

the Greek letter boys—that I found such of them as I knew, to be whole-souled, hospitable fellows, who were as democratic as any of the "barbarians" and not infrequently gave members of the latter class *carte blanche* into their splendid houses.

A very large proportion of Stanford students live in the college dormitories—Encina Hall for men, and Roble Hall for women—both of which are large and commodious. The halls are managed on the co-operative plan, and, considering the accommodation given, living in them is cheap. In Encina Hall I was always impressed by the lack of home-like features; the place is big and bare and barn-like, and it is doubtless for this reason that many students prefer, as I did, to live in a private boarding house, even at greater expense. Encina has few of the charms that make life in the old Residence at Toronto so attractive, and in the eyes of many a necessary experience of one's college career. There is not that bond of sympathy or that close companionship amongst the denizens of Encina that one finds amongst the boys in Residence; the place is too vast and there are too many inmates. Still, Encina is not without its charms. If report is to be believed it has seen many a nightly revel; and tales are told amongst the undergraduates of Stanford about the big dormitory, that probably have never come and will never come to unsympathetic faculty ears.

There is one story, however, that has become common property. When Ex-President Harrison, after his appointment as non-resident professor of Constitutional Law at Stanford, was giving his first course of lectures, he occupied rooms in Encina Hall. Now, the worthy statesman has a *penchant* for good wine and good cigars—as even greater statesmen than he have had. Of these valuable commodities he had a large store in his rooms, and the boys of Encina, having learned this fact, were not long in devising means to make their distinguished fellow-boarder "share up." Needless to say, they did not enter into negotiations, for in that case the wily politician and diplomat would probably have been too much for them. But they quietly concocted a scheme for gaining access to the ex-presidential quarters when the ex-presidential back was turned. For several days those who were not behind the scenes wondered whence proceeded all the first-class cigars and empty claret bottles which adorned the rooms of the enterprising spirits of Encina. General Harrison at last discovered what was going on, as he was certain to do, and the game was up. Of course everyone was innocent—as everyone always is in such cases—and the trouble blew over. Some people are shocked when they hear the yarn—but I would like to see these people convince a good loyal Encina man that it is wrong to smoke an ex-president's cigars or quaff his wine when a good opportunity presents itself.

Unlike Encina, Roble Hall is a very home-like place, and one who has been inside its spacious parlors cannot but wish that a Women's Residence were an accomplished fact at Toronto. Fortunate above other men and favored of the immortal gods is he deemed, who receives an invitation to a Roble at-home. There is little doubt that the girls at Stanford lead a very happy and ideal college life in the sacred precincts of their large and well-appointed hall.

Mountain-climbing is one of the unique institutions of Stanford life. Both to east and west of the University are chains of mountains ranging from 2,500 to 4,000 feet in height. The easterly of these chains is the Monte Diablo range, which includes Mount Hamilton, on the summit of which is situated the Lick Observatory in full view of the University. Between the University and the coast rise the Santa Cruz range and its foot-hills, and up the rugged sides of these, where the giant red-wood towers and the poisoned oak weaves its impenetrable thickets, it

is one of the delights of Stanford students to wend their way on Sundays and holidays. At the top of the Santa Cruz range there are several mountain houses—which are simply farm-houses where boarders are taken and meals are served. Two of these—Ham's mountain house and King's—it was my good fortune to visit in company with a party of students. Indeed, the trip is never made alone. Almost any fine Saturday one may see a party of students and professors, of both sexes, starting out to tramp to the summit for Sunday. In these trips the women almost invariably wear bloomers. An ordinary skirt would hamper a woman's movements too much for mountain climbing—would in fact convert the health-giving recreation into break-back toil. Stanford students are accustomed to this very shocking (?) costume, and you could not convince them that it is in the least immodest for a woman to wear a dress which admits of her moving about as nature intended her to do. If you should make the attempt they would only laugh at your prudery. Mountain-climbing is a pastime in which the vast majority of college students have no opportunity to indulge. Amongst the great universities, Stanford is well-nigh unique in this respect.

The relations of the students and faculty at Stanford University are, in the main, of the most cordial nature. Dr. Jordon does not believe in a multitude of rules and regulations. He believes that when a man enters college he should know enough to behave as a gentleman. If, however, he should be found lacking in the instincts of a gentleman and should trespass the unwritten rules of civilized society, he must simply leave the University. That is all there is for it. Dr. Jordan is supreme. The government of Stanford is an ideal despotism. There are no laws except those of common sense. This being the case, the room for friction between governors and governed is but slight, and the cordial spirit of mutual goodwill and fellowship that subsists as between the students and professors comes out admirably in the very free and easy receptions tendered by the latter to the former. Every Stanford professor has a regular night set apart each week, or each second or third week, when his home is thrown open to as many students as may wish to call. Amongst the most delightful of these receptions which it was my privilege to attend were those of Prof. and Mrs. Earle Barnes. Time and again I have seen their reception room crowded to the very doors—so crowded, in fact, that not a chair of any kind was left, and the host and hostess had to resort to rugs in front of the fire-place, while their guests sat around entranced by some charming old story or poem which Prof. Barnes or his wife had brought from their book-shelves.

The second day of graduation week, President and Mrs. Jordon gave an at home to the graduating class at Roble Hall. An orchestra was present from the city, refreshments were served in elegant style, and altogether the affair was most delightful. These parting receptions to the graduating class are given annually by the president and are amongst the most popular social functions in the college year.

The society at Stanford University which is analogous to our Literary and Scientific Society, is the Associated Student body. The functions of the latter are, however, much more comprehensive than those of the Literary Society. The Associated Students exercise authority over every club and society that bears the University's name and reputation abroad into public places. The glee club or the mandolin club could not, for example, undertake a tour without the consent of the executive of the Associated Students. If they did so they would forfeit their standing as University societies and would not be allowed to use the University's name. All their funds must be accounted for to the Associated Students. The