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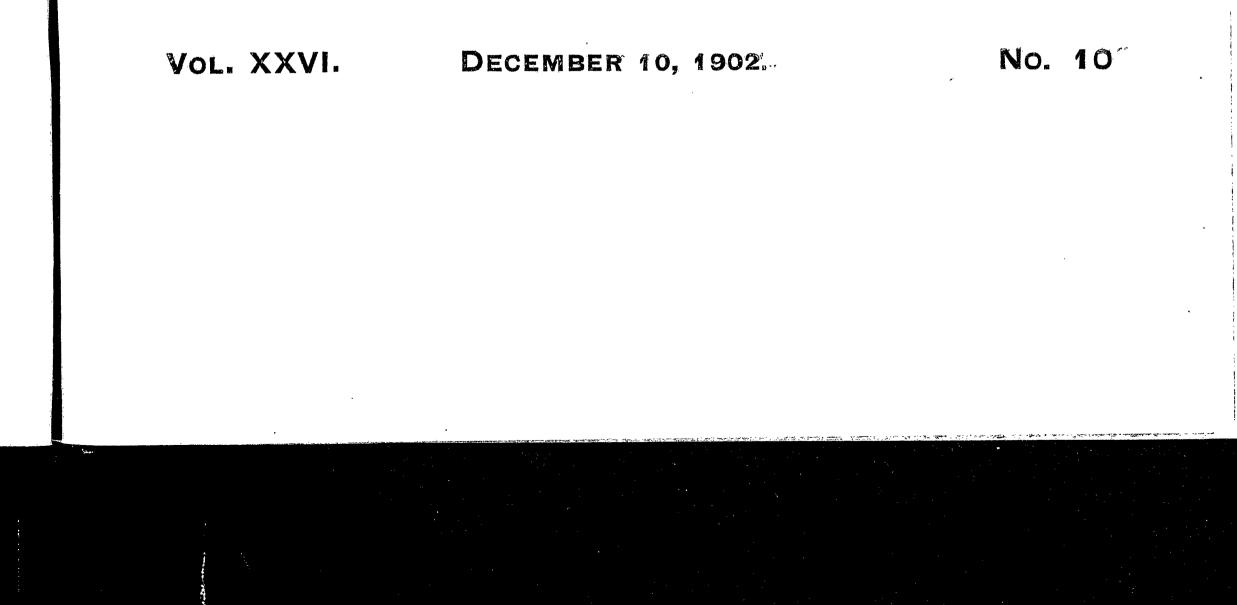
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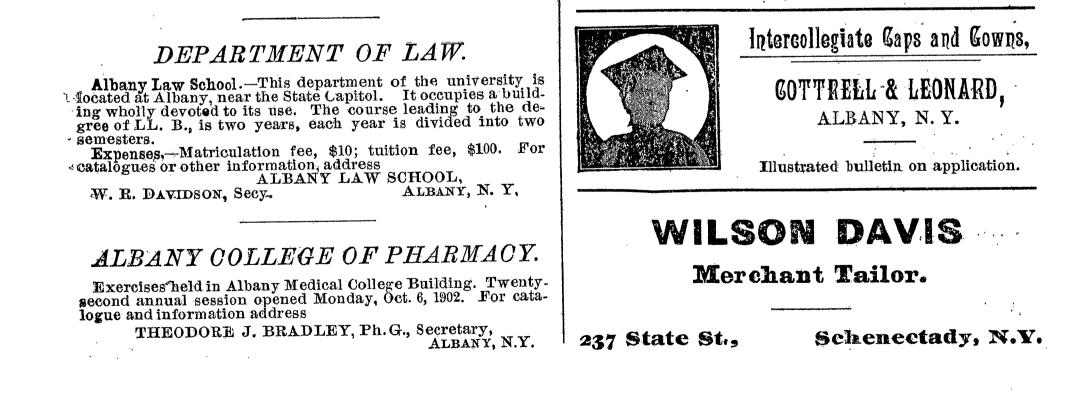
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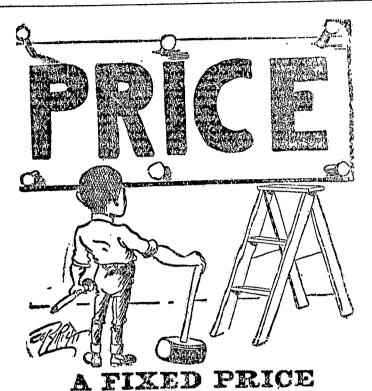
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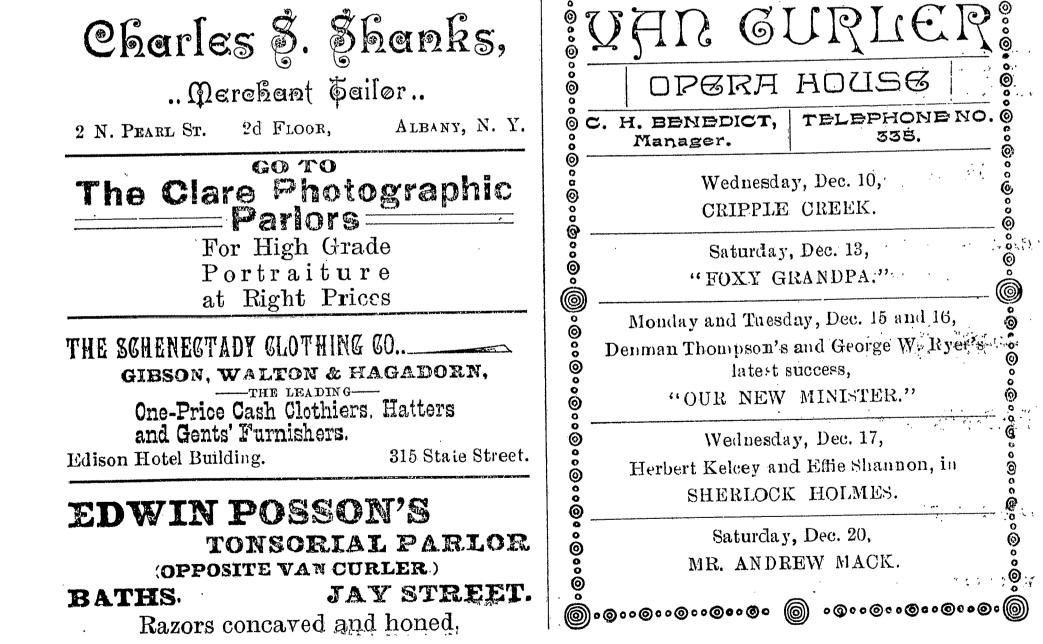
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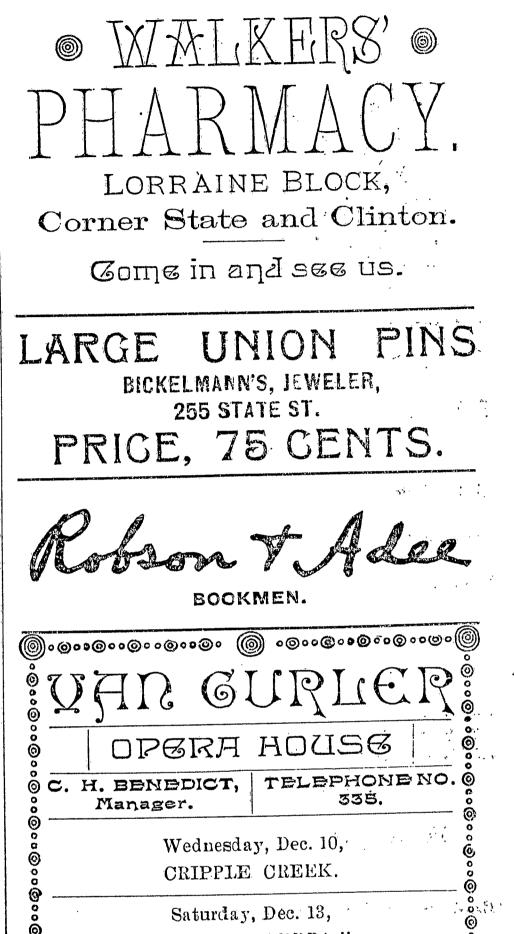
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Vol. XXVI.

UNION COLLEGE, DECEMBER 10, 1902.

No. 10.

ROBERT EARL.

Robert Earl, ex-Judge of the court of appeals, died at his home in Herkimer, N. Y., Tuesday morning, December 2nd, having been ill for over a week from a severe stroke of paralysis.

Judge Earl was born in Herkimer, September 10, 1824. He graduated from Union College in 1845 and latter received the degree of L.L. D. from both Union and Columbia. He was admitted to the bar in 1848, was elected county judge in 1855 and served two terms. In 1869 he was elected to the court of appeals bench, where he remained until compelled to retire because of the age limit in 1894. Though a democrat he had received the nomination from both parties at the time of his last election. Judge Earl was for a long time presiding justice of the court of appeals and he is universally considered one of the greatest jurists of the last half century.

The career of Robert Earl was one of distinction in every respect. Several times he was seriously considered for the nomination of governor on the democratic ticket and had he been younger would have received the nomination. A few years ago he founded the Herkimer Free library by giving his magnificent home for that purpose. He was a man of great ability, of broad mind, deep religious convictions and with fine literary tastes. He wrote many articles of much value and was considered one of the best authorities on the history of the Mohawk Valley. He also wrote hymns and poems of merit. He was a man who was an honor to his college and his country.

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CAMPUS NOTES.

The question as to whether the city owns absolutely the U. C. I. property has been settled. About 18 months ago Union College signed a release of its claims and the city can sell it without having to consult the college or without taking any chances on its reverting to the college if its uses for academic purposes is abandoned.

Asst. Treas. Pond has had two lights placed in the lower hallways of the sections of North College for the convenience of the students who room in the dormitories. This is done as an experiment and much will depend upon the manner in which the students use this privilege.

Mr. R. T. McCord, Sec. to the President, is in New York on business.

Dr. Silliman recently sent a check for \$165 to cover the expense incidental to the repainting of Silliman Hall.

. The freshmen appeared on the campus last week in the new class jerseys. The colors are Yale blue and garnet.

The Junior football team lined up in front

of the camera at McLean's Studio last Wednesday afternoon.

The Board of Editors of the Concordiensis will meet at McLean's Studio the latter part of this week for a group photograph.

The football team met Friday afternoon for the election of captain for next year. H. S. Olmsted, '04, was unanimously chosen to succeed J. I. Gulnac, '03.

The Sigma Xi Society has arranged for a series of lectures on scientific subjects to be given during the year. The first lecture of the course was given in Silliman Hall last Thursday evening, by Dr. Lewis Boss, Director of Dudley' Observatory. Subject:—Some Considerations of the Siderial System.

The Southern Club of Union College enjoyed an informal social evening at the Sigma Phi lodge last week.

The annual reunion and banquet of the Union College Alumni Association of New York will be held in the Hotel Manhattan, Thursday evening, December 11. President Frederick W. Seward will preside.

Among the speakers will be ex-Postmaster-General Charles Emory Smith, Judge Judson S. Landon, ex-Senator Warner Miller, Judge J. Newton Fiero, dean of the of the Albany Law School; Mr William E. McElroy, ex-Senator J. Sloat Fassett, Rev. Dr. Sheldon Jackson, of Alaska, and President Raymond of Union.

Arrangements for the reunion are being made by Edgar S. Barney, assisted by a committee including Rev. Dr. George Alexander, Bayard Whitehorne, George E. Marks, Rev. Dr. Charles D. Nott, George F. Seward, Albon Man, John M. Scribner, Edward H. Ripley, William S. Bennett, Dr. Daniel M. Stimson, Wagner Van Vlack, Charles L. Barstow, Isaac Harby, T. C. Van Santvoord, Frank S. De Puy, C. W. Crannell, Frederick Klein, W. H. H. Moore, Silas B. Brownell, Edward L. Parris and Wilson M. Powell. Landreth, Hagar, Biers, Sherman, and the Sawyers, '06.

Practice is held daily at 3:30 and every man who has basketball ability is asked to be out. The accumulation of dirt that has been in the gym. for the past year has been partially removed, so that work in it is more tolerable than usual.

Gould, '03, is ill with sciatic rheumatism.

The junior class has elected Luke F. Lovelock captain of the class baseball team.

MEDICAL NOTES.

On November 14th, Dr. James Francis Rooney, of Albany, and Charles Albert Prescott, '06, of North Creek, were duly initiated into Beta Chapter of Phi Sigma Kappa. Among the Alumni present were Drs. Richardson, Neuman, Sauter, Lipes, and Griffin. Charles Elisha Collins, '06, became a member the evening of November 21st.

The latest initiate into Nu Sigma Nu is Frederick Charles Conway, 'o6, of Albany. Drs. Traver and Hinman of Albany were present at the initiatory ceremony.

Mid-winter exams. for the medics will begin Wednesday, December 17th, and be concluded on Tuesday, the 23rd. The work of the second semester is scheduled to commence Monday, Japuary 5th

6

Basketball practice began Thursday in the gym. under the supervision of Captain Anderson. The large number of men who are reporting for practice is a very favorable sign for the success of the team.

Among those who are trying for the team are Anderson, Pearce. '03; Olmsted, Lawsing, Sherrill, Benning, '04; Gegen, Kluge, '05; Holmes, Becker, '04; Burnham, '05; Cozzens, Monday, January 5th.

Walter E. Hays, '02, and medical, '05, attended the Phi Delta Theta convention in New York city during Thanksgiving week. Dr. Daniel J. Hoyt, '99, and Medical, '02, now practising in Poughkeepsie, also attended.

Dr. Willis G. Tucker, who was reported to be unable to meet his classes three weeks ago, has been compelled to discontinue his classes in chemistry for the rest of the term. Prof. Bradly is now acting registrar of the college.

Edwin Barnes Wilson, A. B., '05, of Hudson, has lately been honored by an appointment as prosector in anatomy.

CHAPEL MEETING.

Meeting opens with Pres. Bolles in the chair. Staeber speaks of the necessity of having the overdue athletic dues paid. Unless this is paid in the basketball team must be disbanded.

Howe announces a meeting of the Concordiensis Board on Monday afternoon at five o'clock in Dr. Hale's study. He also announces the rehearsals of the Musical Clubs for the week.

Gulnac moves that the secretary of the student body be instructed to write a letter of thanks to the chairman of the coach committee of the Alumni Athletic Association. Seconded and carried.

Guardenier requests that the underclassmen turn over their football paraphenalia to the men who come after it for the management.

It is moved and carried that a committee be appointed by the chair empowered to arrange a debate with Rutgers. They all agreed that they had not. Lieutenant Melrose picked up something from the chair which Shandon had occupied. It was a pipe case which that officer had dropped. Throwing it carelessly on the table, he exclaimed :

"The Killarney forgot something, I guess. It's too bad they didn't send us a gentleman; he's not fit for the company of officers."

There was a moment's silence. Melrose turned around to learn the cause. The Irishman had come back for his case, and a moment later Melrose lay flat on the piazza. Without a word Lieutenant Shandon turned on his heel, mounted his horse, and rode back to the parade grounds. It was several moments before Lieutenant Melrose was able to regain his feet, and much to his chagrin he was obliged to miss the ball that night.

Trouble now began for the young Irishman. He was snubbed by the men and slighted by the ladies. He was invited to the social functions as a matter of form, but he always refused. But if he was disliked by many, there was one who had a secret admiration for him. It was the daughter of General Sinclair, provisional governor. She had watched the battery at drill and had admired the easy way in which he managed his men, as well as the fine appearance he made in the saddle.

Helen Sinclair was the belle of Calcutta. The young subalterns vied with one another in doing her favors, but she had eyes for but one man, Lieutenant Shandon of the sixth.

7

BARNEY SHANDON-HERO.

(CONTINUED FROM LAST ISSUE).

Another long silence when one of the Englishmen said:

"I guess I'll go and get ready for the ball to-night; it's getting late, you know."

This was a hint. Lieutenant Shandon rose, excused himself, and rode away.

"Well, I'll be---; say, did you ever see such a blomming idiot?" said one officer. Several of the officers noticed this, and suddenly remembered that a duel was in order for the insult offered Lieutenant Melrose by Lieutenant Shandon. This is what they anticipated. If either participant of the duel were wounded then the other would be dismissed from the service. This was a sure way of getting rid of a man who was winning the heart of the governor's daughter.

Lieutenant Melrose was neither a coward nor a bravado, but when the plan was made known to him he insisted upon having a sec

ond. This was a point not thought of by the greedy officers. Army regulations fix the same punishment for the seconds as for the principals. This was fixed, however, by the council which decided that in this affair of English honor no second would be needed, but that one of their number would be in readiness if occasion required. Next morning Lieutenant Melrose knocked at the door of the Irishman's apartment, a verbal challenge on his lips.

"Come in," said a voice. He entered into a plainly furnished room, and saw seated at a bamboo table in the center of the room the object of his visit. Shandon did not look up at first, giving the Englishman plenty of time to take in the fittings of the room. Over the mantle hung an officer's helmet, a cartridge belt and an army revolver, while suspended from the mantel drapery was a small bronze medal. It excited the visitor's curiosity, and upon examining it he read these words: "Awarded for highest pistol score in British army, to be retained until higher score is made. Record, 497 points." And to think that this man had the choice of weapons ! A cold sweat broke out on the Englishman's He began to assure himself that he brow. had not been wronged at all. He was about ready to believe that Shandon had not touched him on that eventful day, when he was startled by some one saying in a low, pleasant tone :

"Well, lieutenant, what is it to-day?"

He could at first think of no answer, but at last he said in a faltering voice :

The outcome of the affair did not discourage. the officers in their attempt to rid themselves of the new comrade in arms. A new and even more effectual plan soon presented itself. It was the coming of Major Pierce, a veteran officer of the Indian campaign. Certain petty outbreaks among the natives had necessitated the maintenance of a company of mounted men at a place several miles from the town. This was known as the outpost, and from here scouts were sent out in all directions to learn the attitude of the natives. Post spirit prevailed upon Major Pierce to send thither Lieutenant Shandon. . . .

× Now things went on as usual. Dances, dinners and boat rides, the English quarter ever seemed in gala dress. Helen Sinclair never looked as charming as now. And the governor would soon give a great ball in honor of his-The few rumors of Indian outdaughter. breaks were laughed at by the gay young officers, and thus the season went on with a continous whirl of social gaiety.

At a table in an army tent sat an officer ex-. amining a map of Calcutta and the near vicin-A worried look ity. This was the outpost. came over the officer's face, as he traced an imaginary line around the English quarter. The fly of the tent was suddenly thrown open. and a trooper entered, and saluting, said:

"Sir, I must report that the natives are out; four men of the Sixth were murdered this morning, and the English quarter is surrounded. They are not aware that they are surrounded. The orders are to wait for the battery; it will be here in about three hours. The spy we captured said the natives would attack at midnight."

8

"I have come, sir, to beg your pardon for my conduct the day you stopped the runaway gun carriage."

"Why, I have forgotten all about that and I hoped your had. Won't you stay? No? Well come again when you are not so busy," and Shandon slowly opened the door for his The officers parted, one to find a visitor. secluded spot where he could kick himself for trying to challenge the best shot in the British army, the other to go back to his books.

The lieutenant's face became ashen and he motioned the trooper to leave. A moment later Colonel Carter entered and said :

"Lieutenant Shandon, some one in your command must carry word to the English garrison and let them know that they are surrounded. It's a bold mission, but some one must try."

Shandon arose, and buckling on his revolver, said simply :

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"I'll try to get through, sir; but if I fail you'll know that I've made a good account for myself among the rebels." And then he added slowly: "I dont think I'd be missed."

Old Colonel Carter had spent his life in the army and was hardened to the horrors of battle, but he was touched by the last words of the man before him. The voice had suggested pain rather than fear, and he knew that under that kahki jacket lay the heart of a brave man.

"Shandon," he said, "do you know that you are going to risk your life for the sake of some ungrateful people. I know how you were treated at the post. Don't you think some one can go in your place?"

The Irishman shook his head, and without another word proceeded to make preparations. He selected twenty men to ride with him to the native lines, and while "taps" were sounding the little cavalcade rode out into the night. Colonel Carter watched them until they were out of sight and turning toward his tent muttered, "Blood is thicker than water, anyhow."

When the party reached the rebel lines, Lieutenant Shandon dismounted, and bidding his men wait for the expected battery, proceeded alone on his perilous mission.

The governor's ball was at its height. Helen Sinclair waltzed gayly with Lieutenant Melrose. Everyone seemed intoxicated with delight. Suddenly Major Pierce, who had been sitting near a window, jumped up with a startled cry. He had seen a dozen rifle flashes at the head of the street. An instant later the door burst open. A man, pale as death, grasping a revolver in his right hand, while his left hand was pressed to his breast, covering a hole in his army blouse, which 'was fast reddening with blood, staggered into the room. The dancers stood horror stricken. "The natives are out," he gasped. "They are all around here; quick to arms." And the head dropped on the blood-stained breast.

But there was one person who had seen that face. It was Helen Sinclair. She broke away from the arms of Lieutenant Melrose, and kneeling on the floor raised the head of the wounded soldier. She called for some one to bring the surgeon.

"Barney," she murmured, "why did you do this?"

"For Helen," he answered, a faint smile coming over his face.

"Barney, you have saved the town; you must get well again, and stay here with—with Helen."

Three months later, after the native outbreak was settled, the governor gave another reception. It was in honor of the presentation of the "cross" to his future son in-law, Major Barney Shandon—Hero. G. V. S.

The Poet.

Ho, for the life of a poet gayWho ripples his ripple and lays his lay.No troubles annoy him, no sweet meats do cloy him,But only the chime of his jingling rhyme.Ho, Hey, thro the livelong dayWarbles the poet his roundelay.

L. F. H., '06.

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S. C., '04.

"At Evening Time There Shall Be Light."

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Major Pierce raised the man's head from the floor. It was Lieutenant Shandon, who had been sent to the outpost a few weeks before.

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Peace ! 'tis the hour of twilight,And the day has paused and fled,But e'en when the plumes of nightShall fall, the day shall not be dead.

II.

Peace ! 'tis our eventide,

And the soul has passed away, And out on the ocean's breast doth glide To the everlasting day !

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Judge Earl.

By the death of Judge Robert Earl, Union has been deprived of one of her

oldest and most loyal alumni. Through his devotion and deep personal interest in her welfare he performed for the college services of inestimable value which will render his name and memory forever dear to her sons. tant consideration is the offer of Mr. C. P. Steinmetz, with the consent of the General Electric Company, to undertake the direction of the department of electrical engineering. When we consider the position of Mr. Steinmetz in the electrical world, the fact that he will take charge will undoubtedly attract students from all parts of the country. As soon as the Board has taken action we will speak more definitely and more at length upon the value to the college of this generous proposal of the General Electric Company, and of Mr. Steinmetz.

Next Year's	\mathbf{Whi}
Football	valu
Season.	footl

While it is still too early to make auy valuable predictions as to next year's football prospects, a word may be said as to the conditions at the close of this

season. A series of defeats is not a pleasant retrospect, yet as President Raymond suggested at a recent chapel meeting there are many bright features. The loyalty of the student body to the team in spite of constant reverses and the stick-to-it-ive qualities of the men on the team are worthy of highest praise. No college need be ashamed of defeat if the conduct of the men in the games has been consistently manly and distinguished by those qualities which go to make up fair sportsmanship. Defeat is the best of disciplinarians, and the Union College football team of 1902 has profited by such instruction.

In the selection of Olmsted as Captain for next year the team has acted wisely. His intense interest in football, and his practical knowledge of the game, has been equalled only by his faithfulness on the gridiron and by an entire absence of self-seeking. He has won this new honor fairly and the college can feel sure of the same fidelity in the future that he has manifested in the past.

The Long Ago.

The ElectricalA specEngineeringTrusteeDepartment.11th, in

A special meeting of the Board of Trustees will be held Thursday, Dec. 11th, in New York City, to consider a proposition made by the General Elec-

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tric Company of this city to aid in the development of our electrical engineering course. We are informed authoritatively that this proposition includes adequate equipment of the laboratory and an annual appropriation for the work of instruction on condition that the college raise a certain amount annually for the same purpose. In connection with the proposition and in some respects the most impor-

Oh fair are the flowers that blossom for aye By the banks of those living streams,
And fairer the visions, wafted away From the fount of those long ago dreams.
And the weary heart turns with longing To the loved ones we used to know
And the sad soul hears the singing Of the songs of long ago,
Oh cold are the the tears of sorrow sighing Like the driving of Autumn's snow
And a sound is heard, as the groan of the dying, Oh the thoughts of the long ago,

THE PIPE OF DEATH.

On the plains of Southern Texas, near the Rio Grande river, a small squad of Utah cavalry was gallantly defending a large Mexican adobe house. The roof had been destroyed by fire and ever since the uprising of the Utes three days before, a continuous storm of bullets had poured from the white-washed walls.

But now things were very much worse. Ammunition low, food and water scarce, with no chance of getting more. More than this, there were many women and children in the building among whom the suffering was awful.

It was at this crisis that the old Spanish priest volunteered to go out and speak to the Indians. He had been a friend of the Indians for years. He taught their children Christian ideas, and at one time held the respect of the whole tribe.

As he stepped out of the door, he raised his hand, and cried to the Utes hiding in the chapparel, "Why are my children so angry? The Great Spirit will punish them if they are not good. Go back to your teppes."

For answer a yell of derision came from the Indians, and the old padre, his crucifix pressed to his lips, plunged forward on his face, his body riddled with bullets. Two of the bravest troopers dragged the mangled form into the adobe, where the last sad tribute was paid to the one who gave his life trying to save others.

Captain Donalson, who was in command of the garrison, stared gloomily around the smoke filled room, when his eyes fell on a little Indian lad of about fourteen years, who had been found by a trooper wandering out on the prairie alone and half starved. "There is our ill omen," said the captain, "we have had the devil's own luck ever since we brought him in."

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Indians life. "Jock" was a favorite with the soldiers and his pleadings were heard.

The firing had ceased that night and every one prepared for the end. The Indians had advanced under cover of the darkness until very near the besieged building. Any moment a wild rush might be made and the Indians would swarm over the walls.

Suddenly, far out in the darkness, came the blast of a bugle, followed by a cheer, and a few moments later a troop of cavalry thundered up and the Indians fled in dismay.

When the garrison was once more at ease "Jock" Donalson was astonished by having the Indian, whose life he had saved, slip a thin bone ring on his finger. He looked for the Indian, but he had vanished in the darkness, and although he looked through the deserted village he found no trace of him, and after a time "Jock" drifted into the army.

It was eight or nine years after the episode in southern Texas, that "Jock" Donalson and twenty other troopers, from the —th cavalry, were standing off a horde of Apaches. They were occupying a corral of an abandoned cattle ranch on the parched plain of Arizona. Desperate had been the fighting and the soldiers had lost nearly half their number. Crouching behind the low stone fence, they were exposed to the burning rays of a tropical sun for five long days, and many had been driven almost insane by the frightful heat.

Major Young asked for some one to volun-

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As if in answer to these words a burly soldier seized the little fellow by the arm, and, dragging him to the top of the wall, was about to cast him down, when Captain Donalson's little son "Jock" rushed out and begged for the teer to try and steal through the enemy's lines at night, and carry word to the fort. "Jock" Donalson and his old school friend "Billy" Edwards stepped forward.

"Donalson may try, but he knows the risk," said the major; "he spoke first."

"But I am the lighter, and a horse can carry me faster," faltered Edwards.

But the major shook his head and Donalson was allowed to go.

In the dead of the night an unshod Indian

pony was led outside the gate, and "Jock" Donalson with his dispatches buttoned in his shirt, rode out into the darkness. For twenty minutes, the soldiers waited breathlessly and were beginning to think the boy had passed the lines in safety when flash after flash was seen far out on the prairie. Men whose eyes had been strangers to tears for a long time, wept that night, for they had seen a young man in the prime of life ride to his death.

"Jock" had passed the Indians when suddenly he rode straight into a small scouting party. He swung his horse to the right, but it was too late. A dozen rifles flashed, and the horse, shot through the heart, stumbled and fell, while its rider, badly wounded, was made prisoner by the Indians.

He was carried before the chief next morning, where he was to know his fate. The chief sat on a blanket with a rifle bullet in his shoulder, a souvenir of yesterday's engagement, when the Indians had attempted to storm the corral. A pipe was sent around the council and each Indian took a long puff. When it came to the chief, he took three puffs, paused and took two more. This was a sign of death, and, amid the frightful yells of his captors, the prisoner was bound to a stake which was erected for the occasion.

The chief supported by a brave on either side, advanced, knife in hand. There was a sickening thud and the heart of a true man and a brave soldier was rent asunder. As the chief stepped back to view his victim, his eyes fell upon a bone ring, thin from constant wearing, on the dead man's finger. Without a word he turned, and, calling his braves together, bade them ride away and leave the white men in peace ...

COLLEGE SLANG.

We take the following list of words from one of the local papers: Plug, poll, bone, cram—to study hard for an

examination or recitation.

amination or recitation. Crib, pony, horse, trot—anything used to cheat in an examination or recitation.

Leg-puller, boot-licker-one who seeks a professor's favor.

Parasite, sponge-one who constantly depends on another student for anything.

Fussed---to become confused. 1.14 Fusser-lady-killer.

Fussing—to go calling on a girl.

Bolt, cut-a vacation, absence from chapel. or recitation.

Scrap-a mixup between the lower classes. Make---to go to a recitation or become a member of any athletic team or fraternity.

Goat--fraternity meeting room.

Goatnight-the night on which any frater-. nity meets.

Bid-invitation to any social function.

Prop.—proposition for membership to any: fraternity.

Lift-for one fraternity to pledge any fellow. pledged to another fraternity.

Tute-instructor. Amphicities-faculty in meeting. Dreambook-college catalogue.

Femine-woman.

Booze-joint-saloon.

Hash house, beanery—restaurant or boarding house. Throw-to give any social function. Get a can on, pie eyed, piffed-get drunk. Busted-to be obliged to leave college because of conditions. Slimer-Sophomore term för freshman. and the second second Frosh-general term for freshman. Sheister-to carry anything from one place The state of the second se to another. Cane-rush-annual fight between freshman." and sophomore classes. Rock the cradle-to call on any of the and the second secon younger girls.

As he rode out on the plains at the head of that Indian band, he did not hear their war chant, for his thoughts were of a little boywho saved his life many years before in Texas down by the Rio Grande.

G. V. E. S.

Cradle-robber-one who calls on the "Prep" school girls.

Stick examin.—condition examination.

Stuck-failure in any subject.

Lab.—Laboratory.

Flunk—to know nothing about a recitation or examination.

Put out a prof.'s eye—to make a good recitation.

Shark—a very brilliant student.

Grind—one who studies all the time.

To make a stab at-to guess.

To set up a prof.—to remove the benches and desk from a recitation room.

Concordy-college weekly paper.

Burt-lavatory.

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Short sport—a backer out.

A YOUNG MAN OF GRIT.

Nothing better could happen to the young man who has the right kind of grit than to be thrown on the world and his own resources. A well-to-do judge once gave his son \$1,000, and told him to go to college and graduate. The son returned at the end of the first year, his money all gone and with several extravagant habits. At the close of the vacation the judge said to his son:

"Well, William, are you going to college this year?"

"I have no money, father."

' ' But I gave you \$1,000 to graduate on."

" It is all gone, father."

"'Very well, my son, it is all I could give you; you can't stay here; you must now pay your own way in the world."

MODERN FEETBALL.

How to Play It. From the Chicugo Tribune.

LESSON IV .- THE FULL BACK.

The full back is in no way related to the straight front. In modern feetball the full back is the murderer of last resort. When all others have failed in their efforts to mutilate or kill the runner, it is the duty of the full back to put him hors de combat.

In stopping a runner the full back should plant himself squarely in front of him and dive through him, trying to make his head meet the runner so as to produce both stomachache and lumbago.

In defense the full back must solve all problems of direct contact. Beginners should practice breaking legs. Even an amateur will find that by dropping his knee on a prostrate foe and at the same time jerking his leg sharply holding the man by the ankle, he can either break or dislocate a leg.

In attack the full back must do a big share of the line plunging. The best full backs have V-shaped heads; capable of penetrating an opponent.

Our next lesson will be on the half backs who are not so decollette as their names imply.

LESSON V.-THE HALF BACK.

The duties of the half back include homicide and suicide. Those unfamiliar with the game may easily recognize the half back He is the man you cannot see when the ball is down and the last one to be dug out of the mud after a scrimmage. The half back has no vital spots, but he can be disabled by a kick directly over the knee. In offence he stands seven yards back of the line in a crouching position, and when he gets the ball he falls in behind the behemoth delegated to interfere for him, while another behemoth comes behind him to shove. The next he knows is the behemoth in front stops and the one behind keeps on telescoping the front,

A new light broke in upon the vision of the young man. He accommodated himself to the situation, again left home, made his way through college, graduated at the head of his class, studied law, became Governor of the State of New York, entered the Cabinet of the President of the United States, and has made a record that will not soon die, for he was none other than William H. Seward. behemoth, regardless of the half back. The half back then falls with the ball under his stomach, while nineteen men, all heavier than he is, sit on him. The whistle blows and the half back extracts his face from the 55 yard line, which is made of wet whitewash. He has gained one yard two and one-half feet. If he keeps up this performance with the same result thirty-one times without getting frayed out, he will score a touchdown, which counts 5 points.

Some persons may think this is a waste of energy, but any man with a college education can correct this error of ignorance.

Our next lesson will be on the quarter back, whose life is even more strenuous than that of the half.

LESSON VI.—THE QUARTER BACK.

The quarter back must be born a disturber and a hater of peace. It is he who starts everything in a feetball game. He must be the accessory before the fact in every case of homicide or mayhem. The quarter back usually is the smallest man on the team, and he must be fast. If he is not he will be a corpse.

In the game the quarter crawls in under the center rush, speaks a sentence that sounds as an Egyptian obelisk looks, gets the ball from the center, and passes it to the runner. As he does this four opponents, aggregating 837 pounds, light on him from various directions. Meantime other mastodons with cleated shoes tread on him. When he is able to sit up and notice things again he repeats the performance.

When the team is beaten 82 to o the ten other players, all outweighing the quarter back, sit around and tell how they would have won if the quarter had not mixed up the signals.

Our next lesson will deal with the most important functionary in the game—the cheer master.

My Lady.

Sunshine rare Sparkles there, In my lady's golden hair.

Lips that pout Seem to flout Challenges to seek them out.

Hazel eyes Tell no lies, Cheek cosmetic's art denies.

Slender hand

As fairy's wand Scatters blessings o'er the land,

Beauty's queen Is she, I ween. Surely, fairer ne'er was seen.

Surely she Is true to me For she vowed she e'er would be.

Then, pray, why Should not I Sound her praises to the sky? L. F. H., 'o6.

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HANAN

The College Widow.

'Tis said (and with some justice, too) that he Who does not learn to know this college dame, Is not deemed worthy of degree. To lucky mortals, who, with cap and gown Can breathe a rarer atmosphere of bliss The story of her life is known. The time that I have spent in vain attempt To fathom all the meaning of her ways Might won for me a fairer maid. I thought her once a queen as mighty as The one who by the waters of the Nile, Did conquer Caesar with a kiss. "Twas she before whose feet I first did lay My garland of submission. And when I Did make her my first call, and gazed Into her deep dark eyes, I thought her all My own. The old, old story is soon told. She plays her part and plays it well. The love I bore her once is now regret That fate should judge it right for us to meet; While she unmindful of it all Does seek a newer and more worthy bait. I live to reach a higher realm of care, Where I may smile at her name, And view our meeting without tears, For ye, who enter first the old Blue Gate, A host of troubles lie in wait. Pass them all off, bit by bit But do not "fuss" Miss Anna Lyt. Q. E. D. '05

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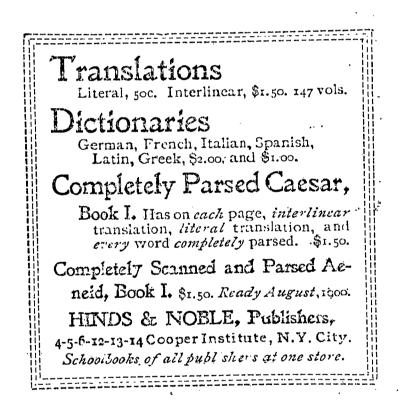
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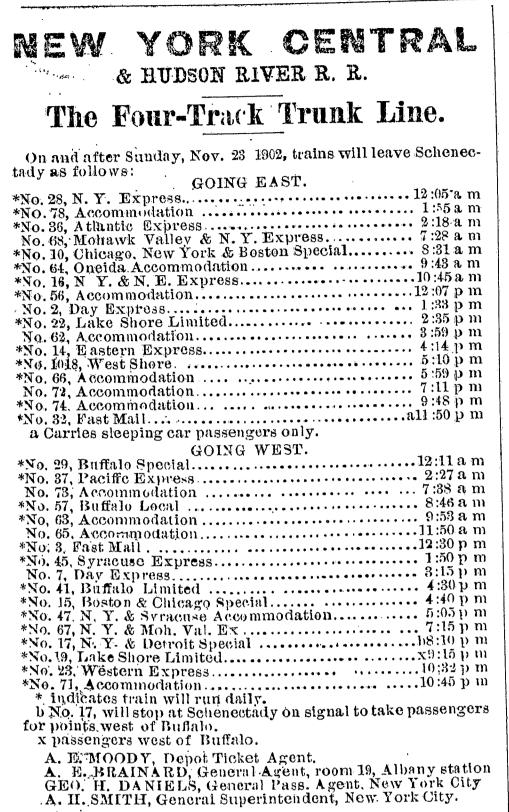
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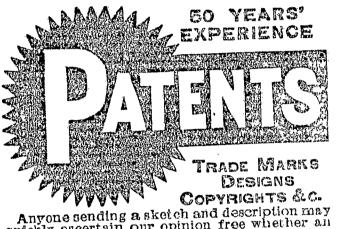


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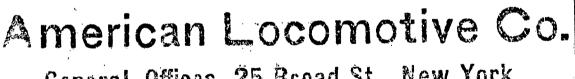






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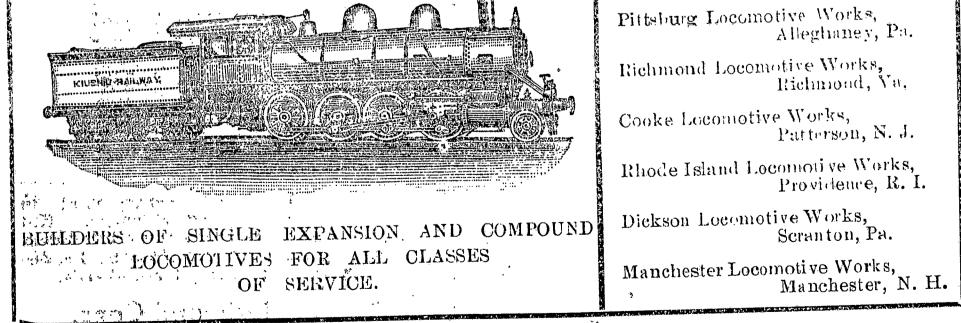
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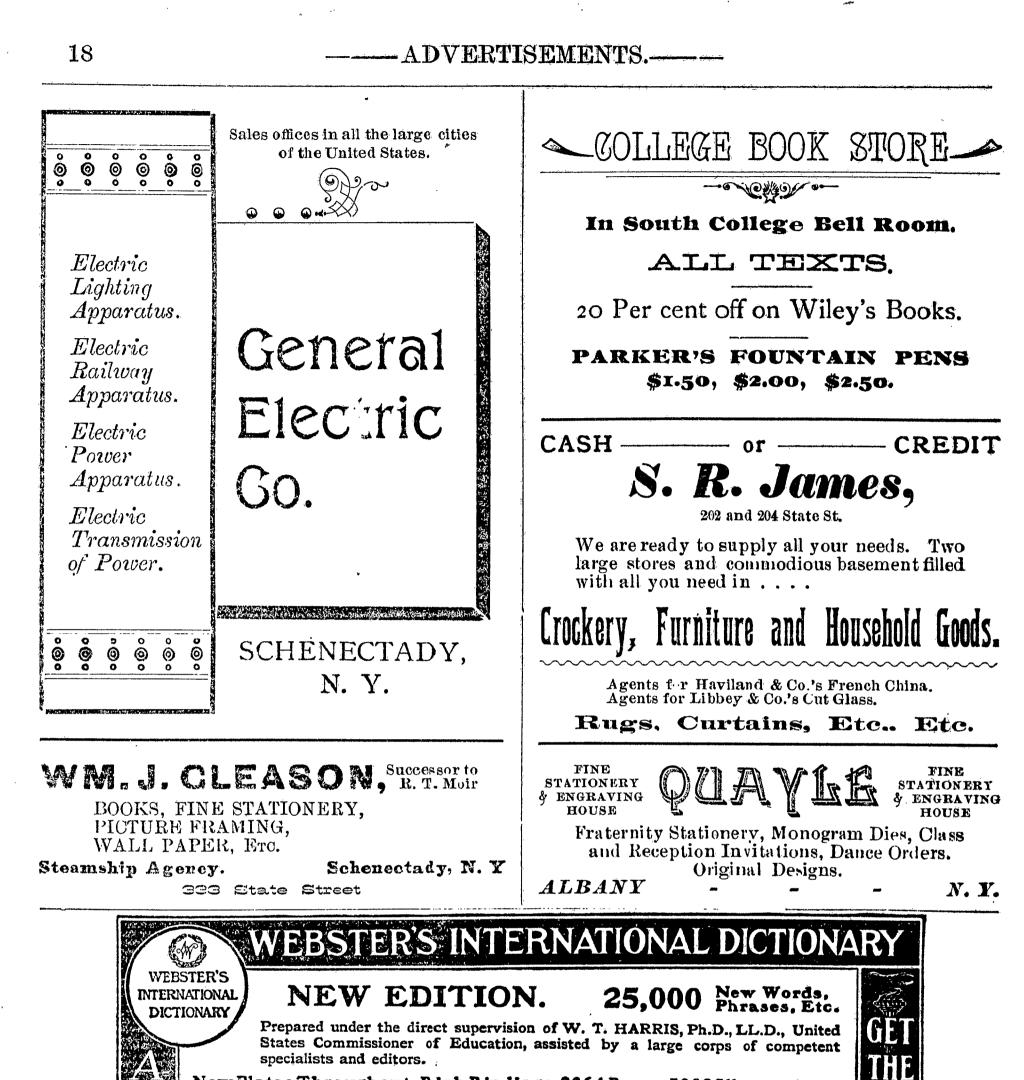


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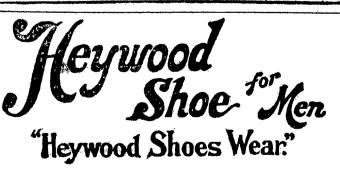
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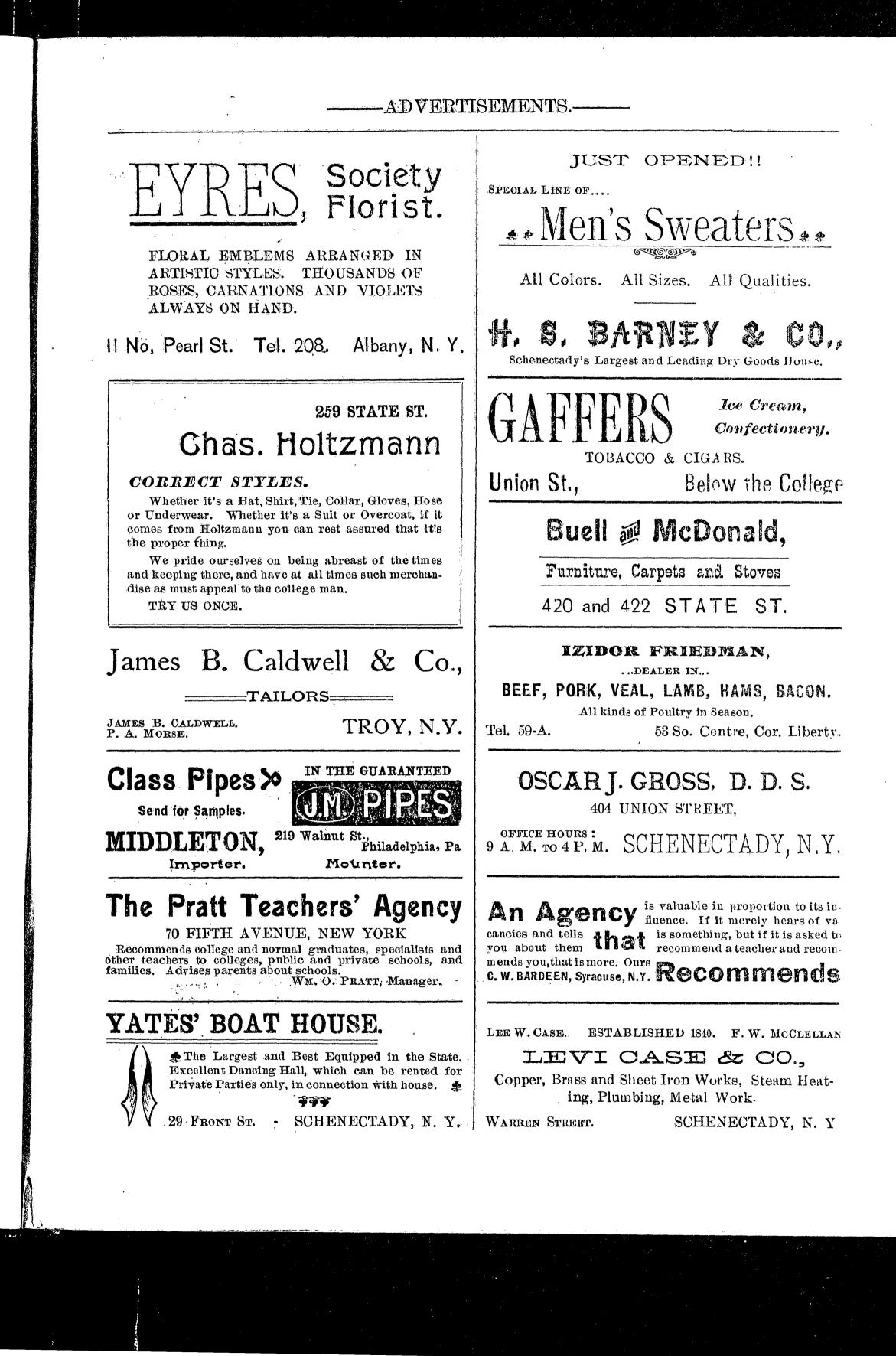
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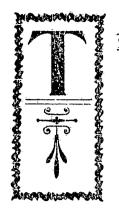


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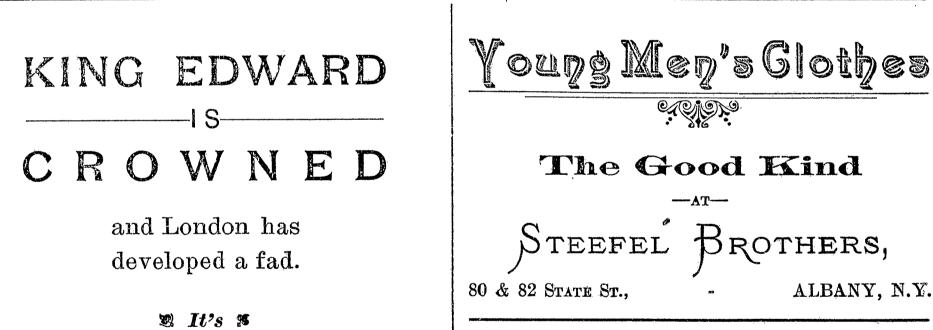
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