

One morning a few days later the early arrivals at the University were astounded to find a large viaduct of high plasterers' trestles and planks built from the front entrance to University Hall, far out across the campus to Twelfth and R streets. At the end of it were a couple of huge, old dry-goods boxes labelled CHANCELLOR'S HEADQUARTERS.

Everything again seemingly died away. But one morning a week later everybody was surprised by finding little bills pasted about on the fence surrounding the campus, on the trees, on the steps—everywhere. They were to the effect that five hundred students were wanted to act as detectives, and that they might apply at room 4, the Chancellor's office. Whether this was caused by any indiscretions on the part of the Chancellor I do not know.

Nothing more was heard of this for some time. But at last appeared a little notice that the detectives appointed had deliberated. Their conclusion was that the viaduct had been built by Miss Smith and the girls.

H. C. Peterson '90

THE STANDARD OF LIVING AMONG STUDENTS.

STANFORD UNIVERSITY, CAL., January 22, 1894.—Dear Mr. Editor: Your request for a contribution to the anniversary number of THE HESPERIAN reminds me—the first request ever made of me for an article came from the editor of the same periodical, then THE HESPERIAN STUDENT, a thin octavo monthly making strenuous efforts to have “a literary flavor.” Your present suggestion that I write on the early standard of living among the students, and especially among those who did their own cooking, brings back the early incident still more forcibly. The three hundred words which I handed to your predecessor fifteen years ago were under the title “Batching.” Then, as now, I turned to the dictionary to see if the word was or

was not spelled with a “t,” and then, as now, I was disgusted with the dictionary for not telling me. Your conservative predecessor changed the title to “Self-Boarding,” and rather than run the risk of a second editorial mutilation I place at the top of these notes a title sufficiently proper and dull to pass muster with any editor.

The editor of THE HESPERIAN STUDENT of 1878 ought to have been able to edit an article on batching with discrimination, for he was living by the uncouth method indicated by the uncouth word. I remember that when I went to his room with the “copy” I was pleased to learn incidentally that the great man's method of cooking mush did not differ greatly from my own, and that in the matter of cleaning the pot I was distinctly ahead of him.

The “Biz Man” of THE STUDENT roomed next to Mills and myself that term. We were in the second story of a ramshackle frame building on O street, since torn down. There were two other families on the same floor, besides the four students. Tenement house problems did not interest me as much then as they have since, or I might have collected some useful notes. Our one room was so small that the bed lounge on which we slept had to be folded up and the bedding piled on top of it every morning before we could sit down to breakfast. Our kitchen table was also our dining room table, and also our study table. This insured our washing the dishes promptly so as to get the table to put our books and papers on.

The other boys had a larger room than we, but then they were Juniors and we were only First Preps. They also were not afraid to pay five dollars per month while we only paid four. A door opened directly from one room into the other, and a joke which was considered good as long as it could be worked was to call to the man in the other room and when he opened the door throw at him a baked potato or other harmless missile. One day when the boys in the other room were “having a spread,” of which Mills and I