

VERY SECRET, THESE HALLS

TWO SPLENDID NEW FRATERNITY BUILDINGS AT YALE—THE BOOK AND SNAKE AND THE TOMBS.

Two new society halls have been added to the already long list at Yale. Both of the new halls, while built by Sheffield Scientific School societies, have followed out the plan of the academic department, and are tightly sealed and windowless structures, built of the most "secret" type. The more imposing of these two new buildings is that of Book and Snake, one of the leading Sheffield School fraternities. The other is known as the Tombs, and deserves its name. Both structures are a departure for the scientific school, that has up to now built its society halls after the Harvard model, planning to have roomy, open clubs rather than sealed up buildings. Both halls are among the finest and the most remarkable at Yale, and have received much attention since they were erected this fall.

Book and Snake chose for their site the corner of Grove and High sts. on the square diagonally opposite the fine senior society building of Scroll and Key. It is an immense marble building, built closely on Greek lines, and is said to be the purest copy of the Greek that exists in this country to-day. It stands on the same block with the mammoth new dining hall, and its doors open on the entrance to the Grove Street Cemetery, which is itself a sample of pure Egyptian. The Book and Snake house is by all odds the handsomest and most costly of all Yale private structures. There is not a single slit or window in its massive white walls, and its roof is solid also, not a ray of sunlight entering through any part of the walls or roof. Yet during the daytime it is richly flooded with sunlight, by means of a unique arrangement. A marble shaft has been sunk in the yard which is open to the sunlight. At the bottom are fixed mirrors that reflect the sunlight into the building through the floor, filling the great structure with light all day. It is said to be the only contrivance of the kind in the country, and is attracting much notice from architects.

The Tombs stands in Temple-st., south of Grove-st., and is much simpler in architecture. Its side walls are of brick, but the front is in the most ancient of Egyptian styles. The massiveness of the ornamentation on the front makes a striking appearance.

The building of these two society halls has raised much comment at Yale, where there has been lately a movement for clubhouses instead of the time honored secret society halls. Yale undergraduates, however, cling to the old style of society hall building, and the two latest additions to the list seem to show that the clubhouse idea has not yet become popular.

THE ADVENTURES OF ALEXANDER.

MISFORTUNE PURSUED HIM TILL IT LANDED HIM AT PACKING CROCKERY.

When his godfathers and his godmothers in his baptism named him Alexander they prepared an unending jest for his future friends. Any one more unlike the conquering hero could hardly have been imagined. From his earliest years he was the butt and toy of fortune; but it may be added that he bore his troubles with more cheerfulness than his royal namesake did his triumphs. He never wept over any of them, but presented a smiling face to tell of one mishap after another. He was an overgrown East Side boy, towering inches above even moderately tall men, yet with a face so singularly child-like that to meet it after travelling up his long form gave one quite a shock.

"I was always in trouble," explained Alexander one day in a confidential mood. "I think de reason is, when I was a little boy I ran under a wagon and I thought I was from under it before I was and raised me head. What a bump I did get, for sure! Nothing ever went right after dat. Why, one day I didn't have no shoes on and I see a barrel in de street and tried to jump over it—me wid me long legs what jumps anything—and I fell right into de barrel. I did."

He looked up, not for sympathy, but merely for an expression of interest. When this was forthcoming, he added, musingly, as if it was only what might have been expected: "De barrel was full of broken glass, too. Gee! Cut myself all up."

The same fatality which made Alexander choose a barrel of glass for his gymnastic feats followed him everywhere. His big, mild eyes looked out with friendliness on everything that had life, so one day on spying a crowd in a small East Side park he went over to offer his assistance should it be needed. On the topmost branches of a tree was a kitten which had fled thither in the excitement of escaping from a dog and now lacked the courage to descend. It had been there all day and mewed piteously. Alexander's soul was moved. He insisted, against the advice of others, on climbing the tree, and succeeded in reaching the limb on which pussy was crying. He crept out carefully, and then in his own words, "W'at d'you t'ink? Dat cat let out and give me a scratch for fair, I tell you. I was so surprised and de limb was so risky anyhow dat I jes' grabbed dat cat and tumbled down, cat and all, she a-scratching for all she was wort'. Gee! I was lame!"

Alexander, with the best intentions in the world, could never keep a place. He was apprenticed to a plumber, but the things he did to

the pipes defy description. He went into a chocolate factory and upset a huge cauldron of the stuff all over himself and was "fired" in a double sense. Some man who was unacquainted with his past history employed him to watch a dynamo. It blew up the first day, because Alexander "didn't do noting but turn a little wheel—honest now!" His career as janitor ended after he had accidentally flooded the house with water from a fire hose which he turned on and couldn't turn off again. His friends, who were attached to him and revelled in his dialect, gave him odd jobs which resulted in the chimney catching fire or in cabs and messengers dashing up to the house by reason

THE BOOKBINDER'S ART.

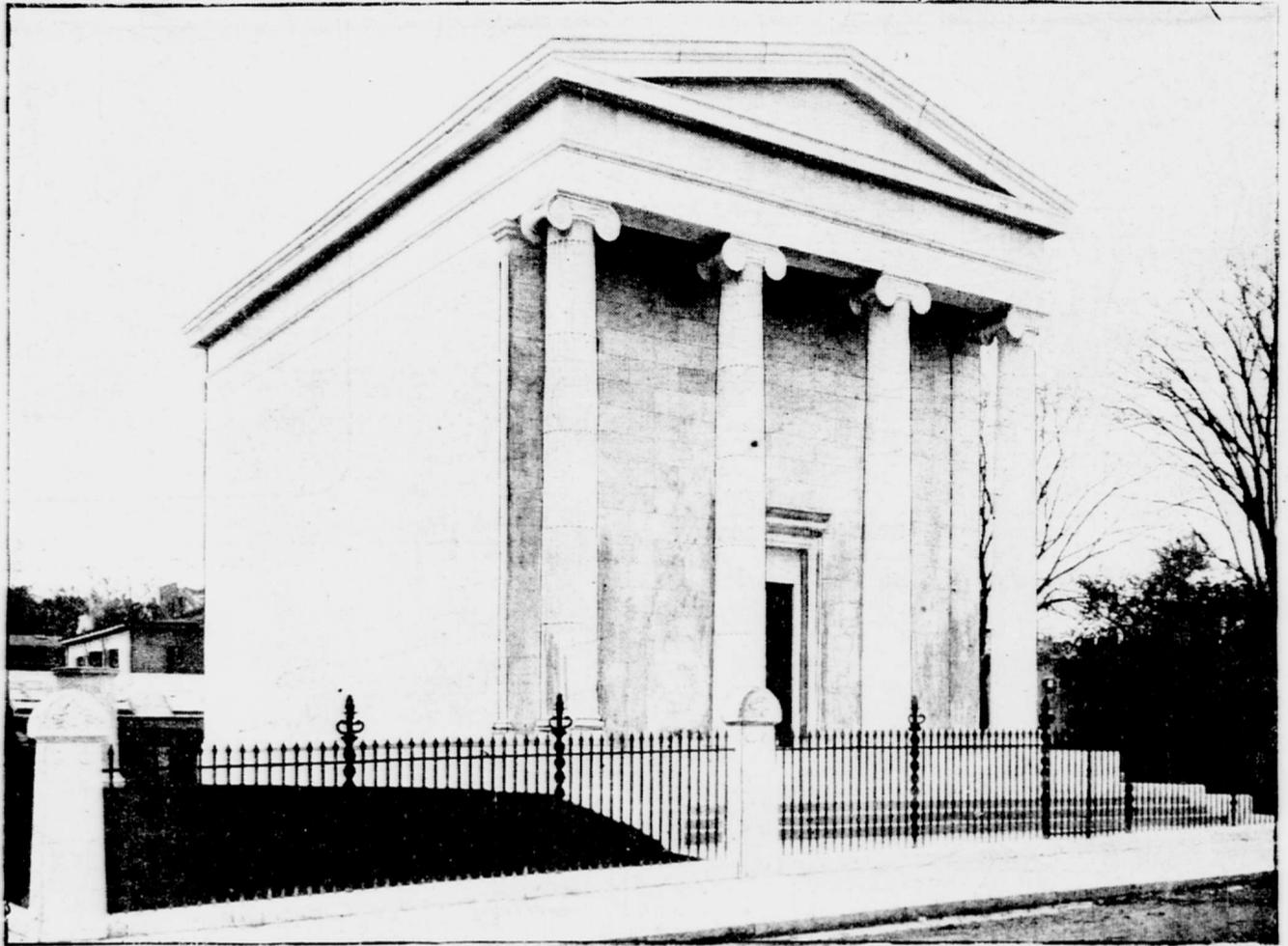
FINE SPECIMENS NOW ON EXHIBITION OF AMERICAN AND FOREIGN WORK.

The exhibition of fine books and artistic bindings which is held every year at the Bonaventure Galleries usually attracts much attention, and people who are interested in that branch of art are always amply repaid for time spent among these literary treasures and examples of the binder's art. The exhibition this year is larger than any one of the nine shows which preceded it, and contains specimens of

arabesque pattern in gold on the edges. The doublure is of full morocco, tooled in harmony with the cover.

Among the notable books is a history of Edgar Allan Poe, by Charles Baudelaire, with extra illustrations, bound by Chambolle-Duru in plain black crushed levant morocco. The doublure is olive green morocco with a mosaic pattern, in which black bats are the conspicuous feature.

A "Cyrano de Bergerac," bound by David, is devoid of all decoration on the red morocco cover. But the inside of the cover of olive green morocco is highly decorated with an elaborate gold border and lyres at the four corners, and a mosaic composed of a plumed hat and crossed



THE BOOK AND SNAKE HALL.
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of Alexander having pressed some buttons. Then for a long time he did not appear, and it was supposed that he had blown himself into such small pieces that nobody had imagined that a man had been anywhere near the disaster. One day, however, a friend met him, smilingly cheerful as ever, on the street:

"Hello, Alexander. What are you doing now?"
He grinned from ear to ear. "Got a good job this time, sure. Ain't been fired for three months. I'm working for Jones & Jones."
"That's good; what are you doing that you like so much?"
"Oh, I'm packing crockery," said Alexander.

the best works of Canapé, Chambolle-Duru, Adam, David, Gruel, Mercier, Riviere, Stikeman, Zähnsdorff, Lewis and Zahn.

There are also a number of tiny books in silk bindings. The embroidered patterns resemble imitation bits of antique tapestry.

Among the American binders Stikeman is the most prominent. One of his contributions is a volume of Tennyson's poems from the Yale press. This is bound in red morocco, with a tooled border of grotesque design in gold and an inside cover of the same design. Another Tennyson, first edition, is bound by Zähnsdorff in brown levant morocco, with an elaborate

foils forms an effective centrepiece. Another binding by David is William L. Andrews's "Art of Bookbinding." The book contains pictures in colors of rare bindings, and David chose one of these, by Maioli, as his model. The design is four strands interlaced in a geometrical pattern.

"An Impartial History of the War in America," published in London in 1780, containing portraits and maps, is bound by Tuffin. On the green morocco cover there is a full length figure representing an officer in the Continental army, carved in high relief on brown leather. The same binder is represented by a volume of Shakespeare's poems in black morocco, having on the front a deep panel, in which a carved portrait of Shakespeare by Pomey has been set.

A "Life of Meissonier," extra illustrated with rare plates of his works and portraits, has been handsomely bound by M. O. Gréard in full red morocco. The inside of the cover is green morocco, with a pattern of flowers inlaid in red and olive and bordered with gold. A volume of ballads and lyrics, bound by Schleuning and Adams, is among the American works. The whole collection is of a superior order, and will be viewed with pleasure by lovers of the binder's art.

A GREEN TURTLE FARM.

From The Royal Magazine.
In these go ahead days we are getting accustomed to municipal enterprise in almost every shape and form, but it is not generally known that among the various enterprises worked by the British Government is that of turtle farming, carried on at Ascension Island. The island is specially suited for this purpose, as, despite its close proximity to the equator, the temperature is low and the atmosphere healthy on account of the prevailing southeasterly trade winds. January in each year sees the beginning of the turtle season, which does not, as a rule, last more than three months. All turtles caught at Ascension Island are the property of the crown, and are only sent to England and other places for disposal as directed by the Admiralty, in whose hands the government of the whole island practically rests. The particular species which favors Ascension with its visits is the "Chelonia viridis," or green turtle. This, as may be supposed, is the turtle from whose green fat and portion of the fins that particular brand of soup is made which is proverbially associated with the banquets of London's civic dignitaries. It is wholly for its value as an edible commodity that the turtle farms are carried on, as the shell, unlike that of the tortoise, is of no commercial value.

To test the statement made about the turtles' habit of returning to the island year after year, one was once thrown overboard near Honolulu, with the date and location of the throwing cut on the back. Three years and two months afterward this turtle was "turned up" at Ascension, having travelled over fifteen thousand miles. More recently still another was thrown overboard in the English Channel, and was caught again at Ascension within six months.



THE TOMBS.

A new fraternity house at Yale that deserves its name.