

and Gray's, which forms the short side of the rectangle opposite Holworthy; then comes Weld, and University, within whose white granite walls is the office of the Dean, and of his stern female sub-secretary, whose iron-grey curls are the terror of offending students. Last comes the severe ugliness of Thayer, and the circle is complete. It is only these buildings that are cheered, these that bound the yard; the new buildings are grander and finer, but these are the venerable ones, the true core of the college.

As the procession marches, the band plays, "Yale men say," and "Fair Harvard," the latter of which rings back from the chimes in the ancient tower of Christ Church, across the common. They enter the enclosed space, halting around the Tree, in circles, the seniors inside, the freshmen outside. The Tree itself is an old elm, of enormous girth, far beyond the power of any climber to span; and about ten feet above the ground, fastened by wire, is a broad band of bunches of flowers.

The cheering begins again—everything is cheered, from President Eliot to John the Orangeman. The class sing the class song, and then the Marshal, the only man in the class who still wears a silk hat, takes it off and throws it at the tree.

Then all is confusion. Freshmen, sophomores, and juniors join hands and dance about in great circles, jostling and hustling recklessly, while in the midst the seniors press forward to get the flowers. Singly, a man has little chance of success, but small groups of friends form wedges that do much.—wedges with the wide end against the tree, with a light man standing on the shoulders of the inmost man, and stuffing flowers madly into the bosom of his flannel shirt. The fight is furious. Now, a man who has got above the rest is pushed out and lies floundering about on the heads of the crowd unable to get in again. No one will yield an inch. Noses bleed, faces are bruised, but the struggle does not cease till some bold climber, with a desperate effort, has plucked the last bunch of flowers and fallen

breathless into the hands of the spoilers below. The spectators lean forward with excitement. It is rough sport, of course, but everyone wants to see it, and no girl will refuse a flower from the Class-day Tree.

Meanwhile the yard has been cleared of all but ticket-holders, the gates have been shut, and policemen patrol their narrow beats between the fences. "Undemocratic," some will say. Not at all, there are very many hundred thousand people who would be present if they could, but even the whole yard will hold not more than a few thousand without becoming oppressively crowded. Yard tickets cost but ten cents apiece, to seniors, and any student detected in selling one to outside parties is deprived of all class-day privileges. This penalty has actually been enforced several times. Friends of students, however, humble, are welcome, but the miscellaneous distribution of tickets to the Cambridge public at large would certainly be undesirable.

Now the evening spreads begin, in all the college buildings, in private houses, on any available lawns. People are hurrying in every direction, and outside the gate there presses an eager and anxious crowd, in which, of course, the street-boy, or "mucker" holds the first place. Neither student or police can awe him. In the streets stand lines of wagons selling soda water, ice cream, hoky-poky, peanuts, lemonade and all the other doubtful edibles that abound in holiday places, not for the students but for the hungry and thirsty public that stands without the gates; for Class Day is virtually a Cambridge holiday.

Such costumes—red, orange, deep green, every color of the rainbow and some colors that even the rainbow cannot boast! New beauties bewilder one at every step. This day has been looked forward to for a long time, in homes all over the country, even in foreign countries. These gowns of to-day are the result. True, everyone is not beautiful, all the guests of the young men certainly are not, but some are, and doubly so, perhaps in the eyes of those who have invited them.