THE CONCORDIENSIS.

VOL. XIX. UNION COLLEGE, DECEMBER 11, 1895. No. 6.

A German Fraternity.

In German Universities the fraternal spirit is still more dominant than in American colleges. The inward feeling of sympathy and brotherly love may be no stronger, but the outward manifestations of relationship is certainly more marked. Here in Leipzig each fraternity has its own peculiar cap, and on dress occasions a whole uniform, which plainly designates its members. Besides these, a broad band, usually in three colored stripes, is worn around the body over the left shoulder under the coat. The colors worn are so bright that a member of a fraternity may be distinguished as far as one one can see him.

As soon as I found out a little about the German fraternities I was anxious to know more. I had not long to wait. The second evening after my matriculation a couple of German students called upon me and very cordially invited me to come around to their fraternity rooms, and asked me to state an evening when I would come, saying they would call for me just when I said. I thanked them, and told them I would go the next evening. They then presented me with a copy of their constitution and took their leave. By carefully reading the constitution I found the society was a Christian fraternity (*eine Christliche Verbindung*), and had three special aims. The first and most important was the promotion of the Christian religion and true morality among its members. The second aim was to increase the interest of its members in scientific research by conference and mutual aid. The third object of the society was to supply the social needs of the student in the best way possible. A minor object of the society was the promotion of the true German spirit and the love of the Fatherland. I said to myself as I read these objects, "That society has a grand purpose, and I am glad I have the opportunity to see how they do these things in Deutschland."

At the appointed time the next evening my fraternity friend called for me, and I went with him to his society rooms. On the way he told me that most of the members of the fraternity were theological students and the remainder were philogical students. I remarked I was not a theological student, nor even a philogical one; then he looked surprised, and observed that he had felt sure I was a theological student by the expression of my face. However, he did not drop me because I was studying zoology, but took me along thinking perhaps special concessions might be made in my case. I thought I began to perceive the Christian spirit. We soon reached the fraternity rooms, and as we paused to lay aside our hats and coats, I congratulated myself again upon having the opportunity of seeing how the German theological students inculcate the love of fellowmen, the love of wisdom and the love of God.

My friend opened the door and in we walked. The fraternity was in session, but everything stopped as we entered, and all the members rose to their feet to greet us. I was formally introduced, and given a seat of honor at the table—I say the table, for the whole fraternity were seated about a great table shaped like the letter T. On this table were the hymn books of the society, along with great glass bowls of beer, each holding about a quart. Only members, however, had bowls; visitors were supplied with schooners. The walls of the room were decorated by several banners, and between these were pictures of noted Germans. A large lithograph of Bismarck was especially prominent. The smaller pictures were not very distinct, as the whole company were smoking as only students can smoke. I had barely finished my survey of the room when the president

announced that a hymn would be sung. What an inspiring hymn it was! I have never heard a song sung with more fervour except at a colored camp-meeting. When the hymn was ended the society rose to its feet, the glasses clicked, and the first toast was drunk to the promotion of Christianity.

A Doctor of Divinity, who was interested in America and wished to be especially friendly, brought his bowl of beer over and visited with me. I asked how often the fraternity held such meetings as these, and was told only three times per week. My friend added that the boys did not usually stay much after midnight. While we were visiting I noticed the waiters were filling up the bowls again. Soon we had more singing, and immediately after that was over the second round of beer was drunk. This time it was in the interest of science. Again we visited while the bowls were being filled, and then we were favored with a short speech, followed by each one drinking his quart of beer to the health of the speaker. Shortly afterwards another round was drunk for social needs, and then another to the love of the Fatherland.

At this stage a great boot-leg was brought to the president, and a round was drunk in his honor. More speeches and singing followed, and several more toasts were drank. The midnight hour was approaching, and as there was nothing more to see except more beer and cigars, I took my leave along with a few members of the society who were compelled to leave early. One member wanted to know if we had such Christian Fraternities in America among theological students. "Not exactly," I replied; "we do things in a little different way over there."

HORATIO M. POLLOCK, '95.

A Chemical Tragedy.

Our Willie passed away to-day,
His face we'll see no more;
What Willie took for $h^2\ o$,
Proved $h^2\ so^4$.

—EX.

Another Echo of the Centennial.

Those of us who were fortunate enough to be present at our late Centennial Festival, will vividly remember that the class of '82 was plainly in evidence from the start to the finish, by its streamer on the outward walls of the library collonade, announcing its headquarters. And that back of all this activity they really meant business, will be practically proved by the following letter from one of its most active and loyal members well and favorably known to us all. The recipient of these lines acknowledges them with great pleasure, and hope that they may induce other classes to arise and do likewise:

CLEVELAND, OHIO, Nov. 30, 1895.

DEAR PROFESSOR WELLS:

At last Commencement the class of '82 decided to establish an alcove in the college library, giving at least $100 a year therefore. I suggested the propriety of making it a modern language alcove, and we decided so to do—making it solely German. Now we are ready to make the purchases. I shall be glad to receive suggestions and recommendations from you as to the line of books. I desired to speak to you about it in the summer but didn't feel sure that the scheme would carry. Hoping you will receive the gift as an expression of our esteem for you.

Very sincerely yours,
ARTHUR S. WRIGHT.

South College Bell.

Sullenly ring, oh iron-tongued bell—
Dang long, thy tuneless, solemn knell
Of fading dreams—
Or waking thought,
Of fond ambition,
Come to naught.
Dolefully pealing, thy sobbing sounds,
Like some charmed Titan mourning;—
While in each harsh discordant tone
There shrieks sonorous warning,—
"All life is short,—
All men must die;—
Though loud the laugh,
The moments fly,—
And nearer, nearer, draws the tomb."
An echo of eternal doom.

P. P. SHEEHAN, '98.

The Foreign Correspondent.

(A STORY)

Charles Ludlow sat in the busy office of the city editor of the New York *Herald*. It was Christmas Eve and everybody was astir, for they were anxious to go to press that night earlier than usual. Young Ludlow had only been out of college a few years, but he had shown such ability while editing his college journal that he had immediately on graduating stepped into a good position. He rose very fast, and for the past two years he had been on the foreign staff of the *Herald*.

He was home now on a short vacation, and that night he was sitting with the city editor, for they had become fast friends after a very short acquaintance. He was smoking a cigar, and during the intervals that the city editor had between looking over reports, he would drop in a few remarks on different subjects. The talk drifted from one thing to another, and finally the subject came up of the young actress who had tried to commit suicide that afternoon.

Ludlow listened intently as the city editor told how she had been found unconscious at her lodgings with a revolver still in her hand. Her aim had not been true, and the bullet had only passed beneath the skin on her forehead. She soon regained consciousness, but not a word would she disclose as to why see did the act. She only said that if she got a chance she would make a better job of it next time. It was learned that she belonged to the Empire Theatre company, where she took a minor part.

The account ended, Ludlow sat a few minutes and then spoke up, "And she is now in the Tombs?"

"Yes, they took her there, for she threatened to repeat the act, and they thought best to do so, as her wound amounted to little."

"There must be something at the bottom of this," said Ludlow.

"That's so, and I have just been thinking why it wouldn't be a good scheme for you to go up there and interview this woman. You are always ready for some adventure, I know."

"I will go if you want me to, for it is early yet, and I can write up my story for to-morrow's paper."

"You may, but you had better take this card. Don't be too long about it. We may be able to pick up a pretty little Christmas romance."

Ludlow put on his coat and hat and hurried out into the street. It was a bad night. Not a star was to be seen, and the cold wind blew the icy raindrops into his face. Hailing a cab he told the driver to take him to the Tombs. He was soon in the sheriff's office. It was beyond the hour for visitors, but the card that the city editor had given him passed him through, and he was in the cell with the one whom he had come to interview in a few minutes.

He found the woman an exact likeness to what he had expected, for all humanity when in despair looks the same. A bandage covered her forehead, which was high, and her long jet black hair fell loosely to her waist. Her face was shrunken, and a paleness akin to death brought out in bold relief her black eyes—eyes that pierced one through and through, but filled with tears now, and the tears were those of one in deep remorse.

Ludlow took a seat and told her why he was there, explaining everything. She said she had nothing to say concerning her action or herself. Adding she said, "I did the act, and I failed. I will try again, and I shall succeed."

Ludlow saw that he was dealing with one hopeless and despondent, but his varied newspaper experience had taught him many things concerning tactics by which people are made to talk. "Is that all you will tell me, Miss Chester?"

"It is," she said.

"Well, I will be going then, for I do not wish to disturb you on this Christmas Eve. I have a sister at home, and I must hasten to see her. She is young and pretty, and she loves me as the daisy loves the light that breaks upon it every morning, opening its petals. When I came away to-night she told me to come back soon. Good night, and thanks for your kindness in allowing me to see you. But I must add, if there is anything I can do for you I will be pleased to do it.

"You are in trouble, Miss Chester, and you need friends. We newspaper people are not so hard as the public think we are. We have an uphill fight. People never take into account the good we do the world, but they are always ready to try to cast us down when opportunity allows it. To-night, Miss Chester, when I entered this room, the thought flashed into my mind that I did not know that sometime my own dear little sister of whom I have just told you might, by some cruel blow of fate, occupy this very same cell. If it should ever happen, there would be a good reason for it, I know, and it is that fact which makes me believe that you think you have a just cause for your act. With the same feeling that I would bless the man that would offer her aid in such a case, I now offer you mine. If I can be of any service to you, I am at your disposal."

Tears filled Miss Chester's eyes, and she

covered her face with her hands. After a few moments she looked up, and her eyes caught those of Ludlow's.

"These are the first kind words I have had spoken to me in many weeks, so don't go and leave me. Stay and I will tell you all—if you will promise that you will not put what I have to say in the paper. I hate newspapers, for they always try to show one up in her worst light instead of revealing the good things in one's character."

"I will promise," said Ludlow, "and you need have no fear."

"You know what has happened to-day. It is only the end which many girls who start the same as I did are nearing every hour of their lives. My act was one of a sane woman, but a woman filled with despair and remorse. I wanted to die, and I want to yet; but to you, who have been so kind to me, I can't help telling my story.

"Unlike many girls who turn out as I have, I had one of the best mothers that ever lived. My home life was perfect, and I wanted for nothing. Brought up in a college town, I was surrounded by an air of culture and learning. When I was still young I became engaged to a college student, and we loved each other as only young people can. Time slipped by, and vacation came. We had to part, and it was a sad parting. He still kept up his devotion to me; but I, a fickle young girl, soon forgot my vows to him.

"That summer I met a man. He was a gambler, and I knew it, but I became infatuated with him, and no girl was ever more unreasonable. I thought of him every moment in the day and dreamed of him every moment at night, and he said he cared for me. Well, we soon parted, but I could not forget him. My cast-off lover knew of it all, and in his passion he wrote me things that he would never have done had he been himself. This widened still further the breach between us.

"So the fall went by. The man, the gambler, with whom I had become infatuated, drew me nearer and nearer toward him. My mother and my friends pleaded with me, but in vain. My family finally told me that if I married him I would be as dead to them, and far better had it been. The man seemed to have some charm, some magic power, by which he covered up all my thoughts of virtue and of future happiness, and showed me only things that tend to make one follow the paths of vice, and which end in destruction. I could not see him, but I got his letters. They, too, seemed to have that same hypnotic power, and I was drawn closer to him. My mother begged me on her knees to give him up, for she saw the end that would follow, but I could only think of him as the best man on earth.

"Finally the climax came. My family, I knew, would never consent to my marriage to him, so I eloped, and since that fatal night I have never seen nor heard from one of them. We went west, and he immediately began his old profession—playing the races. I was happy for a while. He treated me so sweetly and tenderly. When I was with him night and day seemed the same, for I saw nothing but him, and he was perfect in my sight. But all good things must have an end, and so did this. Six months passed, and I awoke to the dreadful reality that he thought nothing of me except for what I had, and we began to drift apart.

"Finally, two months ago, while we were here in New York, he left me, but not before he had taken with him what I had. Left alone in a great city with no one to fall back on, I was in despair. I was too proud to go home to my mother, for the end had come just as she had always pictured it to me. Then I thought of the stage, for my beauty was not all gone. I managed to get an engagement in a minor part at the Empire and have held it ever since.

"I have heard of the man I threw away for the villian but once since then, and that was a few years ago. He had then been sent to take a position on the foreign staff of your own paper. Oh, that I could see him again, but I could not bear the thought of it. He struggled with me, but his pleading was in vain. He loved me with a love that no one ever had before, and to think that I threw him off for a gambler. It was mean; it was a deed worse than the one I attempted to-day."

"The last words he ever spoke to me were the same as you have said to-night, and that is why I called you back. He said, 'I am going into life with a renewed determination to make something of myself, and if you ever need a friend do not forget to call on me.' He did start out in life with that determination, and would now that I had loved him as he loved me.

"To-day I remembered that it was just four years since that fatal night when I left my home, and I vowed never to see the light of another day. I have nobody but myself, and nobody cares what becomes of me. I have never written a word home, so what is the use of renewing old troubles? I thought when they should discover my dead body my name would go out as I am known to-day, as Amy Chester. The world would read the name and pass on, and at my old home little would they think that

it was Florence Terril that lay at the morgue. But even now fate seems to be against me, and here I am yet alive."

Ludlow had followed every word as it came from her lips, and as she continued he drew nearer so that not a sound could escape without his catching it. He now turned his face in the opposite direction. It was pale, and every drop of his blood was frozen in his veins. She did not notice him, for she had dropped her head at the end of her story.

"Florence Terril," he said, half aloud, and then, without looking toward her, he arose, but had to grasp the side of the cell in order to stand

He gathered every bit of energy left in him, and said: "Miss Terril, then, is your real name. I thank you very much for your story, but I must go. It shall not go to the paper, I promise it."

"But tell me, do you know the young man who joined the foreign staff two years ago?"

"Yes, I do, Miss Terril. He is a great friend of mine, and I will see that he sees you to-morrow."

"No, don't, for God's sake!"

But the cry was too late. Ludlow had gone, and as we went only a few mutterings could be heard, and they sounded something like "Florence Terril, Florence Terril."—NON EST.

The New York Alumni Dinner.

The eighth annual re-union and dinner of the Union College Alumni Association, of New York, will be given at the Hotel Waldorf, on Thursday evening, Dec. 12. For the convenience of out-of-town members an early hour for the meeting has been selected, the time of the business meeting being at a quarter before six and the dinner at half past six. Secretary Barney informs us that he expects to have about a hundred and twenty-five members present. Among the speakers will be Mayor William L. Strong, U. S. Senator Joseph M. Carey, Amasa J. Parker, President Raymond, ex-Senator Warner Miller, Charles Emory Smith and William H. McElroy.

The officers of the association are: President, Gen. Daniel Butterfield, '49; first vice-president, George Alexander, '66; second vice-president, Silas B. Brownell, '52; secretary, Edgar S. Barney, '84; treasurer, William C. Roberson, '77.

THE FOOT-BALL SEASON OF 1895.

A Review of the Victories and Defeats of the 1895 Foot-Ball Team.

The story of this season's foot-ball team is soon told. We have had our victories and we have had our defeats. Our victories have not been numerous, it is true, yet it cannot be said that the fault lies entirely among those who have given so much of their time and who have worked so faithfully for the glory of Old Union. A careful review of the events of the season just past may prove not only beneficial to future Union College foot-ball teams but to the entire college as well.

The season opened very auspiciously. Capt. Beckwith and Manager Greenman had spared no pains to make this season a successful one. Manager Greeman, prompted by the action of the student body last year, and endeavoring to carry out the prevailing sentiment in college made in his shedulde of this season's games a decided change over that of former years. We broke away from those institutions with whom we had for years been identified, and from whom we had repeatedly won victories, and threw down the gauntlet to the colleges of New England. Did the college appreciate what this handful of men had undertaken, or does it appreciate what it has done? We think not, for had it so done, it would not have been necessary for Capt. Beckwith to have spent so much of his time in trying to get out a "scrub." And if they truly appreciated the efforts of these men, why did they allow them to return from their games—tired, worn out, and often injured—yet unwelcomed by a single student? This may be a means of promoting the foot-ball interests of this college, but it is not the means resorted to in other institutions.

Early in September everything looked bright for the season of '95. Mr. E. M. Church had been engaged as coach, and he deserves unstinted praise for the excellent team which he produced under such disadvantageous circumstances. He is the best coach Union ever had, or probably ever will have.

The first game of the season resulted in a

score of 26 to 0 in favor of Yale. Both the team and the college was well pleased with the result. It showed that we had good material, and with proper training might hope for excellent results. The second game was with the Laureate Boat Club's team, and the score was 8 to 0 in favor of Union. The game was played on the campus and fully appreciated by the student body. The next game was with R. P. I., and in two 15-minute halves a score of 26 to 0 in favor of Union was the result. The game with Syracuse was a "walk-over."

The team went to Princeton in a somewhat crippled condition, yet the result was not one to be ashamed of; 22 to 0 was the score, which was ten points less than the lowest estimate made by any man on the hill, yet when the team returned with one man hardly able to walk and another with his arm in a sling, there was not a single student at the depot to welcome them home. Our second game with Laureate was not one to be proud of. Neither side scored.

Then came the Williams game. This was recognized as the greatest event of the season. Every effort was made to get the team in the best of condition, but strange to say, notwithstanding the importance of the game to the college, on two days between the date of that game and the game previous the "'varsity" practiced without any "scrub" against them. But the powerful Union College spirit was not dead. It was only sleeping, and when the beaming countenance of "Father" Brown was seen on the campus, it awoke with renewed energy. Yes, we had a good "scrub" after that, and a good "'varsity" was the result. We all know how that game ended. The result was one that we do not care to think about. Though the official score shows Williams to have been the victor, yet every person who witnessed that game knows that Union played the foot-ball of the day. Union's defeat was the result of the combination of bad luck, fog and the referee. A second ball was found on the field during the game. If any Union man was responsible for that ball being there his action deserves the severest condemnation, even though the ball was found in the possession of a Williams player.

The next game was with West Point. The "'varsity" practiced for this game without any "scrub" against them. The report of the game sent out from West Point said that Union's playing was positively childish, but the score—16 to 0—does not indicate the work of children. We are much obliged to West Point for the report of that game. It will so strengthen the feeling of friendship which has heretofore existed between the two institutions.

The last game was with Wesleyan. The "'varsity" was in good shape, and might have won—but we won't say what we might have done—we will simply say what we did do. The game was practically won when Wesleyan childishly left the field, because of the justified ruling of the umpire. Amherst and Dartmouth, for some unexplained reason, cancelled their games. We are sorry they did so, notwithstanding the fact that they would probably have beaten us, as "ill luck" seemed to follow us continually.

This article has already assumed such proportions that only the briefest notice can be made of the individual players.

Mallery and Crichton played excellent games. Both were sure tacklers. Mallery also deserves much credit for his work at quarter. Capt. Beckwith and Palmer played their tackles well. Beckwith was the better in breaking through the line, though Palmer was more certain in his tackles. Blodgett and Taylor made phenominal guards. Blodgett we think played one of the best guards that Union ever had, and had the great virtue of keeping his mouth shut. Taylor was able to break through the line of any team we played against, and his tackles were always well made. Terry played an excellent game at centre. He deserves the thanks of the college for his untiring efforts, not only for this season but for the three years previous.

Myers at right half was a wonder. We all know what a war horse he has been, and the universal question throughout the college is: What will we do without him next year? Lyon, Peters and Hayes all did excellent work at left half. Lyon had the ill luck to be injured several times, but he always played a strong game and

never gave up. We desire to give special mention to Thomas, Jones, Smith, Hilton, Gordon and Sommer for their efficient work as substitutes.

"Pop" Sweetland played full-back He was a strong kicker and a good man in breaking the line. On the "catch" he sometimes misjudged the ball, but this failing was more than compensated for by his never-failing enthusiasm and untiring efforts. He will make a good captain next year.

It is not the purpose of this article to simply review the events of this season; but it is rather an attempt to point out defects which must be remedied in the future, and to give paise only where praise has been merited. First and foremost among these defects has been with the student body itself. The foot-ball has not been supported by them with anything like the proper enthusiasm. What does enthusiasm amount to if it is not coupled with earnest and self-sacrificing efforts? To play winning games of foot-ball the "'varsity" must be opposed regularly by a strong and enthusiastic "scrub," and not by thirty men one day and three or four the next.

The next fault was with the "'varsity" itself. Every player seemed to think at times that he was the captain. Another fault, and one which has brought much discredit upon the institution, lies not with the foot-ball team or with the student body, but with newspaper correspondents. Where have our newspaper correspondents been on various occasions, and why did they not see that their reports were the first ones sent to the New York press?

The Psi U. Dance.

The Psi U's gave another of their informal dances at their house on Friday evening, Nov. 22. Gioscia, of Albany, furnished the music. Among those present were: Mrs. Truax, Mrs. Price, Mrs. Mosher, Miss Walker, Miss Hunter, Miss Truax, Miss Kosboth, Miss Ellis, Miss Barker, Miss Madge Campbell, Miss Rachel Yates, Miss Susan Yates, Miss Watkins, Miss Beattie, Miss Anna Clute, Miss Darling and Miss Ostrom.

The Humphrey-Miller Case.

The past month has been signalized by one of the most lamentable incidents in the history of the college. For many weeks, ever since college had opened in fact, the police force of Schenectady had been dumfounded by a series of bold and skillful burglaries in different parts of the city. During this same period the college authorities became painfully aware that some one on the hill was guilty of taking college property. Things did not come to an issue, however, until one of the students, who had been robbed of a considerable amount of money, discovered a palpable clue, not only to the thefts at the college, but also to the robberies done in the city. President Raymond and Dean Ripton were at once notified, and a partial search of the room of C. G. Humphrey and C. C. Miller was made with such results that the police were at once notified. The two men, the former a Sophomore, the latter a Freshman, were at once apprehended and taken to the police station. Subsequently, two wagon-loads of stolen property were taken from their room, 65, on the first floor of middle-section, North College. The unfortunate young men have had their preliminary hearing, and Miller is still in the county jail awaiting the action of the next grand jury. Humphrey was bailed out a few days ago by his uncle, the bail being fixed at $2,000.

Dr. Raymond at Buffalo.

The New York *Evangelist*, under date of Nov. 14, has the following note from Buffalo concerning President Raymond:

"The event of the month in one sense has been the reception of the University Club to the Rev. Dr. A. V. V. Raymond, of Union College. It was delightful to note that the doctor, since his transfer from parish cares at Albany to scholarly life at Schenectady, has seemed to grow more portly and full of grace than ever. He is, in appearance, as in other things, the ideal college president. All Union men speak in the highest terms of the Raymond *regime*. No man in the pulpit has been more popular certainly with the undergraduate circles at Williams, Hamilton, Union and Princeton, as well as in the clubs of university men all around the country."

THE CONCORDIENSIS.

PUBLISHED ON ALTERNATE WEDNESDAYS DURING THE COLLEGE YEAR

BY THE STUDENTS OF UNION COLLEGE.

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SINGLE COPIES, - - - - 15 CENTS.

Address all communications to THE CONCORDIENSIS, Box 213, Schenectady, N. Y.

Subscribers are requested to make checks payable to Walter L. Huggins. Business Manager.

Entered at the Post-office at Schenectady, N. Y., as second-class matter.

CHAS. BURROWS, PRINTER AND BINDER, SCHENECTADY, N. Y.

WE WISH you all a merry Christmas.

DO WE come up to your expectations or not?

WHAT HAS become of the committee on getting lights for the sections? The lights ought to be provided.

ONLY ONE more week before the final examinations The class-room work was never better than it has been during the past term.

THE NEXT Junior hop will be held Friday evening. If it be as good as the last one, no fault can possibly be found. There should be a large attendance.

WE HAD one of the best foot-ball teams that ever represented Union, and Coach Church is the man who deserves great credit for it. He worked hard and faithfully, and always showed a great interest in the team, both individually and collectively. But Captain Beckwith also deserves the same credit and he made a very popular captain.

THE THANKSGIVING recess is only a sample of what Union does to make it enjoyable and pleasant for her students. The recess lasted five and one-half days, and it gave every one ample time to spend a few days at home. In some colleges the recess is only for one day, and no student who lives far away can go home to his Thanksgiving dinner, but has to eat what he can get at his boarding house. Union recognizes that her students need and should have this time to spend at home, and they get it.

NO DOUBT a few read the Here and There article in our last issue regarding the foot-ball reporter of the Albany *Argus*. Judging from the report of the Wesleyan game it must have struck home, for in that account he not only used everything he could possibly find against Union, but he also invented a great many things. The report is too disgusting in itself for us to use any quotations.

But, however, it does give Union a chance to bring out certain points that she may rightly object to and be indignant at. For the past college year in the *Argus* we have not noted a word of commendation for anything that Union has done, but we have noted that something was brought out to hurt her every time opportunity allowed it. What applies to the *Argus* applies partly to one of our own Schenectady papers, but in not so great a degree. The editors may argue that they did not know what was being put in about the college, but it was their business *to know*. In regard to the city paper, clippings were published in regard to our recent unhappy experience, which not only reflected upon the two parties concerned, but also upon every student in college. When a person or an institute do anything wrong let them be repremanded, but we cannot see the justice in casting remarks that reflect upon the innocent. In other words, it is surely a case of kicking a person when he is down.

GEORGE J. SWEETLAND, '97, Captain-Elect of Union's foot-ball team, is a man whose record on the gridiron is one of rare excellence. He began his work on the Dryden Academy team where he played at guard, centre and also back of the line. Entering Union, he played on the "'varsity" in every game of the season of '93, continuing his work as centre during the next year until compelled, by injuries received in the Amherst game, to withdraw for the remainder of the season. His best service to Old Union, however, has been rendered this fall, when he was transferred to the position of full-back. In every game except one Sweet-

land has attended the team in this capacity during a campaign of unprecedented play, and has never failed to be the equal of his opponent. In the opening game against Yale, more than once it was "Pop's" brawny strength that met and stopped the Blue in their rushes; in the Williams game, too he was warmly applauded. His special work has been noticed in punting and bucking the line. With such a captain, the outlook for next year is good. The unanimity of the election is proof that he has the support of the 'varsity, and as for new men to replace the '96 players, they will not be wanting when the time comes. Practice will begin with spring, and every effort is being made to have a season next fall that will equal and eclipse the best effort that has heretofore characterized the ever energetic foot-ball management of Old Union.

WILLIAMS college, on the evening of November 15, held a meeting for the "Discussion of the Honor System," and *The Williams Weekly*, in an editorial upon the subject said: "And may such votes be cast as will show our sister colleges that Williams takes the lead in honor as well as in other points." And this beautiful editorial, in which "culture and honor are held as priceless virtues," is followed by another editorial that would make any college possessing these "peculiar virtues" blush with shame. This second article is in regard to the Union-Williams foot-ball game. In it Union is charged with having "made another of her characteristic blunders," to have deliberately "smuggled into play" a second ball, and to have 'displayed a spirit of 'muckerism' to a most disgraceful extent."

We would appeal to Williams to show us where there is the least sign of "culture and honor" in the writing of such an article. Williams won the game and was justly elated, Union lost and was rightly disappointed; but what is the spirit of fairness that justifies the victor in boasting over the vanquished? It is true that by a most unfortunate accident a second ball was on the field; but it can be proved that it was entirely accidental and the action of the referee at the time showed it to be such. It was not put there, as Williams charges, in order for Union to use in scoring a touchdown.

And upon what grounds does Williams accuse Union of "muckerism"? This is strong language and should be well supported before being used. At the end of the first half Union seemed to have the game won, and to rejoice over this was natural; but when, in the second half, the game was lost and Union left the field without a murmur it was surely honorable in the extreme. A comparison of the reports of the game will also perhaps be an index to the spirit existing in the two colleges. The articles in *The Williams Weekly* are full of braggadocio and vindictiveness while those in THE CONCORDIENSIS are impartial in their references and sedulously avoid any bitter remarks.

Union justly asks for an explanation from Williams of the accusations that she has made, and we are glad to note that our Athletic Board has demanded such an explanation. Williams now has a chance to show her true sportsmanlike spirit. If she can prove her charges, let her do so; but if she cannot, she must withdraw them. Union has been used as a foot-ball by Williams long enough. We can live without Williams' company and we propose now, as we have always done, to hold to our rights.

NOTE.—As we go to press, and at a time too late to allow comment, we have received a copy of the *Weekly*, in which among other things, is said: "Various complications have arisen, and so many incongruous stories have been circulated, that some alumni and friends of the college have been led to believe that the greatest error or misdemeanor is with ourselves and that Union was not justly open to the 'attacks upon her honor' which have been called to our attention." And again: "The *Weekly* has committed two wrongs that must be atoned for. The first error was in our last editorial on the subject which said in reference to that part of the game which was played with two balls 'when they (referring to Union) made a touchdown with a ball thrown from the side-lines.' For this statement we had no positive proof, and it was unfounded information which mislead us. Our second, and by far our most egregious blunder, was in noticing at all any complaints we may have had against Union."

THE UNHAPPY outcome of the game with Wesleyan is surely to be regretted, and by none more than Union men. Our relations with Wesleyan have always been friendly, and everybody is more than sorry that this breach has been made. But, as far as we can see, it was owing to no fault of Union that this extremely unpleasant occurrence came about. The Wesleyan team left the field because the umpire would not give them what he claimed was a play contrary to the rules. He acted according to his own judgment, which was no doubt a fair one, and as the other team refused to play, the game was given to Union by the referee by a score of 6 to 0. It must be borne in mind, too, that Wesleyan chose the umpire her-

self. As for the Union team, Captain Beckwith said he was willing to give his opponents the point, but the umpire would not allow this, for he knew his decision was right, and he held to it. As far as the result of the game is concerned Union had rather lose by a big score than win in such a way, but it is conceded by all that Union had the better of the battle when the Wesleyan team left the fild, and would have eventually won easily.

The *Evening Journal* seems to voice the sentiment of Albany when it says in an editorial on the following Monday:

"The withdrawal of the Wesleyan foot-ball team from the game with Union at Ridgefield on Saturday, was not only unsportsmanlike and ungentlemanly, but unprecedented in the history of the game. It shows what a demoralizing effect has been produced by Dunraven's policy—'If you don't let me have my own way, I won't play.'"

CONCERNING the action of President Raymond and the Faculty in regard to the case of the two student burglars we can add nothing further than what *The Outlook* of a week ago says under the title of "True Ethical Learning." It strikes the key note exactly in the discussion of the subject, which is as follows:

"President Raymond, of Union College, struck a ringing note last week, not only in the way in which he dealt with a very painful experience at Union College, but also in his declaration of the principles which should govern a college faculty in dealing with such cases. Two students of that institution were suspected of having been implicated in certain burglaries which have recently been committed in Schenectady. As soon as Dr. Raymond was informed of the suspicion, he took another member of the faculty, notified the suspected students, and proceeded to make an investigation of their room. Stolen property was soon discovered, whereupon Dr. Raymond stopped his investigation, sent for the police and placed the whole matter in the hands of the civil authorities, who completed the search and took the students into custody, a large amount of stolen property being discovered in their possession.

"The prompt and direct action by Dr. Raymond was followed by a statement in the chapel of the college on the following morning, in which he laid down the principles which should govern the action of college authorities in dealing with these students, so clearly and comprehensively that they deserve the widest publicity. For purposes of legitimate college dicipline, Dr. Raymond declared, the authorities of the college need no help from without; but the moment the law is violated, and crime committed of any kind, the offender will be invariably turned over to the civil authorities. The allegiance of students to each other and to their college, he declared must be subordinated to the allegiance of every student to the law, and no college can hope to educate its students to be law-abiding members and leaders of society unless it recognizes and maintains the majesty of the law on all occasions.

"It is safe to say that no body of American young men could fail to see the justice of such a position, or fail to appreciate the courage involved in taking such a position under the circumstances. This action of Dr. Raymond is not without precedent in the conduct of our colleges, but it is in very sharp contrast to the policy of concealment which has sometimes been unwisely adopted. It has more than once been assumed by college authorities that the good name and prosperity of the institution demanded suppression of intelligence and a general minimizing of offences.

"It is safe to say that the unfortunate occurance at Union College, instead of injuring that institution, will, through the action of its president, commend it more than anything which has been done for its advancement in recent years, to the confidence and patronage of all those who understand the true quality of bold, frank and independent management. Questions of college discipline belong to college authorities, but questions arising under the law of the land belong to the civil authorities; the distinction cannot be too sharply made and the division of authority too rigidly respected; nor can there be better ethical teaching for students than the enforcement of the principle that higher than allegiance of the student to the college is his allegiance to the community which created the college, and whose highest interest the college serves. Rr. Raymond's course teaches an ethical lesson which will not be lost on the country at large."

Here and There.

THE VASSAR ATHLETES.

The Vassar girls have had a field day—what next? The papers fed for several days on the material which it afforded them, and a few had pictures of the supple maidens as they finished in the 100 yards dash or gracefully cleared the hurdles. And why did the papers make so much of it? Was it not because their gentlemen reporters were not allowed to witness the sports and they wished for revenge? But on our part we can't see why our own sex, in fact *the* sex, should be debarred from seeing these exciting and most interesting exhibitions of "the coming woman." The girls are allowed and always like to go when the college athlete competes in a set of games, and why should it not work the other way?

But there is a peculiar little episode connected with the games of the Vassar girls that will interest Union athletes in particular. It seems that the winner of the hurdle race has received a congratulatory letter from a Union man and is anxious to find out just who the gentleman is. It may have been an athlete, a hurdler even, but we do not know. We have our suspicions, however, and we expect to follow up the clue. It seems that

the letter was received "in the spirit in w. ich it was sent," but we would advise the writer to keep quiet. Confidentially, we hear the girls are very much in need of a "coach," and they think he would make them a good one. All who intend to apply should do so at once.

OUR POET LAUREATE.

Finally Union has a poet laureate, at least that is the title which Dr. Raymond used one day in chapel when speaking of a member of the Senior class. Whether the Doctor was in earnest or whether he meant it for a joke we do not know; but, as he generally means what he says, we took it as the former. Strange things will happen, and they are constantly springing up about us, but no one would ever think that our poet laureate was a man who could write poetry. But he has done so, and we must suffer the consequences. It is generally admitted that to write poetry a man must be in love, or thinks he is, but it is almost beyond the bounds of reason for us to think that our poet laureate could ever be in love. Far from it. There is not a fair maid in Dorp who could ever capture his heart, for he never had one. He has been corralled many times by members of the fair sex—how could they help it?—but they soon awoke to that sad reality. But there is one thing our poet laureate can do—he can sing. Who will ever forget the energy and melody that he puts into our chapel choir?

We could go on indefinitely telling what our poet laureate can do, but he does not desire to have all his good qualities known. He has had many experiences, experiences both tame and exciting, but he has always been able to return to college with his vest, except once. Some sharper on the Albany night boat is now in possession of that article. We congratulate our poet laureate on his latest title, and may he prove to the world that he is worthy of it. But we sincerely hope that he will wait until after next June before he begins operations.

—!

Five-dollar hat
Lay on a chair—
Pretty girl
Was seated there.
Impressive oppression,
Expressive digression,
Then something else, too,
And a swear word at that.

P. P. S., '98.

UNION vs. WESLEYAN.

The Game Won by Default—When Wesleyan's Luck Changed She Left the Field.

Necessity compels us to record the victory which Union won from Wesleyan Saturday, Nov. 23, as one "won by default." But notwithstanding the apparent lack of merit which such a victory is apt to imply, Union won and won fairly. It is not Union's fault that Wesleyan showed the white feather (unless superior playing is called a fault), and as much glory is due her as though the game had been finished according to established rules.

On that day the feeling that victory was going to crown Union's efforts was almost universal. This confidence was well merited, for throughout the week previous every man on the team had exerted himself to the utmost to make his playing faultless. Capt. Beckwith was untiring in his efforts to infuse new life into the team and overcome that depression which was the result of the continued run of ill-luck that seemed to follow every game.

In the "make-up" of the team a few changes were deemed advisable. Mallery was again placed at quarter-back and Peters was induced to go in at left half-back, though he had retired for the season on account of injuries. Hilton took Mallery's place at left end, and filled it most acceptably.

The game was called at 2:30 o'clock, and both teams were on the field promptly on time. A strong wind was blowing lengthwise of the field, and everybody recognized the advantages it would give the team which was fortunate enough to have it in its favor. Wesleyan won the toss, and thereby won the first half, as she immediately chose to defend the south goal which gave the wind in her favor. Union had the kick off. Taylor, after twice trying, succeeded in sending the ball into Wesleyan's territory, but the wind was so strong that it did not go far. It was caught by Wesleyan's left half, but he was tackled by Palmer before advancing ten yards. The Wesleyan backs then tried to find a hole in Union's line, but with

poor success. A double pass was tried for Union's right end. It worked well enough to give them first down, but Crichton was not fooled, and there was no long run. This double passing was tried repeatedly, and worked well for short gains. This was Wesleyan's strong play, and she deserves much credit in the way she handled the ball. Union was gradually forced back, until Mallery made a dash through Wesleyan's line and tackled beautifully with one hand. This gave Union the ball. Wesleyan was found to be weak at right tackle and right end. Myers plunged through the line repeatedly, and Wesleyan was gradually forced back until she won the ball by dropping on it when fumbled.. Wesleyan could not gain through the line, and resorted to punting. Raymond punted down the field to Union's ten-yard line. Union had the ball, and sent Peters around the right end for 35 yards. The ball was called back, however, for holding in the line. Thus Wesleyan had the ball on Union's ten-yard line. Raymond, by a double pass, carried the ball around the right end for a touchdown. A goal was kicked. Score, 6 to 0. The ball went to the centre of the field. A few minutes later Raymond kicked to Sweetland, who caught the ball. He attempted to return it, but was blocked by Wesleyan's ends, who followed up the ball, one of whom succeeded in picking it up and running, scored a touchdown. Raymond kicked a goal. Score, 12 to 0.

On the kick-off Taylor sent the ball to Wesleyan's 30-yard line. They tried the left end, but Beckwith tackled behind the line. Hilton then blocked Raymond's punt, and Palmer fell on the ball. Taylor missed the goal. Score, 12 to 4.

In the second half Union got the ball from Raymond's kick-off. Myers was set to hammering Wesleyan's left tackle, and smashed through every time for 5 or 10 yards. Peters was given the ball for a plunge through the line, but fumbled the ball within five yards of a touchdown. Hilton carried it over the line. No goal kicked. Score, 12 to 8. Wesleyan got the ball on Taylor's kick-off. They tried the ends, but were blocked. The centre was tried, and the quarterback was thrown over the line by the Wesleyan half-backs for an eight-yard gain. Mr. Morris, however, saw the play, and ruled it unfair. Wesleyan would not abide by his decision, and left the field. The disputed point was one involved the right of the quarterback to advance the ball. Wesleyan claimed it a double pass, but in reality the ball never left the quarterback's hands. It was a "fake" pass, a motion and then a plunge through the line.

The summary of the game was as follows:

WESLEYAN.	POSITIONS.	UNION.
Young (Arthur)	left end	Hilton
Noyes	left tackle	Palmer
Searles	left guard	Blodgett
Sibley	centre	Terry
Townsend	right guard	Taylor
Williams	right tackle	Beckwith (Capt.)
Young (Archer)	right end	Crichton
Beeman	quarter-back	Mallery
Raymond	left half	Peters
Wilson (Capt.)	right half	Myers
Berrien	full-back	Sweetland

Touchdowns—Raymond, Young, Hilton and Myers. Goals from touchdowns—Berrien (2). Referee—Mr. Rochester, R. A. C. Umpire—Mr. Morris, R. A. C. Linesmen—Mr. Brown, Union, '95; Mr. Dibble, Wesleyan, '97.

A number of Union College engineering students wrote the civil service examination at Albany last Saturday. It is said that about 300 men are to be appointed for work on the canal, and there is therefore a rush for positions. The appointees will be announced in a few days.

The *Public Ledger* of Philadelphia contained the following remark upon the work done in the Pensy-Cornell game on Thanksgiving day by Ed. Sweetland, who played last year on Union's line: "Next to Beacham the best playing was done by Sweetland, who proved himself to be a cracker jack at tackle. Sweetland was the only man on Cornell's line who could open up holes for his backs, and he frequently opened Wagonhurst. He also followed the ball well and tackled beautifully." Coach Church urges "Pop" to get his brother on Union's team for '96.

Personal and Local.

Failing, '99, is home sick.

Fairweather, '98, is on the sick list.

Lipes, ex-'98, was on the hill recently.

'99 expects to have her picture taken soon.

Craver, '96, is very ill at his home in Albany.

Kellog, '99, spent Thanksgiving in New York.

Seaman, '99, is sick at his home in Johnstown.

E. R. Payne, '95, was at the college last Friday.

F. Van der Bogert, '95, spent Thanksgiving in town.

A. E. Barnes, '95, was a caller in town on Nov. 22.

Perkins, '98, has been at Lyme, Mass., for a few days.

Dr. McKenzie spent the Thankgiving recess at Boston.

Van Wormer, '99, spent Thanksgiving at St. Johnsville.

Cook, '99, has returned to college after a brief illness.

Lyon, ex-'99, has secured a position in the Edison Works.

A large number of conditions were passed up on the 7th inst.

Mabon, '98, has recovered from his illness and returned to college.

Anthony, '96, spent Thanksgiving at his home in Newburgh.

G. S. Haggart, '99, is very sick at his home in Gloversville, N. Y.

Bowers, '98, has about recovered from his attack of typhoid fever.

D. V. Deuell, ex-'98, is in New York studying at a dramatic school.

Abel Merchant, '97, has returned to work after a needed rest at home.

The Freshmen have finished solid geometry and have taken up algebra.

Beckwith, '95, spent his Thanksgiving vacation with friends in the city.

Sinclair, '98, was the guest of Hoxie, '98, at Cambridge on Thanksgiving.

H. W. DeGraff, ex-'98, spent a few days on the hill last week with friends.

Brown, '98, was with Wilson, '99, during the vacation at his home in Buffalo.

Tucker, '99, attended the Yale-Princeton game at New York on Nov. 23.

J. C. Merchant, '97, is slowly recovering from his accident of last summer.

M. A. Twiford, 96, spent the Thanksgiving vacation with friends in Sandy Hill.

Brown, '99, was detained last week at his home in Hudson, owing to sickness.

West, '96, spent the Thanksgiving recess at Watertown as a guest of Griffith, '98.

The foot-ball team was photographed in Albany the day of the Wesleyan game.

W. G. Brown, '95, who is now in the Law School, is a frequent visitor on the hill.

Derby,' 96, spent the Thanksgiving vacation at the home of Frey, '97, in Canajoharie.

Huntly, '99, is sick at his home in Amsterdam. Fitzjames, '98, is also sick in the same city.

Sheehan, '98, was a guest, of Miles, '99, at his home in Poughkeepsie during the Thanksgiving recess.

Pershing, '97, has a very severe attack of sickness, which will confine him to his room for a long time.

Dunham, '96, has been at Easton, Pa., attending the annual convention of the Phi Gamma Delta fraternity.

R. Porter Johnson, of Ogdensburgh, has been visiting his brother, R. T. Johnson, '98, on the hill for a few days.

Franklin B. Dowd, of Saratoga, was the guest of friends on the hill Saturday and Sunday, Nov. 22 and 23.

Clements, '95, who is now studying theology at Auburn, spent the Thanksgiving vacation at his home in Schenectady.

W. H. Hall, '96, was the guest of George Sands, '98, during the Thanksgiving vacation at his home in New York city.

R. Grant White of Cooperstown, spent a few days with friends on the hill and attended the Williams-Union game in Albany.

Harold Kirby, of Canajoharie, and Wagner Van Vlack, of Palatine Bridge, who expect to enter the class of 1900, have been visiting friends on the hill.

OUR CHAMBERMAIDS.

These fourteen pretty maidens,
Whose photographs you see,
Are none other than our Chambermaids,
And you wonder now, that we
Should be so blessed, with maidens fair
To smoothly make our beds,
And after we've been on a tare,
To gently bind our heads.

So many people wonder how
We keep our rooms so clean,
But they wouldn't be so much surprised
If our Chambermaids they'd seen.
With caps and aprons you can find them,
During the whole morning,
Our rooms and sections with their smiles,
And kindly words adorning.

The faculty in choosing girls to wait
Upon us students,
Have exercised the greatest care,
And shown the greatest prudence.
To satisfy the choice and taste
Of every man in college,
They must use the greatest care,
And thus display their knowledge.

The grave and sedate maiden,
Is chosen for the Senior,
While for the Junior gay the choice,
Is one of opposite demeanor.
The Soph wants one who says "now stop,"
And can smoke a cigarette,
While the little Frosh must have a girl,
Who has short dresses yet.

There are two for every section,
And two more to oversee
Each one of these fair maidens
Wherever she may be,
And you, my friend, can rightly judge,
By looking at each face,
If a prettier lot of girls exists,
In all the human race.

So young, so gay, so full of fun,
And yet so very proper,
That they will speak to no one save
Our tried and trusted copper.
So generous and kind are they,
That they do whate'er we say,
And wait on us with willing hands,
From dawn till close of day.

Long live the grey old walls, is heard
From every student's voice!
Long live the noble Faculty
That makes such goodly choice!
Long live the students young and gay,
Who well their parts have played;
And last, but not the least of all,
Long live our Chambermaids! '96.

Terry, '96, and Bookhout, '97, played with the Walton foot-ball team on Thanksgiving day against the Cazenovia Seminary team, and the former won by a score of 44 to 0.

Guy H. Miller, '94, of Herkimer, son of ex-Senator Warner Miller, has been promoted from the position of chainman to that of leveler in the state engineer's department.

The officers of the Freshman class are: President, W. G. Kellog; vice-president, W. J. Stone; secretary, M. M. Price; treasurer, W. H. Lord; toastmaster, W. R. Fox; foot-ball manager, W. H. Roselle; manager of track athletics, Geo. C. Foote; captain of track athletics, John F. Cregan; foot-ball captain, W. H. Lyon; base-ball captain, J. P. McLean.

THE ALBANY LAW SCHOOL

Many of the students took advantage of the vacation last week and visited their homes.

Mr. Hoyt took in the Yale-Princeton foot-ball game at New York.

The banquet to be given by the class officers to the class has not yet occurred, the time seemingly being indefinitely postponed.

Mr. Corrigan has been spending a couple of weeks at his home in Pawtucket, R. I.

One of the boys was kept very busy last week answering questions that were suggested by the rumor that "The Judge" was to depart from the life of single blessedness. No one seemed to be enlightened by the answer received. If the rumor was well founded "The Judge" has our heartiest congratulations.

ALBANY MEDICAL COLLEGE.

T. B. Maynard, '96, has returned to college after a short illness.

J. W. Scott, '96, performed a very skillful operation for relief of Plumosis.

J. A. Stevenson, superintendent of the Albany Hospital, has entered the class of '97.

A meeting of the Albert Van der Veer Society was held on Monday, Dec. 9. Papers were read by Murphy, '96, subject, "Hypnotism," and by Shaw, '96, subject, "State Care of the Insane."

It is customary for the students to raise a purse on Thanksgiving for the janitor, in order to show their appreciation of his obliging nature. About $45 was raised, and the presenting speech was made by Sanford, '96.

For a long time the subject of maintaining a foot-ball team at the Medical department of the University has been agitated. It, however, took Griswold, '97, a very enthusiastic foot-ball player, to bring affairs to a climax. On looking over material for the formation of a team, it was found that that there were twenty-five men in the Junior and Freshman classes who had more or less experience playing on the different teams, all of whom have signified their intention of trying for the team. A meeting was called on Dec. 5, at 2:30 P. M., inviting all students who were interested in foot-ball to attend. Griswold, '97, was appointed chairman, and the following business was transacted: Podvin, '98, was unanimously elected manager, and Griswold, '97, captain of the team for the coming season. There is no doubt that this will develop more university spirit and make life more interesting at the A. M. C. Let every loyal medical student support this good movement, both financially and by coming out and playing.

THE FRESHMAN CLASS OFFICERS.

President, George C. Cull; vice-president, Robt. W. Andrews; secretary and treasurer, W. R. Miller; first marshal, C. Dolan; assistant marshal, F. Jansen.

JUNIOR CLASS ELECTION.

At a meeting of the Junior class, Nov. 8, 1895, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year:

President, Eugene W. Baltes, Oswego; vice-president, Robert L. Ellithorp, Troy; secretary, William L. Fodder, Cohoes; treasurer, Fred. N. Guyer, Albany; orator, Chas. N. Van Denberge, Schenectady; poet, Thomas D. Collins, Salem; marshal, Robert C. Davies, Holland Patent.

In the evening the class assembled at the banqueting hall, where they partook of the plentiful repast and listened to the appropriate toasts responded to by members of the respective classes.

The Musical Association.

The Musical Association, under the efficient managership of C. W. Clowe, '96, is progressing rapidly, and bids fair to excel the excellent standard set by last year's clubs. Weekly rehearsals are being held, which are faithfully attended by a large number of students. In addition to the usual college songs several new pieces of considerable difficulty are being learned. All the music, but especially that of the glee club, will be of a much higher order than that of last year. It had been expected to take a trip during the Christmas holidays, but owing to the insufficiency of preparation the

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plan has been abandoned. No definite arrangements for concerts have as yet been made. The glee club is led by Mr. Frank C. MacMahon, of Albany, and the banjo and mandolin clubs it is hardly necessary to state are again led by Mr. J. A. O'Neill, '97, medical.

The following have been picked for the clubs:

Mandolin Club—Mandolins: Vossler, '96, Baker, '98, A. Sommer, '96, Scofield, '96, Wyckoff, '97, Marks, '99, Bradford, '99, Cook, '99. Guitars: Vosburgh, '96, Slocum, '97, Ensign, '97, Warner, '98, Haggart, '98, Boss, '98. Flute: Skinner, '98. Violin: Ballard, '98. Cello: Eames, '99.

Banjo Club—Banjos: Vossler, '96, Hild, '98, Schermerhorn, '99, Bradford, '99, Van der Veer, '99. Guitars: Ensign, '97, Slocum, '97, Haggart, '98, Warner, '98.

Glee Club—First tenor: Gillespie, '98, medical; Lipes, '97, medical; Allen, '98, medical. Second tenor: Hinman, '99, Green, medical; Weeks, medical. First bass: Beattie, '96, Brown, '97, Hild, '98. Second bass: Wyckoff, '97, Cox, '98, Eames, '99, Mac Mahon, '99.

Fellows

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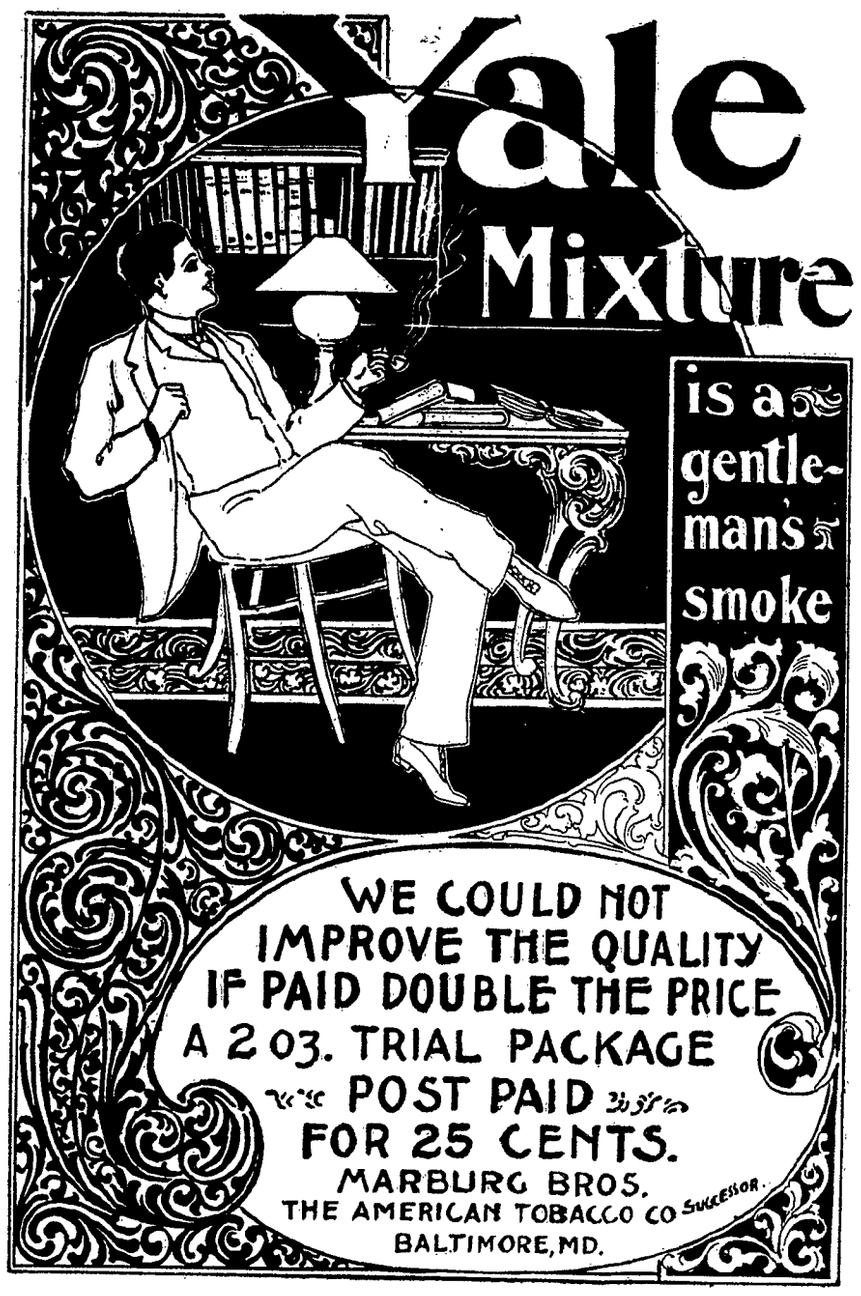
DRAWING INSTRUMENTS,

. . . . You will surely be pleased.

A. B. VOSSLER, '96. H. NELLIS, '98.



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"LITTLE CHRISTOPHER."—The most notable attraction Schenectady theatregoers have had an opportunity to see this season will be presented at the Van Curler, Saturday, Dec. 14, the Garden Theatre Company in the successful burlesque "Little Christopher" This organization is under the direction of A. M. Palmer, of Palmer's and the Garden Theatre, New York. The success attained by "Little Christopher" there was a run of 262 nights. It will probably duplicate its success here. The leading comedy role is in the hands of that popular and quaint comedian, Willie Col ier. The others in the cast are the following well known artists: Fannie Johnston, Alexander Clark, Harry MacDonough John Wilson, Louise Allen, Bertha Waring, Pauline Train and Mable Clark, the famous dancer. It is the largest and most elaborate entertainment of a burlesque class ever presented here One hundred people are in the cast. The entire organization is transplanted from New York, and is identically the same as it was given in that city during its long run.

HANLON'S "SUPERBA."—The Hanlon Brothers spectacle and pantomine, "Superba," will be given here in its entirety for two nights, Dec. 19 and 20. This should prove a rare occasion, as the company numbers some 75 people, carries a large ballet and three carloads of beautiful scenery.

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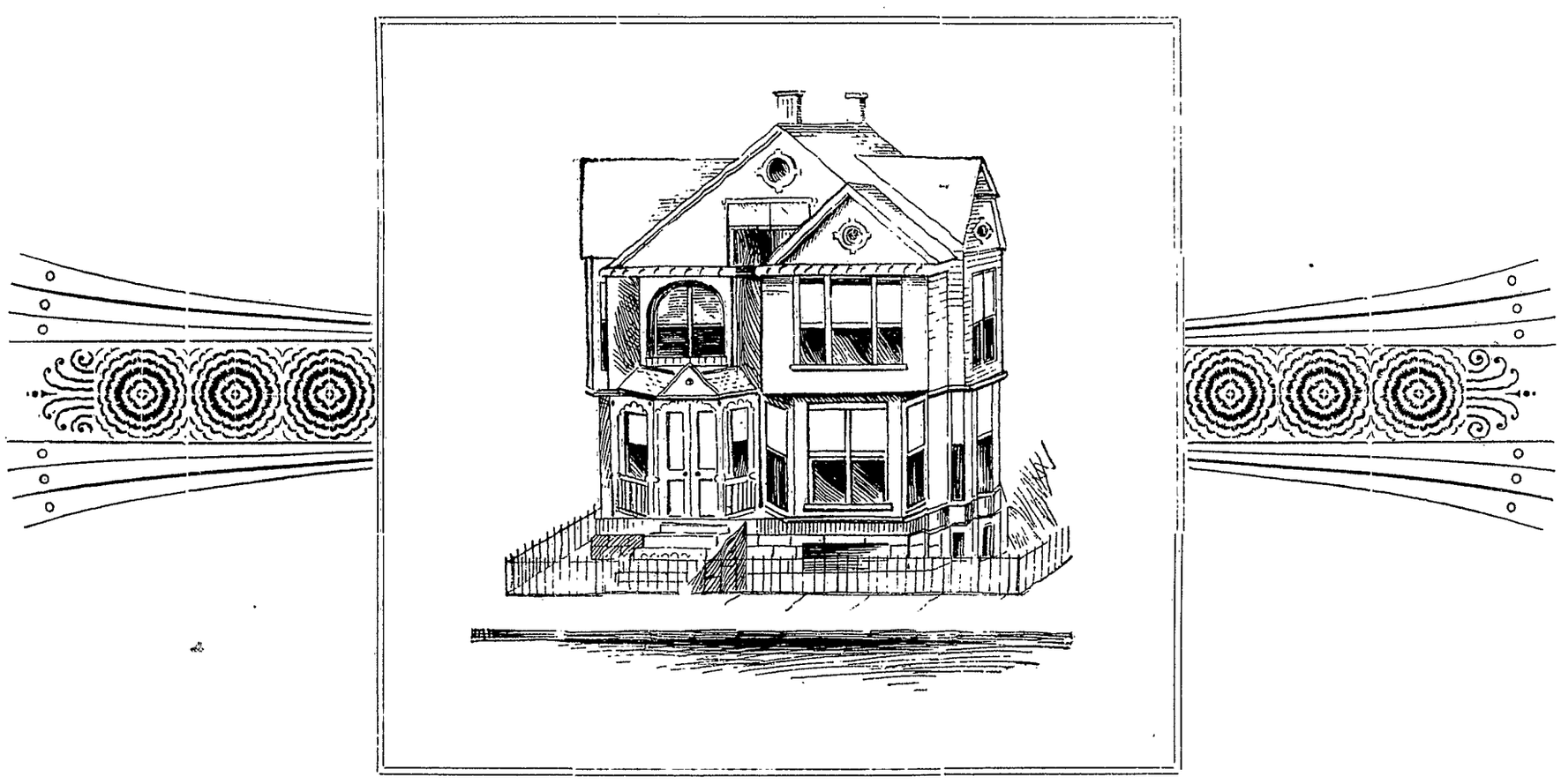

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