

PHI BETA KAPPA'S ROOM.

It Is Formally Opened—Description of the Quarters.

The new room of the Phi Beta Kappa Society in White Hall was formally opened last Saturday evening.

Several members of the Faculty, who act as an Advisory Council for the Society, and members from the Senior and Junior classes were present.

The following note was read from the donor by his representative: "The donor appreciates the vote of thanks tendered him by the Society at their last banquet, would like to be here tonight and know each member individually, hereby presents the room to the Graduate Committee and their successors for the Society, and hopes that good only will come to the Society in its new house."

Professor Arthur M. Wheeler, in making the address of acceptance, said that the donor had done a grand thing for scholars and scholarship at Yale, and that the members with such beautiful surroundings should be stimulated to do in their own way for the College what the donor had done for them. He thought that the Society through its graduate officer and undergraduate society would in time be a channel for a large amount of graduate opinion and criticism, which now has no good way to be really effective among the student body; that the Society in other words, while not getting itself into ill odor as a body of reformers, could in a quiet way stand for and make effective higher laws than are now current in college life, as respecting the use of digests for example and cheating in examinations; and while believing in the old adage he thought that in these days the mind and not the body needed the greatest emphasis at Yale.

All graduates and friends of the University are invited to visit the room during Commencement week and use it as a meeting place, and those who remain faithful to the classics will here find a place to enjoy an hour or two with Homer or Horace or any of their long-tried friends.

The room is situated on the ground floor of White Hall, opposite the offices of the ALUMNI WEEKLY and Yale News. The difficult problem of renovating the room, which was ill suited for its purpose, was put into the hands of Hapgood & Hapgood, architects of Hartford, and the work has been executed by James E. Todd, the New Haven contractor, from their designs, which are purely Grecian in character.

To begin with, the steam pipes near the ceiling were encased in fire proof framing and brought low enough to form alcoves between the lines of piping and the walls. The southeast alcove is made into a cozy corner with a broad window seat. Over this on the south side are book shelves which will hold the Society's library. The general effect of the place as one enters is that of the interior of a Grecian Doric temple, with four columns at the further end supporting an entablature modeled after that of the Parthenon.

The walls are of a soft, rich terra cotta color, forming an admirable contrast to the ivory columns, and an effective background to the pictures. The central panel, however, coming as it does directly behind the president's chair, is not provided with a picture, but is relieved by a correct Grecian cross-tracery in buff, bordered by an interlacing fret in dark brown.

On the right-hand side of the central panel is hung a large sized autotype of the principal group of the Sistine Madonna, flanked on the left-hand side by the Winged Victory of Samothrace. On the west wall of the room are placed, in order, an interior view of the Parthenon looking out on distant mountains to the west, the Shepherdess by Millet, and the Ducal Palace from the Piazzetta. Two platino-types of superb views of Honister Crag and Buttermere in the English Lake Country are set in the southern alcove.

Along the east wall there is a broad oak ledge for writing. The windows which are on the east side are filled with ruffled white glass in Grecian cross-tracery.

The ceiling is relieved by cross beams which continue the Doric lines of the entablature. From the eight central intersections of these ceiling beams de-

pend plain electric globes, mounted on nicely shaped canopies treated with a green patina. The ceiling panels are buff colored, and enriched by echinus borders in terra cotta. The floor, including the speaker's platform, is covered by a Brussels carpet, colored in two shades, tones of terra cotta.

The June "Lit."

The Yale Literary Magazine for June appeared last week with the following contents: Leader—The Lit. English Course, by Isham Henderson, '99. Essays—"A Poet of Young Ireland," by Guy Mortimer Carleton, '99; "Sandro Botticelli," by James Whitney Barney, 1900. Stories—"The Settlement of Peace," by Hulbert Taft, 1900; "With The Dawn," by Samuel Granger Camp, 1900. Poems—"To Alice: On the Death of Lewis Carroll," by Hugh Andrew Callahan, '99; "Traümerei," by Charles Edmund Merrill, Jr., '98. Portfolios—"The Windmills," by Benjamin Burges Moore, '99; "Fifi," by James Whitney Barney, 1900; "A Study in Diplomacy," by Ray Morris, 1901; "Cheese Market at Hoorn," by Ray Morris, 1901; "A Fantasy of the Swiss Village," by Hulbert Taft, 1900. The number also includes the usual departments, the Memorabilia, the Notabilia, Book Notices and Editor's Table.

Announcement of Prizes.

The following announcement of prizes for the College year 1897-1898 was made in the University Bulletin on June 18:

Lucius F. Robinson Latin Prizes, Classes of 1898 and 1899—1st Prize, John F. Flynn, Class of 1899. Class of 1900—1st Prize, Albert W. VanBuren; 2d Prize, Frank E. Hale; 3d Prize, Eugene F. Farley.

Winthrop Prizes, Class of 1899—1st Prize, Arthur W. Lovell; 2d Prize, divided between John F. Flynn and Charles M. Hathaway, Jr.

Scott Prizes, Class of 1899—In German, Francis J. Hall; in French, Charles H. Wagner.

DeForest Mathematical Prizes, Class of 1899—1st Prize, Arthur S. Gale. Class of 1900, 1st Prize, Howard L. Bronson. Class of 1901, 1st Prize, Malvern H. Tillitt; 2d Prize, Owen Crawford and Ralph O. Wells.

Bristed Scholarship—Frank E. Hale, Class of 1900.

C. Wyllys Betts Prize, Class of 1900—Warren S. Thorpe (for meritorious work in the required compositions of the year and in an essay on *The Prose Style of Matthew Arnold*).

Declamation Prizes, Class of 1900—1st Prize, Kenneth Bruce; 2d Prize, Thomas W. Swan.

Woolsey Scholarship, Class of 1901—Alfred P. Wright.

Hurlbut Scholarship, Class of 1901—Howard F. Taylor.

Third Freshman Scholarship, Class of 1901—Lacey D. Caskey.

Berkeley Premiums in Latin Composition, Class of 1901—1st Grade, Lacey D. Caskey, Emerson B. Christie, Edwin H. Tuttle, Arthur J. Young; 2d Grade, Edward B. Adams, Howard F. Taylor, Harry E. Ward, Alfred P. Wright.

To "The Yale."

The following was published in the Indianapolis News, under the title "The Yale." It is from the pen of a member of the Indianapolis Alumni Association:

Paint her blue of deepest hue,
And send her o'er the brine,
With plucky crew of courage true,
Against the Spaniard's line!

Her sides are frail, but she can not fail,
No matter what the game!
Baptized the Yale, how can she quail
Before the smoke and flame?

Her sides are thin, but in war's din
As in the boyish strife,
Yale's pluck will win—to that we pin
Our faith, more dear than life!

Drink to the Yale, for she'll soon sail!
And when war's thunders roll,
She'll hear our hail through wildest gale
Behind the Spaniard's goal!

—Yalensian.

YALE'S IDEAL HERO.

[Continued from 1st page.]

and East Haddam; for it appears that during his brief life everybody had a common feeling towards him. It seems to have been a case where mind and heart and body and character said the same thing. He was five feet and ten inches in height and well proportioned; a full face, light blue eyes, a rosy complexion, brown hair and a bearing that spoke of energy and strength, complete the picture of him so far as we have it. The artist who depicts him must mould a figure of great strength, sweet and resolute and thoughtful, and clothe it with the spirit of heroism.

JOINS THE ARMY.

Before a year had passed news of the battle of Lexington reached New London. The next morning he assembled his pupils, talked and prayed with them, shook each one by the hand and started with his company for Boston. He returned to New London for military duty there—missing Bunker Hill apparently—but, September found him again in Cambridge, where he made a study of his new calling while Washington was besieging Boston. After the evacuation of the city he appeared in New York and bore some part in the disastrous battle of Long Island. The situation required above everything else a full knowledge of the enemy's works and plans,—a spy in short. He must have intelligence as well as courage and be able to talk as well as see.

HALE'S DECISION.

Hale volunteered, but in coming to a decision he encountered several hard questions. Could he overcome the entreaties of his friends? Could he bring himself to play the part of a spy?—a question which he settled in accord with Vattel, of whom he had never heard, and stated in these memorable words; "I wish to be useful, and every kind of service, necessary for the public good, becomes honorable by being necessary." But could he face the almost certain death of shame? His answer was: "I am fully sensible of the consequences of discovery and capture in such a situation."

What strikes one as remarkable in all this is the thorough way in which he thought the whole matter through and grounded his action on sound and accepted principles. There is no bravado, hardly any enthusiasm; only a downright sense of duty.

He received his directions in person from Washington, disguised himself as a schoolmaster, crossed the Sound well up the coast, and found his way into the British Camp in Brooklyn and also in New York, where the army had taken possession the day he left. He incurred no suspicion, made charts, took notes in Latin, and attempted to return as he came, but was recognized and arrested. His papers were found in his shoes, as André six years later had concealed his,—each making the same fatal and easily detected mistake. Gen. Howe ordered his execution the next morning. He was permitted to write letters to his comrades and family, but the executioner tore them up, declaring that "the rebels should never know they had a man who could die with such firmness." He asked for a clergyman and a Bible, but was refused.

THE EXECUTION.

On Sunday morning at day-break, Sept 22d, 1776, he was led out to execution, his hands tied behind his back. His last words were: "I only regret that I have but one life to lose for my country." He was only twenty-one years old. He had everything to live for—home and a sweetheart in Coventry, friends in New Haven and New London and Cambridge and in the army, and life itself—not a thing easily laid down at twenty-one. It was a hard thing to be led out by a squad of soldiers, his hands tied behind him, without a friendly face to look into, without a word of sympathy, and hung upon a tree like a felon;—it was hard, but he did not flinch. Of what did he think? Certainly of home,—the old farm-house in Coventry, the poplars in front, the

well-sweep, the cows waiting for the milking, the household astir for the duties of the day, the father who had sent him to college, the mother and sisters, who had spun and woven the cloth he wore; the sweetheart he was to marry when the war was over; the meeting-house where Dr. Huntington would soon be praying; and he could hear the bell, but it did not seem to be calling the people to church, but to be tolling for his own funeral.

It was hard, but he did not flinch. He thought of other things—duty that makes all things easy, and his country, for which he was glad to die. As his eyes grew dim doubtless the immortal line that he had learned in college mingled with his prayers:

"Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori."

How else should a patriot-scholar die?

Nathan Hale has been singularly overlooked, chiefly because nothing came of his brave effort; it did not enter into the web of events; it was pure failure in the eye of history. Its nobility and sacrificial grandeur have not yet been appreciated. New York City, stirred by the monument erected to André, erected the statue in City Hall Park. Coventry has worthily remembered him. Hartford erected a statue before its Atheneum and the Commonwealth placed one in the State House.

Sympathy and sentiment have passed him by and fastened on André, who is made to pose on the page of history almost as a martyr. Comparison between the two is idle and unkind, but if made it vanishes in the light of their motives and character; comparison is impossible. We like what has been done for André at Tappan, where his monument stands. It is one of the truest signs of nobility to hold generous feelings towards our enemies; there are no enemies when the war is over. We like to hear of sending the captured flags back to the South; such things redeem the curse of war and do honor to human nature. But there are some things we do not like; we do not like to think of a monument to André in Westminster Abbey and none to Hale in New Haven.

It was here he spent four years learning the lessons of patriotism and duty and high-mindedness that taught him to die in a way that made his death of shame a glory and an inspiration.

The Campus is dominated by a worthy statue of Yale's greatest President. There should be one to her ideal hero. Let it stand in the Vanderbilt Court, where the students can see him in the act of becoming poor even unto death if perchance he can make his country rich.

Such a statue ought to be easily secured. If the large balance left from the Yale Cruiser Fund is not required to commemorate some event in the present war, to what worthier use could it be put than to thus remind Yale of the truest hero on her lists, and her most beautiful and precious gift to the country?

Envoy.

TO H. A. B.

The ways of Yale are changed, I trow,
Since you lived in the Old Brick Row;
The worn old fence is gone, and few
The faces that you loved and knew,
The good old days have altered so.

Of course the old fence had to go;
"The College must have room to grow."
But merry yet and strong and true
The ways of Yale.

Tempus mutatur—yes! but tho'
A new Yale greets each winter's snow
We still are loyal to the blue—
You to the old, I to the new,
For each has learned to love and know
The ways of Yale.

C. E. M., Jr. in Yale Courant.

Golf Association Officers.

At a University meeting held on Friday, June 17, for the purpose of electing officers of the Yale Golf Association for the ensuing year, the following men were elected: President, Walter B. Smith, '99; Vice-President, C. A. H. deSautles, '99 S.; Secretary, Edward F. Hinkle, '99; Treasurer, Frederick C. Havemeyer, 1900; Executive Committee, S. A. Smith, '99; J. W. Barney, 1900; T. M. Robertson, 1901, and C. D. Barnes, 1902.