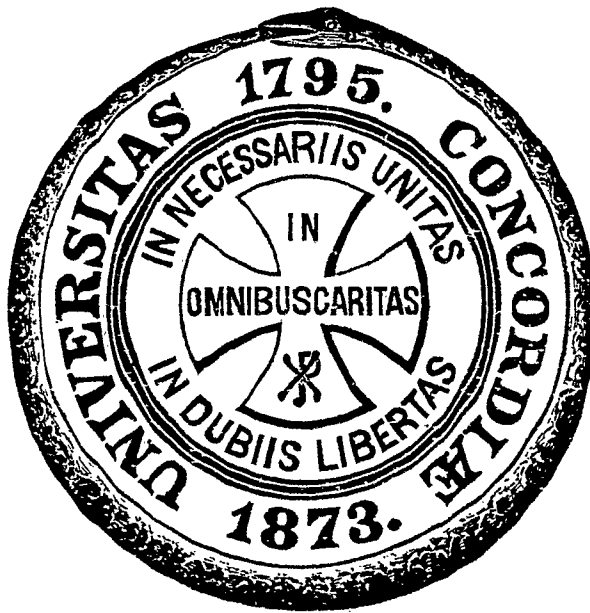


Vol. XXIII.

No. 8.

NOVEMBER 15, 1899.

The... Concordiensis.



Memorial Number.

Published Weekly by the Students of Union College,
Schenectady, N. Y.

Union University.

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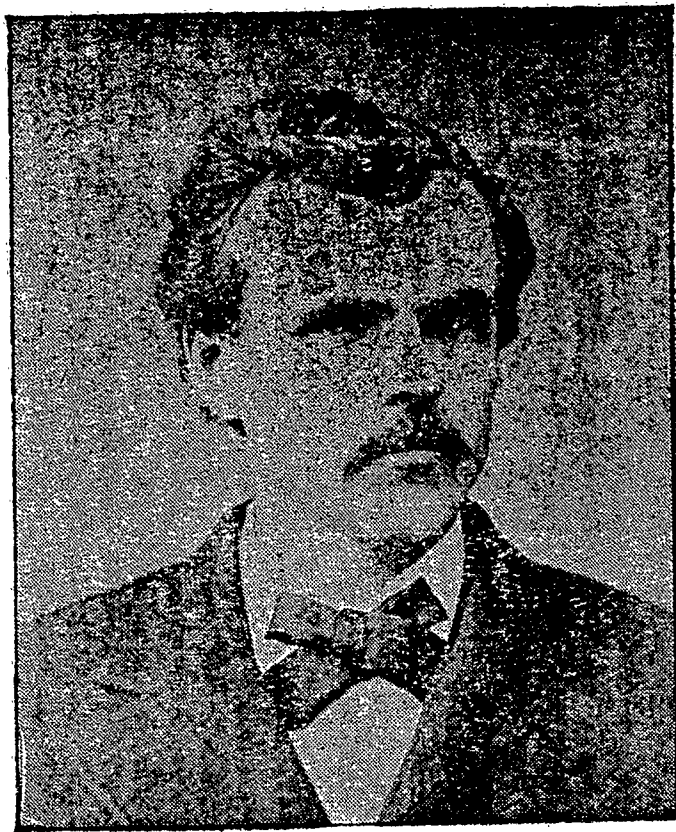
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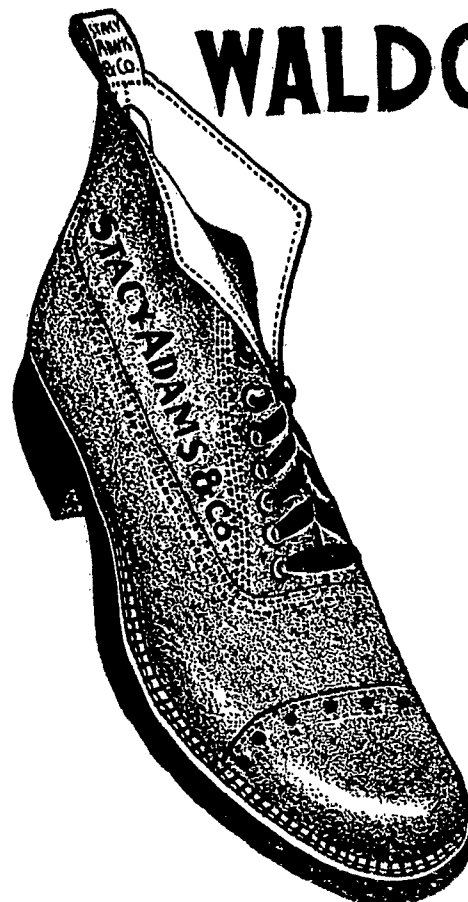
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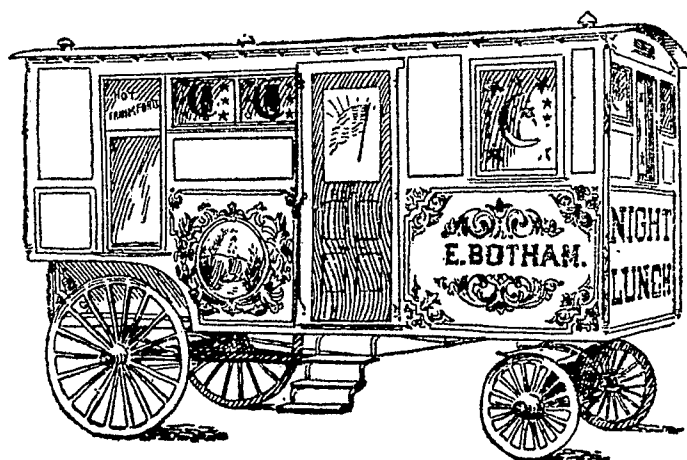


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THE CONCORDIENSIS.

VOL. XXIII.

UNION COLLEGE, NOVEMBER 15, 1899.

No. 8.

IN MEMORIAM.

Trustee Robert C. Alexander, '80, Passes Away.

His Life and Death Recorded in Heart- felt Tributes.

The whole college community was saddened to learn of the recent death of the loyal graduate and trustee, Robert Carter Alexander, editor of the New York Mail and Express. In recognition of the high regard in which he was held by everyone connected with Union College, this issue of *The Concordiensis* is made a special memorial number in his honor.

MR. ALEXANDER'S CAREER.

Robert Carter Alexander was born at West Charlton, N. Y., July 5, 1857. James B. Alexander, the clerk of Schenectady County, and the Rev. George Alexander the pastor of the University Place Presbyterian Church of New York, are his brothers. He is also survived by his father, a sister, and another brother, William, of West Charlton.

He was graduated from U. C. I. in 1876 and entered Union with the class of 1880. He took a great interest in all undergraduate affairs and was an active member of the Adelpic Literary Society. He won both the Ingham and the first Blatchford prize, and was elected to *Phi. B. K.* on graduation.

In 1881 he was graduated from the Albany Law School and was admitted to the bar in the same year.

In 1883, three years after his graduation, Mr. Alexander received, in course, the degree of Master of Arts, and in 1890 was elected a life trustee of Union, being up to that time the youngest alumnus ever to receive that honor. He not only took an interest in the college as a whole and

worked for its advancement but he kept up his interest in the students. He founded the Alexander Prize for Extemporaneous Speaking and was a regular attendant at commencement. It was he who revived and set on a firm footing the New York Alumni Association. He kept the college before the world through the columns of the newspaper, and it was by his influence as class president that the custom of holding decennial reunions was given new life.

After practicing law at Elmira for three years he took up his residence in New York. He became counsel for Mr. Elliot F. Shepard and negotiated for him the purchase of the Mail and Express. As secretary and treasurer of the corporation he familiarized himself with every detail of newspaper work and in 1897, in association with Mr. R. E. A. Dorr, the publisher, purchased the Mail and Express. He was active in its management, and this took up so much of his time that he could do but very little outside work although he was eminently fitted for a leader.

He contributed several articles to magazines and was the author of the History of Union College in the Bulletin of the U. S. Bureau of Education. He was a close friend of President McKinley and wrote several influential letters from the national capital during the first part of his administration. At the time of his death he was a member of the University, Alpha Delta Phi, Press and St. Anthony's Clubs, the Adirondack League, the Union College Alumni Association, the American Geographical and the American Forestry societies and Phi Beta Kappa.

THE FUNERAL.

The funeral services of the late Mr. Alexander were held in the University Place Presbyterian Church at New York, Tuesday afternoon. Men of high distinction in many walks of life were present to pay a last tribute to his memory, and the mute message that flowers convey was expressed by wreaths sent by his friends and associates in business and college life.

As the funeral party entered the church, the organ played a funeral march. After the choir had sung the anthem, "Thy Will Be Done," the Rev. Henry Van Dyke, D. D., offered prayer. Reading from the Scriptures and a contralto solo followed. The Rev. Dr. A. V. V. Raymond, presi-

dent of Union College, then delivered the following appreciative address :

"He was my dear friend and my heart is so sore in this hour of loss, that my place seems to be not here, but among those who are sitting in silence with their grief. Of memories that are precious, and sacred, I would not speak even if I could trust myself to do so, but to tell of the character that disclosed itself in the intercourse of many years is a privilege which I cannot forego, as it is a character I would that all knew and honored. And yet I hesitate even in this, fearing lest I may be unfaithful to the memory of one who in life shrank from the tributes we so often longed to offer. It was a part of the charm of his personality, and certainly it was a mark of his nobility, that he sought not praise, that he was unconscious of the virtues that won our confidence and love. He could not understand that what was so natural to him could be in any way exceptional or attract the notice or call forth the comments of others, and so now I would not by words of eulogy offend that fine spirit, I would not transgress the bounds which he himself set. And yet I may speak of him, if it be not so much for his praise as for our good and the praise of his Lord.

"To have known Robert Alexander as I knew him and as many here knew him, is to realize how much there is that is above gold. To know him as we knew him is to realize how little a man's power depends upon outward circumstance. I have asked myself many times during these last few days what it was that so drew us to him and held us. It was not his ability, marked as that was; not his accomplishments, varied as they were; not even his virtues, so apparent, so persistent. Many men have all these, and yet lack his power, his influence. What was it? His spirit, the indefinable essence of the man, that permeated all that he was and all that he did. It was this spirit that drew us and touched us and made us glad that we knew him. It was this spirit that reaching through intervening distances, made our thought of him wherever we were an inspiration to noble living.

"How can we characterize this spirit? Can we say it was his character? Yes, if we give the largest meaning to that word character. His was not the virtue merely of resisting evil. His integrity was beyond question. It was so much a matter of course that he would be honest and honorable and just and true that we seldom gave this phase of his life a second thought. Character? Yes, if we recognize the positive, the aggressive element in character; and that, I think, which separated our friend and brother from many besides who are honorable in life was his spirit of devotion to truth and to righteousness.

"This brought him into touch with the world of righteousness and with all those large concerns which belong to the kingdom of righteousness upon earth. It identified him with every great cause which means good to humanity and brought him into fellowship with the great men of his time, many of whom sought him for counsel and help. He could plan broadly, as he could work persistently. He belonged to the world of large affairs, the world of great causes, because he had the instincts of a statesman, the heart of a patriot and a great capacity for friendship. Men trusted him because they knew he was loyal. What a word that is! How it describes him, and how it stamps him with nobility!

"We have not said all when we have spoken of his spirit of devotion to truth and to righteousness. There was something more—a kindly spirit, a gentle, helpful spirit. Had it not been so we would not have loved him as we did. It was an instinct with him to relieve others, even at cost to himself, and so, few of the burdens that he carried were his own. As the years passed, as his interests enlarged, these burdens increased. Was it this that at last crushed him?

"He seemed so strong, he was always so willing, we never hesitated to go to him for help. Perhaps we did not realize what virtue had gone out of him whenever we left his presence relieved of our anxiety and with new hope and courage. We did not think that what we left behind he took upon himself. This spirit of kindness and of helpfulness was strong in him even to the end, when his own burden of suffering and of dread foreboding might have well absorbed his thought and energy. Some of the memories that will linger longest in our hearts are memories of these last days when in physical weakness he still ministered to us.

"What a lesson is this for us, my brothers, in view of the self-centered living that makes up so much of the world in which we move! What is the great end of life? We cannot help but ask that question today. Will any object if I say gratitude, or, to use a larger word, friendship, or a larger word still, love? For what are we striving if not to win something that will endure when our hands are empty? And what will endure? Love only is immortal, the gratitude of human hearts. This is the treasure laid up in heaven, where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, the treasure that is ours when all else fails! But to win we must serve. To live for others is to live in them.

"What is the glory of Christ? The praises of those whom He has redeemed, for whom He lived and died. If we are to share that glory we must share on earth His life of service, of unselfish

ministry. It was the Christ Spirit in Robert Alexander that won for him his large inheritance of gratitude and love and, as I say this, I feel that he would have me say also that he caught that Spirit as he learned of Christ in the home that gave him to the world, so that, if today praise is to be given to any mortal, let it be given to the father and mother who so lived the Christ life that their children could live no other."

At the close of President Raymond's remarks Dr. Van Dyke followed with a prayer and the services closed with the benediction.

Among the friends of the family at the church were William Brookfield, Cornelius N. Bliss, ex-Secretary of the Interior; Col. D. C. Robinson of Elmira, Augustus D. Shepard, Edward P. North, Hon. St. Clair McKelway, Judge George L. Ingraham and many others.

The following trustees of the college were present: Silas B. Brownell, Rev. Dr. William Irvin, Hon. John H. Starin, William H. H. Moore, Clark Brooks, Col. Charles E. Sprague, Edgar S. Barney, and Treasurer Gilbert K. Harroun.

The faculty of Union College was represented by the following delegation: Dr. Benjamin H. Ripton, dean; Prof. James R. Truax and Prof. Sidney G. Ashmore.

The following Union alumni, class of '80, of which Mr. Alexander was a member, were present: Richard D. Anable, New York; Frank P. S. Crane, Middletown; Robert J. Landon, Schenectady; John V. L. Pruyn, New York; John Ickler, Detroit; Philip J. Ryan, Washington; Charles F. Bishop, New York, and Dr. Frederick T. Rogers, Providence, R. I.

Among the other Union alumni present were: William H. McElroy, '60; Charles D. Nott, '54; Daniel M. Stimson, '64; John T. Mygatt, '58; George F. Allison, '84; George J. Schermerhorn, '66; Alden A. Bennett, '87; Courtland V. Anable, '81; George E. Marks, '79; Oscar H. Rogers, '77; Thaddeus R. White, '61; Matthew Beattie, '82; Theodorus McLeod, '65; George T. Hughes, '93; Rockwell Harmon Potter, '95; John A. Hennessy, '94; Joseph Alan O'Neill, '97; Clarke Winslow Crannell, '95, and William K. Gilchrist, '83.

The Mail and Express employees attended to the number of nearly one hundred, including the full strength of the editorial staff.

PRESIDENT RAYMOND'S CHAPEL ADDRESS.

When the students reassembled at chapel Wednesday morning, President Raymond told them of Mr. Alexander's death and spoke as follows of his life:

"In his death Union College lost one of her most loyal sons and the State one of its noblest citizens.

Despite his years, Robert Alexander was the trusted friend and adviser of many of the Nation's great men. Many tributes have been paid him, but I want to add just a word as to his relations with the college.

"Mr. Alexander was essentially a Union College man; he honored her past, he believed in her present and he was confident of her future. He was the best-known and best beloved alumnus in the eyes of the undergraduates, and was continually giving his energy to the furtherance of their interests.

"As a student, he kept the heritage which he brought with him to college, a clear brain, a pure heart and a quickened conscience, and he easily took the first place in scholarship in his class. In college, as in after life, he had a vigor hard to restrain, yet he never overstepped the bounds. No graduate of another college ever loved his alma mater more than did Robert Alexander. But this was not a mere sentiment. It manifested itself in his tireless devotion.

"Not only was he himself a regular attendant at commencement, but he was always influencing others to return. It was he who revived and set on a firm basis the New York Alumni Association; it was he who kept the college before the world through the columns of the press; it was through his influence as class president that in 1890 the custom of holding decennial class reunions was given new life; at his own expense he published for many years an alumni bulletin; it was his warm interest in the athletics of the college that was the means of securing the first physical instructor here; and as the natural result of these and many other manifestations of his interest he was elected in 1890 a life member of the Board of Trustees. In this duty, as in every other, he was faithful to his trust, faithful even unto death.

"Such a life makes its own appeal. God grant that we may live as nobly, as loyally and as worthily as did Robert Alexander."

THE BURIAL SERVICE.

All college work was suspended at 12 o'clock, and on the arrival of the special car containing the funeral cortege the entire student body and faculty were assembled at the depot. The procession then moved to the cemetery, where the remains were buried in the Alexander lot, President Raymond officiating. The exercises were brief, but impressive. Dr. Raymond's words at the grave were as follows:

"To this place, sacred to human sorrow, we bring the body of our beloved friend for burial. Memories tender and loving throng upon us as we stand around this open grave. His presence meant

much to us all, for his life was large and full and free, rich in friendship, abounding in ministries. It will be hard to live without him, and yet it will be easier to live nobly because we knew him. Such a life never ends, even upon earth, for it survives in the lives and institutions that have felt its quickening touch, in the influences set at work that perpetuate themselves from generation to generation.

"Why seek ye the living among the dead? He is not here. He is risen."

"As this was said of the Lord of Life, so may it be said of all who live in Him as He Himself taught. 'Because I live ye shall live also.' Let our thoughts then be rather of life than death, and while we cover this tabernacle with the dust to which it must return let us follow the spirit that has been set free for larger service and even now knows the meaning of its welcome to the eternal world.

"Because thou hast been faithful in a few things I will make thee ruler over many. Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

HIS UNDERGRADUATE LIFE.

The first name on our class-lists during all our college course, was that of Robert C. Alexander. At graduation his was the first name in the list of honor men. From that time to this, the class of '80 has been, in a very unusual sense, "Alexander's class." Our first recitation in college was in Professor Whitehorne's class, and I remember well how on the first day I admired Alexander's calmness as he walked to the appointed place before the stern professor, and the ease with which he read and expounded his portion of Greek. And all learning seemed to be easy to him, unless perhaps it were in mathematics. It was commonly understood that he considered much study in mathematics to be a weariness to the flesh; but Greek and Latin were his delight. Probably other men in the class studied the classics as much as he did; perhaps one or two acquired as much classical learning; but I think that no other entered so fully into the spirit of Greek and Roman literature, or made so fully his own the great inheritance of ancient thought. The study of English literature, too, was his constant pleasure, and he was easily first in writing and public speaking. I need not speak of the prizes he took; they are a part of the records of the college.

But his highest mark of honor in college competitions is in the fact that his own spirit was so great, so generous, so free from all selfish rivalry, that we all felt that we had won when Alexander received a prize.

Superior scholarship, however, was but a part of that which made him the leading man of his class. Recognition of his sympathy with every college interest united with his undoubted literary gifts to make him an editor of *The Concordiensis*; naturally, he became our senior president. He had a singular comprehensiveness both of intellect and of affection. Others will tell of his later life, but I may be permitted to relate an incident which illustrates this trait of his. Last summer, while in the city of Frankfort, he found in a book-store an early printed copy of a Greek text, bought it, and sent it to a classmate who was, he knew, interested in classical studies. While fighting what he knew to be a losing fight with a mortal disease, his mind was still keen with interest in his old studies, and he remembered that the old book would bring pleasure to his distant friend. And as we have known him lately, so he was in college. His mind grasped everything, his heart went out to everybody. And with what measure he gave, so was it given to him again. He was, withal, a man of striking physical and moral courage. One night during our freshman year some upper classmen fancied that it would be a fine thing to "put the freshmen to bed." Arriving at Alexander's room, they found it locked and barricaded. Alexander refused to open. Finally the door was battered in, there was a rush to enter, and a sudden halt; Alexander and his roommate appeared in the centre of the room with leveled shotguns and words of warning. There was a hasty departure for the stairway, after a time a cautious return; negotiations followed, a treaty of peace was made, and Alexander went to bed at his own time and in his own way.

Doubtless Alexander was a hard student; such scholarship as his does not come without labor. But "the still air of quiet study" is not a phrase descriptive of his manner of life in the south section of south college. Alexander was

fond of fun; perhaps his fun was not always officially approved by the faculty of that day, but they all remembered him with respect and affection. We tell over to one another the story of his college life; we tell it with pride, with laughter, with gratitude, with emotion as we think of the years of comradeship now fast receding into the distant past. And we tell it all; in his college life there was nothing to hide, nothing to cause regret or sorrow. As he entered college, so he left it, and so he continued to the end, pure in heart, upright in life, unstained by the world's evil.

B. H. RIPTON, '80.

DR. ROGERS' TRIBUTE.

I have been asked to write something of my recollections of Robert C. Alexander since we left college, but what at first seemed an easy task, so full is the memory of his Christian character, his genial nature and his firm friendships, proves to be a burden. The sense of personal loss is so keen, the thought that our friend is no more, that never again in this world shall we see him or hear his hearty greeting, impresses me so profoundly that the attempt to write of his lasting college friendships and the influence they had upon his life is likely to prove wholly inadequate.

Notwithstanding the good natured rivalry which exists between the various classes and the boastful claims made by each, no one will gainsay that in thirty years there has been graduated by Union College no man so imbued with loyalty to his alma mater, no man so ambitious of her welfare, no man who has devoted so much of his own life to her interests as Robert C. Alexander of '80—no man who loved his classmates more or who labored more successfully to maintain a class organization than did he. At the same time there was never a man who retained the respect and friendship of his instructors, who has so few enemies,—no, not enemies for he had none,—who had so few acquaintances that did not appreciate his worth and who kept the love of his classmates as did the man known to all the boys as "Aleck."

From the date of his graduation he began to perfect our class organization. He corresponded with each member, he knew their wives, could call by name their children, and when in 1883 he issued a Triennial he not only inaugurated a new era in class organization, but, as always, with the interest of Union at heart, he rekindled in the hearts of his classmates the flickering flame of enthusiasm in the college and its interests.

In 1885 he followed with another bulletin which recorded the brief history and address of every member of our class but one, a feat never equalled by any other than Alexander. When in '90 we gathered for our Decennial reunion and accepted his hospitality at Lake George where for days we revelled in recollections of college days and reminiscences of boyish pranks, it seemed a culmination of loyalty to '80, yet evidence of his friendship did not cease here.

In spite of his growing responsibilities, his larger cares, his work for and interest in the college, from the day of his graduation to the day of his death his classmates were dear to him as brothers.

Perhaps none had more frequent opportunities to enjoy his society than I and there never was a dinner complete which did not include over our cigars a retrospect of the history of the boys of '80. News of each was regaled with as much gusto as any bit of gossip in society. How many times in the last nineteen years he has gathered around his hospitable board a lot of classmates would be hard to say. He never seemed so happy as when he was host, and when on November 7, nine of the class of '80 gathered at dinner, the thoughtful care that placed a vacant chair at the table and laid an extra cover, was but one one manifestation of the sense of irreparable loss we had experienced.

Alexander was an enthusiastic fellow. He could not keep quiet, and before grim disease laid its heavy hand upon him nothing seemed to dampen his ardor or restrain his vivacity. No guest of his ever complained of ennui,—they had no time. He was the best correspondent a man ever had. His letters to his friends were brimful of humor and sprightliness and I am greatly impressed by the fact that so many of us have treasured his letters for years. One of our class tells me that he has every letter ever received from him.

Three years ago I had the pleasure of entertaining him at my home and of paying an election bet made at Lake George in 1895, and I violate no confidence in quoting from a letter received after his return to New York. When we consider that at that time he had just learned that he was afflicted with an incurable disease and that a certain depression might be natural, his letter, so like himself, shows no trace of ought than a desire to make a pleasant return for hospitality.

* * * * "We arrived home safely at eleven o'clock and before the midnight hour were safe in bed. Tonight we had corned beef and cabbage and it seemed like coming down with a thump from the diet of snails and terrapin and grouse with which we had so recently been regaled. It was a noble gorge, a repast which epicures would have

envied and which would have surprised the pampered palate of Lucullus himself. We feel much as Aleck the younger did yesterday that our Thanksgiving feast was past. However, when you come to New York we will give you some fine corned beef and cabbage.

"It was a pleasure to us to visit you in your roomy home and the pleasure will be completed when we have a chance to make you at home in ours. I have already arranged with Procrustes to have our spare bed lengthened eighteen inches on one side so as to accomodate your long shanks.
* * * *

"With love to your wife and cold respects for yourself,

"Ever yours,

"R. C. A."

No one who knew Alexander can fail to see his generous nature in this letter,—it is characteristic of the best friend that any '80 man ever had. It is not idle talk, no mere platitude or convention when I say that no man could know Bob Alexander and fail to be a better man. His life, so short, has not been in vain. The remembrance of his friendship, the recollection of his virtues and the memory of his life work will be incentives to all of us. No man had a better friend and it is a source of great personal gratification to me that I have a son who bears his name, and I can wish for no greater happiness and hope for him no greater success than that he may be like our beloved friend and classmate Robert C. Alexander.

F. T. ROGERS, '80, M. D.,

117 Broad Street,

Nov. 10, 1899.

Providence, R. I.

WILLIAM H. MC ELROY'S TRIBUTE.

[FROM THE MAIL AND EXPRESS.]

Writing of the passing away of the young English poet, Arthur Hugh Clough, Mr. Charles Eliot Norton bore witness, that "to win such love as he won in life, to leave behind so dear a memory as he left, is a lot that falls to few mortals; he was loved by friends whose affection is better than fame and who in losing him have met with an irreparable loss."

Those who knew Robert C. Alexander will find in these significant sentences a eulogy which his character might have inspired. The memory he has left will ever be fragrant in the hearts of his friends. They will find joy in recalling his strong, simple unsullied nature, his forceful brain, his tender heart and rare

unselfishness, his prompt and generous response to all the claims of friendship, his instinctive hatred of evil in any of its manifestations, his resolute championship of whatever things are pure, lovely and of good report.

Thus to portray him is to suggest what manner of man he was, but still the irresistible charm of his personality eludes the pen. In him strength and sweetness of character were exquisitely blended. He was practical without being narrow. He had to a remarkable degree the courage of his convictions and yet no one could have been more free from dogmatism. He was a sagacious and successful man of affairs, prominent in many activities; although but a stalwart fighter in the battle of life, he kept himself unspotted from the world.

His was a comparatively brief career, and yet in the eyes of Him to whom a day is as a thousand years, it may seem a full rounded one. Nor shall we say that it is a completed career—"To live in hearts we leave behind is not to die"—and Robert C. Alexander survives, a potent influence for good, something more than a blessed memory, say rather a beneficent vital force enriching and ennobling the lives of those who survive him.

ST. CLAIR MC KELWAY'S TRIBUTE.

[FROM THE BROOKLYN EAGLE.]

"Robert C. Alexander was conscientious, earnest and cultivated. He did not have a fair chance fully to indicate his decided abilities as a writer or thinker on public questions, for his best powers were absorbed by the business requirements of the paper. Those who knew him well loved him much. He was very attractive in manner and in character, refined in taste, religious in life, and faithful to duties and to friendships.

The Mail and Express staff and constituency will sadly miss him. The alumni of Union University have lost in him one of the most devoted supporters of their educational mother. The work of newspaper making is deprived by his death of a man who brought to it right ideals and who did not deviate from them. His family and kindred and his associates in service will have the sincere sympathy of their friends in the sorrow that has come to them. For him sorrow need not be felt, for recovery was impossible and release from pain and weakness was far better."

EDITORIAL TRIBUTE FROM THE MAIL AND EXPRESS.

"Today all that was mortal of Robert C. Alexander, the late editor of The Mail and Express, was laid to rest in God's acre, near the college from which he was graduated and for whose welfare he labored so faithfully. His body reposes beside the form of his little child, whose spirit preceded and beckoned him to the better land. It is exquisitely fit that this should be so; that having dropped the things of time he should sleep his last sleep with much companionship. 'Except ye become as a little child ye cannot enter the kingdom'—that is the supreme test. President Raymond of Union College, Mr. Alexander's lifelong friend, in the tender, discriminating tribute which yesterday he paid to his memory, testified out of a full heart, as all testify who knew him, that in character and achievement, in what he was and what he did, he was essentially a child in whatever the term implies of stainless purity, artless goodness and sympathetic harmony with the Divine life. In bidding him fond farewell we have the comforting consciousness that his memory—a constant incentive to good living—shall grow greener with the years. 'After the sunset the dews refresh the world.'"

RESOLUTIONS OF RESPECT—THE MAIL AND EXPRESS.

At a meeting of the Board of Directors of the Mail and Express Company the following was adopted:

Whereas, our friend and colleague, Robert C. Alexander, editor of the Mail and Express, has passed away, therefore

Resolved, That a record be made in the minutes of this Board of the esteem and affection with which we, his associates in the management of the Mail and Express, learned long ago to regard him, and of the sincere sorrow we feel that he has been taken from this center of his ambitions and activities. His gentle yet forceful character, his kindly and modest manner, his unselfish fidelity to friendships, made for him a permanent place in the hearts of his fellow workers, and to them the memory of his personality must ever be an inspiration for the highest ideals of the profession in which he labored so earnestly and so well. It was pre-eminently true of Robert C. Alexander that

"None knew him but to love him,
None named him but to praise."

As an officer and a member of this board his counsels were always wise and safe, his judgment just, and to his work as editor of the Mail and Express he brought unusual capacity, conscientious devotion to truth and justice, sterling patriotism and an intuitive sense of the right. For these high purposes he steadfastly contended, having no cause to serve but that of his country and his fellow men. He labored that he might do good for others when he imperatively needed rest, and thus gave proof of the nobility of his character and the sympathetic impulses of his heart. More than friend and colleague his loss is immeasurable.

ROBERT E. A. DORR,

HENRY L. STODDARD,

Secretary.

President.

FACULTY RESOLUTIONS.

At a meeting of the faculty of Union College held on Monday, November 6, 1899, a committee of five was appointed to draw up and publish the following resolution:

We have learned with deep regret of the death of Robert C. Alexander, a trustee of the college and an alumnus of the class of 1880. The blow comes to us with special force, in view of his great usefulness to the college during a period of nearly twenty years, when his ability as a man of affairs and his active interest in everything that was taking place on College Hill rendered his services peculiarly valuable. As an alumnus he was sincerely loyal; as a scholar he made good use of his acquirements for the benefit of his alma mater; and as a man he was an example of that high character which is a source of strength to all who feel its influence.

Our deepest and truest sympathy is extended to all his family. But to Mrs. Alexander in particular, we desire to express our appreciation of her husband's merits, and of the loss that we have sustained in common with herself; and to his brother the Rev. George Alexander, whose services to the college and sincere friendship for all connected with it are not to be measured in words, we wish no less to convey our sympathy and to declare our deep sense of his sad bereavement.

Signed by the Committee,

MAURICE PERKINS,
HENRY WHITEHORNE,
WILLIAM WELLS,
BENJAMIN H. RIPTON,
SIDNEY G. ASHMORE.

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FROM ALL over the country come tributes to the memory of Robert C. Alexander and in this, the memorial issue of The Concordiensis, we print of these a sufficient number to show how universally he was respected and loved by those who came into contact with him. Through the kindness of Mr. Robert E. A. Dorr, publisher of the Mail and Express, we send as a supplement to this number a half-tone engraving of Mr. Alexander, which will be a constant reminder of his noble career and an incentive to better living in the future. The earth has claimed its own, but the memory of Robert C. Alexander will ever live.

ON SATURDAY the football season came to a successful close. But while in the main successful, there were at least two causes which make it in part an unsatisfactory ending. We refer to the Sweetland incident and to the matter of the referee. The former has been so grossly exaggerated in at least three newspapers that a word of explanation is necessary. Several times during the first half Mr. Sweetland was on the field near his team when the ball was in play. This he well knew was contrary to rules, for he was ordered by the officials to stay within the side lines. Mr. Sweetland, though warned, deliberately persisted in disobeying orders, and it was when in consultation with a Hamilton player at the critical moment of the game that he was removed. It is not true that he was ejected by students, and caned as well. There was not a cane on the field and Mr. Sweetland was removed by a police officer acting under

orders of the management. His mackintosh was not torn, nor was it stolen. These are the facts and they can be backed up with proof.

The newspapers in question made much of the fact that the last ten minutes of play was in darkness. Very well, but who was responsible for this? Here is the explanation. On the Monday preceding the game the Hamilton management wrote to Manager MacCulloch informing him that according to custom they desired the name of our official in advance. The letter also called attention to the fact that by the rules no one connected with either college should officiate. On Thursday Hamilton received MacCulloch's letter naming our official, but they neglected in turn to send theirs, appearing in person on Saturday with their official, an alumnus and instructor at Hamilton. Captain Fenton, of course, protested but Hamilton refused to play under any other consideration. This it was that caused the delay, and it is only to be regretted that Fenton did not hold to his point, for such a sorry exhibition of refereeing has never been seen here and will, we hope, never be repeated.

Union has always endeavored to act according to the rules, and expects her opponents to do likewise. We commend the investigation already begun by the student body.

FOOTBALL SCORES.

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 7.

Cornell, 29; Columbia, 0.
C. C. N. Y., 5; N. Y. C. of P., 0.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 11.

Princeton, 12; Indians, 0.
Harvard, 11; Dartmouth, 0.
U. of P., 11; U. of Mich., 10.
Lafayette, 6; Cornell, 5.
Yale, 42; Penn. State, 0.
Columbia, 16; West Point, 0.
Williams, 38; Amherst, 0.
Naval Cadets, 35; Trinity, 0.
N. Y. University, 6; Rutgers, 5.
Brown, 39; M. I. T., 0.
Wesleyan, 16; Holy Cross, 0.
U. of Vermont, 6; Colgate, 0.
Union, 0; Hamilton, 0.

Lack of space prevents an extended account of an interesting address delivered in the chapel at the vesper service Sunday afternoon by the Rev. Mr. Conrad of the First Baptist Church of this city.

"Bill" Smith of Columbia Law School, captain of last year's foot ball team, was on the hill the latter part of last week assisting Prof. Pollard in coaching the 'varsity for the Hamilton game. He was given a rousing reception in front of North College Thursday morning. The whole college greeted him and incidentally bolted part of the first hour recitations.

A TIE GAME.

Neither Side Scores in the Season's Last Contest With Hamilton.

Perhaps as fierce a contest as Old Union's campus has ever known, last Saturday afternoon kept a crowd of about three hundred students and townspeople in constant excitement; made them forget their wet feet, the chills creeping up their backs and the rain drizzling on their heads; and brought them to the very bubbling over point of enthusiasm. It was a struggle gallant enough to make a man's blood boil and wish himself in the very thick of the contest. Hamilton, confident of success and having many reasons to believe victory would be hers, was held down, her strength broken, and saved from defeat by the shortening of the time.

Aided and encouraged by the efficient coaching of "Bill" Smith, two days previous to the game, the Garnet warriors exhibited the best style of play they had shown throughout the season. Every man on the eleven played a strong, steady and consistent game, and every man deserves the highest kind of praise. Carver played a wonderful game, always smashing the Buff and Blue's line for good gains and breaking up interference and tackling in a beautiful manner. Paige bucked and tackled splendidly, while Weed handled the ball and chose his plays with coolness and dexterity. The line, to a man, dropped under and held back the plays like a stone wall. Finnegan, in particular, though badly crippled, played a strong game in his position.

Hamilton's representatives gave a dashing exhibition of football. They were outgeneralled however, for the Garnet had planned for a kicking game in the first half. The bait was seized upon and the Clintonites began to lose strength in the second, while their opponents were still fresh. The first half was mainly in Hamilton's favor, but the odds changed considerably in the second. Approaching darkness, with nine minutes still to play, determined the officials to have no time from then on counted out. This decision shortened the second half by at least six minutes.

For Hamilton, Ward, at right guard, gave Bryan a good deal to take care of. Her tackles, Lake and Howell, with good interference made several fine runs, while little Mason proved him-

self a very slippery personage. Peet, too was fast on his feet, and several brilliant runs are credited to him. Keogh, Union's last year's full back, formerly a Law School man, played the same position on the Clinton eleven. His defensive play was good but when on the aggressive he bucked with little effect. Several times, when called upon to kick, he fumbled on an easy catch.

There was but one incident that marred the good feeling of the afternoon. It was caused in considerable measure by the excited nature of the crowd that became provoked by the uncalled for actions of Hamilton's coach. A minute or two before time was called, Mr. Sweetland was brought in to the side lines. Notwithstanding the fact that coaches Pollard and Smith refrained from going upon the field except at the sound of the whistle, Mr. Sweetland was several times by his men when the ball was in play. On this particular occasion, he went upon the field when the ball was in play and gave advice to his men. It was not true that the crowd surged upon the field in the second half. While past the ropes, everyone was kept behind the side lines except in this instance. This fact is stated inasmuch as a Sunday Albany paper contained a particularly false and garbled account of it.

Paige started the game by kicking to the thirty yard line, where the Hamilton man was downed in his tracks. Mason and Stowell, by gains between Shaw and Carver, carried the ball to the center of the field. Keogh fumbled on an attempt to kick and it was the Garnet's ball on downs. Carver punted to Hamilton's thirty-five yard line and on the next play Union secured the pigskin on a fumble. Fenton and Paige made five yards apiece. "Biddy" tried a place kick for goal but owing in part to a slippery ball missed his mark by several yards. Peet picked up the ball and advanced it to Hamilton's fifteen yard line. Lake, Mason and Stowell, by the hardest kind of plunging about the tackles brought the ball to within six yards of Union's goal line but Captain Fenton's men made a determined stand and held the Clintonites for downs. Carver punted to Union's thirty-five yard line and a fumble gave it to the home eleven again. At this juncture Bryan twisted his knee badly but in the face of these odds pluckily played on and continued his brilliant game. Carver punted to Hamilton's forty yard line and, as before, Union gained the ball on a fumble. Three successive times Finnegan threw high to Carver for a punt and Union lost ground to her twenty yard line. Carver then kicked, Peet caught and smashed ahead to Union's twenty-five yard line. Stowell and Lake

pounded the Garnet's line for fifteen yards, but the Dorpians stood firm and held for downs. At this point time was called.

After Keogh's kick off in the second half, Union quickly forced her way to the centre of the field where a fumble gave Hamilton possession of the ball. Two gains of five yards and a pretty run by Mason around Union's right end brought the pigskin to the ten yard line in the northwest corner of the field. Keogh lost five yards on a fumble and then tried without success to kick a goal. A touchback was the result. Carver had a fine punt at the twenty-five yard line and Peet got the ball as far as the center of the field. Mason made fifteen yards through the right of Union's line. The ball at this point changed hands four times, twice on downs and twice on a fumble. Peet made thirty yards around Thebo on a double pass. Keogh's attempt to kick was blocked and the ball came into the Garnet's possession. Union was given ten yards on offside play and from this time on her three backs, Carver especially, gave a beautiful exhibition of line bucking. The line men opened up the holes well and Hamilton was forced to give way as far as her fifteen yard line. Hamilton stood firm for downs, but Keogh's forced kick was blocked and the half ended with the ball in Union's possession but seven yards from her opponents' goal line.

At the conclusion of the game the enthusiasm knew no bounds. The chapel bell was rung and in the midst of cheers Coach "Bill" Smith and Captain Fenton were carried around the campus on the shoulders of the crowd. Shortly after the game the members of the team met and elected John P. Carver captain for next year. The choice was a unanimous one and everyone recognizes in "Pat" just the man for the place.

The line-up and summary follows:

HAMILTON.	POSITION.	UNION.
Drummond.....	left end.....	Thebo
Lake.....	left tackle.....	Fenton
Sheppard.....	left guard.....	Bryan
Gilbert.....	center.....	Finnegan
Ward.....	right guard.....	Collier
Stowell.....	right tackle....	Shaw
Redmond.....	right end.....	Clark
McLaughlin }quarter back.....	L. Weed
McLaughlin }		
Peet }left half back.....	Gordon
Naylor }		
Mason.....	right half back.....	Carver
Keogh }full back.....	Paige
Peet }		

Referee.—Dr. Dudley, Hamilton. Umpire, Mr. Palmer, Cornell. Timers.—Speh of Hamilton and and Loucks of Union. Halves, twenty and twenty-five minutes.

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SCRUB vs. GENERAL ELECTRICS.

The third and last game of the series between the General Electric team and the second eleven was played on the campus election day and one of the largest crowds of the season was present. In the first half the scrub played better football than their opponents, but were unable to score. In the second half the General Electrics gingered up and crossed the line after a series of steady gains.

The locals kicked off and the scrub forced the ball down to their enemies' three yard line where, on a fumble, a Union man dropped on the ball behind the line. But the play was decided a touchback and so counted nothing.

No more scoring was done the first half and when time was called the ball was in the hands of the second eleven. In the second half the General Electrics pushed the ball by steady center and end plays to the scrub's ten yard line and after forced the ball over the line. Eisenmenger failed to kick a goal.

The line-up:

SECOND ELEVEN.	POSITION.	GENERAL ELECTRICS.
Sumereski }right end.....	Armstrong
Hawkes }right tackle.....	DeLoffre
Griswold.....right guard.....	Beal
Tuggey.....centre.....	Bookout, (Capt.)
Bolles.....left guard.....	Calkins
Hoadley.....left tackle.....	Van Valkenburgh
Weed }left end.....	Edwards
Brown }quarterback.....	Eisenmenger
Anderson, (Capt).....right half.....	Tilden
Slack.....left half.....	Schoeffler
Raymond.....full back.....	Mooney
		Yates
Wells.....		Marshall
		Stone

Summary. — Referee-umpire, Prof. Pollard; umpire-referee, Mr. Smith; linesmen, Carver and Glen. Timekeepers, Paige and Hodgson. Time of halves, 20 minutes. Score 5-0.

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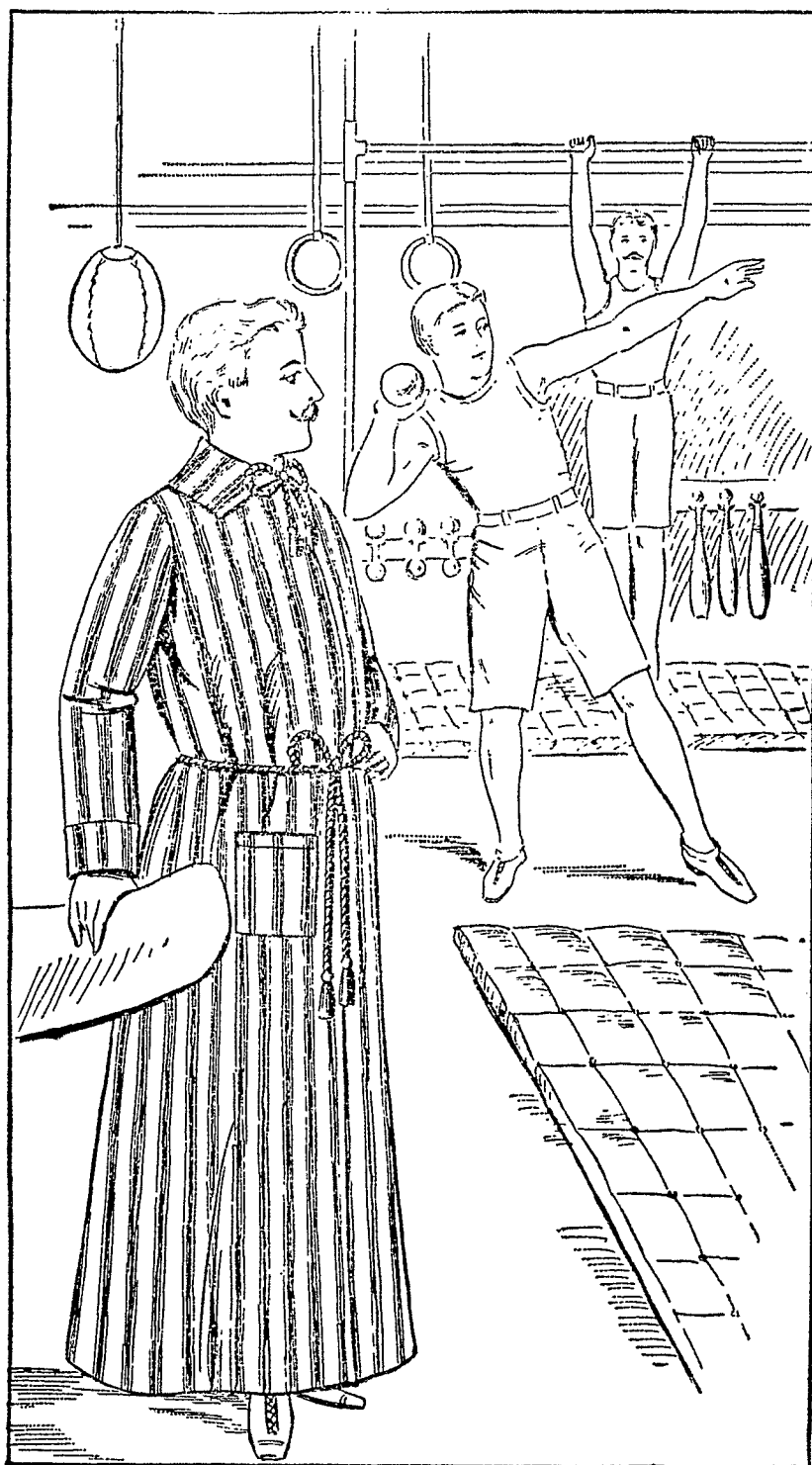
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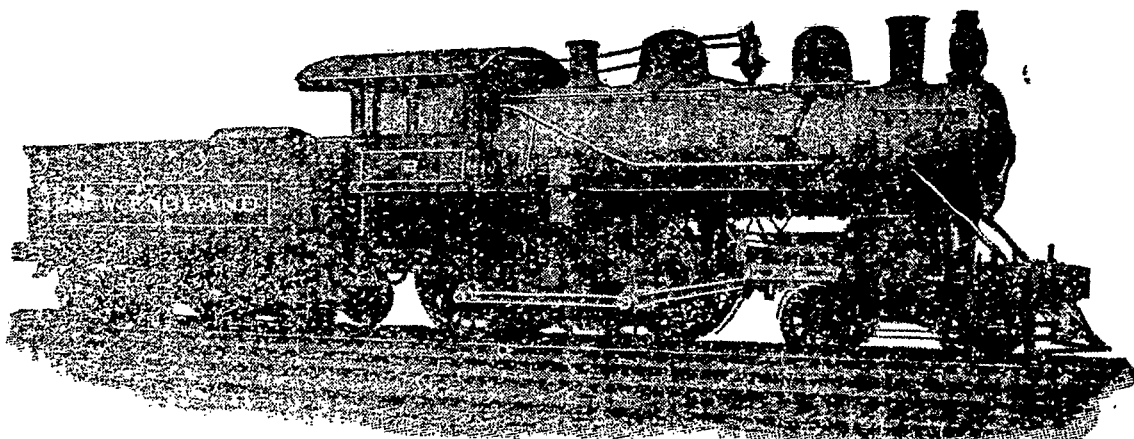
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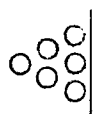
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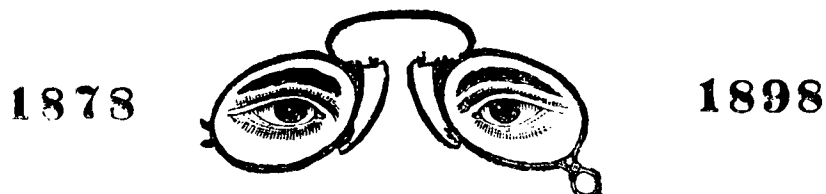
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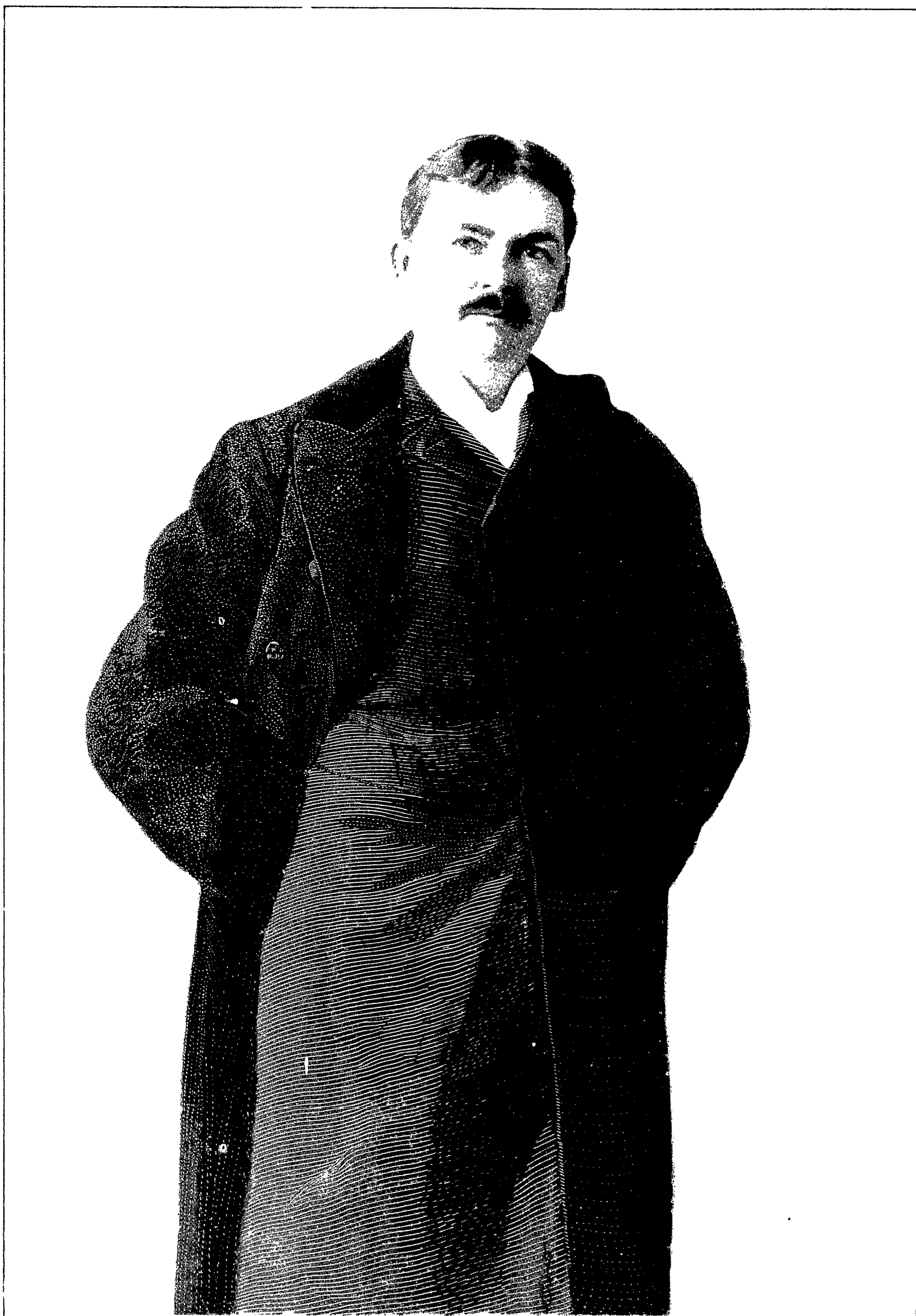
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