backbone of Princeton—the "ne plus ultra," the "à la mode." Your chum, a Sophomore, perhaps, instinctively adjusts his tie and walks pigeon-toed, so that the hole in his left sock won't show. For he must have a neat and natty appearance if he wishes to make a club.

He points out the different societies to you; you are more and more surprised—you hadn't realized that there were enough fellows in Princeton to fill all these buildings. You question him more closely about the nature of the clubs; again you are disappointed—they don't even wear hush-stuff neckties!

C. A. M.



THIS IS A SILHOUETTE, NOT A STUDY IN LOCAL COLOR

## THE COLLEGE SOLDIER BOY

A representative of the Record has obtained the following exciting information on the Army Camp for College Men:

The recruits will rise voluntarily or abruptly otherwise at reveille and omitting chapel, march directly to mess. There hardtack, familiar to the Corinthian Yacht Club, and other viands will be offered them. Then leaving the cooking for the target range, the sharp and chamois-shooters will hold class. Next the chapel monitors will give a wonderful exhibition of marksmanship, missing almost nothing. Scout Donnelly warns men to keep their eyes on their arms, since, although that may seem hard at first, it's preferable to having one's property rifled and there may be some disappearing guns in the camp. In regard to amusements, crap-shooting up to the sum of 24 cents will be held under the auspices of the Sheff. Honor System, but for 25 cents and over it will be under the direct supervision of the Quartermaster. Pontoon will have the preference over auction. All drummers' stories will be debarred from the regimental band. French Army tactics will not be exhaustively studied. Camp will be broken on August 27th, but not by Percy Haughton on November 25th.

But as for the rest of day—In the afternoon, there will be a P-rade to the field at three. The battalion will then go through a few evolutions, convulsions, and consultations, after which time a few generals will be down to be cheered. The camp will be struck by specially imported strikers from Paterson, ably supported by the Harvard Union and night will fall. Arms, but not chips, may now be stacked and all must be in bed at Taps—on the bugle, we mean. As the dear W. C. T. U. has abolished the canteen, soft drinks will be scarce. Even the water will be hard. The recruits must therefore seize a kerosene can and make a foraging expedition into town.

The Knickerbocker has been adopted as the lower part of the uniform. It is reported that hundreds of New Haven tailors have been slain in a riot for "de gondragt." The college men will also wear a fancy vest of his own college colors. We hear that Brown has protested on grounds of "undue restriction."

There will be no sentry duty except for such Yale men as have the ingrained habit of haunting Sophomoric thresholds on autumn and spring evenings. The Yale men say they never had any pickets on their fence, and besides we once had a Picket charge here at Gettysburg that almost broke us.

The college men should find no difficulty in climbing in the branches of the service. The transportation should be taken care of by the Princeton "Locomotive," while as for the Cavalry, most of the recruits know how to trot, but in sabre drill must look out for overcutting. Although Coast Artillery A is a big bore, the following will have to take charge of that because of former experience, for:—

1. At Princeton they have a Cannon Rush;
2. At Yale they had one preach once;
3. At Harvard, when they lose control of their temper, they often violently shout, "Oh, shoot!"

The Infantry will be composed entirely of the Yale Track Squad, as they won the Championship in a walk.

As a distinct innovation and attraction, suggested by the Yale Record, we have started a Trained Nurse School, and sent up experts to Smith, Wellesley and Vassar for the pick of the clamoring and queenly applicants. We may well state that the Peach Orchard at Gettysburg will be fuller than ever before, while the hospitals are prepared to accommodate 500 men. We expect, incidentally, 500 collegians and two professors this year. Our imagination brings before us a scene like this:

The commanding general anxiously sweeps the historic battle-field with his binoculars. All that damp day the guns have been cracking and there has been a popping in the historic Cornfield. A young college orderly (so-called, but he wasn't) dashes up to him with the glasses and salutes with the wrong hand. "Well," roars the grizzled general, after correcting the salute and marking the orderly 2.15 in his class book, "have we met the enemy? Have you any engagement to report?"

"Sure thing," replied the pseudo-soldier, "Corporal Jimmy Jones to Nurse Jennie Smith. I heard 'em behind the rock there. Let's breeze over. Sh!"

And raising that mark by 1.85, the General tiptoes after him.

F. D. D.

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"Thank sh—but we 'got one!"



TO MY FLOORMATES

(Concerning a crying abuse in — Hall)  
Go get some soap, in vain I sigh,  
And vainly hint that I supply  
All that you use. This cry of woe  
At length poured forth in this rondeau,  
I send you now: go forth and buy.

I do not mean to ask you why  
You use so much; thus neat would I  
Fain be. But for yourself, pray do  
Go get some soap!

"Gee, what a tightwad!" you reply.  
Beware then lest you hear the cry  
Of all the great unwashed below,  
Unlike you, yet to purchase slow,  
"Ye souls from Hell that earthward fly,  
Go get some soap."

A. H. T. B.

"CHAPEL DURING EXAMINATIONS"

When these fell words first met our eye,  
Though manhood us forbade to cry,  
We heaved a horrid, hissing sigh,  
Like a radiator;  
Thinking, how after fev'rish toil,  
When short, sweet sleep doth us embroil,  
The soft matinal egg must boil  
A little later.

Then, since o'ermarked, to chapel blow,  
Where we to organ music slow,  
Abstracted through the motions go,  
Wrapped in a spell.

Knowing th' examination day  
Is without doubt, the time to pray,  
We'd rather do it our own way,  
Not in Battell.

F. D. D.

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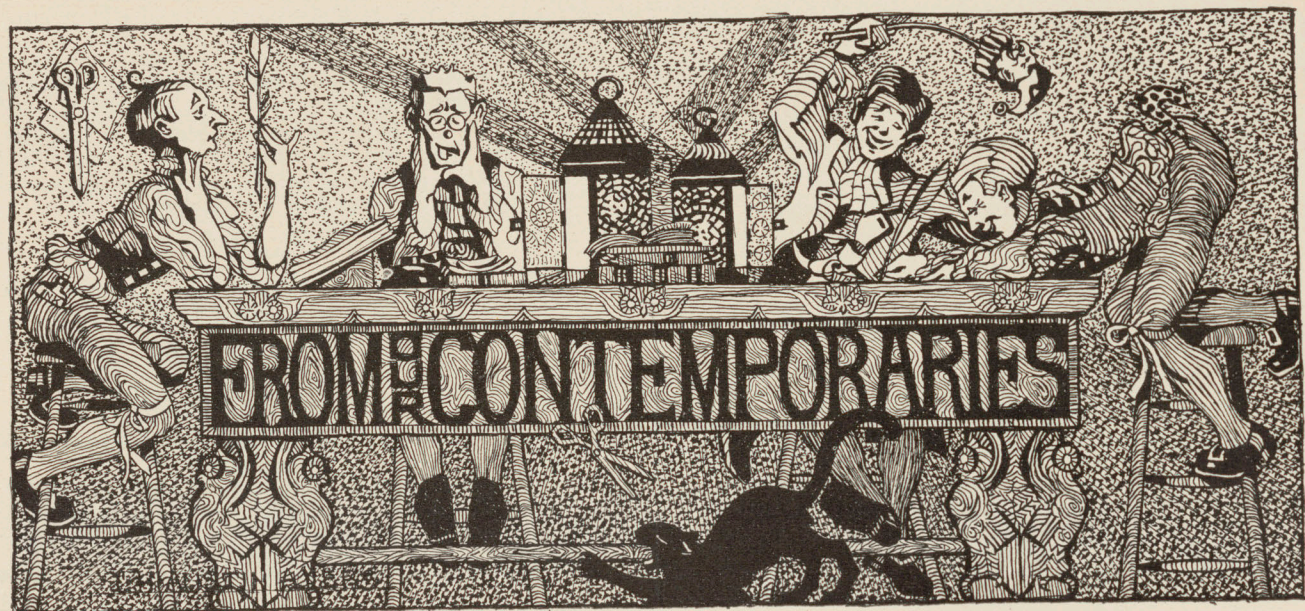
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 —Pelican.

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 —London Opinion.

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 Stella—Did you understand the game?  
 Bella—I don't remember much, except  
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 the vampire.  
 —The Sun.

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 He—I know I am not two-faced.  
 She—Why?  
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 —Widow.

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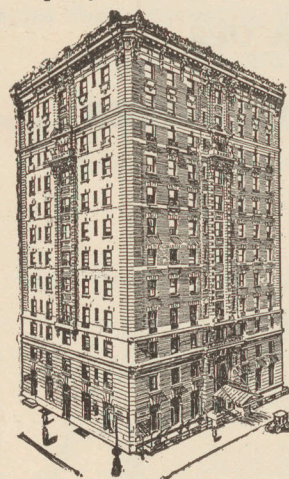
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Adolphus—It's an awful shame. My  
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Augusta—So the little fellow can read  
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—*London Opinion.*

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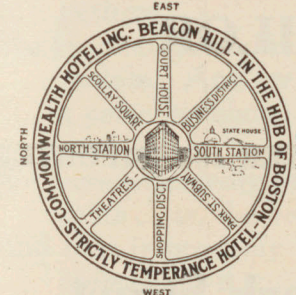
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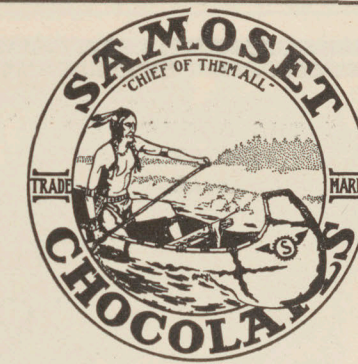
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Gladstone, when a boy, was visiting  
in the country and the farmer was show-  
ing him around. Coming to a field that  
contained a large, black bull, the farmer  
said, "There's a fine, strong bull there,  
Master William, and it's only two years  
old."

"How do you tell its age?" queried  
the boy.  
"Why, by its horns," said the farmer.  
"By its horns?" Young Gladstone  
looked thoughtful a moment, then his  
face cleared. "Ah, I see! Two horns  
—two years."  
—*Boston Transcript.*

EASTER SUNDAY  
"Good-bye, dear; I'll be home right  
after church."  
"Good-bye, mother; I hope God'll like  
your hat."  
—*Life.*

She—You know, my dear Julius—  
He—Julius? You meant to say Karl,  
didn't you?  
She—Oh, how silly of me! I thought  
this was Wednesday.  
—*Punch Bowl.*

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(The RECORD invites knocks, but does not hold itself responsible for confusions involved.)

To the (all) Night Editor of the RECORD:

SIR:—In response to your polite request to roughen up your Communication Column some, we, the unprejudiced undersigned underdogs, respectfully register one or two on the Dean's office.

We have read with interest contemporaneous comments on the pleasant social relations that should exist between student and professor. We protest that we have done our best to assume a hail president and fellows-well-met air with the least response, and now we are forced to admit the unpleasant fact that unless certain radical changes are made, social relations between the undergraduate and those above him must cease.

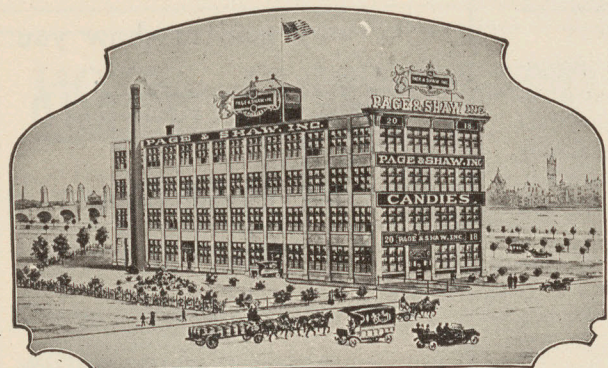
To return to the Dean's office (Heaven forbid)—most of us have at one time or another paid our call there and have taken particular pains to be polite to our host, or to exchange a few words with those receiving with him. One might reasonably expect a return of the call. All social precedent points to this, and moreover here would lie the solution of the much disputed question. In a quiet talk with the Dean in our own comfortable, "Welcome 1904" Student Dens, all formality could be laid aside, and a few minutes' offhand chat would accomplish what it now takes six or twelve weeks to settle.

But what is the actual state of affairs? At most, the only recognition of our courtesy is a cold and formal card thrust under our door within the next few weeks. This R.S.V.P. notice is not even left in person, but is, so to speak, S.B.A.N. (sent by a colored man).

One or two occurrences of this sort may be set down to a regrettable oversight, but constant repetition can only be construed as intentional discourtesy.

Therefore we seize upon this opportunity to declare our intention of cutting the faculty on every possible occasion, if in the future the Dean's office is not more punktilious.

O. N. PROBATION,  
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"That's the reason I left. I was too good a target."  
—Punch Bowl.

"Take a little chip from Father," sang the son as he exhibited a royal flush and raked in the old man's pile.  
—Pelican.

A MYSTERY

First Man (taking out his timepiece)  
—Something wrong with this watch of mine—it's stopped.  
Second Man—When?  
First Man—Oh, some time during the night—I can't exactly say when.  
—Boston Transcript.

A Dakota court is struggling with a prisoner named Szczyz. We don't know what he is charged with; but, from his name, we suspect it is soda water.  
—Chicago Dispatch.



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First Stude—How near were you to the right answer to the fifth question?  
Second Stude—Two seats away.  
—Widow.

"Did you notice that woman who just passed?" inquired he.

"The one," responded she, "with the grey hat, the white feather, the red velvet roses, the mauve jacket, the black skirt, the mink furs, and the lavender spats?"

"Yes."

"Not particularly."

—Kansas City Journal.

A TRUTHFUL GIRL

Melvin—Dear, am I the only one you have sat with in this hammock?

Melvina—Yes. This is a new hammock.  
—Judge.

The Governor (sternly)—When I was your age, my boy, I was making an honest living.

The Boy—And now look at you!  
—Life.

"Was that you I kissed in the conservatory last night?"

"About what time was it?"

—Punch.

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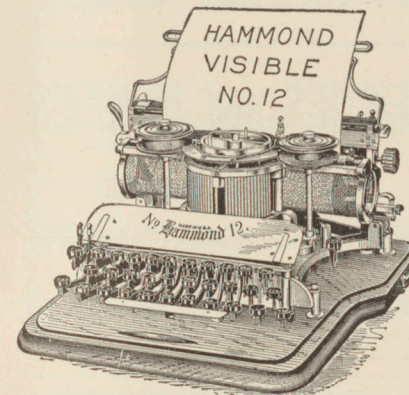
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Bertie—I've been having a lovely game with this Post-Office set you gave me, Auntie. I've taken a real letter to every house in the road.

Auntie—How nice! And where did you get all the letters?

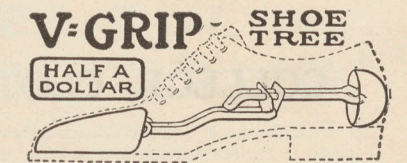
Bertie—Oh, I found a big bundle tied up with pink ribbon in your desk.  
—Punch.

"She told me to kiss her on either cheek."

"And you—"

"Hesitated a long time between them."  
—Lehigh Burr.

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But heaven will protect the Sophomore.  
—Pelican.



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#### INQUISITIVE

The curate of a large and fashionable church was endeavoring to teach the significance of white to a Sunday school class.

"Why," said he, "does a bride invariably desire to be clothed in white at her marriage?" As no one answered, he explained. "White," said he, "stands for joy, and the wedding day is the most joyous day of a woman's life."

A small boy queried: "Why do the men all wear black?"

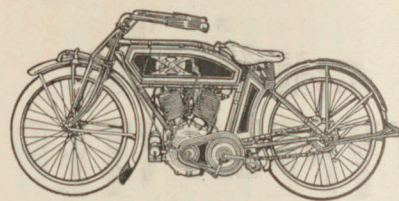
—Argonaut.

#### COMPARISONS

A teacher said to a boy considered dull in mathematics, "You should be ashamed of yourself! Why, at your age George Washington was a surveyor!"

"Yes, sir," was the response, "and at your age he was President of the United States."

—Brooklyn Eagle.



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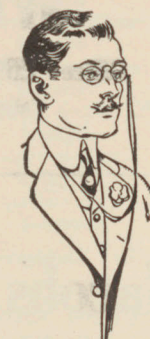
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The gate-keeper, demanding the usual fee for automobiles, called, "A dollar for the car."

The owner looked up, with a pathetic sigh of relief, and said, "Sold!"

—Siren.

**THE EXACT DISTANCE**

The day was drawing to a close. Judge, jurors, witnesses, and lawyers—all were growing weary. Counsel for the prosecution was cross-examining the defendant.

"Exactly how far is it between the two towns?" he asked at length.

For some time the man stood thinking; then—

"About four miles as the cry flows," came the answer.

"You mean as the flow cries!" retorted the man of law.

The judge leaned forward.

"No," he remarked suavely, "he means as the fly crows."

—London Opinion.

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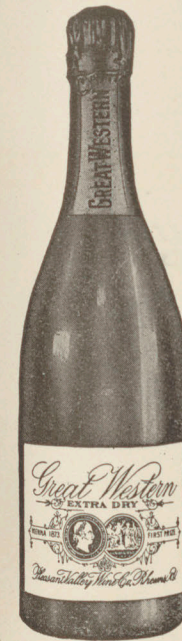
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MOTE AND BEAM

Binks, with a yawn, said to a fisherman:

"Time ain't very valuable to you, brother, that's plain. Here I been a-watchin' you three hours, and you ain't had a bite."

"Well," drawled the fisherman, "my time's too valuable, anyhow, to waste three hours of it watchin' a feller fish that ain't gittin' a bite."

—London Opinion.

Road Hog (after mishap in which puppy has been run over)—Madam, I will replace the animal.

Indignant Owner—Sir, you flatter yourself.

—London Opinion.

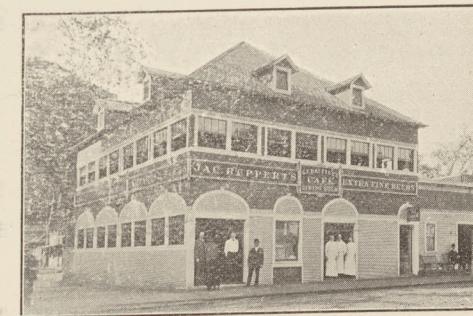
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Wife—Oh, darling, just think what it will save me in gloves.

—London Opinion.

THE HIRE THE HIGHER

Teacher—What is the difference between "I will hire a taxi," and "I have hired a taxi?"

Kid—About six dollars and a half.

—Times-Democrat.

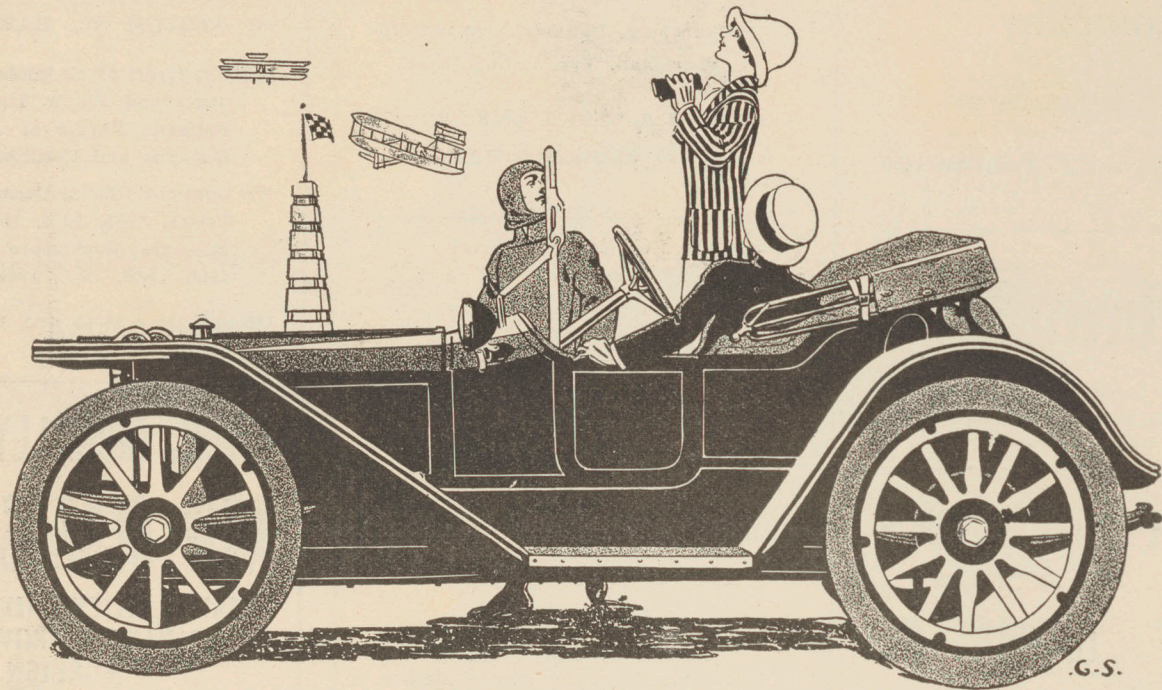
JUST BREEZED BY

Nowyu—How did you pass your vacation?

Stoppit—I didn't; it was too fast for me!

—Jack-O'-Lantern.

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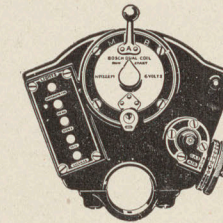
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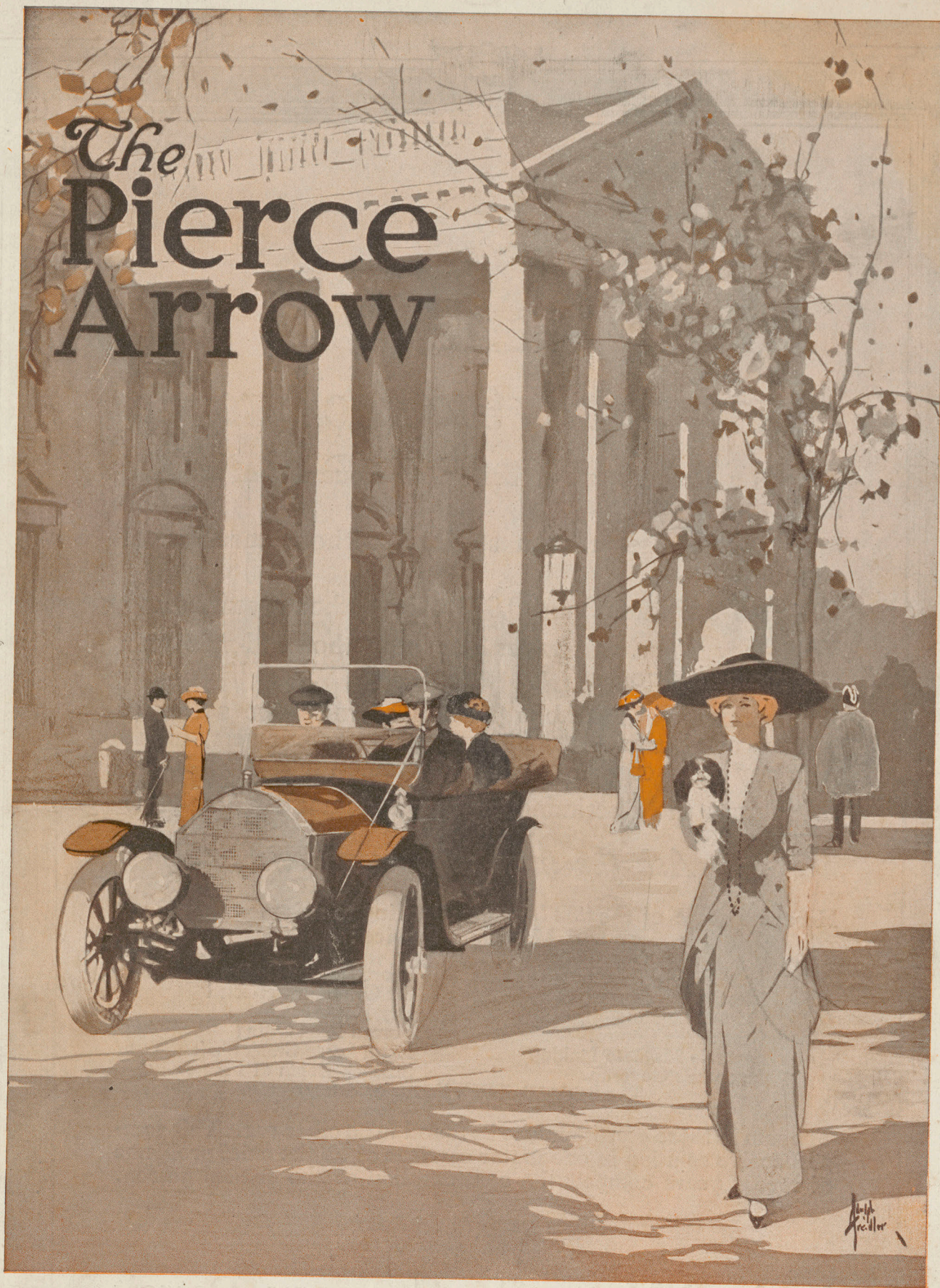
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