

THE OPEN SEASON FOR COLLEGE PRESIDENTS

SAYS THE HOTEL CLERK

BY IRVING S. COBB.

THE open season for open-face college professors appears to have set in earlier than usual, said the Hotel Clerk of the St. Regis. "Some of them are very wide open indeed. You can look right down 'em and see their upholstery."

"You've got an awful mind for jibin' and goin' about without no previous warnin'," said the House Detective. "I've been reading the papers," said the Hotel Clerk. "Vacation has come and many of our most prominent educators have crawled out of their respective cracks in the campus sidewalk to relieve their systems of great, surging thoughts, that have been accumulating there until those worthy gentlemen were sizzling like soda water fountains."

"Commencement offers the opportunity to seem to crave. Before them stretches an assemblage whose name, as the poet says, is Legion—Papa and Mamma, Legions, and Uncle Mike Legion, Cousin Hannah, Legions, and Legions over at Legish, and the twins and Master Herman Legion, aged nine, and sometimes little baby Clara Louise Legion in arms, and up on the platform Howard Strother Legion, valedictorian of the class of 1909, with his chest full of orders and a great rush of proud flesh to the head—the whole Legion family, in fact, accompanied by friends, well wishers, Alma Matres, members of the faculty and the board of regents; and then it is that the president of the university cuts loose and does something foolish."

"That's the way it's been all this merry month of June. First off, some foreign thought-molder on the other side, with a forehead running all the way up to the ventilator in his hat, emerged from a hole in the wall, coughing, all a-quiver, and a great rush of proud flesh to the head—the whole Legion family, in fact, accompanied by friends, well wishers, Alma Matres, members of the faculty and the board of regents; and then it is that the president of the university cuts loose and does something foolish."

"Well, hardly had our most prominent

meal-eaters picked out the persons they'd begin on as soon as the new menu had been generally adopted, except in the vegetarian restaurants, when our attention was distracted by Professor David Starr Jordan, of California. You've heard of Jordan's Storied Banks, haven't you? Well, this is the man that made the Storied Banks. Professor Jordan stood up on his Stormy Banks, before a graduating class or something, and announced that as far as he could see, the French were a decadent race and the less said about them in the presence of the children, the better. Balloon ascensions started immediately all over the country. One French gentleman who happened to be in the audience, stood up and gave Professor Jordan the Chautauqua salute with the reverse billiards on it, and called him two good ones and one abas. Then he spoke of him as a depraved creature, a liar and a scoundrel, and made a great many other kinds of sacred cattle, mainly swine. Then he dashed his hat upon the floor and danced a few steps on it, of a dance that Cleo de Merode first made popular; following which he broke his teeth out, it sounded as if somebody was washing dishes by machinery in a quick lunch; removed his collar and necktie with a deft capture and hung them over a chandelier 40 feet away, snatched the boom out of his shirt to see if the straw-berry mark was still there, and ripped his frock coat up the back from the crupper to the hames. After which he came away with the foam dripping from his jaws and a green light in his eyes, and snapping to the right and the left as he went along, and otherwise acting in such a way as to influence them to begin removing the women and children to a place of safety. But outside of that the French gentleman was perfectly calm and collected.

"It was very shortly after this that Professor Jordan began to note what a large, active French population we had in this country and how remarkably few deaf mutes there were among them. At last reports he was three weeks behind with his explanations, although working night tricks with a double shift, and he'd entirely given up the idea of spending his vacation in the South of France."

"After this we were regaled for a few brief yet pleasant moments by President Woodrow Wilson. You know him, Larry? Wilson, that's All. And that's enough. 'Tis the same Wilson who's no often been mentioned—by Republicans—as a suitable Democratic candidate for President of the United States. But up until this time he's been his way clear to remain at



COMMENCEMENT OFFERS THE OPPORTUNITY THEY SEEM TO CRAVE.

Princeton, N. J., and running the large gent's interior furnishing goods store that's located there, at the sign of the Raw Tiger.

"Here the other week he went over to Philadelphia, or somewhere, and made a speech. He got up and fixed his tie and said a couple of times, the same as all regular speakers, and reached one hand back up under his coat tails and grabbed himself firmly by the strap on

his vest to keep from soaring too far, this being intended merely for a short flight, and not one of those two-hour, blue-eyepain Wilbur and Orville, and then he said that the colleges of this country would either have to adapt themselves to new conditions or else go out of business altogether.

"I guess he was right at that. It seems to me there's a lot of improvements that ought to be grafted into our larger universities right away. Some of them I'd regard as being almost as necessary as the slide trombone in a colored brass band, and that's the most necessary thing there is. For example, now it seems to me there ought to be chairs in elementary and advanced inorganic chemistry, and very few of our collegians there are who know the art of getting lit up properly while celebrating a football victory or some other great scholastic triumph."

"What chance have they, with their raw crude methods of teaching, and kicking policemen's shins and punching sickly waiters with large families, of ever qualifying for a notice in future editions of Whose Stew in America? I'm ashamed to confess it to you, Larry, but the great majority of our native undergraduate ought only to be allowed to get corned on Amateur Night. Do you see any seniors at large who would impress you as even knowing the rudiments of the science, such as how to enter and leave a bathroom properly; how to eat free lunch standing; how to avoid tripping over the cuspidor or allowing the feet to become entangled in the brass rail? You do strike a man sometimes who impressed you as being the man who wrote the words and music of getting bunned. But the person who looks like the original author of the great work is easy or never a collegian. He's more apt to be an actor. There's a great chance for reform there."

"And surely something ought to be done to raise the standard of having a field that is ripe in possibilities, yet one where really nothing strange original has been done since the members of an Ohio secret society tied a candidate to the tracks three years ago and let a freight train hit him. We plainly feel the need also of a proper course of college instruction in breeding bulldogs, and one in yells, glees and loud outcries, and one in getting acquainted with chorus girls, and one in turning the trousers further up at the bottom, and surely one for showing better methods of carrying the briarwood pipe in the face. Many seniors now leave off the pipe altogether while

asleep at night; whereas, it ought to be worn constantly, to acquire the right bouquet and give the lower jaw that strong toll or droop, like the King of Spain. Certainly, there ought to be some organized movements on the part of the colleges to elevate the student's taste in clothes, for despite all that's been done along this line by the best variety tailors, the students at some of the smaller and more old-fashioned colleges still insist on wearing garments that are almost human. They even buy those which are labeled 'nobby,' an obsolete term now entirely supplanted in the best college towns by the newer and classier word 'snappy.' This should not be permitted longer. The most of all, Larry, I think we need a system of education that will discourage the upstart sons of the poor from working their way through college and maybe taking degrees away from the heirs of old dollars, and splendid sappy young men who own their own automobiles and tutors. Let us keep the lower classes in their proper place by making them sweat where I may saunter tranquilly or lie. Within the shade and there commensurate with all that gives to life its June.

Compensation.
Enormous sums old Bullion pays for all that flaring gilt of his. I have the gold of sunny days. He loves to wear the champagne sizz; He loves to make his motor whizz; He's bound to cut a dash. I trust I'll never have to take the dust! The ways are cool and sweet where I may saunter tranquilly or lie. Within the shade and there commensurate with all that gives to life its June.

Poor Bullion has a sorry load. He cannot tramp the open road. Where sylvan comfort laughs aloud. With power and place his back is bowed. Ambition's jagged hedge him round. I dare to pause and hear the sound. Of some sweet minstrel of the wood. That cheers his heart's calm solitude. Or with a love him woe his name. The fairest flowers of hill or plain.

Old Bullion scoffs at men like me. Who cannot rule a human herd. By haughty threat or stern decree. By fear's authoritative word— He thinks my little life absurd. And yet I labor, day by day. Full glad to work and earn my pay. My pay? A conscience undeffiled. An open mind, a wife, a child. The freedom of the universe. The chance to help—it might be worst! —Chicago News.

EVELYN'S POST-GRADUATE COURSE

IN WHICH SHE LEARNED MORE USEFUL THINGS THAN ARE TAUGHT IN SCHOOLS

BY LOUISE LEXINGTON.

EVELYN STANLEY was surprised when Dr. Carter stopped her on June morning, and insisted upon her stepping into her electric runabout and going home with her for luncheon.

"I think I ought to go on to Mildred Kinney's, as I promised to play tennis with her this forenoon," Evelyn murmured, but to no purpose. Dr. Carter was firm in her demand and would not take no for an answer.

"We will telephone your friend and ask her to excuse you," she told Evelyn. "I wish to talk with you, and as there seems to be no opportunity of finding you at home, I must carry you off by force, now that I have demanded you."

Evelyn flushed. "I have so many things to take up my time," she explained, "that it seems almost a rarity to be home. But I must then, there directly after luncheon today, as mother wishes to try on my dress."

"Another dress?" the doctor asked in a peculiarly odd tone, and Evelyn answered, "I have been asked to spend my vacation at the Seacott's seaside home and mother is anxious for me to look nice. And they say I must deal of attention to dress, you know."

"I know that your mother has done nothing but sew for you since long before graduation."

"That is true," Evelyn assented deprecatingly. "My graduating things took over so much time and ever since then there has been all sorts of entertainments that call for new gowns. Mother is such a fine needlewoman that she cannot endure to see anything poorly sewed as an ordinary seamstress would do it, and we could never afford to pay anyone for doing all the dainty handwork she puts on my dresses. She enjoys doing it, besides."

"I suppose she made the dress you have on?" came the next query, and Evelyn answered proudly.

"Yes, every stitch. And there is not a bit of machine work on it, except the seams."

"Who fronts it?" Dr. Carter was certainly inquisitive today.

"Mother does," the young girl replied and added, "and she washes it too, when necessary, as she thinks it too dainty to be trusted to the laundry, even if it is a tub-dress."

Instead of admiring the pretty dress with its embroidered decoration, Dr. Carter asked at it in distinct disapproval.

Evelyn could not understand. She was used to having her gowns admired. "You do not like it?" she ventured tentatively, "because, perhaps, you think it cost too much?" It is really a most inexpensive dress.

But Dr. Carter only glared at it through her colored goggles and answered shortly: "It has cost more than you imagine, I fear," and again Evelyn failed to understand and felt left in case. When they arrived at Dr. Carter's home and found the luncheon table set out upon the rose-embowered veranda, one of the prettiest in the Rose City, Evelyn momentarily forgot her annoyance, and remembered only that she was hungry. But all through the meal those sharp-pointed questions prevailed, almost destroying the poor child's appetite. To be sure, Dr. Carter was a dear friend of her mother's, but this fact did not seem to exonerate her in Evelyn's eyes. At last, however, the doctor made herself clear. "Evelyn," she said, "I know that you do not think me quite justified in quizzing you so unmercifully, but the truth of the matter is that I am worried about your mother. She is just on the verge of a nervous collapse, and I must have your co-operation in a very important matter."

"Oh, doctor," Evelyn gasped, in alarm, "what is the trouble?"

"The chief trouble is that her thoughtless daughter allows her good mother to wear herself out sewing for her and even

washing and ironing for her, that she might float about in the sunshine like the veriest butterfly."

Evelyn's lips trembled and her pretty face paled with tears. "Oh, I didn't suppose I had been so horribly selfish as that! Oh, I am so sorry," she exclaimed penitently. "I thought that because I had been studying hard all winter I was naturally exempted from my single duty at home. And now that school is out, it has been so easy to just go along as before. Here the bright light plumped down upon the remorse I had been in an agony of scolded because the bacon wasn't trimmed—as if I had been the Shah of Persia, or something."

The doctor nodded comprehendingly. "You must not censure yourself too harshly, child," she said. "It is only because you have been spoiled a little without realizing it. But you must be a complete change. When did your mother last have a vacation?"

"Oh, I can't remember how long it has been. You see, she insists that she can never go away on father's account, as his business will not let him leave in the summer. And of course during the winter it keeps her

dreadfully busy looking after us children."

"Well, now, I propose that you look after your father and little brothers this summer while your mother takes a long and needed rest."

Evelyn said sadly, "I would do anything in the world if only I knew how."

She exclaimed tragically, "But I am so afraid mother wouldn't trust things to me. I am so utterly worthless."

"I do not think so at all," Dr. Carter said reassuringly, "or I should not have suggested this plan. Now, I want you to go home and tell your mother you will give up going away this summer. I will follow this up with an invitation for her to spend her vacation on my Hood River farm, where your father may run for week-ends, thus making a change for him too. Between us I do believe we shall win your mother back to health."

It was a sadder, wiser Evelyn who wended her way slowly homeward an hour later, and when her mother greeted her with an invitation to try on the gown in process of making Evelyn boldly took it out of her hands and folded it away.

"There, I'm not going to need it, mother dear," she said, with a gentle kiss.

RUSSIAN SECT WILL ABANDON CALIFORNIA.



NEW YORK, June 26.—(Special).—It is reported from Russia that the representatives of the sect of Molokans who settled in California in 1904 will return to Russia and take up lands at Vladivostok. Two thousand of these "milk-drinkers" emigrated from Russia and settled near Los Angeles. There were 2,500 of the sect left in Russia. Conditions of life in California, it is reported, are not satisfactory to the milk-drinkers.

Where the Potato Is King.

Presque Isle (Me.) Co. New York Press.

The potato is king of Aroostook County. Fully \$12,000,000 has been cleared by the farmers in that county on the potato crop of 1908, the total shipments to market having been 15,000,000 bushels. This year every piece of land that will grow a potato has been planted, and the estimate for the 1909 crop is \$20,000,000. If prices held good, it is thought the Aroostook farmers will clear not less than \$24,000,000 after keeping all the potatoes they need for home use. The price of potato land has advanced 30 to 50 per cent, and the market is strong, even at such prices.

The banks in the county simply are gorged with potato money. Automobiles and discolored harrows are being purchased by the farmers and fertilizer is being purchased by the car-load lot. Train after train, loaded down with supplies for the potato growers, is moving up the line into Aroostook County. The prosperity is not without its drawback, however, because the price of farm labor has advanced to Civil War rates, and the county is being overrun with automobile and auto agents. They are pleading with the farmers' wives and daughters to insist that their fortunes make it necessary to have music in the home and autos in the roads.

The End of the Voyage.

M. J. Moran in Uncle Sam's Magazine.

The transport of the harbor, you can see her through the cloud. Of mist that drifts across the lower bay; Every eye is gazing shoreward in that happy soldier crowd.

The sturdy ship is bringing home today. They are thinking of the welcome that awaits them at the pier.

Where they know old friends are gathered by. To pay the debt of fellowship, and greet them with a cheer.

That like skirls fire will ring along the shore.

There's a doughty bunch from Sulu, an' a troop from Honolulu. With red-legs from Corregidor an' lonely Subig Bay.

Machine-guns from Jolo—with scars from many a bold—Hilario loco, for they're comin' home today.

Doin' various things impossible has been their main pursuit. For years, an' how they did it they wasn't tell.

From the war-marked Indian fighter to the latest-joined recruit.

They would charge the outer parapet of the old flag flyin' is the work they have in hand.

That they failed or been found wantin' who will say. Again'st agin's left them; once more in sight of land.

The exiles are returnin' home today.

There's a doughty bunch from Sulu, an' a troop from Honolulu. With red-legs from Corregidor an' lonely Subig Bay.

Machine-guns from Jolo—with scars from many a bold—Hilario loco, for they're comin' home today.

Sam Houston—A Great American

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matter to him if Santa Anna, diverging to the north, burned Harrisburg, where the Texas government, on the jump since the war began, had made its headquarters for a time only to seek a safer haven in Galveston? He had chosen his battle ground and there Santa Anna must engage him.

If ever a general deliberately planned a slaughter, Sam Houston did at San Jacinto. Into a cul-de-sac he led his own men and then drew the Mexicans after him. After he got the Mexicans he secretly sent Deaf Smith and some companions around to the rear and they with axes destroyed Vince's bridge, practically the only route of escape for either army. Buffalo Bayou, which skirted the battlefield on one side, was in flood. San Jacinto Bay, which bordered it on another side, was broad and deep. To the south and partly to the west was a morass. When Santa Anna and Houston met on April 21, 1836, the Mexican army numbered 1,200, the Texan 300. The invading force was worn by long marches and had no idea the Texans would hazard a general engagement. As for the Texans, they had to conquer then and there or be butchered. But Houston had no doubt of the result. That morning when he awoke and saw the blazing sun he said, "The sun of Austerlitz has risen." And it had.

As a battle San Jacinto stands unique. The Texans charged once. "Remember the Alamo! Remember Goliad!" was their battle cry. In 15 minutes the Mexican army was routed. Of the whole 1,200 more than 600 were slain, 350 were wounded or taken prisoners and only a few escaped. The Texans lost nine killed and 30 wounded. Houston was shot through the ankle and his horse, after being wounded ten times, dropped dead.

An empire had been won!

Santa Anna, in the uniform of a common soldier, was captured the following day. He was on the bank of the bayou trying to escape. It was not until he was brought to camp and the prisoners shouted "Remember the Alamo!" that his identity was discovered.

But for Houston Santa Anna would have been killed; but, wise man that he was, he knew that Santa Anna alive was invaluable to Texas, while his assassination would bring upon the young republic the condemnation of the world. Only the will of Houston saved Santa Anna that day and in the later days of his captivity when he was condemned to death.

Houston's wound was so serious that it nearly cost him his life. He had to be taken to New Orleans for treatment. When he returned in September he was elected President of the Republic to serve two years. Out of the chaos of the republic of that day he brought order and system, but his successor, Mirabeau B. Lamar, plunged Texas into an abyss of debt. In 1841 Houston again was elected President. Meanwhile he had made a trip East and on May 9, 1840, he married in Marion, Ala., Margaret Moffatt Lewis, a talented young woman, who exerted a powerful influence in his life from that time.

Houston sought by every means in his power to bring about the annexation of Texas to the United States. Three times the Texas proposition was made and three times rejected. The North opposed annexation because it meant another slave state in the Union. Finally, in 1845, James K. Polk was elected President of the United States and the annexation of Texas and Mexico, as was expected, declared war.

From the State of Texas Houston was the first United States Senator. He

served until March, 1850. Strange figure in the Senate chamber, clad in tiger skin, he wore a big boot and his massive form wrapped in an Indian blanket. His ambition was to be President of the United States, but the nearest he came to that honor was his nomination by the Democrats of New Hampshire in 1854 for the election of 1855.

In 1857, when the Senate, he was a candidate for Governor of Texas, but was defeated. In 1859 he again was a candidate and this time was elected to serve until December, 1861.

On February 23, 1861, Texas, by a vote of 40,000 to 14,000, declared for secession, and on March 5 it was decreed that all state officers should take the oath of allegiance to the Confederacy. Houston refused and was deposed.

He saw the future with the eyes of a seer. If one man judge from a speech he delivered at this time.

"Some of you," he said, "laugh to scorn the idea of bloodshed as a result of secession. I propose to drink all the blood that will ever flow in consequence of it! But let me tell you there is coming on the heels of secession. The time will come when your sons and husbands, your sons and brothers will be herded like sheep and cattle at the point of the bayonet. Your wives and daughters will ask, 'Where are they?'

You may, after the sacrifice of countless millions of precious lives, and the possibility, win Southern independence, if God be not against you, but I doubt it. I tell you that while I believe in the doctrine of State rights, I believe in the determination to preserve this Union. They are not a fiery, impulsive people, as you are, for they have never been. You are when they begin to move in a given direction, where great interests are involved, they move with the steady momentum and perseverance of a mighty avalanche, and what I fear is they will overwhelm the South with ignominious defeat."

While he was speaking a horse in a team grew restive and attempted to kick himself out of the harness. Houston paused to say, "Let him alone; he is trying a little game of secession. The horse finally choked himself down and the driver began beating him."

"See how it works!" said Houston as the horse was being hitched to the broken harness. See in what a fix he is brought back into the Union!"

Houston, deposed as Governor and leaving the capital at Austin, seceded and taunted was a magnificent figure: Houston, the untamed, impetuous, indomitable man who astonished one of the many men who challenged him to a duel by calling his secretary and saying, "Mark this No. 14 and file it with the others," and, turning to his challenger's messenger saying, "I'll attend to you when the other are disposed of," was no less magnificent in the light of his pledge, after shooting General Whittier never to fight a duel again, but Houston, the man, arrogant, infuriated, bitter, virulent and resentful, who conquered his passions and his appetite was far greater.

Deposed as Governor he went home to his log cabin at Huntsville, Tex. He was aging rapidly. His wounds troubled him more and more. He could get about only by the aid of a crutch and a cane. To his sorrow for the Nation were added the sorrows of a poverty-stricken life, he now had barely enough money to live on. In the summer of '61, when the land he loved was in the throes of its worst convulsions, he was stricken. On July 28, while his family was at his bedside, he roused from a stupor, murmured, "Texas, Texas, Margaret," and the voice of a great American was hushed forever.

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BOYHOOD ASSOCIATE OF H. H. ROGERS PROSPERS ONLY

MODERATELY



MRS. C. P. ELLIS C. P. ELLIS

NEW YORK, June 26.—(Special).—The recent death of H. H. Rogers brings into the public eye Charles P. Ellis, of New York, who was Mr. Rogers' early associate in business. Mr. Ellis formed a partnership with Rogers, each putting up \$500 toward the construction of a refinery at McIntockville, Pa. The firm was Rogers & Ellis. It was successful. In fact, it was the first refinery which succeeded in turning out a water-white oil, the product of the oil regions up to that time having been of a reddish color. Mr. Ellis speaks in the highest terms of Rogers as a young man. He says that he and his brothers were the handsomest young men in Fairhaven. Mr. Ellis and Mr. Rogers parted company in business and Mr. Rogers went on to great wealth. The end, however, prospered only moderately. Their old friendship continued to only a few days before his death. Mrs. Ellis was a Fairhaven girl, as was the wife of Mr. Rogers. After they had left the New England village for the oil fields the partners went back to their old home once a year and it was at the old home that each found his life partner.

Native Industry Long Ago.
London Chronicle.

By the statute of 13 Elizabeth, of England, every person above the age of 7 years and under a certain degree was obliged on Sundays and holidays to "wear a woollen cap made in England and finished by some of those fraternity cappers," under the penalty of 6s 1d for every day's neglect. They understood how to support native industries in those days.