



Theodore H. Twoston, the New Proctor of Cornell.

The Jolly, Genial Proctor Who Has Made Friends With the Students He Rules

WHICH 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. Twoston might answer, for he has had experience 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.

Twoston is "sitting on a lid" that many a man would balk at. It is an open secret that the problem of controlling live, uncontrollable students has been one that Cornell's officials have been "stumped" by for years.

For though Twoston 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.

All boys, young and old, like Indian stories, especially when they are full of vim, vigor and blood. Twoston never thought of that. He had been at the college two weeks, "looking over the ground."

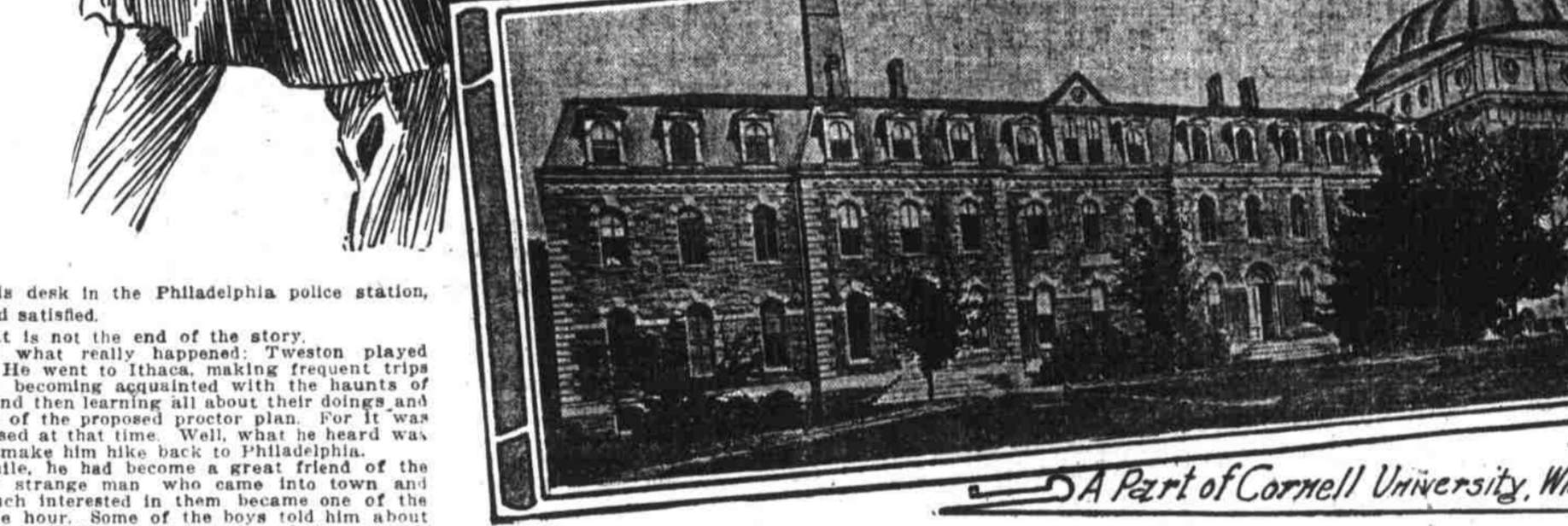
Every influence was brought to bear on Twoston and the Philadelphia police authorities, until Director of Public Safety Henry Clay advised him to become a "trial proctor," offering him six months' leave.

Ithaca 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 nabbed by the police in Ithaca. Of course, they were charged with petty offenses, such as treating in bulk windows, indulging in make-believe hold-ups to have some fun with the farmers, or putting firecrackers under the cafe chairs, or raising rough houses in general.

And no one at Ithaca or Cornell knew who he was until the end of two weeks, when he told the university people that he didn't want the job and hurried

THE EX-GOP WHO KEPT CORNELL IN ORDER



A Part of Cornell University, Where Twoston Keeps Order

HE LEARNED A LOT

"Spies" The word burned Twoston 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.

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: Twoston 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.

Meanwhile, he had become a great friend of the boys. The strange man who came 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 spies around here."

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.

OF 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.

He learned a lot. The dinner progressed just as other dinners progress 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. Twoston."

Twoston stood over in front of the large open fireplace 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 Sioux Indians.

But what of the appalling day when, his fortune made of the standard American size—say, \$100,000 or so—he is invited to eat ladyfingers and imbibe tea with the haughty belles of the Upper Ten? What if, on that glorious occasion, he shouldn't be able to keep a waxy eye for an 18-carat gold napkin ring in which to stick it?

Suppose your college education, whether at Harvard or at the Kansas Agricultural, were so complete 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 consomme aux palottes d'or, or gelée de volaille à la Neapolitaine, followed by filets de soles froides dressées sur mousses, with rognon de veau à la Mompennier, and pate chaud de faisans, with a little brisè de printemps on the side—suppose you could say it just like that, is the new college education worth while? Well, say!

to have somebody put you next to the hunch before you're sure it's the real good form to refrain. Elbows are different. An undergraduate, blowing himself and his beloved to a bang-up pasaza 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.

Black hills until the recalltrants beat a retreat back to their homes. Then Twoston 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 a senior and hailed 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."

That is Lieutenant Twoston's logic. And it has succeeded. It is true that he will now have a different and a more pleasant life at Cornell. He is always "on the job." So there is hope. Twoston intends to be a real father to the boys.

Why, he hasn't told the boys a word yet about the days when he was a cowboy, or a messenger on the stagecoach line, or the many narrow escapes he had from death. On one occasion the stagecoach, directly in front of him in the Red Canyon, in Wyoming, was held up by the Indians and John Slaughter, the driver, and a couple named Metz were killed.

Twoston, 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 many others from the ruins.

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. Twoston, a light would surely follow. The men were on their way to a meeting at Broad street and Susquehanna avenue. Twoston raised his hand, and became 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 persons.

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