

Theodore H Tweston. The New Proctor of Cornell. The Jolly, Genial Proctor Who Has Made Friends With the Students He Rules

HICH is the hardest job-fighting Indians or stagecoach robbers, holding rioting strikers in check, taking charge of a police precinct or teaching Cornell's students to be good?

That is a question that Theodore H. Tweston might answer, for he has had experi-ence in all these lines. He is the new proctor at Cornell and is also the lieutenant of police of the twenty-eighth police district, Philadelphia. He has been granted a six months' eave of absence while he tries his hand at curbing as wild a lot of rah-rah boys as ever

Black hills until the recalcitrants best a retreat back to their homes.

Then Twesson stopped his story; and to one boy at least it proved the proper place, for he was so excited that he couldn't wait another minute. He was so excited that he couldn't wait another minute. He was a sentor and halled from Colorado. "My father was in the Jennings party, and he told me about that fight time and time again, just the same way that you have described it, and you are the very man he praised so much." There certainly was a hearty shake of the hand between Tweston and the son of his former energy

hand between Tweston and the son of his former enemy." But this young man wasn't the only one who was excited. When the lieutenant first began to speak the men were sliting at the tables; then, one by one, the majority of them crept across the floor, near his feet. Some sat with crossed legs; others rested on their arms, but they were all around him. The few others drew their chars nearer. After that there was hardly a sound until he had finished. It was a shame that there were no artists on the scene. It would have made a great ploture. The bright red light from the open fireplace and the red glow from the chandellers, spreading over the eager faces of the men, gave an enchantment to the scene that could not be overdone.

RAH-RAHED FOR HIM

The youth from Colorado was the only one that had the temerity to move. The rest sat still. Then they started to look at one another and finally found their tongues and all agreed that Tweston was all right. And by the time the conversation between the two men had finished, the students were ready with a hearty shout of "Tweston! Tweston! Tweston! Rah! Rah! Rah!" " How the news leaked out that Tweston was slated for the proctorship is not known, but it is pretty hard to keep a secret from young chaps. Then, again, one of the students' committee may have been present and smelt a mouse. Anyway, the boys begged Tweston to stay, but he was "off to Philadelphia in the morning." Tweston's name was on the tongue of nearly every Cornell student, and for the first time there was a general cry for a proctor, in the person of Tweston. But then he didn't want to go. He had become a friend of the boys, he wanted to stay their friend, and he didn't quite figure out how it could be done. Then,

friend of the boys, he wanted to stay their friend, and he didn't quite figure out how it could be done. Then, again, he wasn't sure if he would be satisfied with the change. He decided that a bird in the hand was better than two in the bush. But that argument didn't suit the Cornell faculty or the students' committee, and they sent a delegation to see Director Clay. The rest of the story is known, and Tweston started for Cornell.

Of course, he knews that Cornell isn't going to turn into a Sunday school right away, but he isn't werrying on that account.

crossed a campus.

Tweston is "sitting on a lid" that many a man would balk at. It is an open secret .hat the problem of controlling live, uncontrollable students has been one that Cornell's officials have been "stumped" by for years. They believe they have "gone and done it."

For though Tweston has only been at Cornell a few weeks, he is "in right" already. For that matter, he was "one of the boys" before he went there officially. How did he manage it? Why, just telling Indian stories.

All boys, young and old, like Indian stories, especially when they are full of vim, vigor and blood. Tweston never thought of that. He had been at the college two weeks. "looking over the ground." What he saw was so unpromising that he came to the conclusion that he would refuse the job and go back to Philadelphia. To his amazement he found that the students themselves wouldn't have it that way. The very men who had opposed the proctor plan and said that they wouldn't have a "spy" on the grounds changed their minds and insisted that he be forced to take the position, whether he wanted it or not.

Every influence was brought to bear on Tweston and the Philadelphia police authorities, until Director of Public Safety Henry 'Clay advised him to become a "trial proctor," offering him six months' leave.

THACA has been the goat for, lo, these many years. Whenever the student body of Cornell has decided that the town owed it a good time, and swooped down to collect it, ithaca has waked up the next morning to wonder how much was left of itself.

But the climax was reached last year when, all told, forty-two students were nabled by the police in Ithaca. Of course, they were charged with petty offenses, such as breaking in bulk windows, indulging in make-believe hold-ups to have some fun with the farmers, or putting theerakers under the cafe chairs or raising course house house. chairs, or raising rough house in general. The students contended that the number of arrests was not extraordinary, considering that there were 5194 males at the university of

extraordinary, considering that there were 5194 males at the university. Of course, there are also \$11 female students. But they don't count in this controversy. The officials and the students' committee, consist-ing of seven seniors and five juniors, did not agree with the majority. Something had to be done, yes, and at once, while the residents of Ithaca, numbering about 15,000, were recupernting from the last whole-sale visit. For, remember, when all the students are in Ithaca they number one-quarter of the population. This students' committee was the last sad expedient that had been relied on to stop the rushes. It was

This students' committee was the last sad expedient that had been relied on to stop the rushes. It was ready to write its own oblituary. There was literally nothing left but the proctor system. After much opposition, it was finally agreed to. But even that was only half the battle. Where was a proctor to be found? Who would volunteer to make 5194 outlaws, who prided themselves on it, mind their p's and q's? Different men thought capable of the task shuddered at the mere suggestion. Others volunteered, including New York police lieutenants, but for one reason or other they were not wanted. So the authorities found themselves just where they started. Then some one suggested Lieutenant Tweston. It

Them some one suggested Lieutenant Tweston. It is not actually known who it was, but it is rumored that it might have been Captain E. L. Phillips, head of the Cornell battallon. If he didn'tr he was in a position to refer to Tweston, anyway, for he had served in the Thirteenth United States Cavalry, and knew all about Tweston's Indian adventures, even if he had never met him.

Anyway, Tweston was offered the job. Being a policeman for twenty-five years does get monotonous once in a while, even if one is a lieutenant. Therefore Tweston thought the matter over. The heat way to come to a conclusion in such matters is to experiment come to a conclusion in such matters is to experiment, he decided, and thereupon hied him off to Ithaca, with-out saving a word to any one. And no one at Ithaca or Cornell knew who he was until the end of two weeks, when he told the uni-versity people that he didn't want the job and hurried

back to his desk in the Philadelphia police station, content and satisfied.

But that is not the end of the story

This is what really happened: Tweston played detective. He went to Ithaca, making frequent trips to Cornell, becoming acquainted with the haunts of the boys, and then learning all about their doings and their ideas of the proposed proctor plan. For it was only proposed at that time. Well, what he heard was Tweston played enough to make him hike back to Philadelphia. Meanwhile, he had become a great friend of the

was so much interested in them became into town and was so much interested in them became one of the idols of the hour. Some of the boys told him about the proctor. "We'll give him a tussle," one said. "We're not going to have any sples around here."

HE LEARNED A LOT

"Spies" The word burned Tweston to the quick. Then others told him about the tricks that were played on the professors, and a few were bold enough to unfold the schemes they had for getting even with

the proctor when he got too fresh. Tweston agreed with them. "That's right; make it hot for him." Then the various manners of hazing the new boys were also unfolded to Tweston, and he learned some things that the professors who had been there for

Visits to the professors who had been there for vers didn't know. Buy he can be trusted to keep little things like that up his sleeve. Visits to the favorite cafes were on the program, and Tweston keep "iabs" on the boys who are in the habit of sipping too freely. They will get some of is fatherly advice later.

But, no matter where he was, Tweston always made it a point to return to Cornell with the rest of the bunch on the "Midnight Owl." And, as he said after-ward. "That was some owl, let me tell you." The boys own the whole train. Every one else has to take a back seat, or wherever else the boys feel like letting them to. Even the locomotive whistles cannot drown the

shouting and hallooing. On these excursions, the Philadelphia police officer was there with a fine line of jokes and stories, so unch superior to the college brand that he was uni-

versally voted a "fine fellow." Finally several of the "frats" got together, decided to give a dinner and invite the stranger on the eve of his departure. Cap-tain Phillips was also invited, and just before the conner the latter learned who the stranger was. But he kept mum until the right time. The dinner took place during the Christmas season. The fraternity dining room was decorated with holly and greens and dark red electric lights were placed in the chandellers.

Yes, that is an important part of the story. The dinner progressed just as other dinners pro-gress until Captain Phillips was called upon to speak. gress until Captain Phillips was called upon to speak. What he said ran something like this: "Boys, you have often heard me talk before and tell of my experiences in the army. But we have one with us tonight who was in the stirring Indian wars long before my days, and who can tell you of many battles that he took part in. I want to introduce to you my friend. Sergeant Theodore H. Tweston." There were, of course, loud cheers. Tweston stood over in front of the large open fire-place and began his talk. It is to be understood that he started in the usual way, by saying that he was not in the habit of speaking to such an assemblage, etc. But then, by degrees, he got to the point where he related his stirring adventures with the Apache. Ute and Sloux Indians. He supplemented by telling

Ute and Sloux Indians. He supplemented by telling that he received his first craving for a military career as a lad in Frankfort. Ky., when, at the opening of the civil war, his father and two brothers joined

the ranks. His day came at last, and in 1873, when only 19 years old, he joined the regular army for five years. Then he got into the gist of the story. He was General George Crooks' courier during the three Indian wars, and was also Custer's alde before the famous massacra. He was wounded by a Sioux Indian at Rosebud creek, but his most exciting experience occurred during the Ute Indian battles along the Black Fork river and near Fort Bridger, Wyo.

The young courier learned of the plans of the Ute tribes to ambush his comrades. The only way he could get to his chief was to run a gauntlet of musketry fire from the Indians, who were secreted on both sides of a narrow ravine which he was forced to cross. Tweston was wounded, but he kept on. The last shot from the enemy killed his horse and he was forced to drag himself the rest of the way on foot. He was played out when he reached the camp, but he was able to give his message to General Crooks, and that satisfied him.

Crooks promoted Tweston to corporal and then to sergeant for his gallant act, and also praised him in his general orders.

his general orders. Then Tweston told the boys that the Indians didn't occupy all his time when he was in the army, but he also had considerable trouble with the Jennings party, who tried to force the Indians from their grounds. Tweston was one of those delegated to break up the clique, and he told of the thrilling experiences in the

Ĩ. 16

Kansas, bleeding Kansas, has settled that carking doubt once for all.

Henceforth no refined, cultured alumnus of the Kansas Agricultural College will rise from the table with his smiling apparatus gashed on either side from awkward insertions of knifefuls of pie or fried eggs into the dark recesses beyond. No Red Cross nurses, equipped with first aids to the wounded, will stand ready to stanch those crimson flows at frat banquets. The styptic peneil and the sticking-plaster will no longer be served with the toothpicks and the mint gum that elegantly wait on good digestion.

For Kansas Agricultural College has taken by the horns the bull of bad table manners and, beginning with the time-honored practice of jamming one's table knife into his vitals via the esophagus, has undertaken to make the average man a safe bet at a pink tea.

F COURSE the new, high-class, swell-front education that includes deportment in its curriculum is of some use, even though all the other courses and training turn out to be junk.

Bill's brains, such as they are, just happened in him, as Bill's family had them to supply. Bill's learning could have been acquired by arduous study of the world's great classics and the "Child's First Spelling Book" under the gasoline incandescents that have

been substituted by modern science and for the fire-light evenings Abe Lincoln had to utilize. But no amount of self-help could give ambitious Bill the tip that, in the more recherche circles of society, it is considered de trop to lean back in your. chair and rest your boots on the quartered oak dining table before the blanc mange is passed around. These refinements of feeling may be innate, but you've got

to have somebody put you next to the hunch before you're sure it's real good form to refrain.

Elbows are different. An undergraduate, blowing himself and his beloved to a bang-up pazaza dinner, himself and his beloved to a bang-up pazza dinner, seldom has to spill more than eight glasses of water and the soup before he recognizes the inconvenience of using the table for poker practice; he can hide his hands better in his pants pockets when he isn't using them to eat with. But a full college course on the general subject of elbows, hands and feet will surely give the heftiest undergraduate an aplomb, a comme il faut, a je ne sals quoi, that ought to go with the nippiest heiresses who ever bumped into a Fifth avenue grubfest and were particular about their style of eating. That in fact, is the be-all and end-all of any college

That, in fact, is the be-all and end-all of any college education. Bill knows he's bound to land at the head of the meat trust or the steamship trust, or some-

thing, before he gets through with the career he has framed up for himself back on the farm while he jammed the corn into Kansas' sod or the apple orchards of the future into the eternal rocks of New

England of the present. But what of the appalling day when, his fortune made, of the standard American size-say, \$100,000,000 or so-he is invited to eat ladyfingers and imbibe fea with the haughty belies of the Upper Ten? What

or so-he is invited to eat ladyfingers and imbibe tea with the haughty belies of the Upper Ten? What if, on that glorious occasion, he shouldn't be able to know, positively and with the ease of early college experience, whether to leave the napkin folded flat or to keep a wary ere for an 18-carat gold napkin ring in which to stick it? Then there's coffee. Didn't Governor John W. Leedy give himself dead away while he was cam-paigning for re-election in Kansas a dozen years ago by pouring his coffee into his saucer and, blowing it to cool it instead of knowing how to be dignified and haut ton about it, and turning the job over to the negro porter, or something cultured like that? And soup-there's a lot to learn just about soup alone. Nobody can say there's anything criminal in eating soup as if you enjoy it; but it does become an-noying to have a crowd of stuck-up fellow-students propose a banquet, where you are invited to be the guest of honor, and have them explain that they are suffering for the excitement of hearing you eat soup. All these important details of feeding, as they are practiced by the haute noblesse of effete Europs, constitute important features of the coming college

constitute important features of the coming college courses in table manners, with a possibility of a post-graduate term devoted to the acquisition of menu French, which has now reached a stage of idiomatic idiosyncrasy that would have the Forty-five Guards-

into syncrasy that would have the Forty-five Guards-men committing manslaughter and Brillat-Savarin chasing the waiters up and down the fire escape. Suppose your college education, whether at Har-vard or at the Kansas Agricultural, were so com-plete that it would enable you to walk right into one of those palaces on Twenty-third street or around Union square, where they have the nerve to charge you a dime for sinkers, and to tell them you wanted you a dime for sinkers, and to tell them you wanted consomme aux paillettes d'or, or gelee de volaille a la Neapolitaine, followed by fliets de soles froids dresses sur mousses, with rognon de veau a la Monpensier, and pate chaud de falsan, with a little brise du printemps on the side-suppose you could say it just like that? Is the new college education worth while? Well,

"I wouldn't give a continental for any boy who h not mischievous," he said the day before he left Philadelphia to take his post at Cornell. He should be competent to express an opinion, too, for he has made a study of the male youth during his twenty-five years' service on the police force. And no case in which a boy was concerned was ever brought before him that the lieutenant did not straighten out mat-

which a boy was concerned was ever brought before him that the lieutenant did not straighten out mat-ters, generally to the advantage of the young culprit. "Cells and harsh words don't improve a boy," he declared. "The only way to punish him is by good advice; given in a gentile tone, and then pat him on the back and say, "Bob, you're not such a bad chap after all; show your friends that you can be just as much of a man as any of them are.' Then you've touched the right spot and the boy will be better. For one thing, kind words to a boy who is used to rebuffs and abuse mean an awful lot. Then, again, every boy likes to feel that he is a man." That is Lieutenant Tweston's logic. And it has succeeded. It is true that he will now have a different as well as an clder class of boys to deal with. But he is always "on the job." So there is hope. Tweston intends to be a real father to the boys. When he notices any on the lawn "under the influ-ence," or finds that a lot of them have constituted themselves into a mob and indulged themselves by making dents in Ithaca, he will have a private session with them. But the hazing. That is all that is worrying the Cornell students. And Tweeton won't tolerate it He

with them. But the hazing. That is all that is worrying the Cornell students. And Tweston won't tolerate it. He didn't exactly say that. But when asked what was his attitude towards hazing, he declared: "The duty of the proctor is to see that every rule and law of the college is carried out." So there is still some consola-tion. If there is any sign of falling out between the proctor and the students, another fraternity dinner can be given. For Tweeton basi't told one-quester of his be given. For Tweston hasn't told one-quarter of his exciting career.

Why, he hasn't told the boys a word yet about the days when he was a cowboy, or a messenger on the stagecoach lines, and the many narrow escapes he had from death. On one occasion the stagecoach directly in front of him in the Red Canyon, in Wyo-ming, was held up by the Indians and John Slaughter, the driver, and a couple named Meiz were killed. A negress servant was captured and her body was found in the same place four days later with twelve deep

in the same place four days later with twelve deep cuts in her body. That escape was evidently enough for Tweston and he came to Philadelphia in 1880. His police record would fill a book. He was appointed to the Twenty-second district by Mayor Smith in 1886, and made a number of important arrests in his early-days. But his most notably courageous act came during the cyclone in August, 1890, when the car depot at Twelfth street and Susquehanna avenue collapsed. Tweston, retaining his self-possession, rang the fire-box and then rushed into the building and rescued seven persons from under the falling walls and debris. The firemen arrived on the scene and brought out The firemen arrived on the scene and brought out many others from the ruins. Seven persons were killed, but the death roll would

Seven persons were killed, but the death roll would have been much greater if it had not been for the remarkable coolness displayed by the brave policeman. He was publicly commended by Director Stokley and promoted to be a sergeant at the Eleventh and Winter streets police station. He was afterward transferred to the Twentieth and Berks streets station. and became a lleutenant on May 13, 1907. Again, the lieutenant prevented a riot during the car strike in Philadelphil last April, by a few words and the raising of the hand. He was an acting captain in place of Little, who was ill, and was in charge of the Fifteenth and Huntingdon carbarn. He notloed a mob of strikers turning down Fifteenth street from Lehigh avenue. He hurried to the scene, and his men started to follow, but he told them to go back. He knew that it was useless for a few policemen to fight started to follow, but he fourfied to the scene, and his men started to follow, but he fold them to go back. He knew that it was useless for a few policemen to fight against a mob of 500 men, and he knew also that if any officer lost his temper and used his hands on the strikers a fight would surely follow. The men were on their way to a meeting at Broad street and Susquehanna avenue. Tweston raised his hand, and instead of ordering them to go back, asked them kindly to do so. Then, in his usual manner, he explained to them that if they passed the barn in such large numbers trouble would surely follow, and would probably result in the injury of innocent per-sons. The men gathered in a huge circle about Tweston and then, taking his advice and probably admiring his spunk in fighting them single-handed, walked over to Sixteenth street and down that theroughtars. This instance will also demonstrate to those who may doubt the success of the kind words that Prootor Tweston is going to try at Cornell that he is a man of unusual persuasive and argumentative abilities.





