

## CHAPTER XXIV

### A NEW GRADUATE SCHOOL OF ECONOMICS

One of the early acts of President Adams was to establish a new Graduate School of Economics to start with the Fall term of 1892. Dr. Ely was made the head and Professor Scott was engaged to assist him. The Seniors greeted this with enthusiasm and some of us began immediately to implore the president to allow Seniors who had done more than usual amount of economic work in debate to enroll in some of the graduate school courses. Our petitions were finally granted, and Grandfather booked himself up almost entirely with graduate school courses.

When the Seniors arrived in the Fall of 1892 to arrogate to themselves all the prerogatives of lords of the campus, they found those prerogatives were considered by the president and faculty as belonging to a new species of students who in the catalog had P. G. after their names. This, we were informed, meant Post Graduates, but after looking at them, some Senior said P. G. stood for Past Generation.

For lack of room on the campus, classes for the new Graduate School were held in offices in the Fuller Opera House building down town. This took those of us who had enrolled in graduate courses off the campus and we saw little of college life.

The Graduate School at close range looked less attractive than when, before its creation, we had petitioned the faculty to be allowed to enroll in its classes. However, we had all read Dr. Ely's book on labor unions and other topics and had found them most interesting and were still

enthusiastic about the treat in store for us as we filed into Dr. Ely's first lecture which, unlike later lectures, was given on the campus.

He mumbled his lecture to himself with his eyes fixed either on notes or on some bird in the tree tops outside the window. The lecture, however, was enlivened by one entertaining episode. Dr. Ely started by requesting that no one interrupt his lecture with a question. As he approached the end of his lecture, he began to warm up a trifle, as he declared that economic evolution, like a spiral, went sometimes forward and sometimes back, but each swing forward was greater than the swing back - thus progress was attained. At this point, a feminine P. G., in a large green hat, who sat on the front row, interrupted with: "Say, professor, don't you think it would be more accurate to say: 'Like the Curve of an Epicycloid.'" The Seniors laughed. The professor blinked his eyes like a kitten who has received a sharp tap on the nose and stammered: "The class - the class - is dismissed." The Seniors filed dolefully out to talk it over. We were in for a bad winter, however, we must see it through.

Professor Ely was no better pleased with the seniors than they were with him. Apparently he resented the fact that underclassmen had been thrust on him - he assigned them inferior seats, he never asked any of them to express an opinion on any subject, and yet with nothing whatever upon which to base an opinion of their knowledge of his subject, threatened to flunk all the Seniors if they did not work harder.

The constant petty discrimination against Seniors created a class consciousness between Seniors and graduate students that led to a

variety of petty retaliations. In these retaliations the Seniors were abetted by Harry Powers, who had by far the most brilliant mind and the most ornery disposition among the graduate students. Powers delighted in getting the professors "in a hole" and soon had them much afraid of him - all except Professor Haskin.

Professor Haskin had arrived in our Sophomore year with a Ph. D. from Johns Hopkins at the youthful age of twenty to teach European History. One day as he went through the hall, some upper classmen, mistaking him for a Freshman, shoved him into a Sophomore meeting. We Sophomores, as we filed in to take European History, upon our first sight of the youth who was to instruct us, had gleefully taken our seats and settled down for a good time. But the professor had all the fun - any Sophomore who made a "wise crack" would find himself being led innocently along to where he proved that someone was his own grandfather.

We had come to admire Professor Haskin greatly and to enjoy his classes. He had the most remarkable memory - knew with unerring accuracy minor details so well that any attempt to trip him, however subtly planned, led only to disaster for the one who tried. One try was enough even for Harry Powers. In passing perhaps I should record that Professor Haskin afterward became Dean of the Graduate School of Harvard University and Harry Powers founded the Bureau of University Travel.

But to get back to my story - Harry Powers, either because he had no liking for the petty snobberies of the Graduate School professors or just for the deviltry of the thing, used to side with the Seniors in the petty but sometimes entertaining squabbles. One illustration will

suffice. The graduate students got up a petition to have Professor Scott lecture the Friday after Thanksgiving, which from time immemorial had been a holiday. Of course no Senior was asked to sign the petition. Professor Scott was flattered. If the class wished him, he would, of course, gladly do so. Harry Powers suggested it be put to a vote and Powers and the Seniors voted the proposition down. This was pure deviltry on the part of both Powers and the Seniors, for the Seniors had come to like Professor Scott. They found him capable and inspiring and altogether human and democratic, and we tried in various ways to convince him that our prank of voting down the P. G.'s petition did not reflect any lack of appreciation of ourselves. We did, however, enjoy our holiday the more for having voted the P. G.'s down.

All this is written to show how it was that after three inspiring years of struggle up the ladder to debate championship, University life in the Senior year proved so lacking in interest that Grandfather began to wish he could get away. Another factor also proved more thrilling but nevertheless unsettling - the presidential election of 1892.