

HUNTLEY OF THE CASTINE.

Not on the quarterdeck alone
Are the battle's bravest heroes known;
Not by the man behind the gun
Are the glorious victories always won;
Valor hideth a blade as keen
Out of sight of the sanguine scene,
Where are doubtful deeds of daring done
Like Huntley's—Huntley of the Castine!

When the little gunboat darted at dawn,
With her fluttering starry flag at peak,
Under the walls of San Juan—
San Juan of Porto Rico—
She seemed like a living, conscious thing
With the battle-passion quivering;
At fullest speed, with her screws a-spin,
And her batteries roaring, she hurried in,
Leaping—the baby of all the fleet—
Her furnaces glowing with fiery heat.

Suddenly down in the deepest hold,
There in the vessel's throbbing heart,
Rose a sound to test the soul of the hold,
To make the bravest blanch and start—
Not the noise of a dream, but the hiss of
A socket bolt sprung loose in a seam!

"Quick! Rank the fire! Quick! Rank the
fire!"
Cries fearless Huntley man of the hour,
He will save from destruction dire,
Save if it lies within mortal power,
The stokers heave with laboring breath
In a desperate fight with a demon death.

Into that seething pit he dares,
Huntley—Huntley of the Castine;
O for a waft of God's fresh sweet airs
And the sea and the heavens clear and
clear!

Pass the minutes—one—two—and three;
To him and his comrades each seems to be
A separate eternity.
The while 'mid the heat and the stifling
fume
He tightens the bolt that is threatening
doom:
Then forth they hale him to see him lie
Proned before them with lided eyes—
Nay, nay; but he did not die!

He did not die and when up to the blue
Of the sky they bore him with reverent
mien
And he roused and gazed on the flag that
flow
Over the blaze and blaze of the battle scene,
And smiled, how they cheered him, that
valiant crew!

Shall we not join in the cheering, too,
For Huntley—the hero of the Castine?
—Clinton Scouler, in the Sunday Sun.

The Pity of It.

"But it must be done, William," said his wife, her head slightly raised and her gray eyes sharp with suppressed excitement.

"I should be dreadfully mortified not to do as much for Elise as Charles does for his children. Well, not exactly as much in every way, no, of course we really couldn't expect her to have so much jewelry and as many new frocks. But to have Elise look old-fashioned and not have suitable things for her little parties—why it is positively embarrassing to her and humiliates me."

William Soliday avoided his wife's gaze, and methodically arranged his necktie. He was a plain man, with a kindly smile when he was not disturbed by his ambitious wife and daughter.

"Well, William, can't you tell me whether you can let me have \$20 or not this week?"

"I don't see how I can, Eliza. I've had a hard winter at the store and a good many accounts overdue. I wish I could make as much money as Charles, but I can't seem to do it, anyway. He is a good talker and smart. You know, Eliza, that I've worked hard for the last 25 years, early and late."

"Oh, I don't accuse you of being lazy," remarked Mrs. Soliday tartly; "what I would like to see is something to show for all your work. Charles doesn't get to his office till 9 and is always through at 5, and makes at least a hundred dollars a week in salary and commissions."

"I'll tell you right now, Eliza, that even though Charles is my cousin, I would not be in his line of business for a thousand a week. It's no use to continue this talk any longer, Eliza. I hope to be able to supply you and Elise with all the necessities of life, and a little more, but as for fitting out Elise so she can run around with the set that her cousin belongs to, I cannot even attempt it."

This closed the conversation for that morning, and while Mrs. Soliday sat in her room finishing her daughter's graduating gown, her mind dwelt bitterly on her cramped life with its petty economies.

She had really loved William Soliday 20 years ago. He was a clerk then, in her father's store, and a genial, honest young fellow. But when the business was his, he did not seem to know just how to make it pay. He bought a good line of stock, and he had to sell at a close margin to compete with the cheap articles displayed by his rivals. Then he paid his help a fair price, and his roomy, well-ventilated store cut still deeper into his profits. She suspected that some of his old customers had not paid their bills for a long time, in fact, when a man was out of work, or there was sickness, William never would push his claims, and sometimes he lost a good deal, that way.

As Eliza Soliday thought, her cheeks burned and the smouldering fire of discontent burst into a brighter blaze. She had not minded the scrimping so much when Elise was little, her clothes cost such a small amount, and she had not begun to have her social ambitions awakened till the last year or two.

The other girls in the class were to have either a handsome piece of jewelry or a gold watch, as a souvenir of graduation day, and there were photographs, spreads, class pins, dances, and the usual accomplishments of the festive time.

Charles Soliday's twin daughters had everything that any one had, and far more. Their father was to present them with watches, suitably engraved, and their mother had promised them elegant gold bracelets, with diamond studded clasps. They were to entertain the entire class at an informal dance, followed by a supper, at which each guest would be presented with a specially designed favor.

The girls' gowns were to be made by their mother's fashionable dress maker, and nothing would be lacking to complete their stylish appearance. The dotted Swiss muslin which Mrs. Soliday was rapidly finishing looked coarse and cheap in her eyes, and she threw it on the bed with a completely disgusted expression on her handsome face.

That day Mrs. Soliday spent a few hours with her sister, who lived out in the suburbs. Returning home in the late afternoon, she was obliged to sit in a closely-crowded car, and her eyes were startled by headlines in a special edition of an evening paper: "Charles Soliday Arrested. About to escape with his plunder. Denied wrong-doing, but finally broke down and confessed."

Mrs. Soliday felt her heart stop beating for a moment, then plunge like a runaway horse. Charles Soliday, whose wife and daughters she had envied—she could not believe her own eyes. Mrs. Soliday was too excited to remain in the car when it approached her locality, so signaling to the conductor, she left the car and walked rapidly towards her home.

Hurrying into the house she was met by Elise, who had heard the news. The girl was as excited as her mother, and they talked over the astonishing situation.

"Isn't it dreadful for Bertha and Bessie," said Elise. "They didn't come to school today, and the girls said their mother had hysterics and fainting spells all day. There's father coming now."

"Tell him I am upstairs and I want to speak to him right away," said Mrs. Soliday as she hastened out of the room.

William Soliday looked very soberly at his pretty daughter, then turned and walked slowly to his wife's room. She met him at the door and the tears were running down her cheek.

"Oh, William, can you ever forgive me," she began.

"There, Eliza, don't take on so," said her husband, dropping heavily into a big chair, and taking the trembling woman in his arms.

"But to think what Charles has done—and where he is, and where you might have been if—" here she was unable to go on.

"Don't cry so, Eliza. It will be all right in time," continued Mr. Soliday, patting his wife's shoulder and hardly realizing what he was saying.

"Oh, but William, I would rather live plain, and not have new things and know that my husband was an honest man. And you were stronger than I was, because I was afraid of what people would say and I might have driven you to do something desperate just as Charles has done," and she began to sob with renewed violence.

"Now, Eliza, just listen a minute," said William Soliday. "I had a chance to make \$50 today, that is, I received it on an old account that I never expected to be paid. If you want it to buy some pretty things for the little girl—"

"Oh, William, it's more than enough," returned his wife. "She will only need a part of it and I want you to have some for yourself. I can't have my good man looking shabby," she ended with a slight smile around her mouth and her husband was too wise to object.

Among the lovely young girls who were graduated there was none more bewitching than Elise Soliday in her simple gown and without any jingling trinkets. The Soliday twins were not there, and with their withdrawal from the class, the element of extravagance which threatened to be the dominant feature was eliminated. In girlish fashion the swing of the pendulum was toward extreme simplicity of dress, to the relief of those whose means were limited to a small outlay.

"Our Elise was the prettiest girl in the class," said Mrs. Soliday to her husband that night.

"How could she help it—with such a mother," he replied without a moment's hesitation.—Mary Peabody Sawyer in the American Cultivator.

Tommy's Good Fairy.

Smoking was an abomination to Queen Victoria, and many a notable man at Windsor had to hang his head out of a window or stick it up the chimney to get a "blow" before bed. But she sympathized with the soldier's craving for tobacco.

Writing to Mr. Childers, Sir Henry Ponsonby said: "The Standard says the men in Egypt complain that they can not get tobacco. The Queen hopes that something can be done for the purpose of supplying them with this almost necessary of life out there. Her majesty wished to help in sending out tobacco, but I scarcely know what the Queen could do in this matter."

Lord Wolsey was evidently in sympathy with the wishes of the Queen, and personally celebrated Tel-el-Kebr by smoking nine cigars in succession.

Whom It Was For.

Three girl clerks were waiting for the rush of business to begin this morning about 8 o'clock in a Denver department store. "Girls," said the stationery clerk, "a man who came up here yesterday to buy some writing paper said the queerest thing to me."

"What was it?" asked another.

"Well," continued the first, "he wanted to see some stationery. I didn't know just what kind he was after—men's or women's styles. 'Christmas present, I suppose,' I ventured to say. 'Yes,' he replied stiffly. 'Do you wish it for a lady?' I asked."

"What did he say?" asked one of the other girls.

"He frowned," replied the stationery clerk, "and growled 'No, it's for my mother-in-law.'"—Denver Post.



On Mother's Lap.

When I'm a little tired of play,
And have put all my toys away,
And do not want to take a nap,
I go and climb on mother's lap,
And ask her if she will not tell
The stories that I love so well—
Of all she used to do
When she was little, too,
And she tells me all the stories I like best
Of times so long ago, so long ago—
About my aunts and uncles and the rest.
And the funny things they used to do,
You know,
How the soldiers came and asked for food
one day,
When my grandma and my grandpa were
away,
And how she and Uncle Ned
hid the silver in the bed,
And of how my Uncle Jack
Went to India and back,
How my Aunt Jane put the gander down
the well,
And my Aunt Maria knew but wouldn't tell,
How the Gypsies stole my Uncle Ned, and
how
He meant to kill a crow, and shot the cow,
How one day my Aunt Maria
Took my little Aunt Sophia
A-wading in the brook,
Went to India and back,
And how my Uncle Ned
Painted grandma's carriage red,
And the things that grandma said,
Oh, I love to hear her talk that way, you
know,
Of times so long ago, so long ago—
When she was little, too,
And of all she used to do,
And it's better than a story, for it's true,
—Laura Spencer Porter, in Youth's Companion.

An Odd Race.

In Canada boys have barrel races, and they are great fun.

These races are on ice.

Ordinary barrels, with their heads removed, are placed at regular intervals along the racecourse for about a quarter of a mile.

Then, at a given signal all the boys skate for the first barrel. Many reach it together and, as each skater must pass through all the barrels in order to win, there is quite a scramble for first turn.

Sometimes a barrel wheels completely around while a boy is working his way through it, and when he comes out, he is so confused that he skates off in the wrong direction. Usually the laugh of the spectators makes him realize his blunder, and he quickly turns about and tries to make up for lost time. It is quite an exciting sport and an amusing one also for the spectators, as the boys and barrels bob about in the most ludicrous fashion.

The White House Children.

If you think because the President must concern himself with affairs of tremendous moment for the country and the world he cannot romp with his little folk as other fathers do, you are much mistaken, says a writer in St. Nicholas. And if you think that Mrs. Roosevelt has no time to see that the children learn their lessons, or to tuck them comfortably in bed, even on the nights of great receptions, or state dinners, you are likewise mistaken. Or if you think that the young persons at the White House are excused from any educational tasks, or have any special privileges as to lessons or school work, and envy them on that account, get rid of the impression at once.

Pocket money for ice-cream soda and chocolates is not unknown but there is no unlimited indulgence in them. The President likes all wholesome things, and he is not above the fairy tales that all children love.

Gingerbread Barometer.

It has taken a clever Frenchman to discover a kind of barometer which may be safely called unique. An English journal says that it is nothing more or less than the figure of a general made of gingerbread. He hangs it by a string on a nail. Gingerbread, as every one knows, is easily affected by changes in the atmosphere. The slightest moisture renders it soft, while in dry weather it grows hard and tough. Every morning, on going out, the Frenchman asks his servant, "What does the general say?" and the man applies his thumb to the gingerbread figure. Perhaps he may reply: "The general feels soft. He would advise you to take an umbrella." On the other hand if the gingerbread is hard and unyielding to the touch, it is safe to go forth in one's best attire, umbrella-less and confident. The Frenchman declares that the general has never yet proved unworthy of the confidence placed in him, and would advise all whose purse will not allow them to purchase a barometer or aneroid, to see what the local baker can do for them in the gingerbread line.—Harper's.

Games for Evenings.

Games in which both young and old may find enjoyment are in great demand during the holidays, when delightful family reunions are the order of the season. The old games under new names are quite as much enjoyed as more novel ones, and as a rule those are most enjoyed which do not necessitate too much mental labor, occasionally one requiring some effort of the mind will prove enjoyable, but this should only be suggested as an innovation.

An absurdly amusing play is that known as "bundle" game. This is something like the old nut and potato faces. Make as many bundles as there are to be players, by wrapping quantities of paper around some inexpensive trinket or toy, and tie loosely with a string. The bundles should be placed on the floor at one end of the room, and each player should be presented with a teaspoon. Each player who succeeds in picking up a bundle on his teaspoon, and running across the room with it so poised, is entitled

to the present contained in the bundle. The bundles should not be touched by either hand, and if dropped must be picked up on the spoon again. The player who fails to do this, while any of the contestants slowly count five is put out of the game. Lookers-on find this very laughable, as the players' faces and attitudes are apt to be in excited sympathy with every effort of the treacherous bundle and the struggle is highly amusing.

"Buy" is a lively and interesting game. Any number except seven may play. The players seat themselves in a circle or about a table. One begins the game by exclaiming "One!" The player to the left says "Two!" and so it goes around until it arrives at seven, which number must not be mentioned, but in its place the word "buy" must be used. Whenever the number "seven" occurs or any number into which seven can be divided, "buy" must be used instead of that number. Any one mentioning seven or any number with seven in it instead of "buy," or calling out of her turn, or naming a wrong number, must pay a forfeit. After she has paid the forfeit she calls out "One," and this time the player to the right says "Two," so that each gets a different number. When, after a little practice, the circle gets as high as seventy-one, then "Buy one!" "Buy two!" etc., must be used, and for seventy-seven, "Buy! buy!" and so on. If the player whose turn it is to speak delays longer than while any member of the circle can moderately count five, she must pay a forfeit.

"New Magic Music" is another old game with slight additions. Chairs are placed as in the old game, every alternate one facing the opposite way, and one less than there are to be players. Each should be adorned with a tiny bow of red or blue ribbon on the back, alternating the colors, and each player should be presented with a bow to match, the colors being equally divided. The bows should be worn prominently attached to the coat or bodice. The players arrange themselves in file and some one begins to play a lively air upon the piano. Beating time with their hands the players march rapidly around the chairs, until the music suddenly ceases, then there is a mad scramble for the chairs, each player being obliged to take one decorated with his own color. If a wrong seat is chosen a forfeit must be paid. The player who is left without a chair the oftener should be presented with a booby prize.

"Manners" is another popular game. One of the players leaves the room while the others decide upon some adjective or adverb, such as "proud," "stilly," "gay," and so on. On being recalled the player asks any question she wishes for each person in turn, the answer being given in the manner of the word chosen, but not using the word—that is, in a proud manner or gayly as the case may be. This is continued until the word is guessed, or if, after inquiring from each of the players, the right word is not known, a forfeit must be paid, and the game begins again.

A good memory game is called "Suggestions." At least four or five players are necessary, and more if possible, as the more the merrier. All but one sit in a semi-circle, and the one who does not do so sits facing the others and is provided with a pencil and paper. He or she calls upon one of the players—generally the one farthest to the left—for a suggestion. Having received it he jots it down, and asks the next player what that suggestion suggests to him, writes that down, and inquires of the next player what the second suggestion suggests to him, and so on. To explain, the first suggestion might be "Apples." "What do apples suggest to you?" the interlocutor would inquire of the player on the first player's right. "An orchard," he might reply. This to the next player might suggest climbing trees. This again may suggest a "broken head" to the next player, suggesting to the next player "An Irish fair," and naturally from this "St. Patrick," "Snakes," and "The Zoo" would follow. When the suggestions have gone round two or three times or more, according to the number playing, the players all stand up, except the one who has taken notes of the suggestions. He now reads out the last suggestion made, and asks any player what that suggests to him; that player must remember the suggestion before it, out of which it arose; the player next to him must recall the suggestion before that; and so the game works backward to the first. Any player who makes a mistake or fails to remember a suggestion while the note-taker counts ten, sits down and is out of the game, the winner, of course, being the one who remains standing to the end. It adds to the fun if the connection between the suggestions is rather far-fetched, requiring some explanation, although, of course, there must be some connection.

Struck the Real Thing.

"Here's our star half-back laid up with two broken ribs," howled the manager, "and enough internal injuries to keep him in bed for a month."

"Well, I told you to keep him out of all bruising games," snarled the coach.

"It wasn't that. The dura fool had to go and accompany his girl to a bargain sale."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

PEARLS OF THOUGHT.

Vanity is the mother of vice.
Putty and piety are not the same.
The praise of holiness is not its pursuit.
It's your life that lifts the prayer of your lips.
Every good deed helps make a track for others.
The only joy you can keep is that you scatter.
A divine price must be paid for heavenly peace.
The parlor-car church gets hooked on the wrong train.
They who welcome new truth never have to wait long for it.
He who has glial news need not be afraid of making a noise.
It is likely to be the faith more than the food that makes the feast.
Everything that strengthens home ties binds closer Heaven's bands.
Some people buy Bibles for the gilt on them, others for the gold in them.
It is the last resort of weak minds to seek to be interesting through their melancholy.
Dewdrops of piety are very pretty but they evaporate before any thirsty ones get to them.
The great question is not whether you have failed but whether you are content with failure.—Ram's Horn.

WANT AMERICAN HUSBANDS.

Wealthy Foreigners Here Declare They Are the Better Kind.

"While our match-making mamas are doing their best to marry their girls to titled foreigners," said a woman who teaches English to the wealthier members of a certain foreign quarter in New York, "I find that the ambition of the foreign mothers who have come to America is to have their girls marry Americans."

"No, it is not for the sake of any business advantage which might accrue from a thorough knowledge of the language and customs on the part of the husband. All those things they acquire with remarkable rapidity. It is simply because they are impressed with the kindness of the American man in his family relations, his chivalry to women."

"There is the mother of one of my most recent pupils, for example. The family are wealthy foreigners who have been here but six months, and I doubt if they number more than three or four American families among their acquaintances; yet it is already decided that Etelka when she marries must get an American husband. Etelka is only 11, so you can see that the maternal provision is looking far ahead."

"Only the other day Mrs. W. said to me in all sincerity: 'It is my desire—very much—that Etelka should know the little Americans, those of gentle birth, as friends, more than our own people. She is young yet, but the years slip by and when she is 18 and of age to marry, I much hope it will be an American. I will use my influence to have it so. Ah, these Americans! They are so kind to their wives—so gentle! A woman is happy. In our country the men are less kind. My husband now. He is a good man, but vehement. Half I am afraid to invite Americans to our table lest they see how do the foreign men in their homes. If anything goes not just right, ah, such a fuss! No, I look at these American men. It is my desire that Etelka shall marry one.'—New York Press.

When Sala Pulled His Own Nose.

Once on a time, so it is said, the late George Augustus Sala, the distinguished litterateur and journalist, contributed to Punch a burlesque of one of his own articles in some leading magazine. This burlesque was attributed to Burnand, and at one of the "Beefsteak" dinners somebody commented rather severely on what he considered was Burnand's bad taste in cutting up one of his own contributors.

Sala was immensely tickled at the mistake, and with a wink to Burnand promptly evinced to the assembled company every sign of disgust and annoyance at being treated in such a manner. With increasing violence he sprang from the table, and declared in passionate tones that "he'd wring the nose of the man who wrote that burlesque."

Burnand quietly responded, "Well, do so!"

By this time the other guests were very much concerned to put an end to what looked like becoming an ugly fracas, and two or three jumped up with a view of restraining Sala from making an assault on Burnand.

To their amazement and huge amusement, Sala rushed into the middle of the room, and energetically pulled his own prominent feature!

Thawing Frozen Pipes by Electricity.

"Frozen gas and water pipes are responsible for a great amount of damage in our Northern cities," writes George Ethelbert Walsh in the Technical World Magazine. "Charges made by plumbers for thawing frozen water pipes are often as high as \$50, while the cost of thawing frozen gas pipes frequently runs into hundreds. With the new electric thawing apparatus two men can thaw from ten to two hundred pipes in a single day, the cost being from \$1 to \$15 per job."

"About 3000 frozen pipes were thawed out last winter in New Jersey towns lighted by the United Service Corporation and the total gross receipts of the company for this work were \$12,000. Even then the demand was greater than the company could meet, and this winter it has largely increased its facilities."

USE OF SLATE BY ARCHITECTS.

Introduced into Schools as Writing Tablets at Very Early Period.

It is not easy to tell exactly how long a period slates have been used by school boys; but they were used as writing tablets as far back as the Middle Ages, and probably, therefore, they were introduced into the schools of Europe at a very early period in the history of education in this part of the world.

And, indeed, it would be hard to find a more suitable substance for the purpose than the easily flaked stone which yields a smooth surface with a minimum of trouble on the part of the workman. The ancients, as we know frequently employed waxen tablets for the purpose of writing letters or making calculations which were not intended to be permanent, and could easily be erased or smeared out of recognition with the finger. Diligent housekeepers and clandestine lovers found these means of reckoning or communication equally indispensable while, for the man of letters, whether orator or lyric poet, the tablets which were jotted down the heads of a great speech or passionate stanza to some fair lady were almost as necessary as pockets (of which the ancient world knew nothing) to the modern man or boy.

Compared with these perishable materials to memory, the slate was very well lived. For though the name implies a brittle substance easily broken when the line of cleavage is discovered—being equivalent to the "slate"—yet slate does not cope like wax with the application of eraser heat; and even if cracked or fall, might still be used for its purpose so stout enough to stand the test. It is not surprising, therefore, that the slate, when once introduced into school and domestic life, soon became popular.

But slate is also a good roofing material, and has been used for this purpose for eight centuries at least. Tiling, which still holds its own to a large extent, partly on account of the artistic appearance of the modern slated roof, was practically universal in the towns of the world which came under the influence of Greece and Rome. It is interesting to note in this connection that the went on builders reduced the necessity of their slates.

Whether this was due to economy—for heavy slates need have solid timbers beneath them—to other considerations, the fact remains that the slates used in the house of the present day have a very cheap appearance. The difference clearly seen by contrasting the flimsy look of a jerrybuilt suburban with the massive solidity of an slate roofed farmhouse, which weathered the storms of centuries. London Daily Globe.

Family All Work at One Time.

It is not often that a man trades his whole family to one trade, especially when the family is large. It is often that all the members of a family want to work at one thing, particularly when they are about evenly divided as to sex.

The family of Euclid N. Cobb, Monmouth, Warren county, Ill., is striking exception to this rule. There are in Mr. Cobb's family four boys and six girls, and there isn't a member of the family, including the mother and the father, that isn't a buttermaker, and all save the younger, who has not received a full course of instruction, are artists at the work. The latter have a natural inclination for the occupation, and although they are mere children as yet they take to the trade with the same degree of delight that a duck takes to water.

Some of the young men of this famous dairy family are now superintending dairy farms, and others are fitting themselves for the same kind of work. All the ten children have worked or are receiving a thorough common and high school education, and then they are drilled or are being drilled by a no less thorough practice in butter-making. The oldest children learned from the father and mother, others learned from both father and mother and sister and brother, until it has occurred that the whole family has taught one another. Chicago Tribune.

What He Was.

There is a man living in Waterbury, Conn., who is the head of a large family, nearly every member of which is a performer on some kind of a musical instrument.

A Bostonian, who was visiting the house of the Waterbury man, referred to this fact, remarking that it must be a source of great pleasure to the family, but to this observation the father made no reply.

"Really," continued the Bostonian, "it is remarkable. Your younger son is a cornetist, both your daughters are pianists, your wife is a violinist, and I understand, the others are also musicians. Now what are you, the father of such a musical combination?"

"I," replied the old man, sarcastically. "I am a pessimist."—Harper's Weekly.

Nervous Dons.

Some of the Oxford dons have been rather disposed to shake their heads dubiously over the prospect of receiving so many American students into their midst. The fancy that many of us, like the cowboys of the Wild West, might "tote pistols," raise war-whoops in the quads, and "lasso" the gargoyle on the chapels, was a very transient one, if it ever existed.—A Rhoads Scholar in Macmillan's Magazine.

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