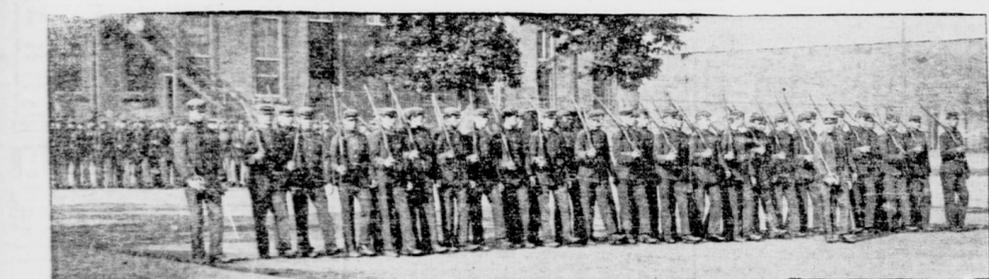


HOUSE OF REFUGE TO MOVE FROM RANDALL'S ISLAND.

WORK CARRIED ON BY THIS INSTITUTION FOR REFORMATION OF JUVENILE DELINQUENTS.

The days of the old House of Refuge on Randall's Island are numbered. Owing to the action of the Assembly this year in authorizing the selection of a site in the country within a radius of fifty miles of New-York City, where better classification of the inmates could be had, the old, vine-clad buildings which have had a part in the lives of more than thirty thousand boys will, in the course of two or three or four years, either be razed or given over to some other use.

Some of the designers are able to earn \$15 to \$18 a week. Every incentive is given the boys to become interested in the institution and in the accomplishment of something worth while. Those whose conduct and work have been such as to earn favorable marks for two consecutive months are promoted to the "honor class." Blue ribbons indicating this distinction fluttered all over the parade ground the other afternoon when an exhibition drill was given. Judging from one of the incidents of the exhibition, not all of the ribbons belonged to the wearers.



HOUSE OF REFUGE BOYS AT DRILL.

view the old buildings with the same sensations that an old "wad" goes back to his alma mater at commencement time, to sit on the fence about the campus once more.

From time to time Omar V. Sage, the superintendent, is approached by men who ask if they may see the building and the grounds. If asked their reason, they explain that they are greatly interested in the work done by the House or in the school, and would like to see how it is conducted.

Recently a man who had passed the meridian of life, and certainly looked as if life had not been a failure in any sense of the word, went over to the island on the tug which, in the command of a patriarchal pilot with flowing beard, vees the placid waters of the Harlem every fifteen minutes, and walking across the fresh green lawn to the wide portal of the triple domed building, asked for the superintendent.

MAY FINISH MOROCCO.

The Perdicaris Kidnapping Seems France's Opportunity.

With a formidable American fleet lying off Tangier and the State Department actively working for the release of the American citizen, Ion Perdicaris, whose kidnapping by the Morocco rishmen some weeks ago, has become a matter of international concern, it is expected that there will be no ground for the criticism of the lack of variety and quantity in the food and quality of the clothing which cropped out last year, resulting in two investigations and the decision to remove the institution elsewhere.

HOW TO MAN THE ARMY.

Continued from first page.

which I have referred above, is shown by its recently announced determination for a wholesale reduction of the militia and volunteer contingents, and the commission has merely acted in accordance with the ideas of the administration in recommending the raising by conscription of a force of about 350,000 men for home defence, with twelve months' continuous service with the colors, followed by a few weeks' attendance at the manoeuvres during the two or three years afterward, pointing out that it would cost considerably less than the present militia system.

The officers of the English militia as now constituted are a fine body of men, being as a rule composed of country gentlemen devoted to sports, but who do not possess sufficient military experience to impart any adequate training to the men under their command during the few weeks that they are with the colors each year. The rank and file, I am sorry to state, are composed of the very scum of the male population. For, of course, the better class of those willing to enlist enter the regular army, and it is only what remains that takes service in the militia. The estimation in which the latter is held by the masses is best told by the story of the old woman in some county town, who, being brought before the bench of magistrates and duly sentenced for some trifling offence, addressed the presiding magistrate, a colonel of the militia, to the effect that it was true that her husband had been hanged, that her only

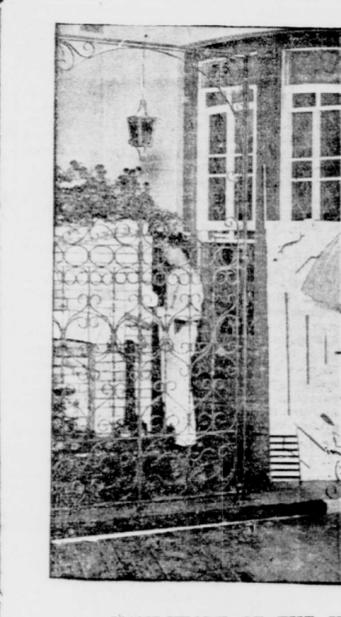
son was doing time in a penitentiary and that her daughter had run away with an ex-convict. But she added, with the most withering sarcasm, "Thank the Lord, I never had a relation in the militia!" Another characteristic story, which is likewise told of the militia, is to the effect that on one occasion a couple of detectives from Scotland Yard appealed to the commanding officer of a regiment for permission to attend his inspection of the corps, as they had reason to believe that a criminal for whom they were searching had taken refuge in its ranks. The colonel readily complied, and told the two detectives to follow him up and down the line. They eyed each man narrowly, and finally stopped with a rather puzzled expression on their faces, at the extreme end of the right wing, before an elderly man with several stripes of long service and good conduct on his arm. "Why, surely," whispered the colonel, "you have got nothing against that man. He is one of the veterans of the regiment. What makes you look at him so hard?" "Why, sir," replied one of the detectives, "it is just because he is the only man of the entire regiment whom we don't happen to know."

The rank and file of the volunteers are infinitely superior, consisting mainly of young men of the upper and lower middle classes, possessed of education, fond of sport, and glad to devote some of their spare time to soldiering. Their military training amounts to about a fortnight or so in the year, and, while some of them are splendid shots, they cannot be regarded as a properly trained military force. Their officers, I may add, instead of being country gentlemen and men of wealth and leisure, as in the militia, are more often merchants and shopkeepers, and of an inferior social status, therefore, to the holders of commissions in the regular army and militia, a fact which they are made to feel cruelly.

The English government will not be obliged to appeal to Parliament to secure the enactment of



HANDWORK OF THE HOUSE OF REFUGE BOYS.



MAP OF MOROCCO AND ALGIERS.

Morocco does to the western Conditions strongly resembling those in Morocco at the present time existed in Tunis in 1881. Suddenly and without European warning a French army crossed the frontier from Algeria and a fleet anchored in the harbor of La Golette, the port of Tunis. Since then France has occupied Tunis, according to the local Bey only nominal authority. Under a similar pretext, for the Italians accused the French of fomenting the disturbance and then using it as an excuse for their action, it has been believed in the chancelleries of Europe for years that France would some day occupy Morocco. Now that the Anglo-French convention has removed the objection of Great Britain, the Perdicaris incident may lead to a similar expedition.

AT GARDEN CITY, LONG ISLAND.

Garden City, Long Island, June 4 (Special).—Not for some years have so many well known people been stopping here as this week. Almost all the desirable rooms have been taken at the Garden City Hotel for the remainder of the season.

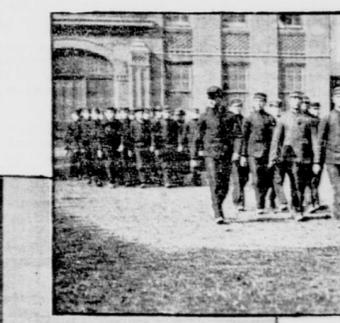
Interest among the lovers of outdoor sports has been centred in the polo tournaments. The events were the finals for the Meadow Brook Cups and the crack four of the Meadow Brook first team were pitted against the crack four of the Country Club of Westchester, who, by the repeated aggressive work of the Long Island team, were finally compelled to lower their colors by 2½ goals to 8.

The commencement exercises of the Cathedral School of St. Mary's for Girls, which is attached to the Long Island Episcopal Diocese, will be held on June 7, and that of St. Paul's, for boys, on June 10.

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HOUSE OF REFUGE BOYS ANSWERING THE DINNER CALL.

room on the Columbia campus, the sound of male voices joined in a chant of exhorting pathos is sure to penetrate it.

An unflinching symptom of the parting close at hand is the air of gloom which pervades the week before his farewell remarks a popular professor is applauded whenever he stops to take breath. No amount of frowns or pleading at the end of the hour can keep the class from giving three cheers for their favorite which fairly make the doors rattle.

The Barnard seniors are less explosive in sentiment. They show no signs of emotion until the instructors remind them that their next meeting will be at the final examinations. At this a neat, well ordered clapping goes the rounds, and a long line forms before the professor's desk, where each student awaits his turn to murmur shamefacedly how much she has enjoyed the course.

In the middle of May come two weeks of examinations, when the air is tense with subdued excitement and there is little noise on the "Acropolis of New-York." In the library are gathered pale, perspiring students, cramming for the ordeal. Seniors are "crawling" with apprehension, as Mulvaney would say, when they think of the possible disgrace of being plucked at the last moment.

Memorial Day farewells dinners and luncheons are held by the graduating classes, generally in some hotel, where even the waiters grin at the old college jokes and "grinds" which are raked up and applauded for the last time.

It is a college tradition that on the morning of class day a baseball match shall be played between the faculty and the seniors of Columbia. It is very kind of the faculty to immortalize themselves in this way, since they almost always get beaten, and must suffer muscular pains for a week afterward. One eminent member of the department of classical philology plays every year, though he is afraid of the sight of a ball. When he holds the bat he squats close to the ground until the ball has passed safely over his head, after which he rises and assumes once more a sportsmanlike attitude. However, the faculty have ardent backers in the Barnard students, who cheer for them, not for the seniors.

Class day is now a separate occasion from commencement proper. In the beginning of the whole ceremony, in the good old days described by Mark Twain in "Tom Sawyer," commencement exercises began with recitations, like "Give Me Liberty or Give Me Death," and ended with "original compositions" on the subject of "Friendship," "Memories of Other Days," etc. But there is a marked tendency nowadays to do away with sentimentality, and Columbia substitutes for that quality a scathing wit, which plays over the members of the class relentlessly.

To be sure, the exercises begin sedately enough with the salutatory address, the valedictory, and displays some of the old traditional pompousness in his miniature baccalaureate sermon on the benefits of education, and the poet contributes a dash of sentimentality in his familiar refrain of "Farewell, Columbia, farewell." But the characteristic note of the entertainment is struck by the class humorist, the presentation orator.

This is the student orator, the member of the class an alleged appropriate gift, accompanied by a witicism on the victim's personal peculiarities. Sometimes the wit of the presentation orator holds up a senior with some prominent foible to be an object of derision to the audience, and his sunts, cousins and non-related worshippers wince for him as he receives the gift with a brave attempt to grin.

But as a rule the jokes are harmless and good natured, such as hanging on the tallest boy in the class a sign reading, "My mother washed me with Wool Soap," and on the shortest boy the sign, "I wish mine had."

Class statistics are another source of mirth. A vote is cast by the seniors as to which of their number is the most popular, the worst tempered, the best dressed, the greediest, the luckiest, and so on, through dozens of fantastic characteristics. Imagine the feelings of a proud mother who has brought her friends to observe the triumphant graduation of her "Jimmy," who has had "ever so many honors thrust upon him," when she hears that by a unanimous vote of the seniors "Jimmy" has been named the most conceited man in his class.

Of course, there is yip tree and yip planting on class day, which is frequently yip over little yip in the grass, bearing the inscription, "Planted by the class of —." In most cases the inscriptions outlive the yew, which dies early, as the result of hasty planting.

Barnard and Columbia, being, as very Barnard and Columbia student will eagerly assert, "entirely different colleges," hold separate class days. But as many of the faculty and friends of the university attend the festivities of both institutions, the presentation orators from each college used to hold a consultation over the "grinds" in order that there might be no repetition of jokes. But now they consult no more, and this is the reason why:

Some years ago a Barnard and a Columbia senior were frequently seen walking together. When class day drew near, the Columbia presentation orator told the orator of Barnard that he was going to present the friendly Columbia senior with a couple of spoons. The Barnard orator turned pale. "Please, please don't!" she said. "It would be dreadful to have such a thing referred to." The Columbia orator felt that he had been on the edge of a moral precipice, and promised that he would omit the

COLUMBIA'S COMMENCEMENTS.

THEY HAVE A HUMOROUS AS WELL AS A PICTURESQUE AND AN IMPORTANT SIDE.

Now is the hot and humid time of year when thousands of fond relatives flock to see their young folks enduring the peculiar joy of commencement, which, as every one knows, is an occasion of importance almost equal to baptism or marriage. Of all the ceremonies of this kind that take place in New-York, the one managed by Columbia University is perhaps the most imposing. The participants range from the callow undergraduate to the venerable statesman or scientist who receives an honorary degree, and include candidates from "the three sexes—men, women and school teachers." On one day President Butler turns out enough doctors, lawyers, engineers, architects and instructors to enlighten a new continent.

The signs of commencement at Columbia begin about May 1, when the seniors of Barnard, Columbia and Teachers College don their academic suits of solemn black, and solemnly endure their gowns and mortarboards throughout the hottest days of the term. Whoever instituted this custom has been cursed by many a self-conscious boy as he writes under the jeers of the lower class men, who call out across the campus, "Hi, Bill! Hold up the train!" Some youths bear their gowns with an air, striding haughtily across the campus with one hand on hip to display the end of pointed sleeves, while the breeze inflates the gown to sail-like size. Others pretend to be totally unconscious of the foolish garb, and play baseball regardless of the flying fobs. The Barnard senior is happy in her gown until she has to enter the precincts of Columbia. It takes a stout heart to walk demurely through the library as if she had nothing unusual, amid the winks and nods of the Columbia sophomores.

Another harbinger of commencement at Columbia is the singing. Whenever the seniors have a few moments' time between classes they practise farewell songs for class day. At any time, on any staircase, they are likely to burst into melody. No matter how secluded may be one's lecture

painful topic. On class day he presented no tableware, though he felt that it would have been his biggest hit. Then he went to the Barnard orator called "the pit seer of the tender heart, and, amid shouts of applause, presented her with two spoons.

The class day dance is perhaps the only ball where the ugly, the awkward and the shy guest have a good time. If a boy has likable qualities hidden under a shabby nose or spectacled exterior, some more dashing comrade may extol those hidden virtues to the pretty girl whom he brings with him, so that she beams upon the plain youth as on a noted genius. Who has not felt the "lacrimae rerum" on beholding at a party the wistful line of wallflowers? But there are no wallflowers at a Barnard dance. The ugliest girl dances through every two-step, because about a month beforehand she asks all her friends to give her a dance with the men whom they expect to bring. Thus the dance orders of every one are completely filled, and the youths are moved across the dancing floor like pawns, toward whatever girls their kind hostesses has chosen for them. In vain do the young men attempt to consult their eyes in choosing a partner. Dialogues like this often ensue between the Barnard senior and her escort: "Say, who's that pretty girl over there?" "Barnard senior, very coldly: "Sadie Pratt." "Introduce me, won't you?" "There's no use bothering, you haven't a dance with her."

"Oh, haven't I?" very dolefully. "Who's this Alice Dawes you've put down for the first extra?" "She's that girl in pink over by the pillar." "Miss Dawes is a cheerful monster weighing about two hundred pounds." "Escort (controlling himself): "Not a beauty, is she?" "Senior (severely): "She's a very clever girl, Fred,

and a great friend of mine. I want you to be very nice to her." "And so Fred is nice to her, and Miss Dawes goes to bed the next morning with a heart that never felt so much before."

All the types of the real world of college may be seen at the class day dance. Here is the snapper, strutting in fashion, who knows he is next to best advantage when sliding about in his neat pumps; there his prototype at Barnard, carrying several bouquets and dividing a dance into quarters at the request of four admirers. Here is a girl "grind," who has worked passionately ever since she began to taste merit at the grammar school, now preparing to taste demerit of the elderly, there is the male recluse, who has never danced before, capering on the ladies' trains, with a bland smile. Here is a member of the faculty, leaning comfortably against the wall, assuring his Barnard pupils that his dancing "ever lovely, who has been in class day dances since before the first year of the oldest graduate present. Here is an alumnus, who has taught school for two years, looking rather faded beside her pink faced partner of sixteen; there a popular alumnus, who fairly reels from so much handshaking. These and hundreds unlike them begoggledly at 2 a. m.

Perhaps the only person who does not enjoy class day is the senior president of Columbia. He has probably risen early to join in the baseball game with the faculty; has made speeches during his luncheon; has chased the seniors together for class day exercises; made the opening address there, and come early to the dance to see that everything is ready. By the time the first guests arrive he may be seen, with already rumpled hair and cuffs, shouting to the vice-president to put some pins in the girls' dressing room. At intervals during the dance he leads class cheers, and not until dawn, when the last stragglers have gone, does he leave the ballroom, leading his mother, who has been a patroness and has sat on a camp chair for seven hours.

The climax of these ceremonies is commencement day. The spoils of Philosophy, Law, Medicine, Engineering and Pedagogy, together with the trustees, professors and members of the university, are assembled in the big circular library of Columbia, whence they march in a stately academic procession to the gymnasium, where the degrees are conferred. The candidates for the degree of Bachelor of Arts are crowded in the basement, where they receive a stamp until the word to march. The place is filled with stamping and scraps of song, such as:

Cheer, cheer, cheer for old Columbia,
When the sun has sunk and the stars
In the bosom of the west, etc.

When the procession, headed by the Columbia seniors, swings out into the sunlight, every one becomes solemnly self-conscious under the eyes of the spectators and the click of cameras. The Barnard girls are the next body after the Columbia seniors—a long way after, since the two colleges have an aversion even to appearing to be good friends. "Slower!" hisses the Barnard marshal to her line, "keep a good distance between us!"

Sometimes a group of Columbia students cheers for Barnard as the girls go by. "Who are those boys?" murmurs the Barnard president in the secret of his ear. "Freshmen, you may be sure," is the cynical reply; "they haven't been taught the etiquette of Columbia."

Barnard takes a genuine pleasure in beholding the millinery of the faculty and trustees, as they climb up on the platform. The brilliant display of color in the academic hoods cheers them during the long speeches of the day. A sigh of delight greets the appearance of Bishop Potter in a violet cassock, a red gown with pink sleeves, and a purple mortarboard tasselled with gold.

When all the candidates are assembled in the gymnasium, the chaplain says a prayer, and the president of the university makes a speech—the only one generally heard, owing to the poor acoustics of the building. The president's speech is always calculated to penetrate to the highest gallery in the gymnasium and to the lowest intellect in the audience.

The rest of the exercises consist of many speeches by the deans of the colleges, accompanied by a popping up and down of the candidates mentioned, and the rather more interesting conferring of honorary degrees. By far the best part of the program is the last number, when the thousands of students and guests rise to their feet and sing very slowly, "My Country, 'Tis of Thee." While the building trembles with the sound of voices, mingled with the trumphant trumpet and the heavenly harp, the senior thrills with the elation of being yip unit in that great whole—the university.

AFTER THE WAR.

From Luck.
The flag had triumphed. The baffled Muscovite had asked for terms. After some negotiation the status of Manchuria and Korea had been agreed upon. The appearance of the Japanese diplomats, "There must be an indemnity."

"How much?" said the Russians.
"Ten thousand million yen."

"Preposterous!" said the emissaries of the Czar. "We are willing to pay for the cost of the war, but the appearance of Bishop Potter in a violet cassock, a red gown with pink sleeves, and a purple mortarboard tasselled with gold."

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