

# King Edward's Visit to Harvard

(By V. A. Tsanoff.)

Holworthy hall of Harvard college has had a memorable history. It was built in 1812 with money received from a lottery, but that fact did not hinder its becoming the best loved old dormitory in the college yard—a primate among dignitaries. When Edward VII, then the prince of Wales, traveling under the name of "Baron Renfrew," visited Harvard college, Holworthy hall, No. 12, was exhibited to him as a typical Harvard room. The portrait of him, gallant young soldier that he was, hangs in that room to this day, signed "Albert Edward to Holworthy 12," to remind successive college generations of a most picturesque episode in the history of Harvard.

Friday, October 15, 1860, furnished royal weather for the royal visitor. About midday open barouches entered Cambridge bearing the prince of Wales, his suite and the great men of Cambridge. Thousands of

Frederick Warre, 1st attache to H. R. M. legation, Washington.

Among the many Harvard students who met the prince there and signed their names in the book are S. Minot Weld, Robert Winthrop, Charles Sumner, Oliver Wendell Holmes and W. F. Andrews, Har. 1812. **Shown Many Curiosities.**

President Felton presented to the prince of Wales a copy of Josiah Quincy's "History of Harvard College," exquisitely bound in Turkish morocco. Upon one side were emblazoned the arms of the university and on the other the crest and plume of the prince. The librarian showed the party the first Indian bible printed in America. Among other curiosities quaint old characters of the year 1600 were exhibited, rare old parchments, with seals like frying pans, and speckled with the names of men who had been dust for 200 years.

When the prince stepped out of the library he was received by the students, who had formed in a hollow square. Nur-

luncheon interesting. A temperance society had been formed in college the year before and this great chance came to them of working their principles on the notable guests. So when the prince beckoned the waiter and requested him to get him a glass of wine the waiter promptly replied: "Haven't got any!" Mr. Quincy, on the right side of the prince, tittered suggestively as President Felton, on the left side of the prince, tried to explain the omission of wine. "It is not considered safe to provide wine even on such occasions," he said. "Then," suggested the prince thoughtfully, coming to the rescue, "beer will do." The waiter answered: "Haven't got it." The students in the meanwhile were passing around the news of the incident as an argument against temperance, when an explosive fit of laughter turned the attention of the guests toward a sophomore, who was the center of the mirth. By a printer's blunder, the motto of the prince, "Ich Dein," had been placed among the queer French names of the dishes, and the ravenous sophomore loudly demanded some under the impression that it was a species of salad. There was frequent cheering of the prince during the luncheon, and it continued until he left for Mt. Auburn.

In his tour around the world the present duke of York and prince of Wales is expected to visit Boston and Harvard. If he should visit Harvard before commencement there will be a remarkable coincidence. He will naturally be received on the part of the students by the committee of the most prominent seniors, as was his father in 1860, and among them will be Captain Bullard of the crew and Captain Hollowell of the track team, sons, respectively, of J. Lincoln Bullard, '61, and Norwood P. Hollowell, '61, who served as committeemen to receive the former prince of Wales on the occasion of his visit in 1860.

### Quaint Features of Life

Mr. Thompson, a member of the Connecticut legislature, introduced a new word the other day in a legislative debate. It was in a horse story. A neighbor of Mr. Thompson's went to buy a fast horse. After having been shown some with past records and some with possible future records the man said: "I don't want a has-been nor a will-be; I want an is-er."

Herman Kuttman's will, recently filed for probate in San Francisco, closed thus: "In taking leave of you, my dear ones, I wish to impress upon you that you should not grieve too much. You must take the event philosophically. The laws of nature are wise and we ought to submit to them without a murmur. The blessings of an all-wise universal power be showered on you."

It costs to go "massing" in Kansas City, as has been learned by Robert Cunningham, proprietor of a hotel. He spoke to a young woman whom he had never seen and insisted on shaking hands with her. The sensible girl had him arrested and he was fined \$500 in the police court. Cunningham appealed and the decision has been sustained by the higher court.

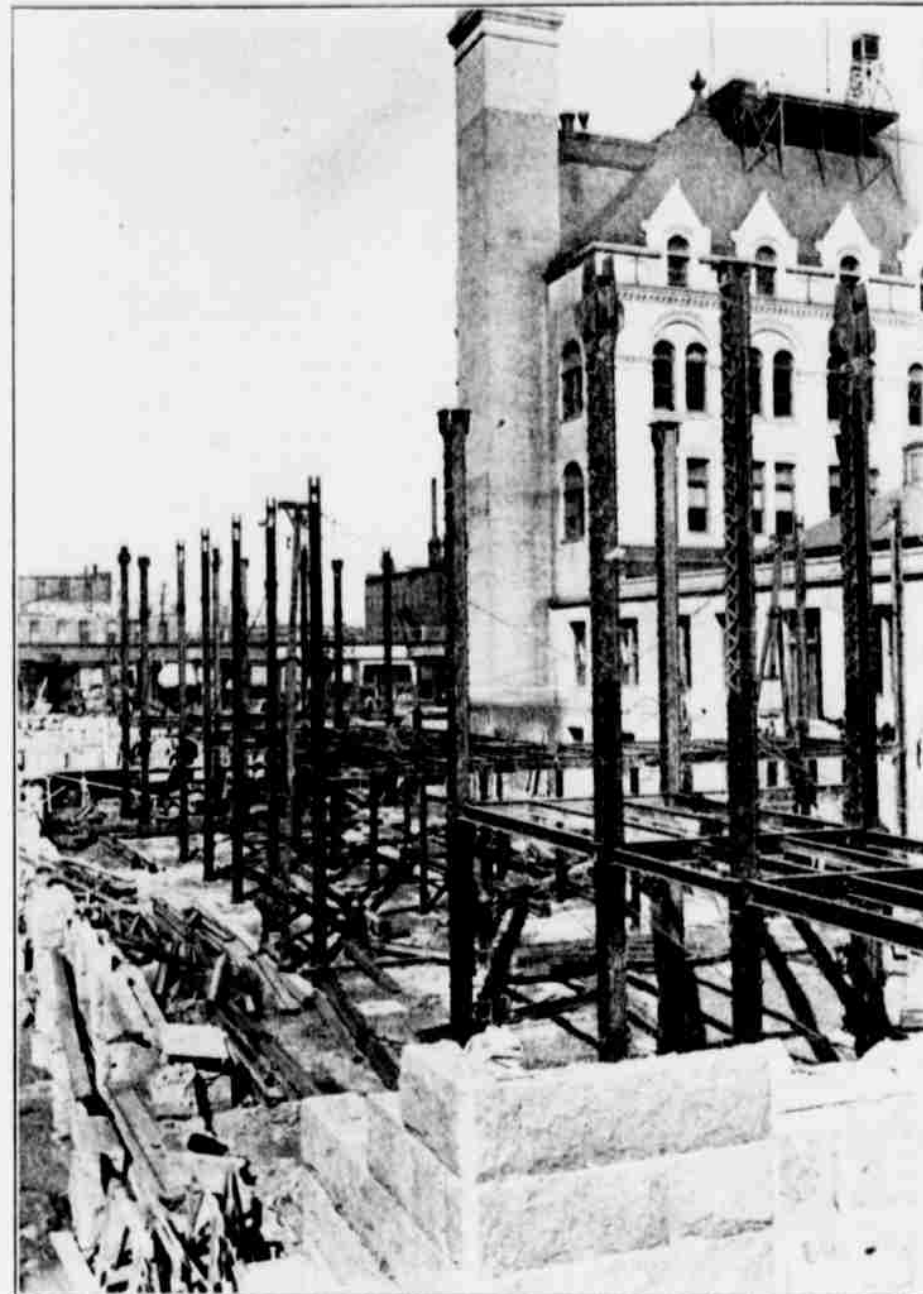
A 5-year-old child was playing on the sidewalk at Locust and Hutchinson streets, Philadelphia, when a blind man came along, guiding himself with a heavy walking stick. A swing of the cane struck the child on the forehead and he fell down a cellarway, sustaining concussion of the brain and dying in a few hours. A neighbor saw the accident, but ran to pick up the child, and when she returned the unknown blind man had passed out of sight, doubtless unaware of the tragedy in which he bore blameless part.

R. Monarch of Owensboro, Ky., has learned the oft-repeated lesson that it is hard to buck against a trust. He owned a distillery and two years ago the whisky trust offered him \$500,000 for the property. Monarch refused to go into the combine, saying he preferred to be independent. In the mysterious manner which has become so common in late years his business fell off and a few days ago the distilleries were disposed of at forced sale for \$17,000. Experience, which always comes high, in this case cost \$483,000.

The following letter is one of the queer things which sometimes find their way into the Kansas papers: "Mr. Editor: please print this letter to quiet the storm raised by some half-knot who has been telling that I was going to be married, and by several smart steaks, who have made it their business to ask my boys about it. I will say that the talk is all bosh. I want it understood that when I want a husband I won't ask the community to select one for me; I consider myself fully capable of deciding that question to suit myself. Miss Lydia Peach."

Some time ago Anthony Holland and wife, highly respected residents of Tallahatchie county, Mississippi, were found dead in a wood near their home. They were a most devoted couple and the conclusion arrived at was that Mrs. Holland was accidentally shot. Mr. Holland, through grief, committing suicide with the remaining barrel of the shotgun which he carried. The estate was settled on the basis of this supposition, but on appeal to the courts it was shown that when the bodies were found that of the wife was still warm, while Mr. Holland's was cold. Therefore, the wife must have survived her husband, and the court so decided.

A cage thirty-two feet long and ten feet wide has been erected by Mrs. Katherine M. Brady on her property at 32 King street, Flushing, Long Island, for the purpose of



NEW WING TO THE OMAHA POSTOFFICE IN COURSE OF CONSTRUCTION.

housing stray cats. Mrs. Brady is the widow of the late John M. Brady, who was a brother of the late Judge Brady of the supreme court. The cage is fitted up with cushions. At one end is a small house heated with hot water pipes, coming from the conservatory close by. A local milkman leaves a large can of milk daily for the cats and the chef from the house has instructions to feed the animals with special food. At present about two-score cats are registered at the "mission," as the neighbors call it. King street is the most fashionable part of Flushing.

### Fold Out of Court

All clients knew that with "Old Abe" as their lawyer they would win their case—it was fair, relates Success. If not, that it was a waste of time to take it to him. After listening some time one day to a woman's statement, with his eyes on the ceiling, he swung suddenly around in his chair and exclaimed: "Well, you have a pretty good case in technical law, but a pretty bad in equity and justice. You'll have to get some other fellow to win this case for you. I couldn't do it. All the time while standing talking to that jury I'd be thinking, 'Ladies, you're a liar, and I believe I should forget myself and say it out loud.'"

Judge Gates of Kansas City tells this story: "My family being absent from the city I was taking my meals at a restaurant, where negro boys are employed as waiters. In one corner of the room is a dumb waiter, where orders are called out to the cook in the kitchen above. The first morning my order included, among other things, two eggs, fried medium. The waiter, following his custom, went to the open shaft and then called out my order, ending with 'for Mistah Gates.' He then turned to attend to some other duty, but had not taken more than three steps when a peculiar look spread over his face. The next moment he had fairly jumped to the opening and cried out: 'Say, thar, William! Lookee heah. That order ain't foah Mistah Gates! It are foah Judge Gates! Ah, say, thar! Make them aigs fresh aigs!' After which he drew a breath of satisfaction second only to my own. So, you see, it really pays sometimes to be a judge."

The usual run of criminals arraigned in the criminal court, relates the Baltimore News, are cowed and submissive. There are occasionally a few defiant ones who intend to brazen the thing out, but there is seldom one brought before the bar who is as thoroughly cool and self-possessed as was John Connolly, who was arraigned for petty larceny.

John knew what he wanted, and he did not hesitate to let the judge know all about it. When asked how he wished to plead to the indictment he said:

"I plead guilty, with a recommendation to the court for mercy."

"You wish to recommend your own self for mercy?" Inquired Judge Wickes from the bench in some surprise. Criminals frequently plead guilty and ask for mercy, so that John's way of putting it had the merit of originality. John did not hesitate for a second in giving his answer to the judge. He said:

"Yes, your honor, for there's nobody else to recommend me." The case was a trivial one that did not

warrant very heavy punishment, and Judge Wickes, after studying a moment, said: "I'll give you three months in the House of Correction." "Oh, your honor!" cried John, "can't you make that the fall of the penitentiary, I'd much prefer—" but before he could finish and tell what he preferred he was hustled out of the courtroom by a hard-hearted deputy warden.

### A Wasted Effort

Cleveland Plain Dealer: "Yes, sir, I did my best to train my daughter up as an accomplished parliamentarian. I took her to meetings to give her a chance to listen to the rulings of able chairmen and I had her learn the text books on the subject by heart. I thought I had her perfect in the business, but I was mistaken. She attended a convention not long ago and pretty soon she had a chance to appeal from a decidedly unjust ruling of the chair and how do you suppose she did it?" "Well?"

"She was excited, you know, and this is what she said: 'You are a mean old fright and I just hate you! So there!' And then she burst into tears and sat down. No, sir, woman's nature will have to change before she will ever become a parliamentarian."



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PERSPECTIVE OF ST. CECELIA CHURCH—TO BE BUILT NEAR FORTIETH AND BURT STREETS, OMAHA.

school children were assembled near the Cambridge end of the bridge over Charles river. On Broadway fluttered the Union Jack and the Stars and Stripes, suspended across the street. No sooner did the cortège appear than the children commenced waving white handkerchiefs and showering bouquets and smiles in equal proportion. Straggling crowds followed the royal carriage a mile through crowded streets to the college gate.

Through fourfold lines of students stretched to Gore hall the prince of Wales passed, cheered as Cambridge men know how to cheer. The heavy doors of the library swung open and President Felton advanced to meet the young guest of Harvard. What happened inside is frequently recalled by Mr. Kiernan, who has been for forty-five years the hardest worked and the most cheerful member of the staff of the library.

### It Was a Great Occasion.

"It was a great occasion for us!" he says. "Some one had given out the order not to let any ladies come in, but it took the college body in full force to keep them out. It was a remarkable scene. The four living ex-presidents of the college—Josiah Quincy, Rev. Dr. Walker, Edward Everett and Jared Sparks—were seated in a line and were introduced in order to the prince. With Mr. Quincy he held an animated conversation. Old Mr. Quincy was garrulous and made a long harangue to the blushing fellow, telling him how he had met his father and his grandfather years before. I was glad to shake hands with the young prince. We were of the same age. When the prince and his suite signed their names in the visitor's book I tore the leaf out to preserve it. We don't show it to very many." The names of the prince and of his suite are thus entered in the old Visitor's book of the library.

Oct. 19, 1860.

Albert Edward, Lyons, Newcastle, St. Germain, L.L. D., Robert Bruce, D. C. L., Orion, Teesdale, Hinchenbrook, H. W. Ackland, Regis. Prof. Medicine, at Oxford. J. N. Grey, Gardner Engleheart, late student of Christ church, Oxford.

wood Hollowell proposed "three cheers for the Oxford students" and they were given rousingly.

The prince expressed a desire to go with a crowd of fellows to see a Harvard room. In a hurried consultation, Holworthy 12, the room of Joseph H. Wales, chief marshal of the day, was chosen. As the students were leading the prince past the grandstand erected in front of University hall the band began to play "Fair Harvard" and the men walked to Holworthy bare-headed, as Harvard men always do when "Fair Harvard" is played.

But few of the men who entertained the prince in that room are now living. One of them, Joseph H. Wales, was in England during the queen's fatal illness. Colonel Norwood Hollowell, a union veteran, is another of these few survivors. He still treasures his marshal's baton of that day. Tradition would have it that the prince spent the night in Holworthy 12 and that the company had a gay time all to themselves, as all the tempting delicacies of the sideboard were brought out to circulate freely.

### Welcomed as a Student.

"It is many years ago," says Colonel Hollowell, "but I remember that nothing of the kind occurred. The prince was the very picture of George III, a very handsome fellow. We welcomed him as a student and took him to the room. Though we had an interesting conversation, I remember nothing particular that was said."

There was laughter, singing and hand-shaking in Holworthy 12 and the prince left his portrait there before departing for the more formal visit to other buildings. As he was about to leave some one started "Auld Lang Syne" and the men sang it with a will, the prince joining. A hurried visit took the prince to the chemical laboratory, the Lawrence Scientific school, University hall, the law school and the museum, which was then just started by the venerable Prof. Agassiz and had not yet become what it is today, the most splendid university museum in the world. Two hundred carriages followed the royal barouche to the observatory and on the way thither the church bell merrily pealed "God Save the Queen."

### Two Amusing Incidents.

When the prince returned from the observatory he took luncheon in Harvard hall. Two amusing incidents made the