THAT STANFORD PARADE AND ITS SUBSEQUENT CLASH OF FACTIONS

Here's Where the Keg Has a Decent Burial.

Stanford University, Palo Alto, Cal., May 23.—Six hundred male undergraduates of the Stanford student body recently held a parade. When the smoke settled and the noise of the conflict died 41 of the rank, file and officers of the aforementioned pageant were observed packing their suitcases and silently slipping away.

It was a momentous parade. Stanford had never had one like it. It can be said that Stanford will not have another like it for some time. In point of fact until the aching void created by the rough eruption of those 41 shining lights in collegiate circles has been filled by young recruits, in whose hearts there is neither the fear of the student affairs committee nor David Starr Jordan, it is extremely unlikely that another such parade will even be tentatively suggested. Just at present the men about the Cardinal school are parade shy.

What's a Parade?

A parade, declares Noah Webster in his well known work on that subject and some others, is "an exhibit of men marching in a showy and ostentatious manner." Also, he asserts, it is "to make a spectacle of oneself." The student affairs committee and Dr. David Starr Jordan accepted Noah's statement in full and added some for good measure. All that Noah had said and all that the committee and the honored president of the institution threw in to boot did not make the next succeeding days any pleasanter for the "six hundred."

The committee had made a number of very stringent rules concerning the absorption of steam and the export beer of commerce upon the territory locally known as the Stanford farm. It was putting into effect the theory of the closed door with a resounding and emphatic bang. It was not the anti-beer ordinance that the students objected to, but it was the manner in which the door was slammed that caused the campus teapot tempest. Some of the members of the faculty, who are closely allied with the state Anti-Saloon league and other white ribbon and "Shasta-water-only,-please" movements in the Golden state, spoke largely of stemming the "steam beer wave at Stanford," but a recent committee of investigation from the San Francisco alumni body found that the amount of liquor annually consumed on the Stanford campus would not supply some very respectable San Francisco clubs with refreshment for a week.

Meaning of Regulations.

The regulations which the committee promulgated virtually declared that upon a request from the committee every student in the university could be compelled to act as a spy upon his fellow students. Refusal to give up the information demanded could be made a basis for dismissal from college. It was this regulation, which in effect sets roommate to spying upon roommate and fraternity brother to shadowing fraternity brother, that caused the parade and resultant explosion from which the university is still far from recovered.

A parade at Stanford, among other college customs, is a tradition sanctified by a steady and unwavering observance for the last decade of the university's existence. It had been nursed into existence by the pioneers at the new school in the days when Archie Rice, George McMillan, Chester Murphy and Bill and Wallace Irwin were the big smokes about Dr. Jordan's school, and it has been cherished by the undergraduate body as the only proper method and channel for united expression. Several were generally held every year. One was always held in the fall, when in the simmering light of a full California mooon hundreds of Stanford men, clad in their pajamas, would do the serpentine in ghostly silence about the inner quadrangle and Roble hall, the girls' dormitory. Later in the autumn there were the football parades, the Halloween parade and the parade that was usually pulled off just after the fall term examinations. Then they were the impromptu and suddenly conceived parades, which arose out of any extraordinary situation in which student body feeling was deeply moved.

The now near famous parade of the 600 was one of the latter variety. It bloomed out like a mushroom, full grown in a night, but as in many other events that occur only at night, some of those mentioned in the cast are still dizzily wondering where they landed when the clouds rolled away.

The demonstration of student anger and the results that followed created a tremendous uproar in the California school. Since that time Professor Clarke and Dr. Jordan have adopted a policy of the severest repression.

E. N. Smith, the editor of the college monthly, the Stanford Sequoia, has been told that he will not be allowed to graduate, which is virtual suspension, because of an editorial comment upon the action of the committee. Editors Brunning and Hemlick of the Stanford Quad, the annual yearbook, have been suspended because they treated the expulsion of the 41 students in cartoon and verse in the "josh" section of the book. The art editor of the Quad, Virgil Billows, a member of Professor Clarke's own department, was called before the autocrat of the student affairs committee and asked if he had any supervision over the cartoons that appeared in the book. He replied that he had not. He was asked if he exerted any influence to keep the cartoons out. He answered negatively, stating he had not even seen them. He was then told that the commitee could not find any grounds upon which they could suspend him, but that he (Clarke) would personally take action on his case by refusing to allow him to graduate from Stanford next spring as a member of the art department.

Questions ex-Mayor.

"Meaning what?" asked the student of the irate chairman of the committee and former prohibition mayor of the town of Mayfield.

"That I don't believe Stanford has any place for you," replied Clarke, and in this way deprived his department of one of the cleverest amateur artists that Stanford's art department ever boasted of. But in point of fact Clarke's art department has never been strong since he took charge of it, and the university records show but a few graduates in proportion to the college class rolls.

The cartoons which particularly aroused Clark's anger were those in which his connection with the expulsion of the 41 students was brought to the front. They were all keenly ridiculous, and had not Jordan and Clarke been so angered by the chilly manner in which the entire student body had received their pronunciamentoes, and their later attempts toward conciliation, both men mentioned might have laughed at the cartoons in concert with the balance of the student world.

Stings in Cartoon.

One exhibited President Jordan patting Clarke, who was dressed in children's clothes, upon the head and saying: "Well done, faithful servant! You have earned your $2,000 a year." The particular sting in this cartoon was the fact that it had been rumored that Clarke was on the verge of being asked to resign because of the lack of vitality from which the art department is said to have suffered under his regime, and that he only held his position because he accepted the distasteful assignment of the chairmanship of the student affairs committee after Professor Durand resigned. The latter refused to continue in office rather than attempt to carry out Jordan's policies. Another cartoon was an excellent caricature of Clarke, with the caption: "This is not a picture of Mr. A. Mutt, but—"

Among others to fall within the scope of the displeasure of Chariman Clarke and his committee was the president of the Stanford Temperance society, who declared in an open letter which was published in the San Francisco papers that the cause of temperance in Stanford had received an almost irreparable injury through the action of the committee.

Yes, they have had a fine, large time at Stanford during the last two months. The soft California air has been full of atmosphere, and a lot of more combustible things. Dr. Jordan's difficulties have not been centered alone on stemming the "steam beer wave" of which he is the proud discoverer.

Resignations Received.

Dr. Max Farrand and Professor J. Payson Treat, two of the most popular faculty men at the Cardinal school, have both handed in their resignations since the scholastic eruption began to erupt, and there is a rumor current that there are to be others. Dr. Jordan, it is said, does not welcome advice from his faculty men which runs counter to his own ideas. Farrand will take the chair of American history at Yale, and Treat goes to a similar position at Harvard. Dr. Clarke, head of the art department and chairman of the student affairs committee at Stanford, however, will be working at the same old stand in the long, low building behind the Quad which goes by the name of the studio when the freshmen knock at the office of the registrar next August. And it is a good, safe wager, judging from conditions as they now exist, that there won't be many parades next fall. The Stanford man is parade-shy just now.

Now Boys, Get on the Water Wagon.

PORTLAND RAILWAY, LIGHT & POWER COMPANY

Bulletin No. 4—Part 2

THE STREET RAILWAY AS A DEVELOPING AGENT.

In our last bulletin we discussed at some length the function a street railway performs in developing the outlying sections and suburbs of a city and dispersing the population over a wide area. Today we will go into the subject more in detail and show just what the street car service here has done toward decentralizing the population.

THE CONGESTED WARDS OF THE CITY.

Let us look at the growth of the congested wards in the city in recent years and compare it with the growth of the outlying sections. Even a superficial glance will show that wards 1, 4 and 6, covering respectively Willamette Heights, City Park and Portland Heights, have had a far more rapid increase in population than those lying in the older sections of the city, while the wards on the east side, particularly ward 8, show a wonderfully large increase in population. Statistics show that the wards in the center of the city in the congested districts have increased but very slightly in the last five years, while the great growth has been in the above mentioned outlying wards. This has been due unquestionably to the constantly increased facilities for reaching the outlying sections where there was ample room for the erection of beautiful homes, which would have a commanding view of the river and mountains, or as on the east side, where there was opportunity for beautiful grounds and the growth of roses and other flowers for which the city is so well famed.

A great increase in population like this could never have taken place if every encouragement had not been given it by ample rapid-transit facilities.

While it is not the duty of a street railway company to build unwisely and while it should be careful not to be misled by mere land-booming schemes, we feel that we have been right in our policy in leading in the development of the city by building lines which may not pay for some years, but which will tend to develop a particular section and should eventually yield the company a return upon its investment.

PORTLAND COMPARED WITH OTHER CITIES.

The character of your street railway service cannot be brought home to you in a stronger or more forcible way than by a comparison of our mileage with that of other cities proportioned to the population. The following table compares Portland with various other cities. Glasgow, Scotland, is selected because it is so frequently pointed out by the advocates of municipal ownership as the ideal city.

	Population	Miles of Street Railways	Population Per Mile of Track	Miles Track Per 1,000 Population
Portland	175,000	126	1,389	.72
San Francisco	342,000	258	1,326	.75
Indianapolis	219,000	136	1,610	.62
Louisville	226,000	150	1,506	.66
Oakland	200,000	161	1,242	.8
Rochester	186,000	159	1,170	.85
Memphis	125,000	100	1,250	.8
Glasgow	809,000	135	5,992	.166

Look at Glasgow. It is pointed to with pride as the Queen City by the theoretical advocates of municipal ownership, and yet Glasgow with over seven times the population of Portland has but 7 per cent more trackage, while Portland has nearly seven times the trackage of Glasgow per 1,000 of population. Think of it! Suppose the Portland Railway, Light & Power Company should pull up more than six sevenths of its track. How near to your homes would the majority of you be able to ride in the evenings? How quickly and conveniently would you be able to get from one section of the city to another? And, on the other hand, wouldn't the company cut down its operating expenses immensely? We do not think the American public would stand very long for Glasgow or the Glasgow policy.

Philadelphia, which has over 14 times the population of Portland, has but one third the trackage per mile of population, while New York (Manhattan and Bronx), with nearly 21½ times the population has about one fifth the trackage of Portland per 1,000 of population.

THESE FIGURES SPEAK FOR THEMSELVES.

OVERCOME BY GAS; RESCUED

Man Lies in Cellar of Hotel Four Days Unable to Move or Call for Aid.

(United Press Leased Wire.)

San Francisco, May 23.—To lie for days and nights partly asphyxiated by gas, conscious yet unable to cry out for assistance, was the harrowing experience of Henry Cook, an employe of the Hotel Atherton at 1661 Octavia street. Cook was found by another employe of the hotel and removed to the central emergency hospital, where it is feared he will die.

Cook gasped out his story on the operating table of the hospital while the doctors were working over him.

"I went down to the cellar Monday evening to fix a leaking gas pipe," he said. "The odor of gas was very strong in the small basement but I paid no attention to it, thinking the feeling of drowsiness which seized me would wear off in a few minutes. From that time on I knew nothing. When I awoke I was lying on the flat of my back. I made several attempts to rise but each time fell back exhausted. All the strength seemed to have left my body. It seemed days and days before light came and when the first rays of light came through the basement window I was sure some one would find me in the cellar. From where I was lying I could see the sun as it raised higher and higher, and later when it set I gave up all hope of being saved and as night drew on the pangs of thirst and hunger set in. Time and again I tried to call out, but not a word could I utter. How many hours I remained I do not know and until I awoke here on the table with the doctors around me I did not know whether it was a week or a month."

Although Cook was missed by the hotel people it was thought he was staying with friends and no particular attention was paid to his absence.

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