

said to President Roosevelt was, perhaps, not quite happily phrased. Here is the concluding sentence:

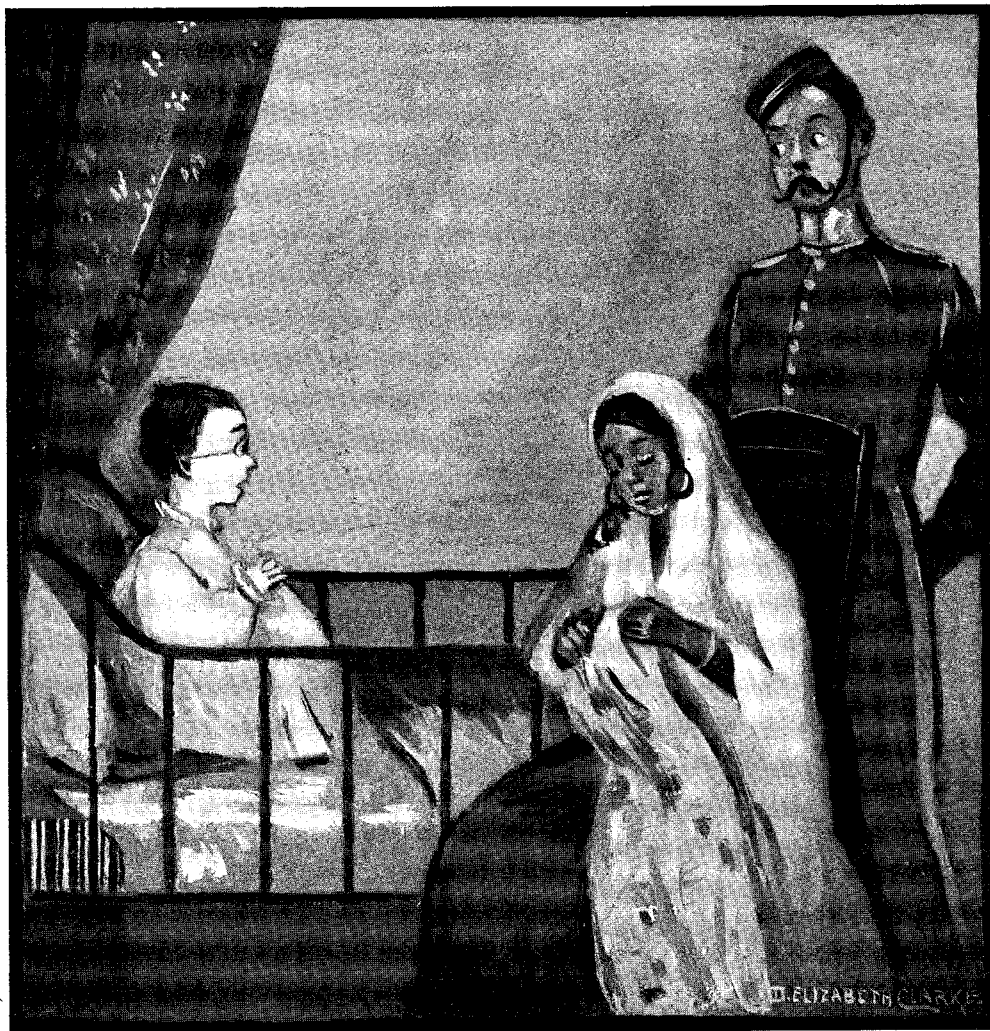
President Roosevelt is a Harvard man, but his broad vision and natural sympathy and his perseverance for truth and right will make him glad to be an adopted son of Yale.

This seems to imply (in the "but") that Harvard men are not usually gifted with broad vision, natural sympathy and per-

severance for truth and right. However, every one took it as it was meant.

Mr. George Cary Eggleston, in the *Times*, has been fleeing at the retention by our universities, upon ceremonious occasions, of the traditional academic costume—the cap, the gown, and the hood which denotes by the colour of its lining the

**Caps, Gowns, and Hoods.**



THE CHILDHOOD OF THE GREAT.

*British Soldier* (whose love-making the infant Kipling has interrupted at one of his finest sentences): "Doesn't the young beggar ever sleep?"

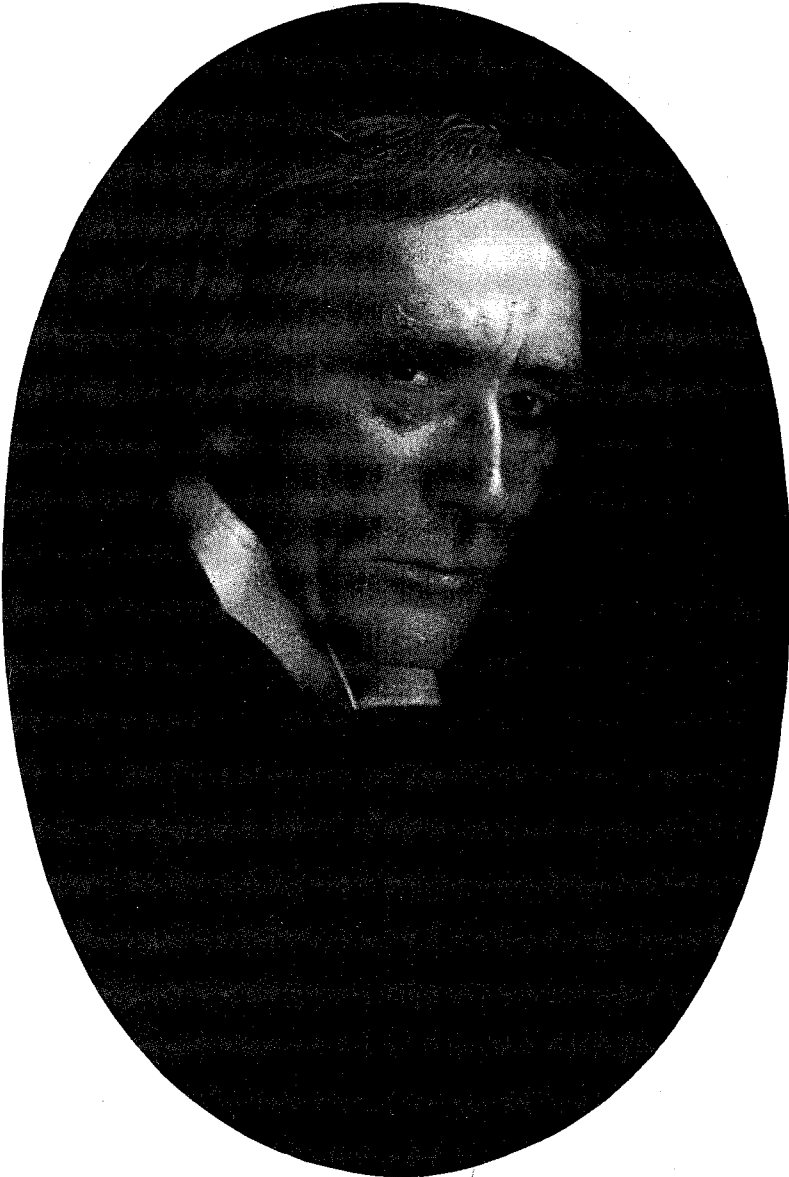
*Ayah* (who is used to it): "Not unless he is sure that he has heard and seen the same thing before. It is very inconvenient and should be considered in the wages."

*British Soldier*: "E'll be sorry to 'ave people watching 'im when 'e's a man. What other people say about 'is 'ome and lodgin' will be dust and ashes in 'is mouth afore 'e dies."

*Majory MacMurchy.*

faculty to which its wearer belongs. Mr. Eggleston may, for all we know, be an absolutely consistent person, and may be willing to apply this rather cheap argument to the whole subject of distinctive costume for the members of any

the robing of the judges in our highest courts, and finally the academic costume in our universities. This last has an historical significance of which Mr. Eggleston must be well aware; and that it gives dignity and impressiveness to university



SIR HENRY IRVING. PHOTOGRAPH BY HISTED.  
(See "*Drama of the Month*.")

profession whatsoever. If so, let him remain in his interesting isolation; but most sensible persons accept as both appropriate and even necessary the wearing of uniforms by members of the army and navy, the use of vestments by the clergy,

functions is hardly to be disputed. The modern university represents at once the life, the needs and the aspirations of the present, but everything that is best in it sinks its roots deep down into the past, and therefore represents an unbroken

continuity which is symbolised by the retention of some of the ancient forms and usages. To a person who has any imagination and any sentiment this is a fine and fitting thing. Once upon a time we went to the commencement exercises of a college not very far from New York. These exercises were held in a hall over a large beer-garden. The President wore a suit of clothes that seemed to have been made to match a checkerboard, and of which the trousers bulged like the cheek of Tennyson's brawny spearman. The faculty sat around on cane chairs, and reminded us of a convention of amalgamated plumbers. We feel now that this affair would have been appropriately finished off had the President and plumbers bestowed an honorary degree upon Mr. George Cary Eggleston.

The accompanying designs attest Thomas Nast's appreciation of Albert Bigelow Paine's *The Bread Line*, about which we had considerable to say several months ago, and the recently published *Van Dwellers*.

The sketches have a double interest. They illustrate very felicitously the ideas of the books themselves, and they are typical of the quaint humour of an artist who has been one of the greatest forces in the political history of New York City. Many men took part in the fight against the Tweed régime, but none of them dealt it more crushing blows than Thomas Nast. Not only did his cartoons in *Harper's Weekly* contribute more to the overthrow of Tweed and his associates than any of the arguments which appeared in the public press, but to one of these cartoons was due the final capture of Tweed. Upon one occasion Mr. Nast found an analogy between Tweed's behaviour in the matter of some city franchise and a kidnapper stealing a child. A copy of *Harper's Weekly* containing this cartoon found its way to Spain and fell into the hands of a Spanish gendarme, who knew absolutely nothing of the conditions in New York politics. Soon after Tweed's arrival in Spain he was seen walking along the street by this gendarme, who recognised him from the cartoon and apprehended him on the charge of kidnapping.

