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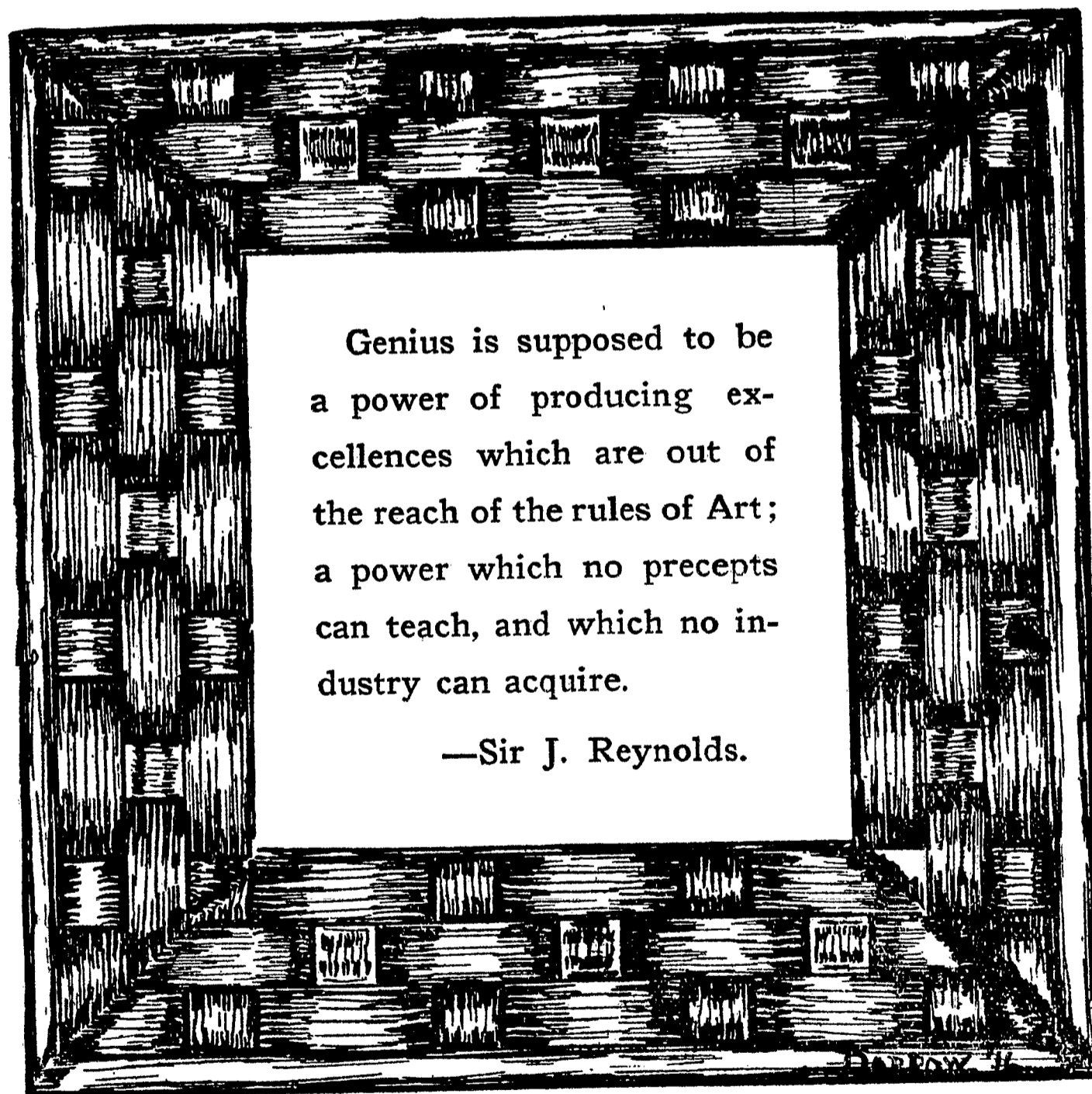
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THE CONCORDIENSIS

PUBLISHED WEEKLY
BY THE
STUDENTS OF UNION COLLEGE



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a power of producing ex-
cellences which are out of
the reach of the rules of Art;
a power which no precepts
can teach, and which no in-
dustry can acquire.

—Sir J. Reynolds.

VOL. 38

DECEMBER 10th, 1914

NO. 9

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

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The Concordiensis

VOL. 38

DECEMBER 10, 1914

NO. 9

UNION COLLEGE CONCERTS.

The first event in the Union College concert course will take place on December 15 in the college gymnasium, when Mme. Bloomfield Zeisler, pianist, and Francis MacMillan, violinist, will appear. There will be four concerts in the course and everyone will be an important occasion in itself.

The concerts, all of which will take place in the gymnasium, are under the auspices of the college and the management of Ben Franklin, who has had wide experience in presenting the finest talent procurable. The regular course ticket is six dollars, but to the students the price of the same is one dollar and a half.

Mme. Bloomfield Zeisler, who studied in Vienna is a pianist of international reputation. She is considered the foremost woman pianist of today. Francis MacMillan has played not only in the principal cities of America, but also in those of Europe. He studied in Berlin, Brussels, and St. Petersburg, under the best of teachers and won an international reputation. These two artists will undoubtedly present one of the finest concerts of the course in which the four are of entirely different strain.

The schedule for the entire concert is as follows:

December 15.—Mme. Bloomfield Zeisler, pianist, and Francis MacMillan, violinist.

January 19.—Mme. Julia Culp, contralto, will give a song recital, assisted by Coenrod Bos, pianist.

February 12.—Anna Case, soprano and Herbert Witherspoon, bass.

March 9.—Kneisel Quartet, assisted by Ada Sassoli, harpist.

ICHABOD SPENCER LECTURES.

The Ichabod Spencer lecture course this year will be given by George Herbert Palmer Litt, D. L.L. D. Dr. Palmer is professor of Natural Religion, Moral Philosophy and Civil Polity in Harvard University.

The subject for consideration is, "The Psychology of England Poetry." There will be eight lectures on the general subject. The subjects for the individual lectures and the dates are: January 5, Introduction; January 6, Chaucer; January 13, Spencer; January 14, Herbert; January 20, Pope; January 21, Wordsworth; January 26, Tennyson, and January 27, Browning.

The lectures will take place in the college chapel at 8 o'clock, as heretofore, and for the course a general invitation is extended. No tickets for admission are required.

Professor Palmer has suggested the following list for reading preliminary to the lectures:

Geoffrey Chaucer—"Prologue to Canter-

bury Tales," "The Nonnes Preestes Tale," "Troilus and Cresseida," bk. 1; "Boke of the Duchess" (opening.)

Edmund Spenser—"Faerie Queene," bk. 2; "Hymn in Honor of Beauty," "Epithalamium and Pasthalamium."

George Herbert—"The Church Porch," "The Elixir," "Virtue," "Man," "The Collar," "The Pearl," "Gratefulness," "Clasping of Hands."

Alexander Pope—"Epistle of Arbuthnot," a book of "The Rape of the Lock," "To Martha Blount," a book of the "Essay on Man."

William Wordsworth—"Ruth," "Lucy Gray," "Resolution and Independence," "Lines on Tintern Abbey," "The Happy Warrior," "The Prelude," book 1.

Alfred Tennyson—"The Palace of Art," "Ulysses," "The Lotus Eaters," "The Daisy," "In Memoriam" (any half dozen), "The Northern Farmer," "Merline and The Gleam."

Robert Browning—"The Bishop Orders His Tomb in St. Praxed's," "The Statue and the Bust," "The Italian in England," "The Strange Epistle of the Flight of the Duchess," "The Last Ride Together," "Rabbi Ben Ezra."

SOME THOUGHTS THAT WILL LIVE.

On account of the wide range of his scholastic activities and the number of important positions that he not merely held, but ably filled, Donald A. Coulter was known, by reputation at least, to nearly every man on the campus. For those who had not the good fortune to know him personally, an attempt is here made to give an insight into the character of this lamented son of Union that will explain why he was valued so highly and his loss felt so keenly.

For our benefit as students of Union College, this could not be more effectively done than be an examination of the poem that was contributed by the deceased to the

1915 Garnet. It is a poem that is worth while to study. It measures up to the requirement of Matthew Arnold, that poetry should be a criticism of life. The poem is here given in full:

I listened to the wintry wind;
I wondered whence it came.
I knew not. Whither would it go?
The answer was the same.

I listened as it whispered low,
I heard it shrieking wild;
When suddenly there came a voice,
"What dost thou know, my child?"

Ambitiously one day I worked
And whistled, glad, care-free;
Ideas came fast thronging in,
My plans were much to me.

I surely, surely, could not fail;
So, as I planned, I smiled;
When suddenly there came a voice,
"But what art thou, my child?"

I sat contented with my lot,
Some small success was mine;
A drowsiness came over me,
And dim my lights did shine.

Contented went I to my rest,
The world was fair to me;
But suddenly there came a voice,
"What will thy future be?"

One cannot read this poem without being convinced of the sincerity of the writer. It suggests, to us, that quiet, brooding, peaceful, unhasting, unresting spirit so seldom met with in youth; but which we felt was in Coulter and there prized because of its rarity. The poem is undoubtedly autobiographical and therefore interpretative of Coulter; but there is also his implied message for us. All literary appraisal of this poem is here omitted for, as President

Richmond has pointed out, it is not so much the scholarly side of Coulter's character that is to be emphasized now as his Christian character, reinforced, as it was, by a genial personality that made him a power for righteousness in our midst.

It is the message, remarkable in many ways, that is here dwelt upon, for it contains so much that is profitable for the meditation of youth. The poem is compact with thought and Union men are urged to read it carefully. But reference may be made here to a few of the lines that concern us as students. Take the line, "My plans were much to me." That was one secret of Coulter's success. If any student is not making plans for the future or if these plans do not mean much to him, then he is neglecting golden opportunities. Coulter improved all of his opportunities as few men do. That is why he could write the line, "I surely, surely, could not fail." What other man here at Union would have dared to write this line with the knowledge that it was to be printed for the contemplation of several hundred fellow students into whose faces he must look many times during the continuation of his college course? But the next line completes an association found in the two previous. "So as I planned, I smiled." We all remember Coulter's smile. It was never a sardonic disguise. It was always genuine, expressing his good will or appreciation of humor. Coulter never took himself too seriously. He gave serious consideration, however, to the careful working out of his plans; that is why he could write, "I surely, surely, could not fail;" and "So, as I planned, I smiled." The man who keeps his work caught up can smile. Carefully made plans faithfully followed insure against failure.

There is much more in the poem. Sermons might be preached on some of the lines following. Coulter loved nature. "The world was fair to me," he wrote. The dull

grey and lurid yellow that many see did not exist for him. Life was all good to him and he was looking into the future with the joy and hope of youth. "But suddenly there came a voice, 'What will thy future be?'"

The spirit of Donald A. Coulter is now asking us that same question. Let us as Union College men begin to prepare the answer to this question against the day of final reckoning.

SCOTTY HASTINGS EXPRESSES SYMPATHY.

The telegram below was received yesterday morning from Scotty Hastings, who is at Johns Hopkins University. Knowing Scotty as the class of 1915 did, his feelings concerning the sad loss which we have suffered may well be appreciated:

Editor Concordiensis:

May I express to the members of the class of 1915 the profound grief I feel in learning of the death of Donald Coulter? To one like myself who has been away from Union for some time, this news is doubly sad. I knew Don and loved him during hours of work and the charming intimacy of many hours of play. You have, indeed, lost a leader and a noble friend.

WALTER SCOTT HASTINGS.

ETHICS OF A COLLEGE MAN.

One rare privilege which a college student enjoys is that of building his ethical code during what is perhaps the most efficient period of his life, in a community highly favorable to the easy assimilation of ideas pertaining to every man's obligations toward society and to the recognition and observation of the rights of others.

The college man has the opportunity to regard courage in all its branches and subdivisions and usually makes up his mind just where courage should be placed among the important ideals of a man's life. He

learns to cast out from the realm of courage the haphazard bullying sometimes misnamed bravery and adopt as his real idea of the courageous virtue that spirit of self possession which backs the physical and moral efforts of a really courageous man. Which is the more courageous, the raving military leader who, with millions to back him, flings defiance into the face of civilization, oppresses the weak, opposes the strong and fights with his demon strength and might for the sake of notoriety and gain for himself, or rather the statesman who dares advance his views against overwhelming opposition because he sincerely feels that he has ideas which will serve his country, his people and his God, if only they can be seen in their proper light and value?

The college man stands for the latter. He has seen the difference, while in college, between the football player who uses his brute strength for his own personal gain in a manner uncommendable from the standpoint of a true sportsman and the player of ability and good judgment who works as an important part of a good machine which is attempting to gain honor for his college along legitimate and commendable lines. He learns to admire the clean debater, the courageous speaker and the sincere moral leader—not for an over-bearing show of self but for their self possession—their true courage.

People who believe that a college education is more or less of a joke—and there are such people—sometimes make the criticism that on going through college a man gets only so far as to be able to realize that he knows nothing. Well, is he not on a true course to real wisdom? The college man's wisdom is a logical wisdom, a reasonable wisdom, a wisdom capable of being convinced, not a wisdom of quick, unchangeable conclusion without sufficient thought, but withall, a firm wisdom with sufficient material back of it to make it hold its own.

The man with a college education refuses to regard anything pertaining to human beings, where complicated problems of human welfare are involved, as being absolutely right or absolutely wrong. He takes all the phases of any such problem and marks them one at a time with their degree of rightness or wrongness as the case may be and then, considering the proposition as a whole he decides that it is right to a certain extent and wrong to wrong to another certain extent. For instance, if a man makes the broad statement, "Labor unions are wrong and ought not to exist," the college man will say, "No, this phase of labor organizations is bad for society, but this other phase is good, etc." He will refuse to make the statement that labor unions are either right or wrong but will accept the statement that all things might be made better through sincere human effort and will point out to the best of his ability the places in which these efforts might be effective in making labor unions better than they are.

Every college puts before the minds of its students some such expression as the one which we hear so often at Union, "For Union, for our country and the right." Every Union man is taught to work for those things which will benefit his college, to enter into the service of his country imbued, to a high degree, with charity and benevolence and to regard duty in all things above all forms of worldly recompense. It is the same in every college worthy of the name.

The cry of the uneducated man of the lower type is: "I have unlimited rights; I should have unrestrained liberty; no man should trespass upon that which should belong to every free citizen." The college man agrees with this only to a limited extent. He believes that every man has rights which are limited only by the rights of others, that every man should have liberty

so long as his liberty does not work detriment to the equal liberty of others and that other men have the right to trespass upon that which is his as long as, by so doing, they are benefitting society in general. In other words, he has learned to regard the individual as a very small thing when compared with his state and with his country.

Is law justice? There are few people who claim that it is. The college man realizes how widely the two things differ and yet he sees that the nearest approach to justice, for society as a whole, is through due process of law. He realizes that law is a necessary evil which maintains our peace and prosperity and that it is as imperfect as is any other human machine. To be a law abiding citizen is one of the ideals of every college man—not to disobey unjust laws, but to change them, thus throwing his influence toward the nearer approach of law to justice.

Above all things the college man comes to a full realization and appreciation of the fact that there is an all powerful and rational being which marks out the way of the world and of the universe. In all of his studies this fact impresses him and in his after life he resigns himself to the control of God's will.

These, briefly, are some of the points in the code of ethics which the college man gathers through study and experience.

A CHRISTMAS APPEAL TO ALL AMERICANS.

A Communication.

In view of the countless appeals both national and local which have been made to American sympathy in behalf of the victims of the war one can only plead the immeasurable extent and pathos of the Belgian tragedy to warrant the addition of still another to the list. And the poignant sorrow of the situation is not lessened by the thought that the sum total of all the funds

collected here and in Europe can only in a very small part—so vast and increasing is the need—assuage the sufferings of Belgium's unhappy people while no money contribution whatever can atone for the loss of Louvain and a score of fair Belgian cities lately radiant with the splendor and glory of centuries.

The Dollar Christmas Fund in behalf of which I appeal as Treasurer is a cause which should find a warm response in the hearts of all Americans doubly blessed in their isolation and detachment from the vortex of horrors and bloodshed and agony of the battlefields in Europe. It is an effort organized with the approval and support of some of our most respected and representative citizens to capitalize a portion of our Christmas bounty and good will in behalf of the most afflicted and destitute of Belgium's stricken population, the committee including Prof. Henry Fairfield Osborn, Melville E. Stone, Col. George T. Harvey, George T. Wilson and Dr. William T. Hornady. No matter how numerous and insistent the appeals for aid, Americans, I feel sure, will not refuse to subscribe to a fund which will help during the Christmas season to spread a ray of sunshine over the homeless refugees of a storm-tossed country. This Dollar Christmas Fund appeals to one and all irrespective of creed or race and more especially to those who have not yet contributed to an existing fund. It is in complete sympathy with every other appeal in behalf of Belgian refugees and differs from other appeals only in the sense that the total sum received will be forwarded as a special Christmas contribution from the people of this country to the destitute people of Belgium, an expression of sympathy with sorrow from one people to another and a tangible proof that Christmas goodwill even in these days of strife and bloodshed has not disappeared from the earth.

It is estimated that close upon two million people with breaking hearts have fled from their country leaving shattered homes and hopes behind. The flight of the innocent, the unfortunate, the women and children, the aged and the helpless, from their Fatherland presents one of the most agonizing and appalling pictures of human misery in the annals of history ancient or modern. Two hundred thousand have found a home in England, other thousands are in Holland and still other unnumbered thousands are wandering in France. The record of misery compiled from imperfect statistical information is still far from complete but it may be said with absolute truth that despite all governmental assistance and private charity in Europe there are still many thousands of families in actual want. And the number tends rather to increase than diminish. It is for these distressed ones we make special appeal to one and all to send a dollar—more if you can—as a special Christmas gift from America. Such a gift will surely be remembered by the beneficiaries long after the war has ceased and no man's Thanksgiving or Christmas day will be the less happy because in some cases the gift may entail some measure of personal sacrifice.

In England a similar fund called "The Shilling Christmas Fund" has been started. Lord Burnham is the president and he has cabled that the "conditions of want are unspeakable." All the money collected here, as in England, will be presented at Christmas and will be applied for purposes of relief in the way of food and shelter after consultation with the officials of the Belgian government. We hope with your aid to remember every distressed Belgian man and woman, not forgetting the fatherless babes—"The Orphans of War". I repeat, therefore, with great earnestness, send along your dollar bill—and send more if you can! All contributions should be addressed to the treasurer and each will be promptly

acknowledged.

HENRY CLEWS,
Treasurer, Dollar Christmas Fund for
Homeless Belgians, 66 Broad Street,
New York City.

EXAMINATION SCHEDULE.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 17.

9:00 A. M.

Differential Equations.
Junior Latin.
History of Philosophy.
Sophomore Analytics.
Biology (Medic.)
Freshman Academic English.
Freshman B. E. Elementary French.
Freshman B. E. Intermediate French.
June B. E. Mechanics.
Stresses.

2:00 P. M.

Senior Latin.
Calculus.
English Four.
Sophomore (A. B., Ph. B.) Biology.

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 18.

9:00 A. M.

Sociology.
English Seven.
Argumentation.
Sophomore Greek.
Sophomore History.
Hygiene.
Sophomore B. E. German.
R. R. Construction.
Heating and Ventilating.
E. E. 21.

2:00 P. M.

Senior Greek (A).
American History.
Senior French.
Junior Greek (A)
Junior German.
Physics (Medic.)
Freshman Latin.
Sophomore B. E. English.
E. E. 24.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 19.

9:00 A. M.

Senior Greek (B).
 Qualitative Analysis.
 Organic Chemistry.
 Laboratory Physics.
 Junior Greek (B).
 Spanish.
 Sophomore Latin.
 Sophomore B. S. Biology.
 Freshman (B. S., B. E.,) Mathematics.
 Sophomore B. E. Mechanics.
 Topographical Surveying.
 Motors.
 M. E. 4.

MONDAY, DECEMBER 21.

9:00 A. M.

Advanced Psychology.
 English 9.
 European History.
 Freshman Academic Intermediate German.
 Freshman Academic Intermediate French.
 Freshman Greek.
 Drawing.
 Sophomore B. E. Physics.
 Junior B. E. Chemistry.
 Senior (B. E., E. E.) Economics.
 Law.
 M. E. 1.

2:00 P. M.

Senior Academic Economics.
 Sophomore Academic English.
 E. E. 4.

TUESDAY, DECEMBER 22.

9:00 A. M.

Comparative Politics.
 Mathematical Physics.
 Advanced Argumentation.
 Logic.
 General Chemistry.
 Sophomore Academic Elementary
 French.
 Sophomore Academic Elementary
 German.
 Freshman (A. B., Ph. B.) Mathematics.

Freshman B. E. English.
 Sophomore B. E. Surveying.
 Highways.
 E. E. 1.

2:00 P. M.

Quantitative Analysis.
 Economic Geology.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 23.

9:00 A. M.

History of Education.
 Junior Economics.
 Freshman B. E. Intermediate German.
 Freshman B. E. Elementary German.
 Sophomore B. E. Chemistry.
 Senior B. E. Economics (option B).

2:00 P. M.

Greek (Honors).
 Senior German.
 Minerology.
 Junior French.

LITERARY SOCIETIES.

There is much interest being shown over the public competition between the two debating societies—the Adelpic and Philomathean—in the Alison-Foote prize debate. The victorious society in this debate carries off a prize of fifty dollars and the debater making the best single speech, regardless of his society relations, also receives fifty dollars. January 15 has been suggested for this competition but it is a tentative date only, however. The question to be debated is not yet known. It is decided by Cornell and is the same as used in the intercollegiate debate, but that university has sent no definite information yet.

Friday afternoon, December 4, the Adelpic Society held a meeting for adopting resolutions concerning its late president, Donald Alexander Coulter. At the same meeting the election of a new president—James Fitzgerald—was made. Try outs for the coming big debates will be held between now and the Christmas vacation.

There was no meeting held during the past week by the Philomathean society.

THE CONCORDIENSIS

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

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LOOKING FORWARD.

If we may, for a moment, pass mentally over the week of examination and the Christmas vacation, it is possible for us to see a great variety of activities ahead of us—things to which we should begin to pay attention now so that we may be ready when the time comes.

In the first place, the college musicales will attract our attention on several occasions and the Ichabod Spencer lectures will also present topics of interest for our thought and consideration. Basketball games will be many in number and unsurpassed in quality and Junior Week will present three days of the gayest gaiety and

the most enjoyable frivolity which one could expect to be exposed to.

It is our desire to call the attention of every student to these things in order that he may begin to plan his winter term's work with an idea of leaving out nothing. What is there which can be left out? Certainly not the musicales. Certainly a course of more artistic interest has never been offered here before and to miss it would be inexcusable of any man of education and judgment.

The psychology lectures need no comment. We will only say in passing that which everyone should know, that these lectures are so highly instructive that in failing to hear them any student eliminates from his college course something which he will find himself sorely in need of after leaving college. Don't leave out the lectures!

Concerning the coming basketball season, there are many things which we will have to think about in order to be psychologically ready for it when it comes. We are all aware of the fact that we have a good team—an excellent team, but some of us, I fear, have begun to think that we have an infallible team and that all we have to do this winter is to sit back on the bleachers and watch it win. In other words we are rather over-confident in the matter. Now, it is not our idea to lead anyone to believe that our team is not every single thing that we could expect of it, but we do wish to impress upon everyone that the basketball schedule is hard and that there are other good teams beside ours. We must retain our football spirit—grim determination and hearty co-operation, if the basketball season is to be a success. Let us resolve now that this spirit will be abundantly evident

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Last year Junior Week was the best ever. Let us break the record this year. This can be done only by the combined efforts of all the classes and every individual. Let us begin now to think it over, to plan, to arrange and to arouse a spirit of enthusiasm for the best three days of the college year. Start now!

LEST YOU FORGET.

On another page of this paper there appears a communication headed, "A Christmas Appeal to All Americans." It explains itself and needs no emphasis or repetition, but we wish to call your attention to this worthy cause which we hope you will not neglect. It is something with which every American should have a very high degree of sympathy, and we sincerely hope that this appeal will be heard and answered by our readers.

Merry Christmas!

THE BASKETBALL OUTLOOK.

On Monday, Wednesday and Friday afternoons, when regular 'varsity practice is held, the gymnasium, thus far this year, has been alive with basketball players. Material for four teams is constantly on hand, and, for the most part, this material shows considerable basketball knowledge. It is my general plan this year to develop two first teams and two second teams—if such a thing be possible; for the class of 1915, when it graduates, will take with it the remarkable combination of "Jake" Beaver, "Dave" Beaver, "Ernie" Houghton and "Teedy" Woods. A new combination, therefore, must be set working this year to take the

place of the outgoing one—and picking this combination is the big task now facing us. About the present 'varsity, little need be said. Their past performances are too well known to require even mention—but. We have an extremely heavy schedule this year, and "Dave" Beaver is far from being his old self yet. Therefore, students, we must remember that we have ahead of us a long, hard row to hoe, and that the team will need your backing more than ever before.

Among the new men trying for the team, several "look good." But I am going to wait a while yet before expressing opinions about them—let's see how they stand up after they have had a little more of the grind.

FRED T. DAWSON.

BASKETBALL SCHEDULE.

Cornell at Ithaca, January 6.
 Army at West Point, January 9.
 St. Lawrence at Schenectady, January 16.
 Williams at Schenectady, January 23.
 Colgate at Schenectady, January 29.
 Springfield at Schenectady, February 6.
 R. P. I. at Troy, February 13.
 Wesleyan at Middletown, February 19.
 Williams at Williamstown, February 22.
 Wesleyan at Schenectady, February 26.
 Princeton at Schenectady, February 27.
 Colgate at Hamilton, March 6.
 R. P. I. at Schenectady, March 13.

NEW MEMBERS ELECTED TO PRESS CLUB.

At the meeting of the Press Club held last night in Washburn Hall the following men who were selected on a competitive basis by the executive committee, were elected into membership: H. B. Allen '16, C. F. Brown '16, J. M. Frankel '17, D. de S. Brandao '17, A. de S. Mursa '17, E. W. Cameron, Jr., '18, L. P. Brown, '18, J. E. Hulshizer '18, A. G. Levy '18, B. P. Lester '18, W. M. Mallia '18, W. M. Moriarta '18, W. F. Moore '18, T. D. Palmer '18.

INTER-CLASS BASKETBALL.

The inter-class basketball season started last Saturday night before a good crowd in the gym. The first game, 1915 vs. 1918, was snappy and close, and it required an extra five minutes for the freshmen to score the winning point. Hunter was largely responsible for 1915's points, scoring one basket and seven fouls. Pete Starbuck at right forward played a fast game, shooting two baskets.

The freshman team was watched with particular interest for there will be a demand for fast material next year with the loss by graduation of several valuable men. O'Brien at center showed good form, and Bennison and Calkins played well.

Summary:

SENIORS.

	Fouls	Baskets
Faust, C. -----	0	0
Hunter, L. F. -----	7	1
Starbuck, R. F. -----	0	2
Hubbs, R. G. -----	0	0
Byron, L. G. -----	0	0

Total score, 13.

FRESHMEN.

	Fouls	Baskets
Akin, L. G. -----	0	0
Rockwell, R. G. -----	0	0
Bennison, L. F. -----	0	2
Simms, R. F. -----	0	3
O'Brien, C. -----	0	2

Taylor substituted for Simms.

Calkins substituted for Taylor.

Total score, 14.

Umpire, Weeks. Timekeeper, Knight. Twelve minute periods.

The junior-sophomore game, though less exciting, was interesting. The second period proved a walk-away for 1917, and Rosecrans scored point after point. His playing was the feature of the game. Of the juniors, Zimmer and Howd showed good form.

Summary:

JUNIORS.

	Fouls.	Baskets
Butler, C. -----	0	0
Jackson, L. G. -----	0	0
Zimmer, R. G. -----	2	0
Hanson, R. F. -----	0	1
Howd, L. F. -----	0	2

Total score, 8.

SOPHOMORES.

	Fouls.	Baskets
Goodman, C. -----	0	2
Roof, R. G. -----	3	1
Rosecrans, L. G. -----	0	6
Naylon, L. F. -----	0	1
Wallace, R. F. -----	0	0

Friday substituted for Wallace.

Total score, 23.

Umpire, Weeks. Timekeeper, Knight. Twelve minute periods.

CLASSICAL CLUB.

The Classical Club will hold its last meeting of the term on Tuesday, December 15th. A good program is in preparation and the members hope that this will be the best meeting of the year. All are welcome—faculty and students, engineers and academics. Come and bring a friend or two.

UNION RECEIVES GIFT FROM LOYAL SON.

H. Melville Hanna, L.L. D., of the class of 1860, who visited the campus this fall, has made Union another gift. This time Mr. Hanna presented us with \$5,000 to be used at the discretion of Dr. Richmond. The money will probably be used for general endowment. Mr. Hanna has been more than generous in remembering his Alma Mater and has at different times given us sums of money which total \$30,000.

Stude: What do I have to do before I can get an excuse for bolting?

Ma: Bolt.

HAROLD GURLIN'S CHUMS.
Or Winning With Pluck and Nerve—A
Smellow Drama in One Act.

The day of the big game dawned bright and early. Betimes, in the electric, early morning air, the big, home-like frat houses disgorged their streams of bright, eager-faced students. The cream of American young manhood they represented as they strolled arm in arm under the hoary old elms, as they lay deep in furrow-browed study here and there on the soft grass or gathered in little groups to sing their beloved Alma Mater. But look—some subtle transformation has come over them. Their usually happy, open faces have been distorted over night with a shadowy grimness. What could have wrought such a change? Down in the pretty, old-fashioned chapel the grim faces gathered and twelve hundred throats cried out in unison, "We must have Coach Slawson!" A man strode down the aisle and confronted the sea of expectant faces. His shoulders were those of a bull, the physique of a Roman god; the ripple of his great muscles were visible through his very clothes as he waited for the ovation to subside. His brow wrinkled in thought. He turned down a seat, placed his derby upon it, started to close it again, but on second thought left it open. Then he put one foot absent-mindedly on the hat and spread his arms for silence. Twenty-four hundred ears strained to catch the first words. For an instant the beating of hearts sounded like the pounding of a great drum—then: "Guts," he ground out through clinched teeth.

"Oh, horay!" broke from a thousand throats. "Horay, horay for Slawson! What's the matter with Slawson? He's all right! Why all right? 'Cause! Horay!" Then the grim students, grimmer than ever, filed from the auditorium. And as they went, they said determinedly to one another, "We must whip Hampton today as we

never done before!"

For it was the last game of the season for Union University. I have told you in previous books how Harold Gurlin and his loyal chums had, with their quick nerve and daring, carried their team through without a defeat in the face of unreasonable odds; how they had torn asunder Yale's great backfield of giant Slavs, hired for that special game; how they had vanquished Harvard in the last forty seconds of play with the hesitation pass; Harold Gurlin's own invention; how they were shot at from the Cornell bleachers but, though wounded and bleeding, carried the ball over the line in the last second for the only score of the game. And today they faced Hampton for championship of the world. Full of confidence they were. But, also, they little knew what they would go through ere Union University was again victorious!

Now let us find our hero and his chums. It is noon in the training parlors and the team, those battle scarred athletes whom the whole athletic world is watching today, are filing confidently in through the palms at either end of the big dining hall and seating themselves at the table. You have recognized Harold seated at the right of Coach Slawson. What a flower of manhood he is! The build of Hercules; lines that give him suppleness of the deer, the speed of the panther. Good natured he is, yet terrible in wrath. But you know all this well, you who have read elsewhere of him. And there, beside him sit his bosom friends, his three loyal chums. First on his right sits Hokey, beyond him is Birch and then comes Dowy Roof. You know these lads' traits by heart, dear readers, and you know how little our hero could ever have done without them.

When the team was seated and grace had been said, the darkey waiters hustled in with their trays. Seeking to divert his team-mates' minds from thoughts of the

gruelling battle to come, Harold spoke up jocosely, "Well, Joe, what's on the menu today?"

"Well, suh," a little darkey answered, "They's bread, suh, an'—uh—an' some mo' bre—"

"Boys, you musn't over eat," broke in Coach Slawson. "I—what the—"

An ominous hollow thud sounded outside the nearby window; there came the shriek of some flying object, followed by a deafening crash of shattered falling glass as a strange looking little iron object hurtled into the room and landed thump! against the speaker's ear. "Union!" murmured the coach dreamily. "Oh, those stars, those beautiful, beau—" Then he slipped carelessly to the floor and went sound asleep. The queer little object hopped from the chair down to the floor and CRASH! it exploded with the roar of a giant bomb. The room rocked drunkenly; the dishes danced over the table and smashed to the floor; and over all rose a stifling, dense-black smoke that blotted out everything. The diners staggered and stumbled out into the fresh air and fell to the ground half blinded by the stinging fumes. For minutes the black smoke rolled from the windows of the building; then it began to subside and finally only an occasional little wift drifted out.

Back into the wrecked room rushed the athletes, their faces streaming with smoke tears. Coach Slawson was still asleep, but not so soundly. Occasionally he flickered his right eye-lid and muttered wildly of dancing stars and flickering comet tails. Soon, however, a little cold water awakened him and his fearful men felt a load slide from their hearts as they saw he was his fiery, energetic self again. Looking around wonderingly, he burst out:

"Wh—where's Harold Gurlin?"

And then it was discovered. Harold and his chums were gone! They had utterly dis-

appeared, leaving not the slightest trace behind them—vanished, as it were, as if they had never been! Where had they gone? What could have happened to them? If it was foul play, who could have done such a deed? These were the vital questions that burned their way around the hill and down through the city—yes, and over the wires to every corner of the nation. But Harold Gurlin and his chums did not reappear.

And, trully, the students of Union University knew what deep, griping fear was as they streamed into the great new stadium that day!

* * * *

When Harold Gurlin came to his senses he was in a stuffy, bare attic room which he judged by the view from a narrow little window to be three or four stories from the ground. In the dim light he could just discern the forms of his three comrades, bound and gagged like himself. Very soon the door creaked open and two burly, unshaven characters entered. One of them drew a great roll of crinkly new bills from his pocket and tossed them on the table.

"They're y'ar kid—look ut that will ya! Th' gang'll get rich on this job, b'lieve me! They're's more comin' y' know if we keep em till after the game. Sure's your name's Sister Case we'll pull ah cool ten thou!"

"Oh my goodness me, Mr. Cucumber Can it be so! And how was the job promulgated, eh?"

"Aw, they wasn't nothin' to it. We got 'em when they was eatin'—one o' Dago Salathe's new bombs, y' know—then chloroformed an' yanked 'em out when nobody wuz lookin'. I got the big guy an' Bags an' Duthey an' Hoffy got th' other three. Bags slipped up in ah bowl o' jelly an' cut his neck considerable. Outside a that we done excellent."

Oh! Horrible! Do you believe—ah!"

The door creaked again and several more of the gang strode in. Harold strained at

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his bonds but wisely pretended unconsciousness. He saw through the whole horrible plot now. Truly this was the supreme test of his adventurous life! Would he be equal to it?

"H'llo, H'llo, here's Jack March!"

"Well, well, well. This is jolly to be sure! I picked up Jingles an' Stoll on the way over. Where's—oh, there they are. What 're we goin' to do with 'em?" And he strode over and looked down at the sleeping Harold.

"Oorhem! Uh— I am of the opinion that we are safe in asserting—"

"Don't say anythin' you'd be sorry f'r!" called Jingles from a far corner.

"—they would be incalculably valuable for dissection," continued the original speaker. "They are of the species anacon—"

"Aw, they go t' me if they do t' anybody. I'm a regular dissecting surgeon, ain't I?" said the voice Harold remembered as Mr. Cucumber.

"I'm thoroughly safe in asserting you won't have them!"

"Aw gwan. I'll take 'em anyway soon!"

"Imbecile!"

"Uh? Why I'll biff you—"

"Gentlemen, I beseech you!" came the voice of Sister Case. "Let us do neither. Let us tether them securely and—"

"HEY! Grab the money!" shrieked Jingles. Here comes Stewey!"

A tall man with furtive, shifty eyes bounded through the door just in time to see the roll disappear in Mr. Cucumber's hip pocket.

"Look, Look! The prisoners are escaping!" cried Stewey, pointing toward our hero.

Then came a tremendous sound of ripping and the surprised ruffians wheeled to see Stewey streaking for the door with the whole rear of Mr. Cucumber's trousers in his hand.

"Get him! Well I'll be—I'm safe in assert-

ing—Ensnare him! Aux armes!" There was a wild stampede for the door. Jack March tripped over Sister Case and made beautiful time down the stairs. Stoll and Jingles jammed going through the narrow door, but the casing luckily gave way and their time down the stairs was very fast too. And Mr. Cucumber, both hands clasped tightly behind, went clean through the window in two steps!

The sound of the chase came less and less strongly to Harold's ears and finally died out altogether. Then he leaped to his feet, bounded to the prostrate figure of Hokey, and it was but the work of an instant to tear the gag from his mouth. Quickly, in his fine, strong teeth Hokey seized the thongs that bound our hero's arms; quickly they snapped, and so, in less time than it takes to tell, the four athletes were freed.

"To the stairs, my chums!" cried our hero.

But what was their unutterable dismay to find that the fallen casement had hopelessly blocked their only means of exit!

"Take heart, my chums!" cried Harold, running to the window. "Quick! The window! The living chain!"

Like well trained soldiers did his chums obey. Clasp hands, they formed a huge chain with Harold as the final link. Quickly they thrust themselves from the window; gently did our hero, his great biceps braced and straining against the window sill, lower them toward the earth until, finally, Dowy Roof let go and dropped to the ground unhurt. Then, a hasty search, a neglected ladder, and the four athletes were free of their cruel prison.

"Heavens!" groaned Bucky. "We are fifty miles from our Alma Mater!"

"Curse this foul play!"

"Ye gods!"

"But cheer, my men, cheer. All is not lost yet. See, it is but two-fifty-five! We may still fight for the old university!"

And our hero set out across country with the pace that burns the miles like wild-fire. Over hills and even mountains, through valleys, over rivers and streams sped the heroic four. At last, nearly dead with fatigue, they fell prostrate upon the banks of a churling little brooklet.

Then it was that our hero first saw Her! Up the downy banks of the little stream she was daintily tripping, a huge red sunbonnet trying vainly to imprison her truant nut-brown curls, a basket running over with yellow daises dangling carelessly from one white little arm. Our hero felt his pulse leap at the sight of her. And when a simple little song trilled from her rose-lips, the mad blood throbbed in his temples in sympathetic rythme.

"I'm just a littlul Quaker Girl,
I'm shy uz shy can be, oh!
My blush is like the bright, red rose
Uz you can plainly see, oh!
Tra-la-la! Tra-la-la!

Uz you can plainly see, oh!

Daintily her little feet picked their way along over rough stones and between the brier bushes—and then her blue eyes caught the four figures on the grass, all tattered and torn as they were from their rough and tumble flight. Like a startled fawn she gazed for the briefest instant; a little scream, and she was away with the fleetness of a deer. Harold sprang up. With a voice so strangely tender that his chums hardly recognized it, he called:

"Oh, please, please, come back, miss! We won't harm you!"

Attracted, magnetized, she hesitated, then came slowly back, slyly twisting her little apron into wreaths and knots.

"O-oh! I'm afraid," she cooed.

Her voice sent the little cold rivulets dancing up and down our hero's broad back.

"Fear not, little one; we are only students of old Union. And pray, who may you be?"

"You may call me Spikesmaid—that's my first name."

She glanced up coyly at him from her wreath of tumbled hair. Never before had Harold Gurlin been so moved by a woman! Could that strange feeling, then, be the first awakening of love? You shall see, dear reader, that it was.

Harold drew her, hesitating but yet acquiescing, to a seat on a moss-covered old stump.

"Now listen, Spikesmaid, de—may I call you 'dear?'"

She flushed crimson, but he caught the little nod.

"Listen, dear. We—" And he poured out to her the whole story of the dreadful plot against himself and his chums.

"Oh, goody. I know!" she cried after a minute's thought. There's a man lives just down the road who owns an aeroplane and—"

"Action!" broke in Harold Gurlin, his eyes snapping in a way that bode ill to his enemies. "Action, my chums! Away to—hey! Wake up, will ya! Come—dear!" And he guided her firmly, swiftly away. 'Twas the work of seconds to wheel the plane from its hanger, turn over the mammoth wings and clamber in. We shall never really know, of course, but it must have been the sweet intoxication of Spikesmaid's head upon his shoulder that nerved our hero for the piloting of that fierce, death-defying ride through the air that day. Up, up, they glided and then straight south they turned and madly onward rushed the giant bird, lurching to and fro in drunken antics. The wind screamed about them; great eagles jumped by as if standing still, the bowl-like earth below them spun by, a mammoth whirling bell. The thread of the silvery Mohawk came into view far below; they whistled over it, then on over the city until directly below lay the great stadium of Union University, rocking from the roar of

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seventy thousand throats, while down there in the center some little blue clad figures were tearing cruelly through a line of red. Down swooped the 'plane and out onto the field it glided. Out upon the turf tumbled the four great athletes. Off came their coats and collars and, "The score! For heaven's sake, the score," they cried. Coach Slawson, quick witted, sharp eyed, was the first to catch the situation.

"Mr. Referee! I substitute these men!"

Then a single voice from the aghast, wild-eyed throng screamed: "My God! It's Harold Gurlin and his chums! It's OUR Harold!"

And then, such a paeon of joy as rose from that stadium! Seventy thousand human being were transformed to seventy thousand joy-drunk maniacs. Harold Gurlin stepped proudly to the head of his team and the gritty, tired warriors revived visibly as if some unseen hand had touched each man with a magic that gave him the power of the superhuman. He called the team about him.

"Men, martyrs, brothers in old Union, the score is forty-nine and seven against your Alma Mater! We have three minutes and one-half to play—shall we leave this historic old battle field in down trodden defeat our in glorious triumph? Shed your last drop of blood for Union University, my lads—fight! fight!! fight!!!"

Then began such a spectacle as no football field has witnessed before or ever will again. Harold and his chums were like invincible steel machines as they ripped and tore and shattered on towards Hampton's goal for touchdown after touchdown in that heart-tearing battle. Man after man dropped exhausted in the wake of their terrible charges; man after man was carried away insensible, but our hero and his true-blue chums never faltered. And the stadium rocked and swayed in drunken, bloodthirsty joy.

The golden seconds flew past, and Union's score rolled up, but slower and ever slower. Twenty, twenty-seven, thirty-four, forty-one and but sixty second left! Twenty seconds swept by as Hampton in grim agony made its death stand. Then Harold, his face torn and bleeding, one arm dangling limp and broken at his side, hurtled over the line and the count was forty-six. Three behind yet and twenty seconds to play! No time for another touch-down now! Was old Union beaten at last?

Harold sped down the field for kick-off.

"Who will sacrifice his life for old Union?" cried our hero grimly.

"I will!" spoke up Speck Cleveland, the faithful little end. There was a call for time; a brief whispering, a clasping of hands in tearful farewell—and Hampton kicked. Neatly did Speck catch it; quickly, grimly our hero grasped the little man by the feet; above his head he lifted him and around and around he whirled him; then a supply jerk, a release of the whirling body and up, up, up in a great, whirling arch it spiralled—over the field down squarely between the goal posts with a sickening "plop!"

"Touchdown!" screamed the referee and "Whirr!" shrieked the final whistle. And victory!

In the vortex of the swirling, human maelstrom that followed lay a still white body. Over it bent our hero, battered, bleeding—and weeping.

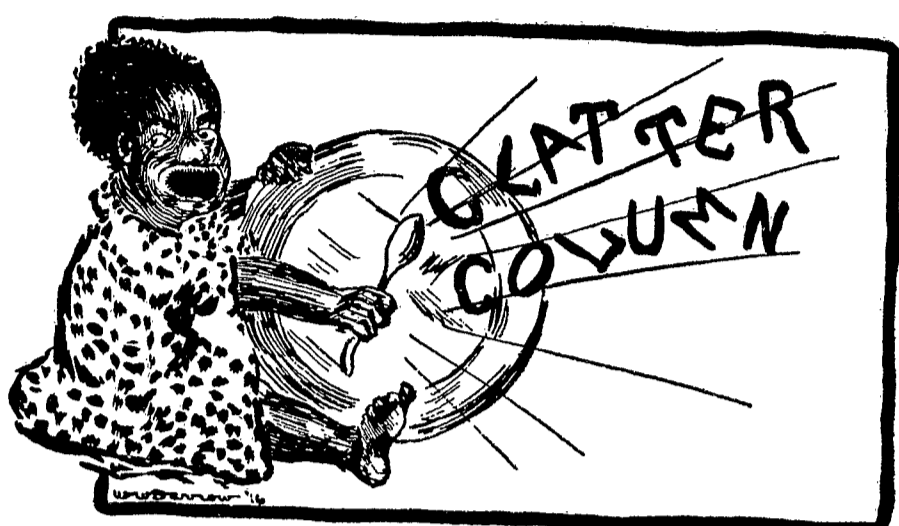
"Speck, old man, you died that Union might live! Oh, I—I c-can't—"

"But you still have me, Harold!" A little white arm snuggled down under his bowed chin. And our hero turned from sorrow to joy.

The human maelstrom whirled on and on about them. But they never knew, until—

"Oh! Here's father, Harold!"

"I don't care!" mumbled our hero. "Smack!"



"What do you charge for rooms?"
 "Five dollars up."
 "But I'm a student."
 "Then it's five dollars down."—Exchange.

Father—"What do you mean; your check book is crazy?"
 Son—"It's unbalanced, that's all."—Exchange.

Fair One: Isn't "Runt" Churchill amusing?
 Mead: Yes, brevity is the soul of wit, you know.

Conductor—How many?
 Scotchman—Twa.
 Conductor—What?
 Scotchman—Twa, twa.
 Conductor—Twa twa yourself.
 (And the fight was on.)—Purple Cow.

Mother, may I go to swim,
 Yes, my darling daughter;
 But do not swim like Annette K.,
 And don't show more than you—!
 (Passed by the Nat'l Board of Censors.)—Tiger.

Mr. Banks—"They've quit playing billiards in Germany"
 Miss Cuety—"You don't say."
 Mr. Banks—"Yes, it's on account of the English."—Widow.

"Confession is good for the soul."
 "Yes, but it's bad for the reputation."—Yale Record.

"Who's yoh foh, Sam? De French or de Germans?"

"Ah's foh de French, ob cose. Ain't Jack Johnson a Frenchman?"—Jester.

'15—The Dean and the Registrar are the college's best supporters.

Ex-'15—Meaning that they are a good pair of suspenders?—Princeton Tiger.

THE E. E. WAIL.

The fall term's full of joy and fun,
 It's also full of pests,
 For, although pleasures came and went,
 We also had some tests.
 And now exam. time's bearing down
 To spoil our Christmas cheer;
 Oh! Doctor can't you have a heart
 When Christmas is so near?

We've had a lot of lectures, too,
 Quite more than we digested
 For, if we'd swallowed everything,
 We never could have rested.
 I know that often one may fail
 To do his honest share
 But now that Christmas is so close
 Professor, have a care!

We've had a lot of fun, oh yes,
 With football and the like,
 And yet we wrote a lot of bull
 And handed it to Spike.
 In all our work, though hard it seemed,
 We've tried to do our part
 So now that Christmas time draws near,
 Oh! Doctor, have a heart!

ON WITH THE BANQUET.

A little pep, freshmen! The upper classmen are hungry, the sophs are eager, and

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Tilly needs the money. Honestly, frosh, you had better run off that little party before the basketball season gets too well under way, because the coach and "Erny" are a little fussy about "soup to nuts" between games.

It's easy enough to run a banquet, freshmen, if that's all you are worrying about. Just hire a police force, extract a tax from your loyal members, buy a hotel, and go to it. If the sophomores try to disturb the festivities, ask them to stop. Perhaps they will.

Honestly, frosh, that banquet ought to come before Christmas. We haven't had a thing to eat since we were home for Thanksgiving. Of course, we don't say we won't go to your banquet unless it is held right away, but you might as well have it off your minds and into your stomachs without any further delay. On with the eats. Let joy be unconfined!

CONCERNING SWIMMING.

The time set for swimming practice is 4:30 P. M. Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays. At present there seems to be very little material showing up, but it is hoped that better support will be forthcoming in the near future. With the prospects ahead for a good schedule, there should be no reason why men with ability along this line should fail to come out and try for a place.

TWO CHEMISTRY MEDALS TO REWARD SCHOLARSHIP.

Dr. Robert M. Fuller of the class of 1863 has given \$1,000 to the college for two chemistry prizes. One prize, a gold medal, is to be awarded to the senior who presents the best thesis on the work done by him in laboratory and who shows high scholarship standing and marked ability to do original work in chemistry.

A silver medal is to be awarded to the sophomore whom the awards committee select as having shown the greatest promise of ability in chemistry throughout the year. Medals will be awarded in June.

The committee of awards shall consist of the president, the head of the chemistry department and one other member of the faculty.

INTERCOLLEGIATE SOCIALISTS

To Hold Convention.

The sixth annual convention of the Intercollegiate Socialist Society will be held in New York City, December 29th, 30th and 31st, 1914. The convention dinner, held on December 30th, will discuss the subject "How Can Permanent Peace be Assured?" Among the speakers are Hamilton Holt, editor of *The Independent*, Charlotte Perkins Gilman, Morris Hillquit, Prof. Ellen Hayes and Florence Kelley. The other sessions will be addressed by well known authorities on Socialism and social reform.

Full details concerning the convention may be obtained from the society's headquarters, 41 Union Square, W., N. Y. City. All collegians interested in the subject of Socialism will be welcome at the various sessions of the convention.

The freshman and sophomore classes at Williams have passed motions expressing the sentiment of the respective classes that the pushball contest should not be held during the present year.

TIPPERARY WRITTEN IN U. S. BUT FIRST PUBLISHED IN ENGLAND.

Oddly enough "It's a Long, Long Way to Tipperary" was written in the United States. The composer, Mr. Harry Williams, wrote the song in 1912, at Douglas Manor, on Long Island. It was first published in

England, where it roused little enthusiasm until after the war began. Now it is constantly on the lips of Scotch Highlanders, Canadian volunteers, native Bengalese, and English and Irish alike. The French have had it translated, and they, too, sing it as they go into battle.—Youths' Companion.

When Brown played a 0-0 game with Harvard, on November 14, the ball used in the game was presented to Brown, through the courtesy of Captain Brickley.

Regular basketball practice every afternoon was started November 16 at Williams.

The 0-0 tie game between Colgate and Syracuse led a Colgate enthusiast to remark that "the Orange was marmaladed."

At Brown University members of the senior class who have not paid their dues are ineligible to vote for class officers.

The Hamilton freshmen, taking advantage of the Buff and Blue trip to Schenectady November 14, slipped away from the sophomores and held their banquet without interruption.

A SONNET.

I hear men mourn for Rheims in ashes laid.
The churchman, scholar, artist all lament
The thunderbolt of war, whose mad descent,
A ruin of a grand cathedral made.
Men curse the son of Attila whose blade
And fire with envy, hate, ambition blent
To mingle with the dust of ages sent
What naught but bungling hands of mortals
made.
The noblest work of God, a trifling pawn,
Is sacrificed to war's relentless hell.
The temple of the human soul is gone,
Ten thousand grander temples with it fell.
The sheep-bell's tinkle is its only knell
Of flocks that graze among its bones at
dawn.

R. E. T., '16.

LIBRARY NOTES.

Madam Launt Thompson, 129 Via Seraglio, Florence, Italy, widow of Launt Thompson, the famous American sculptor, who designed the two busts in the library, has given a book written by her son, entitled "Il Trentino, La Venezia, etc."

Sir Gilbert Parker has presented a book under the title of "Why We Are at War," which gives a British viewpoint of the war situation. He has also contributed a pamphlet entitled "Events Leading Up to the Rupture With Turkey."

Out of 300 members of the Academic Senior class at Yale, who voted on the question of daily compulsory chapels only 80 voted to abolish it, all the others voting that it be maintained.

TEN YEARS AGO.

The following notes of interest were taken from volume twenty-eight of the Concordiensis, which was published ten years ago:

At one of the first college meetings of the year the students were surprised by the announcement that the gymnasium would be heated during the winter.

The hundredth anniversary of the accession of Dr. Nott to the presidency of the college was celebrated by hundreds of Union alumni and friends.

The junior class then gave a series of proms.

A notice was published that Mr. Murphy of Tammany Hall was not a Union graduate.

The minutes of the college meeting were then published in the "Concordy."

There are several things that the fresh-

men should be careful to note. In the first place he should take particular pains to be present on the football field every afternoon. This is expected of everybody. He should remember that it is his place to speak to every fellow student he happens to meet on the campus or elsewhere and learn the football yells and songs as soon as possible. Above all he should remember that he is only a freshman.—Hamilton Life.

The new lighting arrangements about the college grounds far surpass anything similar in the past. Who ever is responsible may accept the thanks of the entire student body and the probable ill-will of many Terrace Romeos from the city.

During the fall of 1904 Union beat R. P. I. 21 to 0; Rutgers 35 to 0; Trinity 22 to 0; and Middlebury 41 to 0.

THE INNOCENT BYSTANDER.

Chirp the Fifth.

Every so often an interregnum comes similar to the present one—a cessation of hostilities, when one athletic team has completed its activities, and the succeeding one has not yet begun its. This is usually a period of reconstruction, or, more specifically, of lioning. And for only a short time does the "grind" come into his own.

Attitudes vary regarding the status of the "grind." Attitudes vary even regarding the definition of the "grind." To some, "grind" means anyone who gets first grades; to others, anyone who sequesters himself constantly in his room and is impervious to every lure save that of his books. Some claim that grinds do grind merely for the grades; others are liberal enough to concede that there is a sincere desire for knowledge back of it all.

Whatever be the technical definition of the grind, his star seems on the ascendancy. There was a time, not so very remote, that

"greasy" was the sole attribute to that sort of individual. But when at alumni reunions it became noticed that the despised "greasy grind" was often the earliest to send in his assessment, people began to take notice. Now people are unanimous in saying that, no matter how much a man study, if he go out for some outside activity, the name "grind" is a misnomer.

But a word must be said in justification of the man whose time is spent solely in study. We would expect him to be wholly without college spirit. But what is college spirit if it be not accompanied by renunciation? Doesn't it seem that a man who stays away from a game because he has to grind, realizes that he is missing something? Doesn't it take more moral courage to renounce than to yield? Isn't he doing as much for his college in his room as he could in the cheering section? And if the grind be really unselfish in his motives, isn't he entitled to a lot of respect, not to say admiration?

The question the Innocent Bystander wishes to raise is whether the grind should be praised or condemned. Well?

THE INNOCENT BYSTANDER.

MOUSTACHES.

Students and others at the Universitas Concordiae have been alarmed by the certain appearance of symptoms of that disease which manifests itself by labial capillary eruptions. It is hardly fair to say that these animals, known as the common or garden, variety of moustache, have burst forth. We should say, rather, that they have slunk forth like a thief in the night, save that their proud possessors have used everything from moral suasion to forceps to coax the little darlings from their lairs. The history of the moustache epidemic at Union is interesting. Beginning with our

A B C mediator, Cavalcanti, the disease has spread through the senior class (attacking a member of the Terrace Council), and is gaining great headway among the juniors. Among the varieties are the corkscrew or Foster Brown variety; the porcupine, or Leon Streeter variety; the docile or Corny Lowell variety, and the invisible, or Not Finch variety. Then there are moustaches rampant and couchant, moustaches hysterical and hypocritical, moustaches of faith, a la Lewis, moustaches of hope, a la Henry Faust, moustaches of charity, a la Gene Hummer—and the greatest of these is charity!

For the benefit of would-be hirsute decorators, we append the following rules for the cultivation of the moustache:

I. Never provoke a moustache or use unkind words to it.

II. Never feed a moustache between meals.

III. Never bring it suddenly from a cool room into a warm one.

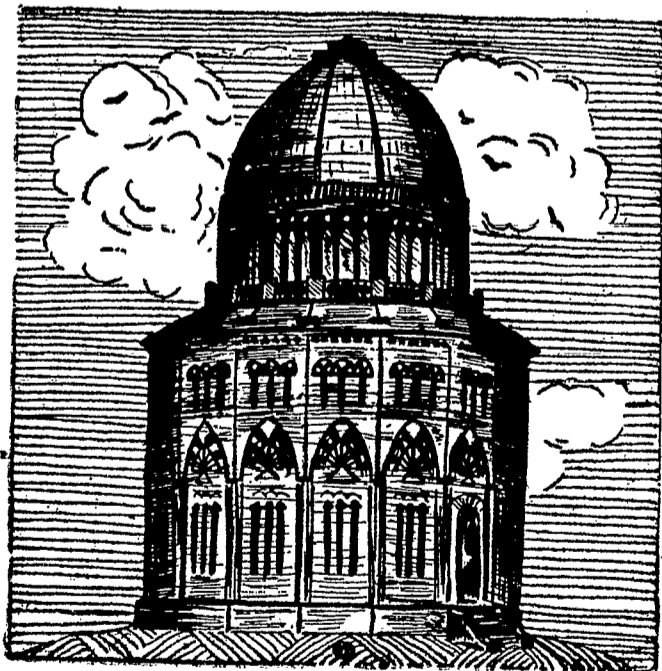
IV. Never sink it into a piece of mince pie, as the moustache is easily frightened.

V. Always greet a fellow moustache with a friendly "Hello."

VI. When entering the chemical laboratory, always hand the moustache over to the attendant, who will keep it safely until the close of the period.

VII. Moustaches should be seen and not heard.

By diligently following the above rules anyone may grow a respectable and law-abiding moustache within the brief space of a decade. In order to rid one's self of a moustache, a simple way is to sneak up behind it with a blackjack, beat it into insensibility, chloroform it, asphyxiate it, trample it under foot, and if by this time it is not reduced to submission, apply the double edged Gillette method. A sure way of removing a moustache is to amputate the upper lip. This is, however, considered bad for the health if practiced too frequently.



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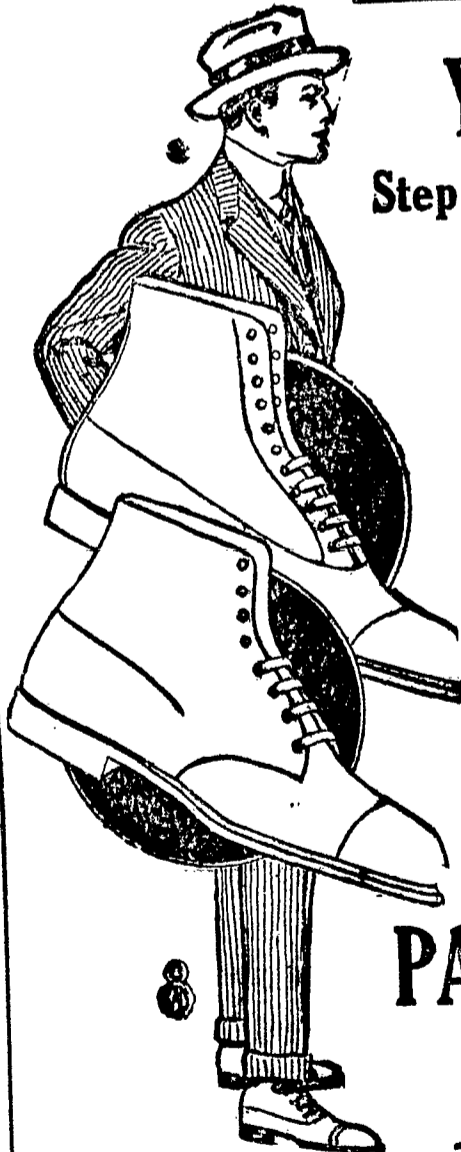
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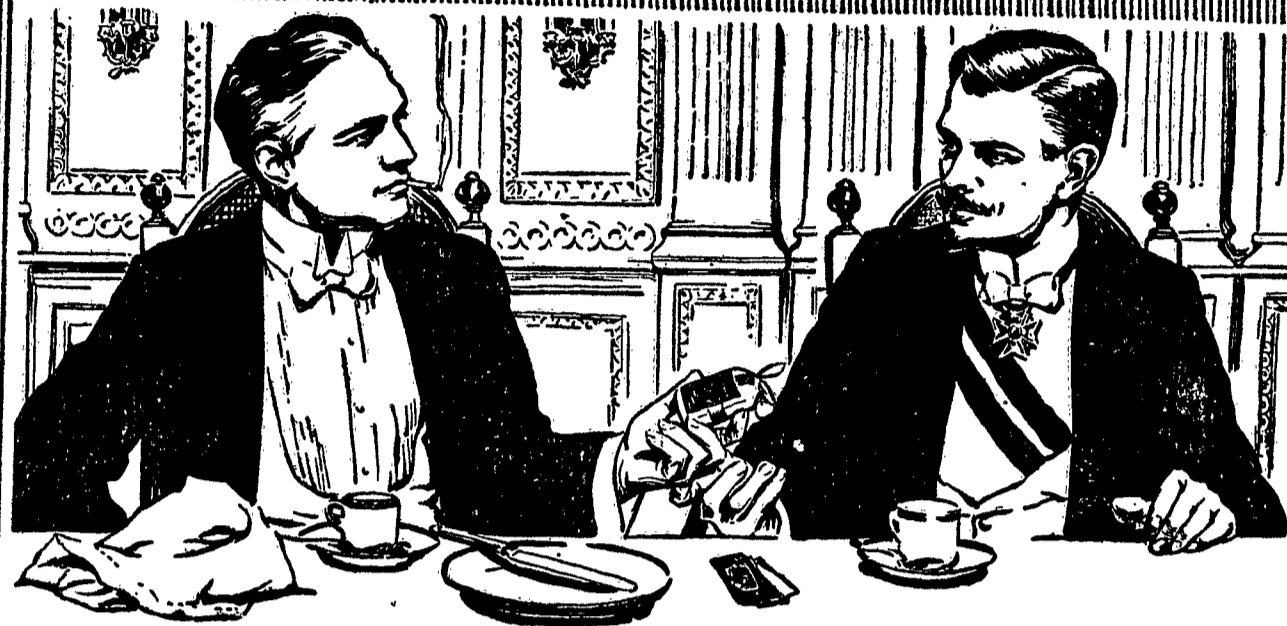
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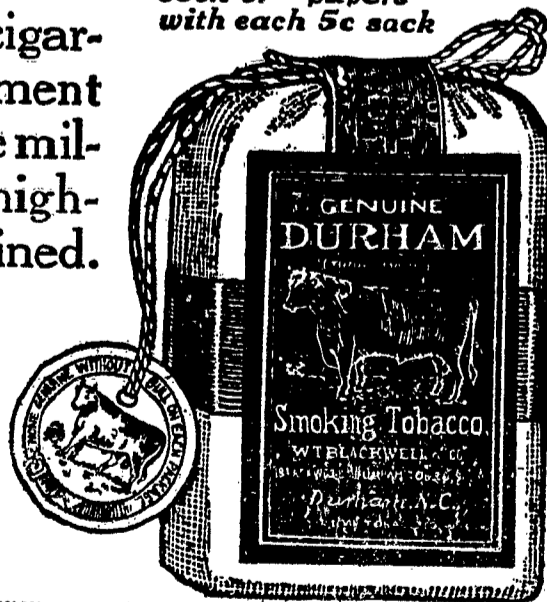
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