

UNION UNIVERSITY

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

UNION COLLEGE

The college offers the following undergraduate and graduate courses:

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CLASSICAL COURSE B.—This course may be pursued by candidates who satisfy the requirements for admission to the Ph. B. course. Greek is begun on entrance and required for two years. In other respects Course B. is identical with Course A.

2. Course leading to the degree of Ph. B.

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Tuition: The charge for tuition is \$160.00 a year and \$5.00 for matriculation. There are no extra fees except for rental of microscopes and laboratory breakage.

The academic year begins Sept. 27, 1915. All inquiries and other communications should be addressed to

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The Concordiensis

VOL. 39

FEBRUARY 17, 1916

NO. 14

JUNIOR WEEK GIRLS BRIGHTEN SCHENECTADY

Phil Downs and Committee Due Credit for
Successful Junior Week.

FOUR BUSY DAYS.

Outgoing Sunday Trains Bear Many
Ladies Sleeping the Sleep of the
Riotous.

1917's Junior Week was highly successful, and Phil Downs, chairman of the prom committee, proved himself a great Socialist. Socialistic in that he is supreme in matters social. In the political meaning of the word he also evinced no little talent, for he managed by some hook or crook to keep the distribution of labor very well distributed among his committeemen, willing or unwilling as they may have been. They labored like troopers, all of them, and those who cry for a higher social standard at Union may well doff their hats to these men and proceed to the congratulations.

The committee was: Philip W. Downs, chairman; William C. Loughlin, H. Lynn Kertscher, John W. Upp, O. F. Hawn, F. B. Van Avery, Hal A. Scoby.

The height of the female invasion was reached around three on Thursday afternoon, but stragglers roamed in until well along towards prom time Friday evening.

They came from everywhere between Portland and Portland, and old Schenectady instantly brightened up and glowed with the great beauty thereof. And the little kill-joy, Examination Remembrances, ran away fast and tumbled into his hole.

Society first convened at the Edison Club Thursday evening. The glee and mandolin clubs sang and played gleefully and manfully, basking in the glow of appreciative smiles. Then they descended and danced with the smiles until long after they ought to have been in bed. Friday morning they stayed in bed until long after they ought to have been up. A few braved Proctor's early in the afternoon; many others were more prudent; all later gathered at the afternoon's Mecca, the Sig the dasant. Europe tuned up; dancing, tea and dancing, and home to prink for the prom.

When He had armored himself in the boiled shirt and She had finished skipping back upstairs for the things-she-had-forgotten, they were off at last, and the Great Twitch was on. Europe, escaped from the Sigs, played incidental music, keeping time perfectly with the dancers, while he gazed wide-eyed at the taffeta-mousseline-cerise-etc., frocking creations that floated by and wondered why Fifth Avenue women are so passe in the matter of style. At half-time occurred a tremendous riot, followed by comparative calm as Weinnips' catering was destroyed. Digestion had not a

chance—Europe saw to that. When the Campus Off. threw up the sponge and yawned his way home at one o'clock, the gaylifers were still very much up and doing. They were still up at two, and up still at three; and at four—Upp. The Somnambulists' Tea cemented the final bond between Him and Her—She was then truly the Girl of His Dreams.

There was no Saturday morning. The Chi Psi's served a breakfast tea with dancing at five. Then to dinner, and back to the gym for the great two ring circus—bleacher drill in the balcony, the mauling of Lehigh on the main floor. She couldn't dance another step, but She sighed when midnight rudely halted the ten house dances.

Official Junior Week ceased with a characteristically Deanesque talk in chapel. Outgoing Sunday afternoon trains carried many a lady who yawned hopelessly indiscreet yawns until the conductor collected mileage and then slid blissfully off to sleep the sleep of the riotous.

**CHI PSI CONVENTION WILL BE
HELD IN SCHENECTADY,
FEB. 24, 25, 26.**

**Fraternity Founded on Top Floor of South
College, North Section, on May
20, 1891.**

The annual convention of the Chi Psi fraternity will be held this year in Schenectady, February 24, 25 and 26. The choosing of Schenectady as a place for the convention is of especial significance at this time because of the fact that the fraternity was founded at Union just three-quarters of a century ago. The convention will mark the seventy-fifth anniversary of its founding, which occurred on May 20, 1891, in a room on the fourth floor of North Section, South College.

**LEHIGH WEAKENS IN LAST PART
OF GAME AND UNION IS VICTOR**

**Garnet After Strong Start in First Half
Nearly Loses By Slowing Up
In Second.**

SCORE AT HALF TIME: 11-5.

**Lehigh Team's Roughness Probably
Swings Victory Our Way—Two
Men Banished By Fouls.**

Union nosed out victory over Lehigh by the score of 16-14 in the Junior Week game in the gym Saturday night, February 5. During the first half Dawson's men outplayed their rivals steadily and, at half time, had built up the apparently safe lead of 11-5, but a swift rally by Lehigh early in the concluding half evened matters and made the remainder of the game a hot, nip-and-tuck race. The losers made good four field scores to their opponent's three. To Captain Zimmer, who cleanly shot ten foul baskets, goes the credit for Union's success. augured ill for Lehigh, who's work was, at first, sluggish and uncertain. Had it not been for the woefully inaccurate eyes of the Garnet team, they would have dashed so far ahead that their slowing up later in the game would not have thrown them into the grave jeopardy it did and fair spectators could have spared their fair throats the strain of many a fearful shriek. Hal Scoby discovered the combination alone of his team-mates, and scored twice during the half, the remaining seven points arising from successful free tries by Zimmer. Jimmy Mudge, inspired undoubtedly by some pair of eyes in the stands, exhibited some miraculous floor work in the period.

In the second half, Lehigh took the floor psychological a new team and swept aside all Union defense for a good ten minutes, finally whirling into a two point lead before apparently wavering under the pace. Then,

seemingly just awakened to the trend of things, the Garnet rushed in to retake its lost advantage and a pretty fight for leadership ensued. Almost imperceptibly Lehigh weakened in the closing minutes; Union crept into a two-point lead and a sigh of immense relief rose from the bleachers when the whistle blew.

During Lehigh's rally in the last half, Franck was banished to allow fresh energy to be instilled into the team through the person of Witbeck. Both centers played creditable ball while they were in. Two Lehigh men were expelled for supernumerary fouls. Their roughness was unnecessary and undoubtedly was the cause of their team's defeat.

UNION.

	F.B.	F.P.	T.P.
Scoby, rf. -----	2	0	4
Haubner, lf. -----	0	0	0
Franck, c. -----	0	0	0
Witbeck, c. -----	0	0	0
Zimmer, rf. -----	1	10	12
Mudge, lg. -----	0	0	0
Totals -----	3	10	16

LEHIGH.

	F.B.	F.P.	T.P.
Dynan, rf. -----	1	0	2
Kirkpatrick, rf. -----	0	0	0
Brewster, lf. -----	0	6	6
Crichton, c. -----	3	0	6
Bigelow, c. -----	0	0	0
Ketchum, rg. -----	0	0	0
Green, lg. -----	0	0	0
Totals -----	4	6	14

Score at half time—Union, 11; Lehigh, 5.
Fouls committed—Union, 13; Lehigh, 20.
Referee—Carl Reed. Umpire—George Tilden. Time of periods—20 minutes.

"Washington As An Administrator" will be the subject of the Baggerly Prize essays this year.

IDOL'S BENEFICENT CHARM OVER GYM BASKETBALL BECOMES RATHER WEAK

St. Lawrence First to Defeat Union on Home Court in Three Years.

SCORE 14-15.

Guernsey, St. Lawrence Freshman, Largely Responsible for Northern College's Close Victory.

Our idol's beneficent charm over basketball in the new gym grew a little too diluted Saturday night and St. Lawrence shouldered its way through for a 15-14 victory. It was Union's first defeat in its new basketball home and it proved doubly galling to the students because it appeared unnecessary. The shooting of the Garnet team as a whole was very poor; sifted throughout the game were many chances for shots, which, if not easy, were certainly not difficult and which were fozzled sadly, one after another. Several times Jimmy Mudge weaved his way beautifully through all defense and out into unmolested tries at the basket, and then failed to score. Needless to say, he was not a wit daunted by the occasional failures and dove back into the melee to emerge later, after more scintillating floor work, to try, try again. His one field basket appeared in the first half. He shot two fouls in the second period in a way that was good to see, having next year in mind.

Captain Zimmer was sadly off color in his free tries, which was highly unfortunate, since his customary steadiness would have won for Union. Zip is not at all deserving of censure in the matter—a slump for the best must come now and then. He has been the team's most valuable man so far this season, stepping into Ernie Houghton's shoes and going him one better in foul shooting, and he will be very much in evidence against Williams tonight.

Yavits made his bow as a regular guard and fits perfectly. He is sturdy, fast and will have recovered his high school familiarity with the basket in another week or two—he is the missing link in the line-up, which will now see Jimmy Mudge at forward where he ought to be. Joe Haubner, relieving Scoby in the second half, pushed up the lagging speed a notch or two and shot away out at sea several times with hard luck and poor judgment. He nearly arched in a winning basket, but much more profitably might he have helped work the ball down into a surer area. He was not badly pressed for time when the shots were attempted, though he perhaps thought to the contrary. Witbeck proves conclusively that he belongs in the line-up. He will be a valuable regular in another year. Hal Scoby was rather unfriendly with the basket, though playing a steady game, and finally gave way to Haubner. Gene Hummer, in for Zimmer, aired his versatility and demonstrated that he can guard as well as get the tip-off at center. Rusty Franck was per usual during his brief sojourn at center.

The game itself was a guelling affair that frayed the spectators' nerves terribly. A Lilliputian walk-away by Mudge and Witbeck in the opening minutes put Union in the fore 7-2. Whereupon, Guernsey of St. Lawrence felt great hate for Union College and proceeded to vanquish them. During the remainder of the half, he scored his team's five other points and whittled the Garnet's lead to a matter of one point. He won in the early minutes of the second half, being aided somewhat by Clements. Union gamely plodded along behind from then on, straining vainly to catch up. Yavits scored a beautiful basket which put them within one point of tie just as the time-keeper raised his

whistle. The score:

UNION.			
	F.B.	F.P.	T.P.
Scoby, rf. -----	0	0	0
Haubner, rf. -----	0	0	0
Mudge, lf. -----	1	2	4
Witbeck, c. -----	2	0	4
Franck, c. -----	0	0	0
Zimmer, rg. -----	0	4	4
Hummer, rg. -----	0	0	0
Yavits, lg. -----	1	0	2
Totals -----	4	6	14

ST. LAWRENCE.			
	F.B.	F.P.	T.P.
Noble, rf. -----	0	0	0
Guernsey, lf. -----	2	7	11
Clements, c. -----	2	0	4
Morgan, rg. -----	0	0	0
Church, lg. -----	0	0	0
Totals -----	4	7	15

Score at half time—Union, 8; St. Lawrence, 7. Referee—Kingston. Umpire—Tilden. Timekeeper—Gunison of St. Lawrence and Loughlin of Union. Fouls committed—Union, 11; St. Lawrence, 12. Time of periods—Twenty minutes.

BONER WANTS BASKETBALL RELATIONS OPENED WITH N. Y. U.

Griffith Bonner, former senior editor of "The New Yorker," the student publication of New York University, and a member of the '15 N. Y. U. football squad, has extended an invitation to Coach Dawson and the 'varsity basketball managers to be his guests at the N. Y. U.—R. P. I. game in Troy on February 25. Mr. Bonner is secretary of Capital District Alumni Association of N. Y. U., which is very desirous of seeing Union and N. Y. U. take up basketball relations. He is taking this opportunity to arrange a meeting of the managements of the two institutions in the hopes of bringing about games between the teams next season.

MUSICAL CLUBS TO CONCERT IN N. Y. AND MT. KISCO NEXT WEEK

Manager Santee Announces Remainder of Season's Schedule—Joint Schenectady Concert With Amherst Coming.

Manager Santee announces the following schedule for the Musical Clubs:

February 25—Mt. Kisco.

February 26—New York City.

March 21—Gloversville.

March 29—Joint concert with Amherst at Schenectady.

Everything is being gotten into shape for the New York trip. Both clubs are practicing hard on the old pieces, while several new selections have been added. The faculty has allowed two days for the trip, and next week Friday the clubs will depart for Mt. Kisco, where a royal reception is being planned for them. It is rumored that a delegation of Vassar representatives will be present, to hear our first concert in Mt. Kisco, and to test the abilities of the songsters in a twitch.

Saturday morning they journey on down to the city, where they will give a concert at the Bretton Hall Hotel. This audience will probably be the most critical, and it is hoped that the concert will surpass the one given there last year. This will be the only long trip this year.

The Gloversville concert will be given at the Y. M. C. A. there, and the clubs will undoubtedly train hard for their initial appearance in that town.

A novel concert is promised to the people of Schenectady, when the Amherst clubs come here for a joint concert with us in the Gymnasium. The Amherst clubs have a good reputation this year, and the "musical contest" will be well worth hearing.

Thus far this season our clubs have made a very creditable showing. They have been

well received, and the concerts have afforded pleasure to both audience and performers, though the schedule has not been an extensive one, but confined to places where much interest is manifested in music. The solos have been very well done, and Harold Cook and Shelley Moora deserve much praise. At the Junior Week concert Mr. Cook outdid himself and scored the hit of the evening, while Mr. Moora was surely "there," as usual.

DR. BARNES APPOINTED TO STATE REGENTS BOARD

Union Now Has Three Members in This Department of the State University.

By the recent appointment of Dr. Barnes to the board of the University of the State of New York for the preparation of questions for Regents' examinations in German, Union College has gained a representation of three members of its faculty on such boards of the University. The other members are Prof. John I. Bennett and Prof. Albert J. Salathe, on the Greek and Chemistry boards respectively. The boards, as a rule, are composed of either three or four members, of whom one is from a college, another from the University, and the remaining member or members from a high school or academy. Union has the unique distinction of being the only college to have as many as three of its faculty serving on these boards. Cornell and Colgate are the only other institutions of collegiate standing which have as many as two of its faculty represented.

SENSATIONAL DEVELOPMENTS!!

Announcement has been made of the engagement of C. Foster Brown, '16, to Miss Olive Midlan, of Albany.

NEWELL SMITH ANNOUNCES SPRING BASEBALL SCHEDULE

Season Opens With Three-Day Trip to New York—Several New Relations Opened.

At a meeting of the Union College Athletic Board held in the Alumni Gymnasium Wednesday evening, the baseball schedule arranged by Manager Newell Smith for the season of 1916, was approved.

The schedule is probably the best that has been prepared in some time, including as it does, teams from Princeton, Columbia, Rutgers, Wesleyan and Williams. Seven of the fourteen games will be played on the local campus.

The new schedule follows:

April 22—Crescent Athletic Club at Brooklyn.

April 24—Columbia University at New York.

April 26—Princeton University at Princeton.

April 29—Hobart College at Schenectady.

May 6—Williams College at Williams-town.

May 13—New York University at Schenectady.

May 17—Hamilton at Clinton.

May 20—Open.

May 26—Wesleyan University at Schenectady.

May 27—Rutgers College at Schenectady.

May 30—Hamilton at Schenectady.

June 3—R. P. I. at Troy.

June 10—R. P. I. at Schenectady.

June 13—Columbia University at Schenectady.

Captain Mallen will hold track practices Wednesday and Friday this week. The squad is rapidly rounding into form. The material is excellent and prospects for a successful season are bright.

BIGELOW MEMORIAL FUND IS AGAIN TAKEN UP BY DR. RICHMOND.

Erection of Building Given Up—Funds Will Go to Establish History Professorship.

The project of raising funds for the establishment of a John Bigelow Memorial is again in progress, after a temporary interruption caused by the outbreak of the present European war. During the past two weeks more than sixteen thousand dollars has been secured.

John Bigelow, in whose memory the work is being undertaken was a member of the class of 1835. He was one of the four Union graduates, who held such central position in governmental circles during the epoch of the Civil War. Mr. Bigelow was appointed by President Lincoln to represent the United States government in France, and it was to a great degree through his instrumentality that the actions of the United States had a correct understanding in Europe, and that many misunderstandings were made right.

It was originally intended to erect a building as the memorial, but since the bequest of the Butterfield Memorial Chemistry and Physics Laboratory which will provide the needed accommodations, this plan was abandoned.

According to the latest plans the funds will be used to establish a Professorship in History. This will provide the further courses in historical studies which have been so long desired.

Senior members of the Concordiensis staff are considering the establishment of an annual remembrance gift of some sort to the graduating members of the board. The gift will probably be in the form of a watch charm.

SPENCER B. EDDY ELECTED ASST. MANAGER OF 'VARSITY FOOTBALL.

Waldron and Weller Resign From Athletic Board—Cronkite to Fill One of the Vacancies.

At a special meeting of the athletic board Wednesday night, Spencer B. Eddy of Saratoga Springs was elected assistant manager of 'varsity football for the season of 1916-'17. Eddy has been well known in Press Club and debating activities, and is a member of Alpha Delta Phi.

During the business of the meeting, Charles N. Waldron, secretary of the graduate council, tendered his resignation as a member of the athletic board. The resignation was accepted and William Cronkite, of this city, was elected to fill the vacancy. Mr. Cronkite was one of Union's greatest athletes, is still very much interested in the college's athletics, and will undoubtedly prove a valuable addition to the board. The resignation of Earl Weller was also received. It was laid on the table until the next meeting. The departure of Mr. Waldron and Mr. Weller will be a great loss to the board.

FRESHMEN FORBIDDEN TO LEAVE EARLY FOR BANQUETS IN FUTURE.

"No freshman shall leave the city to attend an annual banquet until 5:30 P. M. on the day of the banquet" was a motion introduced by Brown '16 in Monday's chapel meeting. The motion was unanimously passed. Its aim is to do away with the wholesale bolting of classes indulged in by the under classes around banquet time. In a recent meeting with the faculty committee, the Terrace Council was informed that the bolting for this year's banquet had resulted disastrously to the class marks of the offenders and was asked to take some steps in the matter.

P. H. SWARTZ SPEAKS IN CHAPEL ON Y. M. C. A. MISSION STUDY COURSE.

Philip H. Swartz, a graduate of Lafayette, spoke briefly in Monday's student meeting relative to the mission study courses to be shortly put in effect by the local Y. M. C. A. Mr. Swartz spent three years studying in Russia before the war and, since that time, has travelled extensively among the American colleges in the interest of social service work. He strongly urged attendance at the Y. M. C. A. courses.

Secretary Story outlined the courses and explained that they would be thoroughly modern in nature. Course "A," which will be under the leadership of Dr. Hoffman, and which will meet at Silliman Hall at 7:15 P. M. on Wednesdays, will be on the subject, "What Ought to be the Present Aim of Foreign Missions." Course "B" will be conducted by Prof. Taylor and will be upon "Students in Asia." It will meet Wednesdays at 5:00 P. M.

SOPHOMORES AND FRESHMEN TIED FOR FIRST PLACE IN INTERCLASS SERIES.

In the third round of the inter-class basketball series, the seniors nosed out a victory over the juniors by the score of 10 to 8, and the sophomores easily defeated the freshmen 6 to 1. As has been true so far in the series, many opportunities to score were lost through poor shooting ability. Only one basket was scored from the field during the underclass game, being made by Madden, '18.

The team standing now is as follows:

	Won.	Lost.	P.C.
Sophomores	2	1	.667
Freshmen	2	1	.667
Seniors	1	2	.333
Juniors	1	2	.333

A regular meeting of the Cosmopolitan Club was held Tuesday evening.

during interims, he placards the city with, "Reward for the Arrest of Absentees from the Coming Burlesque Extravanzas!" Twice a week the slap-sticks will come from now on. They will draw paying houses, we unhesitatingly predict, though advance notices do not savor of a higher standard show than we have been enduring at the Van for the past few years. The only original Indian Princess Prima Donna will be the opener. It sounds fishy. One can hardly blame us for being pessimistic on this subject.

* * * *

We've often wondered why we persist in going to Proctor's, when we know very well before we go that we will be hopelessly bored. Probably it's in the faint hope of a miracle happening—such a one as broke during the first-half bill of Junior Week and sent us out of the house a made-over man with indescribable joy and Springtime in our heart. The lanky, unnamed comedian in the feature act was an artist. Through some strange turn of fate, he escaped the finer meshes of the vaudeville sieve and fell down into the Proctor circuit. He is Broadway calibre, and should shake the dust of Proctor stages from his heels as quick as ever he can.

* * * *

Now that the Van has purged itself of burlesque it can turn its attention to better productions with clean hands—which it is doing very laudably from the start. "The Lilac Domino," Andreas Dippel's annual production of last season, reminded us of a very long freight train in that it took a long time getting started, but once under way, bowled along finely with plenty of momentum. The first act was woefully tedious; by the latter part of the second, one had braced up in one's seat and was enjoying things immensely. The costumes, old and dingy, detracted much from the piece. The producer, by the way, is coming out this season with "Princess Trala-la," an opera done over from the German, a process which, by the way, 2nd, will undoubtedly spoil much of its humor.

"Maid in America" disappointed Winter Garden patrons and stepped out before its allotted time. It also disappointed Van Curlerites. Perhaps it wouldn't have if any of the original cast had trailed along with it by mistake. Florence Moore, late of the vaudeville team of Morton and Moore, and a mighty clever little piece of femininity, proved a life-saver in the production's cast, and made us want to see her again. She will have her name in Broadway white-lights some one of these days.

Mrs. Patrick Campbell, and her London company, in "Pygmalion," afforded us the rare, rare treat of seeing a great play interpreted by a great cast, and we will treasure those short hours as being the most thoroughly enjoyable we have ever spent in the eccentric old Van. "Pygmalion," one of Shaw's later plays, not yet published in book form, is a notable study in the colloquial speech of modern England. The writer's humor is found at its best.

"Any House," by Those Davis Boys, has some good dramatic moments, but it is not, we think, up to the standard of Cort Theatre productions, which it is shortly destined to be. It has but a short run before it in the House of Hits. Edwin Arden acquits himself as usual; Milton Sills, the finished actor of the English school, bolsters up the cast considerably.

The well-known, great-actor, Lou-Tellegan, actor-author-fencer-sculptor-artist-horseman-orator-and-so-forth, opened with a new play in the Albany Hall last week. It is an old-time story in which the actor is given much chance to air his fencing skill. Lou-T's latest work was in *The Ware Case* and *The Farrar Case*.

Plattsburgitis, along with the la grippe, is finding U. C. an excellent breeding medium, the latest attack being the tentative formation of a signal corps, which probably would, in case the work were made equivalent to an hour of Thermody Namics or such-like, be eventually able to send simple declarative sentences fast enough to render it impracticable for the general to walk down the trench and deliver the message himself. Personally, we are rather opposed to this branch of the service. We can't imagine ourself standing on a hill and waving a red flag when there are any Germans in the same county. We will never be a signal corpse. Show patriotism, we say, but be discrete withal. Come now, let's go into this thing intelligently. Let's hire an expert drill-master and get up a—well, say a good, live rear guard.

And so up crops the subject of preparedness again. A right handy subject for colyuming it is, too. Add the names of President Richmond and Dean Ripton to its list of supporters. Chapel prayers waxed longer and more fervid each day as the recent well-known examinations drew near and a thorough state of preprayeredness was desirable.

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

Entered at the Postoffice at Schenectady, N. Y.,
as Second Class Matter.

206 So. Centre Street, Schenectady, N. Y.

This issue is edited by H. R. Knight.

Rumor filters over from Albany that members of the Law School are desirous of opening a purely departmental news section in the *Concordiensis*—a section which will be written and edited weekly wholly under supervision of Law men. We firmly believe this would be a progressive step for the *Concordiensis*. Providing—and this, we think, is all-important—that the Law School is whole-souledly behind the project; providing that she desires it badly enough to roll up her sleeves and dig in side by side with the college staff in the labor of boosting the *Concordiensis* to the top of the heap. We do not think the publication board should make advances to Albany Law in

Union dramatics have been bitten by the tsetse fly. Gradually, during the past few years, para-

lysis has crept over them and, to all intents and purposes, they are now stone dead. We do not think we are too optimistic in fondly believing there yet exists a spark of life which, were it skillfully fanned by the right man, would eventuate in the lively dramatic conflagration that Union ought to be ashamed of itself for not possessing. The crumbling of financial support, we understand, is the root of the present evil. We refuse to regard the evil as insurmountable. If every other respectable college of Union's size looks upon a flourishing dramatic club as a matter of course, there is no reason in the world why we shouldn't, too. Why couldn't dramatics be conducted under the same scheme as are the musical clubs? Other colleges regard their thespians as an advertising medium equally as important as their musicians. We will have a wholesome respect for the man who steps in and fills up this the greatest hole in our field of college activities.

RANDOM SHOTS.

When a man can get something for nothing, he is a fool not to take it. Steve Story offers two courses in mission study, which beyond question will be immensely profitable, and he charges no admission.

It will never do to wallop Williams in football and not continue the story on through basketball season. Tonight will be a rather awkward night to spend on basketball, but spend it you must. We are, you remember, commencing a new record of victory this evening.

Few colleges of far greater financial resources than Union can boast of an institution more beneficent than our Spencer lecture course. Dr. Marshall, who delivered the year's first lectures, is a great man in his chosen field, and the other men still to come are equally great in their especial spheres. Dr. Marshall's audience was woefully lacking in student ingredient.

Last week's "On Your Way" suggested the need of a light of some sort in the rear of the dormitories. A very full moon, or the presence of a lower floor student in his bed-chamber, tend to relieve this need somewhat, but lower floor students and moons are eccentric. A reasonably

low-power light would be a boon to the man-coming-home-after-dark and would be inexpensive to the college.

*
* THE LORD'S PRAYER *
* By Charles Alexander Richmond. *
*

I

They were ordinary soldiers, just the common Jean and Hans,

One from the valley of the Rhine and one from fair Provence.

They were simple-hearted fellows—every night each said his prayer:

The one prayed Vater Unser and ther othe Notre Pere.

II

Then they met beyond the trenches and they ran each other through—

Just the ordinary kind of work the soldier has to do.

As they lay there close together, on the still October air

Hans was gasping "Vater Unser" and Jean whispered "Notre Pere."

III

So they went to find the Father. He will understand, thought Hans,

For he knows and loves the Rhineland. But Jean thought of fair Provence.

And St. Michael came to meet them, and he smiled to see them stare

When he told them Vater Unser was the same as Notre Pere.

IV

So these two went together and stood before the throne,

And prayed to God to make good speed and send St. Michael down.

"Mais oui," said Jean, "je crois qu'on n'aura plus de cette guerre

Quand on saura que Vater Unser est le meme que Notre Pere."

The campus will be the scene of two basketball games this week. Williams will be our opponents on the court tonight, and Amherst will be here Saturday intent on scoring another victory over the Garnet.

THERE BEING MORE TO SAY ON THE SAME SUBJECT:

King, cartooning for the Chicago Tribune, in a drawing captioned, "Setting Up Exercises," makes a pass at the class of 1917, which we, being still a member of it, luckydog, would ward off in a weak sort of way. The cartoon is in two parts, the first headed, "Class of '17, France," the second, "Class of '17, America." In the former he pictures a platoon of soldiers, very stalwart men with very, very serious faces; in the latter appears the well-known bar, over which are drooped sundry happy boys dressed in checkered suits and slouchy hats. In the first place, we fail to see where it is any more laudable to be "setting up" as the French juniors, preparatory to killing some people that don't want to be killed, than it is to be "setting up" in the American way—preparatory to killing one's self. Considerably fewer people die from the American setting up, and then the death, they say, is much more enjoyable. Furthermore, if an inventory had been taken of the class of '17, U. C., about the time the cartoon appeared (which was on the eve of the Week of Torture), its members would have been found sitting, not setting, up late at night. They would have been poring, not pouring. Which seems to show that the guy is bent on preparedness as well as the garcon, in spite of the Chicago Tribune.

IT OCCURRED TO US—

We love to hear the Old Grads, when they come back in the Springtime,
Reminisce of their school days—telling of the Real time,
When **they** lived in this room or that, when **they** stole prexy's glasses;
When **they** could revel all night long and get their sleep in classes.
But we have noted one thing and it seems to us eccentric;
Must be something wrong somewhere—it's really **most** eccentric.
They praise those days 'till actually their tongues get corugations,
But still, they never come back here around examinations!

We feel that, in this respect, we will be a thoroughly distinctive Old Grad. As surely as another Week of T. dawns after we graduate, should we, we will put away our pick and shovel and hurry back to the gray old halls. We will take that hoary chair that Frank S. Hoffman sits upon during his third degrees and seat ourself

contentedly before his door. As each poor boy slinks nervously in, we will beam upon him and say, "My boy, you are stuck, absolutely, uncompromisingly stuck, before ever you go through that door. You're a nervous wreck. When you go in there and meet those merciless eyes behind that desk, you will break down and talk like a fool. Through the window I will watch you stutter and squirm and sweat. When you come out, I will laugh in your face. Now go on in, my boy—and God bless you!"

ON THE ECCENTRICITY OF WATER.

The Old Grads may be glad to know
Those water-pipes are still below
Zero where we wash our face.
(Hot water'd be so out of place!)

THE PRIVATE HISTORY OF THE GREAT WATER SCANDAL.

We have been asked so much of late why we did not divulge the whole secret of this now very famous scandal that we finally decided to lay the matter open to our readers. Some four or five weeks ago, when the cold weather set in, it became a brilliantly popular sport wagering upon the nearness of the next luke-warm area in the lavatory water-pipes that the college generally degenerated for the time into a miniature Monte Carlo. A scrupless student, needing money and knowing the habits of the pipes fairly well, wagered 25 cents with the Cinderilla, that is, the scrub-lady, and won. Cinderilla, angered beyond words, turned around and dropped Mr. Walling, the handy man, for 50 cents; Handy Man was a good sport and bet with Mr. Salathe, the chemist, trimming him for \$2.00; whereupon, Mr. Salathe came through, and Prof. March lost \$4.00, but not for long; France defeated Germany, Dr. Barnes surrendering \$8.00. Dr. Berg then worked out a sure-thing system, which failed on first trial, and cost him \$16.00; luck, however, made it up and Dean Ripton was taken in for \$32.00. Excitement ran high. Classes were given up; student and professor alike thought and spoke of nothing but the one burning question. Would the Dean challenge Prexy? He did. Prexy wagered warm water would come within five hours—the Dean guessed seven. It fooled away some forty-nine and a half on the way, and Prexy signed his check for \$64.00. Then he forbade warm water altogether and ordered classes resumed. The affair received wide publicity throughout the country and newspaper editorials praised Prexy highly for the final stand he took upon the matter.

The dear old idol's reputation as a joy-bringer stands somewhat sullied after Saturday's hard-one-to-lose.

His reputation, one might put it, is now most i-doloric.

Relaxing to vernacular, we chide him with, "Very bad, Iddie!"

NITE.

HENRY RUTGERS MARSHALL DELIVERS FIRST LECTURES OF SPENCER COURSE.

Henry Rutgers Marshall, L. L. D., D. S., presented the first two lectures of the Ichabod Spencer course in chapel Monday and Tuesday evenings, February 7 and 8. Tuesday morning at eleven he spoke before the students of Dr. Hoffman's classes, also in the chapel.

In his first lecture, "Development of Aesthetic Memory," Mr. Marshall showed the growth and development of beauty. In "The Results of Modern Aesthetics," the second lecture, he discussed the attitudes to be taken towards beauty, as a result of this growth, and also the separation, as time has gone on, of the different arts of beauty. Mr. Marshall is a man of great prominence in architectural circles and a frequent contributor to art, philosophical and psychological journals. His lectures were extremely interesting.

MELVILLE HANNA GIVES \$5,000 MORE.

In last Saturday's chapel service, President Richmond announced an additional gift of \$5,000 towards the Bigelow memorial fund from Melville H. Hanna. This makes a total of \$35,000 that Mr. Hanna has given to the college in the past few years. Mr. Hanna never graduated from Union, but left during his undergraduate course to enlist in the army for the Civil War. He has always shown a deep interest in the college.

WALLY GIRLING IS ARRANGING EXCELLENT SPRING TENNIS SCHEDULE.

Wally Girling, captain-manager of this season's tennis, announces that the following schedule will be offered for ratification at the next meeting of the athletic board: May 2, Vermont at Schenectady; May 5, Springfield at Springfield; May 6, Amherst at Amherst; May 13, Trinity at Schenectady; May 17, Vermont at Burlington; May 20, Colgate at Schenectady; May 27, Rutgers at Schenectady.

FRANKLIN CONCERT COURSE CANCELLED.

Union hears with great regret that the entire concert course which was to have been given under the management of Ben Franklin has been cancelled. Owing to the fact that the New York Symphony is composed largely of Germans, it was found expedient that they should not go into Canada at this time and, as several important concerts of their proposed tour were scheduled there, it was necessary to cancel the entire trip. It was further learned that operatic contracts of Gadski would probably prevent her appearing here upon the date set. Rather than substitute inferior engagements, as would be necessary at this late hour, Franklin preferred to annul the entire course.

PROFESSOR KLEEMAN GIVES LECTURE.

At a joint meeting of Sigma Xi and the Eastern New York section of the American Chemical Society on Friday evening, Prof. Kleeman, the new assistant professor of physics, pleased an audience of over one hundred with a lecture upon "Ultra-Violet Light." The lecture, which was given at the physical laboratory, was illustrated by numerous experiments. It was followed by general discussion.

 *
 * A SONG TO THE NORTHLAND. *
 * By R. E. T. *
 *

O sing me no songs of the Southland
 Lapped in her languorous ease,
 Breathing the breeze of the Isles of Spice,
 Sing soft songs of the seas.

Tell me no tales of the tropic nights
 When the Cross swings low in the sky,
 And never a word of the cities of gold
 With their temples lordly and high.

Bring me no fruits of the Southland,
 Weave me no garlands of flowers,
 Waft me no notes of the mocking-bird,
 Build me no leaf-latticed bowers.

But give me the Northern winters
 And the health of our Northern clime,
 And the boisterous song of the north-west wind,
 The snow and the gleaming rime,

A silver moon in a diamond sky,
 The flash of the Northern lights,
 And the shrieking rage of the driving storm
 In the wild December nights.

O, the gleaming skate and the gliding ski,
 The sweep of the flying yacht,
 The glassy stretch of the inland sea,
 The berg and the icy grot.

O weakling, hie to the Southland
 And bask in her balmy breeze,
 But give me the strength of the Northland born,
 And the blasts from the polar seas.

The following team was recently chosen
 to be the year's representative one of the
 Adelpic Debating Society: Heatley, Tay-
 lor, Eddy; alternate, Greene.

One of the many new features of this
 year's Garnet will be characteristic snap-
 shots of members of the class while at work
 or play about the campus. It is the man-
 agement's desire to get every man in the
 class pictured somewhere in this series.

 *
 * SHALL PROFESSORS FORM A UNION? *
 * Headline in the Nation. *
 *

To be successful, all unions must be founded
 on a necessity. It seems to us, therefore, that
 the professors should, by all means, have a union,
 for how can we get along without them?

Without professors we would never know
 whether we were educated or not. There would
 be no safe criterion.

Now, when any professor who has had us under
 his personal charge for a number of years, tells
 us that we are educated, we know that we are not.
 That is a valuable contribution to the state and to
 our own knowledge.

It is true that the knowledge that we are not
 educated does not always come to us until some-
 time afterwards. But that does not make it any
 less or important or valuable.

Professors are highly useful, because they
 place us early in life in possession of a body of
 useless facts which do not rise up later on to
 hamper us. Having once become acquainted
 with them, (even if the acquaintance be but
 slight), we get to know them well enough to
 avoid them in the future. That makes a great
 difference to all of us, and the professors ought
 to get the credit. This, we regret to say, is not
 always the case. Professors are often accused
 of conveying useful information. That is one
 of the burdens that they have to bear. Every one
 of us is more or less misunderstood. The pro-
 fessors are no exception. Without them we
 should go on, perhaps, all our lives learning use-
 less things, firmly believing, for example, that the
 study of philosophy is important, that sociology
 is an asset to the plain people, that political econ-
 omy is beneficial to somebody and that theology
 helps us to know God.

Think of what a handicap that would be to a
 person of ordinary intelligence. The professors
 ought to be protected. They ought to form a
 union in defense of their inalienable rights to
 provide our youth early enough in life with all
 the useless information there is, in order that
 thereafter they may be free to do things that
 are worth while.—Life.

Ye Gods! Useful subjects like philosophy, so-
 ciology, political economy and theology! Shades
 of "Betsy"! This man never studied or never
 could have heard of Thermogoldarnics.

 *
 * UNDER A NIGHT LAMP.
 *
 * By "Q."
 *

He always liked it when the lights were turned off in the theater. He felt more comfortable and he could enjoy the music better. He loved music but he was no hypocrite. He wouldn't say he liked Wagner for he didn't. He thought most people said they did because it was the thing to say—because it was their duty; but he didn't believe in compromising one's self because it was one's duty. There was something Gargantuan about Wagner to him. It was like a nightingale with clipped wings in a flock of turkeys; a night-blooming cereus in an onion bed.

Yes, he liked it when the lights were turned off. Music was always more beautiful in the dark and the orchestra was splendid tonight. The aching whine of the violins crept through his veins; he clutched the seat; his eyes stared but saw nothing. The music was growing salacious; it was like myriads of warm violets and seringas. He drew his breath in short gasps; he squeezed his hands, and longed and longed. It was an inexplicable longing. He had had it before but never so strongly as tonight—a longing that those human violins put in him. And then the theme again; a sliding, sensuous theme with strings and the under-breath of the harp.

He thought of her who should have been in the empty seat beside him. They had quarreled at dinner and she had refused to accompany him to the theatre. So he had come alone—out of spite and because she had said he wouldn't dare. But as he sat there he was not angry, for the music had intoxicated him. He was in an exhilaration of soul which only music could create in him. He could have worshipped Wieniawski and Beriot and Vieuxtemps that night.

As he sat alone in his car and watched the wet gold of the streets gleam by, and with the music still aching in him, he hoped she would be over her rage. The music had longed for an embrace and a fierce kiss and he must have it. He had abandoned himself to his feelings tonight because they interested him. Sometimes he didn't recognize himself and watched an abstract being. At dinner he had been a mild Mr. Hyde and now he was the Doctor.

As he entered the hall the house was quiet and so he went to her room. The little mahogany

night-lamp, with its old-rose silk shade, was burning on her dressing-table. It was like the theater; again that passionate, burning melody throbbed through him. She was in bed. He thought of the scene at dinner. They had such scenes often for they had little in common except a marriage certificate. He had often marvelled why he had married her; but tonight he remembered it was after an evening of just such music that he had proposed to her and she had accepted.

The triple mirror of her dressing table formed three beautiful little night-lamps. He looked at himself and was surprised. He didn't look much different except that his eyes were strangely deep and lustrous and his complexion was somewhat richer under the glow of the old-rose.

She stirred in bed but he kept looking at himself in the mirror. He couldn't understand why, but he did. It was warm in the room and there was a heavy moist odor of roses from a table near the bed. He thought it was too warm for her to sleep well; she would probably have a headache in the morning. She stirred again and he turned and looked at her. She had beautiful arms, but he knew qu'elle faisait usage d'un rasoir. But it was a very pretty gold one with a pearl handle and he liked to see her use it. Once he had hoped that she would cut herself and have a scar, but it was somewhat plebian to have scars, so he decided he would rather she wouldn't.

He remembered the music that would be embraced. It had made him feel primordial, wild; for a few minutes he had felt like some savage first-man, naked, spear in hand, riding a bare horse down the wind. Then it was white-fleshed women whose arms dripped perfumed music, whose rich lips breathed life into the honey-heavy melody.

She stirred again. He was surprised to find that he was still looking in the mirror at the glow of rose light on the lower part of his face. Pretty soon he turned around and went out, leaving the door open so she would have more air.

The English Club has started the second term with a promising success. On January 28, Prof. March gave an interesting talk, his subject being Henry James. On February 11 Prof. Parker read an excellent paper on Longfellow, which was greatly appreciated. The meetings have been well attended and much interest shown. The date and subject of the next meeting will be announced later.

 *
 * SLANGOGRAPHY. *
 * From THE CONCORDY, Vol. III, No. 6. *
 * March 15, 1880. *
 *

"It may interest our readers to learn something of the slang words and phrases at other colleges. For research into this subject we are indebted to the *Acta Columbiana* which has published a series of articles on it. We will mention the most important.

"The author—Richard Grant Black—says that at Cornell the word **pony** has a different meaning from that at most colleges, signifying **crib** or other unlawful aid at examinations or recitations. At Union, **pony** has both significations and is made to carry a good deal. A Union man **rides** his **pony**, or **horse**, in his room, **rides** it into classroom and **rides** through, if he is not so unfortunate as to be unsaddled. At Williams and Bowdoin only, the pony is known as a **fakir**. At ale it is a **skin**—a term employed at Union to denote the ordinary dead-beat.

"In refusing to attend recitations or chapel we **bolt** with Michigan University—perhaps oftener. But at Columbia they refer to **slope**; at Harvard and Williams, to **cut**; and at some western 'institutions,' to **skate**.

"At Union a man is **hauled up** by his professor, and when he makes a brilliant recitation, invariably **rowls** and **rakes** in the consequent **ten-spot**. At Harvard he **squirts** or, more commonly, **rushes**. At some colleges he **howls** and **screams**. At Williams he **rakes an X**.

"With us, to fail in attempted recitations is a **flunk**; to sit nobly in one's seat when hauled up is a **dead flunk**. The latter at West Point is **fess**; at Wesleyan, **smash**; at several Southern colleges, **burst**. **Fizzle** is our term for a poor recitation.

"Hard study at Union and Princeton is **poling**; at Harvard (according to the **Crimson**), the 'consummation devoutly to be wished' is the result of **grinding** or **digging**. At Williams it is **grubbing**.

"We call a student who fawns and hangs around professors, **soups** or **bootlicks**. Some colleges have **bootlegs**.

"**Snab** is the most common name for unmarried females, but is not used at Union. The more youthful portion of the tender sex among us—we mean in Schenectady—are referred to as **fair maids of Dorp**, or **quail**. The **Athenoeum** proposes that the 'bucolic maidens of rural Wil-

liams' be hereafter known as **rose-buds**.

"The collegiate rowdy at Harvard is a **scrub**; at Columbia, **ploot**, **prune** or a **plum**. At Yale he is a **slum**. We call him what he is—an **ass**.

"Harvard 'don't haze freshmen any more.' Neither do we. '79 was the last class that did that successfully. But they still **devil** a **Pleb** at West Point, and at Brown they **soap** him—because he needs it. We still put him on the **table** and listen to the affecting tale of his pedigree and childhood, to his best declamation or speech and to his nursery songs.

"At Union nearly every freshman is required to **set up** at some appointed time during the first term—i. e., to furnish divers potations and edibles for the upper classmen. All occasions of festivity among us are **set-ups**.

"**String-out** is a word recently adopted at Union. It relates to that peculiar lengthening out of student groups on their way to chapel which cause them to enter at intervals of about two seconds. This prevents the beginning of the exercises and enables those in the rear to catch up. A very few men have been known to form a line from Lafayette Street to the college, all marching to the tune of **String o-u-t! String o-u-t!** A noble institution!

"A student suspended from college is **bounced**; expelled, he gets the **G. B.—grand bounce**.

"A student's room is his **ranche**. A general, grand racket is a **jamboree**.

"We **come down** in recitation or chapel in the place of applause, and there is no fiction about that either. In delivering orations we **howl**. In fine, we do everything which is appropriate to student life, work and play, laugh and sing, morally and experimentally certain that

"Old Union is a jolly home,
 We'll love her still where'er we roam;
 The very songs we used to sing
 'Mid memory's echoes long shall ring."

May our present slang seem as odd to another generation!

The demonstration of radio preparedness, which will be given by 25,000 amateur licensed operators beginning Monday night, February 21, at 11 o'clock, central time, will be handled for this section by the college wireless station. The message will be relayed on to the designated stations of the east. The message will start from Elgin, Ill.

 *
 * A STUDY IN CONVERSATION. *
 * (Being one which is prevalent in homes this *
 * time of year.) *
 *

"H'm! What's this, my boy—reading a newspaper? Why aren't you doing your school work? You know you're mother and I expect you to graduate this Spring."

"Gee, pa, I can't study no more! I'm sick 'nd tired of it. Say, lemme quit 'nd go to work, will you?"

"Wh—what's that! Quit and—say, what's the matter with you, anyway? You sick?"

"Naw, I ain't sick. I know what I'm talking about, I tell you. I just don't want to waste half o' my life spouting this darn Germ—"

"Harold!"

"—shouting this German stuff. Lookit Jake Goldberger. He quit last year 'nd got a job ushering in the opera house 'nd now lookit him. He's head usher 'nd getting seven dollars per week."

"But—"

"I want to get a job like that too. Before all these guys get in ahead o' me. I'm sick o' hanging 'round with a lot o' little kids, I am. I—"

"Why, son, I—I hardly know what to say. I'm disappointed, I must confess. Deeply disappointed. You know I never had any college education, and I was hoping you could have one."

"Aw, college! I don't want to go to no college. What's the good?"

"Much good, son. Much good. And I had practically decided that you should go."

"I don't WANT to go to no college, I'm telling you!"

"But, Harold, I want you TO go!"

"Don't care. I won't, that's all!"

"HAROLD! You WILL go, I say! What do you mean—speaking to me like that?"

"Um! Well, I don't want to, anyway."

"I had looked forward to your getting a good education. O course, I do not want it to be all hard work for you; I'm expecting to see you do a little football now and then, and—"

"Sure! I'll make the football team. I'm pretty good at—"

"Yes, yes! I know! But you'll attend strictly to your lessons the first thing you do."

"Say, I don't know, pa—looks pretty good at that!"

"Now look here! There'll be no roustabouting, understand? If you go, I shall give you a small weekly allowance and you will run up NO bills!"

"Say, gee wihz, pa—you'll have to give me enough now! Bill Bailey says they have big dances pretty near every week, and I'll have to go to them, won't I?"

"Not all of them necessarily. Besides it is doubtful whether you will go at all or not."

"Sure, I'll go! And say, you got to let me start smoking you know. Everybody does in college. And—"

"Well, I should—"

"And I'll join a frat, 'cause they're the swell-est fellas."

"Now—"

"You'll have to buy me a dress suit before I go. Bill says he wears 'em all the time."

"But—"

"That's the ole ball game, Pa! Me for college, every time! Where's the ole German book—I'm always loosing—"

"HAROLD! DROP THAT BOOK! Tomorrow you go to work in my office—and you won't get seven dollars per week!"

 *
 * THE DESERT OPERATOR. *
 * By W. M. M. *
 *

O man, what band of slavery
 Is this I took upon my head
 With joy, 'neath which my heart has bled
 At loss of friend and life's variety!

Your word could cheer my lonely night,
 Take all the pain from out myday,
 And keep these sounds—sea sounds!—away.
 And change these desert shades to light.

I do not ask for lighter task;
 A dearer one God could not give;
 'Tis only that I wish to live!
 A face, a voice is all I ask!

But threats, nor tears, nor words of prayer
 Nor madness in death's glassy eyes
 Nor human shrieks, nor vultures' cries
 Can move you, Man, who do not care.

 *
 * ON HOFFY'S EYES. *
 * By Hafiz. *
 *

O bright inscrutable, we cannot tell
 Whether your glinting steel is grey or yell—
 Ow, as we stand reluctant with swift-billowing
 knees
 Confronting those twin grim dissecting mys-
 teries.

Whether in Babylon or Nineveh
 Or Kubla Khan or Xanadu or Leh
 Or by the waters of Abana and Pharpar
 Or Ophir-wards where Dickey-birdies are,
 What can avail of guile and braggadocio
 What skill of tierce and quart and rapier thrust
 and so-so,
 What hardy sturdy brazenness of heroes
 Undaunted by the vengeance that was Nero's—
 Of what avail to smile and smile and be a vil-
 lain,
 And lie and lie and keep a-millin',
 And bull and bull howe'er so willin'—
 Our thews
 Are turned to wate. and our sinews
 Droop and fail before the phiz
 That so abates us at that quizz—
 And we are pale and quail before those lynx's
 Eyes that rise before us like the Sphynx's—
 And we grow specter-thin and lose our moral
 zest
 From thinking of our maundering and stuttering,
 And burbling and fluttering
 And muttering,
 At that last oral test—
 O tempora, O syllogisms,
 O savage eyes, O paroxysms,
 O Undistributed Middle and all that Bosh,
 O Gosh!

A movement is on foot in athletic circles
 to provide some means of recompense for
 the candidates for athletic managerships
 who stand high at the close of competition
 but do not attain the coveted election. A
 committee composed of the present assistant
 managers of baseball, basketball and foot-
 ball have been empowered by the athletic
 board to take definite steps in the matter.

In the recent meeting of the athletic
 board, it was voted not to have a 'versity
 hockey team this season. The action was
 taken because of several games recently
 played by a team composed of Union Col-
 lege men. It is a misfortune that hockey
 can not be taken up at Union, as we evident-
 ly possess some excellent material.

As a result of the recent mid-year ex-
 aminations, 17 freshmen failed to pass their
 required subjects and were dropped from
 the college rolls. Several others were placed
 on probation. The entering class now num-
 bers 173.

 *
 * TWILIGHT. *
 *

I think of the lurid sunset passed, the magic
 of the colors fading into the sombreness of the
 ominous half-light.

I stare at the small brilliant points of artificial
 light, and dream of the glare of the restaurants,
 the sparkling of eyes, the lilt of music, the rhythm
 of the dance, the subtle exhilaration of flowing
 wine.

Then of the contrast of the deepening gloom,
 the hush of sleep, the security of well-traveled
 streets; of the dangers and lurking menaces of
 the dark alley.

I wonder at the stupid drowsiness of the or-
 dinary people, at the alert nimbleness of the pick-
 pocket, the vigilance of the thief, and the anguish
 of the outcast.

Ah, this is it! It is the mystery, the uncertainty,
 the secrecy, the impenetrability of human activity
 enacted under the protecting veil of night, that
 attracts me.

This is what twilight means to me.
 It fascinates me.

At a meeting of the sophomore class
 Tuesday noon in chapel, Walter Hochuli
 was elected secretary-treasurer for the year.
 Hochuli has been active in 'varsity and
 class athletics and in public speaking. He
 wil undoubtedly fill his new office well.

 *
 * TO A T-SHIRT *
 * On Seeing One on a Student's Body at *
 * Chapel. *
 * By E. W. Moore. *
 *

Ha! whaur ye gaun, ye under-shirtie?
 Your appearance proclaims you dirty;
 I canna say but ye strunt rarely,
 'Fore Prexy's face;
 And faith! I fear ye fit but sparely
 In sic a place.

Ye ugly, yellow, homely garment,
 Detested, shunned by soap an' varmint,
 How daur ye set yoursel upon him—
 Sae fine a laddie?
 Gae somewhere else and shed your wool-lint
 On some poor body.

* * * * *

O wad some Power the giftie gie us
 To see oursel as ithers see us!
 It wad frae mony a blunder free us,
 An' foolish notion:
 What sloppiness in dress wad lea've us,
 An' ev'n devotion!

Morse Hall, the Cornell chemical laboratory, was wiped out by fire early on the morning of Sunday, February 13, with a loss of \$300,000. J. C. Ashmead, of basketball fame, saved radium valued at \$1,000. Junior Week girls served coffee to the students who fought the fire.

The next meeting of the Chemistry Club will be held on Monday, February 21. The program committee is busy preparing an interesting schedule of subjects for this term. It is hoped that this meeting will be well supported.

The Garnet photograph of the Interfraternity Conference will be taken at White's studio Saturday at one o'clock. All members are urged to be present.

 *
 * PIERROT. *
 *

The lamp is out, the glasses broken,
 The songs have faded, the rose is dead,
 Poor Pierrot, his swift dance ended
 Rests his weary head.

Poor Pierrot, who dancest for me,
 Kind thou art when all is said,
 Who hast, for my own pleasure only,
 The languid evening sped.

Thy dance, like breezes softly blowing,
 Set waters in my heart to flowing.
 Cruel boy come, nay, do not start,
 Come close and get thy kiss sweetheart.

The new Radio Club has been quite active during the last few weeks. Messages from President Richmond to the presidents of both the University of Pittsburgh and of Cornell, have been put through, and communication has been established with the University of Michigan. All this work was done on the small, 250 watt set. Some new apparatus has recently been added and the set tuned up, so that still better results are assured.

Owing to punctured condenser plates, the Marconi 2 K. W. set is not now in operation, but will be as soon as new plates can be procured.

FINDS KISSING NO CRIME.

Magistrate discharges youth who saluted schoolgirl hostess.

—New York Times.

Come on fellows; we've got the law on our side.

The gymnasium was used last evening for the Charity Ball, which was given for the benefit of the Mercy Hospital. A few Union students were among the dancers.

THE LITTLE OLD WOMAN.

The little old woman sits at the moving-picture show. Her worn hands are folded in quiet peace over the tarnished clasps of her pocketbook, frayed with the long usage of meagre years. Her mouth shows the effect of un murmuring struggle against the bleakness of poverty and unlovely labor. Relaxed now into a half-smile her lips are quick to respond to the shifting emotions of the screen.

Youth and beauty flash before her. Gay romance comes with its journey's end of lovers' meetings. Life, pulsing, throbbing, sweet, comes grippingly to her, soothing her tired eyes into a lovelier vision of the goodness of God's earth and His creatures. Tragedy beckons to her, its all-seeing eye fixed on the immutable sweep of event.

She sees her own youth refracted back at her with prismatic gleams of the sunshine she saw but never felt. The poignant beauty of springtime nature intoxicates her with a nameless wonder. The sodden Every-Day drops off, and she is alive with a new vibrancy of emotion.

The show ends. The piano, finished voicing the mute flow of events, stops after a jangling finale. As she moves past me, the humdrum of her life settles in again upon her mouth and the wrinkles around her eyes. Ah, the tragedy of coming down from mountain tops!

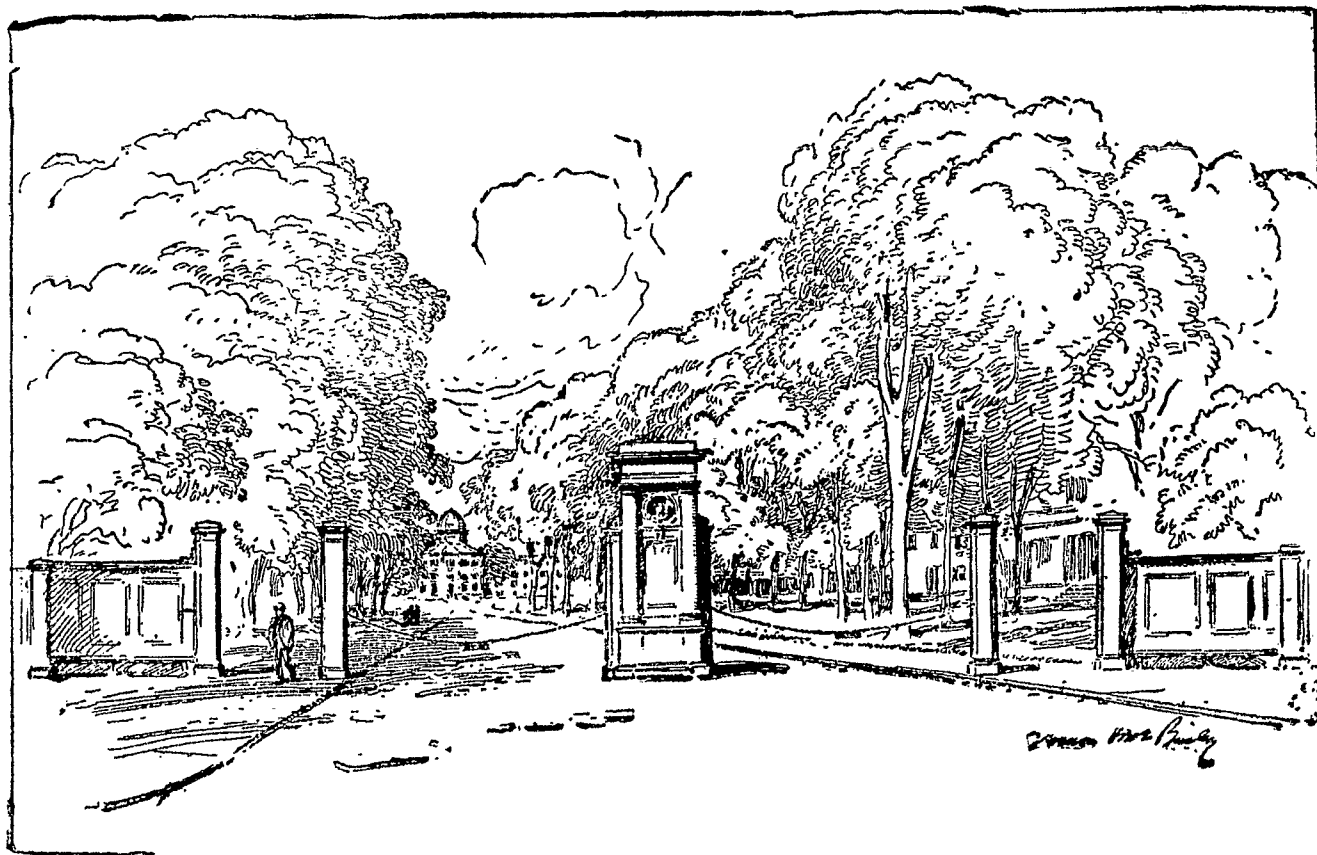
The Old Woman with the Faded Little Face has melted into the crowd.—Targum.

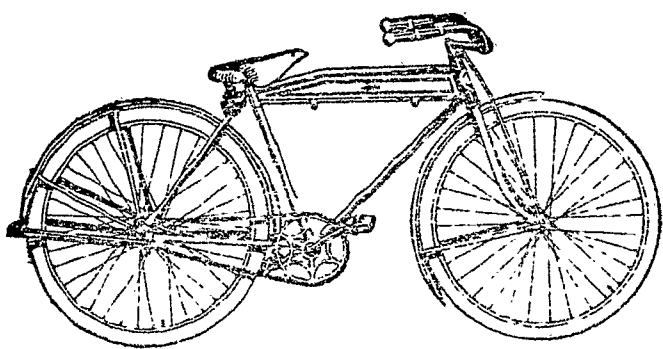
The Radio Club reported at White's studio on Wednesday for the annual photograph. The club will hold a regular meeting tomorrow night.

Forty-three men recently reported for the Press Club's 1917 Garnet photograph at White's studio.

A ruling recently passed by the University of Kansas requires that every able-bodied male student in the university must play football at least twice a week.

The principal parts of the verb flunco according to our Latin Department: flunco, flunkere, faculty, fire 'em.—Ex.





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