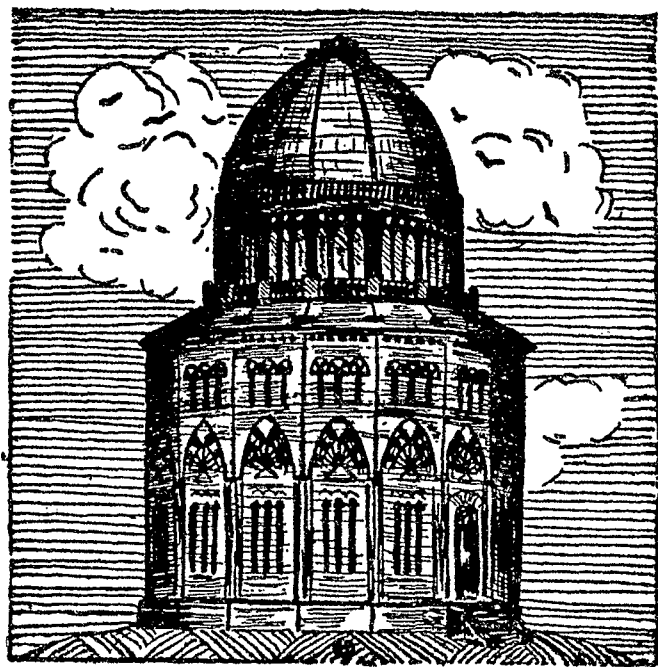


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NUMBER 5



OCTOBER 21, 1915

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY THE
STUDENTS OF UNION UNIVERSITY

UNION UNIVERSITY

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

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out to Manley on the 40 yard line who was dropped savagely by Jenkins.

Around left end went Cann for 12 yards. Neither Bernstein nor Erwig could gain through the line and Cann was ordered to try a field goal. The drop curled nicely between the posts. The first tally of the season against Union was registered. The kick was from the 30 yard line.

Union elected to receive the kick-off. Erwig's offering was returned by Goff to the 40-yard line. Three times Union assailed the strong N. Y. U. defense but could not gain. Rosecrans punted. Cann received the ball and made a dozen yards. Erwig ripped off 45 yards around right end, evading every tackler till Goff downed him on Union's fifteen yard line. This was a wonderful run. An end-around play behind superb interference yielded four yards. Egan captured a short forward pass from Cann that put the pigskin on Union's three yard line. Two drives at center were repulsed but on the third Cann carried the ball over Union's goal line. Cann kicked the goal with ease. The period ended soon after.

Union supporters could not believe that the team was beaten. The first quarter looked like a flash in the pan. The Garnet team had merely not started. But it did not start throughout the contest. Every attempt to gain was frustrated by awkward passing, by signals miscued, by punts hurried through weakness in the line. Stoller, who played the first half, went through for several gains but was up against a hard proposition. Anderson's bad foot slowed him down, and upon Rosecrans fell the larger share of the offense.

In the second quarter N. Y. U. once more threatened Union's goal. Consistent play put the ball on Union's 10 yard line. Cann once more gained effectively, but a five yard penalty proved too much for the Violet to overcome.

In the third quarter Roof took Stoller's place at fullback, and Girling went in for Anderson. With Rosecrans, these two men got together for the first time this season to form the wonderful backfield that scored so often and readily last season. Again Union spirit rose but the veterans could not gain. Once Girling got lose for a thirty-five yard run, a wide frenzied sweep around left end that brought the hearts into the throats of the crowd. Another run of 20 yards was his total for the afternoon. In punting he was hurried by the aggressiveness of N. Y. U.'s ends and fared badly. Roof was saved on account of his injured shoulder but gained when he carried the ball. In the final period a series of forward passes revived hope for Union. Cann, however, blocked several of these in clever fashion. In the last minute of play Goff sent off a long pass to Girling far down the field. The way was clear for a touchdown should Girling have caught the ball and been able to beat the whistle which blew immediately. But the pass was too far and Girling barely got his fingers on it.

So ended a hard, good battle.

The line-up:

N. Y. UNIVERSITY (10)		UNION (0)	
Waldman	-----	Moore	
Left end.			
Williams	-----	Bowman	
Left tackle.			
Zimmerle	-----	Hay	
Left guard.			
House	-----	Gardner	
Center.			
Sokolower	-----	Price	
Right guard.			
Somers	-----	Jenkins	
Right tackle.			
Egan	-----	Young	
Right end.			
Manley	-----	Goff	
Quarterback.			

THE CONCORDIENSIS

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Cann -----	Rosecrans	1919 (0)		1918 (19)
Left halfback.				
Erwig -----	Anderson	Townsend -----		Osterhout
Right halfback.		Left end.		
Bernstein -----	Stoller	Gloeckner -----		Schnitzlein
Fullback.		Left tackle.		
		Mosher -----		Fisher
		Left guard.		
		Lehman -----		Hochuli
		Center.		
		Green -----		Glenn
		Right guard.		
		Arany -----		Reed
		Left Guard.		
		Simmons -----		Reeves
		Right end.		
		Beardsly -----		Lester
		Quarterback.		
		Cary -----		Beckett (Capt.)
		Left halfback.		
		Cassidy -----		Palmer
		Right halfback.		
		Hathaway (Capt.) -----		Matern
		Fullback.		

Touchdown—Cann. Goal from touch-down—Cann. Goal from field—Cann. Substitutes—(New York) Olswang for Manley, Taylor for Bernstein, McCulloch for Waldman; (Union) Moynihan for Moore, Girling for Anderson, Avila for Young, Roof for Stoller, Hay for Bowman, Du Bois for Hay, Nash for Gardner. Referee—Ed Thorpe, of Columbia. Umpire—Crowley of Bowdoin. Linesman—Flanders, of Yale. Time of periods—Eleven minutes each.

BURLESQUE STAGED ON HILL.

Sophs Win First Underclass Contest.

The sophomore football team easily defeated the freshmen, Monday, by a score of 19 to 0, in the first game of a series of three. The game, considered as a game, was a farce as Hathaway was the only freshman to play anything resembling football; but as a burlesque on the great college sport it was an exceptional performance. The freshmen team appeared to have the weight, speed, and nerve with which to build a fairly good team, but it also showed a great need of practice in the rudiments of the game.

There is little to say of the contest itself, as it was at all times a mere question of how large a score the sophomores would roll up in the time allowed. Beckett and Lester were the stars of the game, but the entire sophomore team played in a manner that showed the result of good coaching. Numerous substitutions were made by both teams, but the game was not rough and few were made because of injuries.

Reeves scored a touchdown on a forward pass in the first period. Gus Schnitzlein contributed two more in the second and third quarters. The line-up:

Touchdowns—Reeves, Schnitzlein (2). Goal—Beckett. Substitutions—Sophomores: Hoag for Glenn; Hyatt for Reed; Madden for Lester; McCauley for Beckett; Glenn for Schnitzlein; Birdsalt for Fisher; Tell for McCauley. Freshmen: Rose for Gloeckner. Time of quarters, six minutes. Referee, Story. Timekeeper, Dr. MacComber. Head linesman, Mudge.

Score:

Sophs	7	6	6	0—19
Frosh	0	0	0	0—0

NEW MEN FOR SWIMMING TEAM.

In Jungueria, '19, Bennett, '19, Weeks, '17, and Rosenthal, '19, Captain Phil Mallen of the swimming team has found good material for this year's squad. All four men are tank artists and will begin work with the veterans of the team after football season. Among the men who competed in meets last season and are still in college are Mallen, Reed, Bull, Eldred, Younie, and Calhoun.

A schedule for the team has not yet been completed, but several good meets will be arranged this season.

PLANS FOR TENNIS TOURNAMENT COMPLETED.

The rules governing the inter-fraternity tennis matches are:

1. No varsity tennis player shall be allowed to be a contestant.
2. Each contest shall consist of three matches, two single and one double.
3. Teams shall be rated according to the greatest percentage of matches (not contests) won.
4. Matches are to be played on courts mutually chosen by contestants.
5. Any other questions will be decided by the Interfraternity Conference.

Each match counts one point and a prize called the Interfraternity Trophy will be awarded to the winning team. The fraternities will be divided into two groups. The old fraternities constituting one group and the new fraternities the other. The winners in each group will play a contest for the championship.

The schedule for the old fraternities is as follows:

Kappa Alpha vs. Sigma Phi.
Delta Phi vs. Psi Upsilon.
Delta Upsilon vs. Chi Psi.
Kappa Alpha vs. Chi Psi.
Sigma Phi vs. Delta Phi.
Psi Upsilon vs. Delta Upsilon.
Kappa Alpha vs. Delta Upsilon.
Sigma Phi vs. Psi Upsilon.
Delta Phi vs. Chi Psi.
Kappa Alpha vs. Psi Upsilon.
Sigma Phi vs. Chi Psi.
Delta Phi vs. Delta Upsilon.
Kappa Alpha vs. Delta Phi.
Sigma Phi vs. Delta Upsilon.
Psi Upsilon vs. Chi Psi.

The schedule for the new fraternities is:
Alpha Delta Phi vs. Beta Theta Pi.

Phi Delta Theta vs. Phi Gamma Delta.
Pyramid Club vs. Lambda Chi Alpha.
Alpha Delta Phi vs. Lambda Chi Alpha.
Beta Theta Pi vs. Phi Delta Theta.
Phi Gamma Delta vs. Pyramid Club.
Alpha Delta Phi vs. Pyramid Club.
Beta Theta Pi vs. Phi Gamma Delta.
Phi Delta Theta vs. Lambda Chi Alpha.
Alpha Delta Phi vs. Phi Gamma Delta.
Beta Theta Pi vs. Lambda Chi Alpha.
Phi Delta Theta vs. Pyramid Club.
Alpha Delta Phi vs. Phi Delta Theta.
Beta Theta Pi vs. Pyramid Club.
Phi Gamma Delta vs. Lambda Chi Alpha.

VON HINDENBERG TO VISIT UNION ON NOVEMBER 6TH.

This year the freshman "Pee-rade" is going to be the best ever. Two members, Kirkup and Miller have been added to the committee, which now consists of Loughlin, chairman, Gilbert, Kirkup, Miller and Morison. The "pee-rade" will occur on November 6th.

Arrangements are progressing splendidly. Over half the tax on the student body has been paid to Loughlin already. The committee wishes to urge those men who have not paid to do so immediately and thus help to produce the best "pee-rade" ever seen at Union.

The performance this year is going to be spectacular. Many floats will appear together with other novel features. General Von Hindenberg is going to be present to capture the athletic field by a series of wonderful manoeuvres. There will be a practical demonstration of two methods of getting through college. Come and see it: it might help you. President Wilson is going to have his honeymoon that afternoon. It will be good. Even the Press Club is going to appear.

It has been decided that the Terrace Council will act as censor of the "pee-rade" this year.

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PRE-MEDIC ACCIDENTALLY SHOT.

Duncan C. Ward, a former student at Union lies in a critical condition at the Ellis Hospital as the result of accidental shooting while in Charlton Saturday afternoon. Ward, accompanied by Wellington E. Moore, went to Charlton to visit a relative and while there, engaged in target practice. As Moore handed the gun to Ward, it went off, and that .22-calibre bullet entered Ward's neck, severing the spinal cord. The injured man was quickly brought to the city, and it was found that paralysis of the body had set in.

Ward is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Duncan C. Ward of this city. He is a graduate of the Schenectady High School and planned to enter the Albany Medical College this fall, having taken a pre-medic course at Union last year. Although he is in a critical condition, many hopes are expressed for his recovery.

"PETE" HILL INSPIRES QUILL DRIVERS.

Interesting Lecture on Technique of News Writing, by Editor of Gazette.

"The Technique of Writing Newspaper Stories" was the subject of the talk given to Concordy Board Monday evening by Philip T. Hill, editor of the Schenectady Gazette. An effort is being made to make the Concordy a regular newspaper with snappy, newsy articles and this talk was the first step along that line. "Pete" gave a detailed talk about the various rules governing the reporters in writing news articles and concerning the fundamentals of newspaper work.

The main suggestions which were given to improve the paper were that every reporter should develop a style of his own which would be in keeping with the general style of the paper, that every article should have the story in the lead, that all articles should be brief and concise and that certain expressions, which are used continually should be standardized. After the talk the meeting was opened for discussion.

CHANGE IN DATE OF SOIREE.

The Sophomore Soiree will be staged this year on December 3 rather than in Junior Week. This change was considered advisable by the Terrace Council owing to the poor support granted the second year men's dance last Junior Week. The motion was presented at campus meeting Monday noon by Nat Finch and was passed by the student body.

PYRAMID CLUB SMOKER.

The annual fall term freshman smoker of the Pyramid Club was held Friday evening, October 15, 1915. Dr. Barnes, Prof. Upson, Mr. Salathe, Mr. Lee and Mr. Parker were guests.

A LYRIC.

Though the golden moon is beaming,
And the lake is gleaming, gleaming,
Still the night is not for me,
Oh, not for me.

Though the air is sweetly laden
With the song of lad and maiden,
And made holy with soft laughter
And love's silence coming after,
Still the night's but passing beauty—
No more, no more.

For my own love lies a-sleeping
Where the myrtle's creeping, creeping
O'er a shaded marble stone,
And I'm alone.

TENNIS.

A net, a maid,
The sun above.
Two sets we played,
Result—Two love.
Again we played,
This time she won.
I won the maid.
Result—Two one.—Ex.

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THE FOOTBALL SITUATION.

Well what do you think about it? Pretty tough isn't it? Who do you consider to blame for it? Do you think Captain Jenkins got scared out when he saw the N. Y. U. crowd and the style of football they were prepared to deliver? Possibly Coach Dawson was taking a vacation last week and thought the team could bluff it along somehow without him? No? Or perhaps the team forgot last year's record and didn't care whether they made a clean score this year or not? You hardly believe so? Well where WAS the trouble then?

Did you ever see a lot of big, husky loafers who were too lazy to work and too indifferent to play and wouldn't eat or sleep if they could get some one else to do it for them? Yes? Where?

Do you, Mr. Union Student, want to see this college win the next four games or lose them—or don't you care which happens so long as it don't cause you any exertion? If you do care how are you going to help them do it? What are you going to do about it and when are you going to begin doing it? If you don't care, WHY DON'T YOU?

DON'T LOSE HOPE NOW.

There are a number of men in college who will be weeded out by the end of the first semester or compelled to drop back a class or else take on a condition or so. We personally could not mention many such men by name, but we know that we are correct in what we say because conditions have always been such. The year, however, is still young yet and there is hope for the poorest student in college, if he only does not give up hope himself.

Just now after college has been running for about a month is a good time to take a few minutes off to take stock of yourselves. What are your chances of staying the four years out? If they do not look very promising, what do you consider the trouble to be? It certainly is not a faulty intellect or you would never have gotten in here. The trouble lies elsewhere—either you are trying to do too many other things or else you are wasting your time in some way.

Whatever your activities, remember that your college work comes first and that the best way to stay in the activities of your choice is to stay in college. Many a man has undertaken to do too much and hating to let loose of a few things has held on too long and been compelled to let loose of them

all. This looks very foolish in another man, but nevertheless is just the thing that we are all apt to do merely because we have not the faculty of examining ourselves with the same keenness of criticism with which we are in the habit of observing others. Just here is where we want to make our point. If you have any reason to suspect that your work is not up to par, try this scheme for examining yourself—talk over the whole situation with your chum or some faculty member and follow the other man's advice for once. Make some sacrifices of pleasure, if necessary. Cut out a few trips to the theatre or a few unprofitable arguments or conversations with the fellows. Patch up all the little leaks. Get up a little earlier in the morning and sit up a little bit later at night. Make the minutes count. When you start to do some work, finish it up before you go to something else—and when you work, work intensively.

However it may sound, this is really the easiest way to do your work. If you do this way you will soon be in position to attend to little outside activities without worry. And best of all you will be what Union wants to make you—a SELF-RELIANT, POSITIVE MAN.

ERECTION OF BUTTERFIELD BUILDING DELAYED.

Yale Man Elected Trustee of Union College.
New Gifts.

Work on the \$100,000 Butterfield Memorial building will not begin until spring, according to the announcement made at a meeting of the Board of Trustees of Union College Saturday, in President Richmond's office. Alterations in the plans is the cause of delay. The building will be situated north of the electrical laboratory.

Thomas B. Lockwood of Buffalo, a graduate of Yale in the class of Dr. Kellogg of the Latin department here, was elected a trustee of Union College to succeed the late G. Harwood Dudley of Johnstown. Mr. Lockwood's father was a distinguished alumnus of this institution and an eminent public man of his day. Mr. Lockwood has shown great interest in his father's Alma Mater and is the donor of the Erie County scholarship which he has endowed with a fund of \$10,000. His election to the board of trustees is timely and auspicious.

Resolutions of sympathy and bereavement were passed by the trustees respecting the death of Mr. Dudley who was for many years active as a trustee of the college.

A further gift of \$500 from Mrs. Daniel S. Lamont was announced as well as a donation of \$2,000 from Dr. Robert Fuller, '63, of Schenectady, to be used for the purchase of books for the chemistry department here. Eight cases of books on Indian life were received by the trustees for the college from Col. John Van Rensselaer Hoff, LL. D., '71, of Washington, D. C. Mrs. Lamont's gift which follows several generous donations is to be added to the fund for needy students.

NED MOORE AS A WAR-BABY.

A Union Man's Experiences at Plattsburg.
To the Editor of The Concordiensis:

Dear Sir: In response to your request I am writing you about the Business and Professional Mens' Military Training Camp which was held at Plattsburg this summer. Such instruction camps have been conducted in various localities before, and by officers of the regular army detailed by the War Department, but have been primarily for college students. This year, however, a small group of business men decided that they would like to partake of similar instruction and after enlisting the hearty support of General Wood got the thing under way, mainly through the alumni associations of

various colleges. There were no qualifications as to membership, however, except that it was stated that it was hoped that men in their thirties would be attracted by the idea. As a result, about 1,200 men from different walks of life turned up at the camp, the average age of the members being about thirty-five. The camps from now on are to be a permanent institution, since an organization has been formed from members of this year's camp to perpetuate them. The obvious idea is to train men in an intensive course of one month in military matter so that they may be that much better prepared to serve their country in time of need than if they had never received any military instruction at all. Four or five camps for business men will probably be established next year, and will be distributed throughout the country so that many more men will be able to go. These will be in addition to the college camps.

The average expense per man while at camp was between \$40 and \$45; this included the cost of the entire uniform, board, and all camp expenses. Railroad fare and personal expenditures of course varied widely. Having bought our uniform, enrolled, and paid the required deposit of \$30, we were assigned to companies, and the training began.

We were given the Manual of Arms, close-order drill, extended-order drill, instruction in the use and care of the rifle and equipment, and a record course in range shooting. After this preliminary training the last nine days were spent on a practice march, or "hike," during which time we marched 90 miles with fighting every day. Four thousand regular troops operated with and against us, thus making it as much like actual field conditions as possible. While on duty we were under military discipline, and that was, roughly speaking, from 5:45 A. M. to 7:15 P. M. With permission, though, one could get out in the evening and on

Sundays but most of the men were only too glad to roll in about nine o'clock every night.

I would like to tell you of the experiences we had, both general and personal, but it would take up so much space before I got half through that I shall not attempt it. Most everyone has seen pictures of, and read about the camp, but if you want a more intimate knowledge of the life itself, read Richard Harding Davis's article in Collier's of October 9th. The places where he touches on his personal experiences are very amusing, because everyone felt the same way at one time or another. I have, also, a number of pictures which I should be very glad to show to any of the fellows who would like to see them.

I hope that a large number of Union men will attend one or another of these camps next year and have the college well represented. The whole experience is well worth getting, in addition to the benefits derived from a month's healthy outdoor life. As far as I am concerned I hope to be able to attend a good many more years, for there is always lots more to learn, and there are a great many of the men who were up there who feel the same way.

Yours truly,

EDMUND W. MOORE.

At time of going to press, Duncan Ward was reported as having had an operation and having passed a good night.

EDITORIAL.

We Want Some Songs.

No songs have yet been written to glorify the present football season. The Union game is coming. Composers get busy! The time is short.—Hamilton Life.

Ohio Wesleyan has organized a Prohibition League and are planning big things in their fight against intemperance. Good work for any college.



WE OWN A CAR, WE DO!

If there's aught so rare as a day in June,
'Tis an hour in Mandeville-Gilbert's Typhoon,

With solemn dog Red walking calmly ahead
And the breeze wafting in o'er the back of one's head.

I love the sensations that creep up the spine
As she edges up hills in her music divine,
And sneezes and gurgles with infinite glee
When she leaps 'neath the gas like a terrified flea.

Ah-h-h! (with deep feeling)

If there's aught can compare with a bright day in June,

'Tis an hour in Mandeville-Gilbert's Typhoon.

The story has gone about that one noon, when the Typhoon was waiting patiently outside the house while its masters were eating dinner, our sharp-eyed Mr. Dewey 'phoned over with much choler in his voice and demanded that "they take that type-writer off the grass instantly!"

It will be taken for a cigar-clip next.

WAGS THEY DON'T MEAN.

"He put on a pair of rubber boots on," sings one of Proctor's star attractions.

We expectantly look each day to see someone in the bathtub which rests invitingly on the sidewalk before a Union Street store.

A HOMELY ARGUMENT.

"Back to the kitchen, you suffragettes!"

Is the howl of the anti-suff.

"We never have left them, you anti-suffs!"

Shout the pros in immediate huff.

And the poor neutral bystander, watching it all,

Calls out from back in the lee,

"You never have left them, you suffragettes,

For you never have been there, you see!"

Translating the good, old English into a foreign language always seemed to us somewhat akin to hanging a picture in a dark corner—you know it's there, but you can only see it in a faint, unsatisfying sort of way. We never were so strikingly shown what it does look like on the other side of the fence than when we attempted to go over and bring some of it back the other day. Secure in our mighty grasp of the musical French, we had just translated for an anti-French Frenchman the following sentence: "About noon, as I was riding near the track, so as to see the horse-races at better advantage, I was suddenly overtaken by one of our servants, who had been looking for me, he said, for over half an hour." The anti-French one regarded the finished product skeptically and said, "Don't look right to me. Bring it back to English again." We confidently did so. This is the wonderful sentence that came back from the outer darkness: "To the middle of the day, as I galloped on the border of the hippodrome for to follow the more near the revolutions of the contest, I was rejoined all at blow by one of our domestics, who me was seeking, me told he, since more of one half hour!" And we never translated any more prose.

HAFIZ WAGS AGAIN.

Dear Nite: If R. Tremendous H. should write a poem, would it be safe to say it was in the Iamit Pentameter?

HAFIZ.

SMASHING THE FOOTLIGHTS.

Pointing to the portrait of a bewhiskered gentlemen, May Irwin wags, "Oh, see the boy with the hanging gardens!"

VAN—The whiff of a magic perfume eventuates in the "Something Seems Tingle-ingle-ing" melody, and there you have "High Jinks." A mixing of wives and fiancées with a few misdirected kisses and few spots of good comedy make this T. B. M. show hardly better than the ordinary. The company was fair, but did not seem to get over-interested in their work until it was half over with.

Effervescent May Irwin was the high light in a very drab week. May rolls out of the wings whenever she pleases, picks up the thread of conversation, and up goes the balloon of seriousness with all the audience aboard. She has worthy support in one Leonard Hollister, who makes a beautifully absurd clergyman in one instant and a very quick-witted crook in another. The remainder of the cast was no better than should be expected.

The American Belles were terrible. They reached the low-water mark in the very ordinary burlycues we are enduring. Homely ladies, colorless singing, and sad comedy. May the Belles never return.

MUDHAWK—Crane-Shirley compressed Three Weeks into One Day without any noticeable success. We expected to bid auf wiedersehn to Crane-Shirley this week-end, but we see they are still *voici tres bien*.

PROCTOR'S—As ever. Still viscid to the old rut. The Phillippi Four harmonized for the first half head-liner; would we could have filipped them into the nearby canal. For the last-half, a rotund Irishman rolled out and, in a colorless sort of way, told a few wags that were good. The Dream Pirates could hardly hope to be much better than a bad dream, though they head-lined. Their maids were too old-maidish, but they boasted a diminutive who was quite efficient in the knack of eccentric dancing.

We shall not often pause to smash the movie camera, but we can't resist a good wallop at "The College Widow," a multi-reel feature at Proctor's, Saturday. We have seen many good productions from the Lubin camera and had always held them in high esteem until we saw this wierd fillum. Being a feature, it is evidently supposed to present a reasonably true picture of college life, but, if there were any embryonic collegers in the audience, or any parents of the same, this awful exhibition must have effectually given the

college idea an ever-lasting quietus. It dwelt unremittantly on just such features of college life as are tabooed above all else, and wove them into the story as purely a matter of course. "You must get more material for the line," urges the 'varsity trainer in the opening scene after jumping on the rub-down table and leading the immaculate squad in a college yell. Whereupon, the coach, clad to the ears in an enormous sweater, though everyone else was wearing straw hats, sauntered down main street to a factory—alias the G. E. works—and non-concernedly signed up a forty year old coal heaver. "Football players don't have to study—you'll get through all right," explains the coach in a following sub-title. Later, on the eve of the Big Game, we are shown the 'varsity dressing room. The coach struts in with a letter from an alumnus of the rival college which beseeches the covering of a \$1,000 bet. The coach leads another cheer, tosses his checked cap on a chair, and instantly follows a rain of money to cover the challenging bet. And the heroic halfback sets off another wild cheer when he grandly flourishes the final ten-spot into the cap! The intimate views of college life, in which silver-haired "boys" stroll about the campus with hats turned up in front and footballs tucked under their arms, nicely backgrounds the nauseating picture.

The only redeeming feature of this Lubin mess was when the proprietor of the college restaurant, alias Joe T., refused one gentleman another crumb until such time as he should see fit to settle his out-standing bill.

SMASHING THEM EARLY.

Julian Eltinge, appearing at the Van in "Cousin Lucy," Tuesday night, is a fairly good comedy with one or two excellent songs. Claiborne Foster outshines Venus, and Marie Chambers runs a close second. Dallas Welford, in character role, will be liked.

Monday night's college and city talent departure will at least serve the purpose of demonstrating whether or not we should rejuvenate dramatics.

No, we don't attend these shows on press passes. To be frank, we are usually seated up in the Last Resort. Perhaps that's why we get such lofty ideas.

TOO BAD.

Now we Cann't clean our football slate.

SHAKESPEAREAN ADVERTISING.

This wonderful advertisement, which essays to sell suits to men, broke glaringly into the Schenectady Gazette one morning last week:

Stare

Facts in

the Face.

Not what you earn, but what's

SAVED wins the race.

Why should you pay the

Travelling Man's fee—

His hotel bill! railroad fare!!

Salary!!! Gee!!!

For the love of Mike—now listen to reason—

Buy a new suit each season.

But Geeminee! don't buy the same suit precise—

And pay some shrewd guy, two or three times the price.

That's all—

and more is

Too much.

Isn't it beautiful?

ECONOMICAL ENGLISH.

"Write out your questions so there won't be no hesitancy," economizes Prof. Hill.

We admire the studied neutrality of the Italian gentleman who hand-organed "Die Wacht am Rhine" under our window.

In Re: J. G. B.'s New York edition of the Paris Herald:

Dear Nite: The abortive Horace Greeley who manipulated the N. Y. U.-Union football story in the New York Herald last Sunday has missed his vocation. James Gordon Bennett's hired men could well use him to tout the winners at Saratoga next race season. His ebullient glee and ingenious hysteria in connection with alleged exchange of coin of the realm during the game Saturday solicits our sympathetic as well as psychopathic interest—but it isn't writing a football story. We are of the im-

pression that neither N. Y. U. or Union includes courses for bookies and betting-ring rats in its curriculum. At any rate the young man might rival "Tip" in casting sure fire horoscopes for the sporting sporting page of the only jerk-water sheet in the metropolis. But we do wonder how that blurb could get by any copy desk.

HAFIZ.

We strongly supplement this contrib. Intercollegiate athletics, according to this very bad story of the Herald's, is on a similar plane to that picture in Proctor's Saturday movie, which we mention elsewhere in the colyum. "—two hundred rooters bet everything but their car fare back home that they would win." "—saved many a dollar for the N. Y. U. men who had bet they would win." "—and they dug up a few more dollars to say that their team would win." These are excerpts from the story, and in this vein the entire story runs. We do not pretend to believe that there is no betting at college games, but we do believe it has reached no such deplorable state as this story would lead the reader to think. It is clearly the duty of newspapers who profess to interest themselves in the college athletics to shun allusions to what little betting they see carried on rather than magnify it to an absurdity. Also, we do not mind having it clearly stated that our team played poor football, but we object to the unsportsmanlike way the Herald expressed it. The Herald sporting editor might very well try to emulate his contemporaries on the Times and Tribune.

After these cranial convolutions we will return to our natural state.

If Edward Everett Hale should ask

What might a "quarto" be,

Some waggery stude should promptly say,

"Two pintos, seems to me!"

F-i-n-a-n-t-i-a-l is they way Charley Waldron spells that difficulty that makes us prematurely grey.

"Sailing 'cross the terrace, on the good ship Dicky Wade!" sing the wayward college wags.

Once there was a time when we hesitated to hang the trousers of our other suit wrong side up for fear loose quarters and dimes would roll out on the floor.

But that day has passed.

ORIGINALITY—HAVE THE INVESTIGATION FIRST.

The shoring and skeleton timbers of the new Union Street subway are obviously weak and insecure. Shall we continue to walk placidly back and forth over this hidden death until a third cave-in occurs?

Did you keep in mind our prediction on the third world series game?

From the Smart Set:

In the game of love the man is the board, the chessmen and the stake.

Yes, and somewhat of a check-mate, too.
NITE.

"Which side of the house," said Clancy,
"Do yez think that the kid looks like?"
Finnegan did the fancy

By answering thus wise: "Mike,
Wid all respect to you, his dad,
An' as much to your illigant spouse,
It niver occurred to me, begad,
That he looked like the side of a house."

He (to his fiancée of last summer)—
"Then you don't love me any more."

She (sarcastically)—"Not exactly that.
It's just that I don't love you any less."

THE OLD MASTER.

'Tis night as I sit in my chamber
With sleepless eyes cast to the floor;
Beside me the wavering firelight
Throws tremulous shapes on the door.

Through my window of lattice and ivy,
Comes the sound of the laboring sea,
And its sorrowful note of complaining
Wakes a feeling of sadness in me.

In an arm that is feeble and worthless,
In an arm that is furrowed and thin,
I cradle my dearest of treasures,
My one friend, my old violin.

On my shoulder I gently caress it,
And take up my light-bounding bow,—
But the note has no delicate beauty,
My hand is too aged and slow.

And I weep bitterly in the silence,
While the throbbing flames mockingly grin;
For the joys of my life are all buried,
Are lost in my old violin!

And the wind as it passes my window
Murmurs back through the night leaves above,
"Oh, the sweet melodies that you weep for
Lie buried with all that you love.

For nothing of earth lasts forever;
All dies as I die on the sea;
But weep not for joy that is over;
Have faith; there is joy still to be."

Then my eyes seek the wavering firelight,
Where new molded hopes brightly flare;
My melodies must be in Heaven;
I can gain them by patience and prayer.

A "no deal" agreement for College elections could not command the necessary four-fifths vote to pass at Wesleyan last week. Only 20 men supported it.

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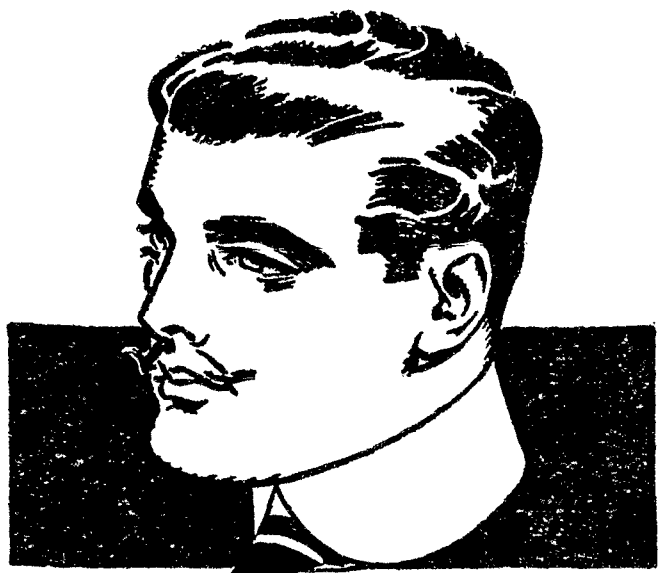
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