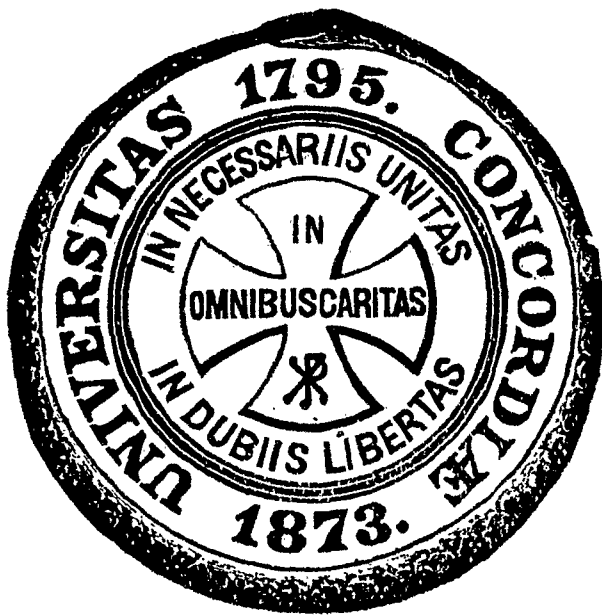


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**CONCORDIENSIS**

VOLUME XXX

NUMBER 10



DECEMBER 15, 1906

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THE STUDENTS OF UNION UNIVERSITY

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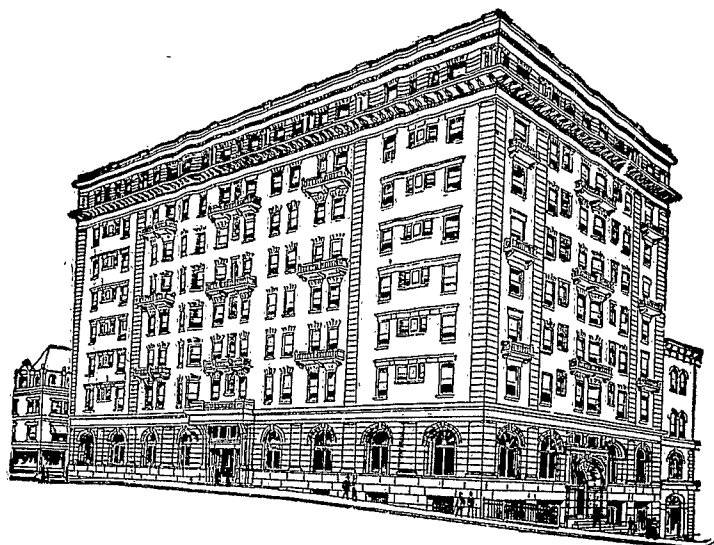
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# THE CONCORDIENSIS

VOL. XXX.

UNION COLLEGE, DEC. 15, 1906

NO. 10

## AS TO OUR FOUNDING

### A BIT OF INTERESTING HISTORY.

Early in the College year the Editor had some correspondence with Mr. Edward Payson White, '79, the present Secretary of the Board of Trustees. Upon special request, Mr. White sent a most delightful letter, which we quote almost entire:—

"In the spring of 1877, when the class of '79 was closing its Sophomore year, it occurred to some of us in that class that we should undertake the publication of a College paper. "The Union College Magazine," which had been a literary monthly of excellent standing for a number of years previously, was then about to suspend, or had actually suspended, because of lack of interest. "The Spectator," a College paper somewhat like "The Concordiensis" of to-day, which had been conducted, I think by the successive Junior classes, was not continued by the class of '78. Consequently, we found the College without a College publication and decided that it would be better to start a new one, combining to a certain extent the functions of both its predecessors, rather than to revive either of them. The project was agitated and received with much enthusiasm, which resulted in a class meeting and a decision to begin the publication of a paper with the opening of the College in the Fall. A Board of Editors was chosen from the classes of '79 and '80, and the class of '81 was to be represented later. I had the honor to be chosen the first Editor-in-Chief. Among the most active promoters of the project in my class were Fred Van Deusen, John F. Green, F. F. Chisolm, W. W. Childs and E. C. Hoyt. Most of these, if not all, were on the first Board of Editors. I am writing without any means of refreshing my recollection, but the old files will show how far I

am correct in regard to this statement, as well as what follows.

"The first thing that engaged the attention of the Editors was the selection of a name for the new paper. Many curious suggestions were made, some of which were ardently championed and as ardently opposed. Among the suggestions which at first seemed objectionable to some of us was the Concordiensis. It seemed to have the uncouthness of a newly invented and barbarous Latinity. It was long and difficult to catch up at first sight. Its advocates argued in its favor that it expressed the name of the College in a new and distinctive form and combined dignity with appropriateness. These considerations had weight and finally prevailed. The other names we thought of then, I see now, would have been quite inferior. I was never sure to whom the honor of first suggesting the name was really due, but I think it was credited to Mr. Chisolm, who certainly was one of its advocates.

"Work on the first number began before the summer vacation. Articles were secured or promised; subscriptions and advertisements were obtained; and when the fall term began, these preparations were pushed along, and a contract was made with Weed, Parsons & Company, of Albany, to do the printing. With the assistance of Mr. Greene, who before entering College had been a practical printer, we selected a "head" and a "dress" which showed the style of a large first-class printing establishment, and was as handsome, it seems to me, as any that "The Concordy" has had since. The proofs had been read and the first number was about to appear, when trouble arose which terminated my official connection with the paper.

"A Freshman, who had been initiated into my Society, and for whom I had stood sponsor, had been hazed with more brutality than was customary even in those days. I had not been guiltless



of such proceedings in previous years and, perhaps had no right to look at this occurrence as I did. Be that as it may, in common with other members of my Chapter, I resented it deeply, and was one of those who served notice on the ring-leaders, that unless they apologized, their names would be reported to the Faculty. They were defiant, and after a reasonable time, I was one of those who did report their names to the Faculty. The chief offender was obliged to leave College. Great feeling was aroused, and as I had made no concealment in the matter, I had to bear the brunt of the argument. The friends of the man who had to leave were naturally embittered. One of these, William Wallace Childs, a brilliant fellow whom I always liked and still like, was the only man to give me a reasonable argument against my action. He argued that in appealing to the College, I was like a man who brings a legal action for some personal feeling. I saw the viciousness of hazing much more clearly when it was directed even remotely against me, that when I was taking part in it against others. So far as I erred in this, I have made apology to the man, now dead, who seemed to me to have the best right to it, if anyone had such a right. His departure from Union College was most to be regretted, and may account for the fact that the apology I expected from him was not made. In defense of my action, it may now be said that the practice of hazing at Union College has never since been what it was before.

"This digression has been necessary to explain what happened. My opponents threatened to oppose "The Concordiensis" if I continued as Editor-in-Chief, and I was urged to resign. While it seemed that I could not make the paper a success, it was clear that I could wreck it, if I wished, but I did not. I resigned, and Volume I, came out as I had made it, without my name at the head of its columns. My recollection is that John F. Greene, whom I have already mentioned, was my successor, and upon his leaving College not long afterwards, Fred Van Dusen, my most intimate friend in the class, became the chief, and with his fine literary and executive ability,

and great capacity for hard work, the paper was established upon a solid foundation which it still endures. I have had the pleasure of contributing to its columns from time to time, and have paid my subscription whenever it was due."

\* \* \* \*

The perusal of this letter naturally led to an investigation not only of the issues of "The Concordiensis" but also of the various other College publications. Although the paper is the only one existing to-day, it was by no means the first periodical published at the College. We took occasion to examine some of the library files and we found that no less than eight or ten publications had been in existence, several being monthlies and bi-weeklies. A full and excellent account of all these (the first began in 1827), can be found in an article by Mr. Packard Palmer, '97, in Vol. I., of the Third Series of "The Parthenon," published in 1896. It is highly likely that we shall publish portions of this article before the year is ended.

It is a peculiar fact that the early College magazines and papers were published anonymously, either through modesty or discretion. For this reason contemporary letters are the only source of information and the names of our earliest literary men are in large part unknown. This is extremely unfortunate, for even the most hurried glance through the musty old pages, reveals rare merit in the writing—a wonderful ability and knowledge of letters, bursts of the noblest feelings of patriotism to Alma Mater and to Columbia, and the quaint spicy humor, that seems now to be a lost art—in fact, everything that could interest the most insatiable mind. We find that far back in '60 baseball was found to be "an excellent promoter of speed of foot, an accomplishment by no means to be despised, especially should there ever be occasion to make an onslaught on such a thing as a strawberry patch!" "Boat-riding is its only rival." Then in regard to a topic now of active interest—"The gymnasium is almost completed, and will be ready by the commencement of next session, for all (and in fact, we believe all will be compelled) who wish

to become candidates for the honors of jumping, tumbling, rolling, climbing, running, swinging, turning, dancing, skipping, hopping, and more especially of breaking shins. We had the delectable pleasure of seeing one young gentleman, by a kind of maneuver compounded of falling and sliding, come down one of the poles headforemost. The movement was rather more rapid than could have been wished; but, however, having beforehand practiced in the art of turning, he made a happy application of this branch of his knowledge, just before he reached the terrestrial regions, and was so fortunate as to escape with only the dislocation of one of his great toes, and the painful operation of skinning nose, hands, arms and shoulders. We understand this complicated maneuver is for the future to be called 'polling.'"

As an introduction to one of the volumes we have the following:

"Prejudice unquestionably has existed against College periodicals, merely on the grounds of their inutility, and by many now they are looked upon as puerile effusions, calculated to produce no salutary effect either to readers or writers, but rather to militate against both in alluring their attention from more profitable employment." After denying the grounds for this prejudice, the Editor makes a few unkind remarks about the paper's opponents, and quotes from "Clarissa Harlowe," "Scoffers generally censure without knowledge, laugh without reason and are loud on things of which they know the least." We imagine the opponents confined their criticisms thereafter to their own bosoms.

Stories of College life of the early century are numerous in these old tomes, and in the "Magazine" of July, '63, we find a copy of Dr. Nott's Blue Laws, which are decidedly peculiar to one accustomed to modern collegiate life. We are for once perfectly willing to live in the present.

Here we find tales of the "Union College Cadets and Zouaves," here a confession of typical College pranks, and here a letter from "Wilhelmina, Nancy, etc., protesting against the students' disrespectful actions of Sunday mornings, which prevent them from going to Church in a proper spirit of religious devotion." Also—and

we heave a sympathetic sigh—"Col. Pickett ought to raise the cross-walk at the Blue-Gate, and not compel us to swim to breakfast more than two or three winters longer."

As Mr. White's letter shows, "The Concordiensis" first made its appearance in 1877, then a monthly paper. In 1890 it was deemed advisable to change it to a bi-weekly and six years later it became a weekly, in which form it has since continued. The full list of Editors since '77 follows:

- 1877—1878 J. F. Greene, '79.  
N. L. Reed, '79.
- 1878—1879 F. Van Dusen, '79.
- 1879—1880 R. T. S. Lowell, Jr., '80.  
John Ickler, '80.
- 1880—1881 Robt. A. Wood, '81.  
John J. Henning, '81.
- 1881—1882 E. C. Murray, '82.
- 1882—1883 E. H. Adriance, '83.  
John R. Harding, '83.
- 1883—1884 John F. Delaney, '84.
- 1884—1885 J. T. Morey, '85.
- 1885—1886 F. S. Randall, '86.
- 1886—1887 E. D. Very, '87.  
W. A. Jaycox, '87.
- 1887—1888 H. C. Mandeville, '88.
- 1888—1889 James Howard Hanson, '89.
- 1889—1890 F. E. Hawkes, '90.
- 1890—1891 B. C. Little, '91.
- 1891—1892 H. B. Williams, '92.
- 1892—1893 George T. Hughes, '93.
- 1893—1894 Ashley J. Braman, '94.
- 1894—1895 Clarke Winslow Crannell, '95.
- 1895—1896 Major Allan Twiford, '96.
- 1896—1897 F. Packard Palmer, '97.
- 1897—1898 Perley Poore Sheehan, '98.
- 1898—1899 George Clarence Rowell, '99.
- 1899—1900 Philip L. Thomson, '00.
- 1900—1901 Porter Lee Merriman, '01.
- 1901—1902 John D. Guthrie, '02.  
Walter E. Kruesi, '03.
- 1902—1903 Samuel B. Howe, Jr., '03.
- 1903—1904 A. H. Rutledge, '04.
- 1904—1905 E. J. Ellenwood, '05.  
M. T. Raymond, '05.
- 1905—1906 D. F. Imrie, '06.

### The Dragon's Blood

S. B. Howe, Jr., '03.

Look! peoples, how the Dragon starts  
From her long sleep of centuries!  
Beneath the brightening Eastern skies  
Are throbbing hearts.

The Dragon's blood is strong—is wild,  
And fiercely runs the battle lust  
Within its veins: the cause is just  
Against the Lion's child.

Up! people of the Eastern land,  
Gird on your arms! for liberty  
Is sweet to you as to the free  
Sons of our native strand.

Beware how freemen lightly view  
The restless motion of the East:  
The brood by victory increased,  
Prepares to strike anew.

When yellow skin and white once more  
Shall grapple in a deathlike grip,  
The cup of wealth falls from the lip  
Amid the battle roar.

God grant the day be long delayed,  
'Ere stand arrayed the martial lines  
Of Nippon's sons, and battle signs  
Her honor's balance—paid.

### Hints on Theory and Practice of Teaching

(Some two weeks ago, Dr. Ellery, of the Department of Chemistry, delivered a series of four lectures upon this subject before the Faculty members of the General and Electrical Engineering Departments. The following article is an abstract of the first two lectures.—Editor.)

\* \* \* \*

What should a teacher know? First, his subject; second, method of presenting it; third, the students. In addition, he must have a worthy character. Dr. Arnold defines the essential qualities of a teacher as character, tact, and scholarship, and Prof. Horne, in his most recent book on

Education, states that he is the teacher who is master of the subject taught, of the student taught, of the science of teaching, and of himself.

How much of the subject taught should a teacher know? "To teach as much as you have to teach, you must know more," is a good maxim for all teachers to practice. He teaches lower branches of any subject better who knows also the higher branches of the same subject. It is not enough if the teacher's knowledge of the subject taught stands only a little beyond the range required of him in the class room, for he must continually be at work adding to his store of knowledge.

"Why stay we on the earth here, unless to grow?" might well have been said of the teacher. As long as anything remains to be known, the teacher can not be said to know enough. A good learner and one who is always learning, makes the best teacher. And one's knowledge should not be confined to the single branch either, for the broader one's knowledge, the better he teaches, such breadth of knowledge affording more points of contact with the students taught. Depth of knowledge in one subject, and breadth of knowledge in many subjects begets enthusiasm, which is sure to communicate itself to the student and while developing self-confidence, prevents the true teacher from any feeling that he is infallible. No man can give the impression of "knowing it all" as long as he himself is conscious that there is yet more for him to know.

While it is true that a teacher must be "master of his subject," to borrow Prof. Horne's expression, it is equally true that he must know the method by which he is to present the subject to the student. There is no science of teaching as far as any set laws are concerned, capable of universal application in all branches and in the case of every individual. One can not safely teach a subject as it was taught him or as he was trained to teach it, for while the subject may not change much, the individuals taught differ very greatly. And the only safe law of teaching for a teacher to recognize is, "fit the method for the need of the student." Every teacher must have some



method, and in determining what that method is to be, he should know the needs of the students, his mental difficulties, and the laws of the development and activities of the mind.

The ideal condition for a teacher is that in which he may come in close touch with the individual. All the great teachers by whose experience we are benefitted to-day, gained their knowledge of teaching by contact with and study of the individual. Most of us may not have the ideal condition; hence, we must deal with the student, not as an individual, but as a class. Yet even under these circumstances, knowledge of mental difficulty of any student should be eagerly sought, and the difficulty explained away. While dealing with a class, the teacher must always take into consideration, difficulties in the individual. One of the best pedagogues whom I have known is Prof. Rosenbusch of Heidelberg, who while a specialist and investigator always presented the principles and laws in his lectures on Mineralogy from several different points of view, "because," as he once said to me, "not all the young men will look at the subject as I do."

But while knowing the individual, the teacher must also know the class, "the general student," and here some knowledge of psychology is indispensable.

No one can become the best of teachers who has not a worthy character. He must be well balanced; mentally as well as morally honest; and positively righteous. Lest you should misunderstand me in the use of the latter term, let me say just what I mean—positively religious, else how can he help educate "the spirit of man?" Of the special qualities which add to the personal influence of the teacher, I will mention, simply that of patience, which helps the teacher persist in his efforts with the slow student; perseverance, which enables the teacher to preserve evenness in manner, method and standard (A teacher must preserve his standards, without wobbling. He will not accomplish much in the way of developing power in his students if he is stringent one day and lax the next); intelligence by which, I mean, that the teacher must intelligently

place the presentation of a subject, and the various topics of a single subject. He gains very much, not only in inculcating knowledge of a given branch, but also in developing the power to know, if he knows clearly and definitely beforehand, how a day's topic is to be presented. Such a preparation of daily assignments of words clarifies and makes definite the teacher's ideas about his subject.

While speaking of these qualities that add to a teacher's personal influence, I may take the occasion to say that I believe the teacher should supply something of a stimulus to work. He may by his own enthusiasm, which is always contagious, inspire an interest in the work in hand. He may arouse in the student a desire to know, possibly taking advantage of the fact that the subject may have a utilitarian value. While that is not a lofty incentive to work, it may lead to a desire to know for the sake of knowing, or to the still higher desire to know for the sake of being better able to perform better service for others. A teacher may awaken in the student a sense of power, of masterliness, which will prove to be a strong stimulus. He must use approbation with great care and judgment, and never make use of sarcasm.

The teacher must aim at a development of power, as well as imparting knowledge of truth, and in order to do this he must know some principles of psychology. Development of the mind follows a certain sequence. In general, sensation precedes preception; to preceive must necessarily precede reproduction. A concept must be formed before one exercises judgment and reasoning presupposes judgment.

While sensation precedes perception, the first real act of the mind is the latter. The mind first refers the sensation back to the place from which it comes, and there to the body capable of producing it. The result of the two acts is a percept, or the presented object. Now, how can the mind refer sensations to any particular object and place, unless it knew such before, and how if like causes produce like results does such experience add anything new to our know-

ledge? To get around some of these difficulties, educators now use the term "apperception," meaning perception as related to previous knowledge, or in other words, "apperception is the mind's interpretation of the new in terms of the old."

(Horne). Hence the first maxim for the teacher, "Proceed always from the old to the new, from the known to the unknown." Knowledge consists in a discernment of agreements or differences, consequently, the necessity on the fact of the teacher being sure that percepts are clear and distinct. Hence, again, the necessity of definiteness and conciseness. The student should know at what we are aiming, what he is to be required to produce, within what limits of a subject tests or examinations are to be set. Obviously, the teacher should also be acquainted with the amount of the student's knowledge, for it is useless to proceed to something new if the student has not comprehended the old.

If percepts result from sensation, the percept will be as clear as the sensation is distinct. Whatever affects the quality of sensation will affect perception. Among the influences affecting the quality of sensation I will dwell especially on "Attention." Whatever increases attention will prove an aid to knowledge. And that which seems best to increase attention is interest. Then the all important question is how shall the teacher stimulate interest.

(1.) A student will not be interested if there is not something new presented to him; but not even the new will be interesting, if it is not intelligible. Therefore, in developing the new from the old, the teacher's questions must be so framed as to lead the student to answer by using what he already knows, thus awakening a sense of power; i. e., show him how he can use present attainment as a basis for attaining to more.

(2.) The teacher may stimulate interest by being interested and enthusiastic himself, interested in the subject, interested in overcoming difficulties, interested in the student.

(3.) The work assigned must be suitable, if interest is to be stimulated, suitable as to matter and amount, and the method of presentation clear

and definite. Assignment of work must always have reference to what has preceded, and hence, may not be left in any degree to chance or accident; should always be regulated by what the student has already done.

(4.) New words must be concrete at first. Whatever point of contact can be found between the new, which it is desired to impart and any knowledge the student may already have, will very materially aid in comprehension of the new.

(5.) The teacher, by every possible means, must compel application and concentration.

All of these influences stimulate interest. Interest arouses attention, and "attention is the mother of knowledge."

### The Branding

Jack Mason and I had ridden down to the A6 home ranch from our camp to get our mail, some tobacco and a few other little necessities. Our camp at that time was in a thick grove of quaking aspen on the Rito Leandro, just below the point where it breaks through the Stonewall twenty miles from the ranch house of the Vermejo Ranch in New Mexico.

The next morning we returned to our camp by the way of Castle Rock Park where we knew some cowpunchers to be camped on a small round-up. As we came out of the timber at the lower end of the Park we could see almost over the entire stretch of country as it lay flat before us.

The Park was a big open area containing some five hundred acres, surrounded by long slopes and ridges, with old Castilla Peak looming up to the north to a height of 12,000 feet, and the Sangre de Christo Range to the northeast. The lower slopes and mesas were covered with pine forests and these melted into aspen and spruce as the higher altitudes were reached. The Park itself had an elevation above sea-level of 8,000 feet, and the sky overhead had that intense blueness that characterizes the Southwest, and the air the clearness which gave to every object in nature a coloring that seemed unnaturally gaudy.

Near the center of the open, the mass of gray sandstone that gave the Park its name, looked to us like an immense mushroom, and just to the left of it we could make out a corral and near it the cowpunchers' camp.

We loped our horses across the intervening flat through acres of sagebrush, the wise cow ponies dodging or jumping the numerous prairie-dog holes that lay in their path. We rode up to the camp just at the right moment, at dinner time. The men were galloping in at the cook's loud call, expressed by him in a single word,—“Chuck.” The camp consisted of the usual chuck-wagon and the men's “beds” scattered around on the ground. A cowpuncher's bed generally goes where he goes in the Southwest. It consists of a big, heavy canvas tarpaulin (known as a “tarp”), fourteen feet long and six feet wide, folded once, and between this fold are his blankets and quilts, of which he usually has not less than five or six of each. Here, in the open, with only the sky and stars above them the cowpunchers slept when the day's hard riding was done.

We dismounted, dropped our reins over the horses' heads on the ground, and along with the men helped ourselves to tin plates, knives, forks, cups and spoons from the box in the rear of the wagon and filled these from the supply of food nearby. Bacon, fresh beef, corn, tomatoes, fruit (all of the tinned variety) and so completed the bill of fare. Each man, after filling his plate and cup, squatted, in the way that only a cow-man can, and proceeded to satisfy the pangs of hunger.

Nearby was the corral in which were a few stray cows and some seventy-five bleating and bellowing calves, ranging in age from a few days to several months, all awaiting the branding iron. Outside the corral were the mothers of the unwilling victims, likewise bellowing.

After a short smoke, Porter, the foreman, six-foot four in height, built like a fence-rail, and split almost to his arm-pits, arose and started toward the corral and this was the sign for the branding to begin. Soon a fire was started and the branding irons were being

heated. In the meantime some of the men who were especially good with the rope lassoed (though a cowpuncher would smile should you use this word, and put you down as a tender-foot) some of the calves.

A cowpuncher has roped a month-old calf and wound the rope around the horn of his saddle and the wise pony is dragging the bellowing calf out from the bunch. And any cowpuncher will tell you that a good cow-horse is half the battle in rounding up, cutting out or branding. Another cowpuncher comes along, throws the calf to the ground and sits on him. A third hurries from the fire with a seething branding iron and plants the A 6 on the left flank. The hair sizzles, blazes into a flame, there is a small cloud of smoke, an odor of burning flesh and hair, and the calf voices his discomfort as best he may from beneath the weight of a cowpuncher. The iron is kept on long enough to thoroughly sear the flesh, then is removed and replaced in the fire for the next victim. The animal is not over his trials yet, however. The lower half of the right ear is slit away with a sharp knife, also the upper half of the left ear, this being the ear-marks of the A 6 outfit. An enterprising and rustling cow-man wishing to double his herd, without waiting for the natural increase, could easily transform one brand into another brand, perhaps his own, but it would be fairly difficult to replace a missing half of an ear. The real reason, however, for having some kind of ear-mark is that in “cutting out” a bunch of cattle of a certain brand from a mixed herd that is packed close, a man cannot possibly see the brands, but he can pick an animal by the ear-marks, as each rancher has a different ear-mark.

If the calf is a male, and if the nubs of his horns have begun to show, a dehorning clipper is used, cutting out any trace of an incipient horn that is suspected to exist on the calf's head. After this the calf is released, and with a stream of blood spurting from each side of his head, and with blood dripping from each ear and with a burned and smoking spot on his side, bellowing, he goes to his bellowing mother—and it is a very

wise cow that knows her own minced veal after all this.

Only the male calves are dehorned, as later, when steers, more of them can be crowded into a stock-car for shipment and with less injury to themselves. By the way, possibly, it might be said to be a wise and humane precaution. The cows are generally kept for breeding and not sold, and so their horns are spared to them.

This process was gone over with each calf until the entire seventy-five were all branded and ear-marked, and the sight became almost sickening. Some of the calves were hardly a week old and weakly, and did not long survive this roundup. This is taken for granted, but what do a few dozen calves amount to on a ranch of 200,000 acres, carrying over 15,000 head of cattle and about 1,200 horses?

The only excitement of the afternoon occurred in the branding of a three-year-old cow that somehow had escaped in former roundups. After much difficulty, she was roped and thrown and the branding iron applied, when with a great heave she threw off the man holding her down, jumped to her feet and made across the corral just behind one of the men. Needless to state that there was a wild scramble among the punchers for the top of the corral fence. "We was sure plumb anxious to git ter the other side of that fence," as one of the men feelingly remarked.

The cow proved to be so wild ("locoed") that one of the cowpunchers whipped out his six-shooter and "creased" her. Creasing is shooting a steer or a horse through the fleshy part of the neck, high enough to avoid hitting the backbone or vertebra, and usually has the effect of temporarily stunning the animal. A man must be a good shot in order to hit the exact spot and not hit too low, otherwise the result would be the instant death of the animal.

After "creasing," the branding was completed, the animal was properly ear-marked and in the meantime she had apparently recovered from the effects of the shot. Just as the men were about to release her and she was on the point of

springing to her feet, one of the men grabbed her tail and quickly passing it between her hind legs, threw the cow completely on her back, and pressing the end of the tail on the ground on one side of her body, held her fast in that position with the use of only one hand. The animal struggled repeatedly to free herself but was unable. Finally the cowpuncher released her and darted for the corral fence, and none too quickly, as the maddened animal was at his heels.

This ended the branding,—all new to us, an old story to the cowpunchers. We mounted and rode up through the gap to our camp. The cowmen, quickly rolling up their beds, threw them into the wagon, swung onto their ponies and were off with a whoop for a repetition of the recent occurrence on some other part of the ranch.

John D. Guthrie, '02.

Roosevelt, Arizona.

## HANK SMITH

### A Tale of Adventure.

His right name was Henry Bennington Smith, but from the time of his first appearance on the campus he was known generally as just plain "Hank"—that's the kind of a fellow he was. Hank always wore a smile and a pipe; the latter just as much as the law allowed, the former without any restrictions whatever.

Despite these, Hank was a dare-devil. The record of the scrapes that he got into—and successfully out of—before coming to College would have filled volumes. How he got through prep school is a mystery for he not only never worked himself, but never let anyone else do so if he could help it. But then, this is all another story; he did get through, and came piking through the Blue Gate one September morning, his pockets bulging with diplomas and things to prove it.

He took his Idol worship like a man and fought for his class in the scraps like a fiend—in short, he made good with everybody but his Profs. The time when he should be getting up work he spent in devising plans to outwit the sophomores or otherwise to cause a sensation about College. His long suit was College pranks and the things that



he thought of doing would put to shame the most visionary Freshman that C. B. ever separated from his wad.

He swiped the clappers from the bells one morning and as a result "Billy" kept his calculus class until sundown waiting for the bell to ring so he could assign and discuss the work for next time.

Yes, Hank was a joker all right, but that was before the incident occurred about which this tale is written.

Late one night in the spring he got into his old clothes and left his room. His smile was still there but those whom he met and who looked closely at him could see that something unusual was going to happen. For the past several days Hank had planned a scheme which he figured would go down in the annals of the College as one of the important incidents in her history. It was briefly this:—

He was going to remove all of the marble statues from the second floor of the Library and distribute them over the baseball diamond in the positions which they would fill most appropriately. It happened that this same thing had been done several years before, but Hank didn't know this, so he proceeded to carry out his plan.

He waited until everybody was asleep and then made his way across the campus to the Library. The night was so dark that he could not see his hand in front of him. He decided before he reached the building that two could carry out the plan better than one, and consequently went back and woke up his room-mate. The latter, Bill, by name, couldn't see it exactly as Hank did, even after he had wiped the cobwebs out of his eyes, but was finally prevailed upon to go and they started out together. They approached the Library, and finally after much effort, succeeded in forcing their way in by means of a window. When safely inside they found on going through their pockets they possessed just one match between them. They resolved to save this until they arrived at their destination on the second floor, which they finally reached by means of their sense of touch. The darkness was so intense and

the silence so oppressive as to cause both of them at first to draw back instinctively. As they stood there apparently in doubt as to how to proceed, the silence was suddenly broken by a sound resembling a low moan and coming from somewhere in the inky blackness ahead. Now Hank was a brave man, as was his companion, but the effect of this cry, coming as it did, caused them both to stand there spell-bound as if rooted to the spot. Hardly had the echoes of the sound died away when a second, much louder and more heart-rending than the first issued apparently from somewhere almost at their very feet. No cry from one undergoing the bitterest pangs of agonizing torture could have sounded more uncanny and awful than had the last groan from that unknown abyss of blackness.

His blood running cold and his hand trembling so that he could scarcely extract the one lone match from his pocket, Hank gritted his teeth and nerved himself for the task of finding out if possible the cause of the cries. He fell upon his knees with the intention of striking the match and as he did so his hand touched a spot which was wet and sticky. "Blood!" he hissed to Bill who was close behind him. The echo was reiterated time and again, "Blood!" "Blood!" "Blood!" Hesitating to strike the light, not knowing what horrors its rays might disclose, stood the two adventurers rigid from head to foot, their hearts almost ceasing to beat.

Finally, with one supreme effort, Hank drew the head of the match swiftly across his trousers and the sight which met their eyes when the tiny flame burst forth was one, the imprint of which they will both carry upon their souls until their dying day. There, lying on the floor in front of them, mangled almost beyond recognition and surrounded by a pool of juice was a lemon.

And the bust of Abraham Lincoln smiled tranquilly on beneath the dust, and Pond's new heating apparatus continued to moan and groan at intervals as before.

M.

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A new journal is to be published monthly at Syracuse University.



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## A WORD OF SYMPATHY.

It was with great sorrow that we learned of the awful catastrophy of the seventh of December that occurred at Cornell University. At first the news seemed hardly credible—so sweeping were the effects of the disaster. When the true facts became known the awfulness of the occurrence was only doubly impressed upon us. Not only Cornell, but the nation and the entire College world were overcome with the sense of the disaster. How deeply Cornell herself is affected is expressed by the following extract from an editorial in the "Cornell Daily Sun:"

"Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends."

It is impossible to express the shock with which yesterday's appalling calamity was received at Cornell. The news of the destruction of one of our most beautiful buildings and the deaths of those who had been in our midst but a few hours before, fell as a pall upon the entire community. All undergraduate activities have been postponed, and all personal interests are lost sight of in the presence of a common sorrow.

We are plunged into grief over the loss of comrades who in life commanded the love and respect of all who knew them, and who in their last hours looked death in the face with courage that made us wonder. Compared to this, the loss of a mansion which was the pride and beauty of our Campus, is as nothing."

True heroism and devotion to friendship were the cardinal virtues attendant upon the sad affair. The exhibition of such qualities afford a striking commentary upon what constitutes real manhood. All honor to those who gave up their lives in the endeavor to save their fellows!

Syracuse is thinking of organizing a lacrosse team during the year.

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**THE NEXT ISSUE.**

With this present number we shall suspend publication until the 12th of January. The throes of examination of examination week and the prevailing happiness of the gladdest season of the year will be sufficient to divert our attention from a labor that is as exacting as it is full of joy for service to Alma Mater. To all who have worked with us we are most grateful, especially to those sons of old Union who in the stress of a busy professional life, have evinced enough material interest to make the publication of this issue such as it is. To these and to all others who read this little paper, we extend our sincere wishes for the merriest of Christmases; we joyfully send you a word of good cheer.

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**AS TO THE SCHEDULE.**

No doubt many of the men in College will be surprised to find that we have not printed the schedule of examinations. We dislike to deviate from custom but circumstances seem to warrant our departure from the usual order of things. Our columns are taken up with such an amount of extra material that the question of space plays an important part. Experience too, has proved that confusion arises from the conflicting statements of the bulletin board and the paper, due to the fact that many changes are made between Thursday night—when we go to press—and Saturday morning—when the schedule is due to appear.

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**THE QUARTETTE.**

It has lately come to our notice that the quartette is not recognized officially as a regularly constituted portion of our undergraduate organization. It is highly essential that some action be taken by means of which this excellent branch of our activities shall be placed on a footing of equality with our other College interests.

We take this view for the reason that we are acquainted with some of the elements that urge favorable action on the part of the authorities. As is well known the quartette in the past two years has rendered service that is highly deserving of an expression of formal approbation. Such an expression may best be given by action that will result in the formation of another regularly constituted body working for the honor of Old Union.

In support of our statement that the quartette has rendered service to the College, we need refer to but two means by which such service has been given.

In the latter part of November the New York State Conference of Religions was held in this city, partly under the auspices of Union University. For this Conference the members of the quartette gladly and willingly did extra work to prepare themselves for an appearance that would be creditable to the University. There is no question that this extra work called forth well merited praise. From the stand-point of many who are interested in the quartette this was an exhibition of College spirit that expresses itself in no uncertain terms.

Thursday night too, the quartette acquitted itself in a most admirable manner at the Alumni dinner in New York City. This is a regular feature attendant upon the dinner and is something toward which the Alumni look with keen relish.

If it should by any possible chance be omitted we dare say that a large portion of the enjoyment of the occasion would be eliminated.

These two points have been considered largely from the view-point of the effect upon the Alumni and the immediate friends of the College as regards their own personal enjoyment. We confidently say that this enjoyment is due in very large measure to the artistic abilities of the men on

the quartette. This year, as last, each man is a musician of no mean ability; each is capable of rendering a solo with finish and precision if necessity requires.

Though but two concerts have been given so far, yet the success of these two is undoubted. In each case the reception accorded was warm and enthusiastic. Already the manager has received several requests for concerts to be given in the near future.

And so we feel justified in saying that the quartette has given ample proof of its worth not only as a source of pleasure to our Alumni and friends, but also as a body that is far from lacking the essentials that go to make up an artistic success.

Granting that the quartette is an artistic success, are we not correct in maintaining that its abilities should not be confined solely to a few small towns in the immediate vicinity? In other words, it is not a good plan to bring the College into favorable notice in as many places as possible? We are well aware of the fact that we have touched upon a point that may be called "sordid" or "mercenary," but nevertheless, we hold that it is a sound, solid business principle which is expressed by the words "Advertising pays."

Every impression made upon the public mind reflects directly upon the source of the impression. If then we are confident that we can make a favorable impression why not try? Here is one very concrete way of following out a suggestion made in the Editorial column of last week's issue.

#### The Naked Truth

Truth and Falsehood went to swim,  
Leaving clothes on river's brim.  
Falsehood dressed up in Truth's clothes—  
That is why Truth naked goes.  
Truth is modest—you'll not meet  
Naked Truth upon the street.

—Life.

#### The Past

Here where the twilight trees  
Gather strange darknesses,  
One lies low,  
And to Her I must go,  
As Today glides into Yesterday,  
Not dead, but passed away.

Mysterious Past!

How like a Face I know,  
Long dreaming now:  
O'er thee thy grey and shadowy years,  
Sleep, as the tall dark firs,  
Over that dream of Hers.

The warm hand and heart,  
The loveliness of days,  
Must go on their ways,  
Must needs depart;—  
God wills it so,  
That they should go.

But in the Future's eyes  
I read the unsurprise  
Of ultimate things concealed,  
She holds to be revealed;  
The Face that I have seen,  
The Land where I have been.

Mysterious Past!

How like a Face I know,  
Long sleeping now;  
The shadows of thy silent years  
Dream, as the high dim firs,  
Over that sleep of Hers.

A. H. Rutledge, '04.

#### A Day's Work

I arose this morning, or rather I was aroused by having my room-mate shake me vigorously and inform me that it was half past seven. Now it happened that I had been out the night before far into the wee small hours of the morning and therefore had none of my recitations prepared. However, I had taken all my bolts, including Chapel, and so muttering imprecations against

any and all work I got up. Breakfast over, I went to Chapel and remember standing up and sitting down mechanically when I saw everybody else do so. Chapel, for me this morning held few joys, except during the "sitting down" interval.

Well, Chapel duly concluded, I hied myself to "first hour." Entering the recitation room, I selected the most out-of-the-way corner of the room and sitting down behind the man in front of me fell into a kind of a stupor. During the time I was in this condition, the following fragments of the professor's words were borne to my ears, as from a great distance:

"Now about that little matter we were discussing last time—ah yes—well, let me ask another question then. Let me see, let me see, is that right? Oh, no, I thought not—why yes—yes—oh, yes——. Now that's the first point and it's a very important one, too, very——. That's an interesting thing. You see in this subject there is much to be learned by outside work. Some of you gentlemen may realize that, before the year is over,—at least I hope you may. — Are you quite sure, quite? Oh! ah! ah! ah! y-e-e-e-e-s, that's better, much better. That's quite different from what you said in the first place, isn't it? Oh yes, quite different, yes. — Now will some one answer the next topic? Mr. S—— will you try it? No—? Mr. H—? Mr. K—? Mr. W—? What? Nobody? I think that the Freshman banquet must have had an ill effect on some of you. You fellows will learn sometime that College consists of work—not Freshman banquets. It's nearly time you knew that. You've had three years in which to find it out. Mr. L—— will you try the next?

Oh! precisely so, precisely so, quite right! quite right! exactly! Now isn't it a strange thing that only one out of the entire class should know that? Isn't it strange, eh? —ah! that's very important, very, —. Oh no, I don't mean that it was perfectly safe—comparatively, mark me, only comparatively. Oh no, not perfectly, comparatively. — That's why I asked you to look it up. How much? One page! One little

page—yes—yes—yes—y-e-e-e-s,——. Didn't read it, eh? Not interested in Mr. R——? Well, if he knew that anybody in this class had not read his book, he'd probably go to work to revise it to suit your taste. — Well he was—when he got there. Oh! dear! Oh! dear! It's astonishing the amount of ignorance that can be put in one room, when you get the right man in it. Perhaps it's not ignorance, though—only the Freshman banquet. Maybe it's painful for you to think——. Now in Fink, take pages 41 to 45, pages 382 to 388, also 428, 477, 525 and 604. Then in Fotheringham, take pages 21 to 27, 82 to 86, 125 to 130, and in Becky, look up pages 11 to 16. Oh! yes! and read those four Declarations in the "Elect Chartreuse." I have some more references I'd like to give you, but I've no time to look them up. — That's all."

Having aroused myself sufficiently to walk down the corridor of the Red Building, I found myself in my next recitation room. The same torporous feeling overcame me and snuggling close to the radiator—the thermometer stood at 42 degrees—I proceeded to efface myself as much as possible from the professor's notice. During my lucid moments the following snatches of the professor's talk penetrated my sleepy brain:—

"No! No! No! Never!! How can you stand up there and tell me that "ipse" means "it," when I've told you a thousand times that it means "the same." Won't you ever learn anything? I can't make you learn anything. I can't make you use your grammar. I can't force force you to get any knowledge of the subject. Quite hopeless for me to try to do you any good. — Is that you or your brother? Will somebody please open the window? It's getting too warm. Mr. Pond does strange things with his steam pipes. But then, I must keep on the right side of Mr. Pond, or else I couldn't draw my salary. Oh yes! Mr Pond's a nice man, a very nice man; in some respects. — Now look here H——, what do you come in here for anyway? To learn? Well then, why don't you try to learn? You'll never get anything out of this subject unless you look at your words. Look at your words! Look at

your words, man. Why didn't you say so in the first place? Now don't get angry and stand there like a panting child. This is all for your own good. What? You did say it in the first place? Oh well, then I am all wrong. But after this, speak up. — Pronounce that "ah" not "a." Say "ah, ah." Hold your mouth so. Now say it. "Ah," not "aw." We don't want any codfish aristocracy here. Mr. K—— sees the point of that remark. Mr. K—— has a sense of humor. — Well, if you won't wear an overcoat, of course you'll get sick. Children are made to wear overcoats in weather like this. No, I'll not excuse you. I'm not going to excuse any man who exhibits such childish traits. — Humph! Got that out of your pony, didn't you?" (Here an ardent champion of the unlucky reciter breaks in with "He never uses a pony, professor." True solicitude, that!)

"What! never uses a pony? Well! well! You don't say so. Just a dictionary and a grammar? Then I take it all back—all back. I apologize most profusely—oh, the bell! Has it rang yet? Ten minutes ago? Then I suppose I'll have to dismiss you. Next fifty lines for to-morrow."

Having escaped from the stern censorship of that classic eye, I directed my foot-steps to the southwest. I was somewhat late, owing to my last professor's unusual interest in his class, and for that reason, received a round of laughter upon entering the room. I soon found that there was one vacant seat standing alone on the back row and made haste to ensconce myself in it. The professor, after stopping long enough to mark off my absence, continued:—

"And as I was saying to Mr. B—— although B——c was a realist to a certain degree, still on the other hand, he was, in a way, an idealist."

Here I lost myself in the same old torpor. Soon I heard:—

"I think if you young gentlemen on the back row who are so inordinately fond of tipping back, would put those chairs on twelve legs instead of six, it would be safer, to say the least. We have several single chairs for those who want to lean back. — Mr. Mc——, will you tell us about

the second characteristic mentioned? — No, that is not it exactly. — I really can't see any reason for this unseemly mirth. Some of you don't know any more about it than Mr. Mc——, I imagine. Mr. H——, if you can wake up long enough to answer it, I should be very glad to have your opinion on the subject. — Well, on the whole that's fairly correct, but still, in a way, you have not answered it fully—One might say rather that sentimentalism is mock sentiment. — Well I'll read you the passage."

Five minutes' intermission.

"That's right in general, although I don't agree with Mr. P——y on some minor details. — Let us confine ourselves to the point in question. — That seems to be a fairly accurate statement of it. — I thought so myself when I was in College. I remember quite distinctly one time."—

Five minutes' intermission for anecdote. Asleep again.

Mr. A——, I'm glad to have you with us again. I hope your little nap has refreshed you—on the whole I think that will be sufficient—Oh! one moment. How many of you used your bolt last Monday to go and see "Romeo and Juliet?" All of you? Well that's certainly very gratifying—That's all for to-day."

Having the assistance of my room mate, I dragged my weary body back to my room and soon was lost in the deepest of realms of Morpheus, having acquired during the course of the morning a large store of information.

Scribbler.

### Alumni Notes

'05. M. T. Raymond of the Spanish River Lumber Company of Canada, is spending a few days on the hill.

'06. W. E. Stoney visited friends in the College last Sunday.

Yale won the intercollegiate golf contest this fall. Yale has won five and Harvard six of the team championships.

A typhoid fever epidemic is feared at Wesleyan University.



### College Briefs

The Librarian, Mr. Dickinson, is pleased to announce the recent acquisition of eight books, the work of Henry Codman Potter, D. D., LL. D., Bishop of New York. The works are bound uniformly in very handsome blue crushed levant. The titles are as follows:—

"The Gates of the East."

"The East of To-day and To-morrow."

"The Citizen in His Relation to the Industrial Situation."

"Sermons of the City."

"Waymarks, 1870—1891."

"Law and Loyalty."

"The Scholar and the State."

"Reminiscences of Bishops and Archbishops."

\* \* \* \*

Last Friday evening Alpha Delta Phi held its annual fall term dance at the Chapter House. The affair proved to be a great source of pleasure to all who were present. The receiving party was composed of Mrs. John A. De Remer, Mrs. Erastus D. Hill, and Mrs. James A. van Voast.

\* \* \* \*

Suggestion: Why not transform the campus into a Turkish bath establishment for use of the students after Freshman banquets—etc.

\* \* \* \*

The Inquisition will hold session throughout all of next week in Washburn Hall. Everybody is requested to be present. Victims will be announced soon.

\* \* \* \*

The quartette attended the annual dinner of the Union Alumni Association of New York on Thursday night.

\* \* \* \*

The gym had a blow-out on Thursday. Compressed air was the attraction. Dust is vanquished.

\* \* \* \*

Mr. Pond's house is nearing completion and will be ready for occupancy in less than two months.

\* \* \* \*

Photographer White was besieged all the week by various student organizations anxious to get

into the Garrett.

\* \* \* \*

The Faculty are considering the advisability of permitting the Glee Club to take an extended trip next term.

Preliminary trials for the Rutgers-Union debate will be started next term. We **must** win.

\* \* \* \*

Collins, '08, has left College to enter business. "Bill" Hildreth will take Collins' place as Chairman of the Junior Hop Committee.

### Glee Club Concert

On Wednesday evening the Glee Club gave a concert in Castleton. The audience was large and enthusiastic, in spite of the fact that several members of the Club were prevented from taking the trip.

A collation was served by the ladies of the Church after the concert and was highly appreciated, as there was a wait until 1:45 for the out train.

### Law School Notes

The basketball team played at Glens Falls on Saturday and was defeated by a score of 26 to 16. The game was the first of the season and better success is expected as soon as the players perfect their team work.

\* \* \* \*

The matter of a Junior Hop, to be given on the evening of December twentieth, is being agitated. The Aurania Club has been secured and quite a few have already signified their intention of being present.

\* \* \* \*

The Y. M. C. A. movement is progressing favorably. The necessary funds have been raised and the house on Jay street will probably be opened before Christmas. A house warming is being planned for the seventh of January at which the Chancellor of the University and other prominent men will speak.

\* \* \* \*

The feature of the debating society this week was Miss Gladys Rosebrook's recitation enti-

tled "Southern Ditties." It was an excellent production.

### Parental Provocation

#### I.

It was 10 p. m., they were seated in the parlor.

"No," she says, bowing her head. "Pa says I am too young to become engaged."

#### II.

It is just 1.30 a. m. They are still seated in the parlor.

Suddenly from somewhere upstairs a gruff voice shouts, "Henrietta, if that fellow waits a little longer, you'll be old enough to accept his proposal."—Miami Student.

\* \* \* \*

It is said that the best way to preserve apples in winter is to wrap them in College papers so as to exclude the air. The exception is made, however, that the paper must be one on which the subscription has been paid, else the dampness resulting from what is "dew" may result in spoiling the fruit.—Ex.

\* \* \* \*

Student—"There must be some mistake in my examination marking. I don't think I deserve an absolute zero."

Inspector—"Neither do I, but it is the lowest mark I am allowed to give."—Miami Student.

\* \* \* \*

A Freshman was wrecked on a lonely isle

Where a cannibal king held sway;

And they served him up to the chocolate prince

On the eve of that very day;

But alas for them, for heaven is just,

And before the dawn was seen,

They were suffering badly with colic and cramps,

For that Freshman was terribly green.

—Harvard Lampoon.

### Basketball Notes.

Union has, at last, a representative basketball team and if the enthusiasm and vigor with which the candidates entered into competition for the various positions is to be taken as a criterion, we have indeed a team which will well up-

hold the reputation of the College. Hitherto, basketball has been confined to inter-class games, and this policy was continued last season with a view of developing material for a strong representative team that could compete with other Colleges in this branch of athletics.

Captain Shutler has exerted all possible effort to put forth a strong team. A large squad of men, composed of Brown, Perry, Buck, Osborne, Potter, '09, Starbuck, King, Fullerton, Hequem-bourg, Charest, Heilbronner and Henderson, have been practicing for the last two weeks.

The College has been fortunate in securing as a coach, Captain Hardman of Company E. Coach Hardman's reputation as a basketball player is well known. Under him the team will without doubt be trained to the highest point of efficiency.

The schedule is now complete with the exception of a few games which are yet to be arranged for later in the season. The management has decided to suspend its publication until after verifications by the Athletic Board.

The season was inaugurated last evening when the team lined up against R. P. I. at Troy.

### Notes From the Medic

The annual Nu Sigma Nu Convention was held at Syracuse Nov. 30 and Dec. 1. The Convention was entertained by the Syracuse Chapter. At this Convention Dr. Albert Vander Veer, Sr., of Albany Medical College, was elected Honorary President.

\* \* \* \*

Mid-Winter Exams begin on Monday the 17th, and continue for a week. It is now up to the men to get busy, especially the Freshmen, for this is their first opportunity to meet what is before them.

## ROBSON & ADEE BOOKMEN

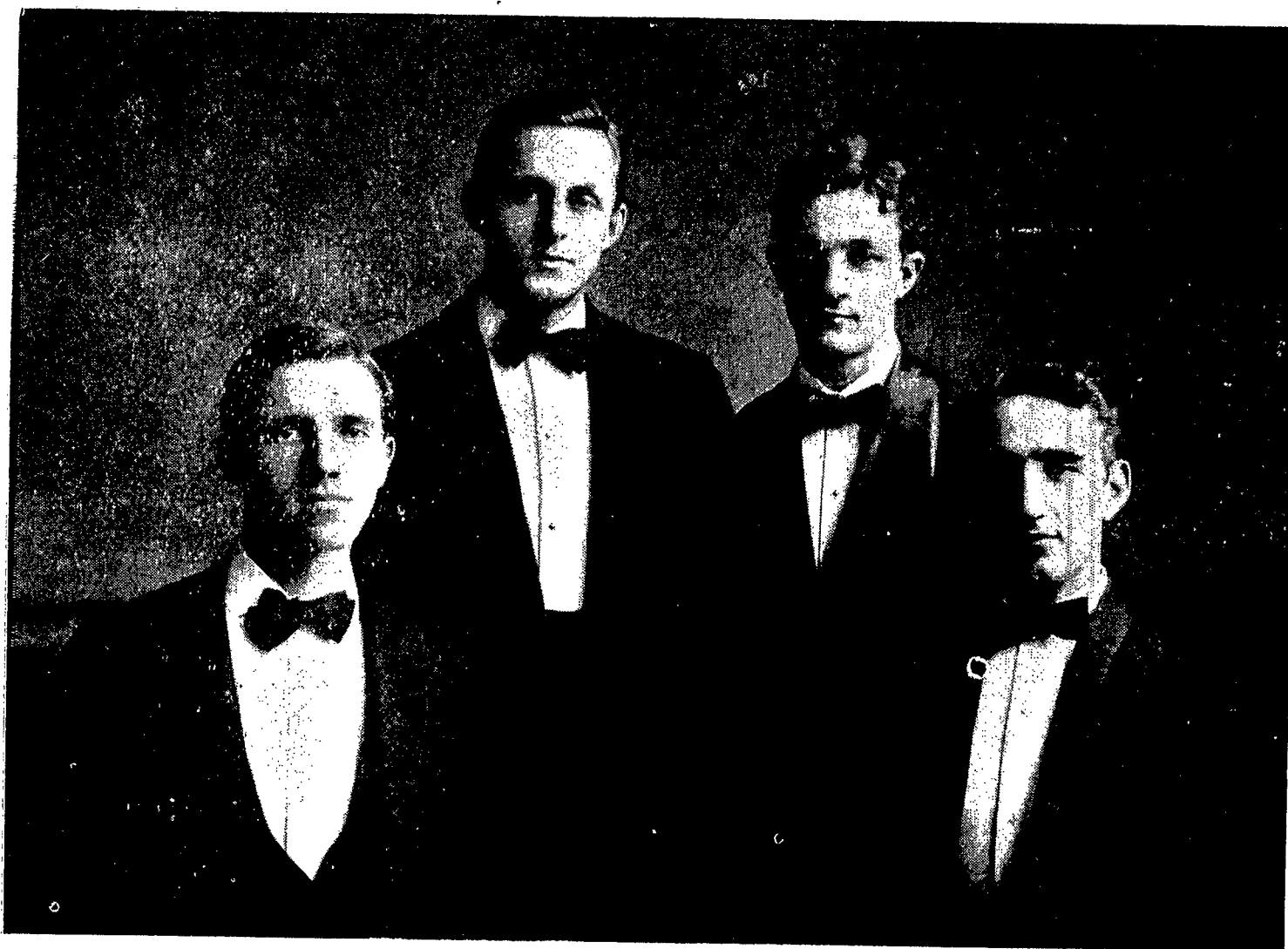
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1st Bass

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**St. Peter Hung His Head**

St. Peter settin' at de gate;

Nigger passin' by—

St. Peter up an' sez ter him,

"How did you come ter die?"

"Go ax de man whut helt de gun

A-p'tin' at dat roos';

Go ax de dog whut helt my foot

An' wouldn't turn hit loose!"

"An' so," St. Peter sez ter him,

"You wuz kotch in de ac'?"

Dat nigger turnt an' looker at him

An' spon's "Hit is a fac'."

"Down in de pit den you mus' go

Fer stealin' uv dat hen!"

Dat nigger scratched his head right hard—

St. Peter had him den!

But 'drectly liftin' up his arms,

He flop 'em on his side,

An' zactly like a rooster crow,

Three times out loud he cried!

St. Peter hung his haid wid shame—

He 'membered uv his sin—

An' grabbing up a great big key,

He let dat nigger in!

—A. R. H. in New Orleans Picayune.

**Where to Abide in Boston**

Lovers should live on Court street.

The newly wed on Joy street.

Other married folk on Pleasant street,

Though some of them live on Cross street.

Preachers should live on Church street.

Or on Temple or Revere street.

Soldiers on Garrison street.

Coquettes on Arch street.

Bachelors on Chambers street.

Policemen on Copp's Hill.

Laundrymen on Troy street.

Poets on Tennyson street,

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Spoony folk on Moon street.

The henpecked on Stillman street.

Laborers on Union street.

Bargain-counter fiends on Purchase street.

Red-haired girls on Auburn street.

Lawyers on Blackstone street.

Crazy folk on Asylum street.

And the chap who wrote all this on Chestnut street.—Transcript.

**Heard in Biology**

Professor — "Now here we have bacteria in the tartar from the teeth. Why is that a good place for them to live?"

Bright Pupil—"Isn't it so that they can hear what you say?"

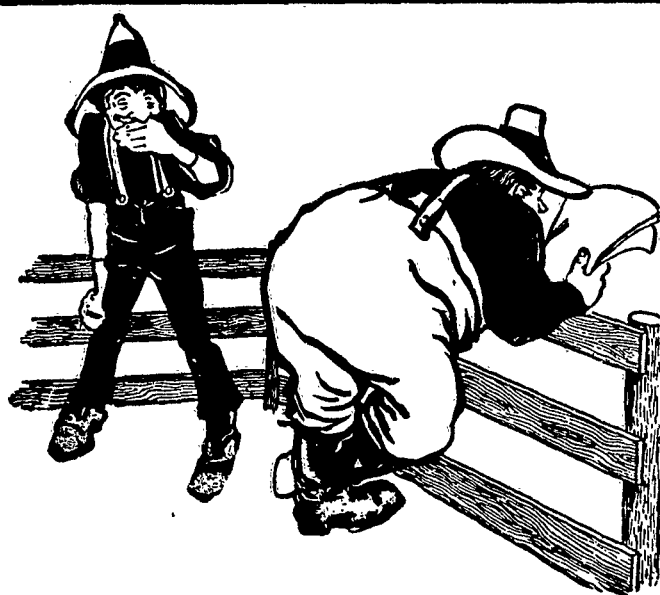
\* \* \* \*

Second Pupil—"Oh! Here are some that are dead. Why is that?"

B. P.—"Probably they were talked to death."

\* \* \* \*

At this point the professor put in an earnest request for more formality.



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### Thanks to the Snippers

"She is pretty fast," said Perseus, as he viewed the prostrate form of Andromeda chained to the rock.—Princeton Tiger.

\* \* \* \*

The Lamp—"Did you know that Trimmin's trousers were divorced from his suspenders?"

The Bed—"No, on what grounds?"

The Lamp—"Non-support, of course."—Princeton Tiger.

\* \* \* \*

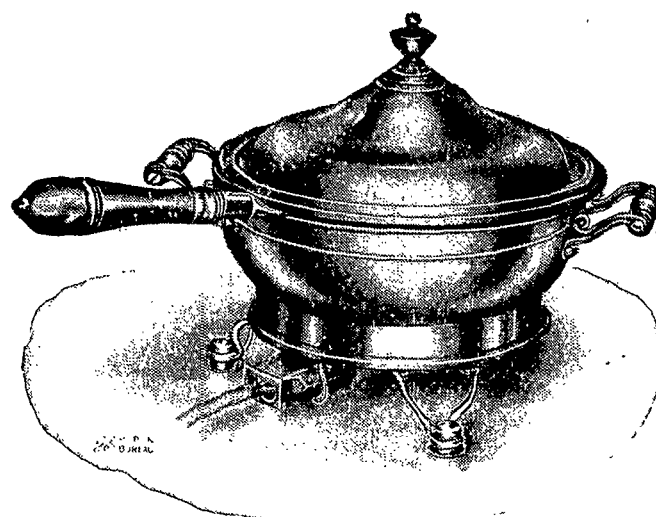
The Principal—"No, you cannot go. You know very well, Miss Jollier, that you are forbidden to drive with young men unless you are engaged to them."

Miss Jollier—"Oh, yes, but then I hope to be before we get back."—Exchange.

At Williams, next spring, there will be a competition in punting and drop-kicking. An alumnus has offered cups to be awarded to the winners.

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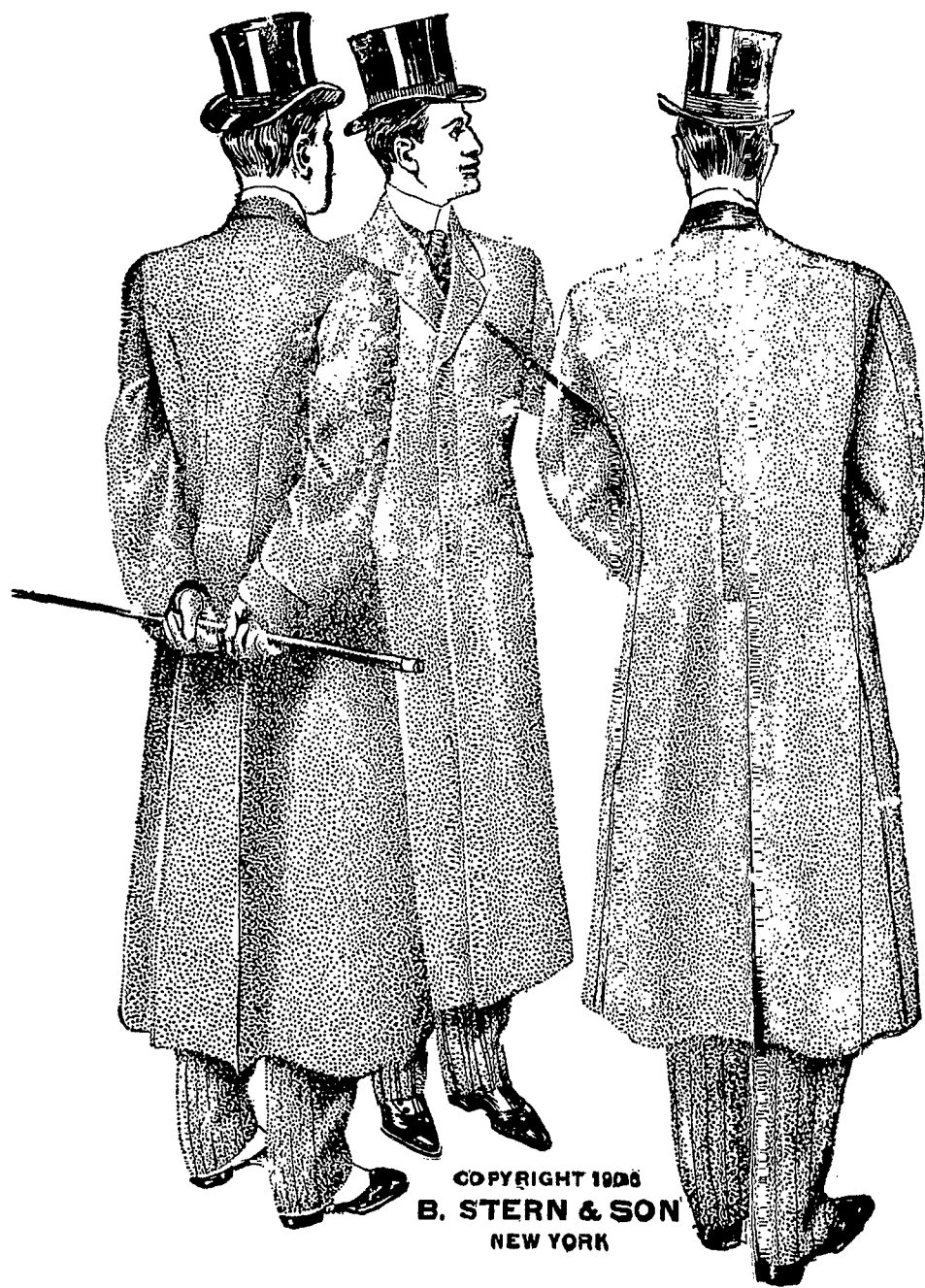
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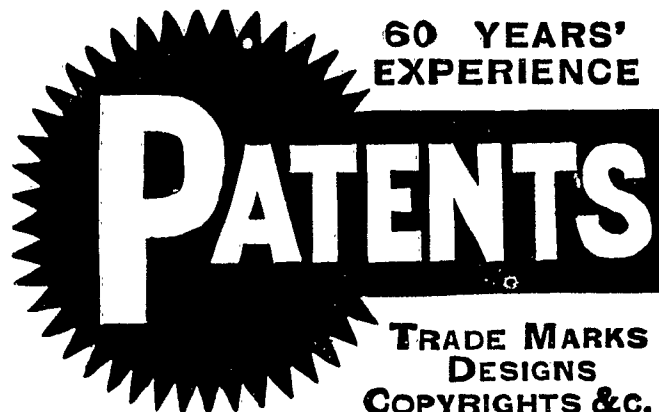
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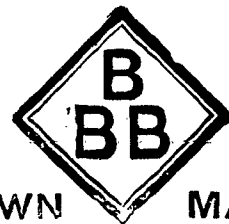
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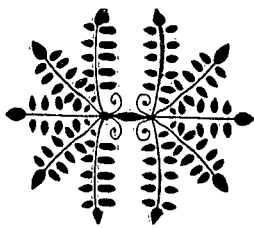
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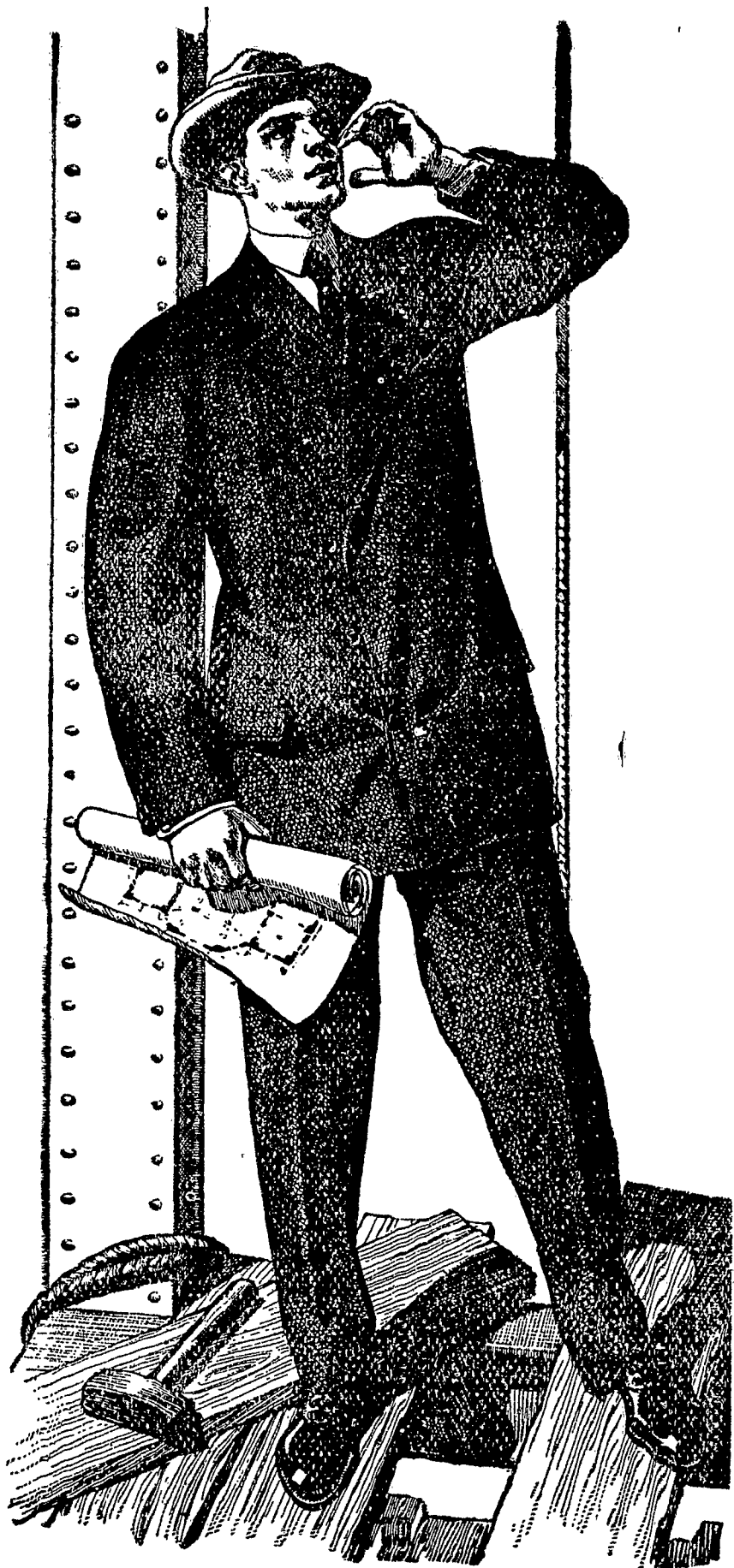
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*Gustave Lorey*

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