

Boys and Men

A STORY of LIFE at YALE

By RICHARD HOLBROOK (Yale '93)

Second edition, 12mo, \$1.25

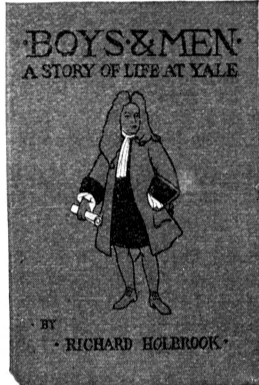
A FEW NOTICES.

"The strength of 'Boys and Men' is largely in its thoughtful representation of the development of boyhood into manhood. . . . Nobody will think the book absolutely correct, for the subject is one on which no two men absolutely agree; but nobody will think it very far wrong. Moreover, nobody will regret reading it, and nobody, for a long time at least, will do the thing better."—*Yale Alumni Weekly*.

"One finds in Mr. Holbrook's story something of that rich exuberance of college life which is the envy of those who have never experienced it, and which forever lingers in the memory of those who have. The chief interest lies in a wholesome enthusiasm that pervades the story, and in the bits of clever dialogue that are truly typical."

—*Chicago Tribune*.

"'Boys and Men,' is a remarkable book in many respects. In the first place, although a Yale book, it is not bound in blue. Secondly, it has a very clumsy title. Thirdly, it is the peer of any college story ever written. . . . Inevitably, a college story must rely for attractiveness upon the author's skill at picturing characters and weaving together some interesting scenes. In this the author of 'Boys and Men' has succeeded splendidly. His pictures of college life are intensely vivid, and the romantic connection between the two heroes and the exquisite heroine, Margaret Glenn, is very cleverly, even dramatically, wrought. It is a pleasure to repeat that 'Boys and Men' is a college story that will be hard to surpass."—*Boston Journal*.



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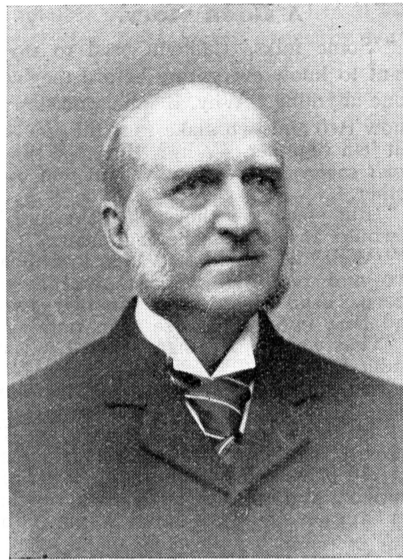
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YALE LITERATURE.

[Continued from page 317.]

one Sabre Calhoun, when they lay out nights on sand or in undergrowth and watched the pole star hopefully."

This is at the end of a good story told in a very choice way by Arthur Colton (Yale '90), who is doing some good literary work. His readers know his style, which is very finished, simple and suggestive; full of meaning and feeling, without saying too much about it. A little allegory called "The Elder's Seat," published a year ago in the *Atlantic Monthly*, is as good an expression of it as could be given. He has



HON. CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW, YALE '50.
Who will succeed himself as a member of the Yale Corporation.

written some verse on the same order.

The story we quoted from is called "Bennie Ben Cree, being the Story of his Adventure to Southward in the Year '62." It is published by the Doubleday & McClure Company. Mr. Colton, as one of his friends has put it, for the first time in his stories, has put action into his writings. He does not let up for a line. In fact it is a good adventure story, well told, not too bald. As to the plot, it is well to read it. Here is the last scene of one of the acts (Dan Morgan, being a happy, fat man and formerly a friend of Bennie's father, who had had much fun out of Bennie, and had often said that Bennie would be the death of him):—"But the strangest sight to me was the six drowned men, lying in the wash, and among them, with his lips pursed out, as if amused and smiling up into the wild sky, that singular man, Dan Morgan. For he looked as if he liked it well enough, lying dead in the wash of the sea, and thought it odd at any rate, that Bennie Cree should have been the death of him."

Bennie Ben Cree is frankly Stevensonian, but Stevensonian with a difference. That "Wizard of the North" and of the Pacific Islands whom we are fond of charging with the burden of the modern romantic school in fiction, might well demur. He might well appeal from the awkward prosing of the historical novel now in vogue, from the skin-deep mediævalism of Hope, Weyman and that ilk, to the jaunty and vigorous narrative, the thrust and parry, the thrill and recoil of a story like *Bennie Ben Cree*. It is not too much to say that this little book might remind him of the very way he clutches you by the throat, to use his own phrase, in "Kidnapped," "The Master of Ballantyne," "A Pavilion on the Links" or "St. Ives."

We quote again: "There is an odd thing about that flag when you meet it on the high seas and the wind is blowing hard, namely, that of all flags I know, it is the most lively, when the wind blows, the most eager and keen, with the stripes flowing and darting like snakes, and the stars seeming to dance with the joy of excitement, so that there is none better to go into battle or come down the street when the fifes are piping ahead. But if you want something to signify peace and quiet, you would be as well off without such bristling stars and fewer stripes, for the stars will leap and the stripes show their energy whenever the wind blows."

But *Bennie Ben Cree*, though strenuous like Stevenson, is exquisite like Hawthorne. The picture of the death chamber, with the face upon the pillow

and the white window curtain blowing in, never could have come from the impassioned, restless spirit who gave us those tales of hair-breadth 'scapes, of danger and cool nerves; and if we are to match it we must search Hawthorne narrowly for those most delicate and sequestered passages which an unobservant eye skims over.

After all comparison there remains the individual value, but faintly suggested in these critical terms. It is a fair promise of a new figure in our literature, of a mind of unusual fibre, which seems at last to be mastering its modes of expression.

The "Yale Record."

The *Yale Record* has always been considered good, even by the critics. It is not well to compare it with similar publications in other Universities, but Yale has never felt any occasion to regret any such comparison. Of course, it varies a great deal. But the general tone is healthy. The record of the last ten years, since the *Record* was reorganized and materially advanced, has shown some excellent names like Crosby, Atterbury and Barber, while every Board has had its good men. Nineteen Hundred and One promises at least to keep the standard well up. When in good order, as it seems to be now, the *Record* reflects a side of college life which is delicious. The paper circulates not a little among graduates and they would doubtless take it more if it were more often brought to their attention. We are pleased to add, in behalf of this cheerful contemporary, that a communication to the Business Manager, *Yale Record*, New Haven, will receive the best attention, and an enclosure of two and forty hundredths dollars will bring definite and pleasant results, every other week the year round.

The Scientific Monthly.

The *Scientific Monthly* is seeking to still further strengthen its hold upon its constituency, both undergraduate and graduate. It keeps within the plan of its purpose, the printing of scientific articles for its main contents, with comment and chronicle of scientific matters and scientific men for its departments. It intends to hold up a high standard of contributions and to make itself a valuable aid to men in scientific work, as well as a means of keeping men in close connection with the School. To this end it seeks the coöperation of an increased number of graduates, whom it feels it can interest and who, in turn, can help to make the *Monthly* stronger. The new Board has taken hold with the new number. The contents of the latter include an article on "Forests and Forestry in the United States," by Stuart Hotchkiss; "Solar Eclipses," by R. M. Chamberlin; "The Effects of Sugar on Muscular Activity," by W. T. Hartmann, and a paper on "Explosives," by G. H. Cressler.

To College Writers.

This good word is given to college writers in the April *Yale Lit.*:

"If one's creation be not a part of oneself, it can have no artistic value whatsoever. It is simply a meaningless set of colors or chords or words. This element of personal feeling is almost everywhere lacking in our college art; and it is this personal element which our writers must cultivate. In their stories, they must themselves experience the feelings of their characters: they must themselves be affected by the phase of life they seek to represent. And in the same way, in their essays they must not merely give a correct account of their subject's life and a pains-taking synopsis of his work. For this is only the inartistic veracity of the photographer or the encyclopedist. Each essay must reflect the purely personal and deeper meaning which his subject has for the writer. For it must be remembered that no one, save the pedagogue, reads a veritable work of literary art for the facts it contains. That would be like going to an art gallery where "The Angelus" was exhibited for the purpose of finding out what a French peasant looked like. Nay, surely, there can be none of us so blind as not to realize that a book, just like a painting or a piece of music, is naught but a key to unloose the bonds with which the necessary commonplaces of daily life have repressed our inner and higher selves."