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The Concordiensis, Volume 39, No 3

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The CONCORDIENSIS

VOLUME 39

NUMBER 3

1916
TERRACE COUNCIL

OCTOBER 7, 1915

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY THE
STUDENTS OF UNION UNIVERSITY

UNION UNIVERSITY

CHARLES ALEXANDER RICHMOND, D. D., LL. D., Chancellor

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The Concordiensis

VOL. 39

OCTOBER 7, 1915

NO. 3

UNION'S VICTORY OVER WILLIAMS. Gained by Staight Football Triumphs—Stol- ler Stars Throughout Game.

Union's eleven conquered Williams last Saturday on Weston Field by a score of 14 to 0. The victory was decisive and clean-cut. Two touchdowns, one in the second quarter by Moynihan on a forward pass, the second in the final period by Girling, after a steady advance down the field, were scored and the goal for each kicked.

It was the terrific line-drives of Stoller who played the finest football of his career that featured the game. He was called on frequently and almost every time succeeded in plowing through the Williams line and piled up on the secondary defense for substantial gains. Girling's game was consistent but the wet field slowed him up to some extent. "Babe" Rosecrans did some strong line-plunging on his own account and starred in backing up the line. On defense "Babe" played a remarkable game. Goff, the quarterback, ran his team with exceptional coolness and brains, playing the Williams line at its weakest point in a most baffling way, picking his plays and his players well. The veteran backfield seemed to work with the drive and impact of a Krupp, while the green line was impregnable. Captain Jenkins who, with "Bone" Gardner, was the only veteran of last year on the line, was the usual pinnacle of strength and kept the spirit high and the line low.

Pollard of Williams starred in running with the ball, while Overton, La Plante and Tompkins did good work for the Purple.

The fact that Williams was most successful in wide end runs in which tackle as well as end came over to make interference seems to show that the assertion generally made that Union's superior weight was responsible for victory, is not altogether the case. Girling outpunted Overton considerably and Union's handling of the team on offense was better than Williams'. The Garnet made no substitutions until the end of the final period when Notman took Moynihan's place at end.

Union's only fumble came at the very start of the game when Garfield kicked off to Goff. The ball slipped from Goff's grasp and Overton of Williams recovered it on Union's thirty yard line. La Plante and Tompkins made first down, but in the next plays Union held and Overton punted. The ball sailed untouched over the goal line and was put in play in Union's possession on her twenty yard line. Girling punted out of bounds in the middle of the field. The Garnet was penalized 15 yards for off-side but again Union held and Overton kicked. Girling made eleven yards on Union's first play. Girling punted soon after and the period ended with the ball in Williams' possession on Union's 40 yard line. Williams advanced to Union's three yard line on a forward pass and a penalty. There Brewer fumbled and

Moynihan recovered the pigskin. Girling punted to the 45 yard line. Jones uncovered a series of forward passes, the last of which "Babe" Rosecrans intercepted. Union made four successive first downs on catapult plunges by Stoller and Rosecrans, and gains by Goff. On Williams' twenty yard line Goff hurled a forward pass to Moynihan who breezed over Williams' goal for a touchdown. The enthusiastic band of Union rooters in the stands went mad. Rosecrans kicked an easy goal. After Blodgett tackled Goff, who had signalled a fair catch, the period ended.

Garfield kicked off to Mudge to begin the second half. Stoller rode through the Purple line for first down. Girling kicked to Pollard. Williams could not gain and Overton punted. Girling returned the punt. On a shifty trick play, Jones made first down but Overton could not gain and punted. The whistle blew just after Goff had made first down.

Hay got Overton when Girling punted to him. He soon returned the punt and it was Union's ball on Union's 40 yard line. Rosecrans plowed through 15 yards. Williams was penalized half the distance to her own goal on an illegal substitution. Girling carried the ball from the twenty yard line to Williams' three yard line and a moment later carried the ball over. The goal was not difficult.

Williams' last drive carried the ball to Union's ten yard line. Jones at quarter seemed to base all hopes on a successful forward pass, but on the fourth down, when a forward pass went over Union's line without being touched, the ball was put in play in Union's possession on her own twenty yard line. The Garnet started right off for another touchdown, but the game ended before this could be accomplished.

Following is the line-up:

UNION (14)	WILLIAMS (0)
Moynihan -----	Hubbell
Left end.	
Bowman -----	Garfield
Left tackle.	
DuBois -----	Clifford
Left guard.	
Gardner -----	Welch
Center.	
Hay -----	J. A. Wright
Right guard.	
Jenkins -----	Brown
Right tackle.	
Mudge -----	Blodgett
Right end.	
Goff -----	Jones
Quarterback.	
Stoller -----	Overton
Left Halfback.	
Girling -----	La Plante
Right Halfback.	
Rosecrans -----	Tompkins
Fullback.	

Score by Periods.

Union -----	0	7	0	7-14
Williams -----	0	0	0	0-0

Summary.

Touchdowns—Girling, Moynihan. Goals from touchdowns—Girling, Rosecrans. Referee—Bergen. Umpire—Lowe of Dartmouth. Linesman—Young of Adams. Extra official—Peterson. Time—two nine and two ten minute periods.

Substitutes—Williams: Pollard for La Plante; Brewer for Brown; Austin for Clifford; Clifford for Austin; Sawyer for J. A. Wright; Weeks for Sawyer; Molthan for Jones; La Plante for Hubbell; Irwin for Clifford; Funk for Blodgett; Jones for Molthan; Wilson for Jones; Wright for Overton. Union: Notman for Moynihan.

TRACK TEAM BUSY.

Union's cross-country men already have their fall work laid out for them. Negotiations for meets with Colgate on October 16

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and Williams October 23 are well under way and it is expected that the Athletic Board will soon agree to the schedule.

Captain Newton, T. Hance, Scoby, McKenna, Newman and Peaslee of last year's squad and a promising bunch of freshmen are working hard every afternoon.

All men who are considering the cross-country run may report to Dr. MacComber any afternoon at 4 o'clock at the gymnasium office. As there are only two weeks left to train before the first meet, Captain Newton requests that all men having any ability at all get out at once.

TERRACE COUNCIL ELECTIONS.

Eugene J. Hummer, '16, and Howard B. Santee, '16, were elected to the Terrace Council by the Student Body on Monday noon. Both men are very well known in college activities and have done a great deal for Union. Hummer is a 'varsity basketball man and captain-elect of the baseball team. He is also well known to the debating societies. Santee is manager of the musical clubs, was Editor-in-Chief of the 1916 Garnet, secretary of the Honor Court, on the Junior Prom Committee and is quite active in several other college organizations. Both men will undoubtedly be more active than ever, and will do their full share to make this Terrace Council the best Terrace Council.

The Terrace Council in addition to the men elected Monday, consists of Nathaniel Finch, of Buffalo; Carl F. Danner, of East Aurora; Horace Zimmer, of Gloversville; C. Foster Brown, of Schenectady, and Howard A. Glenn, of Scotia. With the exception of Glenn these men were chosen by last year's Council in May. Glenn, who presided at the student meeting for the first time Monday, is president of the senior class and therefore ex-officio a member of the Council.

At the same meeting Guy Beckett, of Omaha, received the appointment of secre-

tary of the student body. Mr. Beckett is a member of the class of 1918, is active in press club work and is a member of the Chi Psi fraternity.

SWIMMING TEAM.

The prospect for a fine swimming team this year is very good, as Captain Mallen has Reed, Younie, Ball, Eldred and Edgerton as a veteran squad, and a large amount of promising material to work with. It is early in the year to say much of the candidates, but several of the freshmen have showed considerable skill, and will give the old men hard fights for places on the team. The call for candidates will be issued after the close of the football season, but it is hoped that those who intend to try for the team will begin to get in training before that time.

TRAINING COUNCIL ELECTS OFFICERS.

The Training Council which has for its purpose the betterment of training for athletes at Union, elected officers for the ensuing year at its first meeting. The officers are as follows: President, Charles Hummer, Jr.; vice-president, Orra Hawn; secretary-treasurer, Milton Ketchum.

The new officers have pledged themselves to carry out the aims of the Council.

DR. RICHMOND TO SPEAK.

On Saturday, October 9, Dr. Richmond will be the principal speaker at the unveiling of the memorial tablet to John Bigelow at the Bigelow homestead at Malden-on-the-Hudson. On this occasion Dr. Richmond will take for his subject, "The Strength and Weakness of American Democracy." Among other distinguished people who will speak are the Hon. Joseph H. Choate and John Burroughs, the noted author and naturalist.

THE CONCORDIENSIS

A Literary and News Weekly Published by
THE STUDENTS OF UNION COLLEGE.

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF ----- Richard E. Taylor, '16.
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Entered at the Post Office at Schenectady, N. Y., as Second Class Matter.
Publication Office: Schenectady Art Press, 206 Center Street, Schenectady, N. Y.

WHAT WILL YOU DO ABOUT IT?

Again the hazing season has come and gone and again we who determine the course of the college whether through the dignity of our position or the influence of our logic may be thankful that the guilt of blood is not upon our hands. Each year as the entering classes increase in size some one is hurt and hurt seriously in the rushes. Last year a man was sent home with ruptures and internal hemorrhages from which he will be lucky if he ever entirely recovers. This year a man escaped with injuries which chance alone prevented from being a fractured skull. Nor is this the total of casualties resulting from the annual rough house. Ask any old grad why the horse chestnut fight was tabooed or an upper classman why the snowball scrap was voted down. It was not because some one was too yellow to stand up and take the punishment, but because some one had a few brains of his own and was not afraid to use them for the benefit of the college.

We naturally do not want to be classed as kickers or sore-heads, but whether half of the college or the whole of it is against us, we frankly advocate an unconditional abolition of what page 11 of our handbook describes as "hazing of a harmless and unobjectionable nature." Some time it will be abolished, but whether before or after the fatal accident depends upon the initiative and judgment of the powers that be. Columbia abolished her cane rushes after a man had been killed in one of them. Shall Union? The expulsion of the few guilty students who shall be the immediate actors in the tragedy will neither atone for the deed nor wipe out its result.

It is up to us, faculty and students, who have the foresight to look into the future and see the inevitable, to stop hazing and stop it short else WE and not the few underclassmen half-crazed with the excitement of the moment shall be to blame for what all true Union men shall never cease to regret.

We have brought this problem up in these columns before. We have not attempted to paint the matter any redder than it is. We urge you to remember that no man can escape from the consequences of his acts or his errors of omission and to think this question over soberly before the next under class fight.

THE FOOTBALL SITUATION.

The football situation at present scarcely needs any comment save a few words in the nature of praise to the team for their successes to date. The anticipated "hard game" with Williams proved to be an easier victory than we expected. This was due not to any inferiority on the part of the wearers of the purple but rather to the excellent training and fighting spirit of the Union eleven. Not only have our men the real article in training, but their morale may be said to be perfect. Somehow each and every one of them seem to have caught the calm, confident unboastful, win-or-die spirit of their coach and captain. There is a harmony of action—a unity of purpose which spells "no defeat." It is such speeches as Captain Jenkins gave in campus meeting Friday evening and at chapel Monday noon that show the true spirit of the Garnet and convince Union men that if we do not repeat last year's record it will be through no fault of team or coach.

THE GENERAL EDUCATIONAL BOARD GIFT.

Anent the gift from the General Education Board about which we heard so much last spring Prexy Richmond has given the Concordey the following statement:

"We have completed the subscription necessary to secure the gift of \$75,000 and a check for \$65,000 has already been received from the General Education Board. The remainder will follow as soon as the subscriptions are paid in."

Charlie Waldron as secretary of the Graduate Council, has sent out notices to those who subscribed towards the fund and whose subscriptions are due that checks are to be made out to Union College and sent to Assistant Treasurer Dewey, that being Charlie's way of hinting to the subscribers to come across.

It will be recalled that at a student meeting one day last May after the situation was explained to the student body over \$1,300 was immediately pledged by those present.

After this week President and Mrs. Richmond will be at leisure to receive students at their house Sundays after 3:30 P. M.

A CHANGE IN LIBRARY RULES.

Mr. Clinton has changed the College Library rule concerning the borrowing of books from the reserved shelves. Hereafter books from the reserved shelves may be taken from the library at one o'clock in the afternoon on Saturday. On all other days, however, they may be taken out at the usual time of 9 P. M.

CLASS ELECTIONS.

Wednesday, September 29, the seniors elected the following class officers: President, Howard A. Glenn of Scotia; vice-president, Lucius E. Baldauf of Eden; and secretary-treasurer, Kenneth Creble of Feura Bush. Glenn is a member of the Kappa Alpha fraternity and business manager of the Concordiensis. Baldauf belongs to the Pyramid Club and Creble is affiliated with the Lambda Chi Alpha fraternity.

On September 30 the class of 1917 elected its officers as follows: Hal A. Scoby, Beta Theta Pi, president; Louis Mann, Delta Upsilon, vice-president; Ralph G. Morison, secretary-treasurer.

1918 elected its class officers on Friday, October 1. They are: Harry A. Calkins, Beta Theta Pi, president; vice-president, Mantin E. Morris; Raymond S. Glenn (Gummy's brother), secretary-treasurer.

We cannot complete our list of class officers as 1919 has not elected yet.

BASEBALL MANAGER ELECTED.

At a meeting of the Athletic Board held in the gymnasium on Wednesday evening, David F. Chapman was elected assistant baseball manager for 1915-16. Chapman is a junior and is a member of Delta Phi. He is a prominent man in college, being connected with the Concordiensis, the Press Club, and the Y. M. C. A. Other candidates for the position were Eldred, Lasher and Loughlin.

GLEE AND MUSICAL CLUBS.**Gardner '16 Elected Leader of Glee Club.**

The first meeting of the Glee Club on the evening of Monday, September 27, gave every promise of a most successful year. The freshmen, who numbered nearly 40, showed themselves to be very good material.

The resignation of Romeyn Allen '16 as leader of the Glee Club was accepted, whereupon Harold Gardner '16 was elected in his

place. Mr. Allen's resignation was necessary because he has left Union to enter the Albany Medical School this year.

On Wednesday night, September 29, the first meeting of the Mandolin Club of which Arnold Hooper '16 is leader was very successful. Here, also, the new material was excellent.

Howard Santee '16, the manager of the Musical Clubs, is arranging for several short local trips to be followed by a Thanksgiving trip through the southern part of the state and a Christmas trip to New York City.

FRATERNITY DANCES AND TEAS.

The Fordham game on Saturday, October the ninth, will open the first social activities on the hill. Many of the fraternities are planning week-end parties and dances. Psi Upsilon, Phi Gamma Delta and Chi Psi intend to give dinners which will be followed by dancing. Alpha Delta Phi intends to give a tea which will immediately follow the game. Beta Theta Pi will give its first dance, Saturday October the sixteenth.

PREXY'S DATES.

Month of October:

October 9—Dr. Richmond will make an address at the Bigelow Homestead, Malden-on-the-Hudson. Dr. Richmond speaks at the unveiling of a memorial to John Bigelow, a graduate of Union College.

October 13—Dr. Richmond represents Union College at the inauguration of Dr. Henry Noble MacCracken as president of Vassar College. The same week he will represent Union College at the inauguration of Dr. J. Ross Stevenson as president of Princeton Theological Seminary.

October 20—Dr. Richmond will be present at the inauguration of John Henry MacCracken as president of Lafayette College.

On Your Way

On our way again. On our way, however, sans the hand of our loquacious Hafiz at the helm. As a brand new colyumer, we Nite, make our bow and make no promises. We will ATTEMPT to make the colyum a hash of anything on earth that might interest a S. of O. U.

But we must have contribs. Contribs are the staff of colyuming. Absolutely anything written in English will receive profuse welcome. We will even stoop to gently chafing this person or that.

In short, we don't care what we do.
Here's how. We're off.

LET'S START WITH A WOMAN.

We read with sincerest sorrow that dear old Mable Normand has stopped one too many bricks. She is now lying sick-abed watching the stars. Would we could do something for her. We know full well that funds could quickly be raised among her friends at O. U. to send Doc Mac to her aid.

HAFIZ'S LAST LINES ON RELINQUISHING THE POSITION OF COLYUMN CONDUCTOR.

The burden of this erstwhile weekly humorist

Was made of oxydizing frozen laughter,
And giving jokes and blubs perhaps a novel twist

To make the merry ha-has bend a rafter
Full many a jovial hour have I missed
A-trying to write jokes till one P. M. and after—

And yet for that have I been called a Colyumist?

I have not! but alas, how oft a Paragrafter!

Full oft at my own jests I've laughed in fits,
That only made the other blokes in anguish roar—

And now that I forever cease to string this bull, it's
Not that I love the column less, but humor more.

HAFIZ.

FIREWORKS FROM JOE BEAMISH.

Howsaboy Nite: 'This bird with 'the cigarette coupon name, this here Hafiz, that used to run the colyumn, never had nothing anyway. You couldn't never give him no argument because he wouldn't print it. I could a busted him for the stuff he spilled about me in the freshman scraps. I'm going to wait out for him some night and slip him an earful of langwidge.

JOE BEAMISH.

A MATTER OF PUNCTUATION.

Before—Easy Soph!

After—Easy, Soph!!

Clytemnestra.

Perhaps the frosh were too proud to fight.

OUR RAH-RAH TYPE-SETTERS.

On page 10 of last week's Concordy appears the by-laws of the Inter-fraternity Conference. Beneath the head comes this wonderful line: "YahSo—fiUbe. Y—m—mm—mm—mmm." Ah, an inter-fraternity yell at last.

ON ONE HAND

When the wintry blasts roar bleakly
Up and down the street
We rally 'round our steam pipes—
Alas, alack, no heat.

ON THE OTHER HAND.

When a red hot sun is beating
Down upon the street
Those eccentric radiators
Emulate Hell's heat.

Snuffle! Snuffle! Gosh dard this doze ob bide!

FUTURIST POME.

I harbor a malicious hatred
 For a chapel bell,
 A chapel bell that blats forth early
 In the morning,
 In the bleak, gray early morning,
 And wrenches me from sweet slumber
 To toil
 Through another day.
 But
 BUT
 How sweet its silvery chime
 To my ears
 About 6 o'clock P. M.
 On Saturdays!

THE CAMPUS OFF.

Have you seen the lordly gentleman
 Who struts up College Lane
 Swinging de bonair-ily
 His sleek gold-headed cane?

Have you marvelled at the briskness
 Of his Houghton Rah-Rah clothes,
 And coveted with longing eyes
 His snappy college hose?

You Have? All Right

Then listen well, kind reader
 And I'll quickly tip you off—
 He's not a freshman millionaire;
 He's just our campus off-
 icer.

There seems to be something nervous
 about that last line.

THE WORLD SERIES.

Predicting the winner of the big games
 that start tomorrow seems to be all the go.
 We enjoy the sensational. We say that the
 Red Sox will beat the Phillies tomorrow
 with Grover Alexander pitching!

And now we have a national bird—the
 whip-poor-Williams.

NITE.

ADO.

For the benefit of the assistant managers,
 we will announce that they will give one
 grand free feed pretty soon at 6:30 o'clock
 on Thearle's Roof Garden. They will in-
 vite their unlucky contemporaries, also the
 student body, the faculty, Doc Salathe and
 the Teutonic army. Guests please bring
 knife, fork, spoon and tin cup.

Suppose this fraternity stuff is all Greek
 to the composing room.

Dear Nite:

Your copy holds flashes of humor (they're
 weak and disguised it is true) but before you
 write next week's colyumn just take a tip
 from the Ed. Beg, steal or borrow some
 paper—some real live sizeable paper. We
 lost twenty sheets of your copy, which on
 Riz-La and such like was writ.

LITERARY CONTEST.

Av. Jacobs '16 is arranging details for a
 Concordiensis literary contest. Full in-
 formation concerning it will be given in next
 week's Concordy.

R. G. Urban, '19, who sustained a slight
 fracture in the class scraps is at his home
 in Buffalo. His condition is reported im-
 proved and he is expected back on the hill in
 a few days.

THE GALLANT HIGHWAYMAN.

(The reader will find little originality in
 the following story. The opening words
 which are in black type are purloined from
 the letter Robert Louis Stevenson wrote to
 W. H. Henley in which R. L. S. is sighing
 for romance and gives samples of how such
 stories should begin. The plot was suggest-
 ed by Alfred Noyes' poem "The Highway-
 man." The scenes and characters are old
 familiar ones, found over and over again in
 stories with "Merrie England" of two hun-
 dred years ago and more for a setting.)

* * *

I

The night was damp and cloudy, the ways foul. The single horseman, cloaked and booted, who pursued his way across Willesden Common, had not met a traveller, when the sound of wheels broke in upon the sighing winds. At this the horseman checked his steed to assure himself of what he heard. And then he reined aside and waited. At the end of a few moments a coach drew out of the darkness. The driver held his reins tight, for the mud was deep and a horse was liable to stumble that black night. But the leads were trusty and the coachman had snugly ensconced his puffy face in his great coat. Now he drew himself up, and sniffing the rising wind informed the traveller beside him that "it 'ud rain afore morning, or I'm a sinner." The last word was no sooner out of his mouth than there rang out in somewhat nasal accents the words so fearful to travellers in the eighteenth century, the command to stand and deliver. The coachman pulled up, the guard got down, the passengers clambered out into the mud and handed over their valuables at the pistol's point. When that was done the horseman commanded all to resume their places; the coachman cracked his whip, and they left the highwayman covering them with his weapon.

II.

In the reign of good King George there stood not far from Dover a pleasant inn known as the Flemish Lion, kept by one Giles Jocelyn. He had served in the King's army in his day, and had seen battle in Flanders, where he left his right leg. The army surgeon had fitted him out with a wooden peg and the King had granted him a bounty wherewith he had bought the inn which he named in memory of his campaigns. He had a daughter Bess, with black hair and sharp eyes, and as fair and round

a figure as one could hope to look upon within twenty miles of London. The girl's mother was dead, and what with her father's drunkenness, for Giles had too well learned the taste of liquor while serving in Flanders, and what with her cares and duties about the inn, the poor girl would have fared ill had she not been a lass of uncommon wit and sense.

Giles had drunk up well nigh his whole substance, and had mortgaged the inn to Jonathan Vine, an old usurer of the hamlet. The latter saw that the Lion would turn a handsome profit if run by a proprietor who sold more liquor than he drank himself, and so he had placed his son, Tim, to act as tapster for Giles, and thus become acquainted with the business. Tim was a gawky but an honest lad, and was not a whit backward about working for a master who was either drunk or asleep most of the day and night, and who had a daughter with a pretty face.

On a certain afternoon, which happened to be the very afternoon following the occurrence related in the first chapter, there entered the tap-room of the Flemish Lion a man accoutered in no customary fashion for those parts. He wore a suit of plum colored velvet with a deal of bright gold embroidery about his coat; his boots were polished amazingly bright; and at his throat was a tuft of lace white as a goose's feather. He carried a gold-hilted sword at his side, and one would have taken him for a peer of the realm, save for a swarthiness of cheek, a sharpness of eye, and a certain air with which he twisted his waxed mustachios, oftener seen in Paris than London. His purse was well filled with gold sovereigns, as was noted by the two or three countrymen in fustian jerkins who sat in one corner of the tap, and gaped at the stranger with the curious eyes and wonderous whisperings which greet the new comer in rural districts. The stranger paid them no heed, but tasted the mug of porter Tim had brought.

He set it down with a wry face.

"Bah!" he exclaimed to himself. "C'est mal. Ce n'est pas le bon vin de la patrie." And then he called aloud to Tim, "Garçon! Have you not—wine?" pronouncing the *w* with difficulty. Tim brought some sack and set it before the stranger, inquiring as he did so,

"Will you stop here to-night, sir?"

"O! non, non, merci. I must go quick. I stopped only for the wine."

While this brief interchange of words was going on Bess had entered and tripped across the sanded floor. The Frenchman noticed her at once, and tried to catch her eye. But she had turned her back and was busying herself with the glassware of the bar. The Frenchman kept his eyes on her until he rose to go, and when he was outside the door he turned and looked again. But only for a moment; soon he had mounted his horse, a spirited mare with a shiny coat, and was galloping up the highroad.

Two days later a traveller stopped at the Lion told the two or three husbandmen assembled in the tap that another coach had been held up, and even a lord's carriage stopped on the King's highway. The countryside was aroused and no doubt the outlaw would soon be in the sheriff's hands.

The gallant Frenchman in the velvet suit and lace frill was frequently at the Flemish Lion during these days. His boots were always as briskly polished, his mustachios always scrupulously waxed. He never remained long, and never opened his lips save to drink, so that Tim and old Giles and the Lion's hangers-on were in perfect doubt as to his identity. If there was anyone thereabouts who knew even so much as his name, it was Bess, and if the truth were known, he stood with no little favor in her eyes.

III

Fruitless were the efforts of the sheriff to capture the highwayman who was infesting

the countryside. Two more robberies occurred, and even a Bishop's coach was stopped, and the frightened prelate compelled to hand over a snug little offering that had been made him upon a visit to a country parish. And then the robber had produced a flask and in dumb show offered it to the Bishop to drink, which the saintly man did, nothing loath, for his heart was all a-tremble. He afterwards declared that it tasted peculiarly like the sack of the Flemish Lion's tap, but that was probably the old man's whimsy, or a notion due to his fright, for old Giles asserted with no little fierceness that he would not sell his good liquor to an outlaw, nor to any man not an honest servant of the King, God bless him!

After this outrageous incident fewer robberies were reported and timid folk began to venture abroad with less trepidation. It was said the highwayman had been shot in his tracks, or had gone up to London to revel on his ill-gotten gains.

The visits of the Frenchman to the Flemish Lion continued to be as frequent as ever. There was a look exchanged between Bess and him that showed to anyone who was sharp enough to see it that there was an understanding between the two. Now Tim was a dull fellow at best, but the danger of losing the smiles of Bess sharpened his wits, and he perceived that something was brewing. But he kept his own counsel, and watched what went on in the tap when the Frenchman was there.

On an afternoon towards the end of May the Frenchman rode up to the inn, tossed his reins to the stable boy, and entered the tap. In one corner sat old Giles, in his cups as usual. Tim was bringing two mugs of ale to his master, for Giles had bid his tapster drink with him.

"Here, Tim," cried the landlord as the Frenchman entered. "Here, I'm a-drinking to ye, boy. Ye're father has been no bad friend o' mine and it's not me who would'nt

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share a mug of ale wi' his son. Here, Bess," he called as he noticed the foreigner's presence, "wait upon this gentleman. Tim is owing a bit o' drink wi' me."

Bess hastened to do her father's bidding, brought the Frenchman his sack. Tim held his mug to drink, apparently giving to the drunken babbling of old Giles, idly watching what was going on between the stranger and the girl. Bess slowly drew down the sack. The Frenchman reached for the glass, and their hands met. Tim's slip of paper passed from the Frenchman to the maid's. She hastily withdrew, a bit flustered, and tried to tuck the paper in her apron pocket. But it fluttered to the floor. She hastened from the room. The Frenchman did not notice it either, for his head was bowed back as he drank. But it was Tim. He stepped forward, and should bring more drink, and shoe upon the billet as it was. The Frenchman refused, and Tim stood rooted to the spot. The man's head was bowed in, and he stood thus for a moment, and then he left. Tim reached for the paper. It was a slip of paper written in a small hand. "Eleven." Bess thought herself. She looked for it when she was in the pocket. He dropped it outside where it lay under the red trellis which

Bess entered with an anxious look, and then she smiled on the floor. Her face reddened, and she hid her face. One was looking over his

IV

There was a full moon that night and the countryside was light as day. Giles stumbled off to bed at ten. Bess had gone to her room an hour before. At half past ten Tim shut up the inn and put out the lights.

When the clock down stairs struck eleven Bess was at the casement. She was listening intently. Five minutes passed, and not a sound. She sighed and frowned anxiously. Then her eager ears heard the beat of horse's hoofs. On that still night sounds could be heard from afar, but the Frenchman's mare was fleet, and soon he drew up at the casement and tapped on the pane. Bess softly opened the window. In the man who sat on the horse without there was no trace of the splendid and immaculate Frenchman who sipped his wine in the tap-room. His velvet and gold was covered with a heavy black cloak; the dainty tuft of lace at his throat was hid beneath the folds of black kerchief so arranged that it might be drawn up over the face. He reached up and clasped the girl's dimpled hand.

"Ma cherie," he said softly, "to-night I do a gr'r'eat thing, un grand coup. I find many louis; then we are going to France, Ah ma douce France! we are going to be happy there. You shall see ze sunshine an' ze flowers; you shall drink ze wine there. I return here in four hours. Be ready to go. Au revoir!" He stood up in his stirrups to embrace her. She was breathless at the prospect of leaving England and going across the seas; but she murmured some words of love, and then fell back and gazed after him as he rode up the hill at breakneck speed. Her eyes followed him until he was lost to view, but she did not see Tim who was running as fast as his legs could carry him across the moonlit meadows. Never had she, or the Frenchman either, seen him as he stood in the shadow of an oak which overhung the roof of her

chamber, catching every word her lover spoke.

V

Bess closed the casement window and fell to dreaming of the country whither her lover was going to carry her. "La douce France," he had called it. She did not know what the words meant, but he would teach her the language, and make her a fine French lady. She would wear silks and gold and jewels and be admired by gallant French gentlemen who would speak soft, sweet words in her ear. She would see the smiling fields of France, so much fairer she thought than these green hills of England; and the streets of Paris, and the theatres such as they had in London, of which she had heard vague reports that drifted down from the capital. It would be a great change from the sanded floor of the inn, and her tipsy father and his awkward tapster.

Within three hours half a score of King George's men were marching up the high-road to the Flemish Lion. When they reached there the sergeant under whose command they were, stationed eight men to watch on the outside of the house, and with the ninth he entered Bess' chamber. The poor girl had been quite absorbed by her bright vision. She had heard not a sound, and this surprise unnerved her. When she realized what it all meant she was stunned and could do nothing but lie on her bed and sob.

The sergeant left the private to watch over her and went below to beguile the time with Gile's best brew. After an hour the fellow stationed with her nodded off into a doze. He had been carousing at an ale-house that night and his march in the air had not wholly sobered him. Gradually Bess' sense returned. How could she warn her lover from the trap that was set for him? she asked herself. She saw that the red-coat was asleep. She quietly arose and tip-toed towards him. A board creaked but

he did not stir. Stealthily she drew his pistol out of its case. Holding it in her hands she dropped down into a chair by the casement. She never took her eyes from the sleeping soldier, and she listened, listened for the beat of her lover's horse's hoofs as she had listened three hours before.

How heavily and fearfully time dragged on. She sat motionless; she was cramped with keeping one position; her breathing seemed like the rush of a forest wind. The beating of her heart must awaken the soldier, she thought. His comrades paced the ground below, and stopped to talk beneath the casement. One laughed boisterously. A crow perched in the oak cawed loud enough to rouse the dead. But the soldier never stirred. Suddenly there came the sound of horse's hoofs. Bess drew herself up, and turned away from the soldier now. She was straining her eyes to catch sight of her lover the moment he should come over the brow of the hill. The sun was just rising. It would be a fair day to make the voyage across the channel.

Hammer, hammer, hammer, went the sound of hoofs on the hard high-road. The rider was drawing near apace. Suddenly he bounded into view. His plumes were dancing in the breeze, his sword was shining brilliantly, and Bess could see a tuft of lace at his throat. He pulls up now; he has seen the crimson coats around the inn and the glint of weapons in the sunlight. And now he hears a pistol shot, clear and piercing. His mare rears.

"Sacre! ma vie!" he cries and wheels his mount around. The blood trickles from her flanks as she dashes down the hill with the speed of a meteor.

They say the mare dropped dead when Dover was reached. The Frenchman left her lying in the street and ran to the dock where a French brig lay that was to sail that morning.

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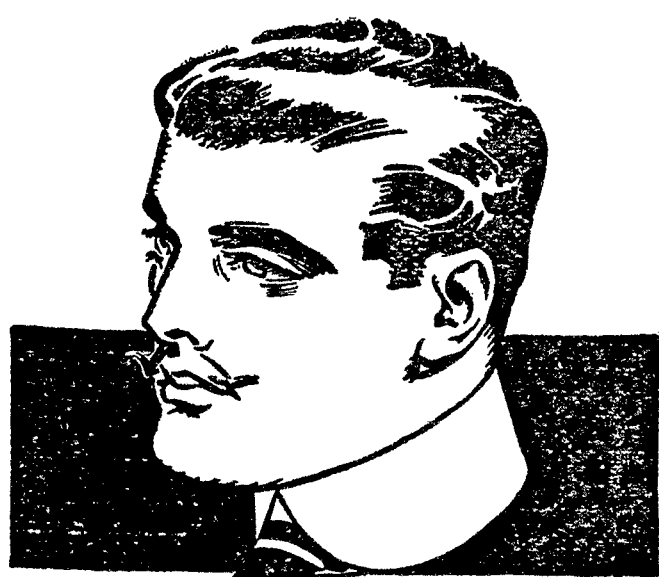
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