1-1-1902

Northern and Southern Life

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Northern and Southern University Life.

As Lord Hale warns young law students "the law is a jealous mistress," not less so is one's Alma Mater, and by that term I mean only the college where one's undergraduate years are spent. However great be the institution at which the A. B. strives for the L. L. B., he never can feel for it quite the same degree of affection that he entertains for the college whose gates received him as a Freshman whose Faculty disciplined him as a Sophomore, and whose *Cancellarius et Curatores* made it known unto all men to whom these presents should come, with greeting, that this "youth of our University" was (at that stage of the proceedings) a bachelor of all the arts. So there is no danger that the following perfunctory remarks will be tinctured with any degree of bias against our own University.

Leaving out of account that strictly postgraduate institution, Johns Hopkins, the colleges of the North appear to be divided into two great classes. As representative of the "small college" stand Trinity and Williams. In the salient features of such a college, saving only that it is not Southern (and there we find a great difference, easy to see, hard to describe) it differs little from our University. The college is the limb of a small college town; fraternities flourish in its atmosphere; its constituency is gathered from almost one sort and condition of men, the wealthy parvenus preferring more glittering academic environments for their sons; and life moves along quietly, broken only by a good showing of the football team against Yale, and the commencement festivities.

Yale and Princeton do not belong to this class, nor to the other presently to be described. They seem *sui generis*, and to describe them you must attend them and each of them.

To this remaining class the great specialized University, Columbia, belongs. It conveys no meaning to say you are of Columbia unless you are exuberant and wear a cap, in which case, of course, you are an undergrad-
uate. George the Second’s royal charter created King’s College on the lines of Oriel or Magdalen. Its corporate successor, Columbia University, contains the “college” proper as only one of many great divisions. A man may well spend three years in Law and never know a soul in Mines, Architecture, Engineering, or the College. The Law School is housed in the north wing of the Library Building. The student commons is in the University Hall. The Law students number as many as the College students, and bound their academic sphere with these monuments.

An exception is formed by those of the Law School who have graduated from the College. These keep in touch with the College, and from them we hear what is happening on the campus. These men and the undergraduates sustain that mysterious thing we all know as “College life.” They ring cow-bells at the games with Yale. They sing on the Library steps. In short, they are orthodox.

The Law School is a little world in itself. Every section of the country is represented, yet its student-body is quite homogeneous. Its atmosphere, however, has more of Lincoln’s iron than of Oxford—as befits a school whose former dean, a Georgia man, too, is the recognized ultimate authority on quasi contracts, and whose present dean is a learned real property lawyer. The life of a law student is pleasant in the extreme. The work is hard; but, to ace it, there are the moot courts, the Law Review, and that indefinable feeling of comradeship which is an ancient precedent of the profession. Sectionalism, of course, you never encounter. The President of the Class of 1903 is a Sewanee Alumnus.

An advantage, and, in some respects a disadvantage, is Columbia’s location in the city. To the law student it is an unqualified advantage. Though he gets small time to attend the courts, yet he can the better keep up if he pleases, with the recent decisions, and if he is ignorant of the looks of a court-room, as many a law graduate is, the Appellate Division sits for him, where, with five justices on the bench and learned counsel on the floor, he can study the machinery of a very dignified Appellate Court. Or he can go further down town, to the County Court House, and, in a special term, see the equities thrashed out of an interminable case, or stepping across the hall to trial term, observe that bulwark of our liberties, the petty jury, doing business at the old stand.

Two things the University of Georgia has, and Columbia has not. One is the Honor System. Not that Northern students, as a class, are less sensitive to the dictates of honor. But here the delicate task of disciplining the weaker vessels is left to the Faculty, whereas at
Georgia the students themselves handle it.

Georgia, too, enjoyed freedom from the fear of co-education. In fact, there is no danger of it at Columbia, but the students think there is. As there will never be co-education in the Law School this quarrel is not mine. The fault is not so much with Barnard undergraduates as with those ladies who take postgraduate courses. There are many who like co-education, of course, but let us hope their kind will not increase in Georgia. From what I hear of its progress in the feminized colleges of the land, the issue of co-education produces chiefly rancor and spectacled young ladies.

I find I have not described anything scarcely, outside the Law School, but I can do no better. Indeed, when you get down into the heart of it, the life of the true college men of Columbia is much the same as elsewhere. I have here caught glimpses of the familiar figures of College Editor, on whose shoulders rests the weight of heavy responsibility; of College Orator, beetling-browed but often shallow-pated; of College Snob, who does not speak to Freshmen; of College Athletes, surfeited with homage. Have not these types, at different times, appeared upon Georgia's campus as well?

Yet, of all these, good, better and best, comes the next generation of Americans and Southerners.

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