

UNION COLLEGE.

THE PERIODIC

VOL IX.

APRIL, 1886.

No. 6.

THE QUARTERLY.

SCHENECTADY, N. Y.

CONTENTS:

	PAGE-		PAGE.
EDITORIAL:		A Spring Poem, - - - - -	69
Lawn Tennis? - - - - -	65	An Adventure, - - - - -	69
Libraries of the Literary Societies, - - - - -	65	LOCAL, - - - - -	71
A Criticism, - - - - -	65	CREMATION, - - - - -	72
Reinstatement of Rochester University, - - - - -	65	BASE BALL NOTES,	
The plan of Early Closing, - - - - -	65	Class Games, - - - - -	73
Confliction among College Organizations, - - - - -	66	The "Varsity," - - - - -	73
Resignation of I. P. Johnson, - - - - -	66	PERSONALS, - - - - -	74
COMMUNICATIONS:		COLLEGE POETRY:	
The Presidential Question, - - - - -	66	Cross Purposes, - - - - -	74
LITERARY:		At Twilight, - - - - -	74
Poem (Her Picture), - - - - -	67	Circumstances Alter Cases, - - - - -	75
My Ambition, - - - - -	67	CLIPPINGS, - - - - -	75
"Filling," - - - - -	68	GENERAL COLLEGE NEWS, - - - - -	76

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Lawn Tennis? - - - - -	65	An Adventure, - - - - -	69
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A Criticism, - - - - -	65	CREMATION, - - - - -	72
Reinstatement of Rochester University, - - - - -	65	BASE BALL NOTES,	
The plan of Early Closing, - - - - -	65	Class Games, - - - - -	73
Confliction among College Organizations, - - - - -	66	The "Varsity," - - - - -	73
Resignation of I. P. Johnson, - - - - -	66	PERSONALS, - - - - -	74
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The Presidential Question, - - - - -	66	Cross Purposes, - - - - -	74
LITERARY:		At Twilight, - - - - -	74
Poem (Her Picture), - - - - -	67	Circumstances Alter Cases, - - - - -	75
My Ambition, - - - - -	67	CLIPPINGS, - - - - -	75
"Filling," - - - - -	68	GENERAL COLLEGE NEWS, - - - - -	76

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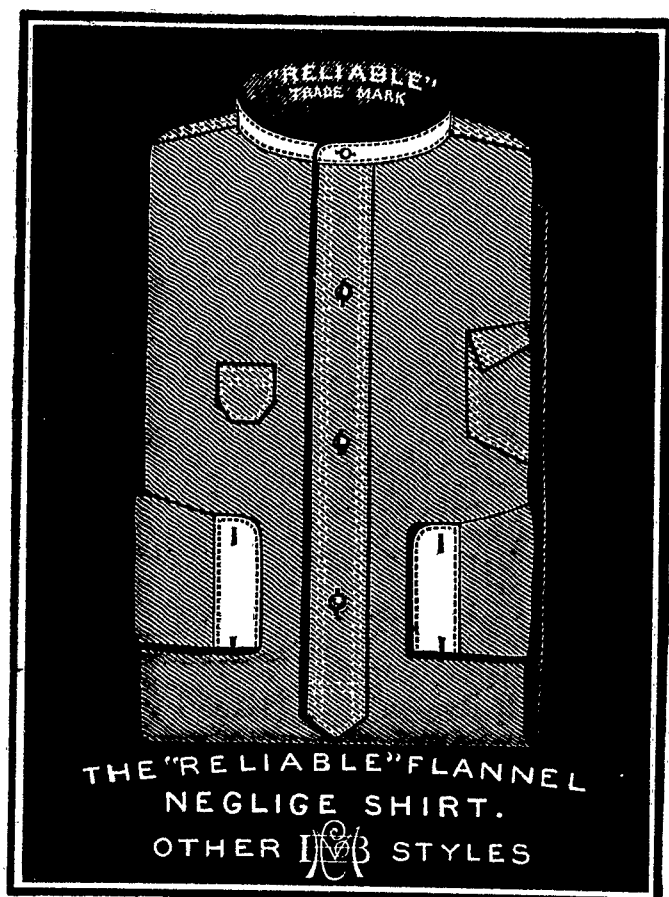
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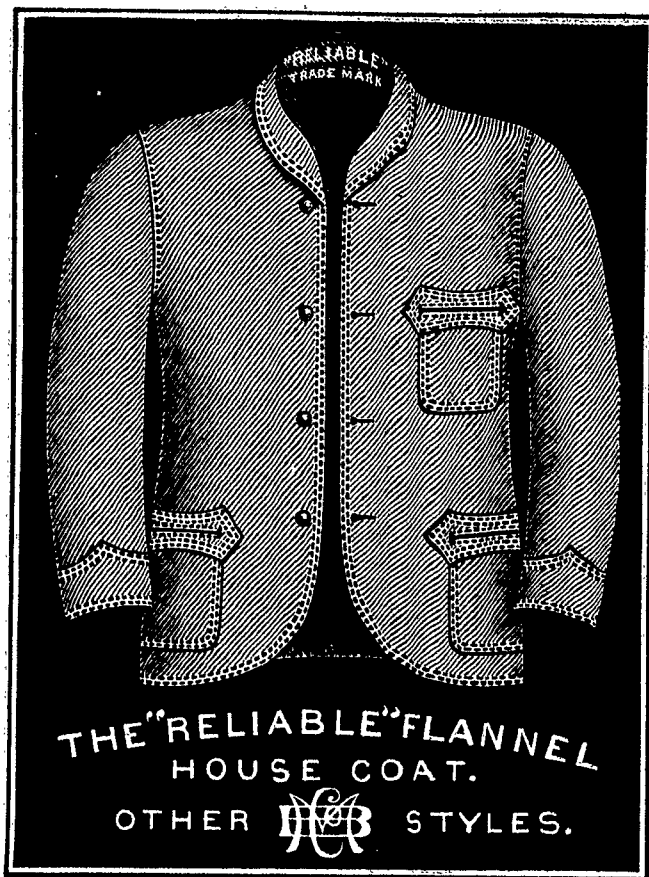
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THE CONCORDIENSIS.

VOL. IX.

UNION COLLEGE, APRIL 25, 1886.

No. 6.

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EDITORIALS.

WHAT has become of the Lawn Tennis Association. Where tennis playing is so universal as at Union there ought to be a number of good players. Why could not a series of matches be arranged to play for the championship of the College?

WE think the literary societies are moving in the right direction by arranging for the removal of their libraries to the College Library. The advantages of such an arrangement were set forth in this paper several months ago. We would advise careful consideration, however, before the societies give up the privileges now possessed by the members, for undoubtedly the libraries are one of the strongest features of the societies.

THE instructor in "cat-ology" seems to have little regard for public health in leaving the subjects of that delightful study around the college buildings to decompose as they may. It seems that common decency would demand that these remains be removed, and common sense would tell anyone that these same remains might be a fertile source of disease.

THE stand taken by Rochester University, on being expelled from the State Inter-collegiate Base Ball League, is honorable and worthy of the highest commendation. The Rochester boys were indignant on being expelled, but instead of getting their backs up and remaining mum they have paid up their debts, and now propose to show the collegiate world that Rochester has not left the diamond by any means. There seems now no reason why Rochester should not be re-instated at once.

AFTER two years trial of the plan of closing college work at one o'clock in the afternoon, we think it is still a debatable question whether it is for the best interests of the students to continue it. To be sure there is more time for the student, but it is a question whether it is used profitably or not. Especially in warm weather there is little studying done in the afternoon. Under the old plan the hours intervening between recitations were hours of solid work, but there was another advantage in that the students had an opportunity to digest their work so to speak. As it is now a Senior going into Christian Evidences, Hist. of Civilization, Hist. of Phil. and Law Lectures, with only one intervening hour, is liable to have a very poor notion of the work in all of them. If a larger number of electives are allowed another year we shall have to resume the old plan any way.

OUR attention has been drawn during the past week to the evident conflict among the various college organizations. Some arrangement should be made immediately to avoid this. Some of the students are members of the Base Ball team, Glee Club and Athletic Association. All of them deserve their attention and support, but no one of them should demand their whole time. For example, one week there was clashing between the Glee Club and Base Ball which might have been avoided if those in control of the "nine" and the Glee Club had endeavored to make some arrangements for it.

Another thing we would call attention to is, that the "nine" ought not to entirely monopolize the campus. Two hours ought to be enough for practice. The "nine" is for the college as well as by the college, and if the students in general wish to play they should have an opportunity.

We are not blaming or criticising anybody, but these things ought to be amicably and satisfactorily arranged.

IT is with regret that we announce the resignation of Mr. I. P. Johnson from the editorial board. Mr. Johnson has filled the position of business editor in a most creditable manner. Mr. H. W. McMillen has been elected to fill the vacancy.

COMMUNICATIONS.

MR. EDITOR—In an editorial in the March number of your paper, after justly commending the activity of the College authorities, the statement is made, "now, if the trustees would hurry up and elect a President, we'd sing," etc.

This seems to imply one of two assertions: First, that we have not a President at present, or, second, that it would be for the best interests of the College to have another one. We desire to take exceptions to both of them. Like statements have been recklessly and frequently made by the *Albany Argus*, *Saratogian*, the *Union* and *Star* of this city, and other papers in this vicinity. Let us see what the facts will show.

In your editorial you call attention to the numerous improvements, all of which is true, but as we understand it the improvements, particularly in regard to the library and repairs to the buildings and grounds are due mainly to our President. In the management of College affairs the President has shown himself very efficient, nor has he neglected the College work, his lectures to Seniors this term on U. S. Constitution have been pronounced by capable critics who have visited them, very able.

As every one who is acquainted with the true state of affairs here, will admit what is most necessary for Union at present is a capable and thorough business man as President, and we have yet to hear a denial of the present incumbent's ability in this direction. More than that We venture to assert that it would be very difficult to obtain a better one.

The President is always alert to the internal as well as the external management of the College interests, and yet with rare good sense is satisfied to leave the lesser matters to the faculty. From this fact, possibly, may arise the common cry of "Faculty rule and no President," and consequently the mistake of the newspapers and the public.

With these facts in mind it seems evident that a change at present is undesirable for two reasons. First, It would be very difficult, indeed, to do better; and, second, in the present important stage in the progress of the College a mistake in the selection of a President would be calamitous in its consequences.

When the College is firmly placed financially it will be time enough to elect a new President, and any error then would not be so injurious.

We trust that the trustees are of this opinion, and if not, we cannot see how they can think otherwise when fully informed of the true state of affairs.

To return to our original statement, the assertion that we haven't a President is certainly wrong, and the assertion that we need a change can only be true on the hypothesis that Union is sound financially, and then it is only doubtful.

"UNION."

LITERARY.

Her Picture.

SOFTLY come the shadows stealing
 As they usher in the night,
 Other objects quite concealing,
 Not her face so fair and bright.

While the dying sunset's glory
 Rivals art with nature's hues,
 I recall to mind her story—
 Guide my pen, O gentle muse!

In a far-off eastern college,
 Where no genus homo dares
 Thrust his foot in search of knowledge
 She learned Greek and tough least squares.

At the seashore last vacation
 There I met her—usual way;
 I deserve decapitation
 For the blunders of that day.

Wading far out in the briny
 I was nearly drowned full oft,
 Chasing Sea Urchins so spiny
 And the Molusca so soft.

She'd quite drown the breaker's roar
 Lecturing alone to me,
 On the pretty Gonophore
 And the Gregarinidæ.

Often to my care entrusted
 Was her compound microscope;
 Once it slipped, and fell, and "busted"—
 Excuse the word, it saves a trope!

I another bought as costly;
 For more shekels home I wrote,
 Up rose hope at "Thanks, dear, vaustly,"
 Up the spout my new fall coat!

Brief that parting by the sea;
 She was quite particular
 To say grief had broken the
 Auriculo-Ventricular.

Now that chromo on the wall
 Her (?) fair picture sent to me;
 Doesn't look like her at all—
 She got it with a pound of tea! J. E. B.

My Ambition.

It has long been my ambition to witness a shipwreck. From being at first a mere whim, this desire grew finally to be the controlling influence of my life.

Time and time again have I crossed the ocean

in the most unseaworthy vessel I could find. How eagerly I watched the barometer, and with what a thrill of glee I hailed the signs of an approaching storm!

When the rest of the passengers were huddled in frightened groups below, I remained on deck, exulting in the howl of the hurricane and the rush of the rolling waters.

But only disappointment attended me. Safely, through wind and wave, the ship would struggle, and finally cast anchor in her intended haven. Defeat, instead of discouraging me, made stronger the desire which had become the passion of my life. Finally a brilliant thought struck me—if a vessel would not sink otherwise why could not I sink her? I did not ponder long over this, for from the moment the idea arose I adopted it.

But the details were yet to be arranged, and to them I devoted all the powers of a well disciplined mind. Finally all was ready, and on a foggy, murky morning I joined the throng of passengers upon the deck of the Cunard steamship, *Oregon*.

In my hand I carried a carpet-bag. None knew the terrible agent it contained. It was dynamite. I carried the carpet-bag carefully down to my state-room, stored it safely away and returned to the deck.

It had been my intention to sink the steamer in mid-ocean, but I learned that, owing to her being constructed in compartments it would be impossible to do so. Hence I determined to await until we neared the American coast, at which time, I was informed, the doors connecting the compartments would be thrown open.

I thoroughly enjoyed the voyage, my approaching triumph so exhilarated my feelings that they bubbled over in all kinds of exuberant conceits, and I was unanimously voted by all on board to be the life and soul of the party. How differently they would have felt had they known of my secret intention. At last the time arrived. It was early morning. Holding in one hand my carpet-bag, in the other a brick, I stole up the cabin stairs and looked cautiously out of the door. There was a heavy, bluish mist resting

upon the water, making a beautiful morning for a shipwreck. There was no one near me. Softly I crept to the vessel's side, a backward glance assured me that I was unwatched. Carefully, by means of a small rope, I lowered the carpet-bag almost to the water's edge. Then firmly grasping the brick, I took sure aim and hurled it downward. The shot was good. The valise was struck. A terrific explosion ensued. The ship trembled from the awful shock. *She was doomed.* It is needless to describe the hurried rush on deck, the confusion, the rescue by boats and the grand final plunge. The whole scene is vividly impressed upon my memory, and will never be effaced. It was the ambition of my life—a genuine shipwreck.

N. M. R.

"Filling."

Three pages of copy wanted! Holy smoke! And where was it to come from? With a dazed sort of feeling and a very downcast, discouraged air the poor, lonely editor wandered towards the hill and tried to collect his thoughts. He found this no easier, however, than collecting subscriptions, for the same old reason was very apparent—there wasn't anything to collect! Reaching his room he seated himself on the coal hod, bowed his hot, flushed face in his hand. 'Twas the first time that hand had held a flush for many weeks, and yet it availed him nothing. With a stuck-in-examination feeling in his breast the editor bitterly soliloquized on his unhappy lot. How honorable, prominent and lucrative was his position. Nothing to do but to superintend a hard-working, systematic board of sub-editors; to look over and commend their numerous manuscripts and to hold them in check lest they should write too much. Here were three pages yet to be filled, but he dared not ask for help from his colleagues for fear the strain on their productive powers would be too great. But how was he to fill up that yawning chasm of three thousand words? Ah! there was the rub.

Just then he seemed to hear a voice that came from an indescribable somewhere, a voice soft

and low, full of comfort and sympathy. "Be not disheartened, O thou of little editorial capacity," said the voice. "Better days will come. What matters it if thou hast three pages to fill, a chapel oration, long past due, to write, daily recitations to prepare, commencement essays to crib and lectures to sleep through? Be of good cheer. I repeat, better days will come—days when thou shalt be free from christian evidences, when chapel orations shall be past, when chapel attendance itself shall be as a tale that is told. Remember what distinction is therein as the head of so widely recognized and influential a sheet as the CONCORDIENSIS. Do you remember Cædmon? how he wandered out among the oxen in the stables? How the spirit commanded him to sing and he sang as few have sung since. All thou lackest is inspiration, and that I will give thee. Here is the theme and"— "Well, old Sarchasm! going over to Perk?" yelled another voice that startled the editor from his musings. "No, I'm not going over to Perk," growled he. "What did you wake me up for, you blamed thing? I was dreaming." "Why didn't you tell me you were asleep, ugliness; how do you suppose I knew you were dreaming?" rejoined the other. "Well, how could I tell you I was asleep when I *was* asleep, and how did I know I was asleep till I woke up, and after I woke up I wasn't asleep, was I?" said the editor; but he talked to empty space for the other was gone, and the place knew him no more. Then he counted up his words and found he had written only about enough for one column. But he hadn't any more time, so he locked up his manuscript, cleaned his nails, put on his chum's new neck-tie and started for the recitation room.

In the Algebra class last term the professor marked out an example upon the board and the answer obtained was zero. One of the students, who had n't attempted to do it, said: "Professor, that is the same answer I got." Upon further investigation it was found the student obtained a mark of zero, and so the whole thing was squared, or rather zeroed.

A Spring Poem.

[This poem was written to order and the sense was accidentally left out. The reader will please not notice this little defect, but may confine his commendation or criticism to the elegant diction, the exquisite metre and the humorous humor of the piece.—EDS.]

Gone is winter, cold and drear,
And the season now is here
When the flowers all appear
Fresh and fair.
And the happy birds that sing
In the trees and on the wing
All proclaim the reign of spring
Everywhere.

Now the Fresh begins to be
Civilized humanity,
Swings a cane, and you can see
He feels big.
Recitations are his bane,
And he's driven 'most insane
As he polls with might and main
On his Trig.

Now the noisy Soph'more boy
Fairly bubbles o'er with joy,
There is nothing to annoy
Him this year.
All his subjects are a "berry,"
Calculus is easy (?), very,
And at "Wink's" he maketh merry
With his beer.

And the dizzy Junior lad,
(Ah! to tell it makes me sad,)
But he's going to the bad
All the while;
For he bolts and walks the street;
If a lady he should meet
Tries to crush her with his sweet
Languid smile.

And the Senior in the lecture
On the Law and Architecture
Goes to sleep, and I conjecture
This of him:
That he'll go with consternation
To his last examination,
And his stock of information
Will be slim.

Now I done a witty thing,
For I started out to sing
All about the balmy spring
In my lay.
But I'll have to make concession,
Have to make you this confession,
That I *have* made some digression
All the way.

An Adventure.

It was a warm, bright day in April, and I had started out in the country for a little run. I am quite an enthusiast in athletics, and it has always been the height of my ambition to become a noted runner. I had chosen an unused road for my daily running course for two reasons. It was smooth and quite level, and I wished to avoid meeting anyone. You know a running costume is quite an abbreviated one, so to speak, and it is quite embarrassing to meet one of the fair sex while so arrayed.

Well, this afternoon I had gone about three-quarters of a mile when I saw, in a small piece of woods near the road, a young lady apparently searching for flowers—arbutus, I presumed. With her was a dog—a big dog. I saw the dog. The dog saw me. I say he saw me, for he took a bee line straight towards me, and to all appearances thought I was some new kind of game. Now, I like dogs—nice dogs; but this was a vulgar, vicious looking dog, and, naturally, when I saw him coming I increased my space and purposed to remove myself from the proximity of so ugly looking a brute. I heard the young lady call: "Here Dash, come back! Dash! Dash! come right back here!" That rather scared me for she acted frightened, and besides that Dash didn't "come back." Then I thought of all the people who had been bitten by dogs and had died from hydrophobia; thought of Pasteur, of my unprotected calves, wished for my class cane, and all the while that cursed dog gaining on me at every jump. I had quite a start of the dog, and if I hadn't acted so like a confounded ninny I might have stopped, got a club and beaten off Dash, and besides that, I rather thought he would stop after a short distance. But no; he was no hundred-yards Dash, or even a two-twenty; in all probability he could keep that pace for a mile or two, and I was getting tired. Just then the road turned and went around by the other side of the woods, and Dash's mistress lost sight of us. I was getting desperate, and as the only means of escape made for a high rail fence and mounted the top rail just as the ugly brute rushed up. He made

one jump at me but couldn't reach me, so he just stood and glared at me. I waited a few minutes hoping that he would go away, and all the while praying that his mistress wouldn't come up and find me in this ridiculous predicament. Then I tried coaxing, but every time I tried to make any advances or to climb down off the fence he would show his teeth, growl and come for me. Here was a pretty state of affairs. Treed on a rail fence by an ugly dog. Wouldn't that tickle the fellows if they heard of it? I tried to pull out a stake so that I might have something for protection. But no; I couldn't. Then I looked for stones on the other side of the fence. Not a stone was in sight. The only thing to be done was to sit there and wait for release. It was getting late, and presently the sun went down. This seem to have some effect on Dash, or else he was getting hungry, for he gave me one terrible don't-you-dare-move look, shook himself, and then started off on a little trot and was soon out of sight.

That evening, while calling, I met Miss Mary Burrows, a rather pretty young lady and a very good conversationalist. I noticed she wore some arbutus, and upon asking her where she found it she exclaimed: "A little way out in the country, and O, Mr. West, I had such a funny adventure." And then she related just what I have told you, only from a different point of view. It's queer how funny things appear to some people, while to others they don't seem funny at all. Miss Burrows laughed very heartily as she told how that ugly Dash chased that student up the road, and though I tried to laugh with her I couldn't feel tickled the least bit. When she asked me if I knew who that fellow could be I very graciously lied, and said no.

I met Miss Burrows quite frequently after that and, in fact, became quite enamored with her. Some way or other she managed to mention that horrible adventure with the dog, and I was kept in terror all the while for fear that she would find out who that fellow was.

Well, our field day came off in May, and I entered several events and, with my customary luck, was badly beaten. Miss Burrows was present at the games and seemed quite surprised

to see me running. "Why, Mr. West," she said after the games, "I didn't know you were a runner." "O yes!" I replied, "I run quite a considerable; that is, I have practiced quite a considerable; I used to run up through the woods nearly every afternoon." No sooner had I said this than I saw that if she could put two and two together and make four that I had let the cat right out of the bag. Of course she would remember that afternoon when she was after arbutus, and taking that day's adventure, together with the fact that I used to run up there afternoons she, with a woman's capacity for jumping at conclusions, would naturally conclude that I was the young man whom Dash had chased. I noticed that she smiled at something, and of course that was what she was smiling at.

Soon after that day the Juniors gave a ball. I took Miss Burrows, and was as attentive as possible. While we were seated at an open window resting and enjoying ourselves a Junior whom I hated, and who also was partial to Miss Burrows, came up and claimed her for the next number. She apparently unwilling to leave me alone introduced me to a middle aged gentleman—Major Price—and then whirled away with Cowan. Well, the Major and I became great friends immediately, and he began to relate his experiences for the last twenty years. I wasn't in good humor to see Cowan waltzing with Miss Burrows and couldn't help looking ugly and watching them all the while. I wondered what she was saying to him. I saw her look towards us once and smile. Then she told Cowan something and they both looked over there and actually grinned. What could she be telling him? Great guns! Had she told him that dog story? She must have for he looked immensely tickled and evidently considered it a good joke. Now it would be all over college and I would be the laughing stock of all. All this while the major had been firing away at me and I hadn't heard a word he had said. I wasn't in the best of humor that night when we started for home. Miss Burrows noticed it, evidently, for she remarked: "You musn't mind that little occurrence, Mr. West. I

wouldn't have been so had I thought. But you don't know how funny you looked. I couldn't help laughing at it. You actually looked as if you were afraid he would bite you." "Well, I guess anyone would have been afraid under the circumstances," I retorted. "He's the ugliest brute I ever saw; I'll shoot him if I ever get a chance."

"Who's an ugly brute? Shoot whom?" excitedly exclaimed she.

"Why, that confounded dog you had with you—Dash; whom do you suppose?" I replied rather hotly.

"I didn't say a word about Dash," she replied. "I was talking about Major Price. I saw he was boring you and I was sorry I had introduced you, but I couldn't help laughing you looked so disgusted. Mr. Cowan said so, too."

A moment later she exclaimed: "O, Mr. West! was it you that Dash chased? Why didn't you tell me so before?"

There, it was all out, so I made a clean breast of it. She didn't laugh a bit and declared she never thought of such a thing as my being the unfortunate runner. She has never told anyone about it, and when we stood by that identical rail fence one June afternoon and watched the sun set, a little scene was enacted which is a far better theme for a story than my first encounter with Dash; a scene which I have good cause to remember; a scene in which certain declarations were made by which Miss Burrows became Mrs. West and Dash and I became good friends.

LOCALS.

Spring.

Base ball.

Two new Freshmen.

Class games are in order.

Gillespie, '89, is very sick.

The Freshmen are making surveys of various fields near the College grounds.

The Freshmen have skirmish drill under command of Lieut. Hubbell this term.

Prof. Truax continues this term his Saturday evening class in the Greek New Testament.

The Seniors are having this term lectures on the History of Civilization by Prof. Whitehorn.

Our ancestors, the monkeys, were not so ignorant after all, for they were all educated in the higher branches.

The lectures on architecture are given in the College chapel this term instead of the Engineers' rooms as usual.

"A Florida man has an aligator farm."—*Ex.* By-and-by this item will read: "A farm of aligators has a Florida man."

The Glee club have elected Phillips, '87, president; Randall, '86, manager and leader, and Culver, '89, secretary and treasurer.

All students are required to be present at oratories in the chapel. Those late will find the door bolted against them. Moral—Come late.

Beginning with May 1st, the Engineers will have their finals in algebra, geometry, trigonometry and calculus on each successive Saturday.

By a vote of the College, given at a recent college meeting, Madison University was admitted in the Inter-Collegiate Athletic Association.

Prof. Truax spent his vacation in Virginia. He left before the end of the term, but his different classes, however, found he had left his examination papers.

The bricks in front of the dormitories are being taken up and replaced by sod. This, with the many other improvements, makes the colleges look very inviting and cleanly.

A running track a sixth of a mile in circuit has been laid out in the vacant field back of the Powers building. The track is ten feet wide, has two straight sides and a good hundred yards course. Instructor C. W. Van Derveer superintended the work.

On April 2d, a portion of the class of '89 sallied forth with "plugs" and canes and paraded the principal streets of the city. Their appearance was unexpected, which accounted for the small number of boys that tagged after. This is

a custom which is probably destined shortly to die at Union, as of late years the larger and older portion of each class has refused to participate. Let it go.

The following subjects have been posted for the Junior and Sophomore classes:

I. Boycotting as a means for securing the rights of labor.

II. The historical argument concerning strikes.

III. The desirability of establishing courts of arbitration for the settlement of labor difficulties.

IV. Probable political future of the American laborer.

V. Co-operative industry—its history and its bearing upon the labor question.

VI. The American and European laborer.

VII. The danger to be apprehended from the foreign element in our working population.

On May 12th, the annual field day sports take place under the auspices of the Athletic Association. The honors bid fair to be closely contested, and a large number have already entered. Those men making the best records will be sent to the coming Inter-Collegiate sports at Hamilton. A new track is being constructed in the rear of Washburn Hall, and will be in excellent shape for the occasion. The following is the programme:

- | | |
|--------------------------------|-----------------------------|
| 1. Half-mile run. | 11. 220 yards dash. |
| 2. Throwing base ball. | 12. Running high jump. |
| 3. Running hop, skip and jump. | 13. Throwing the hammer. |
| 4. Putting shot. | 14. Three legged race. |
| 5. 100 yards dash. | 15. Hurdle race (120 yds.) |
| 6. Mile walk. | 16. Bicycle race (2 miles.) |
| 7. Pole vault. | 17. 440 yards dash. |
| 8. Running broad jump. | 18. Standing broad jump. |
| 9. Potato race. | 19. Tug of war. |
| 10. Mile race. | 20. Consolation race. |

Entries close positively May 5th at 12 M.

The Glee Club sang at Mechanicville on the 16th. The Mechanicville *Mercury* contains the following report:

The concert and social entertainment given under the auspices of the Ladies' Aid society at the Methodist Episcopal church last evening was a pronounced success. A large audience was present to hear the Union College Glee club, of fifteen members, and nearly every selection presented was heartily applauded. The college boys sang well, and a number of them have exceptionally fine voices. The efforts of Brennan,

Furman, Randall, Culver and Dillingham were especially well received. After the concert everybody was invited to the church parlors, where the ladies served ice cream and cake, and where the social festivities lasted until a late hour. The college boys afterwards went out on a serenading tour. They passed under our own window but did not lift their voices in song, as they were intent upon serenading the academy young ladies. The entertainment netted the Ladies' Aid society about \$50 above all expenses.

Cremation.

The Freshmen, agreeable to an old custom, cremated their algebra on the last day of last term. The night was warm and pleasant, which had the effect of bringing out an unusually large crowd. The Freshmen had a comparatively easy time and made a successful "elimination" of their arch enemy "Robinson." The start was made from No. "four," and from there they moved along the college grove road to the residence of Hanson, where their coffin was hidden; from there they proceeded down town where an extended line of march was indulged in. Large crowds of people were assembled all along the march, and the "townies" refrained from their usual salutes of eggs and decayed fruit. Not so with the Sophomores, for when the Freshmen entered the grounds a perfect volley of eggs, etc., awaited them, at which time, also, a hose of water was turned upon the line of white clothed forms, but the stream neither drowned anyone nor did the coffin float off; but undaunted by the flood the Freshmen proceeded to the centre of the campus, where a large fire was made and their complete programme carried out. At about two o'clock the class disbanded, all conscious that a hard day's work had been accomplished, and all thankful that it had been so successful and that no one was hurt.

We are glad to see that there has been a growing tendency among Sophomore classes to let Freshmen have a cremation, undisturbed, and no doubt if the disagreement had not occurred, just before the cremation, between the two classes, the class of '88 would have turned in with '89 and helped them.

BASE BALL NOTES.

Class Games.

The season was opened by a game between the Sophomores and Freshmen on the 12th. Both nines played well, but the Freshmen were victorious. The following is the score by innings:

'88—1	7	3	0	0—11
'89—1	8	4	0	0—13

The second game for the class championship of the Yates cup was played on the 17th, by the Seniors and Juniors. The game was characterized by good batting and poor fielding. The score is:

'86—6	1	2	0	3—12
'87—6	2	1	0	0—9

The third game took place on the 19th between the Juniors and Freshmen. The Freshmen played a good game and are regarded as the coming champions. The score is:

'87—2	1	1	0	0—4
'89—5	2	1	4	0—12

The fourth game between the Seniors and Sophomores was begun on the 28th, but was called at the end of the second inning on account of rain. The score at that time was 9 and 2 in favor of the Seniors.

In all probability the schedule of class games will be carried out completely for the first time in a number of years. This is as it should be, and the directors are to be commended for their energy.

The "Varsity."

Spaulding's bats and balls are used this year instead of Reach's.

Two lamentably weak points in the nine are the batting and base running. In the Troy game there were only three base hits, and Dorwin was left on third base three times.

It is hardly good manners or policy during a ball game for the students to monopolize the seats provided for spectators. It doesn't look well to see the seats occupied by students while the walk is filled with ladies for whom there are no seats. Besides, we must remember that

those who pay to see a game are not likely to come twice if they receive no better accommodations than standing room. Let the students provide their own seats and leave the benches to the outside spectators.

Improvements are the order of the day, but so far have been entirely confined to south college. About a dozen students were engaged during vacation in painting the sections, the chapel and the blue gate. New steps are also being put in front of the section doors.

The "Varsity" played its first game on the 21st with the Schenectady Citys. Up to the seventh inning the game was a good exhibition of ball playing, but in that inning the Citys became too familiar with McDonald's curves and batted them all over the field. The Citys are a strong nine and heavy hitters. The college nine played a fair game, but did not show up as well as was expected. The new men showed the need of experience. The score is as follows:

SCHENECTADY CITYS:

	AB	R	IB	TB	PO	A	E
Wells, 1st B.....	6	2	3	3	8	1	4
Swart, 2d B.....	6	3	3	3	3	2	2
Nolan, R. F.....	6	4	4	4	0	0	2
Hathaway, P.....	6	3	5	6	11	1	3
Parmentier, C.....	6	3	4	5	1	11	3
Shannahan, S. S. ..	6	2	0	0	2	2	2
Taylor, C. F.	5	0	0	0	0	0	0
Estcourt, 3d B.	5	1	3	4	0	1	3
Rhinehart, L. F....	5	0	0	0	2	1	0
Total.....	51	18	22	25	27	19	19

UNION COLLEGE:

	AB	R	IB	TB	PO	A	E
Begley, C.....	5	2	1	2	7	4	3
Marvin, C F.....	5	2	1	1	0	0	1
Dorwin, R F.....	5	1	1	1	1	0	0
Landon, 1st B.....	5	0	1	2	15	0	1
McDonald, P.....	4	1	0	0	0	16	2
Johnson, S S.....	4	1	0	0	1	4	2
La Monte, L F.....	4	0	0	0	1	0	1
Peirson, 2d B.....	4	2	0	0	0	2	3
Towne, 3d B.....	4	0	2	2	2	1	3
Total.....	40	9	6	7	27	27	16

On the 24th the college nine played with the Troy Polytechnics on the West Troy grounds. The day was wet, cold and disagreeable. The ball was slippery and hard to handle, so the column of errors foots up well. The nine expressed some dissatisfaction with the umpire. The score is:

TROY POLYTECHNIC:

	A B	R	I B	T B	P O	A	E
McClelland, P.....	5	2	1	2	13	2	6
Sanderson, L. F....	5	2	3	3	0	2	1
Ginebra, 1st B.....	5	3	1	1	1	8	1
Hubbell, C.....	5	1	0	0	2	11	5
P. Aguilera, 3d B..	4	0	0	0	0	2	2
Rockwood, C. F....	5	1	0	0	0	1	0
E. Aguilera, S. S...	3	2	0	0	3	1	0
Drake, R. F.....		1	1	1	0	0	0
Warren, 2d B.....	4	0	0	0	0	0	2
Total	40	12	6	7	27	26	17

UNION COLLEGE:

	A B	R	I B	T B	P O	A	E
Begley, C.....	5	1	0	0	13	0	4
Landon, 1st B.....	4	0	0	0	6	2	1
Dorwin, R. F.....	5	0	1	1	0	0	0
Hunsicker, L. F....	4	0	1	2	1	0	1
McDonald, P.....	4	0	0	0	0	13	4
Johnson, S. S.....	3	1	0	0	3	3	3
Peirson, 2d B.....	4	1	1	1	1	0	2
La Monte, C. F.....	4	0	0	0	0	0	1
Towne, 3d B.....	3	1	0	0	3	1	4
Total.....	36	4	3	4	27	19	20

PERSONALS.

✓ '59. Maj. Charles E. Pease died in March at his home in New York. Maj. Pease was born in Albany in 1836. After graduation from college he engaged in the manufacture of agricultural implements, but on the breaking out of the rebellion he entered the One Hundred and Forty-fourth New York Volunteers—the Ellsworth Avengers—as a lieutenant. He served throughout the war in the army of the Potomac, and was a member first of Gen. Van Allen's and afterwards of Gen. Hooker's staff. On Hooker's removal from command he was made an adjutant general with the rank of major by Gen. Meade, and had a horse shot under him in the Gettysburgh battle. He was still on Meade's staff when, at Appomattox, Gen. Lee sent a sealed letter under flag of truce to Gen. Grant's headquarters. This he had the honor of carrying to Gen. Grant, and of bringing back the arrangements for surrender. Since the war, and until a year or so, he was secretary of the United States Life Insurance company. His death was unexpected. He leaves a wife and daughter.

'84. Mountain will pitch for the Pittsburgh nine this season.

✓ '84. Daily has received a license to preach at Middletown, Conn.

✓ '87. G. D. Campbell was married in March to Miss Hattie Weller of this city.

✓ '87. Van Wie is a member of the firm of Van Wie & Fox, boot and shoe dealers, Amsterdam, N. Y.

'88. Van Dusen is in business in Great Barrington, Mass.

COLLEGE POETRY.

Cross Purposes.

WE have paused to watch the quiver
Of faint moonbeams on the river,
By the gate.
We have heard something calling,
And a heavy dew is falling,
Yet we wait.

It is, no doubt, very silly
To stay out in all this chilly
Evening mist;
Still I linger, hesitating,
For her lips are plainly waiting
To be kissed.
So I stoop to take possession
Of the coveted concession
On the spot;
But she draws back with discreteness,
Saying with tormenting sweetness
"I guess not."
Her whole manner is provoking;
"Oh, well, I was only joking,"
I reply:
She looks penitently pretty,
As she answers, "What a pity;
So was I."

—Harvard Lampoon.

At Twilight.

THE fleeting daylight wanes; the night draws nigh;
'Mid deepening shadows flits the twilight hour.
A solemn stillness, fraught with mystic power,
Softly distilled from yon receding sky,
Broods o'er a weary, care-worn world.
Pale, through the gathering darkness, gleams afar
The merry twinkle of each little star;
While sable Night her mantle hath unturled.

Far, far away, o'er glory-crowned hills,
 The dying day is sinking to her rest;
 And thicker grow the shadows, till each crest,
 As a stern sentinel no longer fills
 Its wonted post; but in a misty haze
 The mountains and the sky commingled seem,
 Gone is the day,—faded the last bright gleam
 Of splendor from the sun's departing rays.
 Thus speeds the twilight hour; a peaceful calm
 It seems to shed above this busy life
 Of hours, where 'mid the turmoil and the strife,
 Deep need is there of some soft, healing balm.
 Amid Life's storms, though gloomy tempests lower,
 Sweet peace it ever brings,—the twilight hour.

—Record.

Circumstances Alter Cases.

ONE day, while Neptune raged with savage hands,
 And drove the waves ashore, a hurrying band,
 With tossing, foamy crests and sullen roar,
 I spied a struggling skiff which bore a youth and maid.
 Determined he; while she, affrighted, said,
 With brimming eyes and clasped, trembling hands,
 While gazing on the distant long-for sands,
 "Pease, sir, do hug the shore."

Another time when gentle Notus breathed
 Upon the liquid lake, and Cynthia wreathed
 Her magic spell o'er hill and mountain hoar
 I saw the skiff, and, as before, the youth and maid;
 He, stupid, plied an oar with either hand;
 While she, bewitching, pouting, did command:
 "Don't *always* hug the *shore*!"

—Chronicle.

Clippings.

"They have discovered footprints three feet long in the sands of Oregon, supposed to belong to a lost race." It is impossible to conceive how a race that made footprints three feet long could get lost.—Ex.

Professor to B. (who has little to show for his half hour at the board): "Mr. B., that work seems to go pretty slowly."

B. (looking up suddenly from his crib): "Yes, sir; slowly—but surely."

"They say that Mr. Smith is a very close student," remarked Popinjay at the dinner table. Angelina blushed to the roots of her hair, and admitted, with a titter, that he generally did sit pretty well over on her side of the sofa when he called.

Deacon Bocrag had been invited to address the Sunday school, and as he was a poor talker, plunged at once into the story of Jonah and the whale.

"Now, dear children," he concluded, "is not that a nice story?"

"Yessir," replied one of the smallest of the dear children, "it's a nice story, but it's a chestnut."

A tadpole lay
 In a ditch one day,
 And sadly that tadpole sighed,
 As a bull-frog gay
 On his joyous way
 Hopped off in his manly pride.
 But a smile came over the tadpole's face,
 As he lay 'mid the rushes dim,
 And he said: "Old man you've got dandy legs,
 But you've got no tail to swim."

O'er the words so lingeringly,
 O'er the syntax hesitating,
 Till he said, "what, don't you see?
 Don't be slow with your translating."

Then I answered the professor, telling him why I was chary—

Why I slowly spouted:

"Simply waiting till my mate, sir, looks in his vocabulary,
 And the meaning's shouted."

I.

A Senior may dance till the cows come home,
 And a Senior may look *blase*;
 But he can't reach chapel at 10 A. M.,
 For a Senior ain't built that way!

II.

A Junior may smoke and a Junior may drink,
 And revel in *pousse cafe*;
 But he can't light his pipe with a ten-penny nail,
 For a Junior ain't built that way!

III.

A Soph may curse and a Soph may swear,
 And gamble his nickles away;
 But he can't take his drink without tears in his eyes,
 For a Soph ain't built that way!

IV.

A Fresh may brag and a Fresh may boast,
 And linger at Otto's all day;
 But he never can seem anything but a Fresh,
 For a Freshman *is* built that way!

GENERAL COLLEGE NEWS.

YALE.—Boston papers speak of the concert of the Glee club there as the best ever given by a college organization.—The Freshman crew has given the Freshman crew of Harvard a formal challenge to race at New London.—In round numbers it costs Yale \$7,000 for boating, \$5,000 for base ball, and \$2,000 for foot-ball, annually.—The race with Harvard will be rowed July 1st or 2d.—Several of the Sheffield professors receive no remuneration from the college.—In case the plans for a new Gym. are successful, a large swimming bath will be placed in the building.

HARVARD.—Season tickets to the Harvard ball games cost \$5 and \$10 apiece.—Preparations have been begun for the celebration of the 250th anniversary of the University, which commences on Nov. 7th.—Chamberlain, '86, broke the college record in putting the shot at Harvard's spring meeting, his put being 37 feet 10½ inches.—Entrance examinations will be held in Paris this year for the benefit of those studying abroad.—Joseph Jefferson and Dion Boucicault are expected to lecture before the Shakespeare club sometime this spring.

MISCELLANEOUS.—Dartmouth students, being unable to agree on a speaker for commencement, have voted to leave the choice with their alumni.—It is probable that the University of Michigan will send several men to the inter-collegiate games this spring.—Professor Hardy, of Dartmouth, is soon to publish another novel.—The Dartmouth college library is growing at the rate of 1,500 volumes a year.—The class of '86, Columbia, has voted to raise \$1,000 to purchase books for the college library.—French is to be required to enter Williams college.—An Indian has applied for admission to West Point.—Commencement distinctions have been abolished at Brown.—Amherst will send several men to compete at Mott Haven this spring.—Every Senior at Trinity college, England, is obliged to write a Latin poem one hundred lines long.—A fierce contest is going on at Rutgers

over the control of the *Targum* for the coming year. The defeated party threaten to appeal to the courts if their candidates are refused places on the board of editors.—The Yale Faculty is opposed to singing on the campus. A number of Juniors were disciplined recently for this offense.—The most remunerative professorship in the world is that of Prof. Turner, the distinguished anatomist of Edinburgh, which yields \$22,000 per year.—Stevens Institute has been admitted to the inter-collegiate Lacrosse association.—Dr. McCosh graduated from Princeton at the age of 17.—In the United States are 370 universities and colleges.—Cornell University has 60 instructors and 638 students, 239 of whom are Freshmen, while the Senior class number only 84.—*Ex.*—A Cornell professor has remarked that the average scholarship of the young women at Cornell surpasses that of the male students.—*Ex.*—The annual conference of the college Y. M. C. A. will be held this year at Brown University.—President Adams, of Cornell, entered upon his college course at Michigan University at the age of 25.—Cornell students in Electrical Engineering are to have a complete electric plant at their disposal. It will be presented by the Mather Electrical company.—President Holden, of the University of California, and President Lamberton, of Lehigh University, each receive a salary of \$8,000.—The University of Texas is the largest endowed institution in the south. It has \$600,000 invested in bonds and lands. Its professors receive \$4,000 salary.—Amherst's faculty contains no one who is not a graduate of that college.—At Bowdoin a movement is on foot to start a society composed of instructors and students for the purpose of discussing scientific subjects.—Probably the largest literary prize ever offered is that of \$1,000,000, to be given in 1925 by the Russian Academy for the best work on the life and reign of Alexander I.—No student in Cornell is allowed to enter any athletic contest without the permission of the professor of physical culture.—Harvard College paid the city of Boston, during last year, \$18,000 as taxes.

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