

"Be George, I see her lights turn, an' in a minute she was on us, straight amidships, two-thirds through us.

"I yelled for 'em not to back out of the hole. We'd have sunk before you could wink if she had.—

"Steady."

"Steady, sir!" said the man at the wheel.—

"I run into my cabin for a life-preserver, and clapped it on my wife. She was cryin' an' moanin' about the girls. 'Fanny,' I says, 'be a woman! The girls is dead, an' we'll be too in a minute.' She never made a whimper after that, an' I took hold of her an' climbed up to the roof of my pilot-house—their bow was right against my mast. I sings out for a line. There was no time to lose, an' they throwed it quick. I fastened it about me an' her, an' they hauled us up on their deck.

"All this time the steam was roarin' up from the boilers, an' I heard a man down below cryin' an' screamin'; but it's natural, sir, for a man to try to save his own children first, an', although I was sure the girls was killed, I had to know for certain.

"I run across the bow as soon as I could get free from Fanny, jumped down on my deck, an' run for the girls' stateroom.

"It was empty. The girls was gone!—

"Starboard a little, Charlie!"

"Starboard, sir," said the man at the wheel.—

"I run into every one of them staterooms, cryin', 'Where's the girls?' Pretty soon, way up on the Delia's deck, I heard my steward hollerin', 'Here they are, all safe, sir!'

"He was a good one, that fellow," the Captain went on, after a pause. "As soon as we was struck he run for the girls an' got 'em out, an' the three just crawled flat on the deck through the steam."

"And was no one lost?" asked the favorite passenger.—

"Steady, Charlie!"

"Steady, sir," said the man at the wheel.—

"Three, ma'am, three," the Captain hummed in his deep voice. "That same steward—it makes me laugh now to think how that man hollered—you see, when I knew the girls was safe, thinks I, I've got time to get my books. So I run to my cabin an' got 'em out just in time. But the steward, him an' a passenger an' the mate, they started to save that poor feller that was hollerin' in the boiler-room. The passenger an' the mate, they went down, an' they'd got the man on the passenger's shoulders, an' the steward was lyin' flat on deck ready to take hold of him when they got that far. But all of a sudden the passenger hollered, 'Look out for yourselves!' an' throwed the man off his shoulders, an' our ship went down like a log. It warn't more than five minutes, all told, after we'd been struck."

"But that was four drowned," said the passenger.

"I was climbing up the Delia like mad when I heard that steward a-yellin', 'Cap'n!' an' instead of bein' safe on the Delia, there he was floatin' in the water on a board.

"You see, the suction of the ship goin' down had lifted the hurricane-deck clean off an' let him out, an' there he was.

"The Delia was chuck full of passengers, an' they fixed up my girls all right. But, you see, that cap'n, he jus' got rattled. He had to change his course completely to run into me, an' he had—

"Now steady, Charlie, steady!" said the Captain, as two shrill sounds came out of the darkness.—

"Well, you had nerve to go back after your books," said the readiest one of the passengers.

"Well, maybe," the Captain answered, modestly; "but I tell you," he announced, standing straight and tall before us, and bringing the edge of one huge hand down across the palm of the other, "I'm more excited this minute tellin' about it than I was doin' it that night.—

"Now, starboard, Charlie, starboard," and the Captain leaped up on the pilot-house deck and blew an answering signal to the big barge which presently came floating toward us in the wide expanse, with a half-dozen schooners, loaded to the water's edge, in her wake.

The favorite passenger sat silent, her eye on the set

young face of the man at the wheel, turning, as his duty was, his wheel to the left when his orders were to go right, and to the right when he was to go to the left. "I think," said she, contemplatively, "if there were a little more common sense in the making of steering-gear, such accidents as yours wouldn't happen."

The Captain looked down at her quizzically, and considered her words.

"Darned if it doesn't take a woman to see through things," he said presently.



The St. John's Guild

This midsummer season is a time of recreation to many fortunate persons, but to the thousands who crowd our city tenements it is a period of dread, discomfort, and anxiety, if not of positive peril. More than sixty-five per cent. of the population of New York City live in tenements, where for those in good health there is never enough air, while for those who are ill death seems to be coming through slow suffocation. There are in the tenements nearly two hundred thousand children under five years of age. New York's average death-rate is 22.75 for every thousand, but that among these little ones is 76.64. One infant out of every five dies before reaching its first birthday, and more than one child in three before attaining the age of five years.

How often, indeed, in walking through the poorer quarters, one will pass an undertaker's shop, in the window of which is generally displayed, not a long black coffin, but a tiny white child's casket! A stroll through Mulberry Bend or Hester Street would do more than any words to convince an unbeliever of the dangers of overcrowding to life, health, and morals; while if the five or six flights of stairs of but one tenement-house be ascended, if but one of the stuffy, stifling rooms be entered, the necessity for such an agency as the St. John's Guild will be quickly acknowledged. This is a wholly non-sectarian organization for the relief of sick children of the helpless poor, without regard to their race, color, or creed. It maintains the Floating Hospital in New York Harbor, the Seaside Hospital at New Dorp, Staten Island, the Children's City Hospital at 155 West Sixty-first Street, and special relief and nursing for children in their homes.

Such a noble charity as this ought to be imitated in every city enjoying ocean, lake, or river advantages. The Guild's Floating Hospital takes fifteen hundred mothers and children every day down New York Harbor. The boat leaves at 8 A.M. from its landing farthest up-town, and stops at two other piers for the convenience of those in the lower parts of the city. Poor mothers applying for themselves and their children are given tickets, which must be signed by a doctor. Each adult is given one warm meal on board, and milk is furnished twice a day for the children—all free. No persons with contagious diseases are allowed on board, nor is any well child admitted over six years of age. Landing at Staten Island is made at New Dorp, where shelter and medical attendance are had for children too ill to return to the city. On the way down, the salt-water bath-room is thrown open. Four nurses are in attendance, speaking four languages. Perhaps all this benefaction is not appreciated! Said one poor woman: "I worked until two o'clock this morning to do my washing so that I could come here with baby—she is nine months old and the youngest of seven; she has cried almost night and day lately. I do most of my work while holding her." This is an average case.

The last annual report of the Guild has all the merits of an illustrated paper. Excellent cuts are presented of the Floating Hospital itself, of the examination of patients before admission, of patients leaving the hospital at the dock, of merry scenes on the upper deck, of the sick ward, of the patients at dinner (350 at a sitting), of the salt-water bath-room, of the Seaside Hospital and the Children's Hospital. The pictures tell their own story. The

Guild's work often costs less than twenty-five cents a head. Think of it. A quarter for a child's life!

Why, then, should not the St. John's Guild be fully and fitly sustained?

Its Treasurer is Mr. W. L. Strong, and its office is at 501 Fifth Avenue, New York City.



The Spectator

Having been in his day himself a "Commencement orator," the Spectator is naturally interested in a statement, coming from New Haven, that it is proposed at Yale to lay an iconoclastic hand on the most venerable of all college institutions—an institution which dates back to the beginning of the eighteenth century, before Yale had even a permanent abiding-place—and to abolish Commencement. That is, if the proposed plan is carried out (at present the matter is in the hands of a committee), that almost invariably hot Wednesday morning late in June will not see old Center Church converted into a sea of swaying fans, from the platform crowded with dignitaries to the galleries crowded with matrons and maidens—a silently eloquent tribute to the sacrifice of comfort involved in listening to the "great thoughts" of the young graduating orators. There will then be no delivery of valedictory or salutatory; no learned disquisitions by budding scholars; no formal function of set oratory, such as has constituted Commencement ever since there was a Yale. Over this distinguishing feature of a typical American university must in all probability soon be written the historic words: "*Troja fuit.*"



If the reporter of a New Haven paper has reached a correct diagnosis, the time for the innovation has come, for Commencement at Yale has ceased to command the respect of the students. This reporter writes: "There is seldom more than a mere fraction of the class present [at the exercises in Center Church], and those who are there never stay during the entire programme, coming in and going out all the time. The valedictory address itself is seldom taken seriously, and is seldom listened to by over a quarter of the class." This is probably an exaggeration, but the actual state of the case is bad enough, according to the Spectator's own observations at New Haven in recent years. The valedictorian is purely an official person, selected simply because he is the first scholar in the class. The valedictory itself is a postscript to a theme having no necessary connection with the thought of farewell—the one subject of a valedictory address which the Spectator happens to recall being "The Unromantic Character of American History." There is an obvious incongruity in making a formal farewell the tail to any subject a valedictorian may choose. On the other hand, if the valedictorian is neither a good speaker nor a good writer—which is as likely as not to be the case—his performance may be as unimpressive as a set tariff speech in the Senate. Why, then, the Spectator has often asked himself, should "the young gentlemen of the graduating class" be expected, as a matter of course, to take an interest in their valedictorian, when they have had no voice in choosing him—having already chosen the class orator, to do for them what the Faculty chooses the valedictorian to do over for them—and when his valedictory may be anything but a credit to the ability of the class which he officially represents.



And yet, considering what Commencement has been at Yale even down to quite recent times, its abolition will seem to some but a short remove from sacrilege. One can hardly put one's self back to the days when Commencement Day was practically a holiday in the State; when the people crowded in from all the country around to attend the exercises; when the crush at the doors of Center Church and the scramble for seats was as great, comparatively, as the jam at a Thanksgiving Day football game in New York; when the programme began in the morning, and, after an adjournment for dinner, continued throughout the afternoon; when from twenty to thirty participants succeeded one another in the competition of learning and oratory; when the gift of tongues was necessary to follow the proceedings intelligently; when, as one authority describes it, "syllogistic dis-

putes were held between an affirmant and a respondent, who stood in the side galleries of the church, opposite to one another, and shot the weapons of their logic over the heads of the audience;" when it was "a common thing" for "colloquymen" to write dialogues or plays and act them out on the stage; when original poems formed no small part of the intellectual treat; when there was a Greek oration as well as orations in Latin; and when the President (Dr. Stiles, of Yale, in 1781) delivered an oration in Hebrew, Chaldaic, and Arabic. Ah, those were the days, to borrow the phrase of the New Haven reporter, when Commencement was "taken seriously." Yet not altogether so, since the day ended in scenes of great disorder, owing to a too generous hospitality in providing New England rum—the matter becoming so serious a scandal as to require the interference of the college authorities: a curious anticipation of the Harvard edict against "Commencement punch" in this year of our Lord 1894.



As the Spectator cons the decline under modern influences of an institution once so noble and notable, so many suggestions of its significance crowd in upon him as to make selection an embarrassment. First and foremost, it marks the decay in the prestige of the college graduate as such, which has often been noted as typical of modern life. Not that the modern world undervalues the college education and training. The crowded class-rooms and general prosperity of all our institutions of learning forbid such an inference. But in the modern world the college graduate has no artificial value placed upon him because he is the possessor of a degree. He must prove for himself what the value of that degree is. The point of view was very different when the people crowded at Commencement to hear the young men who were to fill the "learned professions," who were to be the ministers, lawyers, and doctors—the leaders—of the coming generation. Then, too, that was a time when youth came to its honors earlier, a natural sequence from the fact that people retired earlier "from the activities of life." Careers being much shorter, had to begin the sooner. It is only a little more than a century ago that a young man at twenty-three—"a mere boy," we moderns would call him—was Prime Minister of England. This is an exceptional illustration of the fact that youth was then "taken seriously," just as Commencement was. Once more, the graduate has become the important factor at college commencements and in college management. Modern facilities of travel enable him to attend college reunions as he pleases with but small inconvenience, and he is increasingly availing himself of these facilities. Now that Commencement proper has to compete with the "alumni dinner" in the afternoon, with its host of wits and celebrities and its feast of the best oratory, is it any wonder that the valedictorian and his associates on the Commencement platform should pass into complete eclipse?



Yes, the valedictorian, whether he be allowed to lag superfluous for one year or for years, must soon make his final exit. He is a survival from a different time, and his glory is a reminiscence. The Spectator cannot take leave of him without a word in his justification. He has not been in life the failure which his contemners would have us believe. He has as often won his honors by right of genuine ability as by virtue of patient plodding. When he has turned up as a stage-coach driver in some region of the far West, every newspaper paragrapher has been quick to pass the story along, and to add a cheap sneer of his own. When he has reached unusual success in life, the fact that he was valedictorian is seldom brought to notice. The Spectator numbers among his acquaintance six valedictorians, now men of about forty, with whose careers he is personally acquainted. Of these six, one is a leading railroad lawyer in Connecticut; another is an authority on two continents on railroad questions; another has created and is successfully managing a New York corporation, with a capital in the millions; another is the chief counsel of one of the big railroads centering in Chicago. Only two of the six are comparative failures, one being a somewhat obscure teacher and the other a somewhat obscure clergyman. Is not that a fair average of success in life for a group who were "mere" valedictorians in college?

The Home

The Knowledge of One

The struggle with most of us is to fit our lives to those about us, and yet to hold secure that liberty which is imperative to the life of every thinking man and woman. We find ourselves measured by other people's standards, and with the mortifying consciousness that we are too short or too tall, too broad or too narrow. In every soul not corroded by selfishness the approval of even the smallest of those about us is desired. How can we put ourselves into unity of spirit with those about us, and yet hold true to that liberty of choice that marks us as apart from the brute?

Not only do we find ourselves victims of criticism as to opinions, beliefs, philosophies, but as to manners and morals; as to what we should eat, drink, and wear. Woe betide us if we have any pronounced physical weakness! Then indeed are we victims! Each person we meet knows that if we ate the right things we should be well, and each one proceeds to show conclusively the reasons within him.

Then clothes, æsthetically and hygienically: what endless proofs are brought forward to convince us that we do not know when we are comfortable or well dressed! Sometimes one is tempted to exhibit the opinions of one's friends in a combination of the styles, colors, and arrangements that center in one's self.

When the management of incomes, the home, the children, and the methods of living come under discussion, a life of perpetual laughter would follow if one had a sense of humor. To hold the mind open for enlightenment, and yet keep true to one's standards and maintain liberty, requires the mind to be as thoroughly under control as are the muscles of the athlete performing on a tight rope, who knows the eyes of many are upon him, who knows that failure to succeed means loss of favor, who meets applause with a smile, but, with eye and brain fastened on the goal, knows also that he is doing all that nature and training fit him for, and persists to the end.



Smith College¹

By Katharine Shepherd Woodward

Since the days when the Princess Ida gathered her followers, forsook her father's court, and retreated to the seclusion of a frontier castle to found the first university for women, the mind has associated the woman's college with strict seclusion and with classic shadows. The wide and beautiful grounds which charm the visitor at Wellesley and Vassar Colleges embody this idea in its perfection; but Smith College is surrounded by no broad stretches of woodland or wide acres of daisied meadows; instead, it is set down, though not without a semi-seclusion of its own, in the midst of a New England town—a city by courtesy, but, in fact, a drowsy country village, buried in long rows of famous elms, and encircled by lofty hills and the picturesquely winding Connecticut.

Northampton is the typical Massachusetts town—a town with a history and a background of dignified associations; famed for its religious intelligence and general culture since the days when its echoes rang to the overwhelming utterances of Jonathan Edwards; a town of schools even in the early part of the century, when Bancroft was Principal of the Round Hill School; and now a town of girl students.

Ten minutes' walk from the station, on a little eminence at the head of the main street, stand the Smith College buildings, shaded by trees and set in the midst of a small but

carefully kept campus. Here are the main College Hall for assembly and lectures, seven substantial dormitories, the President's house, the Music Hall, Lilly Hall of Science, the Art Gallery, the Observatory, the fine new Gymnasium, and a supplementary recitation hall. Across the street is the eighth dormitory, and another will be built in the summer; but even then the College cannot hope to accommodate all its students, and many must, as now, find homes in the town.

In 1879 the first class of eleven was graduated; in 1885 the College numbered about three hundred and fifty and graduated forty-six; to-day the senior class numbers one hundred and eleven, the first class two hundred and thirty-seven, and the total enrollment of the College is seven hundred and forty-six.

When Smith College was opened, in 1875, it embodied two ideas which were new in American systems of education for women. It was the first to adopt the cottage system, and to insist on the immunity of its students from rules. From the earliest days, when the fourteen girls of the first class entered and took for their home the old Dewey mansion, and the one college building was more than ample for all scholastic purposes, the dwelling-house and the recitation hall have been separate. There is no huge central building, half dormitory, half recitation-room, with long, gloomy corridors and enormous general dining-hall; and the students probably owe their almost uniformly good health to the quiet living afforded by the separate houses, and to the absence of nervous strain caused by daily contact with several hundred people.

The dormitories are substantially built modern houses, severely plain in exterior, but furnished with all needful conveniences and comforts. The larger houses accommodate about fifty students, the smallest twenty. Each has its own parlors, dining-room, and kitchen, and in each the head of the house is a refined and cultured woman, who directs the social and domestic life of the family. No domestic work is required of the students; their rooms are furnished by the College, and cared for by servants. It may not be amiss to mention that the cottage system at Smith College is a financial success, as the larger dormitories are not only self-supporting, but pay a small interest on their cost.

The second idea which was peculiar to Smith College at its founding—but which is peculiar to it no longer, as it has been more or less embodied in the government of other colleges—was its freedom from rules. Its founders believed young women to be capable of self-government, and it is due to this belief, which seemed singularly heterodox twenty years ago, that the life of the students is virtually unrestricted. Two rules hold—that lights shall be out at ten, and that no student shall drive with a young man unchaperoned. The increase in numbers has given rise to some minor restrictions pertaining to the social life of the students; and at present the government may be called in a sense co-operative, as a Conference Committee elected from the students consults with the Faculty, and House Presidents with the ladies in charge of the dormitories.

Students are free to consult their own wishes with regard to work and recreation. No study hours are defined, no outdoor exercise prescribed, but abundance of outdoor life is encouraged, tennis-courts are numerous, and the delights of a peculiarly beautiful region tempt the girls to walks and drives.

The criticism, made perhaps justly some years ago, that college girls missed their social opportunities during the four years in which they should be specially influenced by the subtle cultivation that society gives, is on the way to be met and answered by the increasing attention now given to social details in the women's colleges. At Northampton this side of the student's life is especially regarded; and as the girls interchange courtesies with the people of the town, the social relations are by no means confined to the four walls of the College.

An Entertainment Committee, chosen from the Faculty and the ladies in charge of the college houses, regulates the social life of the students. All plans are submitted to them, and by them it is decided whether each girl may

¹Articles in this series will be found in The Outlook of June 23, July 7, and July 28, on Bryn Mawr, Women at Chicago University, and Wellesley, respectively.