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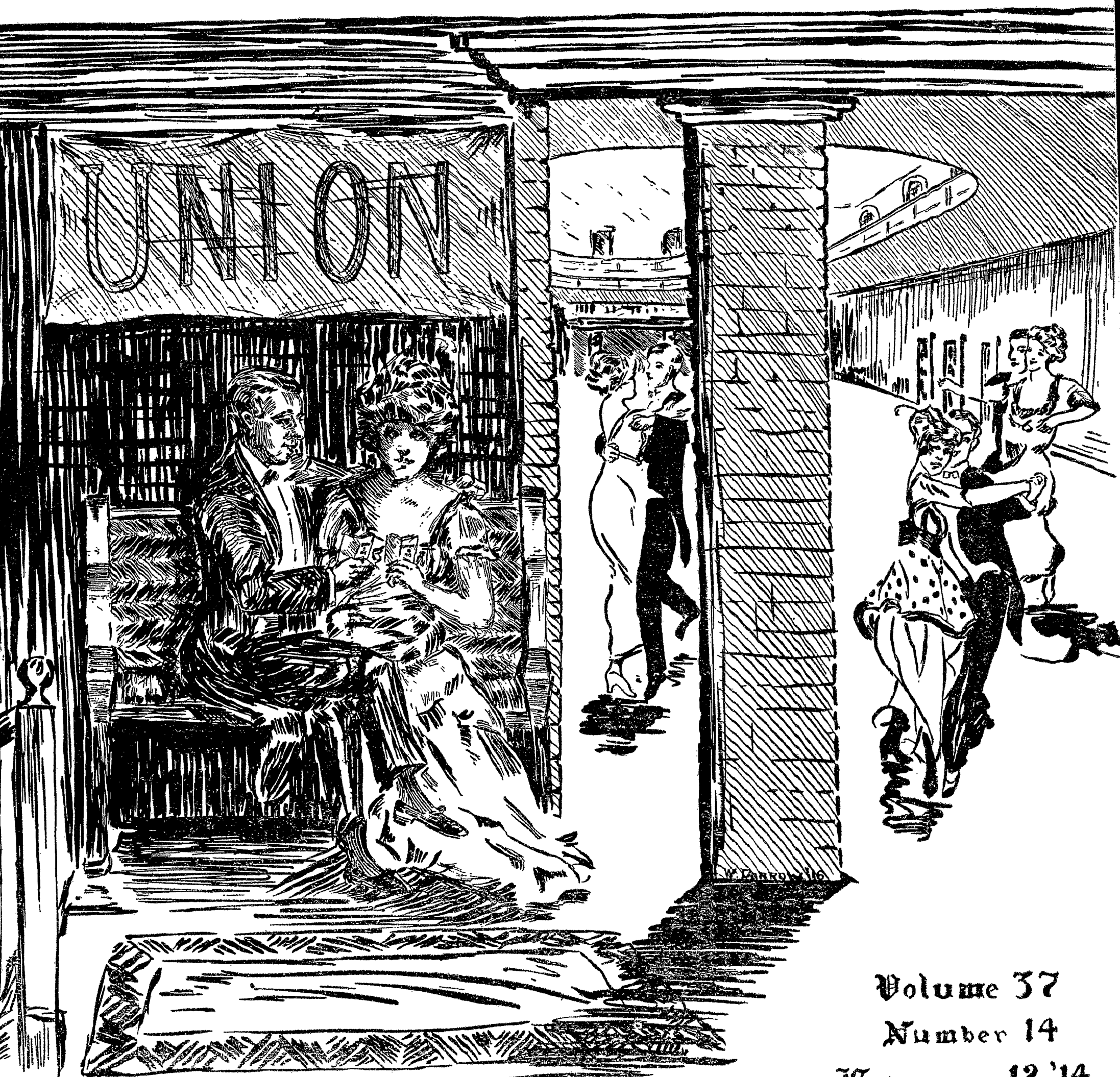
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THE

CONCORDIAN

• Junior • Week • Number •



Volume 37
Number 14
February 12 '14

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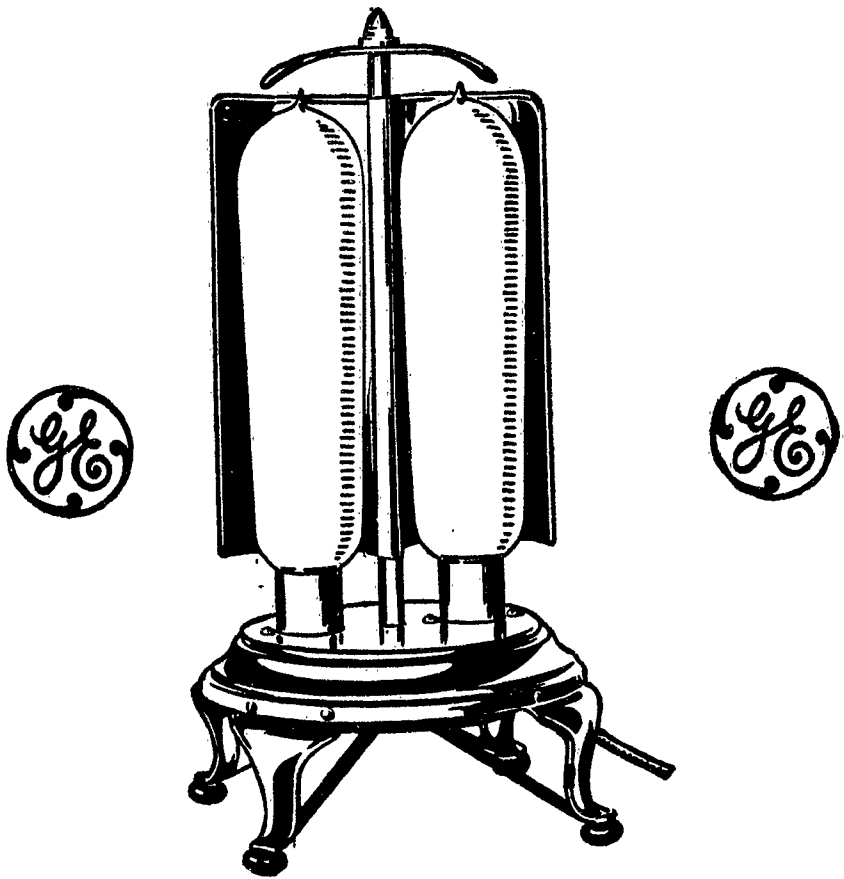
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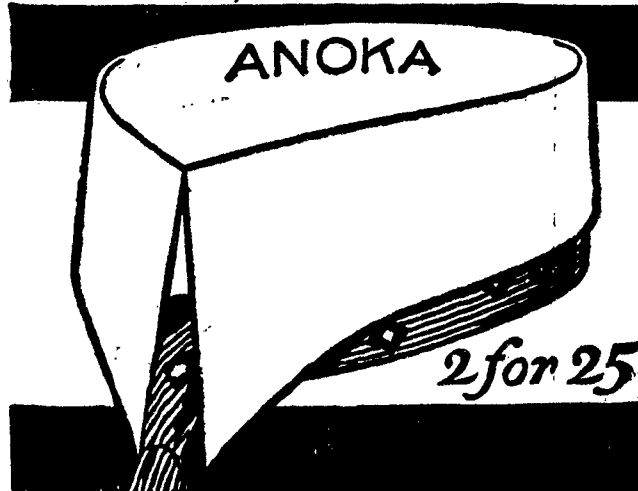
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The Concordiensis

VOL. 37

FEBRUARY 12, 1914

NO. 14

TO THE LADIES.

Mesdames and Mesdemoiselles (especially Mesdemoiselles), the Ladies: Greetings! Greetings in the name of cold, grey Dorp, where sit mumchance (ensconced throughout the weary months), all of us, your humble swains—where we, the devoted pupils of the University of Woman's Eyes, perforce, are made to stew and quake and cram our listless brains with as much assorted knowledge as we can not resist.

But for a short season, in the grim frozen winter, comes Eternal Spring to us; and we forget Stresses and Electricity and the eccentricities of the "Will to Believe" in the unforgettable, joyous, fleeting, but eternal moments of this Eternal Spring which blooms with such delightful regularity, and which we christen Junior Week. Then (for that short period) the iron-grey campus, unyielding and pinched in the grip of Old Winter, blooms as never Captain Jack's Garden bloomed in the days of its fairest radiance—for the bloom is exotic, orchid-like, fleeting, ephemeral, rare, sweet; and, above all, ladies, the bloom is You!

Yes, you lily-lipped gazelles, you Turkish Pomegranates, you sloe-eyed Fatimas; blushing, bridling, smiling, sweetly frowning, glancing, glowing, laughing-eyed, happy-souled, poppy-breathing, soul-destroying, lotus-eyed, magicing witches, with

your rustlings and bowings, your gliding grace, your intricate devisings, your devious schemings (Oh, the eyes under the long lashes looking sideways!), your tigerine, sinuous tread, your silks, your satins, your powders—aye, even your powders, ladies!—frivolity, joy, sympathy, sweetness, even a touch of gentle malice, delicate inuendo masquerading as candor, small bickers, large making-up after the storm—ah, ladies, these are your bloom!

And these do we transport bodily to our storm-dusty campus for this short space of time, and these do we live for, and these do we remember long after the N. Y. C. & H. R. R. R. has plucked our gentle posies and transported them once more beyond our farthest ken.

And for this reason, ladies, that you bring a little of the joy which transforms life to immortality to us among our books, and our tawny beards, and our shapeless lives, do we bid you sincerest Welcome to our little hole in the wall. One and all—svelte, purple-eyed Dispensers of Delight; tiny, delicate sylphs with golden sunshine for hair; ingenuous younglings, sophisticated, limpid-orbed, wise virgins, one and all—come, ladies, come—let us sport with Amaryllis in the shade of the Gymnasium Alumnorum; allow us the pleasure of discussing Shakespeare and the Musical

Glasses and the impropriety of excessive dipping during the Hesitation; come with us and be our guests and we will dip you in champagne, smother you in blue roses, kindle you with our gay jeux d'esprit, and worship you now and frevermoreamen.

Line forms on the right, watch the step, and linger as long as you can—and we wish you "More power to your elbows," and "Que le bon Dieu vous benisse"—oh, you exquisite quintessences of Joy—oh, you billion-dollar babes!

SOIREE OPENS FESTIVITIES.

Junior Week Will Open This Evening With the Sophomore Dance in the New Gymnasium.

This evening the festivities of Junior Week will begin with the Sophomore Soiree in the gymnasium. For this initial dance, Chairman Brunet has spared no pains to decorate the building in a fitting manner for its initiation into the gayety of Junior Week. The decorations will be made up of evergreen boughs and southern smilax, and the "gym" will lose its professional air temporarily and take on a bewitching and entrancing appearance, suitable to the delightful demoiselles who will swarm there this evening. A delicious buffet supper will be served during the intermission. The dance orders are beautiful little pearl-covered affairs and will make most appropriate souvenirs of the function.

The patronesses will be, in addition to the Faculty members' wives: Mrs. J. C. Jackson, Mrs. W. F. MacMillan, Mrs. F. B. Richards, Mrs. DeForest W. Weed, Mrs. R. H. Gibbes, Mrs. Frank Van der Bogart, Mrs. H. E. Starbuck, Mrs. W. B. Landreth, Mrs. James W. Yelverton, Mrs. Willis T. Hanson, Jr., Mrs. J. H. Callanan, Mrs. J. T. Schoolcraft, Mrs. C. B. Hawn, Mrs. J. L. Moon, Mrs. Chester Moore, Mrs. Frank Huntington, Mrs. Ferdinand Heim, Mrs. E.

R. Cullings, Mrs. G. Donnan, Mrs. W. C. Yates, Mrs. E. C. Whitmyre, Mrs. R. J. Landon, Mrs. H. M. White and Mrs. J. H. Levitt.

CHEMISTRY LECTURE.

Dr. F. H. MacGregory, head of the Chemical Department at Colgate University, gave a lecture, illustrated with experiments, on "Liquefaction of Gases" in the Chemical Laboratory Friday evening. A large audience found the lecture unusually interesting. The lecture pertained largely to liquid air.

DR. McELROY SPEAKS.

Dr. Wm. H. McElroy, of the class of '60, gave an interesting lecture in the chapel Friday evening on "Optimism." Dr. McElroy has had a long experience in journalistic work, being at one time editor of the New York Tribune. He also addressed the student body Saturday noon after chapel.

FOOTBALL SCHEDULE.

Manager Fred D. Cure, '15, has announced the football schedule for the next season. There is a total of eight games, five of which will be played on the R. C. Alexander Field, the new athletic field. The schedule is:

- Sept. 25—St. Lawrence at Schenectady.
- Oct. 3—Hobart at Schenectady.
- Oct. 10—Wesleyan at Middletown, Conn.
- Oct. 17—Stevens at Hoboken, N. J.
- Oct. 24—Worcester Tech. at Schenectady.
- Oct. 31—R. P. I. at Troy.
- Nov. 7—N. Y. U. at Schenectady.
- Nov. 14—Hamilton at Schenectady.

"Papa, what is a stag?"

"A stag, my son, is a man who comes home from a dance with powder on his coatfront, but none on his shoulder."

**PROM TOMORROW NIGHT
1915 Dance Promises to Exceed All
Expectations.**

Tomorrow night the climax of Junior Week will take place in the new gymnasium in the form of the Junior Promenade. Today's events, and the concerts tomorrow, will serve merely as a means of heightening for the 1915 function, which will be the best ever held during a Junior Week at Union. Chairman Thomas A. Dent, Jr., has reserved many of his plans from publication, so that the event might exceed all expectations.

The committee has secured a professional for the decorating and will work all day with him, utilizing smilax, evergreens, boxwood, palms, class banners, and what not, in converting the main floor into an appropriate background for the "prom." An elaborate buffet luncheon will be served from the south wing of the building during the intermission and the auxiliary hall in the north wing will be opened up for additional dancing space. Exceedingly attractive dance orders, containing a careful choice of popular dance music, will form another prominent feature of the party. But why tell more of plans? Suffice it to say—it's to be the biggest and best dance "ever," and very appropriate as the initial "prom." in our wonderful new "gym"!

The following ladies will act as the patronesses at the 1915 Junior Promenade tomorrow night:

Mrs. Charles Alexander Richmond, Mrs. Benjamin H. Ripton, Mrs. Frank S. Hoffman, Mrs. Olin H. Landreth, Mrs. James H. Stoller, Mrs. Edward Everett Hale, Jr., Mrs. Ernst Julius Berg, Mrs. John I. Bennett, Mrs. Edward E. Ellery, Mrs. Frank Coe Barnes, Mrs. Horace G. McKean, Mrs. Charles F. F. Garis, Mrs. Wilbert A. Garrison, Mrs. George J. Lyon, Mrs. Morton C. Stewart, Mrs. Morland King, Mrs. J. A. C. Callan, Mrs. C. N. Waldron, Mrs. Stanley

P. Chase, Mrs. Walter L. Upson, Mrs. Charles B. Anthony, Mrs. J. George Steinle, Mrs. Robert T. Hill, Mrs. Hartley F. Dewey, Mrs. Fred T. Dawson, Mrs. James W. Yelverton, Mrs. Willis T. Hanson, Mrs. W. T. Hanson, Jr., Mrs. Wallace Clark, Mrs. Glowaski Parker, Mrs. Horatio G. Glen, Mrs. Frederick B. Richards, Mrs. J. H. Callanan, Mrs. Frank Starbuck, Mrs. Allen Dillingham, Mrs. Floyd Miller, Mrs. Robert Landon, Mrs. C. E. Aiken, Mrs. Arthur B. Lawrence, Mrs. George Donnan, Mrs. E. L. Damon, Mrs. W. F. MacMillan, Mrs. J. C. Jackson, Mrs. J. L. Moon, Mrs. C. D. Hawn, Mrs. F. Bernard Travis, Mrs. H. W. Peck, Mrs. F. W. Burleigh and Mrs. E. O. Kiesiling.

**MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC CLUBS.
Will Unite in Giving an Entertainment
Tomorrow Afternoon.**

A most enjoyable afternoon is promised the house-party guests who attend the joint entertainment of the musical clubs and the Dramatic Club in the high school auditorium tomorrow at 2:30 o'clock. The Glee Club will sing three numbers; the Mandolin Club will play twice, and the male quartet will appear for one selection. Stanley M. Smith, '15, leader of the Glee Club, will sing a solo for the third number on the program, and Roger MacMillan, '15, will play a violin solo for the seventh number. After the concert a very informal thirty-minute "skit," entitled "The Bishop's Comedy," will be presented by the Dramatic Club.

Dr. S. P. Chase, assistant professor of English, dramatized this bit of comedy from Leonard Merrick's short story of the same title. The play, although short, is a clever dialogue and has several amusing situations. The theme of the "Bishop's Comedy" centers around the friendship of an English bishop and a popular actress. The bishop

has ventured to write a play for Kitty and meets with difficulties. These he tells to Kitty, who succeeds in pacifying him, and all goes well until the actress receives a call from the bishop's wife, Mrs. Meadows, who has come, "without the formality of an introduction, to talk with Miss Clarges on a matter of the utmost importance." What is said in the interview and the final outcome you will learn tomorrow afternoon in the presentation by the following cast:

Miss Kitty Clarges, an actress.....
Walter C. Baker, '15
 Gus Mainwright, actor and manager.....
Frank L. Smith, '15
 The Bishop of Westborough.....
George Wadsworth, '14
 Mrs. Lullieton Meadows, the bishop's
 wifeHoward Santee, '16
 Susanne, Kitty's maid...Jacob Gauger, '17
 The setting for the "skit" is Miss Clarges' apartment in London.

In the preparation of the production the cast has received no outside coaching.

Following is the program for the afternoon:

1. "Wake Up Sweet Melodies".....
 Thos. Moore
 Glee Club
2. "Lustspiel Overture" Keler-Bela
 Mandolin Club
3. "Vocal solo—"Oh Thou Sublime,
 Evening Star" Wagner
 Mr. Stanley M. Smith
4. "Beware" Atkinson
 Glee Club
5. "Lucia di Lammermoor"...Donnizetti
 Mandolin Club
6. "Poor Willie" Atkinson
 Quartet: Messrs. Naumann, De La
 Vergne, Gunning, Smith
7. Violin solo—"Scene de Ballet".....
 De Beriot
 Mr. Roger MacMillan

8. "My Pretty Maid" Niedlinger
 Glee Club
9. "The Bishop's Comedy"
 The Dramatic Club
10. "Alma Mater"..... Ludlow
 Combined Clubs

SPENCER LECTURES TO BEGIN SOON.

It is with great interest that the report of the coming Ichabod Spencer lectures is received. Since their installation these lectures have been well attended by appreciative audiences. The speaker for this season is to be Dr. Dewey of Columbia University. Dr. Dewey is an eminent authority on psychology, and the following program promises to be most instructive and interesting. The calendar is as follows:

- February 16—Biological Basis of Behavior and Impulsive Activities.
 February 17—Formation of Mind by Social Occupations and Beliefs.
 February 23—Mind and Language.
 February 24—Emotionality and Rationality in Social Behavior.
 March 5—Crises and Their Control: Success and Failure in Precarious Issues.
 March 6—Modes of Control: Magic, Industry (Technology), Law, Etc.
 March 12—The Development of Private Judgment and Initiative.
 March 13—Significance of the Rise of Social Sciences.

AT THE HOUSE PARTY.

'15: "Er—er, Marie; er—er—there's been something trembling on my lips for the past two months."

She (calmly): "Yes, yes; so I see; why don't you shave it off?"

**MANY HOUSE PARTIES ON HILL.
Other Fraternities Entertain at Various
Functions.**

Girls, girls, girls; showers of girls, and for the next three days the campus will resemble a co-educational institution, for all the afternoon, members of "the fairer sex" have been arriving to participate in the various fraternity house-parties. Six of the fraternities will hold week-end house-parties and most all of the "crowds" will entertain at informals after the Colgate game Saturday night. In addition, two of the fraternities will give teas.

Following is a list of the various house-party guests and the functions in which they will participate:

Delta Upsilon's house-party guests will be: Mrs. Robert J. Landon, Mrs. Clarence E. Aiken of Johnsonville, Mrs. Edward C. Whitmyer, Mrs. Eddy R. Whitney, Miss Grace Bond of Schenectady, Miss Lucille E. Wyman of Granville, Miss Hazel Moyer of Herkimer, Miss Clara Mann of New York City, Miss Ethel Agnew of Port Henry, Miss Edna Streibert of Albany, Mrs. Ralph D. Morgan of Schenectady, Miss Eleanor Aiken of Johnsonville, Miss Pauline Ingham of Chatham, Miss Anna C. Buchanan of Chambersburg, Pa., Miss Virginia Wadell of Oneonta, Miss Katrina Jaggard of Poughkeepsie, Miss Ruth Baker, Miss Hazel Brooks of Schenectady. The house will be elaborately decorated with evergreens, palms and pointsettias. Tonight the fraternity will hold a twilight party, and Saturday afternoon the guests will be given a toboggan party at the Mohawk Golf Club. Saturday, Delta Upsilon will also hold a dance after the Colgate game.

Psi Upsilon: Mrs. Frederick Richards of Glens Falls, chaperone; Miss Elsie Cleveland, Miss Helen Potter, Miss Mabel Edwards, Miss Ruth Buck and Miss Greta Gibson of Elmira; Miss Dorothy Homer of

Comstock, Miss Helen V. Smith of Freeport, Miss Marion Gardanier of Saratoga, Miss Louise E. Bonney of Englewood, N. J.; Miss Edythe Goodman of New York City, Miss Katherine Starbuck of Saratoga, Miss Elizabeth Shedden of Plattsburg, Miss Nana Daniel of Yonkers, and Miss Dorothy Richards of Glens Falls. The Psi Upsilon party will attend all the Junior Week functions and will hold an informal house-dance following the Colgate game.

At the **Alpha Delta Phi** house the following will be entertained: Mrs. W. T. Hanson, Jr., chaperone; Miss Barbara Tayler of Schenectady, Miss Eleanor Twining, Miss Dorothy Lasell and Miss Mildred Child of Troy, Miss Katherine Hamilton, Miss Fannie Hamilton and Miss Leila Paige of Albany, Miss Elizabeth Marshall of Brooklyn, Miss Gladys Dent of New York City and Miss Eleanor Crouse of Syracuse. The Alpha Delta Phi party will attend all the regular functions of the week and will hold, in addition, an informal dance at its chapter house Saturday night.

The following will be entertained at the **Phi Gamma Delta** fraternity house-party: Mrs. W. F. MacMillan of Schenectady and Mrs. J. C. Jackson of Fort Plain as chaperones; Miss Eloise Milmine of Amsterdam, Miss Pearl Shafer of Albany, Miss Marion Vosburgh of Fort Plain, Miss Olive Way of Johnstown, Miss Elizabeth Luce of Utica, Miss Anna Walsh of Brooklyn, Miss Gertrude Streeter of Albany, Miss Mabel Ostrom of Schenectady and Miss Isabel Kline of Amsterdam. Phi Gamma Delta, in addition to the other Junior Week events, will entertain at a house-dance Saturday night.

Beta Theta Pi's house-party will be made up of the following: Mrs. Franklin E. Starbuck of Gouverneur, chaperone; Miss Minnie Bee, Miss Madeline Smith, Miss Helen Broderick and Miss Bertha Reedy

of Schenectady, Miss Katherine Danner of Buffalo, Miss Marjorie Anthony of Gouverneur, Miss Ruth Fuller of Gloversville and Miss Hagar of Plattsburg. The fraternity will entertain at a theater party Saturday afternoon and at an informal dance after the basketball game.

The Kappa Alpha house-party will include the following guests: Mrs. Sidney F. Dejonge of Schenectady, Miss Dorothy Dunning and Miss Olive Mideam of Albany, Miss Garret of Ravena and Miss Amy Wilkinson and Miss Margaret Dayton of Schenectady. The Kappa Alpha guests will also be entertained at an informal dance Saturday night.

Miss Susie Appleby of Peekskill, Miss Jessie Chambers of Schenectady and Miss Ruth Wells of Johnstown will be entertained by members of the Delta Phi fraternity during the week, although the fraternity will hold no house-party. On Saturday night an informal dance will be held at the Delta Phi house.

On Friday afternoon, from 4 to 7 o'clock, the Sigma Phi society will entertain a large number of guests at a The Dansant. The house will be decorated with smilax, greens and crysanthemums. Those who will assist at the tea are: Mrs. H. R. Gibbs, Mrs. Boyles, Mrs. John Gilmore, Mrs. J. M. Pearson, Mrs. Gerardus Smith, Miss Margaret Richmond, Miss Marion Bush, Miss Marjorie Moore, Miss Sue Brunet, Miss Susan A. Lyle, Sigma Phi will also hold a dance at its chapter house Saturday night.

The Chi Psi fraternity has issued invitations for a tea at its lodge on the campus Saturday afternoon from 4 until 6 o'clock. Mrs. Frank E. Case and Mrs. Frank Walton will have the tea in charge, while Mrs. Case, Mrs. J. T. Schoolcraft and Mrs. J. H. Clements will receive. Mrs. William Vrooman, Mrs. Wayne Brown, Mrs. Van Olinda and Miss Gertrude Brown will pour. Mrs. E. A.

Vrooman and Mrs. Leslie Walton will preside at the sherbert bowls, and Mrs. Arthur Pitkin, Mrs. C. E. Kriegsmann, Mrs. Van Vranken, Mrs. Atwood, Mrs. Furman, Mrs. J. B. Porter of Omaha and Mrs. Callanan will assist. Those who will assist in the serving are: Miss Dorothy Adams of Fergus Falls, Minn.; Miss Ruth Wyman of Minneapolis, Miss Catherine Coon of Clinton, Iowa; Miss Shuit of New York City, Miss Joyce Bradt, Miss Thyrsa Hatmaker, Miss Helen Durham, Miss Katherine Ball, Miss Helen Huthsteiner, Miss Elsa Case, Miss Gertrude Horstmyre and Miss Susan Lyle of Schenectady, and Miss Clara McEwan of Albany. For this tea the lodge will be extensively decorated with greens, smilax, jonquilles and the fraternity colors. Saturday night the Chi Psi's will hold an informal dance and cotillion after the Colgate game.

BOARD OF CENSORSHIP.

The plan for appointing a board of censorship for the purpose of restricting the styles of dances at the Soiree and the Prom. seems to be a very good one, and the following men have been named to act in that capacity: Mr. Machusa Clark, chairman; ably assisted by Aeroplane Mudge, Bobbin Cole, Bunny Hug Jackson, Grizzly Eghiyan, Stichen Kink Naumann and Pump-handle Lewis. It is hoped that these gentlemen will realize the responsibility which is being placed upon them, and will not only do their duty in a material way, but also by setting an example to the students in general which shall be irreproachable.

Cornell has 3,500 men available for varsity teams, while Michigan comes next with 3,462. Columbia with 3,075, and Pennsylvania with 2,400, are the only other institutions having more than 2,000 men available.

THE KNAVE OF HEARTS.

(Just a fable, with a prologue, to throw the ladies off their guard.)

When most of us have danced all night and tried to bat up a few sensible remarks during the sunny hours we become rather tired. Along with this comes a sort of reckless abandon. We have put Philosophy on the shelf and haven't anything to guide us. Just as likely as not in a moment of excitement our heart is liable to swell up and we find ourselves telling someone that we haven't much of a grip on the commercial world, that it will probably be a couple of months after we graduate before we will earn more than twenty-five dollars, not E. O. S. (every other Saturday), but straight. But that if she wants to take a chance, why all right. We will become engaged. This is a sort of cold-blooded formula of talk for the grand spiel of your life, but the romancers can rig up their own invitation. Its all right if she tells him to gather up enough collateral to keep one, before he talks about buying provender for two, or more. If she doesn't turn the young applicant down, then that is where the tobogganing begins.

Father's front door locked, "no-help-wanted" signs billed all over the town, millinery and dry goods wagons stopping every few minutes in front of the house. Most of us are safe, however. The Ladies Home Journal says (not in just these words) that the fair sex of today usually wants to see what is written on the outside of the last four or five pay envelopes before she lets the entrepreneur even open his mouth.

This is the sad story that a man who graduated from Amherst last year told around. A fellow that packed up a marriage license with his 'dip' when he parted from his dear old walls. The story is entitled, "From Caviar to Crackers."

Berty got a holiday on the Fourth, of

course; every clerk, except a jail registrar, gets the Fourth of July off. Bright and early he arose from the army cot and went out on the front porch, or platform, to be more specific, which was added to the front door. Berty was going to make the easy chair early so that he could get the full value of a day off. Every thing was fine. The house faced the west, so that the house shaded the easy chair. Berty put the chair on the sidewalk so that he could put his feet upon the platform. He got all the back newspapers, so that he could catch up on the sporting news, an advertisement fan in his hand, and last, but not least, the old pipe, filled to the very brim with P. A. You see it was a little early in the day to have any cool stuff in front of him. But he wasn't worrying. Wifey had overlooked at the inventory the night before a nickel that he had tucked away in his hatband.

Forecast for the day: This is going to be a happy day for the bread-winner. Nothing doing! When Wifey started to boil over the coffee for breakfast she began to think up a holiday program. Poor Berty was sort of dreading this, but he hoped that Geraldine would lack ingenuity and give up the planning for a real day of rest. When she finished doping out a plan for the day she was all worked up, ready to floor Hubby if he showed any sign of inertia. He was approached, but he couldn't see it at all.

"It's too bad when a man gets a day off that he can call a holiday that— I'm getting sick and tired of this shagging around with a lunch box. And I'll be— (Notice the rough stuff that has crept into Berty's vocabulary).

He did though. They all do, when they are threatened with short rations or a campaign battle for the next two weeks. "I won't cook another meal for you"—you know, snapping the fingers, and so on.

The lunch basket was hung on Berty's

arm. The savings bank jimmied open. They were on their way. Was he happy? Sure he was. He was going on a church picnic, to a grove. The train was a little late, probably an hour or so. Everybody stood around on the platform, while the sun tried to bake the whole bunch. Of course, the dear little things were there playing around trying to chin themselves on Berty's arm.

Berty managed to lose his wife on the train, gathered a few low-browed friends in the party around him in the smoker for a quiet, friendly game of poker, nickel a chip, bank on the table, matches instead of chips, so that the game could be called noodles. Just as everybody got their coats off and chests close to the table the minister dropped in on the opposite seat to kid the boys. This gummed the only bright spot in the whole excursion.

Pretty soon the train banged into the station. Everybody pushed and shoved, as they always will when they see that the door is small and the crowd great. Some woman picked up the wrong basket and got away with it. The woman that lost the basket didn't want to start anything, and at the same time didn't want to come short, so she looked unconcerned and grabbed the one that looked as if it would fill her bill of fare best. You know this sort of thing has got to stop, or go on to a rough finish. Someone made a flying shot that she didn't expect to find thieves at a church affair. Someone else took her up with a comeback about not being a lady. Squalls come up very quickly. The principals, seconds and sympathizers were just starting to mix it up when Berty spoke up and said he took the wrong basket by mistake. Then everything was hunky again.

They all piled off the train. The younger unmarried people divided by twos. Berty tried the pairing-off stunt without his wife, but this was nipped in the bud quickly by

Wifey. Berty stayed where he belonged. Just as soon as everybody had choked down a few sandwiches the train pulled in. The party was over.

Berty tried to fill in the time on his way home by telling his wife what a rotten time he had, and who helped to make it worse. He was getting sick and tired of being panned out in front of everybody. He was getting nicely into his own when Wifey started to grind her teeth and open and close her hands. This choked off the debate.

They finally met on the mutual ground that they could have had a better time sitting on the front porch with its fine view of the factory district.

The author of the article and the Board do not sanction the advice in this article at all.

Ewens, '14.

TO OUR GUESTS.

Here's to the girls we've loved the best,
The songs we've sung and the lips we've
pressed;
The ankle neat, and the figure trim,
And eyes that sparkle with fun and vim.
To maidens dark and maidens fair—
The Eternal Feminine everywhere—
And the face that floats in a mystic haze
Through all the dreams of our college days.

Jimmie: "I hear you were too timid to pop the question Junior Week."

"Teedie": "I wouldn't mind popping the question, but I'm afraid to question Pop."

First Stag: "Jack seems to stand in mighty well with that girl."

Second Stag: "Sure, you can just watch 'em dance and see what an awful drag he has with her."

The preferential voting system was adopted with successful results in class elections at the Case School of Applied Science recently.

On styles for Freshmen—
Just a word:
Your neckties should be seen,
Not heard.



WHY THE SUN ROSE EARLY.

WILLIAMS WINS WHIRLWIND GAME.

The Berkshire Boys Overcome the Garnet Quintet in Fast, Brilliant Game. Union's Customary Second-Half Sprint Failed to Materialize, Making Final Score 24-14.

The Williams College basketball five defeated Union Saturday night at Williamstown by a score of 24-14. The game was a hotly-contested one, in which fast, close play abounded on both sides. The score at the end of the first half was 10-10, Union leading until the last few minutes of play by a score of 8-2. Shortly before the whistle blew, Williams, by a wonderful burst of clever play, tied the score. The wearers of the Purple seemed to have hit their stride, and in the second half scored fourteen points to Union's four.

Play on both sides was furious, but comparatively few fouls were called. The Garnet played somewhat the cleaner game of the two teams, for no fouls were called on Union till the second half. Except at rare intervals there was no chance to display the brilliant open pass-work which has characterized Union's game this and past seasons. Williams succeeded in holding down the Garnet throughout, and it was seldom that the Beaver twins could get away within speaking distance of the opponents' basket.

Williams' game was fast and shifty, but was marred occasionally by shots, which, if successful, would have been called brilliant, but which, as it was, seemed reckless. Union also suffered from this defect.

The first basket of the contest was scored by Williams soon after the game began. This was followed in quick succession by baskets by Houghton and Woods and by a foul goal pocketed by "Erny." For a short time it seemed all Union's game. "Teedy" Woods scored another basket and Houghton three more foul points, while "Peck"

Cleveland and the Beavers smothered their opponents in blocking and passing. Soon afterwards Williams rallied, and three field goals in quick succession tied the score.

It looked at that time like a very close game, while the play of the Garnet assured Union supporters of a quick get-away in the second half, and victory by a comfortable margin. The spectators were much pleased with Williams' work in standing-off the Garnet. Evidently reports of the team had preceded the boys to old Ephe Williams' little college, and supporters of the Purple were nearly as surprised as Union rooters at the fifty-fifty split.

The second half began, like the first, with a basket for Williams in the first few minutes of play. This was scored by Captain Hodge, who played a fast and hard game throughout the two periods. Union evened up the score when "Erny" Houghton dropped the ball into the basket from the middle of the court. This was a beautiful shot and brought a big "hand" from the rooters. Two baskets in quick succession made the score 16-12 in favor of Williams. Houghton slipped another tally into the summary, and there Union's scoring stopped. Williams rolled up eight more points, three field goals and two foul goals, before the whistle blew.

The second half was enlivened by a lot of tight play, when the officials lightened their grip somewhat on the teams and allowed a little scrimmaging to creep in. The two Beavers were smothered, as in the first half, only more so, and did not have a chance to get near the baskets. Perhaps the fact that in the first half seven fouls were called on Williams, with none for Union, while in the second three fouls were called on each team, may explain the attitude of the referees.

Individually, Captain Hodge played the best game for the Purple, scoring five field

goals and two fouls. Garfield and Healy each put up a good game.

"Erny" Houghton played a brilliant game, keeping his man from scoring, and making the high score for Union with a total of ten points. He was easily the star for Union. Snappy, shifty passing marked the Beaver's work. "Teedy" Woods scored a couple of baskets, while "Peck" Cleveland obliged with some good guarding and one back-handed stop that was dazzling. "Wally" Girling got in the game for a few moments at the end of the second half, but had little chance to shine.

Well, they won. The score was decisive enough to make the victory no fluke, and we give 'em credit. If Union rooters felt dissatisfied occasionally with various matters, so did Williams—and results are results, after all. There's one consolation, anyway—we've a big chance to come back on the evening of March 7th!

The score:

Williams (24)

	F.B.	F.G.	T.P.
Hodge (Capt.), lf.....	5	2	12
Langfold, rf.	0	0	0
Garfield, c.	3	0	6
Hay, rg.	0	0	0
Healy, lg.	3	0	6
	—	—	—
	11	2	24

Union (14)

	F.B.	F.G.	T.P.
J. Beaver (Capt.), rf.....	0	0	0
D. Beaver, lf.	0	0	0
Woods, c.	2	0	4
Cleveland, rg.	0	0	0
Houghton, lg.	3	4	10
Girling, rg.	0	0	0
	—	—	—
	5	4	14

Fouls—Williams: Garfield, 4; Hay, 3; Healy, 2; Hodge, 1. Union: J. Beaver, 2; D. Beaver, 1. Time—two 20-minute periods.

Referee—Metzdorf (Springfield). Umpire—Aspinell (North Adams).

WILLIAMS CONCERT IN CHAPEL.

The Evan Williams concert on Friday evening at eight-thirty o'clock will be the second of the series of musicales being held in the college chapel. A student holding a season ticket may procure admission for his Junior Week guest for 75 cents. The admission price for all others, including chaperones, will be \$1.75.

An especially attractive program will be rendered by Mr. Williams.

Program.

I.

- a. Where E'er You Walk.
- b. Total Eclipse Handel
- c. Sound An Alarm.

II.

- a. Wandering Faith in Spring.
- b. Serenade. Schubert
- c. Impatience.

III.

- a. Spirit Flower Campbell-Tipton
- b. Cradle Song Brahms
- c. Your Tiny Hands Are Frozen Puccini

IV.

Song Cycle by Beethoven—

- a. O'er the Purple Crested Mountain.
- b. On the Cliffs or in the Caves.
- c. Lark That Sing'st.
- d. Oh, That My True Love Were Here.
- e. The Spring is Returning.

Coach Brooke, of the University of Pennsylvania football team, has 20 candidates out for winter practice. Four prizes have been offered for this work, one for the man showing the most improvement, another for the best punter, a third for the most capable drop kicker, and one for the strongest all-round player.

PREXY PREACHES

POSTPRANDIALLY.

Attends Many Alumni Gatherings and Reports Enthusiasm.

President Richmond attended a very successful meeting of the Union alumni in Buffalo. At this meeting, held in the University Club of that city, Frederick G. Mitchell was elected president of the Alumni Association of Western New York. Thomas M. Lockwood, a son of Daniel M. Lockwood of the class of 1865 of Union, was present and stated that he intended to give to the college various papers and pictures of Union which were gathered by his father during his undergraduate years. Mr. Lockwood has given \$10,000 in bonds for the establishment of a Buffalo scholarship.

A meeting was also attended by Prexy at Rochester, and there they voted to establish a scholarship for that city.

WITH THE Y. M. C. A.

Junior Week will be brought to a close on Sunday with services in the college chapel at eleven o'clock A. M. President Richmond will conduct the services and deliver the sermon. The house-party guests are all cordially urged to be present.

Mission Study classes will be held as usual next Wednesday evening at 7 o'clock. All of the courses have a good attendance, and the work is going ahead in fine shape.

Neutral Bible Classes will be held at the regular hour on Wednesday and Thursday afternoons.

Clancy D. Connell, Hamilton, '12, State Secretary of the Y. M. C. A., was on the campus Monday and Tuesday and met quite a good many fellows.

The English classes for the foreigners are progressing in good shape; a meeting of the leaders of the classes was held Monday afternoon to plan how to carry on the work in the best way possible.

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WELCOME! WELCOME!

For thirty long minutes, minutes filled with the veriest agony of brain torture, we have searched Noah Webster's "best seller" for words adequate to express our feelings on this occasion. Need we say that we failed, and failed dismally? How, then, shall we welcome our guests? How and in what manner shall we describe to them the paroxysms of joy which filled our very soul when we knew they could come and share with us the banquet of frivolity which awaits us, bountiful enough to surfeit the most greedy?

We cannot accomplish the impossible,

ladies, so let it suffice us to say—you are welcome, royally and happily welcome. We have counted the days, the very hours, till you would arrive, when we could show you Union at her best; when we could share with you the joys of the first Junior Week festivities to be held in our new gymnasium; when we—oh! why go on? We choke. We gasp with emotion. The pen falls from our hands. It is enough that you are here. On with the dance, let joy be unconfined.

What care we for the affairs of the world? Neither that "stick" exam. soon coming, nor the Mexican mix-up, nor Bryan's grape juice controversy, nor Johnny Bennett's remaining dog can worry us. We had rather be dancing that divine Hesitation with you tonight than be sitting with the gods of Olympus with old Mr. Zeus himself pouring libations into our cups. You see, girls, we are temporarily crazy, and why not? Who dares deny that you are the jolliest, most luscious aggregation of petite demoiselles who ever gathered here to pay devout worship to our Lady Terpsichore? We are proud of you. We are crazy about you (as we said above). We just knew life would be stripped of all its happiness if you should not come, but now that you are here—well, we wouldn't change places with President Wilson, Ty Cobb, or even Prexy. That's how much we like you. Do you get us?

We hesitate to speak about the festivities which begin this evening. Here, too, words fail us. The phrase "best ever" has become too hackneyed to be used, but let us say this: Never before have we had such an opportunity to employ that phrase correct-

ly and in its fullest sense. Never could a gymnasium be found ideal enough to be the scene of your rhythmic romplings, your tantalizing tangos, your wonderful waltzes and your lively one-steps. Still we feel that we have the best to be found. Let it suffice.

Oh! For a thousand tongues to sing our Junior Week girls' praise! And then we would leave half unsaid. The few days of concentrated bliss will slip away all too fast. Sing, dance and make merry, for Sunday you depart (Our Epicurean philosophy brought down to date). It is with a concentrated, sublimated quintessence of delight that we bid you welcome. Union belongs to you for the present. With one last, gasping breath we raise our paeons of joy to the high heavens to bid you welcome.

WHAT A FARCE .

In another part of this issue there appears an article under the above title. We wish to call attention to it editorially. We urge every man in college to read it and think about it. Some may call it overdrawn. We feel that it is not. We feel very strongly that a reform and an immediate one is needed in the Excuse Committee. Matters have grown steadily worse for three years. Protests have been made, but to no avail. No concessions have been made. We feel that it is high time that the student body take definite action to eliminate or to ameliorate this deplorable state of affairs. Lack of space forbids us to say more at this time, but we will have more to say on this subject later. We ask, however, that you read the article and give it earnest thought.

STAFF ARTIST.

We wish to announce that a competition has been opened for the position of staff artist on the Concordiensis Board. We have felt the need of more illustrations in the body of *The Concordiensis*, and for occasional new designs for our cover. Various other improvements have been made in the paper during the year, and we feel that it is in line with the spirit of progress to add a staff artist to the Board. The lack of such a person has handicapped us considerably during the year, though various designs and illustrations have been contributed by students.

The competition will open immediately, and all the men who wish to register for it should see the Editor-in-chief at once. The election will occur at the end of this term.

DIFFERENT POINTS OF VIEW.

Why Not Meet the Student Body Half Way and Seek a Mutual Understanding?

In the course of a controversy between Faculty and students, the general opinion is that the latter are invariably in the wrong. People cannot understand how undergraduate students are in a position to uphold the right principle, in the face of contradictions from such a knowing body as a college faculty. But, on the contrary, the fact is that in a great many of such differences the members of the Faculty are strongly biased, and entirely unwilling to see things from the students' point of view. Their word is final, and the students must necessarily live up to it.

We speak of "student government" in colleges. Planned out in theory, the system is a splendid one, and we can see a great many benefits to be derived from such self-

government. But how about the actual operation of such a plan? Even with their representative student councils, the men have by no means a "carte blanche." Not even in their own activities. The Faculty interferes on every possible occasion. They say that students are not capable of conducting their activities without direction. They are not serious enough, not dependable.

How, then, are they going to develop the power to regulate their own affairs? What will happen when they leave the guiding hands of their instructors and get out into the world? Who, then, will suggest the right path in every instance? Such men will have to start from the very beginning and form a basis to work upon.

But all this should be accomplished during a man's college years. It should be a part of his course; for of what use is his education without such a working basis? What is the purpose of a college education, if not to create a spirit of self-dependence?

But how is such a thing possible when there exist hard and fast rules for an entire student body? Freshmen, sophomores, juniors and seniors alike, are all under strict surveillance. One can understand why freshmen, who are so easily influenced by environment, should be kept under hand; but why apply the same principle to upper-classmen? How are they to develop a sense of confidence in their ability to manage their own affairs if they are not given the opportunity to do so?

Seniors must endure all the "red tape" which tends to hold the newly-arrived freshmen in check. If seniors even, cannot be treated like men, the college has failed, and failed dismally, in its purpose.

Again, the faculty fails to comprehend the students' point of view, regarding the election of his studies; and, even further, does not seek to know it.

It is a known fact (and our own professors have admitted it) that students elect a subject for some one of three reasons. First, because in some cases they are forced to fill in the required number of hours for a course; secondly, because they desire a general idea of the subject, and thirdly, because they really wish to make a deep study of the subject.

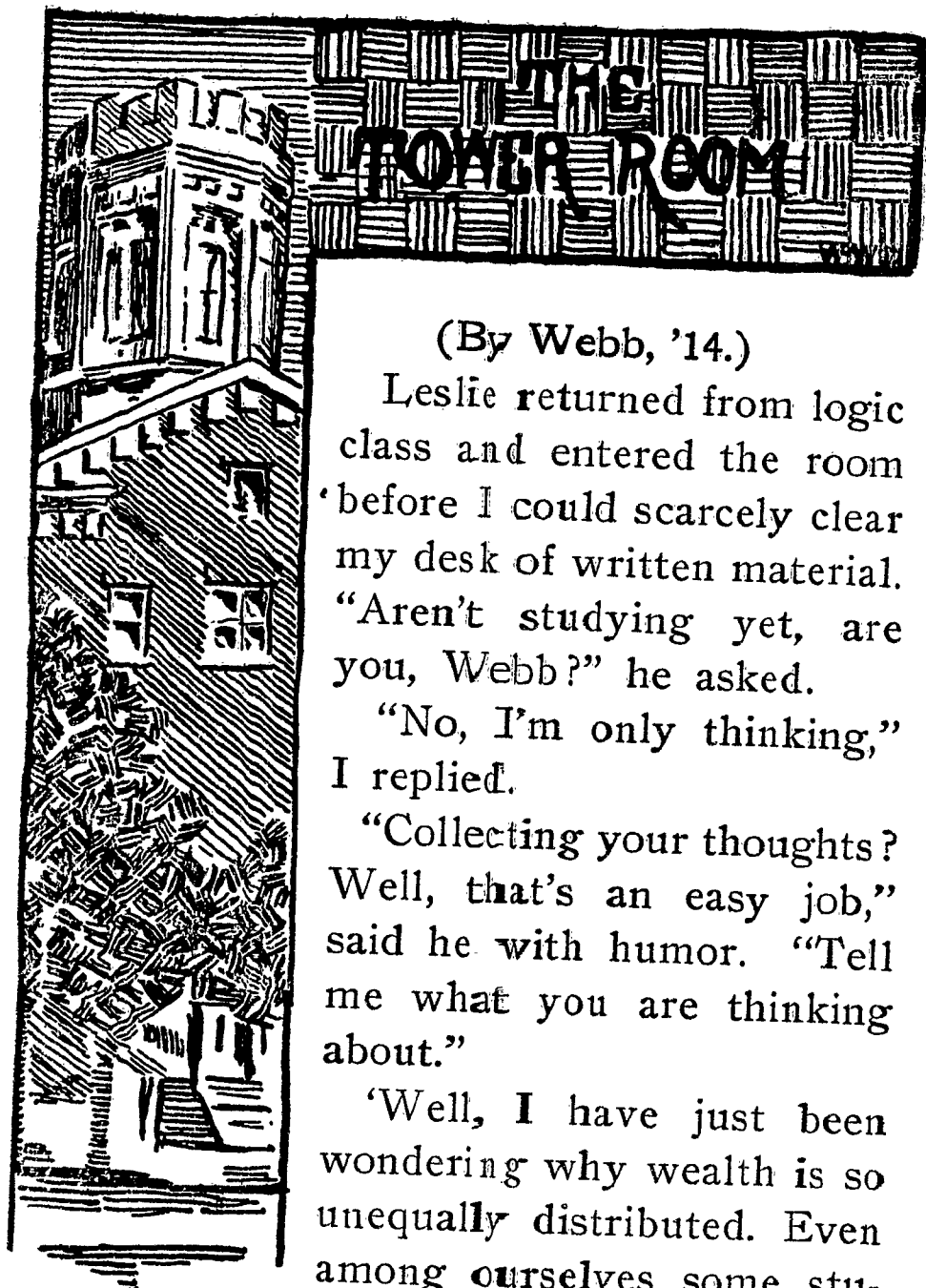
Now, a professor may be truly conscientious in his work and try to give his class the best possible course in a subject, but he should always stop to consider the men in his class. There is a difference in the time which can be devoted to that particular subject by the various students. Some will study it in detail, while others cannot spare so much time.

To be successful, the instructor must not outline an extremely difficult course, but should rather seek a "golden mean," by which all can profit. In a very few cases, however, do they realize the before-mentioned distinction.

All of these questions, and many more of the same type, are continually coming up among the students right here on "the Hill." But no decisions can be reached, and nothing can be settled, for, in most instances, the Faculty will not meet them even half way. Various members of the Faculty admit that these evils exist. What can we do about it?

"He who hesitates is lost,"
Was what one used to say,
But just now, during Junior Week,
It's quite the other way.

The track committee of the University of Pennsylvania has set standard performances for the different events, and all making the required performance will be awarded medals of proficiency. The move is an effort to stimulate track interest.



(By Webb, '14.)

Leslie returned from logic class and entered the room before I could scarcely clear my desk of written material. "Aren't studying yet, are you, Webb?" he asked.

"No, I'm only thinking," I replied.

"Collecting your thoughts? Well, that's an easy job," said he with humor. "Tell me what you are thinking about."

"Well, I have just been wondering why wealth is so unequally distributed. Even among ourselves some students have plenty of money to spend, while others have little or none."

"Pondering over socialistic ideas, are you? I never thought you would consider socialism."

"Not a bit of the socialism that you mean," I answered emphatically. "I merely wonder why some of us are born poor and others with a silver spoon in their mouth. Some fellows have 'dad' send them a check every week or so, keeping them in ready cash, while other fellows work hard to earn money for the barest necessities."

"There's no need of trying to explain why some fellows get checks and others do not. The question is whether the fellow who is deprived of money from home will be hindered or helped by his poverty. In my opinion he has advantage over the other fellows in many ways."

"Name them?" I requested.

"Well, the first and most important fact is in his high purpose. The fellow who has all the money he wants to spend is in danger of getting sidetracked by social pleasure. In fact, he may not have had any definite aim in coming to college, except to 'get through' and to enjoy four or more years of college life."

"Isn't that—"

"Don't interrupt me. On the other hand, if a fellow plunges into college life with little or no bank account, and relies on his health and his industry to keep afloat, he is too busy to drift into idle ways of social life. He must sacrifice much pleasure for the sake of attaining his end."

"This is very true, Leslie," said I. "I can see how the fellow who works is industrious, self-reliant and purposeful, but he misses much of college life that is of great benefit. He misses the training derived from the various student activities which would tend toward culture. And perhaps his scholarship may be hindered by much outside work."

"Any fellow could overwork in an unreasonable way; but a sensible fellow who works afternoons and evenings, getting his lessons early in the morning, has a bit of experience that his wealthier fellows may not have. He is on the road to real manhood. He knows something of the hard ways of the world. He gains something where other students lose. He is worthy of great respect, because he is willing to make his opportunities; and when he is graduated he has the foundations for a successful career."

"Yes, your arguments are good, but I would say that much depends on the individual student. Perhaps the average student who works his way through college becomes more successful than the average student of means. One thing I notice, however. A fellow who spends much of his

time in outside work is not given credit for his industry. The students esteem most the fellow who enters most of the student activities, and often they fail to respect the fellow who has little time to give to such things."

"There are some students who work and who enter student activities also, but they are in danger of spreading their activities over too wide a field. It is better to do a few things well, than to do many things poorly."

"So it is," said I, "but I conclude that it takes all sorts of students to make a college community; each one of us is given different opportunities, and we should do accordingly as we are able."

Why Ethics Professors Go Insane.

"Is it immoral to cheat in solitaire?"

INVOCATION.

The student leads a jolly life;
He has no family nor wife.
He labors not and does no spinning;
Just lets laziness have an inning.

Likell.

He flourishes on papa's pelf,
And never has to work himself.
And it is true, as I here mention,
That graduates receive a pension.

Likell.

In class he sits in an easy chair,
Beside a co-ed gay and fair;
Plays tick-tack-toe, nor does a rap
But chat and play, and yawn and nap,

Likell.

At luncheon in the Frat. house, he
Doth dine in utmost luxury;
'Tis said his meal, to nuts from soup,
Would cost two dollars in the loop.

Likell.

His afternoons, replete with ease,
He spends beneath the campus trees,
Or thinking in a hazy dream
How he will "make" the football team.

Likell.

A show downtown, a supper, then
Some poker in a classmate's den;
And last to bed in sumptuous dorm.,
To sleep till very late next morn.

Likell.

You think 'tis so? Instead, his time
He spends in writing just a line,
Verses like these, or, in endless grind,
Seeking "ultimate truths" to find.

Likell.

There is a form of college spirit which exists in a few of the underclassmen, which few men stop to consider. It is the common grind of working out for manager. While it is true many men are urged to work for a managership, by their respective fraternities, there exists underneath a spirit which should be commended by all the college men.—Campus.

Students at Harvard earned \$56,733 while pursuing academic courses during the last year. The students acted in all sorts of capacities, from icemen to artist's model.

A cricket tournament will be played next spring, with Pennsylvania, Haverford, McGill and the University of Toronto as the participants.

Students at the University of Missouri had the opportunity of seeing themselves in motion pictures, which were recently made on the campus.

SHIDEEN O' MORASSES.

(An Irish ghost story.)



LD Pat Mulligan finished hoeing the last hill of potatoes in his small back-yard patch with elaborate and loving care, and turning over one of the dark green leaves crushed between thumb and forefinger a whole embryonic family of potatoe bugs. Then seating himself complacently beneath a deep-foliaged hawthorne tree, he filled and lighted his old dudeen with great deliberation and turned that full gaze of his hyacinth blue eyes upon me. " 'Twas a re-moindin' me, they were, thim little gowlden eggs, concayled loike a miser's trisure, av a sthory that me owld grandmither towld me a matther av fifty-wan years hince whin Oi was sthills a-livin' in Kilkenny.

"Hof way betwane th' toimes av' th' Danes an' ould Nolly Crummel, away up in th' shwampy raygion at th' head wathers av' th' Shannon, thar dwilt in sich royal splendor as his limited manes wud allow owld Cep, King of Kildare, commonly knowed among his payple as th' Shideen o' Morasses, which latter bayin' th' name av' th' woild sthretch av' swamps an' crags over which he was afther rulin' an' which formerly wuz—th' Saints hilf me, if Oi iver knowed what it wuz. Ot inny rate, th' owld Shildeen wuz forivver an' a day prowlin' around th' ruins av' th' owld castles that wuz siveral toimes thicker on his domain than th' fleas on me yella dog, instid av' attendin' to his pigs an' peraties loike a good Irish gintleman. Sildom it wuz, to be sure, that he found annything more useful than a toad or a shnake enjoyin his avnin' rist in th' day toime in th' cobwebbey corners'

tho' wance he discivered a howle throibe av' whoite owls in th' wance ilegant abode av' Dan o' Donnally. To be sure, it's neglectin' Oi am th' most important part av' th' howle yarn, for on th' silfsame day he discivered a shaylde which, to jedge frum th' look av' it, wuz as owld as two mudcarts full of Methuzzelys goin' to a wake.

"Afther much rubbin' an' scrubbin' th' owld Shildeen disclosed an inscription on it, which, throy as he moight, 'twas not wan domned wurrd he could make out, tho' he sthooed on his hid an' hild it up soide down, thinkin' thot moight hilf. But 'twas only ofter noights av' pontherin' an' days av' slape to make up fur his loss av' rist, thot he riccollected to his moind a young sprig av' nobility on th' continint who wuz a rilitive av' his by a way as round-about as th' thwist in a pig's tail. Th' young Baron von Stabbe, loike th' prisint day nobility, wuz a plinty deficient regyardin' th' interior av' his purse, an' shure 'twas a spinthrift way that he wud sit pontherin' over musty owld books whin he moight hov been earnin' an honest dollar or two anon by carryin' a hod loike mesilf. At ahll evints he knowed siven toimes as many languages as wuz ivver spoke at th' buildin' av' th' tower of Babel an' for that rayson alone th' owld Shildeen bade him come wid hot fate an' recoyved him wid great ceremony, tho' 'twas not much he thought av' him way down in his boots, whin he had thim on, which was sildom, indade.

"To make a short sthory long, th' young Baron desoiphered th' wroiten whoile th' owld gintleman wuz shmokin' his avaning poipe, an' quare raydin it wuz indade. Thar wuz a lot about a murder thot had been forced upon some wan liss fortunate than minny a good mon oive knowed—in th' Castle Oi 've referred to as th' dhwellin' av' Dan o' Donnally, whose ghost still dwilt in th' vicinity av' th' castle, wid th' result that

th' rist av th' family moved away an' left th' castle as impty as th' inside av wan av thim new fangled vacooms. But th' most intirestin' part av it all wuz th' dirictions for foinding a pot av gowld thot wuz buried undher th' skelenton av th' decayed. Before he ivver thought th' young fella read all th' dirictions out loud an' thin' wud hov given siveral toimes as much as he didn't hov if he hod a hot pitaty in his face at th' toime.

"Th' raysult wuz thot th' owld gintleman an' th' young man wasted th' whole av th' nixt day a tryin' to slip off to Donnally Castle unbeknownst to wan anither, whoile th' attindants sthood around watchin' th' procaydins wid curiosity an' amusement, th' owld Shideen baying too preoccupied wid his own affairs to give thim orthers for th' day's wurk. Howiver, th' owld Shideen got toired furrst on account av his advancin' years an' th' day toime bayin whin he wuz accustomed to shlope, an' dozed off in th' act av climbin' thru th' windy whilst th' young fella wid th' shaylde in wan hand an' a spade in th' ither made off for Donnally Castle as fast as his legs wud carry him an' th' approachin' darkniss wud permit.

"'Twas not an aisy, task aven fur a mon av sperit, to inter th' hanted castle affter darrk, but he dhrowneded his fears in a bottle av Dutch courage he hod providintially brought with him, an' set to wurk, occasionally paypin' out to see if th' owld Shideen wuz comin', an' siveral toimes he hurrd noises among th' ruins thot samed to indicate thot th' ownly raysonable thing to do was to rayturn wid haste an' dignity to th' Castle o' Morasses, but th' probabilities av success urged him on, ispecially whin he dug up a skull wid th' head of a Danish axe sthill remainin' where a sthrong arm hod put it in th' victim's cabeza.

"Manewhoile th' owld Shideen woke up

shiverin' wid th' damp noight air, an' divoinin' what hod happened, posted off for Donnally Castle by the loight av th' moon, which wuz jist a-roisin.

"Whin he arrived at th' ruins th' shweat thot wuz sthartin' from his brow turned to ice at th' soight av the skelenton an' th' incriminatin' axe, an' he remained quietly in th' shaddy av a flyin' buttress, bayin' scared beyand th' point av bitin' off a yell. Whin foinally th' young Baron dhragged a pot of shoinin' payces av gowld to th' surface an' stharterd for th' door, fer want av somethin' betther to do, he grabbed th' rope that hung from th' belfry an' yanked wid ahll his failin' strength. As th' clapper hit th' bell wid a raysoundin' crash, a howl throibe av banshees sprang out av th' belfry wid a long quaverin' O-o-o-o-o!



"Th' young man dhropped th' pot av gowld an' th' owld mon th' rope an' both layped thru th' door wid a woild yell av terror an' alarrum, jist as th' skelenton sprrang to his fate an' pullin' th' axe from

his skull waved it in a menacing and convincing manner.

"Whin th' two threasure saykers received from th' effects av their avinin' out they rayturned to Donnally Castle, ownly to foind thot th' skelenton wuz absint an' th' axe an' gowld missin', whoilst a brafe but gintlemanly note, written in a quare cramped hond, was afther thankin' thim fur th' rayturnn av th' shaylde."

R. E. Taylor, '16.

WHAT A FARCE!

Shall This Injustice Go On, or Shall We Protest?

'Tis Monday afternoon. The scene of our story is the Electrical "Lab." "Ma" King, the self-appointed despot of the Excuse Committee (He fondly calls himself "the committee," though we believe there are other members) is in his glory. Here in his sanctum sanctorum he is Royal Nabob, and Prince Snooky Ookums, as well. He sits at his desk meditating upon his own glory and the power which he wields over the students.

A freshman enters. He is walking with difficulty and using a crutch to aid him.

"Please, sir, I want an excuse from last Friday and Saturday classes. I fell from a horizontal bar in the 'gym' and wrenched my ankle."

"Have you an excuse from Dr. 'Mac,' signed by the health officer of Schenectady, O. K.'d by President Richmond and signed by a notary public?"

"No—o—o, sir. I didn't—"

"Don't talk back to me, freshman. Go back and get a senior to write you an excuse and be quick about it. Get out!"

The freshman hobbles away and a junior takes his place.

"Hello, 'Ma'; give me an excuse for Tuesday morning classes. I—er—I—er—was

sick."

"Don't tell me a thing like that, Henderson. You're lying to me now, aren't you? Didn't you really over-sleep?"

"Er—er—yes, sir."

"Oh! All right, then. Here's your excuse. Don't ever tell me the truth. It irritates me. Next!"

A quiet chap enters with his cap in his hand.

"I was away all last week, sir," he says respectfully. "My mother was very sick, sir. The doctor feared she wouldn't pull through. Thank God, she did though. Can I get an excuse for the time I missed?"

"What! You come here with a trivial excuse like that and expect 'the committee' to grant it. Chase out of here and don't bother me any more. Fellows like you are a nuisance. We can't bother with such foolish things. Clear out!"

A sophomore enters. A hard-working chap, working his way through college.

"Good afternoon. I would like to get an excuse from chapel for this term. I am working down town in a restaurant for my board and have to be there from 11:30 to 12:30 every noon. It is clearly impossible to make chapel and keep my job."

"Is that all of your reason? Do you expect us to grant an excuse for that reason? Don't be so foolish. Run along and throw up your job, even if it does throw you out of college. The dignity of this committee must be preserved, even at the expense of a few miserable students. Besides, how do you expect to get an excuse if you come and tell us the truth? You ought to know better by this time, being a sophomore. Come back next week with a really good excuse. Good-day."

A senior enters. He asks for an excuse, having been under the doctor's care for three days. He shows a certificate. Our Royal Nobs looks at it disdainfully.

"That won't go, Leeds," he says. "Besides, your word is no good."

"But I signed an excuse for a freshman last week and you gave him an excuse. Isn't my word as good in one case as the other?"

"No! No! We'll not discuss it. You seniors make me tired, coming around for excuses. Just to show you my power, I'll not let you have any excuses. Good-day."

Two fellows next enter together. "We bolted a class last Friday and went to the burlesque. We want an excuse."

"All right, boys; glad to help you out at any time. Here are the excuses. Anything else? No? Sorry you must go. Good-bye."

He swings around in his chair and looks at the clock. "Five o'clock already! I must be going." So he closes his desk and "the committee" adjourns.

We watch him put on his hat and coat and go out. Then we sigh for the happy days of a lenient excuse committee. How long, O Lord, how long!

THE FRESHMEN'S DIRGE.

Our backs they are lame and weary,
Our arms they are stiff and sore,
From moving around the piano
And waxing the parlor floor.

We have hauled ten barrels of water,
We have decorated the wall,
We have washed clean all the windows,
We have renovated the hall.

Ah, yes, we are sore and weary,
But we give one hearty cheer
And offer thanks to Prexy,
Junior Week comes but once a year.

TAKE HEED!

"A stude—a book.
A girl—a look.
A book neglected,
A flunk expected."

THE JOYS AND SORROWS OF THE SECTION GANG.

Pete Proposes at the Junior Prom.—Almost.

No wonder Pete was about half asleep as he sat on the railing of the arched porch just above those magic words, "Gymnasium Alumnorum." He had thought over many things as he leaned against one of those gracious columns which he knew and felt belonged to him and "Prexy" and the alumni and to all good and loyal Union men. Yes, and that wasn't all of his thoughts, for that "lazy hunk of fat," as he now insisted upon calling Spud, had stolen from him that divine bit of femininity which he was pleased to call "his girl." Maybe he hadn't stolen her for good, but the crazy lubber had engaged her about two months ahead of time for this eventful night of the first Junior Prom. to be held in the new "gym." Now the orchestra was launching forth upon the cool night air the strains of "Home and Country," but still Spud hadn't arrived. There was a pause, a lull, and as the orchestra struck up "My Raggydore" another sound came to Pete's anxious ears—the purring sound of an automobile. A "seagoing taxi" splashed through the wet snow, drew up in front of the "gym" and stopped. Spud and Mabel stepped out. She dropped something; Spud picked it up; they laughed merrily together and slipped up the steps. Pete muttered some anti-Sunday-school expressions under his breath and stepped cautiously into the gallery to watch developments from a distance.

It seemed hours later when, seeing Mabel sitting alone, his eyes wandered over the throng to find Spud at the other end of the room in a hot discussion over his program. Now was his chance and he obeyed the impulse.

"Good evening, Mabel."

"Why, hello, Pete; I've been looking for you and had almost given up hoping that

you were here."

His heart jumped and pounded on those gracious words—"hello," "looking for you," "hoping"!

"Just came in; believe this is my dance; by the way, would you like to see some of the "gym" instead of dancing?"

"Delighted, Prince Charming."

"Prince Charming!" he breathed in a gasp.

"Oh! Pete, I've been having such a lovely time dancing with all of those grand dancers. 'Bill' Smudge taught me some new holds and 'Nutch' Daumann is a second Harry Pilsner; where are we going?"

"We are entering the swimming room."

"It's awfully dark. You needn't bother about helping me so much, I'm young yet."

They entered the room and Pete slammed the door. It locked; she recognized the sound.

"Pete, what have you done?"

"Well, I'll tell you. In the first place, Spud wouldn't give me a dance, so I lied to you and got one anyway. In the second place, I've locked myself in the pool-room with you in order to say something which none but you and solitude should hear."

Mabel was silent, but her thoughts ran somewhat like this: "Pretty good for a freshman, 'Pence' Bage didn't start off half so well, and 'Teve' Tory wasn't much better."

Pete was preparing for a fresh start when he felt a frightened hand clutch his arm and a scared voice whisper: "Listen?"

From the other end of the room cautious footsteps were approaching. His muscles became tense; he thrust Mabel into a corner and advanced. Something tall stood in front of him. He could not see to the top of it through the darkness, but it must have been a giant, he thought, and as a matter of fact it was pretty big compared with Pete's five-foot-four of skinny corporeality.

"Well?" said a voice up near the ceiling.

"Very well, thank you; how are you?"

"You're of the class of 1917 all right; how came you here?"

"Through the door."

"Do you realize whom you address?"

"Well, whoever it is, I've a mind to knock you overboard. It's either Spud, Eddie or Doctor Smack. If it's Spud, he ought to drown; Eddie is a good swimmer, so he'd only get wet, and if it's Doctor Smack, I should worry."

"Do you know that I alone may roam these darkened halls by night and breathe the refreshing essence which permeates this atmosphere? My name, sir, is James Alumnorum; I belong to the I. M. It fraternity, and live in the sections within hearing distance of Spud and Pete, the rough-neck section gang."

He moved slightly. Pete side-stepped in the dark; he slipped; a big foot helped him along in the proper direction, and there was a decided splash in the pool, accompanied by a shriek from the corner. The supposed Mr. Alumnorum made rapid exit through the door by means of his master key, and the flood of light, which soon followed, showed the door at the other end filled with the portly dimensions of Spud, shaking with laughter.

"Oh, Spud, I've been so frightened."

"Well, we'll try to forget it; you've only missed one dance and the next five are mine. By the way, Pete, I suppose you're a little damp; take that 'sea-going taxi' and go home. Be sure and send it back."

"Like ——" (a glance from Mabel)

"Oh, sure; I'll send it back; much obliged." Then to himself, "Ain't it the devil to be in love?"

Pink: "Who made the first nitride?"

Dome: "Paul Revere."

ALUMNI INTEREST AROUSED.

At a dinner given by the Alumni Association of Rochester at Rochester on February 2, the association decided to give a scholarship to Union College. This scholarship will be open to students from Rochester, and the candidates will be determined by a competitive examination. The value of the scholarship is one hundred dollars.

At Buffalo the largest gathering of alumni which has been held in recent years took place on February 3rd. The increase in attendance was due to the large number of Buffalo men who have graduated from Union in the past few years.

The Philadelphia Alumni Association of Philadelphia, Pa., will hold a dinner on February 28.

The Associations of Schenectady and of Elmira are planning to hold reunions in the near future.

1916-1917 DEBATE ASSURED.

The varsity team is busy. They will debate against Cornell on the twentieth. Here's hoping for an audience!

1917 has accepted 1916's challenge on the commission government plan for second-class cities of New York State. Van Avery, '17, is looking after the interests of his class, and Jacobs, '16, is doing the same for his. Professor McKean has a notice on the bulletin board explaining the general arrangements. Somebody is going to win ten dollars, for that is the prize offered for the best individual speech. The date has not been definitely decided, but the contest will probably occur on the fourth of March. This is the first underclass debate at Union, and there should be something doing.

A particularly outrageous drinking celebration, resulting in an official pronouncement striking a sharp blow at student drinking customs, was the reported situa-

tion at Hobart College during December. Student precedent and favor seem to have sanctioned general drinking customs which led to disgraceful bouts and riotous celebrations on the part of some, but when Dr. Lyman Powell was inaugurated as president, in November, he at once made clear his disapproval of this tendency and set out to eradicate it. He is generally credited with the December announcement that hereafter no drinking student will be allowed any financial aid from the college, and the faculty are supporting him steadily. Reports state that the students are very indignant, since many of them are now holding scholarships, and will be affected by the new ruling.



"Jake Beaver: "Why don't you crawl out of that shrubbery?"

"Stan" Smith: "Whadya mean?"

"Jake": "I mean why don't you hack off some of that facial fringe?"

"Stan": "I just got a shave last week."

"Jake": "Maybe so, but it's all worn off now."

Agitation for a gymnasium, capable of accommodating a great number of men, is being carried on at Harvard. Their present gym has a capacity of 200 men a day, which, compared with the size of the equipment at other universities, is considered inadequate.



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Scene of the Junior Week Festivities

(Supplement, Junior Week Number, The Concordiensis.)

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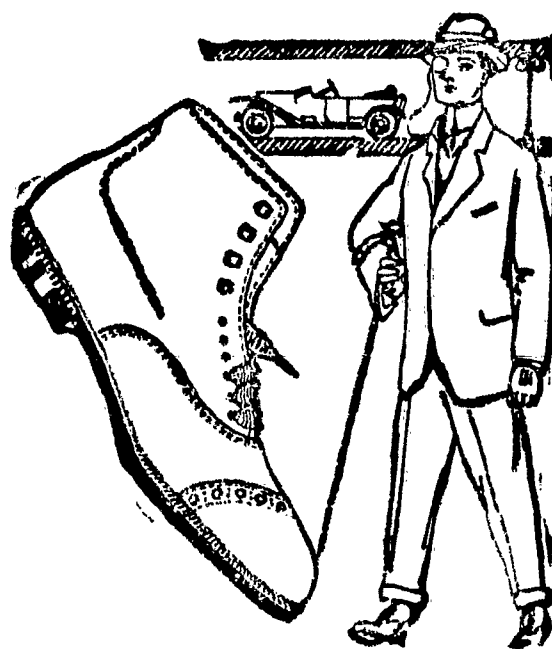
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