New York Fur Co.

F. MITCHELL
ESTABLISHED 1902.

224 W. Lexington Street

FURS

January Clearing Sale

This, our Eleventh annual January sale, will be made notable by offerings Extraordinary.

Discriminating Fur buyers have more and more, year by year, appreciated this annual opportunity. The REDUCTIONS ARE ACTUAL, and, in many instances, the PRICES ARE LOWER THAN COST OF RAW MATERIAL. It is well known that OUR REGULAR PRICES are generally LOWER than other so-called Clearing Sale prices. We have made unusual reductions this year, having determined to reduce stock to a minimum.

Odd Scarfs in various kinds of fur—
$2.00 to $4.00 values. Now..... **85c**

$5 to $10 values. Now..... **$1.95**

Muffs, from $5.00 to $12.00 values. Now $2.95 to..... **$4.95**

Coats in Nearseal, Black and Brown French Coney, and Marmot—36, 40 and 42 inches in length. Made of full, selected skins. These coats actually sold from $35 to $65.00; now $15.95 and..... **$21.95**

Nearseal and Natural Pony Coats. Made of beautifully matched skins. Full 52 inches in length. Skinner or Brocaded, satin lined. Worth $85.00 to $125; now $39.95 to.. **$58.95**

Russian Pony Coats; 50 and 52 inches in length; perfectly matched skins; beautifully lined with brocaded satin; worth $75.00. Now..... **$35.95**

Genuine Marmot Mink Coat; 52 inches in length; made of full selected skins; Skinner's satin lined; worth $75. Now..... **$37.95**

Pointed Fox Sets and Natural Raccoon; animal scarf and large pillow muff; worth $40.00. Now, set..... **$20.95**

Eastern Mink Scarfs; some plain shawls, others trimmed with natural heads and tails; worth $50.00. Now... **$23.95**

Muffs to match; worth $40.00. Now..... **$20.95**

Black Wolf Sets; animal scarf and large pillow muff; Skinner's satin lined; worth $35.00. Now, set..... **$15.95**

White Iceland Fox Sets; plain shawl collar or animal scarf; large pillow to semi-barrel muff; beautifully lined; worth $25.00. Now, set..... **$12.95**

Red and Black Fox Sets; animal scarfs, plain or fancy muffs; trimmed with heads and tails; worth $50. Now **$24.95**

Black and Brown French Coney Sets; made of full selected skins; large semi-barrel muffs; Skinner's satin lined; worth, $18.00. Now..... **$7.95**

Moleine Coats, also French Seal Coats; 52 inches in length; collar and cuffs of leopard, black fox or civet; fastened with beautiful large silk frogs; brocaded linings; worth $200 to $250. Now $83.95 to..... **$105.00**

All Misses' and Children's Sets at Half Price, 98c to $4.98

ROMANCE OF ENGLAND'S BANK

NO other banking institution has so romantic a history as that pertaining to the Bank of England, the Old Lady of Threadneedle Street.

The founder of the bank was William Paterson, an adventurous Scotchman, who, it was said, at one time of his life had controlled every privateer that sailed the Spanish Main. Paterson laid the foundation of his fortune in the buying and selling of slaves and the clearing of £100,000 as his share of the gold found on a sunken Spanish galleon.

It seems to be agreed, says Harper's Weekly, that it was with these funds and those derived from his buccaneering expedition that Paterson, who had been banished to Holland by James II., financed in part the expedition of the Prince of Orange across the Boyne.

With the advent of William III. to the English throne came the first plans for the establishment of a national bank. Those writers who treat of the "inside history" of the times entertain no doubt that, while William III. was indeed the moving spirit of the scheme, Paterson was, nevertheless, the indispensable one in the realization thereof. He was the official mouthpiece at the weekly meeting of the famous group of financiers known as "the Wednesday Club."

The Jacobites unavailingly denounced the bank as a revolutionary institution whereby the King would gather unto himself all the wealth of the nation. About the only concession the Tory malcontents of the day were able to extract from the government was a law, remaining in force to this day, that the bank might not lend money to the King or to the government except by the consent of both houses of Parliament.

One of the bloody episodes in the history of the bank is that embraced in the story of Charles Walter Godfrey, the partner of Paterson. It appears that Godfrey while crossing the Channel in the midst of a terrific storm and laden with £60,000 in drafts for the aid of King William, who was just then besieging Namur against the forces of Louis XIV., insisted upon his right to deliver the warrant for the money into the hands of the King, then in the trenches, under hot fire. As he handed the documents to the King, saying, in response to William's growl of remonstrance, "Am I, then, more exposed to danger than Your Majesty?" a cannon ball swept away his head.

Not so very many years ago there stood over the massive fireplace in the directors' room of the bank three rusty specimens of the old Brown Bess, together with a number of roughly shaped bullets. In these relics was embodied a picture of the November night in 1780 when the mob of Gordon rioters marched down from Newgate, setting fire to every Catholic chapel on the way and advancing with a force of 5,000 upon the bank itself.

The clerks, armed with muskets, were unprovided with shot. Before them lay rows of leaden inkstands, suggesting the possibilities of a new use. In less time than it takes to tell they were melted and turned into bullets. The muskets were loaded. At every window of the bank stood two marksmen, their guns trained on the mob below. Yet the rioters came on until they were within 10 yards of the bank gates.

Then sharp and clear above the frightful din rose the order to fire and from the windows poured a deadly volley. When the smoke finally cleared away 250 lay dead or dying in the open space now covered by the esplanade of the Royal Exchange. The attacking army wavered, stopped, broke line and fled, and the Gordon riots were at an end.

During the first part of the reign of George II., it was the practice of all banks to give a receipt in payment of a deposit, the receipts being passed from hand to hand and serving the same purpose as the check of today.

At that time Child's Bank, a private concern, which had the backing of a great part of the English nobility, exhibited such gains of future greatness that the Bank of England became greatly alarmed, especially in view of the fact that the "Old Lady's" notes were at a discount of 10 per cent. So little by little, through their agents, the managers of the Bank of England bought up every receipt bearing the Childs signature, allowing the collections to accumulate each year until the time should be ripe, during a shortage of gold, to present the receipts in one great mass for payment. It was deemed a certainty that Childs' would not be able to meet the demand and would thus be ruined.

The principal figure in the drama that ensued was no other than the famous Sarah Jennings, in whom Childs' Bank found its stanchest supporter. One night there came a wild clanging at the bell of the great gate of the town of Blenheim—a clanging that soon wakened every one in the town.

A white faced, travel stained man staggered into the ducal hall, begging an audience with her Grace. When the Duchess, in her dressing gown, appeared, demanding to know the reason for this unseemly visitation, the man explained that the Bank of England held the Childs' receipts in the amount of 620,000 pounds; that those receipts would be presented for payment at noon following, that there was not at Childs' enough gold to meet them, that unless the demand could be satisfied within eight hours Childs' was ruined, and that there was but one person in the world—her Grace—to whom they might turn.

Whereupon the redoubtable Duchess sat down and wrote out a check, which she handed to the agent. It was an order on the Bank of England for the payment of £700,000. He was instructed to take this check to the Bank of England and to say that if it hesitated for a single instant in paying it the Duchess would proclaim it as a defaulter.

At 12 o'clock that day there appeared at the Childs' counter an agent of the Bank of England bearing a big bagful of receipts and blandly suggesting immediate payment. At the same moment the Childs' agent was in Threadneedle street receiving cash on the check of the Duchess.

The cashiers at Childs' naturally took their own time in scrutinizing the receipts, spending fully half an hour over the first batch alone. They were at the end of the first hundred when their messenger arrived. Then they quickened the procedure a little and within 10 minutes the Bank of England had been paid in its own coin. The net result was that Childs' was many thousand pounds richer.

Problem of the Future.

This fad of buying up the birthplaces of our presidents is all right, but some day we shall have one who was born in a 24-story $8,000,000 skyscraper apartment and then Uncle Sam will be up against it.—Washington Post.

I am Nick O'Tine Have You Met Me Yet?

I stand for the best there is in cigars, at rock-bottom prices — and my home is at Read's Three Great Stores. May I expect you soon?

RUN RIGHT TO Read's

Use the Parcels Post

Take advantage of Read's Famous Low Prices. No matter how far from Baltimore you may live, we can supply you with **anything.** If what you want is not in this list, write us. We will gladly quote you Read's Famous Little Prices that save you money.

Bring All Your Prescriptions Here

WE compound them promptly and with the highest degree of accuracy—charging just what they are worth. Get a copy of the prescription you are now taking—let us compound it and show you that we can save you 25 to 50%.

It's NEVER Cheaper Elsewhere Because It's ALWAYS Cheapest Here

2-Day Red Arrow Sale

Monday and Tuesday

Economy is not doing without. It is buying wisely and with foresight. Keep future needs in mind and buy when you can save money. To **save** one dollar is a bigger accomplishment than to **make** two. Run Right to Read's — we always offer you big opportunities to save money.

The Most Delicious Confections

Choosing candies is entirely a matter of taste—not every taste can be suited with the same thing.

Our Candies come near satisfying every taste.

No matter what price you care to pay—up to $1.00 the pound—we can give you the purest, most delicious and best for your money.

Quality Rubber Goods

25c Glycerinated Vaccine.....15c
5 in box.....70c
25c Kleinert's Waterproof Baby Pants, 18c
$1.00 White Rubber Sheeting; single faced; yard.....55c
$1.00 Chamois Lined Lung Protectors, 69c
5c Pure Gum Nipples.....2 for 5c
50c Anticolic Nipples.....1 dozen 39c
$1.50 One-Piece Maple Crutches; Per pair.....$1.00
10c Baby Bibs.....7c

75c Devilbiss Atomizer, for oil or water, **36c**

$2.50 Silk Elastic Knee Cap. (We carry a complete stock of silk elastic goods for all purposes.) **$1.49**

"Nu-Zinc" Bed Pan; very durable and sanitary. Guaranteed not to rust. Regular $1.25 value. At **67c**

40c Rockwood's Baking Chocolate, Pound, **27c**

15c Munyon's Witch Hazel Soap, **5c**

10c Old Dutch Cleanser **5c**

15c Mennen's Borated Talcum, **9c**

25c Quinine Capsules 2 gr. (100), **14c**

25c Double Distilled Witch Hazel, Pint, **10c**

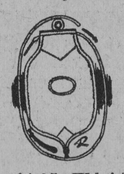
25c Druid Oil, **15c**

50c Pompeian Massage Cream, **24c**

$1.00 Duffy's Malt Whiskey **69c**

$1.00 Swamp Root, **57c**

Guaranteed Two Years



$1.25 White Davidson Fountain Syringe; slate trimmed; 3 pipes; 2-qt., **69c**

$1.50 Chocolate Rubber Hot Water Bottle; reinforced edges; 2-qt., **79c**

$3.50 "Gloria" Whirling Spray Syringe. The best made and we sell it exclusively. **$1.59**

25c Pure Gum Eye, Ear and Ulcer Syringe; black or red. **12c**

75c Seamless Chocolate Rubber Household Bulb Syringe; 3 pipes. **36c**

$1.25 Physicians' and Surgeons' Pure Rubber Gloves, **69c**

Pure Drugs

RED ARROW PRICES

We make no extra charge for containers.

25c Peroxide of Hydrogen, pt.....11c
10c Chloride of Lime.....7c
15c Chalk and Orris Root, 6 oz.....7c
15c Wood Alcohol, pt.....9c
25c Crown Olive Oil.....17c
10c Extract of Vanilla.....5c
10c Extract of Lemon.....5c
20c Tincture of Benzoin, 2 oz.....12c
15c Boric Acid, ½ lb.....8c
15c Licorice Powder, 4 oz. 8c
25c Fennel Seed, ½ lb.....15c
35c Chocolate Coated Cascara Sagrada Tablets; 5 gr. (100).....18c
25c Calomel Tablets and Combinations (100). 10c

Medicinal Liquors

RED ARROW PRICES

25c Gold Crown Malt Extract.....11c
$1.00 Read's Pure Malt Whiskey.....69c
75c Jamaica Rum, pt.....39c
50c Holland Gin, pt.....31c
60c Ladies' Gin.....39c
75c Reserve Stock Pure Rye; very old; pt.....52c
$1.00 Buchu Gin, qt.....65c
$1.50 Shewood Rye, qt.....75c
$1.50 Runnymeade Pure Rye Whiskey; 8 yrs. old; bottled in bond.$1.09
$1.00 Gordon Dry Gin.....79c
$1.00 Hostetter's Bitters.....63c
$1.25 Old Overholt.....79c
$1.25 Creme de Menthe.....83c
$1.25 Roxbury Rye; 7 yrs. old; bottled in bond. 79c

PATENT MEDICINES

RED ARROW PRICES

25c Cuticle Balsam (Rough Skin).....17c
25c Goodwin's Laxative Quinine Tablets.....11c
50c Parker's Hair Balsam 31c
50c Swissco.....27c
65c Croxone.....49c
50c Xzeol (Eczema).....29c
25c Calocide Compound. 15c
50c Goodwin's Kidney Pills.....25c
25c Goodwin's Little Liver Pills.....11c
50c Goodwin's Skin Ointment.....25c
25c German Oil for Rheumatism.....18c
25c Piso.....15c
50c California Syrup of Figs.....28c
$1.00 Schiffman's Asthma Remedy.....55c
$1.00 Pierce's Favorite Prescription.....59c
$1.00 Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery.....59c
25c Pierce's Pellets.....15c
25c Goodwin's Belladonna Plaster.....9c
$1.00 Wine of Cardue.....56c
$1.00 Peruna.....59c
25c Bell's Pine Tar and Honey.....14c
$1.00 Gypsey's Gift Rheumatism Remedy.....59c
$1.00 Liquid Peptonoids..65c
50c Antiphlogistine.....29c
25c Morse's Pills.....15c
25c Kondon's Catarrhal Jelly.....16c

Toilet Articles

RED ARROW PRICES

60c Piver's Extracts, oz. 45c
$1.75 Houbigants' Extract, oz.....$1.25
25c Pray's Rosaline.....13c
25c Daggett and Ramsdell's Cold Cream.....15c
25c Hush.....13c
75c Germaine Rice Powder.....42c
40c Violette Celeste Rice Powder.....21c
50c Benzoin and Almond Lotion.....29c
25c Lyon's Tooth Powder 12c
25c Roger & Gallet's Rice Powder.....16c
25c Sanitol Tooth Powder 12c
25c Cuticura Soap.....16c
25c Professional Tooth Paste, 2 for.....25c

Miscellaneous

RED ARROW PRICES

33⅓% Reduction
On all Parisian Ivory, Pink or Blue Celluloid. Monday and Tuesday we will allow one-third off our already low prices, on the finest assortment in Baltimore.

35c Durham-Duplex Safety Razor.....19c
89c College Pennants.....49c
46c College Pennants.....29c
5c Large Pictures, 2 for 5c
35c Shaving Mirrors.....13c
15c Shaving Mirrors.....6c
15c Face Chamols.....9c
35c Horehound Candy; lb. 16c
25c Rock Candy, lb.....13c
40c Chocolates-Cardinal; assorted; lb.....29c

Kodaks---Developing

Boy or girl, man or woman—all know the fascination, the worth, the companionship and pleasure-giving qualifications of the Kodak. We have them in all sizes and at all prices—**$1** to **$65.**

We do developing in the best possible manner, and offer you a 24-hour service.

RUN RIGHT TO READ'S

423 South Broadway — Three Stores With But a Single Thought — Lexington and Howard — To Serve You Best — 503 North Gay

Hot or Cold Soda Served As You Like It

BOARDING IS CHEAP ON THE CONTINENT

DON'T you think it your duty to see your own country first?" a friend asked an independent young woman who was preparing for a trip to Europe.

"Miserable recurring question!" was the young woman's reply. "Each time I hear it I am more impatient. Duty indeed! What has duty to do with it. It is all a matter of taste and how much money you have. A little money will take you further on the Continent than in the States. No further perhaps in miles, but in sights and lore, besides the earthly but inevitable consideration of food and service. For where in America could you find delicious meals, a comfortable room, prompt answer to your bell for a dollar a day?" And she went on to tell of the boarding-houses she had stopped at in Europe.

One of the boarding-houses was in Rome. In the large cities on this side a dollar a day often sends you hungry to bed and walking down four flights of steps for what you want. A dollar a day was the summer rates at the Roman boarding-houses, but it is little more in the season. The young woman reached Rome late on a June night, and the factotum of the pension met her at the station. He had worked for the padrona thirty-two years, ever since he had worked at all. He was guide, butler, counsellor in one, efficient, and beyond that, graceful. The next morning the maid brought to the American's bedroom coffee with crisp rolls and a pat of butter imprinted with Romulus and Remus and the wolf. The real breakfast, at noon, consisted of several courses. First soup, then an entree, which was often a native vegetable and very savory, tasting like gumbo and eggplant combined; next meat, which was frequently fowl, a vegetable salad, pastry, fruit and coffee. Your own small caraffa of red or white wine was before you. The evening dinner was somewhat similar, with more vegetables and olives.

One pleasant incident the young woman would have missed had she been in a hotel. An attache of the embassy who sat with her at the table told her that on the morrow at 10 the King and Queen of Italy were leaving town for a day, that it was not generally known, and that she might see them easily from the steps of the Church San Andrea al Quirinale. There was no crowd there, perhaps 20 people. The King's carriage passed slowly, escorted only by four carriages and about 20 officers on superb horses. There sat Queen Elena, beautiful under a plumed hat, and the little King, large of heart and character. Had she been in a hotel she would have known of a public appearance, but not of this chance to see Italy's rulers at close hand and uncrowded.

At Florence she stopped at a pension which charged $1.20 a day. Comfortable, if commonplace, it boasted a lift. The lift carried three passengers only, so some of the party usually walked up. They reached the top floor before the lift, of course.

In Venice she was comfortable at a more pretentious pension on the Grand Canal at $1.40 a day.

From Italy to Germany is a far cry. The young woman felt the contrast, thought it was chiefly in nonessentials, thick cups, for instance. But there was a cordial welcome at a pension at Freiburg in Baden and $1 a day gave her a little room on the second floor and a good and abundant table. The extras were candles at about 10 cents a week and fire. She had a fire only once, and it cost 12 cents. In response to her order a maid brought a basket of slim wood, the pieces a little larger than toothpicks, and put six or eight of them into the large porcelain stove. In a short time the room was warm or the traveler was hypnotized into thinking so.

Freiburg is a university city and she was there during the summer season, May and June. Her pension sheltered five graduate students of science, who were engaged in research in the same laboratory. They were from Holland, Switzerland, Wales, Canada and the United States and made an interesting group. Her neighbor at table the first night was an imposing, handsome man, some 6 feet 4 inches tall, a young Swedish count. She guilelessly asked him whether he intended to take a degree that year.

"Oh, no," he said, "for me that is not necessary. I study political economy the better to govern my estates."

After one of the frequent German Festtage, which he had spent with some German relations, he told the American girl at dinner, "I have shot a deer yesterday.

"Great luck," she responded, "I hope you brought us some venison."

He had not.

"Where is the deer?" she could not help asking.

"In the castle of my uncle."

It was true, of course, but it sounded so like conversation books that it was hard to keep from continuing, "How many castles has your uncle?"

A place where she had a very interesting fortnight was in the heart of the Black Forest at Sommerau. The pension rate was $1 a day, but since she was to make excursions and would frequently miss afternoon coffee, she was charged 88 cents, the extra 12 cents to be paid on the days she had coffee. This was the host's suggestion.

Sommerau was a great success as a starting point for excursions. Some of them lasted all day, but there were several trips that cost only a few cents and were easily made in the long summer afternoons. One day she walked five miles to Triberg to see the waterfall. She found the place a fashionable resort and noisy, and was quite content to take the train back to Sommerau. Another day she went by train to Donaueschingen and saw the source of the Danube in a beautiful large stone basin, while the band in the public garden played The Blue Danube.

She went to a peasant's wedding, too, at the village of Unterkirnach. The wedding party walked the village street, the pretty bride in a black dress and long white veil. The bridesmaids were far more gorgeous, their headdresses seemingly decorated bird cages. The American was covertly leveling a camera at them, when one of them stopped and said she would stand still to be photographed.

An excursion to Petersell brought forth a tale of woe. The tourist went to one of the Moravian missions established at intervals along the railroad, where the brothers own a large piece of land and a good hotel. Here they told of the Moravian "furthest up the road."

It seems that from time to time a number of brides are sent up the road for the berbrothers to choose from. This gives first choice to the nearest brother, and so on. The furthest brother, a widower, went to the station to meet his second fate. Without comment he helped her alight and put her in his carriage. But as he unbuckled the hitching strap he whispered tragically in the ear of his coal-black horse:

"Red hair again!"

And last, Paris. There the rate paid by the American girl was $1.20 a day for a good room and table. Entirely without pay was monsieur's kind help with her French at table, and his patience in directing her over Paris. Better than Baedeker he told her the quickest and cheapest way to reach places. When she wanted to buy gowns and hats, madame gave her addresses of dealers who worked only for the French and who sold things at a quarter of the Rue de la Paix prices. The saleswomen could not speak English, but they could make signs.

Enter the Cocktail.

[From the Atlantic Monthly.]

It seems only yesterday that the first trayful of cocktails jingled into a parlor in my town as a prelude to dinner, and I recall the scandalous reports of that innovation which passed up and down the maple-arched thoroughfares that give so sober and cloistral an air to our residential area. When that first tray appeared at our elbows, at that difficult moment when we gentlemen of the provinces, rather conscious at all times of our dress-coats, were wondering whether it is the right or left arm we should offer the lady we are about to take in, we were startled, as though the devil had invaded the domestic sanctuary and perched himself on the upright piano. Nothing is more depressing than the thought that all these Smiths, many of whose fathers slept in the rain and munched hardtack for a principle in the sixties, are now unable to muster an honest appetite, but must pucker their stomachs with a tonic before they can swallow their daily bread. Perhaps our era's great historian will be a stomach specialist whose pages, bristling with statistics and the philosophy thereof, will illustrate the undermining and honeycombing of our institutions by gin and bitters.

HOLWORTHY HALL 100 YEARS OLD

NOT only every Harvard man, but every visitor who has crossed the classic yard of the old university will be interested in the fact that Holworthy Hall, one of the dormitories facing on the elm-shaded quadrangle, celebrates its centenary this year. For a full hundred years it has been occupied by successive generations of students.

The history of Holworthy is interesting. Before it was built the college had faced out over Cambridge Common, turning its back on what is now the yard. The three oldest buildings, Harvard (1672-82), the original Stoughton (1699) and Massachusetts Hall (1720), formed three sides of a square open to the west. Later (1763) Hollis was built in line with Stoughton and, with the help of Holden Chapel, three sides of another square were thus formed, this one also opening to the west.

These western faces were the front of the buildings. Behind them in what is the present yard were wood houses, the brewhouse and other outbuildings. Old Stoughton was finally taken down in 1780 and a different plan of arrangement then became possible. Still the present Stoughton, built in 1803, was placed on a line with Hollis, and it also faced the west.

In 1811, however, another dormitory being needed, it was voted in the first place "that the corporation will proceed to erect a new college for the habitation of students on the site of old Stoughton Hall," and Mr. Lowell and Mr. Loammi Baldwin were appointed a committee to make necessary contracts and superintend the erection of the building. If this plan had been carried out it would have effectually blocked the development of the present college yard.

Fortunately better counsels prevailed, says the Harvard Graduates' Magazine. On March 11, 1811, Mr. Baldwin presented a plan for the new college, and it was voted "that the committee appointed to contract for the erection of the new college be requested to cause the same to be erected to the eastward of new Stoughton and extending its front southerly, nearly east and west, and that the same be built upon the principles of the plan exhibited by Mr. L. Baldwin, with single rooms in the front and two studies in the rear, and to form the north side of a quadrangle which, when completed, may be nearly equilateral."

The money with which to build the new hall was not derived from the Holworthy beguest received many years before, as might be inferred from the name, but came from the proceeds of a lottery which had been authorized by act of the legislature March 14, 1806, and the successive classes of which had been put on sale from time to time, as had been found expedient. The treasurer's books show that the lottery produced about $29,000, of which sum $24,500 was spent on Holworthy Hall. This was not an unusual way of raising money for public purposes and no ill opinion was attached to it at that time. Stoughton Hall had been built in like manner by a lottery authorized in 1794.

In the corporation records it was specified that the rent of rooms in Holworthy should be $26 a year. On August 18, 1812, a week before commencement, which that year fell on August 26, the building was formally opened. The new hall immediately took its place as the most desirable of the college buildings, and its large, square rooms, each with two bedrooms, and occupying the whole width of the building from north to south, have always made it a favorite. One early evidence of this is a petition, to be found in the college papers, signed by resident graduates at the time, and requesting that, in the assignment of college rooms, such graduates should have the preference over undergraduates and that the rooms in the east entry of Holworthy should be assigned to them.

For several years before this graduates had had rooms in the college house assigned them, where they say they have had the "advantage of occupying them singly, but," they add, "we have found the inconvenience much greater than we anticipated. The disadvantages attendant on the local situation of that building and particularly its contiguity to the street, without specifying several other of minor importance, are very considerable and we are now desirous of changing our situation."

Among the reasons which they present for having the Holworthy rooms assigned to them is one which they consider "not altogether unworthy of notice, that the rooms occupied by graduates will be kept in better repair, as they will not be so liable to be defaced." "Another reason may be suggested, if it be an object with the heads of the university to encourage the residence of graduates—that the assignment of the first rooms to them will be a strong inducement for them to remain; and, as it respects ourselves, we are perfectly willing to pay the same compensation for the use of such rooms, as would be assessed upon undergraduates.

"There is something degrading in the idea, nor would a student who was desirous of pursuing his studies at college as a graduate consent without reluctance to return and occupy for three or four years more the inferior room which he occupied in his freshman or sophomore year. In fine, we can conceive of no reason so long as graduates are permitted any rooms within the walls of college why undergraduates should be entitled to the preference in the assignment.

"It would seem that the name chosen for the hall, which to us, from long use and pleasant associations, seems euphonious, was not so considered at the time, and there is in the college files a letter from President Kirkland addressed to the treasurer, Judge Davis, in which he says:

"'I find some gentlemen are sorry to have our new college receive so hard a name—Holworthy Hall—has two aspirants beside the w & the th—which twist & squeeze the organs not a little. Is there any other better or more suitable—or will you reconsider on account of this objection—which is of some consequence.'"

Sir Matthew Holworthy, for whom the hall was named, was a British merchant. His father also was a merchant of Bristol, England. The son was educated at Oxford, was knighted in 1665 and died in 1678. He bequeathed "unto the coHedge or university in or of Cambridge in New England the summe of one thousand pounds * * * for promoteing of learning and promulgation of the Gospell in those parts."

What first interested him in the struggling young institution is not known. But a few years before the making of this bequest the "colledge" being in serious straits, an agent had gone to England to solicit help, and had received some valuable gifts. One of these was from a brother of Sir Matthew's third wife; so the inference is natural that the latter's bequest was later fruit of that visit.

BANQUET TO CHINESE HERO

Egg 200 Years Old, Shark Fins and Bird's Nest on Bill of Fart.

An egg laid 200 years ago in a hen coop near Pekin and buried shortly after in four feet of black mud was served recently to Gen. Lan Tien Wei, hero of the new republic of China, at a banquet given in his honor at the Amoy Far Low Cafe, by 100 prominent Chinese and city officials.

The precious egg was escorted into the brilliantly decorated banquet hall by a retinue of orientally garbed waiters and carefully placed in front of the guest of honor, who eyed it curiously. While the other diners were waiting for the fifteenth course the General proceeded to make away with the almost priceless delicacy, while scores of Chinese, peeking in through the doors and windows on the unusual scene, gazed in admiration and wonderment.

After eating the egg, which was as black as charcoal, the General leaned over to C. F. Yin, his secretary, and whispered in his ear, while a broad smile played over his features. The proprietor of the cafe informed the General before serving the historic hen fruit that he wasn't taking any chances, as it was just as fresh as if laid yesterday, despite the fact that it had been in a state of preservation a lifetime before Washington crossed the delaware.

The banquet was one of the most elaborate, as well as unusual, ever given in Los Angeles, and congeniality reigned supreme from the first to the twenty-eighth or so course of rare and interesting Chinese edibles.

Following are a few of the viands on the menu: Rock most soup, sharks' fins, bundle of wood with mushrooms, duck and bamboo shoots, birds' nest, lotus nuts, broiled squab, chop suey, spring blossom rolls, chicken fried with almonds, smoked oysters stewed with vegetables.

The big ban was put on chop sticks, and knives, forks and spoons were used by the diners to make way with the good things to eat. Rare Chinese wines of ancient vintage and of great value were there in abundance. For dessert there was candied ginger, preserved nuts, pickled fruits and various kinds of sweetmeats.

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