

taps him on the shoulder and says, "Go to your room." If the person tapped wishes to accept, as he usually does, he goes off amid the cheers and applause of the crowd, and in his room is given initiation. If, however, he thinks he may have the opportunity of being chosen by one of the other fraternities and prefers it, he stands still and is passed by. In this manner each of the forty-five men is chosen.

Just within the campus and running along the north side is what is called the "fence." This is a two-railed wooden structure divided into sections, one for the seniors, another for the juniors, and the third for the sophomores. It is around this "fence" that much of the social life of the college centres. During the warm evenings the classes assemble here, and occupying their various sections, sing or discuss matters in general. Here the Glee Club sings on several evenings during the week if weather permits. Here also after victories, such as were won this year from Princeton in football, and from Harvard in debate, huge bon-fires are kindled, Roman candles and rockets are fired, and a general celebration takes place lasting till late in the night. The freshmen have no section of the fence upon which to sit. They must stand until they have won from the Harvard freshmen the baseball match played between the two colleges each spring. The freshmen are the unprivileged class at Yale, as the following rules laid down for their observance will show:—

Not to smoke pipes on the street or campus.

Not to dance at the Junior Promenade.

Not to carry a cane before Washington's birth-day.

Not to talk to upper class-men about College secret societies.

Not to study, read, or sleep during chapel exercises.

Not to bow to the President at the close of morning chapel; this privilege is reserved for Seniors.

Not to play ball or spin tops on the campus; this privilege is also reserved for Seniors.

The social event, not only of the year but of the whole undergraduate's course, is the Junior Promenade, which is given by the Junior Class each year about the middle of January. This is the great social event of the east and usually some of the most distinguished members of New York Society are present. Notwithstanding the expense, which for each student varies from three dollars to five or six hundred, almost all the members of the class attend Festivities last for three days. On the Saturday before Promenade Week the ladies who are fortunate enough to be invited, usually arrive, some coming from as far away as the Pacific Coast. Sunday morning all attend chapel. Monday and Tuesday are spent attending the various Germans and teas given by ladies of the city at their homes. On Tuesday evening comes the grand finale—the Promenade.

A somewhat modern custom at Yale is known as "Bottle Night." On this night, which comes usually late in the spring, all the bottles which have accumulated for some reason in the various rooms, and have become too numerous as bottles will become, whether medicine bottles or other kinds, are thrown down from the windows on the stone pavement beneath. In the morning round the dormitories glass lies an inch deep. This however is not look forward to with any great enthusiasm by many of the students, and it is hoped by the better minded that this custom will soon become a thing of the past.

While to serious men these college pranks seem nonsense, yet there underlies Yale life a deep appreciation of its real meaning. These tricks are but the effervescence of youthful spirits finding a harmless mode of escape. It has been remarked by a Yale professor that there is more genuine energy well expended to the square inch on Yale campus than to the square mile elsewhere. The activity and competition is indeed intense, and, on the

whole, any fair-minded observer would say that Yale bids fair to produce citizens of which this country need never be ashamed. All is not study, and all is not play, but there is seen a healthy combination of the two which is generally successful in producing a well-rounded man, and no one ever forgets the healthy inspiration of it all nor neglects to keep close to his heart the familiar motto of Yale, *lux et veritas*.

Yale, February, 1898.

J. M. NICOL, '97.

### MY FATHER'S FAME.

"Curious, isn't it, that Dickson is so like his father in appearance, and yet doesn't seem to be much good?"

"Yes, and his father such a clever man, too."

"That's always the way though; a brilliant man nearly always has a stupid son."

"Yes, I've noticed that myself."

I overheard this interesting scrap of conversation at the club the other day. The speakers, of course, did not know that I was within earshot, or they would not have spoken as they did. They thought they were right enough in their conclusion, I suppose, but that certainly did not make it any the more pleasant for me. I managed to leave the room without being seen—I had a notion just for one minute of showing myself to make them redden and stammer, if possible, but on second thoughts I decided that I, too, might find it somewhat embarrassing, and consequently I went out, as I mentioned before.

I walked quickly home in the sharp evening air. My sour feelings wore off as I approached my hotel and my dinner; and, by the time I had disposed of the comforting meal which James—who has waited on me for the fourteen years during which I have lived at the Hotel Vendôme—set before me, I began to grow rather more amiable.

Just then, as I was becoming somewhat complacent, a thought came into my mind occasioned by James' very politeness towards me, and that thought caused my ill-humor to return in full force. It had just struck me that James was attentive to me, not because he had waited on me for fourteen years, nor yet because I have invariably given him a dollar on the first of every month, but because I was my father's son, and because he was proud to attend to the wants of the son of Sir John Dickson, K.C.M.G., the Cabinet Minister. So I moodily withdrew to my sitting room to nurse my perennial grievance, and smoke my after-dinner pipe, which is, I might add, a very elastic one, and generally lasts till I go to bed.

My particular grievance is one from which I always have suffered, and one from which I always shall suffer. To make matters plain, I may as well state it at once: it is that I am not myself, but merely my father's son. This may seem rather enigmatic, but it nevertheless is a fact, and for me a very sad one. I feel, and indeed I know, that I am being continually pointed out on the street, not as being Mr. E. Carter Dickson, but as being the son of Sir John Dickson.

It might at first thoughts seem to you, that to be the son of a famous man, and more especially, as in my own case, of a notable politician, would be of the greatest assistance to you throughout life. I assure you, that in the majority of cases nothing worse could happen to you; for, as it appears to me, of all the handicaps which nature may put upon a man there is scarcely any worse than that of having a famous father.

My name is Edward Carter Dickson. My father is Sir John Dickson, the well-known Minister of the Crown. Of his career I need say nothing, for his life-story is pretty well known throughout the length and breadth of the Dominion, and indeed beyond its frontiers as well. My father, I should mention, is a man of very striking appear-