

THE CONCORDIENSIS.

VOL. XIV.

UNION COLLEGE, NOVEMBER 15, 1890.

No. 4.

LITERARY.

ELI PERKINS ON AMERICAN HUMORISTS.

THE "DANBURY NEWS MAN."

JAMES MONTGOMERY BAILEY, who has made himself famous as the "Danbury News Man," was born in Albany, New York, September 25, 1841. On completing his education, he gave his services to his country, and fought through the late war in a Connecticut regiment. After the war he settled in Danbury and established the *News*. His articles were widely copied wherever the English language went, and his fame will go down with the foremost humorous writers of the country. Mr. Bailey has written several books, principle of which is his "Life in Danbury."

Mr. Bailey's wit has a delicious mental flavor. In fact, it is always the shrewd, thoughtful man who enjoys it. It is not in long, inane dialogues, but a flash of thought. The humorist told me that a poor man came to him with tears in his eyes one day, asking for help for his destitute and starving children.

"What do you need most?" asked Mr. Bailey.

"Well, we need bread, but if I can't have that I'll take tobacco."

One day a solemn and religious Danbury man hailed a charcoal peddler with the query:

"Have you got charcoal in your wagon?"

"Yes, sir," said the expectant driver, stopping his horses.

"That's right," observed the religious man with an approving nod, "always tell the truth and people will respect you."

And then he closed the door just in time to escape a brick hurled by the wicked peddler.

"Speaking of lazy men," said Mr. Bailey, "we have a man in Danbury so lazy that instead of shoveling a path to the front gate he pinches the baby's ear with the nippers

till the neighbors come rushing in to tread down the snow."

A Danbury man was bargaining for a house of old Mr. Mc Masters, and asked him if the house was cold.

"Cold," said the old man, cautiously, "I can't say as to that; you know it stands out doors."

Speaking of the Indian raid, said Bailey: "The Modocs I see, have made another raid on our people in Idaho, and murdered several settlers. If our government ever gets hold of these savages, gets them right where they can not escape, gets them wholly into its clutches—some contractor will make money."

Mr. Bailey's humor also consists in truthful descriptions of domestic life. His descriptions are so true that they are absolutely photographed on the mind of the reader. The reader can close his eyes and see with his mind's eye the very scenes depicted.

In this paragraph on the wheelbarrow you can see the wheelbarrow as plainly as if it were painted on canvas.

Says Mr. Bailey:

"If you have occasion to use a wheelbarrow, leave it, when you are through with it, in front of the house with the handles towards the door. A wheelbarrow is the most complicated thing to fall over on the face of the earth. A man will fall over one when he would never think of falling over anything else. He never knows when he has got through falling over it, either; for it will tangle his legs and his arms, turn over with him and rear up in front of him, and just as he pauses in his profanity to congratulate himself, it takes a new turn, and scoops more skin off of him, and he commences to evolve anew, and bumps himself on fresh places. A man never ceases to fall over a wheelbarrow

until it turns completely on its back, or brings up against something it can not upset. It is the most inoffensive looking object there is, but it is more dangerous than a locomotive, and no man is secure with one unless he has a tight hold of its handles and is sitting down on something. A wheelbarrow has its uses, without doubt, but in its leisure moments it is the great blighting curse on true dignity."

When I asked Mr. Bailey what was the funniest incident he ever saw, he said:

"Well, I was on the train the other day going to New York. As the train stopped at New Haven, an antique looking dame thrust her head out of the window opposite the refreshment room door, and seeing a sweet little boy from the preparatory school, shouted,

"Sonny!"

The bright looking boy came up to the window with his bundle of books on his arm.

"Little boy," said she, "have you a mother?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Do you love her?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Do you go to school?"

"Yes, ma'am. I am preparing myself for college"

"And are you faithful to you studies?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Do you say your prayers every night?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Can I trust you to do an errand for me?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"I think I can too," said the lady, looking steadily down on the manly face. "Here is five cents to get me an apple. Remember God sees you."

"Speaking of good stories, what is the best thing that ever really occurred in Danbury?" I asked.

"It was this way: One of our school committee-men, Eben Tower, was to visit the Danbury school. That he might make a

good appearance, his wife, the day before, mended his trousers and accidentally left the needle in the back of the garment.

"When Eben arrived at the school, he stiffly returned the salutation of the polite teacher, and majestically settled into the 'company chair.' It didn't seem to the most acute observer that he had but just touched the chair, when he at once began to ascend. A wave of perplexed pain passed over his face, as his hands soothingly parted his coat tails.

"'Perhaps you prefer an arm chair,' said the teacher, blandly.

"'Yes, I never could sit in a cane seat.'

"A wooden chair was at once offered him, into which he dropped almost as swiftly as he got out of it again.

"'Anything the matter?' asked the teacher, as the old man stood on his feet with a red face and an unnatural fire in his eye.

"'Anything the matter!' he shouted, as he shook his fist angrily at vacancy. 'Anything the matter! Yes, there is. Gimme my hat;' and as he danced toward the door he shouted back, 'School or no school, I kin whip the pewserlanermus boy what stuck the pin in them cheers'

"'My gracious me, Eben!' exclaimed his wife, as he tore into the house, 'what's the matter with you?'

"'Matter!' shouted the infuriated man, as he snatched off his coat and flung it out of the window, 'I have been made the fool of the entire district by that sneakin' teacher,' and his Sunday hat flew through another window. 'Pins stuck into my cheer as I was a-settin' down as onsuspishus like as I am a-settin' down now in my own—

"'Lucretia!' he ominously howled, as he sprung out of *that* chair, and spasmodically went for the wounded part with both hands.

"'What Eben?'

"'Matilda,' and his voice dropped into sad and regretful tones as tears came into his

eyes, 'Matilda, you're foolin' with your best friend now, and he ain't in the humor to stand the triffin'.'

"In an instant it flashed into the good lady's mind what the trouble really was. In the next instant Eben's nether garment was over her arm, and there—there in the midst of the repairs glistened the source of all the annoyance.

"The unfortunate man gave one brief stare at the evil thing, and falteringly remarked, as he thought of the future, 'I'd agi'n twenty dollars, Lucretia, if you had't found it.'"

ELI PERKINS.

MEMORIES OF FITZHUGH LUDLOW.

MY DEAR MR. EDITOR:

THE palimpsest is an imperfect image of my mind's tablet that is called on to divulge a reminiscence of dear old Ludlow, o'erwritten as it is with added events of more than half a lifetime.

Dimly in the distance the slender young form looms up, and a fading memory of a fadeless name—yet deep down among college day recollections lies a concrete impression of the boy genius, and deeper still in the heart a delicious feeling of hallowed love for this one who honored me with his comradeship and friendship.

Without vanity I may say we had some things in common, for instance, in third story rear of North College, north section, were two rooms, carpetless, paperless, all but furnitureless, and all cheerless—here lived, and moved, and had their being (for the time), the brilliant Ludlow and his plodding friend. Rooming in common, in a common way, we further ate in common, on very common fare, at the "Commons."

Intuitively he, without "toiling or spinning"—"took to" and "reveled" in the dead languages. Tuitively I, with hard "boning" "reveled" in mathematics, so we became a willing team of "ponies," translating and

cyphering each for the other, albeit in different classes.

He was not a "student" in college parlance. To use a slang phrase he "didn't have to be." I happen to know that Taylor Lewis (the scholar par excellence), delighted in this pupil who could render Classical Greek into such Classical English. I have a suspicion, however, bordering on conviction, that old Jack Foster had a contempt for his mathematical attainment, with a pity for its sorry promise. "Alas, poor Yorick!" his skull was full of other things, and, mayhap, better. 'Twas not in mathematics lower or "higher" to compute, measure, or bound, the fancies that soared beyond the finite. He was bewitched with De-Quincy, and even then imitating but not aping, he conceived the idea of writing the "Confessions of a Hasheesh Eater."

Night after night, wrapped in a wet sheet, with manuscript in hand, he would cross the hall (and cross me to), wakening me to listen to his lucubrations—I listened and wondered

"And still the wonder grew"

"That one small head could contain all he knew."

But it grew tiresome, and one night in sleepy desperation I hurled a boot at him! I shall never forget his look of hurt and reproach, as he sorrowfully shook the dust from his unshodden feet and hied him back to his den. I would cheerfully give up my hopes of being residuary legatee to a rich old uncle (if I had one), to recall that "shoe fly." I went into his room the next morning to make my peace, and got his shoes and ink-pot shied at me for my pains. However, on promising ever after to listen in patience and admiration to his effusions, a lasting truce was established and there was no more a ripple in our intercourse.

Not always or altogether appreciating his loftier flights, I mildly suggested one evening that he make a practical use of his poeti-

cal strivings and crystallize some of them into a song for old Union. That night he woke me to hear the "Terrace Song!"

"Let the Grecian Dream," and others, came later.

"Fitz's" songs were an inspiration—no mean factors in raising the Esprit-de-Corps or fixing the love for Alma Mater of the "merry throngs that knocked at Union's door" then and after.

What alumnus like me, after thirty-five revolving years, could go back to the recitation rooms and do aught but make even a freshman blush at his ignorance. Alas he has forgotten all, and more than a freshman ever knew.

But lives there a son of old Union so hoary that he has forgotten to sing, and grow young in singing

"Thou dear old seat of stone?"

His voice may be cracked, paralysis agitans may give tremor to his singing, as to his muscles, yet he will still sing on, the same old song, who with a love not lost but mellowed in the "wave of years." And when the song is done humid eyes and throbbing heart will pay silent but eloquent tribute to the boy singer, with his golden chain of songs, has bound him as naught else nor all else could to.

"OLD UNION."

Union Song.

Let the Grecian dream, of his sacred stream
And sing of the brave adorning
That Phoebus weaves from his laurel leaves
At the golden gates of morning;
But the brook that bounds through Union's grounds
Gleams bright as the Delphic water,
And a prize as fair as a god may wear
Is a dip from our Alma Mater!

Chorus.

Then here's to thee, the brave & free
Old Union smiling o'er us,
And for many a day as thy walls grow gray
May they ring with thy children's chorus!

Could our praises throng on the waves of song,
 Like an Orient fleet gem-bringing,
 We would bear to thee, the argosy,
 And crown thee with pearls of singing;
 But thy smile beams down beneath a crown
 Whose glory asks no other,
 We gather it not from the green sea-grot,
 'Tis the love we bear our mother!
 Chorus.

Let the joy that falls from thy dear old walls
 Unchanged brave Time's on-darling,
 And our only tear fall once a year
 On hands that clasp ere parting;
 And when other throngs shall sing thy songs
 And we hear their mirth hereafter,
 Our withered hours shall revive their flowers
 At the sound of remembered laughter.
 Chorus.

J. H. G. Ket

H. A. R. Ket.

THE CONCORDIENSIS.

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EDITORIAL.

A VERY commendable change has been introduced this year, by the English department, in replacing one of the two essays usually due this term from each of the upper classes, with an extemporaneous debate on some leading topic of the day. The first trials of this new idea were successful in every respect. The debates were carried on with a great deal of spirit, and much latent ability was discovered. Practice in speaking is superior to practice in essay writing, in that it gives one such a command of one's self as is needed in the active life of every American citizen. Many of Union's sons have distinguished themselves in the halls of legislature and in the courts of justice, and a lively interest displayed by the undergraduates now in these debates will tend to produce many more just such distinguished men. A study of the prominent social questions of the day is of

much intrinsic value, and the practice of standing up before an audience and expressing one's self in clear and forcible English furnishes just such training as is much needed in our colleges. The number of men in college that have sufficient confidence in themselves to get up and discuss any subject in the presence of a crowd of people, is shown to be very small, by the number of contestants that enter the Veeder Prize Contest each year. The Veeder Prize is the largest in pecuniary value offered by the college, and the contest is the most interesting to the public, and it is to be hoped that, at Union's next Commencement as a result of this new and excellent system of the English department, a much better and larger competition for the Veeder prize will take place.

* * *

THE game of foot-ball that took place on the campus on election day, demonstrates the need that exists of having some disinterested men act as referees or umpires in our college games. Although in all probability there will never be just such another case as the one spoken of, where the referee showed such favoritism toward the team representing his own college, still there will always be some fault found where a man referees or umpires a game between his own college team and the team of another college. It is only human nature to desire the success of one's college team, and therefore one, in giving decisions in a game will, with the best intentions, perhaps, favor and assist his own team.

Union, and doubtless each of the other colleges in our base-ball and foot-ball leagues has suffered defeat more than once solely on account of the partiality of the man acting as referee or umpire in certain games, and this shows that some change should be made. One remedy presents itself at once, viz: Let each college in the base-ball league, for example, select one of their students to act

especially as umpire in the championship games, but only to act as umpire in games in which his own college team does not play. Thus in every game between two of the colleges there would be as umpire a man from a third college, and one who therefore ought to be an impartial judge. This is only one way out of the difficulty, and THE CONCORDIENSIS will be glad to receive and print any other suggestions on this matter that may occur to any one else.

* * *

It was very gratifying to note the behavior of the students during the progress of this much mentioned game on election day. Although exasperated to the highest degree by the actions of the referee and the rest of the Rochester men, the Union men did nothing for which they could be afterwards ashamed. Contrary to the statements of some of the Rochester players, the spectators did *not* crowd on to the players' territory until the darkness made it absolutely impossible for the game to be seen from the edge of the grounds, and then they did so without the remotest idea of interfering with the playing of either side. It was the referee's business to call the game before it grew so dark, but he didn't, and hence the result. When the game was over and the outrageous after-ruling of the referee had been given to Rochester, some of the spectators, *not* students, got the insane idea into their heads of doing some personal injury to the referee, and it was the Union men themselves, the very men whom the referee had so wronged, who argued these people out of this idea. Some people will say that the Union men did only their duty when they thus behaved like gentlemen, but still under the circumstances this was a good deal to do, and the men deserve no little credit for performing this duty.

* * *

Now that the authorities of the college

allow the students the use of the gymnasium as a hall in which to hold the college dances, a greater number of the students should attend these dances. The Junior class has already given two dances in the "gym," and although from a guest's point of view these were the most enjoyable Junior hops that have been given in a long time, still the Juniors were disappointed at not seeing more of the students present. These dances are *college* dances, and to be successful they must be supported by the college men. There are plenty of men in college who can dance, and dance well, and every one of these men should feel it his duty to attend, and thus by his presence help to make successful these Junior hops.

FOOT BALL.

UNION O. CORNELL 32.

The first foot ball game on the campus this year was played on Thursday, October 30, when Union lined up against Cornell. Union started with the ball but lost it after a few downs, and Cornell then steadily and surely worked it down towards Union's goal and soon succeeded in making a touch-down from which a goal was kicked. The ball was taken to the centre of the field and almost immediately by some splendid running of Cornell's half-backs, a second touch down was made and a second goal was kicked. The Union men now seemed to "brace up" and played a much harder game. The Cornell team, however, succeeded in making six more points before time was called, on a touch-down and goal.

The second half was much more exciting, and the Cornell men had to work hard for every point they made. In this half Union had the ball down very near to Cornell's goal but were prevented from scoring by the fine tackling and blocking of the Cornell men. Cornell scored 14 points in this half on three touch-downs and one goal, making the total score 32 to 0.

Considering that there were seven substitutes playing on Union's eleven, and that Coons was playing right tackle, a position strange to him, it must be acknowledged that Union played a remarkably strong game.

The substitutes, considering the men they were playing against, did splendidly, and too much can not be said in their praise. Every one of them played a good strong game, and THE CONCORDIENSIS is proud of them. For Cornell, Osgood and Floy did some splendid playing, and Yager, the quarter-back, played his position to perfection. The rest of the men played a very good game, but the team on the whole was not nearly as good a team as should represent a college which numbers as many students as does Cornell. The two teams were as follows:

UNION.	POSITION.	CORNELL.
McQueen.....	Left end ...	Lomax
Van Voast, H....	Left tackle.....	Barr
Miller.....	Left guard.....	Cole
Kenny.....	Centre.....	Johnson
Van Voast, A....	Right guard.....	Davis
Coons,	Right tackle.....	Baldwin
Yauney.....	Right end.....	Flay
Clute.....	Quarter back	Yagle
Gregory.....	Left half back.....	Ray
Robertson.....	Right half back	Osgood
Millard.....	Full back	Bacon

UNION 6. ROCHESTER 9.

Although the above is the score which the referee decided upon as the proper one, of the game on election day between Rochester and Union, there is no one, apparently, who saw the game, who agrees with him. Some of the scores given in the papers the next day, as scores that would have been, had Union received the least sort of fair treatment at the hands of the referee, were, 16 to 0, 18 to 0, 18 to 4, and 8 to 6, all in Union's favor. The daily papers of Schenectady said enough about Mr. Perrine, as a referee, to make it unnecessary for THE CONCORDIENSIS to enter into a detailed description of his refereeing. Mr. Perrine was simply and openly unjust to the Union foot ball team, to

the Union students and to Union College. Union had the ball at the start and gained some on their first rush. The ball soon went to Rochester on a fumble, and they advanced it a few yards toward Union's goal. Union then forced the ball back again, and for ten minutes the ball was kept near the center of the field. Union's strong rush line now began to do its duty, and the ball slowly but surely went down the field towards Rochester's goal, and soon a touch-down was made but not allowed by the referee. Immediately after this Bostwick was forced to make a safety, but the referee decided that it was not a safety. Union soon did make a touch-down that the referee was obliged to admit, and McCowatt kicked a goal. Score 6 to 0. Time was then called by the referee, deciding that the first half was over, much to the surprise of the Union men, for had the referee taken out the proper amount of time, for the time which he took up while discussing certain points with the players, there would have been ten or fifteen more minutes to play in this half.

Rochester started with the ball in the second half, but lost ten yards on their first play. Union now had a good chance to add some more points to their score, and they took the chance and made a touch-down, but although squarely and fairly made it was not allowed by the referee. It had now grown so dark that it was exceedingly difficult to distinguish the players, but the referee would not call the game and so it went on. It has been said that "darkness covers a multitude of sins," and it certainly did on this occasion. Time and again would a Union man down the ball only to hear the calm, cool voice of the referee cry "Rochester's ball, first down." Finally Bostwick claimed that he made a touch-down. Daley just as decidedly claimed that *he* had downed the ball thereby making a touch-back. The referee acknowledged at the time that he did not *see* Bost-

wick make the touch-down, yet he nevertheless gave the touch-down to Rochester, from which (they convinced the referee) they kicked a goal. Some of the spectators acknowledged that a goal was kicked, while others are positive that it was not a goal. However, it was counted, and the score was a tie. Soon after time was called, and then, strange to say, the referee said the score was 9 to 6 in Rochester's favor, although a moment before time was called he had said that the score was a tie. As one young lady was heard to remark, there was "*something* really *sublime* about that referee." There was no especially good playing done on either side. The Union men couldn't make any brilliant plays as the referee would not allow them to, and the Rochester men couldn't make any brilliant plays because the Union eleven wouldn't allow them to. The best playing for Rochester was done by Masser, Hooker and Comfort, and for Union, Daley, Briggs, Babcock and Gregory played the best game. The teams were made up as follows:

UNION.	POSITION.	ROCHESTER.
McQueen.....	Left end.....	Bostwick
Briggs.....	Left tackle.....	Love
Van Valkenburgh	Left guard.....	Slaight
Coons (Capt.)....	Centre.....	Kenzie
Van Voast, A. ..	Right guard.....	McNair
Van Voast, H....	Right tackle.....	Pattison
Babcock.....	Right end.....	Barrett
Clute.....	Quarter back.....	Masser
Gregory.....	Right half back.....	Hooker
Daley.....	Left half back.....	Knight
McCowatt.....	Full back.....	Comfort (Capt.)

UNION 28. SYRACUSE 0.

November 7, Union met, and for the second time this year defeated the foot ball eleven representing Syracuse University. The Syracuse men were not so confident of victory as they had been on the occasion of the first game, yet they went in determined to win if it lay in their power—but it didn't.

Syracuse started with the ball and tried the wedge but were stopped before they had made much of an advance. On a fumble

Union secured the ball and soon forced it down dangerously near to the Syracuse goal. The ball was now passed to Gregory who made a good run and an apparent touch-down, but it was not allowed, as the referee claimed, and rightly claimed, that the runner had stepped over the side line just before making the down.

Union now lined up within three feet of the goal-line and should have made a touch-down, but on a bad fumble Syracuse got the ball, and on a touch-back and an ensuing kick sent the ball once more towards the centre of the field. Union again forced it back but only succeeded in making two points on a safety before time was called and the first half was over.

Union not satisfied with a score of 2 to 0, started in the second half with such a dash and vim as has not characterized their play before this year. In a very short time Syracuse was obliged to make a safety, and soon after Gregory, by a good run, made a touch-down from which McCowatt made a goal. The ball was taken to the centre of the field but only kept there a short time when Clute by a quick play and a long run gained another touch-down, and another goal was kicked by McCowatt. The Syracuse men now braced up in their playing, and for a while prevented Union from scoring, but before long Daley got the ball and guarded by McQueen made another long run and secured a touch down; McCowatt failed to kick a goal this time. Briggs soon after this made what was perhaps the best run of the game, carrying the ball from the centre of the field to within about three feet of the Syracuse goal where he was tackled and downed by Wright. The two teams lined up here, and the ball was passed to Gregory who made a touch-down, but no goal was kicked. Syracuse now had the ball but only kept it for a short time when Briggs secured it and made the last touch-down of the game,

leaving the score 28 to 0 in Union's favor. Although Syracuse has a heavy eleven and good individual players, the team work is not good, and that is undoubtedly the great fault with the eleven. Hillyer, Whitfield, Reddington and Wright did the best playing for Syracuse; while for Union, although every one of the team played well, the most brilliant playing was done by Daley, Clute and Briggs. The teams were as follows:

Union.	POSITIONS.	SYRACUSE.
McQueen	Left end	Watkins
Briggs	Left tackle	Fife
Van Valkenburgh	Left guard	Hodge
Coons (Capt.)	Centre	Rouse
Van Voast, A.	Right guard	Mead
Van Voast, H.	Right tackle	Hamilton
Babcock	Right end	Whitfield
Clute	Quarter back	Hillyer (Capt.)
Daley	Left half back	Reddington
Gregory	Right half back	Lowry
McCowatt	Full back	Wright

OF INTEREST TO STUDENTS.

—Five days vacation at Thanksgiving time.

—Begin work at once on your song for the Concordiensis prize.

—What is the matter with the Union College Glee Club?

—The Juniors have fixed the price of their Junior hop tickets at one dollar.

—There is talk of establishing a Snow Shoe Club this winter. The idea is a good one.

—As soon as the foot ball season is over the base ball men will begin work in the "gym."

—Go to Rochester on Thanksgiving Day and see the foot ball game, Rochester versus Union.

—The Kappa Alpha Society gave a small dance at their rooms, on Friday evening, Nov. 7.

—Mitchell, '94, recently tried and passed examinations in Rochester, N. Y., admitting him to the bar.

—Notice Shaw and Robinson's advertise-

ment in this number. Shaw was a member of the class of '89, Union College.

—The Union College Alumni Association of New York City will hold their annual meeting and banquet at the Hotel Brunswick, New York City, on Thursday, Oct. 11.

—As the end of the term approaches, the Registrar begins to send out notices to Chapel absentees. Don't get too many absences recorded against you.

—Pay in your foot ball subscription at once if you have not already done so. The management is sorely in need of money and it is not the right thing for students who have promised to give certain sums, to keep putting the manager off with excuses. Pay him now, it is your duty.

—The foundation of the Psi U chapter house has been laid, but the house proper will probably not be built until Spring. It would be hard to find a better location for a society lodge than has the Psi Upsilon Fraternity. It is south of Washburne Hall, directly facing the college tennis courts.

—A. M. Banker, G. F. Mosher, G. H. Daley and E. S. Coons are at present the most prominent candidates for the office of base ball scorer and assistant manager. The office is a good one and needs a good man to fill it, therefore vote for the man who, in your opinion, is the best qualified for the position.

—The attractions for the near future at the city theatres are: At the Centre Street Opera House, Nov. 20, Business Men's Carnival; Nov. 22, "Prisoner against Prisoner"; Nov. 25, "La Bella Marie"; Nov. 29, "The Two Thieves." At State Street Opera House: Nov. 24, the musical burlesque, "Grimes' Cellar Door."

—On the evening of Oct. 30th, four of the Freshmen Class, thinking that the Sophomores were intending to hold their officers' "set-up" tried to steal and run away with '93's toastmaster, C. W. Field. The Sophomores

completely turned the tables on them, however, and about four o'clock the next morning four weary Freshmen entered the blue gate after a long walk from South Schenectady, where they had been taken and left by their friends, the Sophomores.

PERSONAL.

'46. The Rev. C. W. Anable, D. D., has closed his pastorate at Adams, Mass. He has served the church there for more than seven years.

'60. Wm. H. Pitt, A. M., Ph. D., M. D. has resigned his professorship at the Buffalo High School, in order to devote more of his time and studies to the interests of the Paragon Oil Refinery at Toledo, O., and the Refinery at Petrolia, Ont., of which enterprises he is the official consulting chemist.

'60. Warner Miller, De Witt C. Le Fevre, '65, and Robert C. Alexander, '80, are three of the directors of the new Mohawk Valley and Northern Railway Company, running into the Adirondacks.

'65. Henry Bacon and Daniel L. Lockwood have been elected to the 52d Congress from the 15th and 32d Congressional districts respectively. Lockwood is prominently mentioned as a candidate for Speaker.

'65. Chas. E. Dana was, last May, appointed art professor in the Architectural School of the University of Pennsylvania.

'68. James H. Southworth has been elected to the Assembly in the 13th Assembly district of New York City.

'69. Kenneth Clark was in Schenectady recently, looking over the college grounds.

'78. Dr. Alexander Duane has returned to New York and is to make a specialty of eye and ear diseases. His office is No. 11 East 30th Street.

'79. William B. Rankine has been elected secretary of the Niagara Tunnel Company.

'84. James G. Greene, has, together with Messrs Milliman and Menzie of Rochester,

formed a co-partnership for the practice of law. Their offices are Nos. 319 and 321 Elwanger and Barry building, Rochester.

'87. Edward T. Root, having graduated at the Yale Divinity School, is spending the winter in New York City, in study and mission work.

A CLASSICAL CONVERSATION.

'Hei! Pompei, ubi id pileum optinuisti?'

'Nil negoti tui, Cicero.'

'Quid te est? Quare comiti non respondeas?'

'O! deveni. Nimis insulsus es. Mater te abesse sentit!'

'Quo is?'

'In campum, ut Ansonem novemque ejus pila ludentes videam. Tu quoque veni.'

'Ibo, vero. Quibuscum hodie contendunt—Neo-Eboracanis?'

'Ita. Si autem Connor domum-cursum non quatit, meum pileum edam. Semper facit.'

'Quid, semper?'

'Vero, paene semper. Nullae muscae in eo.'

'Quid negoti est Crasso?'

'Potus est rectus. Cur rogas?'

'Eum hesterno die audiavi totam horam cantare 'flores qui tempore verno virent' et 'Annam Runeiam.' Est, profecto demens.'

'Aes, tamen, habet. Pecunia facit ut equa pergat.'

'Recte. Voluerim me decimam partem plumbi albi illius habere.'

'Quid emeris?'

'Bicyclum, et equos duos parvos, et cultum mucronibus sex, et navem, et canem magnum, et'—

'Satis! Libros quoque emeris?'

'Non. Senex meus jam libros nimis plures mihi dedit. Omnes in Tiberim deiciam.'

(Intrat Cicero senior, virgam longam gerens.)

'Libros deicies, hei! Id cape, atque id, atque id'—

(C.) 'Ou-ou-ou-ou-ou!'

(P.) 'Ho, ha, ha, ha!'

(Exit Cicero pater, Ciceronem filium aure deducens. Pompeius post eos saltat, et Ciceroni juniori irridet.)—*Ex*,

SOME OF OUR EXCHANGES.

The *Yale Record*, a bi-weekly, succeeds admirably in its work of setting forth the humorous side of college life.

The *Outing*, for November, contains a well written article on "Athletics at Williams College," besides lots of other very interesting matter.

In the last issue of *College and School* appears a very good article on Hamilton College. It is illustrated with views of the college grounds, and portraits of the different men who have served as presidents of the college.

The *New England Magazine* is a most excellent monthly periodical. Its last issue is specially interesting, and contains a number of very readable short stories.

The *University Magazine*, for November, appears in an entirely new form. It is made more compact and convenient to handle than the old style, besides being filled with a great deal of matter very interesting to all college students.

"Union has raised \$2,000 for foot ball. Manager Parsons is trying to raise half that for Rochester. It is seldom indeed that the U. of R. has to look upon itself as only half equal to Union. Let us all chip in and out—Union, Union!"—*Campus*.

ALL IN THE FAMILY.

Why should I be prudent?
Though income be scanty,
What comes from my "uncle"
All goes to my "ante."

—*Brunonian*.**THE HERO.**

But little he knew of Latin and Greek,
Mathematics were quite out of reach.
The sciences, too, were a stumbling block,
He was awkward and stumbling in speech.
His eye had a lifeless and lustreless look,
But his muscles were solid as steel.
The envy of men, by the ladies adored,
To young and to old, the ideal.
He was wine and was dined from morning till night,
The glory and pride of the town.
On the college eleven, at foot ball he played
The half-back who never said "down."
—*The Dartmouth*.


LATEST**ENGLISH****CIGARETTES***THE STANDARD OF THE WORLD.*

"UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN,

ANN ARBOR, October 13, 1890.

WRIGHT, KAY & CO.,

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DEAR SIRS:

I received the D. K. E. pin to-day and can hardly tell you how pleased I am with it and the trouble and pains you have taken to carry out my wishes. I consider it the finest piece of fraternity badge work I have ever seen.

Yours sincerely,

EDWARD HURD SMITH."

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