by Spurr - classmate of ODY

ANECDOTES OF OWEN D. YOUNG

A few anecdotes will show, better than anything else, the sort of a college boy Owen D. Young was.

I remember very well my arrival in Canton in the fall of 1890. Dr. A. B. Hervey, then president of St. Lawrence University, had come to Rochester one Sunday to preach. He had talked about college in the Sunday School, and induced me to join the freshman class of that year. Dr. Hervey, and a number of students, were at the station when the train pulled in. After introductions he stated that Young and I were to room together. He had found a place for us at the house of Mrs. Simmons, on Pine Street, a kindly woman a little past middle age, who liked boys--preferring them to girl boarders--although the boys would occasionally put their heels on the window sills, and otherwise interfere with the orderly arrangements of a well kept house.

Young was only sixteen, although he seemed older to me. He was the youngest of the class, and I, twenty years old at the time, was the oldest member. Standing six feet two Young was striking in appearance, even then. He wore a soft felt hat, dark coat and trousers. His

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clothes were a trifle outgrown, although not noticeably so. The students in those days were probably not as fashionably dressed as those of the present generation. Young, however, was never poorly dressed. In fact, he was always as well attired as anyone in college at that time. His clothes were made for him by a tailor and, whatever sacrifices his parents may have had to make to send him to college, they saw that he had everything he needed in Canton, including proper and well cut clothing.

There were two other boys in the Simmons House, James F. McKinney, at present general counsel for the Adirondack Power and Light Corporation at Schenectady, and George I Woolley, for many years after graduation a professor in the Brooklyn Law School. Two bedrooms and a study room on the second floor were open to us, and we four boys, afterwards known as the "Simmons Gang" were the only boarders.

Many events of great interest to us happened during the first year we were together in the Simmons house. My first impression of the character of the boys was formed during a walk which we took the first night we were together. After we had had our supper--we always called the evening meal supper in Canton--the Simmons gang started out to look over the town.

I remember the tenor of the conversation very well, because I was not properly prepared for college; was, in fact,

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intending to take only a special course at that time. The rest of the boys were fresh from preparatory schools, and I recall that McKinney and Woolley talked upon subjects that were entirely over my head, Punic Wars, Grecian art and philosophy, Latin syntax, and a few other topics which seemed to be very interesting to them and which greatly excited my admiration. It was hard for me to believe that boys of that age could have acquired such a wide range of information. Since then I have learned that this is just the age at which that kind of knowledge is with most readiness absorbed and with most difficulty forgotten.

I think Young took part in this conversation to a limited extent, interjecting a remark here and there, just enough to give me the impression that he was familiar with all of these subjects, but preferred to listen rather than to talk. I was coming more and more to feel that I had been assigned to the wrong boarding house and was beginning to wonder whether I would be admitted to the college, even as a special student. In this somewhat depressed state of mind, while we were walking along, I happened to notice on the other side of the street an unfortunate fellow who seemed to have no control over his muscles. He made his way with great difficulty, his legs and arms moving with all sorts of elastic motions, until it seemed every moment as if he must go down in a heap. This gave me a chance to change the conversation to something more up to date; so I

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ventured to ask what they thought the cause of that poor fellow's trouble was. Here was a question not to be answered directly from textbooks.

Young looked across the street, observing the erratic actions of the man who had attracted my attention, and then remarked: "The seat of that man's difficulty is in the cerebellum."

I had studied physiology just enough to know what the cerebellum is and where it is located. It seemed to me that Young had given a first rate answer, and I had no doubt, after listening to him, that he knew exactly what the trouble was and what he was talking about. As I now look back on this incident I can see that he may have been mistaken, but at that time the possibility of his being wrong did not occur to me.

This was an early illustration of the convincing manner in which his conclusions were always stated. This facility for convincing people that he is right has no doubt been one of his greatest assets. He probably has been right most of the time, but no person ever created has been right all of the time. Young would himself say that if he right half the time, that would be a pretty good percentage; but, in positions of responsibility decisions have to be made and, when they have been acted upon, it is often difficult to prove that they were not the best ones that could have been made. The important thing is to convince one's associates at the time that the decision is sound. In my college days in talking with Young about various problems that

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troubled us then, I was, on a number of occasions, convinced that he was right only to come to a different conclusion after I had had a chance to get away and think theproblem out by myself, uninfluenced by his personality. I do not mean to assert that on these occasions Young was wrong, but only that when differences of opinion occurred it was under such circumstances, and to point out that he usually had the ability when present, to carry his point. So, as I have stated, I had no doubt that he was right about the cerebellum and I felt that my knowledge of the human body as compared with his was very elementary. I fancied that he must have been preparing himself for the profession of medicine and when I learned that he was not I thought, for a long time afterwards, that he was making a great mistake. I was sure that he would make a great physician or surgeon. We were well along towards the end of our walk when this incident occurred, and I felt more depressed than ever over my chances of keeping up in such fast company.

Young's powers of persuasion mainfested themselves on many occasions. Some of these were very amusing. After the four members of the so-called Simmons gang had been together long enough to become pretty well acquainted, Young and I undertook one night to convince McKinney and Woolley that the Erie Canal ran up hill. We first fabricated the arguments and then sprang them in all seriousness on the other members of our household. Anyone who knew McKinney and Woolley will agree

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that this was considerably of an undertaking. We proceeded, however, to show that the common belief that water runs down hill is not always true and cited the canal as an illustration of that statement. I have forgotten what the arguments were, but remember that there was a long and spirited discussion and that Young was at his very best. Neither McKinney nor Woolley could successfully controvert the arguments. The former retired at about eleven o'clock refusing to admit that the canal ran up hill. Woolley, however, lingered and continued the discussion. Being of a scholarly turn of mind and unsuspicious, he was little by little yielding to Young's persuasive powers when McKinney, whose ire was gradually being roused, called out from the bedroom, "Come on to bed, don't let those fellows make a ----- fool of you."

A number of years afterward McKinney told me that he himself was convinced of the soundness of the arguments in favor of this unusual performance of the canal, but that his common sense told him it could not be so.

On another occasion Young tried to use his persuasive powers on me. Anyone who has lived in Canton knows that it gets very cold there in the winter; that the thermometer sometimes goes to 40 degrees below zero. Our room was heated by an old wood stove. A fire had to be built every morning, and we took turns at this. A good deal has been said about the desirability

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of early rising; but in spite of all that has been said and written on this subject, the inclination to take an extra half hour snooze in the morning, if possible, has never become unpopular. So days when it was our turn to lie in bed and let the other fellow build the fire did seem good. On the Thanksgiving vacation of our freshman year I went home, while Young remained at Canton. When I got back I found that he had come to the conclusion that I would have to get up every morning for two weeks to start the fire in order to make up for the time I had lost while home. The arguments were sound and convincing and had it not been for the fact that the job was a dreaded one I should probably have succumbed. In fact my conscience troubled me for a long time for having pretended to believe that he was wrong and for having refused to take more than my turn at the fire.

One of the questions generally asked about a successful man is whether he was a good student. Let that be disposed of at once. Not much is proved one way or the other by information of this kind because many men who did not stand well in their classes have succeeded in a very large way as soon as they got out into the world. I suppose statistics would show, however, that the majority of men who have got on after leaving college were men who did well in their studies, at least men who showed some capacity for work.

I am sure that the professors of that day would all

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assert that Young was a good student, one of the very best in his class. I know that he did his share of study and that he got good marks. His name did not carry a cum laude or a summa cum laude on the graduation program for the very good reason that such honors were not given to anybody in his time. I am sure that he could easily have obtained either of these honors. He was, indeed, oneoof the few men in college at that time to obtain a Phi Beta Kappa key. We did not "major" in those days. Young was a natural mathematician and liked chemistry pretty well but whether, owing to his inclination towards the law, he would have majored in those subjects I do not know.

While Young had the reputation of being a very fine student he was not the bookworm type. He had the undoubted capacity to understand his subjects and acquire information easily. He was reasonably conscientious about his work and always devoted as much time to his books as he could spare from outside activities. On the other hand, he was not unmindful of his health, often preferring needed rest--although it involved taking a chance the next morning in the class room -- to burning the midnight oil in order to become letter pperfect in his recitation.

There is no question but that Young as well as the rest of us worked hard at his books during the first year. He has told me that he has a distinct recollection of relief, when the work of his early terms was over, which means that he must

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have felt the burden of it somewhat. Turning over the pages of an old diary, in which what then seemed interesting events were briefly jotted down, I find continued references to study during our freshman year. For example, on January 27, 1891, I find this statement: "Studied from 11 A.M. to 11 P.M. It has been a pretty hard pull."

There were occasional expressions of annoyance at interruptions. The diary tells me that on Sunday, January 17, 1891 we were interrupted the day before by a call from _____ which prevented study and that consequently we had to work hard all day to make up, only being able to go to church once. And on April 3rd, of the same year is the reference, "Fooled away all the afternoon talking about base ball matters."

These references to study, however, became less frequent after the first year, being gradually crowded out by accounts of outside activities. After the freshman year talking about base ball matters was never considered fooling away time. When we reached our senior year, we had acquired such facility in preparing for recitations that study seemed to be somewhat incidental. During that year we had what was called a senior vacation just before final examinations. My impression after thirty years, is that this period of rest lasted for about six weeks; but I AM told that I am mistaken about this; that this so called vacation was only for a few days. Probably I am

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We used to attend church quite regularly, and "Court Week" when all the celebrated lawyers of that county gathered to try their cases, was always looked forward to. Young would sit in the court room and listen to the arguments of counsel whenever he got a chance.

Then there were lectures in the chapel of the Theological School, by leading Universalist preachers, to which the students of the college were invited and which always proved to be a real stimulant to us.

Occasional plays were presented in the Town Hall. One week we had quite a treat. On Monday night we saw "The Irish Exile" presented by the George Hall dramatic company. On Wednesday night we attended the performance of "The Golden Cliff" and on Thursday night that of "The Female Detective." These were not very high class productions, of course, but they were the best to be had. Then I remember Decker's Minstrels came to town one night and that once we had a whole week of entertainment by a company selling a patent medicine between the various acts. These were numbered among Young's amusements.

In our sophomore year we staged a hazing party, capturing a number of freshmen, whom we undertook to instruct as to their duties and obligations to the older students, particularly the members of the sophomore class. In those days, there were no campus rules for the guidance of the freshmen. They therefore could not be expected to be perfect in their deportment

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toward their superiors. Nevertheless we proceeded on the theory that ignorance of ancient customs was no excuse; and so endeavored to impress upon them the fact that they were not yet entitled to the full privileges of the campus. Young, I believe, was one of the lecturers, assigned to the duty of laying down the law to the captured freshmen.

The hazing made quite a noise among the students, and, reaching the ears of the faculty, we were all summarily called in for a hearing. President Hervey, a man of a very high sense of honor and rectitude, who was revered by all, administered a proper rebuke. We would be let off on this occasion by an apology to the faculty, and to the members of the freshman class. "Gentlemen," he said, "you must tell the class that you are sorry for what you have done."

There was silence for a moment and then Young arose and said, "Doctor, it was not our wish to do anything of which the faculty disapproved; and we are willing to do anything you ask us to do; but the fact is, we are not sorry for what we have done to these freshmen. If we say we are sorry we shall have to lie about it. Still if you ask us to lie, and you say it is the proper thing to do under the circumstances, we are ready to lie."

The good doctor winced a little, then allowed just the trace of a smile to appear, finally withdrawing the demand for an expression of sorrow to the underclassmen.

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The greatest interest of the sophomore year was in what was known as the "Sophomore Assembly." This was a class in which parliamentary law and legislative practice and debate were taught. The class was in charge of Dr. C. K. Gaines, an authority on parliamentary law who, some years later, brought out the revised edition of Cushman. The assembly was organized on the lines of the British Parliament. There was a prime minister, ministry and an opposition. Bills were introduced by various members of the class, taken up by the ministry, assailed by the opposition and debated by various members of the class. Vote-getting turned out to be the chief business of the opposing parties, and voters were influenced not so much by the speeches as by tactics employed outside the class room.

The work of this assembly appeared very serious to the class of 1894 of which Young was a member. It was a small class but it was a peculiar one in some respects. It was what might be called a "talking class." At its first banquet, for example, the toastmaster who was then not very well acquainted with the members of the class, in making out his list of toasts thought he would like to have about five speakers. There were twenty members of the class. Knowing the general tendency to decline invitations to speak, and knowing that if he sent out invitations to all the members of the class no one would feel slighted and believing that just about the right number of acceptances would be received, he thought he would make himself

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popular by asking everybody. A written invitation was therefore sent to each member of the class. To the toastmaster's amazement every invitation was accepted. The consequence was that the toast list consisted of the entire membership of the class; that the speaking began early and continued long after midnight. It is easy to understand, therefore, the interest a class of this kind took in the sophomore assembly. Nothing in the line of politics or wire-pulling was neglected. Young's ability as a leader began at once to manifest itself. He did his share of debating, of course, but the greater part of his attention was devoted to planning and running the campaign which his side happened to be interested in, rallying and posting his forces and bringing his personality to bear upon doubtful voters. It was a real assembly in miniature and a mighty hard one to work with because every member of the class considered himself more or less of a leader. The debates and the struggle for votes were always spirited and the outcome for the year turned out to be a record not in respect to the number of bills passed but to the number defeated. In fact, every ministry was defeated.

In order to prevent what seemed to Dr. Gaines a bad situation and to enable the assembly to pass at least one bill the rules were finally changed so as to restrict voting. I do not recall the details of the arrangement but remember that the members of the ministry and the opposition were prohibited from voting, those who were left forming a sort of a jury to vote on

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the measures introduced. It did not produce any better results.

The last bill was one in favor of a protective tariff. The membership of the class was largely Republican and it was thought by the Premier, a Republican, who took up the measure, that a bill favoring protection, because of the scarcit y of Democrats, would be sure to pass; but he failed to reckon on the change of the form of voting. As soon as the bill was introduced there was a conference of the Democrats. It was seen that the thing to do was to arrange the opposition so as to leave as many Democrats as possible free to vote, when the time for voting came. The Premier chose the Republicans for the ministry. That eliminated the certain number of votes. The leader of the opposition, who was, of course, a Democrat succeeded by various pretexts in making up an opposition of Republicans. They were induced to serve on the ground that it was really a non-partisan matter and that they would get some class work credit. Just to prove this, Young, who was a Democrat, said he was going to speak for the bill. So it turned out that the voting strength of the Democrats was kept intact while that of the Republicans was partially eliminated, leaving the Democrats with majority of votes on the jury.

When Young arose to speak for the bill the ministry was greatly pleased. They had not expected that such a strong and influential Democrat would speak in favor of a protective tariff. But the happy frame of mind in which this unusual incident put them was not very long lived. By previous arrangement with the

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leader of the opposition Young was to submit himself to prearranged questions. He arose and in a very carefully worded speech began to outline some of the then well known arguments in favor of protection. The Premier and the other members of the ministry listened with the greatest of interest and nodded their heads in approval as Young made his apparently telling points. But at the appointed place in the speech the leader of the opposition arose and asked Young if he would submit to a few questions. Young seemed rather annoyed at the interruption but graciously consented and then the questioning began. Young was apparently driven into one corner after another by the questions, finally being forced to admit his arguments in favor of the bill were all unsound. This went on for some forty minutes to the great chagrin of the ministry and the intense amusement of the opposition. The Premier afterwards referred to this incident as "The Dialogue." The speeches of the two Republicans on the opposition against the bill he referred to as "recitations" stating that it would take more than two recitations and a dialogue to convince him that the bill should not pass; but the bill never had any opportunity of passing because of the manipulation of the new voting rules.

I have stated that no bill was passed in the assembly. That is not quite correct. A bill was passed but promptly reconsidered. It happened in this way. One The class recited upon the rules of parliamentary law one day a week. One day of the following week was given over to the work of the assembly.

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including the introduction of bills and debates. Young happened to be interested in the passage of this bill. On a certain recitation day there was an entertainment at Potsdam and in order to attend this quite a number of the members of the opposition cut the recitation. Young conceived the idea of taking advantage of this absence by moving to suspend the rules in order to pass the bill. Dr. Gaines consented to this, the motion was made, the rules were suspended and the bill was passed. One of the members of the opposition, however, who had remained for his class work succeeded in having a motion to reconsider entered upon the minutes. The opposition had the necessary votes for reconsideration. This was promptly done at the next session of the assembly.

Young was very active in pulling wires and pledging votes for the particular side he happened to be interested in. One of the tasks thrown upon him was the keeping of the feminine members of the class in line. On one occasion after he had pledged a young woman to vote for his side, great pressure was brought to bear upon her by the opposition, some of whom were close friends. She kept her promise to Young, but not without a very bad crying spell and upset nerves. There was no doubt but that the business of the sophomore assembly was a very serious matter with some of us.

When another young woman who had pledged herself to vote with Young some of her friends tried to pull her down but she shook them off. It was not an easy matter for Young to get

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these pledges. It took considerable time, but his persuasive powers were very great and had to be constantly employed. He did not seem able, however, to pledge one or two of the girls, and these he took great pleasure in lecturing for their manifest lack of sense and judgment in voting for bills which, he informed them, were positively indefensible. Perhaps the sophomore assembly was not as serious a mtter to Young as it was to some of the others, but he got a lot of fun out of it.

While we were sophomores we had a lot of sport one morning in chapel at a general assembling of students. The freshmen who outnumbered us had determined to elect one of the members of our class to some subordinate office, not considered an honor, but quite the contrary. We determined to defeat the freshmen in this if possible although there did not seem much chance of success. However, Young was nominated as chairman of the meeting by one of the upper classmen and as chairman promptly appointed as tellers two of the members of his class whom he could trust. In addition to the member of our class who had been put up, a freshman was also nominated. The vote was overwhelmingly in favor of the member of our class, very few votes except those we had cast being in favor of the freshman. The tellers, however, announced that the freshman had been elected by a close vote. There was some disposition to question the result but no actual recount was called for. There was trouble over the matter, however, and the meeting was so long drawn out that Dr. Hervey, the President

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of the college, finally had to stop it. Later on the freshman who had been elected managed to obtain a reconsideration and a member of our class was voted in.

During the same year we boarded with Erastus Backus. Mr. Backus was finishing his term as sheriff in the fall term of that year, and we lodged with him in the jail until January when we moved to a house on Water Street. Mr. Backus was a very strong and singular character, a great lover of innocent deviltry. He afterwards became connected with the Kings County prosecuting office, when his brother, Foster Backus, was district attorney. Erastus Backus acted as a parole officer. His work in that office attracted such attention that similar offices were created for other counties. While we were in the jail, eighteen Chinese who were being smuggled across the Canadian border were captured and brought to Canton, and furnished us with some entertainment. We learned something about Chinese music, Chinese customs and language, at that time.

Mr. Backus was a lover of good horses, and we used to drive about a good deal while we were with him, sometimes over rough roads out to his farm in Russell, when the thermometer was far below zero and we had to put paper in our shoes to keep our feet from freezing.

Ernest Chilton, a protege of Mr. Backus, afterwards a lawyer of New York City, was boarding with him at that time.

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During the winter the four of us played a long series of games of euchre, Young and I being partners. Our opponents played so well, their hands worked so perfectly together at all times, that we made up our minds they must be operating under a code of signals, so we devised some signals of our own--not the kind approved by card authorities, but such as might be successfully employed on the baseball diamond between pitcher and catcher. Thereafter we always knew who held the bowers, and the precise strength of our combined hands, so that we were able to hold our own against our skilful opponents. After that there was no guess work on either side. The winners won if they had the cards, otherwise they lost. At the end of the season nothing was said about signals, but the extreme nicety with which the partners' hands worked together was commented on.

In the fall of our junior year there was great excitement in Canton owing to the Cleveland-Harrison campaign. St. Lawrence County was then, as now, a stronghold of Republicans but quite a number of the out of town students were Democrats. Young was instrumental in forming a Democratic College Club which was affiliated with a state Democratic College League. He was president of the club. There was also a Republican Club, of which Professor Fisher of the Theological School was president. Speakers of national reputation came to Canton that fall and the students took an active interest in the campaign.

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Young and I went home to register in October. On my way back I was to meet Young at Herkimer. When I stepped off the train he and the late Dr. Caleb E. Fisher, a great friend of his, then preaching at Herkimer, were there. Young informed me that he had made arrangements for us to make political speeches in the town of Jordonville that night. The Democratic County Committee was to pay expenses. It was then 2.30 o'clock and the rig which the Committee was to provide to take us to Jordonville was to call for us at four o'clock. This left little time for preparation but I had to go. The first thing we heard when we got to Jordonville was that the Democratic and Republican Clubs had arranged for a debate that evening in the school house. The Democrats wanted to put it off but the Republicans refused. Finally it was agreed that the debate should take place and that Young and I would be given a chance afterwards. The time set for the debate was seven o'clock, but the Democrats had a torch light procession and did not get to the school house until nine o'clock. The Republicans did not like the idea of our being there and while waiting for the arrival of the Democrats some one moved that the Republican speakers be heard, and the audience being largely Republican, the motion was carried. When the first speaker had gotten fairly under way the Democrats marched in, filling the hall. They were informed that their speakers would not be listened to. A representative of the Democratic Club then said they would leave, and they started to do so.

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This created a furor. The Democrats said: "We have some speakers of our own, and we will listen to them." Then they all filed out and at the bottom of the stairs gave three rousing cheers for Cleveland and Harrison. The company then marched to the hotel and Young and I spoke from the steps. Young made a fine showing. He was back from college, and the townspeople were evidently interested to see what the college had done for him, and they were not disappointed.

The big event in college politics during that fall term was a debate in the town hall between representatives of the Democratic and Republican College Clubs. The clubs were each represented by two speakers, each debater talking for forty-five minutes. The hall was crowded, the spirit of the audience was of the very best and the closing speakers were given a fine reception. Young and Professor Fisher, as presidents of their respective clubs presided. A male quartet sang Democratic and Republican songs. This quartet, strange as it might seem in that Republican stronghold, happened to be composed entirely of Democrats. This quartet led off with a Republican song, and then Young announced: "We will now have a Democratic song by a Democratic quartet," much to the amusement of the audience which was good natured and very fair. In college we all thought the debate was a wonderful performance, but I suppose the townspeople considered it a little amateurish, however, they enjoyed it because we were all so serious about it.

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Young was president of his class during his senior year but long before this time he had become the outstanding figure among the students. Whenever any really important job came along it was turned over to him to handle. In his junior year, the college magazine "The Laurentian" got into financial trouble. The accounting system was in bad shape. Debts were piling up. It looked as if the publication must go to the wall. Young was called in to act as business manager during this crisis. It is sufficient to say that, under his mahagement, the storm was weathered. The accounts were straightened out, and at this writing (1988) the Laurentian is still on its feet.

One humorous incident occurred, during Young's management. His penmanship was often a puzzle even to his friends. It looked well from a distance, because it was uniform. Some would be unkind enough to say it was uniformly bad; but that would be quite unfair. It could generally be made out with a little patience and a fair exercise of the imagination, and it veryoften approached quite a degree of legibility.

However, a bill was one day made out andsent to a subscriber in arrears, together with a letter signed "Owen D. Young" as business manager. The subscriber could probably not make out the letter, but evidently understood the bill; so he wrote out a check. Not being able to decipher the name of the business manager, he cut out the signature to the letter he had received, pasted the signature on the envelope and directed it to "Canton,

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N.Y." hoping that the postmaster might know for whom it was intended. To the credit of the postmaster, it should be said that the letter was finally handed to Young, who without hesitation recognized his signature.

At this time Young was actively interested in plans for the building of a gymnasium, which was badly needed. His talk at the senior banquet, was on this subject. This was one of his major accomplishments for the college while he was an undergraduate, because it was largely through his efforts, that the gymnasium was finally erected. It was a wooden structure sufficient, however, for the needs of the college in its day. It finally became inadequate and was destroyed by fire in 1925.

During the spring term of our sophomore year while we were studying biology some of us became much interested in the work of dissection. A cat was one of the first victims. The animals were shloroformed. One day a calf twenty-four hours old was obtained, was given chloroform, and while under its influence the action of the heart and lungs were observed. Young did not take much interest in this sort of thing, but in the senior year when the work was more advanced, played an active part in one enterprise which was kept a secret for a long time. The word was quietly passed along to a select few of the students interested in advanced anatomical work, that a

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human body was to be dissected under the supervision of a member of the faculty. Scalpels were purchased, and it was stated that the work was soon to begin.

Finally we were summoned one night, to the office of a prominent physician, and in a rear room we found the body. The professor was there. The work was begun. It occupied several days. The skeleton was set up, presented to the college, but afterwards disappeared. Young and another member of the class were responsible for this undertaking. No other student knew how it was arranged. The members of the dissecting party simply went to the physician's office and performed the work they had to do. Young did not take a very active part in the dissection, but engineered the whole thing, a performance which had never before and which hasprobably never since been undertaken, by any class at St. Lawrence, no matter how far advanced in biology.

After our freshman year more and more attention was paid to athletics. Young was not an active participant, that is to say, in the sports themselves. He did go so far on one occasion as to umpire a baseball game, during which he was struck by a ball, one eye being badly blacked by the blow. He never took part in any of the trace events. He was not very enthusiastic about dancing, but of course did take part in the more elaborate balls. At the Beta ball in December, 1892, I remember that Young and I wore dress suits for the first time. When Young went home during the Thanksgiving vacation he rented suits

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for himself and me. They came in at seven o'clock on the night of the ball. Young's suit fitted him perfectly, but the sleeves of mine were a little long. However, we both felt good to think we were properly dressed.

During his early days in college Young did not devote as much time to social events, as did some of the other members of his class. He had more serious work to do and it should be remembered that he was not very old. He was not at all diffident, however. Nor was he unaware of the charms of an unusually attractive group of young women in college at that time. Neither were the young women unaware of his presence. His failure to plunge at once into the social affairs did not impair his popularity; but probably enhanced it. An incident which occurred during his sophomore year will illustrate this.

It being necessary to have a conference with a young woman with reference to voting on a bill which Young was interested in, then up before the sophomore assembly, and being himself busy with some other work, he sent one of his lieutenants to call on her at her home to talk with her about it.

This member of the class went to the house, rang the bell, but was informed that the young woman was not at home.

Returning he reported what had taken place. Young at that time wore a felt hat and a long overcoat with a fur collar,--noticeable anywhere.

"Put on my coat and hat," said Young, "take one of my

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cards and go back and see if you can get in."

So back he went and, disguised in Young's coat and hat, he again approached the house, rang the bell and was admitted.

Young always maintained that the young woman was really out when the first call was made but his lieutenant as stoutly asserted that she was in all the while and that not until she saw Young's coat and hat through the window as its wearer approached the door did she admit that she was at home.

Two incidents will illustrate the high regard with which Young was held by the members of the faculty and the confidence which they placed in his judgment.

During the senior year, he had an accident while working in the chemical laboratory. In some way an alcohol lamp exploded, scattering the burning liquid over his face and head. With remarkable presence of mind, Professor Henry Priest who happened to be close at hand, seized Young and placed his head in a vat of water, extinguishing the flames before serious injuries could result. However, he was confined to his room for some time. While there one of the members of his fraternity dropped in and informed him that the former had been guilty of breaking one of the college rules and that one of the professors had sent him to Young for discipline. Young refused to believe this, thinking that the boys were probably trying some sort of a hoax.

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The culprit was so sincere in his statement of the case, however, that Young dismissed him, saying that he would consider the matter. In the meantime he got in touch with the member of the faculty who was said to have adopted this unusual course of procedure, and found that the culprit had told the truth. He had really been turned over to Young for discipline. I do not remember what course of discipline was imposed; but the wishes of the professor were complied with and some sort of punishment inflicted. When it is remembered that there were several members, of the same class, belonging to the same fraternity, living in the same house, who were older than Young, who naturally might have been called upon for the same service, it will be apparent in what respect Young's judgment, and sense of fairness were held by the members of the faculty.

As we entered upon our senior year the demand upon Young's time for outside activities became greater and greater. There was always something of prime importance, not directly connected with the class room to be done. It happened during the preceding years that one of the professors had died, leaving his records of class work in great confusion. Some of his subjects therefore had to be made up. So there was some back class work for Young to do. He supposed that the necessary amount of this had been done. Commencement week was at hand. Young was to be one of the speakers on the final program. Many

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events incidental to the closing ceremonies had been planned and were being arranged for. Young as usual was taking an active part in all of them. Walking up Main Street on Monday morning of the last week he met Professor Henry Priest, the dean of the faculty. After a friendly salutation the genial professor said:

"It's too bad about you, isn't it, Young?"

"Why, what do you mean?" asked Young, astonished at the professor's apparently serious manner.

"Oh," replied the professor. "Haven't you heard the news? Don't you know that you can't graduate? On going over the records we find you are two points short."

Young was astounded. The common expression that the announcement came like a clap of thunder out of a clear sky, is hardly adequate to describe the effect of this news.

Recovering quickly, however, he came back with: "Well, what are we going to do about it?"

"That," replied the professor, "is a matter which the faculty has left in my hands. Come on with me."

The professor led the way into a grocery store near by. In those days they used to set cheese, covered with a wire screen, on the counter. The professor approached such a combination and removed the screen. Then he cut off a thin slice of the cheese, saying, "Go up to the laboratory, analyze this and tell me the percentage of fats that it contains."

Young was pretty busy with his arrangements for Commence-

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ment. This was an unexpected interruption, but there was no help for it. He went to the laboratory, put in three hours of hard work, and just as he was about to finish the job accidentally broke his retort or test tube, thus destroying in an instant the result of his hard work. It was too late to begin all over. There were too many outside matters pressing. So he accepted his misfortune as cheerfully as possible, and started down town. Again he happened to meet Professor Priest.

"Have you finished your work?" asked the professor.

"Yes," replied Young, with his usual smile, which even in his recent misfortune refused to desert him. "I have just come from the laboratory. I was up there for three hours."

"Good," said the professor, "That will give you your missing points. You graduate."

"But," said Young, "don't you want to know the percentage of fats in that cheese?"

"No," replied the professor. "I don't care a hang about that; all I want to know is whether you did the work.

"Well," said Young, very much relieved, "it's a good thing you don't want to know how much fat that cheese contained."

Then he told the professor what had happened, and the latter's uproarious "haw! haw! haw!" was long remembered by Young, as the silver lining of a very dark cloud.

I have said that Young was very busy at Commencement time. He was so busy in fact, that his Commencement oration

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was not as well learned as it should have been. A prompter stood in the wings, manuscript in hand, to be ready for emergencies, but the latter's attention was distracted in some way from the business in hand and lost the place. Pretty soon Young hesitated, and, as he heard nothing from the wings, went right on. His pause might have been taken as intentional, for dramatic effect, by anyone in the audience not familiar with the manuscript. Dr. Gaines, before whom rehearsals had taken place, however, knew better. At the close of the exercises when Young was receiving congratulations, Dr. Gaines came up and said:

"An excellent extemporaneous speech, Mr. Young, excellent."

So closed the last chapter of Young's days at St. Lawrence University.

To this all will agree. Young had high ideals. He was a good student and got high marks, but was not a bookworm. He was level headed and broad minded, a leader who knew what to do all the time. He had initiative, will power and courage. He handled himself easily before an audience. He possessed a fine sense of humor and a smile that is one in a thousand. He was clean morally as well as physically. He was a good "mixer." He was popular both with the faculty and students. He held the highest offices in the gift of the undergraduates. He did whatever he had to do noticeably well. He knew what he was after. He did not waste time on foolish things. That is about all th can reasonably be expected of a boy in college.

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