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Editorial.

WE admit that we like fun when it results in no injury, and must congratulate the wits in the Sophomore class for their account of the Freshman class supper. The use of legitimate fun varies the monotony of the college course, and even the persons at whose expense the laugh is raised, can enjoy the joke. If the men would indulge their superabundant energies in this manner and not in destroying property, it would be a cause for general congratulation.

THE Senior class has now finished its rhetorical work under Prof. Lamoroux. (Excepting, of course, the men who have neglected their work.) That the work has been beneficial, no one will deny, and we ought to rejoice that it is as well attended to as it is, when we consider the many duties which fall to the Professor's lot. We hope that, though it will be of no advantage to us, at some future day to have

a practical elocutionist employed by the college. What the men need is not so much to be shown how to use their voices as to be taught how to develop them. A very small amount of work under a competent person would bring about much improvement. All the leading colleges have such persons employed, and college men throughout the country realizing the need of voice development enter into the work with eagerness.

NOT only the city papers, but several college publications have taken upon themselves to severely criticize the prizes which were offered last fall to the students of Union College. Such criticisms often emanate from persons who are ignorant of the circumstances of the case. If the aim of the donor in offering these prizes was good, as it undoubtedly was, then we see no reason for any such criticisms. For the benefit of our readers, and to correct the false impression about these prizes, we give the facts as they are: The following is an extract from the minutes of the Faculty meeting of November 9th, 1882: "Pres. Potter gave notice of four prizes—two for the rooms most clean, healthful and beautiful." It is understood that the President is not at liberty to give the name of the donor. Major McMurray accordingly gave

notice to students that four prizes of books would be given for the four best rooms so adjudged by the committee. Cleanliness and healthfulness being the prevailing elements, and being required for each of the four prizes; while two of them had the added element of beauty; *not costliness*, which has no essential element in the matter, whatever. For men, however, who have money, there are worse or less useful ways of spending it than in beautifying their rooms; so that in case of sickness, a mother or sister visiting them will find something home-like. No prize is offered for *costliness*—beauty results from neatness and taste, which should be encouraged always, but in every prize cleanliness and healthfulness are the prime requirements. The poorest occupants in a pecuniary point of view have full claim and fair opportunity in the matter. All these prizes then are based on what every room should have—healthfulness, neatness and care. As to beauty, the committee may decide that he who does most to make his room sightly with the least means, has won the prize over the costliest rooms, which may be found disorderly and neglected.

WE had hoped that childish or rather rowdyish sentiment, which is a relic of the past,

had departed from the college, but we see that we are doomed to disappointment. The valiant Sophomores are doubtless reflecting that they did an immensely funny or brave action in setting up the Freshmen's rooms while their owners were miles away. Sophomoric dignity was appeased. We, however, wish to say that we believe the best part of the Sophomore class did not take part in the affair, nor even uphold it. The day is coming, though slowly, when a man can live in college, subject only to the rules which he is bound to obey everywhere, and when a person who enters a locked room without permission of the owner, will be dealt with as any other criminal. We sincerely hope that the present Freshmen when they become Sophomores will reflect on the foolishness of such rowdyism, and remember the class below them has the same rights as any set of gentlemen have, and that even by striking them they do not revenge themselves for any ill-treatment they have received from their predecessors. If this result is attained, at least something will be done to better the morals of the college.

THE lectures given by Mr. Wallace Bruce in the Presbyterian Chapel on Thursday and Friday evenings, the 1st and 2d of March,

were both interesting and instructive. Nearly every student who heard them came away with eulogies for the speaker. The lecture of Thursday evening, "Landmarks of Scott," we think the finer of the two, although the latter, "Robert Burns," was probably as good as the subject permitted. The entire manner in which he treated Scott, his works and their influence; the descriptions of Scottish scenery; the quiet beauty of Abbotsford and its surroundings; together with that wonderful and touching contrast between Scott and Napoleon, all drew the rapt attention of the audience. The speaker has left a picture in our minds not soon to be forgotten. We would return many thanks to the gentleman, through whose influence Mr. Bruce visited our city and college. Such intellectual treats are most fitting to vary the monotony of our every day college life.

IT certainly speaks well for the college that such marked interest has been shown this year in the two literary societies. On every Saturday morning this term both the Adelphic and Philomathean halls have been well attended. The impromptu speeches, orations, essays and debates, have shown preparation and thought, both for personal benefit and the good of others. The

joint-debates of last year threw an energy into the literary work now being felt by every one. The defeated party recognize the fact that though not the fortunate winners of the debates, yet the intrinsic value of the exercise has been equally shared by all. This month another joint-debate takes place. The subject is one of the most interesting which we have yet had. All the debaters have been hard at work, and will, no doubt, contest warmly for the mastery. All of this we are glad to see, and feel proud of, but we would like to ask the question, why it is, that out of one hundred and seventy-five students, only about one-fourth belong to either one of the societies. This is certainly to be deplored. Membership and attendance should be made compulsory, if the student cannot otherwise appreciate the advantages which he is thus losing. What college graduate is there who is not called upon at some time in his life, either to address public bodies, or to give impromptu toasts, or speeches? Then his college experience comes to his aid. There are men here now, who though expecting to lead professional lives, have never joined either one of the societies. They will thus leave college unprepared to take up the work in view. Many a man has regretted this in after life. Looking

back over our four years, we can truly say that we value the time spent in the debating halls as among the most precious of our course. There are still many men in the Sophomore and Freshman classes not belonging to either the Adelpic or Philomathean. It is never too late to mend, and now is the time for action. Let every college man think of this as a duty and avail himself of this opportunity to develop earnestness, brains and energy.

THE communication to the editor of the CONCORDIENSIS in this issue comes from one whose experience has taught him so to speak. What he is bold enough to say is certainly the voice of the whole body of students. We would ask, at any rate, that something be done to change the system of prizes for the Sophomore and Junior stage.

WE do not like to keep up a continual complaint. In fact, grumbling does not pay. But just for a change we wish to speak out plainly on a matter which certainly deserves consideration. While new buildings are being put up, and our college surroundings are generally being improved, why is it, that year after year, summer and winter, those cess-pools of ashes, slops, &c., are allowed to collect back of the

two colleges? Is it not possible that the refuse from the rooms could be carried further away, so as not to be under our very windows? During the spring and summer these odoriferous piles taint the air of every back room on the lower floors. It has often seemed strange to us that the authorities of the college have allowed this thing to go on. Can we expect anything better than fevers, when day and night such air must be breathed into our systems? Is the health committee blind to all this? If not, why do they complacently let such facts pass unnoticed? Every man in college recognizes the existence of this evil, and will uphold us in crying out against it.

IN LUCK!

'Twas a Freshman I heard, as I sauntered along,
Near a group of his fellows one day,
Retailing the glorious points of his class :
There were none so intrepid as they.

And a Sophomore, too, within half a day's time,
By a similar boast caught my ear :
His class was the staunchest Old Union had raised,
Never were there such strangers to fear.

Then a staid Junior next raised his dark soulful
[eyes,
Humbly begging the right to remark,
That his own class, indeed, was the stunningest
[class,
Full as tuneful and free as the lark.

Then I rubbed my two palms till the skin all came
[off,
Overcome with exorbitant glee,
Because naught was the need of such transcendent
[traits,
Oh superlative Senior, in thee !

If you climb not so high, why, you risk not the fall
Which your young brothers risk, don't you see?
And 'tis glory enough, as your brothers, to have
The most bold, the most brave, the most free.
ZOR, '83.

JIMJAMS JIM ;

THE BOSS BOY OF BOVINE BURROW. A
THRILLING TALE OF RURAL LIFE.
BY JESSE JAMES HOWLS, JR.

CHAP I.

THE BOSS BOY.

Jimjams Jim was undoubtedly the Boss Boy of Bovine Burrow :—even the gossiping old maids admitted that, and furthermore it was a question whether there dwelt within the limits of that particular town any who cared to dispute it with our hero, for to speak plainly, he was no chicken.

His figure was manly. His weight two hundred, and he carried about with him a pair of shoulders worthy of a John L. Sullivan. Upon the whole he was the best looking young fellow in town, and fully capable of carrying out the part of hero in this remarkable story.

Now, Bovine Burrow was a quiet place, although occasionally a little amusement in the shape of a free fight was enjoyed by all, and especially by Jimjams Jim, who entered into the sport with all the pristine zeal which his father had on more than one occasion displayed. It

might be well here to state that our hero was an orphan; but for all that he had never darkened the door of an orphan asylum. His father's name was likewise Jimjams, given him on account of his having had that disease quite frequently.

When our little hero was just learning to masticate navy plug, the old man died, and so Bovine Burrow, when it laid in the cold grave the body, whose jimjams days were over, were loath that so good a name should disappear, agreed then and there to call the poor little orphan by the cognomen of his lost parent.

Our hero was now thrown upon the cruel world at a very tender age, an age when most little boys in his position would have perished. Did little Jimjams perish? Not much; he was abundantly able to manage his carcass.

His first essay as a Boss Boy on the muscle was when a lad of fifteen, he literally wiped the black-boards of the school-room with the ponderous teacher, and then chucked him into the horse-pond at the side of the building. From that time Jimjams became a prominent and much respected citizen of Bovine Burrow society.

A quiet town was Bovine Burrow, as has been before mentioned, but my readers must not get the notion that on this account there were no

nice young ladies in the place. In fact, Bovine Burrow could boast of a larger number of pretty girls than any town for miles around.

There was Mutty Milkpail, the rosiest little darling in the world, with two cheeks as beautiful as fall pippins.

Hattie Horsebeam was a very beautiful and refined girl, although she would sometimes use such words as "dry up" and "git along now."

Pussy Pumpkinvine was an amiable girl with sweet manners, and was always the recipient of a great deal of attention from the boys. And there were scores of others whose charms made them as attractive as the above three.

Among that host of beauties which dwelt in our hero's town, there was one, however, whose dazzling beauty had long since placed Bovine Burrow at her feet, and I would fain halt and grasp my pen more firmly ere I paint that lovely vision. I am painfully aware that I shall not do her justice, but to keep her sweet self entirely from my readers, would be extremely selfish on my part, so whether I fail or not, here goes:

Aramantha Anne Strawberries-andcream was the adopted daughter of old Squire Sourgrapes, whose palatial residence looked forth serenely upon the town pump. She was the most peerless of the peerless, the

daisiest of the daisies, and by far the most beautiful and perfect being that the world, and especially Bovine Burrow, had ever gazed upon.

From the top of her flaxen curls, down her eight-cent calico, to the tips of her sixes, she was too lovely to live; and then her character was so noble. She possessed great pride, something every heroine must have in order to amount to anything. I merely state this as a fact, and not because our heroine is going to show this characteristic to any remarkable degree. She may not show it all, but nevertheless she is going to have it handy in case necessity should demand a little. Never yet had her heart been moved by the advancements of her many lovers. In a word, love's young dart had never pierced her hide.

But notwithstanding this, Dame Rumor had been going the rounds in her night gown, (as the weather was rather warm) and the consequence was that the names of Miss Strawberriesandcream and Marmaduke Porkandbeans were talked of in confidential whispers accompanied by eye-winks, and some ventured boldly to say that a wedding would soon take place. But public opinion is always wrong, and so it was in this case, for although our heroine did not actually hate Porkandbeans, yet her pride (I thought we would get a

chance to bring it in before long) would never allow her to propose to any man, whether that man be Marmaduke Porkandbeans or Jimjams Jim.

The former young man who, I confess, has been introduced rather unceremoniously into this story was none other than the editor of the Bovine Burrow Budget. His eyes were always surrounded by dark rings, which had been formed by setting type late nights. After all it does not make any matter how he looked, for he was a villain of the deepest dye. If you don't believe it wait and see.

It was May, that delightful month when old fossils love to crawl forth into the sunshine and bask their corns, when little boys get chills and fever by swimming in the cold river, and our young men have last summer's suit dyed, and haul forth the white derby which has done duty for two seasons.

The soothing sunbeams had penetrated the utmost recesses of Bovine Burrow, and everybody was friskiness personified, and the result was that parties and picnics were the order of the day. The grand affair of the season, however, had not yet come off. The ball which was to take place on the 25th, at the tavern, was eagerly looked forward to by all, and for a week beforehand the Store

did quite a business in twelve-cent calico and paper collars.

It was also understood that the Bovine Burrow Amateur Orchestra would furnish the required noise for the light fantastic. Everybody told everybody else that they would surely be on hand. Jimjams Jim remarked to a friend that he would rather miss a circus than not be present, "and between you and me, Josh," said he, "I expect to have a large time."

Glowing prognostications of the great event appeared in the Budget accompanied by a full list of the invited guests. Jimjams Jim's name however was not mentioned.

The villain Porkandbeans had made a mortal enemy. The 25th at last arrived and found everything in preparation to receive it. Jimjams Jim was not to be bluffed by the gross newspaper lie. No—he would be the first guest in the ball-room.

CHAP. II.

THE BOSS BOY'S REVENGE.

Sure enough, our hero was the first to enter the gayly festooned and brilliantly lighted hall. Directly he made his way to the bar, which he happened to be running on that particular night, and gave the bartender orders not to sell peanuts, cider or any refreshments to Porkandbeans.

Jimjams Jim was about to work a just revenge on the man that had

wronged him. In a short time the guests began to arrive. Then came the orchestra, and immediately there was a tooting of horns and scraping of bows, accompanied by an occasional musical thud upon the base drum. At last everything was in readiness. Jimjams Jim had secured for his partner the lovely Aramantha, while the detestable Porkandbeans, coldly left, glared upon him from the door way. Jimjams Jim and his fair companion were the target of every eye. He bent his head and murmured in dulcet tones, "My gol, Aramantha, you look awful fly this eve." Our heroine was used to flattery, but not to the fond voice in which those words were uttered. She was moved, her breast heaved, and she answered in shy whispers, "Jimjams Jim, you're the nicest feller in this here town." Jimjams' heart began to kick like so many canal mules, he pressed her hand and the pressure was returned. He now knew that he had touched a tender cord in the bosom of the hitherto invincible beauty, and his happiness was complete.

The music struck up and away they all went helter-skelter in the delights of a country polka. There was a parson hugging his girl like a bear, and driving around the room as if he were run by steam. After him tore farmer Jones with a plump

little damsel in his arms, blowing like a gale of wind, but bound to catch the parson or collapse in the attempt. What a scamper, what a kicking of heels, what a wild enthusiasm possessed everyone! Down they rushed to the end of the room and became as entangled as a bunch of angle-worms, then breaking loose, off they tore again to the other end, each couple crazy to reach there first.

So it was kept up until the orchestra fainted, the boys' paper collars became wilted and the girls' new dresses were mussed to an alarming degree; then they stopped to rest and refresh with cider and peanuts. The bartender was nearly overcome with the urgent demands of his many customers. Amid the universal uproar was heard the nasal voice of Porkandbeans clamoring "cider for two." But he was not even noticed by the worthy dealer of refreshments. "Give me two ciders!" he yelled in his rage. People now began to remark his agitation. The answer from the bartender now came, "I've got orders from the boss not to sell booze to snides." The wrath of the Budget editor was something terrible to behold, and he was just on the point of leaping the bar and cleaning out everything and everybody behind it, when he was suddenly seized by the pants and hurled through a window into the street. The Boss

Boy had got up on his muscle and his revenge was accomplished. "I go now," shrieked the defeated man, "but beware henceforth of M. Porkandbeans, the editor of the Bovine Burrow Budget."

This fearful threat made no impression upon our hero, and he was at once pressed with congratulations for the manly way in which he had removed the unpopular editor.

The remainder of the ball was most heartily enjoyed. Jimjams and Aramantha found more than one opportunity to indulge in those innocent little sweetnesses which lovers are so fond of. He took her home, of course, when the time arrived, and although the distance was short, the load of cider and peanuts which both carried retarded locomotion to such an extent that they did not reach the garden gate till they had been on the way nearly half an hour.

"To-morrow night," he said, on parting with her, "if I get the milkin' done in time, I'll come around and see the Squire 'bout our gettin' married." "All right dearest," was the reply, "and if he don't consent, I'll leave the old tyrant and set up a millinery shop; that's the kind of a Lydia E. Pinkham beauty I am." With a lingering-gingerbread-mollasses kiss they sought their respective downy couches.

No sooner had they gone than the

form of the villain Porkandbeans rose from behind a stump on the opposite side of the street, and his menacing looks boded no good to the young lovers.

CHAP. III.

THE BOSS BOY IN A FIX.

True to his promise, the next evening Jimjams appeared at Squire Sourgrapes'. Aramantha greeted him with a lovely smile, and looking to see if the coast was clear, put up her little mouth to receive osculation. Jimjams covered it with his six by four. "Where is the old snoozer?" said our hero, as soon as the first joy of their meeting was over. "In the old north wing," replied Aramantha. "Then stay you here, my maple sugar, while I hie me hence to conciliate the old rascal." With these words Jimjams moved towards the door, and after having traversed a quarter of a mile of dark passages, he entered the scanty chamber of the Squire.

"Good evenin' Squire, how's yourself?" cheerfully remarked Jimjams. "Good enough, you blackguard, what do you want here?"

Our hero without delay pitched into the object of his visit, and pretending not to notice the want of hospitality in those last words, said in his most enticing manner, "Squire, me and Aramantha want to get married. I suppose it's all right?"

The Squire's face blackened, and in insulting tones he replied, "No, it's all wrong, you loafer! What—do you think I'd part with my chief cook and bottle washer? Who'd wash my overalls and cut my corns, I'd like to know? Let her go? Well, I should smile, not."

"By the bones of me father Jimjams, she shall go, and that too, with me. Give consent or beware the vengeance of the Boss Boy," thundered our hero; but the old man was not to be changed from his original standpoint. For an hour the angry discussion lasted and Jimjams had not accomplished the object of his mission. His very presence seemed to momentarily increase the old man's wrath, and fearing that in a fit of anger he might strike him, he abruptly left the room. He now sought Aramantha and broke to her the result of the interview. The poor girl wept copiously upon his woolen shirt, and her sobs were pitiful to hear. "Good bye darling," he said, "I'll come again before the week is out, and mebbe we'll elope."

Hating as he did to leave her, he at last tore himself away, and hastened to the tavern. An hour went by; Jimjams Jim and some friends were enjoying a social glass, when suddenly a cry of alarm sounded down the street. They hurried out, our hero at the head, and ran in the

direction of the voice. People came running on all sides from their houses, and joined them in the race. On, on they flew. Great Heavens, the voice was leading them to the Squire's house! They arrived on the spot and found a goodly number of neighbors already there. Eager to learn the worst, they inquired the cause of so much commotion, and were told that old Squire Sourgrapes had been found murdered in his own house. Yes, the Squire had been murdered and what was more terrible the scrawny finger of suspicion pointed to Jimjams Jim as his MURDERER!!!

(To be continued).

"YOUTH MAY BE SILLY."

There was a maid and she was fair

At kirk and market to be seen ;

She wore the best imported hair,

And used her fan just like a screen.

In fairy tones her voice would ring,

And these her constant words would be :

"That's just too sweet for any thing—

I think you're mean now, he, he, he!"

OR CONVERSELY.

There was a youth and he was fair,

At kirk and market to be seen ;

He had a chronic sneering air,

And thought all other people green.

At all the maidens he would stare,

He rolled his eyes and blandly smole ;

Upon his lips he had some hair,

And in his pocket had a hole.

Q. E. D.

ADVICE TO SENIORS.

The Senior class has been in a state of excitement ever since they begun to study Moral Philosophy. Among the many practical questions brought up by this science is "The selection of a wife." All the term have they been anxiously awaiting the Dr.'s promised lecture or advice on this subject. Breathless with pleasure every one listened to the reading of Timothy Titcomb's letter on the all-absorbing topic. Good, hard common sense that was too, but some of the hearers, *who are already engaged*, wisely remarked as they came out of recitation, "It is very well for Mr. Titcomb to talk that way but—well—we do not agree with him." The trouble is that those Seniors are not yet twenty-five, the wise age for which Mr. Titcomb advise them to wait before choosing a wife. Being interested in the future welfare of those members of the Senior class we would advise them to read the following spicy article. Read and reflect :

EARLY MARRIAGES.

Nine-tenths of the unhappy marriages are the result of green human calves being allowed to run at large in the society pastures without any yokes on them. They marry and have children before they do mustaches ; they are fathers of twins be-

tore they are proprietors of two pairs of pants, and the little girls they marry are old women before they are twenty years old. Occasionally one of these gosling marriages turns out all right, but it is a clear case of luck. If there was a law against young galoots sparking and marrying before they have cut all their teeth, we suppose the little fellows would evade it in some way, but there ought to be a sentiment against it. It is time enough for these bantams to think of finding a pullet when they have raised money enough to buy a bundle of laths to build a hen house. But they see a girl who looks cunning and they are afraid there are not going to be girls enough to go around, and then they begin their work real spry; and before they are aware of the sanctity of the marriage relation they are hitched for life, and before they own a cookstove or a bedstead, they have to get up in the night and go after the doctor, so frightened that they run themselves out of breath and abuse the doctor because he doesn't run too, and when the doctor gets there there is not enough linen in the house to wrap up a doll-baby.—*Exchange*.

—Prof. Staley, who for some time has been troubled with rheumatism appears to be not much better, but this has no effect upon his kind and jovial disposition.

'81 CLASS SUPPER.

The class of '81 had a re-union and supper at the Windsor restaurant, Albany, Thursday evening, February 1st. After the elaborate menu had been thoroughly discussed, the time was occupied with impromptu toasts, story telling and songs, until an early hour in the morning. A number of characteristic letters and telegrams from the boys were read and heartily enjoyed. The whole affair was a decided success, the only drawback being that so many were unavoidably detained. The following members of the class were present: Meneely, Abbott, Cameron, Lester, McFalls, White, Devlin, Younglove, McClellan, Williams, Glen.

* * * * *

Williams appeared in full dress.

E. T. E. was not present, but sent special counsel to the boys not to get full.

Younglove found himself quite a stranger, but was heartily welcomed.

McFalls greatly lamented the absence of Wiswall, who had an important engagement (a horse stealing case before a justice) that night.

A very pleasant surprise was the unexpected arrival of Abbott, who was supposed to be in the wilds of Montana.

Meneely presided in his usual inimitable manner. He deserves the

thanks, not only of those present, but of the whole class, for his earnest labor for the success of the supper.

The "Dominies" song was sung with a will, and brought back memories of former class suppers.

Hurrah, Hurrah, for '81,
Hurrah, Hurrah, for Union ;
May future days resound the praise
Of '81 and Union.

COMMUNICATION.

EDITOR OF THE CONCORDIENSIS:—

The success which has attended several of your recent efforts to improve the condition of the students of this college and to place matters before the college authorities in the light in which they are viewed by the students, has induced me to offer the following suggestions: We are rapidly approaching the third term and already, doubtless, those who have oratorical aspirations are thinking upon subjects for orations preparatory to entering on the contest for the prize stage. Enough competitors will probably present themselves to make the affair, in a degree, a success. But there are many who would like to compete, if there was an encouragement given to those doing so by the authorities of this College. What are the facts in re-

gard to the case? The prize at present is a misnomer when applied to the reward bestowed in the past upon the successful contestants at our exercises. It would be far better to abolish all prize-giving, and leave the honor of being successful as the incentive, than to insult a man by presenting him with such a miserable recompense as has been done herè hitherto. It may be, however, that this is not the fault of the authorities of this College, and that better things may be looked for when some Good Samaritan will establish a suitable fund wherewith to secure proper prizes. But there is another objectionable feature in these exercises, as at present conducted, and one which lies entirely in the hands of the faculty themselves to remedy. It is that the professors do not give encouragement and dignity to the contests by being present at them. What is worth doing at all is worth doing well. If the faculty deem these contests of sufficient importance to institute and maintain them they should consider them worthy of their attendance. And yet, besides Prof. Lameroux, who conducted the exercises, but two professors were present at the last contest, and these were of the younger members of the faculty. How can it be expected that the students will take an interest in that which the professors

neglect? It seems to me that the majority of the faculty should not only be present, but also should occupy seats upon the platform. This would certainly give more dignity to the exercises, secure the presence of a larger number of competitors at preliminary trial, and be productive of a higher standard of excellence. Another objectionable feature, and one productive of much grumbling among the students is, the fact that they are in general compelled to purchase all their books of one man in this city, and at whatever prices he can obtain. This motto seems to be "all the traffic will bear." No competition, no reduction, all gain and greed. The authorities of this institution well know that its students are not young millionaires, yet they, year after year, suffer this to go on without instituting measures for our relief. This may seem a small matter, but it is not, as any of the students can testify. The College Book Store is no help, as its prices are regulated by those of the party above mentioned. In this case negligence to relieve from, not an actual imposition of, a burden is what I think can be laid to the authorities' charge.

DAMOCLES.

—The Freshmen were allowed one bolt the day following their class supper.

Local.

—The Pathfinder—Coon.

—The winter's tale—The ulster.

—Examinations will soon be upon us.

—General reviews have commenced.

—We have recently had calls from some of the Alumni.

—Professor Lamoroux has been ill but is now around again.

—Read carefully the editorial on the subject of prize systems.

—A Soph lately expressed his intention of going home on the 35th of May.

—There will be no more class suppers this year, since the Fresh have had one.

—Prof. Perkins lectures to the Juniors three times a week on very interesting subjects.

—Tony Pastor—The clergyman with the eye-glass and button-hole bouquet.

—The Juniors have not yet had a meeting of their House of Representatives.

—When the canal opens, Prof. Staley has promised to take the Sophomore engineers to see an oblique arch.

—More numbers of our college periodical were disposed of at the last publication than at any time this year. Success crowns our efforts.

—Junior in heat —“ Professor, what do they generally use here for freezing water?” Prof.—“They generally wait for winter.”

—Major McMurray is giving the Sophomores and Freshmen lessons in target practice. Taking all things into consideration, they are doing very well. No one has yet been shot, and it cost very little to supply them with targets.

—Junior—“The machine consists of a fly-wheel which is turned by a crank and— Prof.—“Did you ever turn one.” Exit Junior.

—A few days before their class supper one of the Freshmen stated his intention of going to Troy to look around the place lest he be lost when he got there. We haven't heard of him since.

—A pane of glass would not be out of place in the door of the South College bath-room, the truth of which is painfully evident to all who have washed there this winter.

—The gymnasium is now used by the hurlers of the festive ball, and others who take pleasure in participating in athletic sports. Our old friend “Vandey” occasionally enlivens the scene by his daring feats.

—The general improvement of our college home is becoming the topic of conversation in this city. The striking effect of the new structure commands the admiration and praise of all lovers of art.

—Scene in Latin recitation—Prof: “What form of the hypothetical period is that, Mr. —?” Student (overcome by the length of the expression): It's—it's—a conditional sentence, isn't it?”

—It is rumored that Judson, '86, is not to return after this term. Mr. Judson has won many friends during his short stay with us, and all will be sorry to hear of his decision.

—At the examination at the close of the second term of the Albany law school the following students from this city satisfactorily passed: H. Glen, Robert J. Landon and Frank Bauder. The subjects of examination were: “Partnership,” “Bargain and Sale,” “Equity,” “Domestic Relations,” “Criminal Law,” and “Agency.”

—There is a general complaint that the papers and periodicals are constantly being removed from the reading room without permission. Now, to begin with, who are we going to ask, Colonel Picket, or the Freshmen? We had the good fortune to hear a man complaining about this, and talking in a very authoritative manner about what ought to be done; while in this tantrum one of his energetic gestures exposed the *Daily Times* protruding from his pocket. He was on his way from the reading room to his own apartment.

—A bold Freshman, not long ago, on taking off his overcoat in the gymnasium to prepare himself for target practice, emptied a pack of cards out of his pocket. The spectators considered it a bad “give away” on the Fresh, but were greatly shocked. Alas, so young, yet so depraved!

—The Sophomore and Junior classes this term have been doing extra work in Greek. The former have read two plays of Aeschylus, and the latter two of Sophocles, while last year only one play of each author was read.

—Another room in the new building has been furnished as a recitation room, and is used by Professor Price for mathematics.

—Woodbridge, '86, who was obliged to leave College some time ago, on account of his eyes, has returned, feeling much better after his rest.

—Attention Freshmen—It will not be necessary to buy milk, bottles and rubber attachments much longer, for our cows will soon roam the pasture again.

—The Freshmen are already preparing for cremation, and if they do not conduct it the fates will work against them. A coat of mail will be a necessary article of protection.

—A few of our students were recently requested to give an entertainment at Burnt Hills, for the benefit of the church, and after considering the worthy cause kindly consented. A musical and literary programme was carried out before a large and appreciative audience. The good people of that place amply provided for the entertainment of their guests, who report a pleasant time.

—We do not understand how it is that in the Senior year there is put down in the catalogue two elective studies each term, and still it is always found that all three are obligatory. This is extremely annoying to many who wish to take Greek or Hebrew at this time but find they cannot, because they have to take them as extras. We hope some change will be made before long.

—Professor: "If you attempt to squeeze any solid body it will always resist pressure." Class smile and cite examples to the contrary.

—The tutor thought it was rather reversing the rule when a wicked Sophomore, in the darkness of night, held a lighted match in his face to see who he was.

—Both literary societies have been doing good work this term, and the joint debate on the sixteenth of this month promises to be an interesting one.

—At a late meeting of the Freshman class, the president reported as the result of an election, that Mr. — had been *magnanimously elected*.

—The 22d of February, being the first full bolt this term was duly appreciated by all the students. The valiant military companies of Schenectady bravely defied the elements and marched for an hour or two through the mud and slush of the streets. There was an evident lack of patriotism on the hill.

—The alternate thaws and freezes of which we have had so many this term, gave the campus very much the appearance of an ice pond. It has been frozen so smoothly several times as to be fit for skating.

—The 56th anniversary of the founding of the Sigma Phi Fraternity was celebrated in Schenectady on Friday, March 2d, Union being the Alpha chapter. Delegates were present from all the chapters, also a number of graduate members from New York, Albany, and other places.

✓ —(There were five '81 men in the city on Monday, March 5th: Devlin, McFalls, Cameron, Wood and Glen. They have all put on a more manly look since their college days. All of the five except Wood are either living or studying in Albany.) Wood is a reporter on the Rochester *Democrat*.

—We are sorry to say that the treasury of the college has suffered by the failure of Mr. O'Neil of this city. The college trusted in his honesty, but was very much deceived. We have many fellow sufferers in the city and out of it.

The *Garnet* will not make its appearance this term as was hoped, but will be out about the middle of April. It will contain many new features, and the brief history of the college by Prof. Wells will make it valuable and interesting to every one. There will be more literary matter than usual, and its pages will be full of "rams," short and to the point. The cuts are new and amusing, and there will be pictures of Professors Perkins and Price, and also a cut of the late Clarkson N. Potter, who took such an interest in the college.

Prof. in English: What typical writer who had traveled a good deal in the East, lived in the Primitive period?

Soph: Oh, I remember now, Gulliver?

—It seems ridiculous to call Mrs. Sippi the father of waters; as well call Mr. Washington the mother of his country. By the way, speaking of Washington, we committed a great oversight last month. February is the regular month for our annual joke about the little hatchet. We ground it off as usual (the joke, not the hatchet), but our compositor inadvertantly chopped it out. We ax your pardon, however, and will be more careful in the future.

—Public speakers are sometimes compared to great and small guns. There is this marked difference, however, between speakers and guns, that with speakers the less the calibre the greater the bore.

—Two Freshmen talking about the comparative merits of the poets, were heard to utter the following dialogue:

First Freshman—Cowper, I think, is a very nice poet.

Second Freshman—Yes, but I like Moore.

First Freshman—What do you like the best?

Second Freshman—His "quoth the raven never more," is the best, I think.

—Junior, rushing into book store—"Have you Sophocles Electra?"

Clerk—"The translation do you mean?"

Bad give away!

—"The influence of the Greek alphabet on the Egyptian hieroglyphics" was the subject for a five minutes speech given in one of the literary societies.

—Prof. Ashmore says that Soph P. is too ætherial to come into the recitation room through the ventilator. So say we all of us.

—Junior H—went into Barhyte's store one evening and asked if the copy of *The Last Days of Pompey*, which he had ordered had arrived.

Old Pompey was the greatest, etc.

APROPOS OF FISH AND BRAINS.

A bard who had toiled a long time,
Vainly striving to make his lines rhyme,
Soaked his head void of wit
In a mackerel kit,
And his verses thenceforth were sublime.

—There is nothing of the dead beat about hens; they always acknowledge the corn and come up to the scratch with their bills.

—Soph in Latin spoke of the "airs" of Domitian—rather an absolute monarch, we think.

—Rev. Dr. Addison, of Washington, D. C., is here nursing his son through his sickness.

—The rooms in the new building are to be furnished with hat, coat and umbrella racks.

—The noise made by the steam pipes in the new recitation rooms amounts, on some days, to a great annoyance.

—The Seniors having taken an extra hour a week under Dr. Potter will finish up that part of their work at least two weeks before the end of the term.

—Soph in English, among the distinctive rights of the freedman in Anglo-Saxon society, mentioned his power of saying whether blood should be shed.

—Prof. dictating a lecture in Latin —“This fragment dates from the time of the Kings and was discovered at Rome in 1778, &c.”

Inquiring student—“Prof., was it in 1778, B. C.?”

Prof. to class—“Feel his head.”

—We would not intrude, but we think it advisable for the Freshmen to call out the militia and also to bribe the chief of police so as to have a large squad of heavy armed “cops.” All these will be needed on the night of cremation if the Sophs carry out their blood-thirsty threats.

—Addison, '83, is sick with a light attack of scarlet fever. As soon as the presence of the disease was discovered Dr. Pearson and Prof. Perkins had him moved to the rooms fitted up for sick students. These situated in the colonnade over Prof. Staley's department, are fitted up very comfortably. The disease was

not spread at all in the college and there are no indications that it will. We miss Dan's genial face and hope that he will soon recover without any serious consequences,

—At a regular meeting of the Christian Union of the college, held Wednesday, the 7th of March, the members adopted the constitution of the Young Men Christian Association as carried on in different colleges in the country. The college branch of the Y. M. C. A. has been very successful in the institutions where it is established and we hope its influence will be felt here.

—In English one Soph mentioned the Lithuanic race as living somewhere in the Gulf of Finland, while another speaks of the author who wrote it.

—The present Soph class will do what no class has ever before accomplished. Having finished their textbook in English they will, this term, commence Chaucer, and still they find time to “set up” the Freshmen rooms.

—At a meeting of the Freshmen class, held on Wednesday, P. M., March 5, the following officers were elected to perform their several functions on that night for the approach of which they are waiting with fainting heart, cremation. Grand Marshal, E. L. Fletcher; Assistant, T. W. Allen; Drum Major, E. W. Courtright; Chaplain, W. P. Landon; Orator, L. J. Little.

—A Junior who has been writing some long letters to his father, received from his *pater* a few days ago a full set of copy books, nine in number, with the advice that said Junior should immediately commence to use them. A fact.

—Better corn in the ear
Than corn on the toes,
But corn in the bottle
Will fresco the nose.

—Freddy, aged four, was given some strained honey for his supper; on asking what it was, and being told it was honey, he exclaimed: "Hum, that's a funny sort of honey. I'd rather have the kind with holes in it."

—We give for the benefit of the mathematicians the rule said to have been invented by a smart Williams college Freshman. It is as follows: The new method for squaring numbers, invented by Mr. Boas of the Williams college Freshman class, is as follows: Beginning at the left, multiply the double of each digit of the given number by the number represented by the preceding digits, and write each product under those already obtained in such a way that its right-hand figure shall be two places to the right of the right-hand figure of the preceding product. Then square each digit successively, beginning at the right, and place the right-hand figure of the first result one place to the right of the right-hand figure of the last product before obtained, and the right-hand figure of each succeeding square two places to the left of the right-hand figure of the preceding square. Add the columns together, and the result will be the required square:

If we represented the hundreds by h , tens by t , units by u , &c., and then square their sum algebraically, the different terms will correspond with the different results obtained in following the rule after we substitute for h , &c., their true values. Thus this rule which is such a wonderful thing, is but a simple application of algebra, which has long been known. As in Williams they study algebra only one term, we suppose such

things are new and considered marvelous discoveries.

—The Seniors paid the annual visit to the Albany Observatory on March 13th. Prof. Staley was not able to go on account of lameness.

—At the meeting of the Trustees of Union College, held March 8th, Mr. W. J. Woodward, Columbia, '72, was elected as Treasurer of the college. Mr. Woodward is a lawyer of New York city.

—The students of the University of S. C. are soon to start a new paper. John E. Bacon, Union, '84, who went from here to the University, is to be the chief editor.

—J. Fox Turner, of Manchester, England, made a flying visit to the United States last fall. He passed only a few weeks in this country, but he made a short stop at Schenectady, a description of which place is taken from his little book, "There and Back," as follows:

Then on to Schenectady—where there was a wait of four hours devoted to home letter writing and a good, square supper. Schenectady will always be memorable to us as a city through the streets of which locomotive engines rang a large muffin bell, and then walked about the thoroughfare arm-in-arm with the inhabitants; the latter now and then apparently coming from under the wheels of the engines like poultry unscathed from beneath the van of a bleacher at home. Fortunately, the town council of Schenectady had left holes in the pavement in which the more aged and infirm citizens could crouch whilst the locomotives passed over them; so that really every wise provision for the comfort and convenience of the inhabitants had been duly cared for.

—While the Freshmen were making merry at their class supper, the treacherous Sophs, who are ever on the alert, seized this opportunity to tantalize them. A gang which was never known to do a thing on the square crept stealthily to the apartments of the innocent ones and obtained their fun by destroying personal property and completely ruining the appearance of the rooms.

HIKA! HIKA! U-N-I-O-N—'86.

JOLIFICATION OF THE FRESHMEN AT TROY.

From morning until evening, on Thursday, the 1st inst., the trains leaving this city for Albany and Troy contained jolly members of the Freshmen class who were to attend the class supper at Troy. Notwithstanding the promiscuous state of the class during the day, eleven o'clock found them all at Wright's restaurant, in Troy, the scene of their mirth. The genial manner in which they were received by their host, encouraged the boys to action, who immediately gave vent to their feelings in songs, which were quite appropriate to the occasion. After the usual amount of music, anecdotes and jokes, they sat down to as bountiful a spread as could be desired. The inner man being satisfied the toasts were next in order. More than an ordinary amount of ability was displayed by their worthy toast master, Mr. Judson, in his preparation and also in his impromptu remarks. The toasts responded to showed careful study and reflected much honor on the part of the participants.

PROGRAMME OF TOASTS:

—"A fine sample, on the whole, of Rhetoric, which the learned call *rigmarole*."

Toast Master, - - H. S. JUDSON.

Alma Mater, - - J. M. Mosher

"No spot on earth so dear to me."

Military Discipline, C. W. De Baun

"All play and no study makes
Jack a bad boy."

Old Newcomb, - F. F. Blessing

"Sunt lachrimæ rerum."

Our Girls at Home, - T. C. Lawler

"There is no living with thee,
nor without thee."

The Faculty, - - E. J. Perkins

"There is nothing on earth that they will not
devour,

- From a Senior in seed to a Freshman in flower."

Our Future, - - J. E. Ostrander

"The glories of the possible are
ours."

Old Dorp, - - W. F. La Monte

"Supposed to be a holy, quiet
and virtuous suburb."

Recreation at Union—Riding,

E. S. C. Harris

"Give me a horse! Bind up my
wounds!"

Our Motto, - Elmer E. Veeder

'86 on the Campus, - F. S. Randall

"Unrival'd in the glorious lists
of fame."

How we appear, - - E. C. Angle

"O wad some power the giftie gie us,
To see ourselves as others see us!"

Our Rights, - - J. J. Little

"A breath of submission we
breath not."

Class of '86, - Pres. J. S. Dorwin

"Our band is few, but true and
tried."

At four o'clock A. M., the formalities of the supper were completed, and all adjourned to their respective couches, to be folded in the arms of Morpheus until 7 o'clock, the time appointed to say farewell to their jolly host. The complete success of this supper amply rewarded the boys for their efforts, and all are satisfied.

—We give below a short extract from the Sophomore version of the Freshman class supper:

MENU:

Milk Gruel.

Milk.
 Dried Herring, Lobster Sauce.
 Hen, a la Tartar.
 Tenderloin of Cow, with toadstools.
 Mashed Pommes de terres.
 Stewed ditto.
 Milk.
 Pork on the rind, with cabbages.
 Gravy.
 Milk.
 Crackers and Cheese.
 Ice Water.
 Tea.

As can be judged from the above the Sophs did not see all the programme.

Personals.

✓21. Elijah H. Kimball died March 5th, 1883, in his 82d year.

✓27. Rev. Algernon S. McMaster D. D., died recently. He was the son of Rev. Dr. Gilbert McMaster, and brother and college classmate with Dr. E. D. McMaster, whose memory is cherished by loving friends in Hanover College and Miami University. After graduation, Dr. A. S. McMaster taught and studied theology five or six years, and in 1833 was ordained pastor of Galway church as successor to his father, which position he held until 1838. His successors will reap the blessed fruits of a long and faithful ministry for a generation to come. He laid the foundation of his character in a reverential and abiding sense of his duty to his Maker. "His ripe scholarship and clear, logical mind, filled with a wealth of Scriptural knowledge made him an able interpreter of God's word. His expositions were always logical and incisive. In the pulpit and at home he was al-

ways manly, dignified and just. His opinions were always frankly expressed and conscientiously maintained; as a counsellor he was eminently wise." September 13, 1882, he requested to be released from the committee on Education, and from all future appointments on standing committees. "During the twenty-nine years of his faithful ministry in the Presbytery, he was ever willing to accept his share of responsibility."

✓38. Thomas B. Sherwood died at Ballston, February 22, 1883.

✓43. President Arthur, among the appointments on the Civil Service Commission, chose John M. Gregory of Illinois. Mr. Gregory is sixty-two years of age, a native of New York and a graduate of Union College. He is a lawyer, editor and teacher. He has served three terms as Superintendent of public instruction in Michigan, and was three years President of Kalamazoo College. He established the Illinois State Industrial University. He has a work upon political economy now in press, and is a man of ability and scholarly attainments.

✓34. O. J. Harmon is engaged in the insurance business. For many years he was City Judge of Oswego.

✓55. Andrew J. Perry, recently nominated to the office of General Appraiser of Merchandise, is about fifty years of age, and was born in Wilton, Saratoga Co., N. Y. There he spent his youth. Going to New York, he entered the law office of John Mason, and a year later the office of John H. Raymond, and was then admitted to the bar. He formed a partnership with Mr. Raymond in 1849, which was ended by the latter's death. In the ensuing year the Hon. Henry R. Pierson, of Albany, be-

came his partner. In 1851, Mr. Perry associated himself with Joseph S. Bosworth, the partnership terminating with the election of the latter to the office of Judge of the Superior Court of New York. Moses B. Macclay was Mr. Perry's law partner from 1865 to 1866, and since then he has been practising alone. Mr. Perry served as School Commissioner from 1855 to 1857, and is now President of the Board of Elections in Brooklyn. In 1872 he was nominated as a member to the House of Representatives from the Second Congressional District of New York, but was not elected. Mr. Perry has taken an active part in politics during his twenty years residence in Brooklyn.

✓'63. Geo. N. Burt is a member of Gov. Cleveland's staff.

✓'65. John T. Mott is a prominent banker in Oswego, N. Y.

✓'69. Edwin Kingsly died December 28, 1882.

✓'79. J. E. McGuire, who moved to Texas in 1882, is now School Commissioner of Bentham Co., Texas.

'80. H. E. Shead is in business in New York.

'80. E. S. Godfrey is "the father of a bouncing baby boy."

'80. Fred T. Rogers is married.

✓'80. McNulty has just been given a profitable and responsible position on the civil engineering staff employed on the Mississippi River.

✓'81. Herbert H. Taylor, of Brooklyn, was lately admitted to the bar.

Collegensia,

HARVARD.

—A bicycle dinner was given to revive interest in the wheel.

—The Seniors have after much discussion put a crew in training.

—Mr. Tanssig lectured on the tariff legislation of the United States from 1789 to 1820.

—Dr. Laughlin lectured on the financial legislation.

—The decline in the art of song composition is much regretted by the Harvard papers.

UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA.

—The Glee Club is still in existence, but its vitality and merit seem to be a thing of the past.

—The "bowl fight" was won by the Sophs.

—A correspondent thinks the present English course insufficient. "The English department ceases to interest the student after the Sophomore year."

AMHERST.

—The Glee Club sang at Northampton, February 27th.

—A mass meeting protests against the decision of the faculty in regard to athletics.

—Hat racks are asked for in the recitation rooms.

—The late Professor Bateman, of Columbia Law School, was a member of the class of 1876.

—President Seelye spends an hour with the Seniors every Monday morning, answering such questions as they choose to hand in.

—The Trustees have been asked to grant educational facilities to women at Columbia.

—The new ball grounds will not be ready for use this spring.—*Cornell Sun*.

—Yale College talks of adopting a new yell. Anybody knowing of anything particularly horrible will please forward a diagram.

—The price of board at Memorial Hall, for January and February, was \$4.28 per week.

—A joint debate on the tariff question, between Prof. Sumner and Hon. Wm. M. Evarts, has been proposed by those interested.

—The faculty have been asked to constitute the editorship of a college paper equivalent to an elective.—*Princetonian*.

—The amount of money which has been donated to Williams college since Dr. Carter became president has been generally misstated by the press, being quoted from \$100,000 to \$1,000,000. The exact amount is slightly over \$300,000.

—Saturday night, February 22d, one of the professors of Dartmouth college was serenaded with horns, his windows broken, and his fence pulled down. Tuesday, when the faculty entered the chapel the settees were all besmeared with lard. The Sophmores were suspected, and called before the faculty, but refused to answer. All those questioned have been suspended.

—An item is going the rounds to the effect that Hobart College is to be removed to Buffalo. The *Geneva Courier* says there is no movement in progress to remove Hobart College from Geneva. It is a legal as well as practical impossibility. Hobart College is richly endowed, and the entire endowment fund would be forfeited if the College should be removed. The officers in control do not contemplate, nor did they at any time contemplate the removal of Hobart.

—President Eliot, of Harvard, says that "the decline of the ministry is a recognized fact of the last few decades." In the last century clergymen made one-third of all the educated people, and wielded an influence proportionately great. To-day all but one in nineteen of the graduates of Harvard, and all but one in thirteen of the graduates of Yale avoid the ministry.

Exchanges.

—One can scarcely tell what the exchange-man ought to write now, times are all changed. The criticism which usually runs into bitterness or wish-washing compliments is falling into disuse. Our cotemporary gives a historical account of the exchange department from the times of long ago. One thing after another has been tried till at last the ruling motive seems to be to produce something thoroughly unique. Not a few have "builded better than they knew." The fact is, if any one should be found imitating the styles of a half-dozen eastern papers no lunacy commission need be appointed. The case would be evident. It is positively painful to read an exchange of

which the sum and substance is *Harvard* in as many different forms as a French cook could prepare *pomme de terre*. It is a sad thought that we are not all children of fortune, but matters do not improve by thinking constantly of the more favored. However much the Harvard crew and athletics in general are discussed, it is to be hoped that no one will so compromise his independence as to imitate even the Harvard exchange.

—The Vassar Alumni Meeting was held at Delmonico's, February 3d. The Preparatory Department was reported as a heavy burden to the college, and the means of abolishing it considered. Influential ladies were invited to the meeting, "that they might judge for themselves whether or not the Alumni were "prudes." The advisability of having the Alumni represented on the Board of Trustees was brought out in discussion.

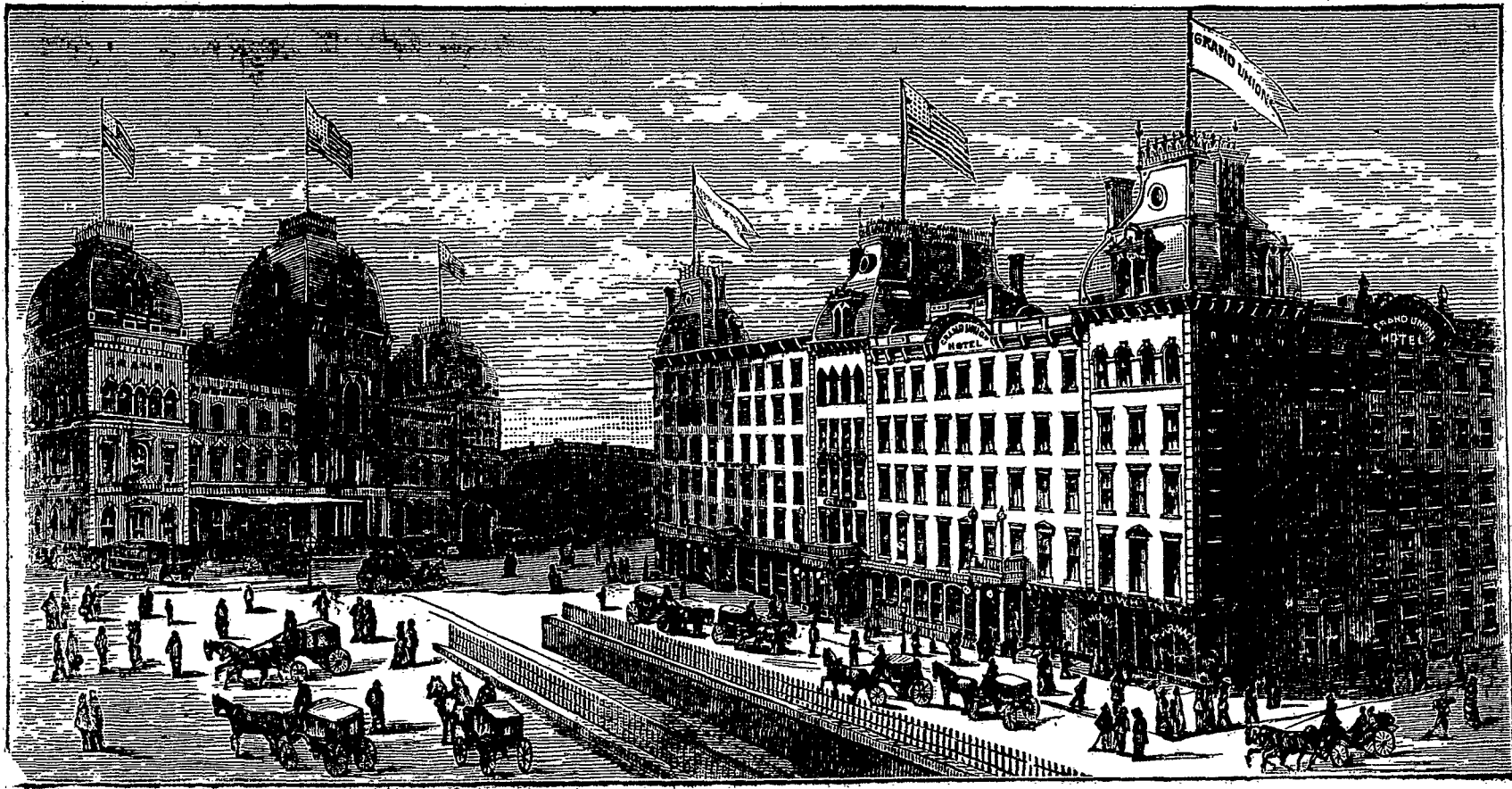
—A late number of the *Advocate* adds its testimony to the general mass against the marking system. This is a standard topic, and is passed round periodically. Is any college free from the much-mouthed evil? When we declare our next dividend a liberal reward will be offered for the best plan for removing this frightful incubus from enervated students and the regular annoyance from those who read.

—Said President Carter, at the Alumni dinner in Boston: "We are the only college that has prayers

twice a day, and we intend to keep it a christian nursery. It was the intention of the Puritans to keep the children in a christian nursery, but probably the means used wrought out a different result. The bearing of the average student would go far to prove that compulsory *prayers* have little or no power for good.

—We extend condolence to our Amherst friends who, not of free choice, but by a decision of the Faculty, have so unique a course laid out. The *Student* contains a drama in which two youths in dress suits, "good boy" and "saintly," discuss the proper sports. One goes out to play "hide and seek" the other recreates himself with his sewing. Probably a member of the Dorcas society. A third character appears who has failed to graduate because he threw a snow-ball to the janitor. With coarse expressions such as 'bit' and 'daisy blacksheep' pains Saintly who finally faints at the recital of horrible stories of number of years ago.

—Even at Harvard, seemingly harsh rules are at times enjoined. The *Miss.* reports that the young ladies are strictly forbidden to kiss the professor's children. The dear little cherubs, the children, were in danger of physical deformity from the immensity of sweetness bestowed upon them. The distribution of pleasure and pain in the world is alarming. We submit that this would be a fruitful theme for the Anti-Monopoly League to discuss. The inexperienced may be pardoned, possibly, for incredulity in regard to the deformity in question, but we could not have drawn such conclusions from our few *observations*.



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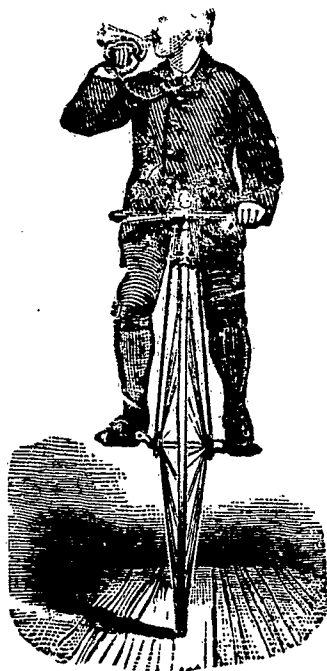
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