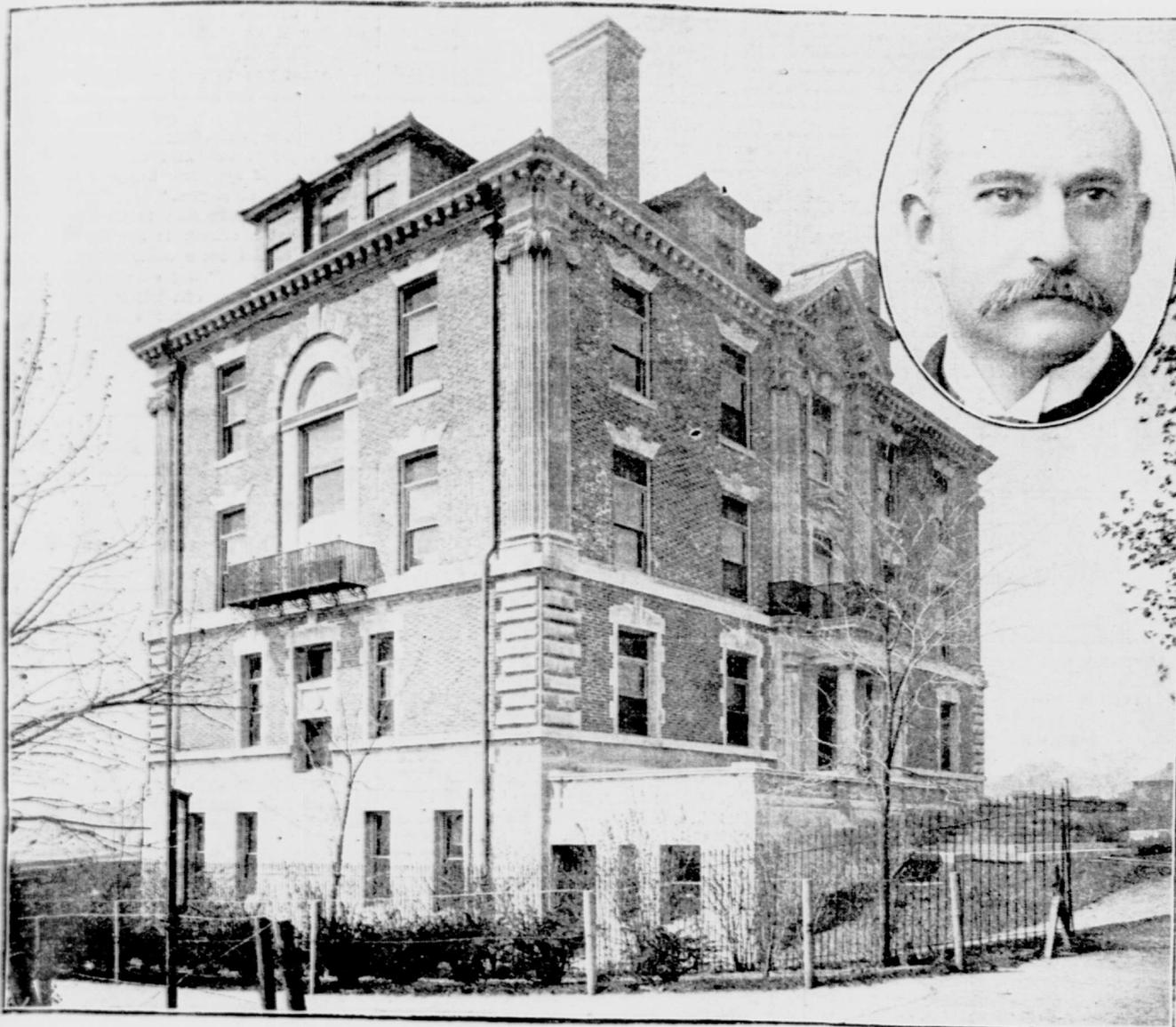


SOME HARVARD MEN DON'T THANK JAMES STILLMAN FOR HIS GIFT TO THE UNIVERSITY OF AN INFIRMARY

JAMES STILLMAN



HARVARD'S NEW COLLEGE HOSPITAL, THE STILLMAN INFIRMARY.
Given by James Stillman, the New-York banker.

are to learn. When they get to be fifteen years old they are not so bright, and after that it is hard work teaching them anything. I have regular classes with the elite ladies of the district, some of whom are quite wealthy, according to local standards, and after the lessons they play their guitars, which they do, like all the Spanish people, with peculiar musical ability.

THE HARVARD HOSPITAL.

STUDENTS HAVE BETTER CARE IN ILLNESS THAN HERETOFORE, BUT LESS CHANCE TO GET HOME.

Cambridge, Mass., Oct. 25 (Special).—Harvard has had many beautiful new buildings within the past few years, but none that is handsomer or serves a more noble purpose than does the Stillman Infirmary, presented to the university by James Stillman, of New-York, and opened for the first time this fall.

The infirmary gives Harvard what she has wanted for a long time and what few other colleges in the country to-day possess—a magnificent, thoroughly equipped hospital of her own. It is as complete in every respect as the best hospital in the country, and easily superior to anything owned by any other university. No expense has been spared in equipping it and it stands to-day as one of the best buildings that the college owns.

Two things, however, were not taken into consideration by the generous donor when he presented the infirmary to the university; and it is likely that he would smile if he knew half the trouble he had brought upon certain members of the faculty and of the undergraduate body. The two difficulties are these—the hospital lacks an endowment, being like an engine without steam; and in the second place it thwarts the schemes of students who under the old regime were able to visit home, friends and sweethearts under the pretence of being ill.

The first of these obstacles is not a serious one, for some one is almost sure to come forward soon with the necessary gift.

The second thing that Mr. Stillman forgot to take into consideration is of far more moment—at least so far as some students are concerned. As things have stood, sickness has always been an admirable excuse for temporary leave of absence from the university. Then the undergraduate whose sweetheart was home from Vassar for a few days immediately signed off at the office on account of sickness, and the man who wanted to get home to New-York for a few days worked the same plea.

The ease with which such ruses could be worked depended entirely upon the medical system at Harvard. Dr. Bailey, the college medical adviser, is not a disciplinarian in any sense of the word. His office is simply to advise the students concerning their health, and if they are clever enough to fool him it is certainly no fault of his. The trouble, in many cases, is that the student looks upon Dr. Bailey as a man vested with authority and consequently to be shunned.

One man, for instance, signed off at the college office on account of a bad cold. Dr. Bailey heard of it and went to make him a call—not as a spy for the office, but to see if he could help the student in any way. The student was reading in his window seat as the doctor came down the hall, but, catching sight of the well known figure through the corridor, he sprang for his bedroom door. Over his roommate's bed he jumped and into his own; and just as the doctor entered the room he pulled the sheets over his head. When Bailey examined him he found a flushed face and an extremely high pulse. He immediately ordered the student home, saying that he had a bad fever and that college was no place for him. With the new hospital there will be no need for deceptions of this kind. Sickness in the future will not mean a visit home, but a trip to the infirmary, and that is just the thing the student will wish to avoid.

Sickness under the old regime also meant all sorts of hardships and discomforts. Almost all of the college rooms are heated by grate fires alone, and in winter, even with storm windows and heaping beds of coals, it is almost impossi-

Yale men in the islands, in this city, show how the Yale teachers are living. Says one of the Yale men in writing home:

The first impression which I received on reaching my district was a mighty unfavorable one as far as school teaching went. All of us American college fellows were distributed throughout the towns, where we were all usually the only Americans in the place. What schools there were had natives for "maestros," and these (they were equally divided among young men and women), were, on the whole, ignorant, and unable to get out of their ruts. In the school where I was placed, for instance, I had several experiences right away that showed me the difference between a fagged-out Spanish civilization and what I had been accustomed to in America. The native teachers were hopelessly ignorant, I was going to say illiterate. When I first talked with my assistant—a dandy young fellow who paid more attention to his patent leather shoes, white cotton suit and long finger nails than he did to his own education—I found that he was unable to answer even simple questions in arithmetic or geography. A map was a puzzle to him. My first assistant was just like all the rest I have known since, and he could not point out any country of Europe on the map or tell even where his own town was situated. Instead of jumping right into the education of the school children I had to begin with the teachers, and all of the fellows say that the normal schools for teachers they have carried on have had to come first.

Says another letter:

I found out pretty soon that in the more remote of the American school districts, in one of which I was located, a fellow has got to be all kinds of a man at once. I have been called in to settle family disputes even and smooth over difficulties between husbands and wives. That is ticklish business sometimes. Then again I have had to get my gun and turn soldier and lead the natives against some thieves from the mountain districts. But the funniest experience I have had was to be called in as a doctor. The fellow had a fever, and as I was trying pretty hard to keep on the right side of the natives I had to accept an invitation to cure him. What I don't know about medicine hasn't yet been written, but I looked the man over and shook my head wisely about a dozen times and told him "to keep on with his present treatment." In about a week the old fellow came around cured, for which I was duly grateful to Providence. But that sort of a thing is rare, as we school teachers have about all we can do to manage our schools without dabbling in the sciences.

In this letter the writer suggests some things for an American school teacher to bring with him:

You want warm clothes, for in the cold nights you need to sleep under two blankets. Bring an encyclopedia with you, a Spanish dictionary, two years' supply of light underclothes, half a dozen pairs of white canvas shoes, canvas leggings, woollen clothes for cold weather and \$100 in cash. You don't need to know Spanish, as the natives generally use their own language, which you can learn after a while. The college men who come out here ought to be of the rough and ready kind, equal to emergencies, polite in their relations with the natives and willing to overlook the weaknesses of the people. The fellow who is afraid of work had better stay at home.

An interesting phase of the Yale experiment in sending students as teachers to the Philippines lies in the unusual success which has come to Frederick Douglas Bonner, Yale '01, a colored graduate of this city. Bonner was a high stand man in his class, and has already made a signal success of his work in the Philippines. Captain Lowe, of this city, stationed at Lubig, province of Zambales, Luzon, in which town Mr. Bonner took a school, recently said,

while home on a visit, that Bonner's school was regarded by Superintendent Atkinson, of the Philippines school system, as "the best in the islands." And this was partly because of the color of the teacher. "The Filipinos are all dark," said Captain Lowe, "and are a little distant to white men. A colored teacher with an American college education is bound to meet with great success in the islands. It is a great opportunity for the college bred American negro."

Mr. Bonner's letters home are of unusual interest in their detail of the life of the Yale teachers in the Philippines. In them he says:

The two pictures which I send show me with my school and the kind of a house we American teachers live in. It is one of the very best houses in the town. It is a "Nipa Shaka" house, with a bamboo floor built three feet above the ground on account of the rains. My furniture is bamboo also. The house has five large, airy rooms and is quite swell; it is considered "mucho bueno." I have for servants a cook and a boy ("mucha cho"), who is one of my best pupils. The cook is a necessary ornament, as he can buy cheaply in the market. My living expenses are little, as the native land owners, who are very friendly, bring me oranges from their groves, bananas, coconuts, chocolate, rice and crabs, and all of these things are to be found in great profusion all around here. From the front of my house I can see wild game every day on the mountains and even close to the village. I have often counted as many as a hundred deer right around here. Subig is a port and the ocean lies close to the town.

My daily life is full of occupation with my teaching. Besides my school, which now consists of one hundred and twenty scholars, I have taken a normal school class evenings, and twice a week I have visits from the chief native dignitaries who want lessons in English. I was surprised to find how quick the little Filipinos

YALE GRADUATES WHO WENT OUT TO TEACH THE FILIPINOS.



They are (1) Paul T. Gilbert, '01, of Cincinnati; (2) F. D. Bonner, '01, of New-Haven; (3) F. R. Ryan, '01, of New-Haven; (4) B. F. Ames, '01, of Albany; (5) C. T. Terry, '01, of Milan, Italy; (6) E. E. Tredway, '01, of Gloversville, N. Y.

(Photographs by Pach.)