

THE CONCORDIENSIS.

VOL. XIV.

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No. 10.

LITERARY.

COLLEGE ATHLETICS.

SOME people object to them. Indeed, they cry out against them in unmeasured terms. They say that they are brutal, that they run riot over everything, that the college with the best foot-ball or base-ball team draws the most men; in short, that men go to college in these days for athletics, and not for study.

This unreasonable opposition may be explained in two ways: on the one hand, the opposers do not understand athletics; they have no sympathy for them; and it is an easy, and, perhaps, a natural thing for a man to oppose that for which he has not the slightest sympathy. If athletics are not in the blood—and in the blood of some men, strange to say, they are not—you may almost always set down such men as judges that are partial and unjust.

On the other hand, the opposition is unreasonable because it is directed not against the thing itself but against its abuse, and a degree of abuse, it may be said, that in the main does not exist. Of course it must be, and is, acknowledged that college athletics are in some quarters abused, but what good thing is not abused, and especially in connection with the abounding spirits and vitality of youth?

But this is nothing against the thing itself. Take, for example, foot ball, which is so soundly berated as rough and brutal. Foot ball is only such when played in an imperfect, amateurish way. When scientifically played—and our best colleges are fast reducing it to a science, it is never brutal, while even roughness is reduced to a minimum.

As a matter of fact, college athletics, to be justly treated, must be treated in a calm and unbiased way. Such a treatment will, we think, force upon us two convictions.

1. *They are a necessity.* One might as well try to sit down effectually upon a volcano as upon college athletics. Ever since the time of Virgil's youth, who engaged in such fierce and earnest contests, have the youth of every generation been doing the same. Rather can we not go back to the first pair of boys? Cain and Abel probably raced and wrestled, and contended, just as boys always have done and always will do.

In college this athletic tendency reaches its climax. It cannot be otherwise from the very physical make-up and condition of young men. This fact might as well be admitted. It must be admitted in order to form an intelligent judgment of the case.

2. *They are an advantage.* They benefit the competitors themselves. Men who otherwise might waste their strength by dissipation, are compelled to increase and develop it by training. They must be temperate and well controlled if they are to stand any chance of success. Many a man has felt the benefit of this training all his life.

Then college contests of various kinds afford to all the students an outlet for the overflowing spirits and vitality that cannot be repressed. Better to have this overflow into good channels than into bad, and college athletics when properly managed are pre-vaillingly good.

Another thing is to be said in this connection, *i. e.*, that college athletics tend to benefit the cause of education. The Hon. Chauncey M. Depew, at a recent Princeton dinner, put this point in his characteristic way: "The athletic contests of the col-

leges," he said, "have become the common discussion and enthusiasm of merchant, mechanic, farmer, cowboy and miner. He bets his money on them. That leads the faculty to think that they ought to be discontinued, but it calls the attention of all those classes by an indirect and athletic method to the benefits of a higher education. The result is that they all determine to send their boys to college, not for athletics, but for the learning that they can receive there. This accounts for the fact that the extraordinary increase in the admissions of the Freshman class in every college in the United States commenced with an interest in college athletics, and they have continued to increase as the contests of the undergraduates upon the field or with the oar have become more famous and widely published.

But of course this article assumes a proper management of college athletics, and three evils are to be met and in great part overcome before they can stand upon a solid and enduring basis.

Their abuse must be guarded against. Extremes are to be avoided. They are not in themselves an end in college education, only a means to an end. The college is first of all to turn out men and not muscle, scholars and not athletes. That this can be done is shown by the well known fact that frequently honor men and leading christian men are athletes too.

Another evil is the importation of men as special students because they are needed for this team or that. This evil is an unmixed one. It degrades college athletics, and, if persisted in, will injure them in a permanent way. Indeed healthful college athletics can never exist until this custom is stamped out, and that for good.

A third evil is the betting that has become so common. This is not only nothing but an injury to all concerned, but it is an entirely unnecessary thing. College contests

are interesting and exciting enough, if it were only known, without betting of any kind.

Why cannot professors and students cooperate against these evils, and so give a more healthful tone to athletics?

It is certainly a hopeful sign that the former are showing an increasing interest in college contests. Let this continue and grow. Let professors frequently be seen upon the field and mingle with the students. Let them be made in some degree a part of the actual management, and the same with the better class of students. Here, too, the signs are hopeful. Witness Stagg of Yale, the crack pitcher, at the same time prayerfully preparing for christian work; and Speer and Hector Cowan of Princeton, terrors on the foot-ball field, at the same time training for foreign missionaries; while from Harvard come the following words: "Very rarely in recent years has Harvard sent a Mott Haven team to New York that has not had among the prize winners several active members of her religious societies. The president of the Athletic Association during the past year was also president of the St. Paul's Society. The crew and the eleven usually have several representatives from the Christian Association and St. Paul's."

Now that Union has taken a fresh start in athletics, and at a single leap has reached the front, let her by all means maintain her lead and even increase it; but let her do it by keeping in the van for a species of athletics that shall be clean, and fair, and enduring.

CHARLES B. CHAPIN,

Schenectady, N. Y.

Feb. 19, 1891.

Princeton, '76.

—The College Glee Club now sing regularly every morning in chapel, thus making a very pleasant addition to the chapel exercises.

HERBERT D. HOBBS.

(An Incident of Life in El Paso.)

[Ever since the class of '80 graduated from college, information has been wanted of H. D. Hobbs, one of the members of that class. After he left college it is believed that he went down hill at a rapid rate, for he was always a wild young fellow, and "full of the old Nick." Not one of his class mates, though, had heard or seen anything of him, and it was an undecided question as to whether or not he was yet in the land of the living. Recently, however, two or three of the members of his class, much to their delight, ran across the following little sketch which told them that their old Hobbs was still alive and kicking. This story, which is true, by the way, will, therefore, be of interest both to the members of the class of '80, because of the information it gives, and to others of our readers, as it shows the way in which *one Union man gained a royal title.*—Ed.]

THE recent arrest of young Yturbide, better known as Prince Yturbide, in Mexico, recalls a curious episode in which he figured some years ago at El Paso. Those who have had the good fortune to encounter his royal highness remember him as a rather beefy, stolid young man, with a decided taste for plain English fabric in dress, and a bad habit of speaking of "me brasses y' know," when he alluded to his trunk checks. However, he is a good fellow. In 1888 he came up over the Mexican Central, and stopped for the day at El Paso, putting up at the Grand Central Hotel. Among the passengers on the train was a gentleman bearing the plebian name of Hobbs. Mr. Hobbs was the proprietor of a faro bank at Chihuahua, and the proprietor also of a luxuriant black moustache, a five-carat diamond pin, and a very gorgeous suit of clothes. He, too, was a good fellow. They both arrived at the Grand Central at about the same time and registered together, Mr. Hobbs inscribing his plain, every-day name on the leaf and the other scribbling the royal abbreviation "Yturbide." The clerk whirled the register around, and then rapidly sized up both guests to determine which was the prince. He had no difficulty whatever in making up

his mind, for the beautiful garments and flashing jewels of Mr. Hobbs filled the popular idea exactly of the attire of royalty. Seizing that gentleman's valise, he led the way to the sacred apartment known in western hostels as "the bridal chamber," and reverently bowed him in. When he returned he beckoned to the porter and, pointing to the real Yturbide, he said, "show this man to 4-11-44," indicating one of the dens of the garret. The news soon spread that a live prince was in town, and a crowd of tuft-hunters congregated at the hotel to get a look at him. Consequently when Mr. Hobbs appeared he was the subject of such adulation as he had never before known. At first he attributed this to his beauty, but gradually the truth dawned on him, and when it did "he played it" to use his own expression, "for all it was worth." Presently one of the bolder of the group pressed him to join in a bottle of wine. He promptly accepted. Another and another followed in quick succession, and such a popping of corks and fizzing of Heidsieck were never before heard in the house. Meanwhile the autograph fiend put in an appearance in numbers. Dozens of plush bound volumes were thrust into his hands, and, nothing loath, Mr. Hobbs called for a pen and went to work. He had no idea how to spell "Yturbide," and simply made a hideous, undecipherable scrawl, bearing down as hard as he could, and permanently disfiguring each book. Some he embellished with such good old chestnuts as "When this you see, remember me," "Last but not least" and "Your's for health." It was that more than anything else which made the people afterward want to lynch him. While all this was going on Yturbide was prowling up and down the office, gruesome, morose and astonished at the universal neglect. When dinner was announced Mr. Hobbs was escorted to the dining room and seated at a table by himself. The cook had risen to the

occasion, and masterpieces with fearful names followed each other in innumerable courses. To tell the truth, Mr. Hobbs was by this time pretty well loaded, so to speak, and began to put some vivid coloring in his royal role. He made strange, ornate jestures; he punched the waiters in the ribs and shuffled a pile of butter dishes through his fingers like a stack of poker chips, while Yturbide sat among a lot of New York drummers, gnawing a tough sirloin and cursing a country that had no respect for princes.

As desert was being served a party of distinguished Mexicans from Paso del Norte, across the Rio Grand, put in an appearance. They had heard of the prince's presence and came to pay their respects. They were led into the dining room and advanced to the tables, hats in hand.

"Is this Prince Yturbide?" asked the spokesman.

"You bet it is," said Mr. Hobbs, jocosely. "My father was the King of Clubs, and my mother was the Queen of Diamonds."

"Senor!" exclaimed the Mexican, turning to the landlord, "this is an impostor."

At that moment a florid young man pushed his way through the crowd, and remarked: "My name is Yturbide, gentlemen. What can I do for you?" The scene that followed was a painful one, and is easier imagined than described. Suffice it, that Mr. Hobbs' effects were removed from the bridal chamber and deposited on the sidewalk, and the subject is a sore one to this day to the genial landlord of the Grand Central. It may be well to add that the foregoing is not a fairy tale, but a narration of facts, and that there were several bumps that night on Mr. Hobbs' cranium that were not in his phrenological chart.

—The members of the Psi Upsilon Society gave a very enjoyable dancing party in their rooms Monday evening, February 9.

ELI PERKINS ON AMERICAN HUMORISTS.

"THE HAWKEYE MAN."

(*Biography and Reminiscences.*)

[The sweetest and loveliest character of American literature, Robert J. Burdette, resides, at present, in a beautiful home in Bryn Mawr, Pa. Mark Twain, in his "Library of Wit and Humor," says:

Robert J. Burdette was born at Greensburgh, Pa., July 30, 1844. His family removed to Illinois when Robert was a boy. He was educated in the Peoria public schools. He enlisted in the army in 1862. On his return from the war, he engaged in railroad work, and afterwards became associate editor of the Burlington *Hawkeye*, in the columns of which he did the first literary work which made him famous. Mr. Burdette, besides publishing a volume of sketches, has been a contributor to numerous magazines and periodicals. He is at present a licentiate, and often preaches from the pulpits of the Methodist Church.]

Previous to going on the *Hawkeye*, Mr. Burdette established a newspaper in Peoria. One day I met the humorist, and asked him how his Peoria paper succeeded.

"Did you make much money?"

"Money?" repeated Burdette. "M-o-n-e-y! Did you ever start a paper?"

"No, I believe not," I said.

"Well, you ought to try it. I started one once. Yes, I started one. We called it the *Peoria Review*, and it was started 'to fill a long-felt want'."

"Did you have any partners?" I asked.

"Yes, Jerry Cochrane was my partner. There were several very comforting things on that paper. For instance, Jerry and I always knew on Monday that we would not have money enough to pay the hands off on Saturday, and we never had. The hands knew it, too, so their nerves were never shocked by a disappointment. We ran that way for a while, getting more deeply in debt all the time. At last, one morning, I entered the office and found Jerry looking rather solemn.

"'Jerry,' said I, you want another partner."

" 'Yes, we need a new one,' he rejoined.

" 'A business man,' said I.

" 'One with executive ability,' said he.

" 'A financier,' I observed.

" 'A man who can take hold of things and turn them into money,' he concluded.

" 'Then I have got the man you want,' said I, and I introduced Frank Hitchcock, the sheriff. Jerry said Frank was the man he had been thinking of, so we installed him at once."

"Was Hitchcock a good business man?" I asked.

"O, yes, everything he touched turned into money. He proved to be all we anticipated, and he ran the paper with the greatest success until he had turned that too into money."

"What was the final result?"

"Well, when we wound up the concern, there was nothing left but two passes—one to Cincinnati and one to Burlington. We divided them and went in different directions."

Robert Burdette's wit generally borders on satire. That is, he takes some foible of fashion, or some foolish domestic custom, and exaggerates it. To illustrate, the humorist thus satirized the irritable wife:

Mrs. Jones was at a party the other night, smiling so serenely to every one, when the handsome Captain Hamilton, who reads poetry, oh, so divinely, and is oh, so nice, stepped on her dress as she was hurrying across the room.

K-r-r-rt! R'p! R'p! how it tore and jerked, and how the captain looked as though he would die as he said:

"My dear Mrs. Jones, I was so clumsy!"

"O dear, no, Captain," she sweetly said, smiling till she looked like a seraph who had got down here by mistake, "it's of no consequence. I assure you, it doesn't make a particle of difference at all."

Just twenty-five minutes later her husband, helping her into the street car, mussed her ruffle.

"Goodness gracious me!" she snapped out, "go way and let me alone; you'll tear me to pieces if you keep on."

Then she flopped on the seat so hard that everything rattled, and the frightened driver ejaculated, "There

goes that brake chain again," and crawled under the car with his lantern to see how badly it had given way!

When I asked the humorist what was the best joke he ever saw, he said:

"It occurred in our Peoria Bible class. Our dear, good old clergyman, one hot summer afternoon, was telling us boys how we should never get excited.

" 'Boys,' he said, 'you should never lose your tempers—never let your angry passions rise. You should never swear or get angry, or excited. I never do. Now to illustrate,' said the clergyman, pointing toward his face, 'you all see that little fly on my nose. A good many wicked, wordly men would get angry at that fly, but I don't!'

" 'What do I do?

" 'Why, my children, I simply say go away fly—go away—and—*gosh blast it! it's a WASP!*'"

Robert J. Burdette is beloved by every one. He never had an enemy. One day when I made this remark to Patroleum V. Nasby, he said:

"Yes, Burdette is a lovely character, but a woe was pronounced against him in the Bible."

"How was that?" I asked.

"Why the Bible says, 'woe unto you when all men speak well of you.'"

MELVILLE P. LANDON.

ON A CASH ACCOUNT.

My cash is all gone and my pocket is empty.
My next month's allowance is not yet at hand;
What excuse can I give when I state my requirements,
What excuse for my extra demand?

Shall I state it is caused by a foot-ball assessment,
Or exceedingly large fraternity dues?
I'm sure I don't know where my money has gone to,
I tried to keep track but my book got confused.

I might say I went to a theatre party,
(The truth, by the way, I freely confess),

But I think that the safest reason extant is,
"The Y. M. C. A. dues have reached an excess."—*Ex.*

THE CONCORDIENSIS.

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EDITORIAL.

THE undergraduate banquet was a grand success; there can be no doubt of that. Every one who went is still talking about it, and every one who did not go is still regretting, and always will regret, that he was not there. There was more enthusiasm, and more true college spirit imparted into the undergraduates at this banquet than at any other college event that has taken place in a number of years. There is only one thing that can, perhaps, be complained of, and that is the fact that not all of the men in college attended the supper, but that could not be helped, for the holding of an undergraduate banquet was an experiment, and a great number of men now in college seem to be greatly afraid of untried experiments. However, now that this new awakening of college spirit has occurred there will, in the future, be very little of this trouble to fight against, and next year will see very, very few of the stu-

dents staying away from their annual college banquet. For there is to be a banquet next year. Don't let there be any question about that. Have your class suppers if you will, but hold them in the first or third terms and reserve the winter term for the one, undivided, college banquet. Have one next year and see to it that one is held every year while you are in college, and in years to come your memories of your *alma mater* will be the brighter as you look back to the times when you attended the undergraduate banquets held in honor of Old Union.

* * *

THE Psi Upsilon and the Sigma Phi societies deserve the praises of the students, not only because of the pleasant time which they gave their guests on the occasion of their respective receptions, but more especially for thus reviving this highly commendable custom of gathering together in a social way the different secret societies of the college. There is at present in college far less of the so-called society feeling, or more aptly termed, ill-feeling, than has been the case for some time, and these "stag parties" will tend to eradicate what little of this spirit is left, and will help very much to preserve the good feeling which is now so general among the societies. It was a happy thought of the members of the Psi Upsilon Society, and happily carried out by them and by the Sigma Phi Society, both of whom receive from us a hearty—well done.

* * *

WE are very sorry to state that, on account of the lack of competition, the prize offered for the best Union College song, written by an undergraduate, could not be awarded. It is very strange and unaccountable that this prize has not aroused more interest among the students, for it seemed to us to be a very liberal offer indeed, but it has been offered twice now without

anything like competition enough to justify an award, and we doubt if the offer will ever be made again unless the students show by their interest in, and their contributions to, their college paper, that they are willing to work for such a prize. In connection with this we would state that the other prizes, offered for the most articles contributed to this paper, will also be withdrawn unless there is more of a competition.

* * *

IN a western college magazine we noticed an article calling attention to the fact that, "the Sigma Chis have a mortgage on the name of Sigs," and it suggests that, "Sigma Alpha Epsilon call themselves something else." It is, perhaps, a small matter, but we wish to question the statement somewhat on account of the fact that the Sigma Phi Society, having been established some thirty years before either of the above societies, is unquestionably entitled, if there is to be any such ownership, to the name of Sigs.

PERSONAL.

'21. Hon. Philo T. Ruggles, probably the oldest living graduate of the college, is still in excellent health, and daily goes from his home on Staten Island to his office at 95 Liberty street, New York city. He hopes to celebrate the 70th anniversary of his graduation, at Schenectady, next commencement.

'39. Hon. Henry W. Merrill, after an illness of several months, died at his home in Saratoga, January 15, 1891. He was born in Jefferson county, N. Y., Sept. 10, 1810. In 1835 he entered Union College, graduating with honor four years later. He was admitted to the bar in 1840, and located in Schuylerville. In 1851 he removed to Saratoga, and has made that place his home ever since.

'63 and '67. Amasa J. Parker ('63), and J. Newton Fiero ('67), have this year formed the law partnership of Parker & Fiero, to continue the practice heretofore conducted by the firm of which the late Judge Amasa J. Parker was the senior member. They are located at the corner of State and Lodge streets, Albany, N. Y.

'72. Dr. Wm. Seward Webb is president of the Wagner Palace Car Co., and also of the Society of the Sons of the American Revolution.

'74. George A. Hoadley is Professor of Physics at Swarthmore College, Pa.

'77. Franklin H. Giddings is Professor of Political Economy at Bryn Mawr College, Pa. He read an important paper at the recent meeting of the American Economic Association at Washington.

'83. Gulian V. P. Lansing is in the wholesale commission business in Seattle, Washington, and is a member of the City Council.

'83. The Rev. W. W. Bellinger, assistant minister of St. Mary's Protestant Episcopal church, in Brooklyn, has been called to the rectorship to succeed the late Dr. D. V. M. Johnson, who served the church for a third of a century.

'89. Philip J. Dorlon has accepted a lucrative position as superintendent of the Conshohocken (Pa.) Electric Light and Power Co., and has just gone there to assume charge.

OUR GLEE CLUB.

A state of things has come to pass
Which makes our city weep.
For Lake Champlain has ceased to roar,—
Its waves seem all asleep.
And this is why the sparkling waves
No longer sing and dance,—
The Glee Club roars so very much
The lake can't get a chance.

University Cynic.

OF INTEREST TO STUDENTS.

—The base ball manager has arranged to play Wesleyan on the campus May 10.

—The students were given a bolt on Monday last to celebrate Washington's birthday.

—Wm. P. Davis, who graduated from Union in 1839, preached last Sunday in the First Methodist church.

—On Valentine's day each of the young ladies who took prominent parts in Pinafore received a large bunch of roses tied with garnet ribbon.

—Gouverneur F. Mosher of the Junior class is acting as Lay Reader in St. George's church, in this city, and has been admitted by the Bishop of the diocese as a Postulant for Holy Orders.

—Finnan, '94, while at work in the "gym" last week had quite a severe fall from the trapeze, from the effects of which he was confined to his room for two or three days. He has now entirely recovered.

—The change in the hour of chapel exercises to eight o'clock is a great improvement, especially to the men who live in town, and the attendance at chapel of all the students has been very regular since the new rule went into effect.

—There are still a number of Pinafore caps and one or two suits that have not been returned to their owners yet. This is not right, and all those students who have forgotten to return their caps or suits, should do so at once to 220 Centre street.

—The American Protective Tariff League offers to members of Senior classes of colleges in the United States a series of prizes, consisting of \$150, \$100 and \$50, for approved essays on "Effect of Protection on the Purchasing Power of Wages in the United States."

—Last week the students presented to Prof. Rost a purse of twenty-five dollars in appreciation of the assistance he gave them in their opera.

—The attractions at the local theatres for the near future are: At State Street Opera House, A. M. Gillett's Colossal Burlesque and Vaudeville Company, Friday, March 20. At Centre Street Opera House, Jim, The Penman, February 28. Boston Orchestral Club, March 3. Around the World in 80 Days, March 5. Gilbert & Sullivan's Gondoliers, March 9.

—Friday evening, February 13, the Psi Upsilon Society gave a stag party at their rooms on State street. A large number of the college men were invited, and it is needless to say that very few sent their regrets. The men enjoyed themselves with singing, smoking, talking, listening to the piano playing of Prof. Rost, and in many other ways in which only college men can enjoy themselves. At an early hour in the morning the party broke up, but not before the Psi U's with their guests had serenaded at a number of residences in the city. It was a most successful party, and it is only to be hoped that it will not be the last one.

—A second reception was given on Wednesday evening, February 18, by the Sigma Phi Fraternity, at the residence of Walter McQueen, on lower State street. About forty of the students enjoyed the hospitality of the Sigs, and every one is enthusiastic concerning the fine time that he had. Prof. Rost again lent his services, and with his aid nearly the whole opera of Pinafore was sung over, not only once but a number of times, as were also all the good old Union songs. About eleven o'clock refreshments were served, but it was some time after this that the company dispersed after having passed what had proved to be a most enjoyable evening.

THE COLLEGE BANQUET.

ON Friday evening, February 20, the first annual banquet of the undergraduates of Union was held. The affair, though the initial one, was a complete success. Between fifty and seventy-five students went over to Albany early in the evening, and attended the "Brass Monkey," then playing at Jacob's theatre, and varied the applause with cries of U-N-I-O-N, Hikah! Hikah! Hikah! Afterward all repaired to the Windsor, where an excellent *menu* was discussed. The following was the

MENU:

Blue Point Oysters, Half-Shell. Mock Turtle Soup.

Boiled Turbot, Anchovy Sauce.
Parisienne Potatoes.

Small Chicken Patties.

Boast of Beef, and Roast Turkey, Cranberry Sauce.
Stewed Tomatoes. Succotash. Parisienne Potatoes.

Roast Plover, Larded, Celery Salad.

Fruit Pudding, Wine Sauce.

Metropolitan Cream Cake.

Cake.

During the repast there was hardly a moment when the room did not resound with the songs from Pinafore, college songs, class yells, and a good old Union yell. The banquet was served in the Ladies' Dining Room of the hotel. The tables were formed in U form, the Seniors occupying the part crossing the head of the room, the Sophomores and Freshmen the outsides of the U, and the Juniors were between, separating the two usually belligerent classes.

After the inner man had been satisfied, all set back from the table and awaited the "Feast of Reason." After a few very appropriate remarks the toastmaster, Mr. Thomas Lytle Walker, '91, called for the toasts which were as follows:

Old Union, - - - J. W. Ferguson.

"Still through the coming time,
Stand thou, in strength sublime,
Crowned with thy fame."

The Twelve Apostles. - - - B. C. Little.

"The devil takes care of his own."

Our Festivities, - - - T. H. Robertson.

"It were a journey worth the path
to Heaven, to help you find them."

The Future, - - - H. W. Briggs.

"What will come, and must come, shall come well."

The Ladies, - - - G. H. Daley.

"A child of our grandmother, Eve; a female, or for
thy more sweet understanding, a woman."

Our College Victories, - - - A. W. Hunter, Jr.

"Thus far our fortune keeps an upward course,
And we are graced with wreaths of victory."

Syria in Union, - - - J. F. Aftimus.

"There is unmistakable pleasure attending the life
of a voluntary student."

The Faculty, - - - B. H. Lord.

"Those that think, must govern those that learn."

'93, - - - E. Burke.

"We do not labor for ourselves only."

'94, - - - F. J. Sullivan.

"Plan wisely, execute nobly."

The toasts were, without exception, ably responded to, and all breathed loyalty to Old Union.

The Committee of Arrangements were composed of:

J. W. Ferguson, '91.	E. D. Lines, '93.
T. L. Walker, Jr., '91.	C. W. Field, '93.
G. W. Waite, '92.	F. J. Sullivan, '94.
T. N. Reddish, '92.	E. W. Daley, '94.

The banquet was, altogether, successful beyond every one's expectation, and the committee of arrangements deserve a great deal of praise. The menus were novel and very tasteful and pretty, and all the details were thoughtfully made out.

The banquet broke up about three o'clock in the morning, and every one left the table with the thought that never before at any banquet had he enjoyed himself so thoroughly. The undergraduate banquet is a "go."

Finney Bros.

HIGH CLASS CIGARETTE

"LATEST ENGLISH"

AND THE STANDARD OF THE WORLD,

"SWEET CAPORAL."



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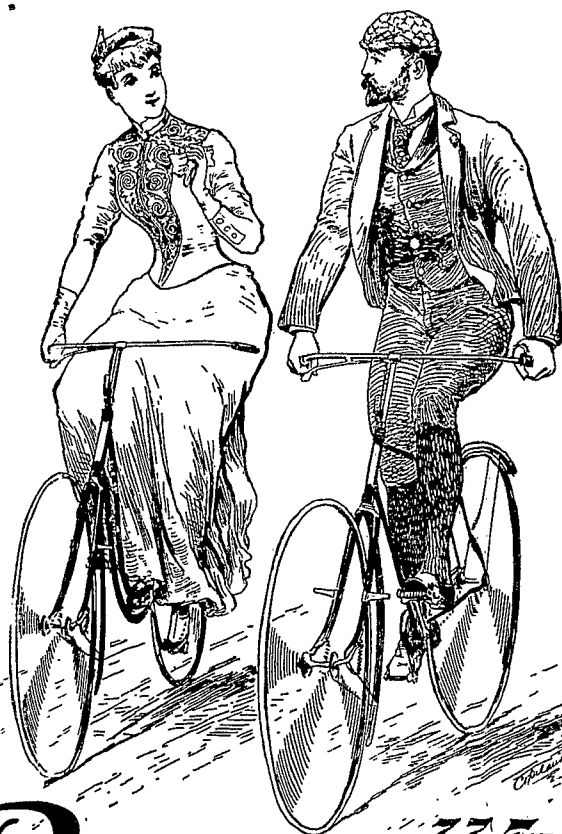
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