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# The Evergreen.

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## A Letter from an Old Student.

DEAR EVERGREEN: Since I last wrote you, it has been my privilege to witness two occasions illustrative in a high degree of real New York enthusiasm. This city never does anything by halves. Whenever any incident occurs of sufficient importance to make it at all popular, it is made the most of here, if anywhere in the world.

The first of these occasions was the regular celebration—jubilation, perhaps I had better call it—of the entry of the New Year. I have neglected to tell you of this for so long that it cannot help seeming rather stale news now, yet I submit a very imperfect account, hoping it may not fail of interest to your readers.

Several weeks before the holiday season arrived, I had been promised by my fellow-boarders that on New Year's eve I would "see the sight of my life." High as their glowing promises had aroused my expectations, I was not disappointed. Never have I seen a crowd so large, so utterly, carelessly happy, so intent on jollification, so demonstrative of their enthusiasm, as that which thronged lower Broadway on the night of December 31st, 1901.

The chief object of popular attraction—a regular New Year's custom—is the rendering at midnight of a number of old favorite tunes by the chimes of Trinity Church. This stately edifice, standing on Broadway at the end of Wall street, is one of New York's most treasured relics of ante-revolutionary days. In the old churchyard, beneath gravestones from which the alternating suns and storms of over a cen-

tury have so defaced the inscriptions that many of them are hardly legible, repose the ashes of many of the first pioneers of New Amsterdam. Among those buried here, best known to history, are Alexander Hamilton, first Secretary of the Treasury, and Captain John Lawrence, whose dying words, "Don't give up the ship," have been enrolled among the proverbs of the Republic.

But it is of the living, and not the dead, that I am to write, and I must return to my subject. Thinking that I would be sufficiently early to see all the attractions and hear the full musical program, about 10 o'clock I took the elevated train, and in less than an hour found myself, one of many thousands, buying a tin horn from a huckster on a corner, and hurrying down Broadway with a surging, yelling, horn-blowing stream of humanity then flowing tumultuously toward Trinity Church.

Whether the chimes had begun playing or not before I got in hearing distance,—hence, whether I was late,—will never be known. I had no way of finding out. It was one occasion when it was impossible, if not folly, to be wise. The din made by thousands of horns and lusty voices striving with each other to see which could contribute most to the general racket, so completely drowned the chimes that only a mere occasional echo from the tall steeple was now and then wafted down to our ringing ears. Rarely is it the privilege of a westerner to see so dense a concourse of people. For at least a quarter of a mile each way from the church,

Broadway and Wall Street were densely packed with the vociferating mass, from the buildings on either side to the car-tracks. These latter were with the greatest difficulty kept partly clear by hundreds of policemen, who used their muscles and "billies" with vigorous but unavailing indiscrimination. For this was New Year's Eve, and New York was making the most of it, and what difference did a rap or a cuff more or less, or a threat of being "pulled," make? Had Fat Goodsel or Sandy Mashburn been there they would have found themselves, from sheer force of habit, obeying echoed signals of former football battles and playing in continuous scrimmages with a vim. In every window in the tall skyscrapers, a group of watchers could be seen enjoying the spectacle. Every now and then someone would throw a roll of white paper tape from a news-ticker out of a window. The wind was blowing almost a gale, swirling and whisking around the corners and into the niches of the buildings, and when it caught those long strips of paper, they writhed and twisted fantastically through the air with such sinuations that they seemed like long, white serpent-spirits of the night, intoxicated by the wild demonstrations of the crowd.

All at once the general din became increased to the most deafening intensity. The clock had struck the hour of twelve. At that signal every craft that boasted a whistle, afloat in the bay, from frowning U. S. gunboat and huge transatlantic liner to tiny sputtering tug and lake launch, gave vent to pent-up, vited. to