

College Girls Who Are Struggling to Become Expert in Greek Games

NEW YORK, April 11.—Each spring when the midyear examinations are over at Barnard and the freshmen have proved that they can hold their own in the field of learning a mad day is sent them from the sophomore study to array themselves in Greek attire and prove their valor on the field of battle.

The custom of holding Olympic games was established in 1903 when the class of 1905 first challenged the sophomores to meet them in a series of Greek athletic contests. In the contests 1906 carried off the greater number of laurel wreaths.

The next spring the Greek games were omitted because the elders of 1906, "in council assembled," decided that it would be unwise to risk their dignity as sophomores by encountering the warriors of 1907. But this was the only lapse, and from that time on Greek has met Greek every spring in the Barnard theater, the sophomore class being the victors on each occasion.

This year the contests were so much elaborated that they had to be held on the greater floor space of the Thompson gymnasium. At the end of the room a stately altar had been erected on which in an antique urn the eternal fires were burning. At the right and left of the draped and garlanded altar the presidents of the contesting classes took up their positions, the sophomore president carrying a dignified oval, the mascot of the class.

At the given signal two doors at opposite ends of the gymnasium opened and the rival classes marched slowly down the sides of the room and halted, facing each other, when the leaders had reached the steps of the altar. Each girl was dressed in classic robes ornamented with beads of red or brown so that the spectators might be able to distinguish the contestants by the class color.

When the classes had taken their respective places the freshmen chanted to the accompaniment of a rhythmic dance which they accompanied with the clasp of cymbals. As they swayed slowly up the room they chanted an ode to youth which had been translated from the Greek and set to music by two sophomores of the class.

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Men who live but a day; on those whom thou holdest comes madness. The hearts of the just dost thou turn to evil aside for their ruin. Thou stirrest up anger and strife, yea e'en among men that are kindred. Victorious eye is the love glance that passeth between youth and maiden; it sits in the zenith of the mighty, the peer of the land and its power. For never may mortals overcome in strife with divine Aphrodite.

The translation and music of the sophomore chorus had also been done by members of the class, and to them the laurel wreath was awarded by the judges, who were members of the departments of music and languages in Columbia university. As the sophomores were also voted the better costumed, their chorus in itself won nine points in the final score.

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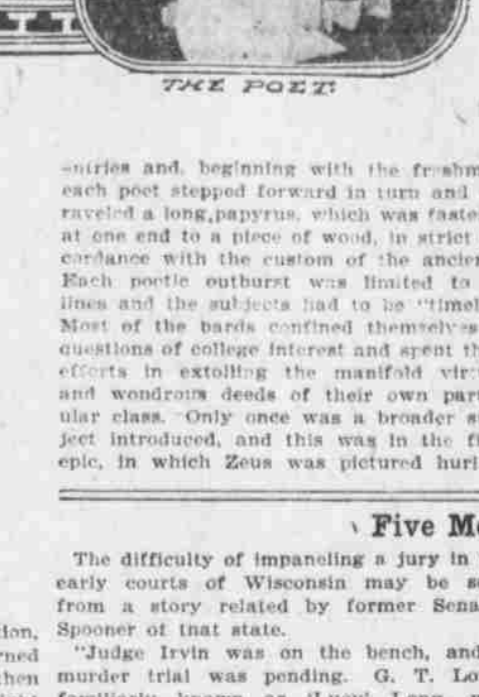
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all suffragettes from Mount Olympus in a veritable storm of disgust and anger. The professors who judged the contest gave the laurel wreath to this poem, which had been written by a freshman. As the second place was also won by a freshman, the youngest class gained eight points in this contest against the sophomores' nine.

The Greek wrestling, which should have been the next number on the program and which had proved the most thrilling event in all previous years, had to be eliminated, as the exercise proved so strenuous and the excitement of the girls became so intense that some of them fainted and others had to be carried from the room completely exhausted.

In place of the (abandoned) wrestling discus throwing, an exhibition requiring much more grace and skill, was substituted. The classic rules were closely followed as regards throwing, position and distance. Accuracy alone decided the event, which was carried off in all three places by the sophomores.

The contest which most nearly reproduced the spirit of ancient Greece was the javelin throwing. The distance of the throw was not very long, but the target was small and it required great skill and strength to drive a heavy javelin true to the mark. For this reason many a girl who handled her spear readily enough was soon eliminated from the contest when fateless master her arm unsteady. The freshmen proved themselves by far the steeper throwers and gained six points against the three which were won by the sophomores.

To make the Greek games of a general athletic interest such modern contests as hurdling and high jumping are always introduced. And such the flouting lines of a classic toga were not designed for effective jumping and running the girls who enter these events always gather up the superfluous amount of toga and tuck it up under their belts, for no merely aesthetic impulse can live when the honor of the class is at stake. In both these modern events the sophomores proved their superiority, and these additional victories made the score 22 to 22 in favor of the older girls. As usual the contestants now forgot about their Attic calm and the games ended with a triumphal procession of the victorious class carrying the captured laurel wreath or high and shouting their class cries, which until this moment had been excluded from the program as un-Greek.

After the choral singing came the invocation to the gods by the freshman president. Zeus was earnestly called upon to lend the contestants on both sides "the strength of Hercules and the swiftness of Mercury that they might acquit themselves well in the eyes of the gods." The sophomore president then poured a libation, sacrificing some to the fires that burned on the altar, drinking of it herself and then passing it to her rival that she, too, might drink to the Olympic powers.

After these ceremonies the contest in epic poetry was called. Each class had three more president then poured a libation, sacrificing some to the fires that burned on the altar, drinking of it herself and then passing it to her rival that she, too, might drink to the Olympic powers.

How John Bull Governs Four Million Natives of British East Africa

(Copyright, 1908, by Frank G. Carpenter.)

ENTEBBE, April 6.—(Special Correspondence.)—Take a seat with me on the mud veranda of the mud hotel at Entebbe and look out over Lake Victoria while I tell you something of this Uganda protectorate which the British have recently added to their share of the East African continent. You had best keep your hats on. There are leeches and scorpions in the thatched roof overhead and some may fall down upon us as we talk. I advise you, also, to shut your eyes tight and by no means to rest your bare feet on the floor. It is true it is plastered with "cow dung" and that ought to keep out the ants and figgers. The latter insects, however, have a way of crawling in under one's toe nails and laying little sacks of eggs in the skin, which, if they hatch, may cause you the loss of your toes. I have had ten figgers taken out of my feet since I came into Uganda, and now Epifrax, my native servant, goes over my toes every morning.

Do you see that black band moving across the path down there in front? It is made up of ants which will attack you if you come near it. They are the famous warrior ants, whose bite feels like red-hot pinches and whose heads have to be torn from their bodies before they will let go. They are far more dangerous than that baby lion who is tied with a clothes line about his neck to a tree near by. He is only about as big as a Scotch collie and is not old enough to know how strong he is. He was brought in last night by a traveler from Lake Tanganyika, who also owns the two gray parrots with red tails, who, perched in the tree above it, are alternately whistling and scolding.

On the Equator.
Before we begin our talk let us look around and try to realize where we are. This mud hotel is called the Equatorial. It is situated right on the equator and by spreading out our legs we could almost straddle the same. Nevertheless, we are about 4,000 feet above the sea and the cool breeze from Victoria lake make the air as delightful as Virginia in June. There are oranges and lemons growing out there in the garden, great beds of feathery papayas are waving to and fro on the shores and we can see tall palms with their whispering leaves everywhere.

We are right on the edge of Victoria Nyansa, about as far inland as the western shores of Lake Erie are in from New York and right in the heart of the African continent. That lake was not known to the world until about fifty years ago, and

today a large part of the lands surrounding it are unexplored. The equator goes right through the lake and it is only about sixty miles south of it that the German possessions begin. This part of Lake Victoria belongs to Great Britain, and all the vast territory extending from here to the Mediterranean, including Uganda, the Sudan and Egypt, is practically under the control of John Bull. He has every foot of land on each side of the Nile, which begins its course by flowing out of Lake Victoria at Ripon Falls, not far from here, and winds its way for 3,900 miles before it empties into the Mediterranean sea. As the crowd flies the distance is farther than from Philadelphia to the Great Salt Lake, and the country contains some of the richest lands upon earth. Every one knows of the wealth of Egypt, which has never been so rich as since the British took hold. The Sudan has vast territories equally fertile; and Uganda, away down here at the Nile's source among the highest of the African mountains, is in some respects richer than all.

Uganda Protectorate.
Indeed, the English officials tell me that Uganda is the cream of the African continent. I have now been traveling some weeks through it, and I believe they are right. There is no other place where so many valuable crops can be grown. In some of the provinces the natives raise grain with practically no cultivation, in others coffee grows wild, and everywhere there are bananas and other tropical fruits. In another letter I shall write of the great possibilities in cotton, which is already being raised here and there; and shall treat of the stock growing prospects which promise to make Uganda the great meat basket of England.

The land is one of great forests as well as rich plains covered with grass. It is a land of rubber, and it has vast resources in fibers which may be used for the making of paper, rope and cloth. I have already spoken of the bark blankets which are used by a million or more of the natives as dresses; but I have said nothing of the rapia fiber which is brought here to Entebbe for shipment to England, where it brings as high as \$150 a ton. This country can raise hemp as good as that produced in the Philippines, and China grass and sisal are said to thrive equally well.

The Uganda protectorate is rich in minerals. Hematite ore is found almost everywhere, copper has been discovered in the central province and gold is said to exist

in some places. There are also deposits of white china clay of great value in certain localities, and the natives themselves make pottery from it.

Uganda as the Sun Sees It.
But suppose we take a look at Uganda as the sun sees it. The country lies on the roof of the African continent. Where it borders Lake Victoria it is about as high up in the air as the highest of the Alleghenias, and the crater of Mount Elgon, which rises in the central province a little north of that lake, kisses the sky 100 feet higher than the top of Pike's Peak. Away off to the east are Mounts Kilimanjaro and Kenya, and at the west are the mighty highlands of Ruwenzori, which vie with those of Kilimanjaro itself. The country is almost surrounded by water. On the south is Lake Victoria, on the west are Albert Edward and Albert Nyana, joined by the Semliki, and further down is the Nile. On the east is Lake Rudolf, an enormous body of water, and throughout the whole country are beautiful little lakes, ponds, rivers, and creeks.

The general nature of the country is rolling. It has many hills and hollows and undulating plains, with swamps in the valleys. The hills are covered with grass and they roll over one another as far as the eye can see. The swamps are often spotted with woods, and one is never out of sight of the papyrus, the tall tasseled grass of which the Egyptians made paper. As to the extent of the protectorate, it contains altogether more land than New England added to New York, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Delaware, Maryland and Virginia. It has a bigger population than New England and bigger than that of any state of our union, with the exceptions of New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio or Illinois. The people all told number between 4,000,000 and 5,000,000, and of these considerably over 1,000,000 are Christians. These are the semi-civilized Baganda, in whose country I am now.

Five Great Provinces.
The British have divided up this territory into five provinces. Originally they made six, but, within the last year or so, they have taken off the lands lying east of the lake and given them to British East Africa. That province contains the naked

Kavirondo, of whom I have already written. It is traversed by the Uganda railway, which terminates on the lake at Port Florence. The five provinces of Uganda consist of the kingdom of Uganda, the western province lying between it and Lakes Albert Edward and Albert, and the Rudolf and Nile provinces at the north.

The central province, which is almost directly north of Victoria Nyansa, is fertile to an extreme. It borders on the Kavirondo country, and many of its people go naked. It is densely populated, and its people raise cattle, sheep and goats. They also do considerable farming. One of the most characteristic features of this province is Mount Elgon, which ranks as one of the high mountains of the continent. It is an enormous volcano, whose lower slopes are covered with forests and on whose top are frequent snowstorms, although it is almost on the equator.

Among the curious features of this province are its caves, which have been inhabited by the natives for ages. They use them as homes, and as stables for their cattle, sheep and goats. The cattle caves are never cleaned, and the manure of ages beds their floors. The swarms with fleas and the stench is terrible. Roads are now being cut through the central province by the native chiefs, and one would have no difficulty in journeying through it.

As to the Uganda province, it is covered with roads made long ago by the natives, and one can go over a great part of it on a bicycle. Many of the English officials here own wheels and they are gradually coming into use among the richest of the natives.

Capital of Uganda.
I wish we could send Uncle Sam to Entebbe and show him how John Bull handles these millions of savages. This country has more than half as many people as the Philippines and some of them have for ages been noted for their warlike character. John Bull takes care of them all with a few scores of officials and about 2,500 soldiers. His soldiers are almost all native blacks, and most of them have been recruited from the country itself. There are a few East Indian sikhs, but the army is mainly made up of what is known as the King's African Rifles, who are commanded by British generals, colonels and captains. This force consists of 1,500 blacks and in addition there are 1,000 native constables. It seems a small army to control 4,000,000 people.

Nevertheless the country is kept in perfect order and law courts have been established in all the provinces. There is a supreme court, to which appeals may be made. The people pay their taxes. In some of the provinces they are establishing schools, and altogether they are far better off than they have ever been before.

Entebbe.
The town of Entebbe is the capital of Uganda. It has the greater part of the white population, which consists all told of just 400 men, embracing eighty-three women. The men are chiefly British officials. They are well educated young fellows, fond of sport and devoted to tennis and golf, which they play almost every day. The women are, as a rule, fine-looking English girls, the wives and daughters of these officials. They dress as well as our girls at home, and if one could lift up this white colony and drop it down in any

city of England or the United States the people would not be out of place. And how do these people live? Well, here at the capital they are better off than in many parts of the interior. They have houses of sun-dried brick, roofed with galvanized iron. Very few of the houses are of more than one story, but they have wide verandas and the rooms are spread out over the ground. Many of them are surrounded by beautiful gardens, filled with all sorts of tropical plants and trees. The houses are built far apart along wide roads of the red dirt of Uganda. Some of the roads are lined with flowering trees, the most common being the Cape Lily, which is now bearing a great mass of blue flowers. Indeed, there are so many flowers and plants that one seems to be going through a botanical garden as he walks along the streets.

The business part of the capital is given up to the East Indians. There are a half-dozen or more galvanized stores filled with goods to sell to the natives. The brown-skinned merchants wear little velvet skull caps, calico pantaloons and long coats, and have no native hats in the neck. They have yellowish brown faces, dark eyes and curly black hair.

The government buildings are scattered here and there over the hills. They are usually roofed with galvanized iron. They have brick walls and wide porches. There are no native huts in the town proper, and as a rule very few buildings are made with straw. The police barracks form one of the exceptions. These lie on the western edge of Entebbe, and they consist of rude Nube houses, with cone-shaped roofs.

Central African Hotel.
The hotel here is about the only one in central Africa. In most other places one has to have his own tent or to stop with the officials. I am usually able to get in with an official, and this was the case at Kampala, the native capital. This new hotel is an oddity. It is made of mud and grass. The main building is, I judge, about fifty feet square and it measures about twenty-five feet to the cone of the thatched roof. Its walls are only twelve feet high, but the roof does not begin for several feet above them, a space of a yard perhaps being left for air between the walls and the rafters. This main part of the hotel contains a dining room, a parlor and a billiard room, with kitchens off at the side.

The bed rooms are bungalow-like sheds made of mud and thatched with straw. They are some distance away from the hotel itself and run around the walls of the compound. Each bed room opens out upon

a little porch or ledge floored with mud and coated over with cow dung well smoothed down. The bed rooms are floored the same way, but each has a rush mat made of papyrus reeds from Lake Victoria running across it. The beds themselves consist of a rush framework of wood, to which are woven strips of antelope skins. Upon these rush matting is laid and then a thin mattress of Uganda cotton. Every bed has its mosquito netting. This region is very malarious and no one would think of sleeping here without such protection. The air is so thick with the mosquitoes that it is fairly good for central Africa, although it would be poor anywhere else. The chief trouble is the cooking, which is universally bad. As to variety, we had at our last dinner a soup, some fish, fried brains, beef, potatoes and green peas. Our dinner began with a slice of papaya, a delicious melon like fruit which grows on a tree here, and ended with coffee. The hotel rate is \$2 a day, including rooms and board.

Ruled Through the Chiefs.
During my stay here I have had some talks with officials as to how they handled Uganda. They tell me that they rule as far as possible through the natives. Each petty locality has had its own system of government and its own laws as far as possible and the machinery is adapted to these systems. In Uganda proper the work is ruled through the native council and the little king or the officers appointed to represent him. The council of lukiko consists of twenty chiefs, each of which has his own county or district with his own court. These counties are subdivided and given over to subordinate chiefs, who are in turn given over to each village of any size. The chiefs receive money from the British government and in return they collect the taxes and turn them into the treasury. The taxes are assessed at so much to each hut, the amount being usually about \$1 per year. This seems low, but it is a great deal that it requires about a month of good hard work to make a dollar out here in Uganda. It will be seen that it is pretty high after all.

I have met many of the Baganda chiefs during my stay. They are very intelligent. Not a few are able to read and write, and to do so in the mission schools. One has written a book and all are more than ordinarily bright. Not a few of them are now keeping their court proceedings in typewriting, the native language having been adapted to the Roman letters so that the ordinary business can be done.

FRANK G. CARPENTER.

Prattle of the Youngsters

LITTLE Margie's papa had raised a full beard during a month's absence from home. Upon his return he attempted to kiss Margie as usual, but she wouldn't have it. "I don't kiss strange men," she said.

"But you kiss your papa," he protested. "Is it possible you don't know me?" "You're not my papa," replied Margie. "My papa is bald-headed on his face."

Sunday mornings in succession. That is doing splendidly—for you." "Yes'm. Last Sunday the preacher was going to talk about Jonah an' the whale, he only talked about Jonah. Said he'd preach the rest of it today, and I had to go again today to hear about the whale."

Dorothea's father was sitting before a window in his country house with Dorothea on his knees. He was looking across the fields with unseeing eyes, when the lassie broke in on his reverie with, "What are you looking at, papa?" "I was looking into the future, my dear."

"The future, papa? I thought it was into the pasture!" "For two cents," said the boy with the dirty face, "I'd knock ye down!" "Here's do two cents," said the boy with ragged trousers, tossing the coins at his feet and squaring off belligerently. "Now come on and try it, darn ye!" "Wot's do use?" rejoined the other boy, picking them up and backing away. "Ain't no sense in knockin' a feller down w'en ye kin git the munn out'n 'im widout doin' it."

"Tommy, you have been to church—two



GROUP OF ENGLISH RESIDENTS AT ENTEBBE.

Defy the Thirteenth Hoodoo

WHO says Friday, the 13th, is unlucky in leap year? Not Katherine May Stuart or Louis Allen Conrad. They both diffied every token of bad luck, ran away from outraged parents and were married at the Morrison hotel in Chicago in the presence of the Thirteenth club on the occasion of the thirteenth banquet that is held on the 13th of every month. The ceremony was performed by Judge McEwen, who is a member of the club.

The young couple were motoring through the parks on the South Side on the afternoon of the 13th, related the Inter Ocean. The beautiful spring weather inspired them to bring an eight months' engagement to happy conclusion. The license had been procured January 6.

Miss Stuart is the daughter of Mrs. J. Stuart and the niece of Mrs. Tom Murray. It was principally because of the objections of Mrs. Murray that the wedding had not taken place before.

Oh, let's let the folks take care of themselves," the girl said, as they were speeding through the parks. "Let's get married today."

"But this is Friday, besides it's the 13th," said Conrad.

"Well, are you superstitious?" "What, me? Never! He game. We will be married tonight and there is the end of it."

Conrad called up his friend, Clarence Stevens. It was arranged to have the wedding performed before the Thirteenth club.

At 8 o'clock the young couple marched into the banquet room at the Morrison hotel. They were compelled to enter under an arch of ladders. Then they were showered with salt. When they were introduced to the crowd there was a clash and 113 lit mirrors had been hung about the room were smashed with tiny missiles by the guests. Then followed a shower of rice and all the guests sat down under open umbrellas and were waited upon by red-haired waiters.

While the wedding ceremony was being performed the couple were showered with salt and rice. The groom had a speech. "This is how it happened," he said. "We just couldn't stand it any longer. There was parental objection on one side and parental objection on the other, then there was love in the middle. There was a long struggle, but the little god in the middle won out. Of all the lousy things the luckiest thing we struck yet was the hoodoo fortune to be married by the Thirteenth club."