

THE CONCORDIENSIS.

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THE CONCORDIENSIS:

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY

THE STUDENTS OF UNION COLLEGE.

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All business letters should be addressed to the Business Editor.

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EDITORIAL.

IT will be noticed that a change in the manner of electing the editor-in-chief has been adopted. The remainder of the board, however, will continue, for the present, to be elected by the classes. And as it is time for these elections to take place we have a few suggestions to make, although we know the subject is pretty well worn.

To the classes we would say,—if you desire a good paper, as you undoubtedly do, make it a point to elect no one to the editorial board who has not both ability and willingness to work for its best interests. For without ability it will be as fruitless to expect good work as that a stream will rise

above its source; and without a willingness on the part of each to perform his share of the work the wished for results can not be expected, as it is impossible for one or two men, however well disposed, to properly perform the work of eight.

To those who may be selected for the work we would add,—do not accept the position under any consideration unless you are willing to make a little sacrifice of time and convenience. For while the work is not at all burdensome where each does his part, there is nevertheless a certain amount which must be done without the probability of the credit which it deserves being given.

The regular work of the present board ends with this number, and it is with hopes of greater prosperity for the *Concordiensis* in the future that we make way, in turn, for our successors.

IT is pleasing to notice the interest taken by the newspapers around the country as regards a new president for Union. Were it not for our great respect for modern journalism, we would be inclined to think that some of these papers are actuated by a desire to "fill up space." But then, we would not harbor for an instant such a thought, especially of such a model of journalism as the *Schenectady Star*. The papers are only doing what they consider their plain duty, namely, to discuss the availability of the different candidates, and to give salutary advice concerning the present and the future of the college. Of course, the trustees will elect a president when the proper time comes without consulting these advisers,

and some unfeeling people will go so far as to hint that gratuitous advice, even from a newspaper, is uncalled for; but surely that ought not to make any difference with the newspapers. Let them proceed in their philanthropic course. They have our most tearful thanks for this their noble and unselfish effort to secure for Union a suitable president, and if, as a natural outgrowth of their labor they "fill up space" in their valuable columns, to this, also, would we express our most hearty approval and congratulations.

IT has been a noticeable fact in the past that the under-classmen, as soon as examinations are over, take the first train for home. Now, we do not wish to say anything against this desire to get home; we simply wish to raise the question to the under-classmen whether it would not be just as well if they would curb their impatience and remain in the city until the commencement exercises are over. It would take but a few days from their vacation home, and would, we think, add materially to the pleasure of their college life. Commencement time is certainly the most animated and enjoyable part of the college year. This is true, not only to the senior with his "mingled feelings," but to all who are connected with the college. But not alone because of the additional pleasure thus gained would we urge them to remain to commencement. If they remain and observe the manner of conducting the exercises, they will be the better able, when their turn comes, to finish their college career in a manner creditable to themselves and to their *alma mater*. We ask that the under classmen give this matter a little thought, feeling confident that if they do so the number remaining to the final exercises will be considerably increased compared with that of a year ago.

A Satire.

By the OWL of Eighty-seven.

Being a late conversation between the grave bird of Minerva and old Diogenes, touching a question disclosed in the sequel.

Owl—Different far is this search from thy search in the markets of Athens.

Harder thou sayest it is; but I can tell how soon to end it.

If thou should'st see bright young men, though sitting at bounteous tables

Trying to cheat their own stomachs, and thinking the waiters were cheated,

Eating only when watched, and rejoicing as over a triumph

If they could throw the whole dinner away without being detected,—

What would'st thou say, pray, to that?

Dio— Oh, my friend, do not mock me with fables!

Owl—True is my tale and no less so that I have expressed in a figure

What is far worse in fact; tho' the lack of a meal matters little,—

Who, who can measure the loss of the one who thus tramples on knowledge?

Dio—Now I begin to perceive what you mean, and my hopes are reviving.

Where shall I find what you hint?

Owl— In Schenectady's ven'erable college.

Dio.—What? not in *Disunion* College? Is that institution still living?

Was it not changed to a pottery?

Owl— No, that attempt was a failure.

Dio—Then I may hope that other tale false, that upon its green campus

Standeth a glorious fane, to extravagance reared and to folly?

Owl—Woe, woe is me! Oh, how oft in the weird, solemn stillness of midnight

I have too-hooded to the moon my complaints of those horrible idols!

Dio—Tell me whatever thou wilt, no longer I doubt thee or wonder!

Under the walls of that temple what folly may not be expected?

Owl—Think not that I can rehearse the sad truth without pain and reluctance.

But to a friend I can speak. First, as to the cause of the trouble,

Who of these task-shirking youths understand the true value of knowledge?

This lieth not, as they think, in anything seen or external,

Not in the fame may bring, nor e'en in the good
one may do with it;

But in its power to develope the soul, made after
God's image.

Ignorance truly is partial death, knowledge life
—life worth living!

And to despise or neglect it is no less a crime
than self-murder.

Since, then, the study of that which is infinite
must be unending,

All that a teacher can do is merely to teach how
to study.

So if a man learns not this, his college-course
profiteth nothing,

Therefore the student, by shirking his task and
neglecting his talents,

Loseth the power of acquiring and sinneth against
his Creator.

Dio—What do these sluggards, then, do? Why at all
do they seek education?

Owl—Do? Why, attend to their pleasures and sports,
of such weighty importance!

But while they, butter-fly-like, sip the nectar
from lillies and roses,

They are desirous of reaping the outward re-
wards of hard study.

Ev'ry device that their minds can invent is
pressed into their service

And to induce the professors to think that they
know what they don't know,

Scarcely less trouble they take than they need
for a full preparation.

These polished gentlemen, doubtless, would
scorn the base title of sneak-thieves,

Yet with no (?) twinges of conscience they glory
in marks they deserve not,

Nor ever think that for their petty tricks honest
students must suffer.

Dio—Clearly thou showest their sin, and since sin* is
folly, their folly.

Owl—Pardon, my friend. I'd forgotten thy search in
my hot indignation.

But if the sad side were hidden, their course is
so perfectly silly

That I could laugh till my feathers all fluttered
around like a snow-storm.

Only to think that these boys, though paying in-
structors to teach them,

Eagerly strive to avoid receiving the good of
their money!

That they regard and abuse as their foes, their
sincerest well-wishers!

And, while their studies might be a delight to
them, ever increasing,

Really prefer to make of them drudgery, bars to
enjoyment!

Dio—But I am curious as to the means by which this
is accomplished.

Owl—Chiefest of these are the pony, the bolt—

Dio—Hold! How can a pony—

Owl—Oh, I don't mean a live Shetland, but simply a
printed translation,

By which these parasites try to escape all the
trouble (and profit)

Met with in reading a Classic; and so they go
galloping gayly

Over all obstacles; but since their steeds absorb
their attention,

They, when their journey is o'er, have seen
naught of the beauteous landscape.

But not yet satisfied, they must have their cribs—

Dio—Well I think that they need them.

Owl—Need them they do! ha! ha! ha! But the cribs
that I now refer to,

Play the same part in the class, as the ponies
before recitation.

What modest glances are cast at those papers so
skillfully hidden!

How very glibly these pupils recite! What won-
derful scholars!

And what a useful accomplishment they have
spent hours in acquiring!

Dio—What did you mean by a bolt? Have these mor-
tals robbed Zeus of his thunder?

Owl—Well you would think that they had, should you
spend a forenoon on the campus.

Loudly rebellow the graves with the sound of
their vigorous voices,

And at the fierce shout of "Bolt!" Memorial
Hall seems to tremble.

"Montes parturiunt, et nascitur ridiculus mus!"

All they want is by coaxing or craft to escape
recitation.

Dio—Pray, what proportion of students will stoop to
use bolts, cribs and ponies?

Owl—Few are continual sinners and few are total ab-
stainers.

Granting, however, all this, the extent of the
vice is appalling,

And as I think of the future, relentless avenger,
I shudder.

Woe to the slighter of tasks when his bright
dream of pleasure is broken!

Woe when his cry of remorse from Memory's
caverns of darkness

Rouseth the blood-thirsty vampires, the swarms
that shall haunt him forever,

While in his ears ever rings like the roar in the
ears of the drowning,

"Take from the faithless servant, yea, e'en in the one pound he possesseth!"

Oh, willful blindness! Oh, criminal folly! Infatuate madness!

Dio—Bird of Athene, thou'st proved a reliable counsellor, truly.

Long have I wandered perplexed thro' the bounds of all countries and kingdoms, Searching mid nobles or slaves, but in vain for the climax of folly

Not because fools are not plenty. But how could I think my search ended,

When the next moment presented stupidity still more stupendous?

But I am satisfied now that my tired feet need travel no further.

O massive building, that rearest thy beautiful form on the campus,

Only one thing thou lackest to render thy symmetry perfect.

High on thy most lofty dome should be placed an equestrian statue,

Armed with the death-dealing bolt, and wearing a crib for a breast-plate,

Turning with every breeze, and practically worth—barely nothing!

How Jack Ashford Played Ghost.

"WELL, I don't care whether I've got this up or not," said Jack as he leaned back in his chair, "I'm going to bed."

Jack Ashford and his chum, Dick Simonds, two jolly, typical college men had spent most of the warm June evening polling up the next day's lesson out of a certain interesting book called Courtenay's Calculus. Becoming discouraged with dry equations, dy's, dx's, tangents, asymptotes, &c., Jack made the decision recorded above and proceeded to disrobe.

"I'm with you old man," put in Dick, slamming shut the book. "By jingo!" he exclaimed leaning out the window, "it's a warm night out."

"Let's go out on the terrace for a few minutes," said Jack who was now arrayed in nothing but a night shirt.

"Yes, you'll go out on the terrace in that rig—in a horn," laughed Dick.

"Well I will go out on the terrace in this rig," retorted Jack. "Look here. I'll bet you the cream I dare run across the campus

and touch that elm tree on the other side, just as I am now and run the risk of meeting someone, too."

"I'll take you sonny," said Dick. "Now let me see you sail out in that ravishing Mother Hubbard garb of yours."

No sooner said than done, for Jack had slipped down the stairway and soon Dick saw him glide out into the dim moonlight with appearance of a regular eight-day ghost. "Well I've lost," soliloquized Dick, "but I'd laugh if he'd meet somebody." Just then a frightened scream arose from the campus, and a few minutes later Jack slipped back into the room panting and almost bursting with laughter.

"What was it?" exclaimed Dick. Did some one chase you?" "Well, no," said Jack, as soon as he could catch his breath. "Just as I reached the tree, a couple came around the corner of the building, and Great Scott! how they yelled when they saw me! I ran this way and I'm pretty sure they ran that. You just keep still about this and there'll be a ghost story around in the morning."

Sure enough, next morning Sophomore L——, a rather superstitious youth, but inclined to be truthful, had, on the night previous, seen a ghost as he was returning from the opera with Miss C——, who lived over beyond the college. Both he and Miss C—— were certain they had seen a ghost, and for some time it caused quite a little excitement. This set Jack to thinking and he determined to have some fun. If he was taken for a ghost under such circumstances, he might make himself quite mysterious if he chose.

Quite a freak among the students at that time was to milk the cows in the pasture near the college under the cover of darkness. The milk so obtained was used as a beverage by many tender youths, and not a little of it was used in the concoction of milk-punch. Hearing a couple of freshmen lay plans for a milk-raid that night, Jack laid his plans accordingly. Just as they were coming back through the grove jubilant and laden with the spoil, a most horrible spectre seemed to arise from the ground and approach them. Jack's countenance on this occasion was striking by the application of

phosphorus. The poor Fresh gave one yell of terror and, dropping their pail of milk, beat a hasty retreat. Procuring the pail, which luckily had dropped right side up, Jack sought his room, where he and Dick imbibed milk-punch and finally the "pure quill" to such an extent that each, with much trouble, got the other in bed and then blamed himself for letting the other get so far over.

The college ghost was now a reality. It had been seen twice, distinctly, and it now remained to discover who or what his ghostship was. Our two cronies, meanwhile, were laughing in their sleeves and advancing the most absurd theories in explanation of the mystery that were ever heard of. For a week or so the ghost made no appearance, and when he did it was on a different field of action.

Back of the college about a quarter of a mile lived a small farmer who possessed a fine large strawberry patch. The fruit was now ripe and Jack had more than once puzzled his brains about procuring some of it, be it by hook or crook. The difficulty was you couldn't tell a ripe berry from a green one in the dark, and besides that the farmer kept a "watch" near the patch every night. Suddenly it dawned upon Jack that by appearing in the *role* of the ghost, he might frighten the watch away and with the aid of a dark-lantern, procure the fruit at his pleasure. Accordingly the experiment was tried and by a studied "get up" and a little manoeuvring, the ghost made his appearance in the strawberry patch. Without waiting to investigate matters, with his hair standing on end and the cold sweat starting from every pore of his body, the "watch" took the shortest way home and left Jack in undisputed possession of the field.

What the worthy farmer said next morning when his "watch" reported the encounter of the previous night is not known; for he had heard of the ghost which had frightened the students, and being superstitious, was inclined to believe in it himself. How the mystery would have been solved, but for Dick, is another unanswered question.

Jack's humorous account of this last exploit, and the general success of the ghost,

made Dick think things had gone far enough, and concluding that Jack had had fun enough, resolved to have some himself. Making the farmer promise not to prosecute the thief if he caught him, and not to use any violent means in capturing or trying to capture him, Dick agreed, for a stipulated quantity of strawberries, to explain the mystery, but would mention no names. To this the farmer agreed, and Dick, with no meaner intent than to have Jack experience a good scare himself, gave away the affair. Reminding the farmer of his promise not to use any such decided treatment as a shot-gun or arrest, Dick bore his berries away in triumph.

"Where'd you get 'em?" asked Jack.

"Right up where you got yours," said Dick. "O, I don't have to sneak around nights after mine. Now, I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll bet you a bottle of 'Mumm's Extra Dry' that you can't work that scheme again and I won't say a word to the farmer or anyone else." "All right said Jack, and if I don't make that 'watch' think the Old Harry himself is around, my name is Pants."

So maddened was the farmer when he thought of the trick that had been played on him that he almost forgot his promise, and sat up as watch himself, having for company a well-developed bull-pup. No sooner had our hero made his appearance and begun his ghostly manipulations than the dog loosened by the wary watcher, uttered a low growl, and followed by the farmer, made a dash for the intruder. Now it didn't take Jack long to appreciate the situation, and leaping the fence, he struck out down the road at a rate of speed that would do credit to the Dolphin. He had about a hundred yards start, and rather trusted that the farmer would call the dog back, seeing he retreated so hastily. The rapid footfalls on the hard road behind him soon undeceived him, however, and as the seriousness of the situation flashed over him, he redoubled his energies to escape. He thought of all the newspaper jokes he had read about marauders of melon-patches and bull-dogs; thought of the dog that said: "O keep your seat" to the tramp as he disengaged his teeth from the tramp's rear and allowed him to disappear over the orchard fence; even found time to wonder if this dog

caught him would he, like Shylock, proceed to take just a pound of flesh, or would he want to chew his whole corpus. All these thoughts passed through his mind with lightening-like rapidity, and the dog still hung behind him. Had his foot slipped on a banana peel, had he suddenly been stricken by the cholera, had his left lung refused to perform its accustomed duty in separating out the oxygen needed to prolong this rapid running, the story I am now telling would have had a sad, sad ending. At any rate, just then the dog grabbed him right where a dog always grabs, and with a yell of agony, Jack fell to the ground with the dog on top. How much of him next morning would have been left is hard to predict, had not someone beaten off the dog and hustled Jack away before the farmer came up. That someone was Dick. He had anticipated some fun that night and had stealthily followed Jack to witness it. Horror struck at finding the farmer had taken such barbarous means to rid himself of his midnight visitor, Dick set out in pursuit of the dog and arrived just in time (as all heroes do) to save his friend from being masticated.

"Don't say a word about it and I'll explain," said Dick when Jack questioned him as to his presence at the scene of the retreat. He did explain and begged Jack's pardon, but laughed as though he would like to kill himself when he thought how Jack did "leg it" with that ferocious bull-pup behind him.

The whole story leaked out in a day or two and for about a week or so Jack was very careful about sitting down. Whenever he did sit down in the presence of the fellows someone was sure to say: "Say Jack, don't you want my seat?" or some similar grind. As he failed to procure the berries the undignified nickname of "Pants" stuck to him for the rest of his course, and whenever the fellows wished to plague him they would ask him "If he ever saw a ghost?"

At a general college meeting, held May 19, it was resolved to give the board of editors of the *Concordiensis* power to elect one of their number to the position of editor-in-chief for the succeeding year. In accordance with this resolution, F. S. Randall, '86, has been elected for the following year.

A Box of Flowers.

This afternoon there came to me by mail,
A little box with perfume so replete,
That e'en before I opened it, I knew
The contents could be nothing else but flowers.
Inside, upon a bed of mignonette,
And fringed by lillies of the valley sweet,
I found the brightest and the loveliest
Array of pansies I had ever seen.
Although she wrote me nothing to explain
The gift, the modest lillies of the valley,
And each homely little pansy's face proclaimed
The pure unchanging love of her who sent them;
Reminded me that while she bore her lot
Of care, and that, although between us stretched
The distance of full many a weary mile,
She had remembered me, and sent me thus
These tender messengers to bear her love.
And how do I so readily discern
My dear one's love just from a box of flowers?
Well, she has never told me in plain words
Of her affection; but her kind regard
For all I've done and do, her constancy,
And deep devotion to my worthless self,
Reveal her love to me as clear as day.
And these above all else I'm sure she'd choose
Her fair and sweet ambassadors of love—
My mother always was so fond of flowers.

LOCAL.

The Seniors are taking their vacation.

Commencement will be held in the First Presbyterian church, June 24.

The following is a quotation: "Work has begun on the depot at Schenectady."

Prof. Wells has favored the seniors with a few lectures on "Topics of the Day."

Several of the C. E.'s will spend the summer in Dorp, working upon its sewers.

The usual entrance examinations will be held June 25 and 26, and Sept. 14 and 15.

All who have not yet paid their subscription, please make it a point to settle this week.

The Freshmen are to shoot a match with the Citizen's Corps, at the State range in Niskayuna, June 13.

The mower is seen occasionally on the campus, and the men are busy putting the grounds in order for commencement.

Prof. Wells lectured on Victor Hugo May 25 to the Sophomore and a part of the Freshman classes.

Prof. Staley gave an exhibition and lecture on the principal buildings of the world before the Seniors and their friends.

Prof. Perkins intends taking a trip to Canada in a few weeks. We hadn't heard of his election to the superintendency of a Sunday school.

A fine view is commanded from the roof of North College. Several residents of N. S. were observed a few days since taking advantage of this fact.

Again each class "moved up" one division of seats, and '85 "moved out." Be sure to cut your name under that of some popular man; there is luck in it.

Lieut. Ira Hollis, U. S. N., formerly Prof. at Union, has been ordered to report to the Flagship Hartford of the Pacific squadron, now at San Francisco, Cal.

Fumble the balls and muff the flies,
Throw low, and make errors dozen-wise,
Always strike out, when at bat, every time,
And you'll be fit to play with the 'Varsity nine.
—*Academica.*

An entertainment was given at Union Hall May 6, in which several students appeared. The principal male characters were Thomson, Fowler, McClellen, Very and Russell.

It was uncomfortably cold when the game of "R. P. I. vs. U. C." was called, and the way in which the former walked away with the latter was still more chilly. For lack of space we omit the score.

The first five innings of the game between Cornell and Union were as perfectly played as one could wish. The new members of our nine distinguished themselves, while the old ones greatly improved their past record.

About a dozen Union men witnessed the game between Williams College and the Albanys. It resulted in a victory of 6 to 5 in favor of Williams. For fear that Williams might lose her brilliant record Union kindly refuses to play her this season.

The following members of the senior class have been appointed to the commencement stage: Bailey, Bishop, Crane, Egelston, Griswold, Hutchinson, Mitchell, Richards,

Stryker and Terrill. The Phi Beta Kappas are Bailey, Bishop, Griswold and Mitchell.

There are two houses on Nott Terrace that join and look very much alike; one is a boarding house, the other is not. If the man from South College would remember that, he would henceforth avoid entering the wrong house, removing his hat and coat, and frightening the ladies by rushing in upon them while at supper.

In glancing over the papers a few days since a line attracted our attention, which at first sight gave us the impression that Prof. Chaplin had received an offer from the Rising Sun Stove Polish Co. Closer observation, however, revealed the fact that the Emperor of Japan had conferred upon him the Order of the Rising Sun.

Some disappointment has been experienced by our students in the past in not receiving their commencement number of the *Concordiensis*. To obviate this we wish each one desiring it this season to write his P. O. address plainly and hand it to one of the editors before June 24; otherwise we will not consider ourselves responsible for its delivery.

"Nedward," the college correspondent of the Albany *Argus*, apparently has a spite against the *Concordiensis* which he is endeavoring to satisfy by slurring it in the "notes" which he contributes. This we infer from an item which recently appeared. Now, if "Nedward" would use his energy in writing some article of interest for his college paper, instead of throwing mud at it, the result could not fail to be more satisfactory to all concerned.

At the social given May 15 the following, among the ladies, were noticed: Mrs. A. T. Veeder, Mrs. M. Perkins, Miss Furman, Miss Horstman, Miss Lillie Ellis, Miss Mattie Ellis, Miss Beattie, Miss VanVranken, Miss Vrooman, Miss Van Nostrand, Miss Jackson, Miss Yates, Miss Sprague, Miss Gilmour, Miss Grout, Miss VanVoast, Miss Moore, Miss Feltham, Miss Seymour, Miss Barhydt, Miss Goodrich, Miss Belle Carley, the Misses Perkins, the Misses Franchot, Miss Montgomery, the Misses Curtis, and Miss Landon.

Several windows in North college have been broken during the present season by "foul tips," and we would suggest to the superintendent of buildings the propriety of providing screens, which could be made at trifling cost, to protect the windows behind the catcher during games. If a few, similar to those put in the gymnasium, and which could be readily slipped into place before each game were made, the cost would probably be realized in the saving of the amount usually expended in repairing broken windows during a single season.

The sophomore fraternity, Theta Nu Epsilon, held its first annual convention at the Delavan house, Albany, Friday night. Delegates were present from the following colleges: Union, Hamilton, Syracuse university, Rensselaer Polytechnic institute, Cornell and Wesleyan. The Union delegates were W. H. Van Wie, J. T. B. Gilmour, J. E. Clute and Charles B. Templeton. Charters for chapters at Amherst and Lafayette colleges were granted conditionally. The fraternity was established about fifteen years ago. It now numbers 354 active and 2,710 retired members. The following officers were elected: President, Charles B. Templeton, Union; vice-president, E. N. Sanderson, Rensselaer Polytechnic; secretary, J. M. Stevens, Wesleyan; treasurer, F. A. Gardner, Hamilton.

It was announced some time ago that the standing of the members of the graduating class would not be made known before the first of June. This has not been customary and was not very cordially received. Several objections were raised. The names of those to go on the stage could not be obtained in time for publication upon the cards to be issued with the invitations; besides, too little time for preparation would be allowed to those who might be in doubt as to stage appointment. A committee, therefore, appointed by the class, waited upon the faculty and laid the case before them. After considering the matter it was decided to make up the standings for the course without including the present term. The right, however, was reserved of making any changes which a difference in the term's marks might warrant.

Field-day was quite a success financially

as well as in interest. In spite of the fact that the sports were held on turf, the results were quite satisfactory. By far the most attractive feature of the day was the pole vault by Landon, '86. Ishkanian, '88, is a very easy long distance runner, winning both the one mile and the one-half mile races. Hunsicker, '88, did well for a small boy. The result of the day is as follows: One hundred yard dash, Randall, '86; one mile dash, Ishkanian, '88; pole vault, Landon, '86; throwing base ball, Hunsicker, '88; slow bicycle race, Towne, '88; running broad jump, Dorwin, '86; one-half mile run, Iskaman, '88; running high jump, Landon, '86; 120 yards, hurdles, Randall, '86; Potato race, Dorwin, '86; three-legged race, Dorwin, '86 and Randall, '86. The band added greatly to the pleasure of the day and the committee of arrangements are to be thanked for it.

The surviving members of the Class of '35 will celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of their graduation this Commencement with a re-union and banquet. The class originally had 115 members. Of these about thirty survive, most of whom are expected to attend the re-union. Among the surviving members are: the Hon. John Bigelow, editor of the *New York Evening Post*, Dr. John Foster, professor of natural philosophy at Union College, Charles Franchot, a manufacturer of Syracuse, Thomas Frothingham, a lawyer of Rochester, the Rev. Dr. Duncan Kennedy of Bloomfield, N. J., the Rev. Uriah Marvin of Troy, Professor Jonathan Pearson, professor of natural history at Union the Rev. F. W. I. Pollard of Cambridgeport, Mass., the Rev. Dr. Villeroy D. Reed, president of Alexandria College, Judge James C. Smith, Justice of the Supreme Court, who lives at Canandaigua, Jasper Smith, formerly of Coeymans, now U. S. Consul to Nottingham, Eng., Dr. Charles Stillman of Plainfield, N. J., and the Rev. Dr. Cornelius Van Santvoord of Kingston.

The old name, Nassau Hall, Princeton, and the college colors, orange and black, perpetuate the honor of King William III. of England.

The Visionary.

With dressing-gown and slippers feet,
 The Senior, in his easy chair,
 Care throws aside, while visions sweet
 Float thro' the smoke-wreaths in the air.
 Fixed is his gaze, but not, I ween,
 Upon the book which open lies;
 Now on his lips a smile is seen,
 Anon 'tis chased away by sighs.

Oh, Senior grave, will to me tell,
 What fancies now thy mind enthrall?
 Dost hear thy tones like tocsin bell,
 Ringing clear thro' court or hall?
 Dost dream of time in the future bright
 When Fame shall own thee as a son?
 Leadest thou brave heroes to the fight,
 Where battles fought are battles won?

No? Not of these thou dream'st? forsooth,
 I'll guess again: A maiden fair—
 A smile I see, I'm near the truth—
 With rosy cheek and waving hair,
 Beside a hearth-stone, all thine own;
 While "Peace, white-winged," smilest down.
 This is thy fancy, this alone;
 Then may success thy fond hopes crown.

Roy, '85

The Inter-Collegiate Contest.

The first meeting of the N. Y. State Inter-Collegiate association was held at Geneva, May 30. Representatives were present from Cornell, Hamilton, Hobart, Syracuse and Union. We give below the names of winners, their times, distances, etc., together with the seconds:

THROWING BALL.

Van Auken, Hamilton—310 ft. 11 in.; M. W. Way, Hobart.

MILE WALK.

B. G. Brown, Syracuse—8 min. 26 sec.; J. G. Dudley, Hobart.

RUNNING BROAD JUMP.

W. A. Lathrop, Hamilton—18 ft. 5 in.; H. W. Treat, Cornell.

440 YDS. DASH.

D. M. Hinman, Cornell—57 4-5 sec.; More, Hamilton—57 1/2 sec.

THROWING HAMMER.

Ayres, Hamilton—61 ft.; M. W. Way, Hobart.

RUNNING HIGH JUMP.

W. A. Lathrop, Hamilton—5 ft. 1 in.; G. McCann, Cornell.

100 YDS. DASH.

D. M. Hinman, Cornell—10 3-5 sec.; W. Heatley, Union.

MILE RUN.

H. E. Summers, Cornell—4 min. 55 sec.; Geo. O'Brien, Hobart.

1/2 MILE RUN.

Summers, Cornell—2 min. 23 sec.

STANDING HIGH JUMP.

F. W. Coville, Cornell—4 ft. 2 in.

220 YDS. DASH.

D. M. Hinman, Cornell—24 sec.; Wm. Heatly, Union.

120 YDS. HURDLE.

F. W. Coville, Cornell; Wm Heatley, Union.

PUTTING SHOT.

Van Auken, Hamilton—31 ft. 6 in.

POLE VAULT.

Wm. Landon, Union—7 ft. 9 in.; Karl Swartz, Syracuse.

TWO-MILE BICYCLE RACE.

F. W. Howard, Cornell—7 min. 49 sec.; W. T. Foote, Jr., Union.

STANDING BROAD JUMP.

E. W. Hawley, Hobart—9 ft. 6 in.

The prize for the one taking first place in the greatest number of events was awarded to D. M. Hinman of Cornell, who won in three events.

Cornell was awarded the cup offered the college taking the most prizes.

The prizes for 1st and 2d places in each of the events were gold medals; for 1st in the mile walk, 440 yards dash, 100 yards dash, mile run, 1/2 mile run, 220 yards dash, 120 yards hurdle and 2 mile bicycle race, the value was \$10. In the others, \$8. Second in each, \$5.

Communication.

We give place to the following, which we received a few days ago:

SCHENECTADY, N. Y., May, 18, 1885.

SAMUEL MARSH, ESQ.:

Dear Sir—An intimation which has reached your friends here that you propose retiring from the approaching contest for the alumni trusteeship of Union College, prompts this hasty letter.

In view of your well recognized and successful efforts in the cause of education and your active interest in and

knowledge of the affairs of the college, a sufficient number of the alumni in this city and vicinity supplied the votes necessary to place you in nomination. Although the canvass has hardly commenced, numerous proxies have been received from nearly every class, beginning early in the century and embracing a period of over 60 years. While an enumeration of them is impossible within the present limits, I would instance the votes of Judges Ruggles (21), Sutherland (24), Spier (32), Van Vorst (39), Noyes of Massachusetts, and Kirkpatrick of New Jersey. Also among your profession in New York city appear the names of Chester A. Arthur, Mr. Fullerton, C. T. Cromwell, Isaac Dayton, C. A. Hand, W. C. Thorn, Silas W. Burt, B. A. Willis, John L. Hill, Amos G. Hall, Hiram Barney, C. M. Earle, and many others. I merely adduce these instances to show whatever differences may have divided your friends in former years, they are now unanimous in your support. In view of the flattering manifestations of confidence on the part of the older alumni, coupled with the fact that the younger graduates for several years past, are almost unanimously in sympathy with the ideas which you represent, and have looked upon you as their adviser and special friend, not only is your candidacy especially strong, but confirms us in the belief that to insure your election, you have only to consent to remain in the field, and permit your friends to make the necessary efforts in your behalf.

Yours, &c., JOHN A. DEREMER.

NEW YORK, May 19, 1885.

HON. JOHN A. DEREMER:

Dear Sir—Yours of the 18th inst. is received. I would certainly esteem it a great honor to be chosen by the alumni of Union College to represent them as a member of the Board of Trustees. It is an honor which any graduate of Old Union might be proud to bear, and I am profoundly grateful to those distinguished gentlemen who have, so early in the contest, forwarded their votes naming me as their choice. This expression of their confidence will stimulate me to renewed fidelity to the welfare of the institution to which I already owe so much.

I am constrained, however, to persist in my determination to decline an election, and to withdraw my name as a candidate. Dr. P. R. Furbeck, who has also been placed in nomination, is in every respect qualified for the position and will fill it with credit. He is a physician of high repute and is deservedly popular with his contemporaries, who, graduating at a period anterior to that which embraces the greater body of my associates, would be his supporters. These classes from 1850 to 1860 have but a single representative in the Board of Trustees while the decade which follows 1860 has already six. In pursuance of that idea I had urged the nomination of a distinguished graduate of '51, Mr. James H. McClure of Albany, being not at that time aware that others had selected Dr. Furbeck, of about the same period of graduation, and unaware also that any of my friends were advocating my own nomination.

Although personally unacquainted with Dr. Furbeck, I have long been cognizant of his efforts to elevate the standard of our college, and his ideas as to the conduct of the affairs of the institution have always been identical with my own. Therefore, no issue presents itself, and the necessity for two candidates does not now exist. The present is a time of tranquility in college affairs, and I believe the existing harmony be-

tokens a new era of prosperity to the college. But to attain that end, the earnest and *united* efforts of all her sons is absolutely essential. I am fully aware from experience, that in a closely contested campaign, even with the best of feeling, how easy it is, when Old Union's children meet, to forget restraint and allow the smouldering embers of former strife to be fanned into flame. I would consider myself an ungrateful son indeed, should any needless action on my part be attended with the possibility of such a result.

Already having been favored by the graduates as their unanimous choice for the presidency of the Alumni Association, it would seem that another cogent reason exists for the withdrawal of my name as a candidate for trustee.

I would therefore suggest, subject to the discretion of the inspectors, and the assent of those who have already cast their ballots for me, that such votes be either withheld or cast for Dr. Furbeck, and that his election be made unanimous.

Yours respectfully,

SAMUEL MARSH.

PERSONAL.

'85. Ray, having completed his course, has gone to his home in S. C.

'86. Haslett spent a few days with his classmates not long ago.

'87. DeForest, who went home on account of sickness, has returned.

✓'82. Murray has just graduated from the Theological Seminary at Columbia, and has been licensed to preach by the Charleston (S. C.) Presbytery.

'78. Duane and Maxon have made short visits to the hill.

'78. E. P. Fish has just returned from a trip through the west.

'78. W. F. Lansing spent a few days in Schenectady last week.

'80. R. T. S. Lowell called on his friends here a short time ago.

✓'82. Wiswall is engineering at Milton, Saratoga Co., N. Y.

'84. Daily, McEncroe, Young, Mynderse, Dent and Heatly are in Schenectady spending their vacation.

✓'85. Terrill has recently been appointed principal of the High school at Little Neck, L. I.

✓'67. E. Troope Martin died at Saranac Lake Saturday, May 23, '85. He leaves a wife and two children. His wife is the only daughter of Judge Lyman Tremaine.

'40. S. S. Norton passed through Schenectady two weeks ago on his way to Brooklyn, where he resides.

✓'48. P. Ripley is now connected with the editorial board of the N. Y. *World*.

'50. L. Thomson and family are traveling in the west. They are now at Denver, Col.

✓'56. Alex. Hadden is a prominent physician in N. Y. city.

✓'59. Carmichael has been elected the first mayor of Amsterdam, N. Y.

✓'68 Louis Evans is designing engineer for Cofrod and Sayler, Phila, Pa.

✓'70. C. E. Moore is the chief engineer on the Wabash & St. Louis Pacific R. R. He designed the celebrated St. Charles bridge on that road.

'46. Rev. Dr. Welch, formerly professor at Union, now of Auburn Theological Seminary has been engaged to supply the vacant pulpit of the Reformed Church of Syracuse, N. Y.

'54. Furbeck has been nominated for the office of trustee, in place of La Mott Rhodes, whose term of office expires in June.

✓'84. Chisholm has opened an engineering office at Aspen, Col.

✓'39. Lyman C. Felch died at his home at Castile, N. Y., May 1, '85. He was a physician of wide reputation and had a large practice.

✓'83. J. V. W. Lansing has just graduated from the N. Y. Medical College.

✓'84. J. S. Bishop is studying law at Lyons, N. Y.

'83. Wright has been visiting in Schenectady during the past week.

'82. The marriage of Rev. Frank H. Wright to a Saratoga lady, which was announced some time ago, took place at the bride's home May 14. The Rev. Allen Wright, '52, father of the groom, tied the knot. The ushers were: J. W. Lester, '81, F. W. Cameron, '81, F. W. Ray, '85, C. B. McMurray, '87, and F. X. Ransdell, '87. Quite a large number of friends from Schenectady were present.

✓'50. Dr. Henry Benjamin Whiton died at

his residence Saturday afternoon from nervous prostration, which followed the death of a favorite son several years ago, and which assumed a serious form about seven weeks before Dr. Whiton's death. Dr. Whiton was born in Lee, Mass., in 1827, and was a graduate of Union and the Albany Medical college. He first practiced medicine in Elmira, going from that city to Troy about 1857. At the breaking out of the war he enlisted at Troy as assistant surgeon in the Second New York regiment, and was subsequently promoted to surgeon of the Sixtieth New York regiment. He remained in the service until the close of war, doing duty in many of the important battles, and accompanying Sherman in his march to the sea. When peace was declared, Dr. Whiton returned to Troy, resuming his practice and taking charge of the Troy hospital. Twelve years he was an attending physician at the Marshall infirmary. He was a member of the Rensselaer County Medical society, twice serving as president, a member of the State Medical society and a curator of the Albany Medical college.

Order of Exercises for Commencement Week.

Sunday, June 21—Baccalaureate sermon by Rev. Dr. Ecob of Albany at 7:30 p. m., in First Presbyterian Church.

Monday, June 22—Grove Exercises in the College Garden at 10:30 p. m.; Class-day Exercises at 7:30 p. m., in the First Presbyterian Church.

Tuesday, June 23—Meeting of the Phi Beta Kappa Society, at 8:30 a. m., in No. 4 S. Colonnade. Meeting of Alumni Association with election of Alumni Trustee at 10 a. m., in the Chapel. Alumni Collation at 1:15 p. m., in Alumni and Memorial Hall. Prize Speaking of Juniors and Sophomores at 7:30 p. m., in First Presbyterian Church.

Wednesday, June 24—Commencement at 10 a. m., in First Presbyterian Church. The Chancellor's Address will be delivered by Hon. David Murray, LL.D. of Albany. Commencement Reception from 8 to 10 p. m., at President Landon's house.

In Memoriam.

At a meeting of the Fortnightly Club of Saratoga Springs, held May 2, 1885, the following minute, prepared by E. P. Howe, Annie M. Spence and W. R. Terrett, a committee appointed for that purpose was ordered to be spread upon the records of the club and sent to the newspapers printed in Saratoga Springs, Mechanicville, Schenectady and Potsdam, for publication :

"In the death of the Reverend Giles P. Hawley, the Fortnightly Club of Saratoga Springs has sustained an irreparable loss, and its members have been filled with inexpressible grief. Mr. Hawley was the first president of this club and to his zeal, wisdom, patience and devotion, its firm establishment and a large measure of its usefulness are due. In the character of our cherished and honored friend who has passed before us through the shadow into the Eternal Light, we ever recognized only those pure and lofty traits which mark the truest and most perfect type of the Christian gentleman. With great natural endowments, strengthened and cultivated by self-discipline and conscientious and assiduous study, his intellectual equipment was such that he became easily our wise and skillful leader along the paths and through the mazes where he had first found, and then showed us the way. A master of the knowledge acquired by men, clear to the utmost boundaries which the strongest minds have reached in their farthest flight, he was yet a learner who saw and felt the limits of the known, if not of the knowable, and paused in humble adoration before the brightness of the beyond, recognizing that there, also, God dwells, in the Light that our finite vision may see but cannot pierce. With great patience did he lead us on in the, to him, familiar ways, broadening our intellectual and spiritual horizons and giving us glimpses through new vistas where visions of the true and the beautiful ever quickened all noble aspirations. With unflagging zeal and unflinching tact did he labor for the welfare of this organization, a light in the darkness and a guide in the light, ever giving us words of cheer, commendation and encouragement, himself doing whatever we had left undone,

and making each meeting a storehouse of garnered treasures from which was brought away not only shining memories but also rich gems of knowledge and of truth.

"And now, as his name is placed upon our records in farewell, we pledge our own earnest endeavors and our no less earnest admonitions to those who come after us, to maintain the organization of the Fortnightly Club as a perpetual and living monument to its chief founder and guide."

NOTICES AND REVIEWS.

WE have received from the publishing house of Funk & Wagnalls, 10 and 12 Dey St., N. Y., an especially useful book for students—the Hoyt-Ward Cyclopedia of Quotations. The book contains an alphabetically arranged list of subjects: As Art, Ambition, Belief, Doubt, Dreams, Hope, Love, etc., with appropriate quotations upon each from the most celebrated authors. In addition it contains a list of Latin quotations, Spanish, Portuguese and Italian proverbs, together with copious and well arranged indexes, making an exceedingly handy book for those writing orations, essays, etc. Neatly bound in cloth, \$5; in sheep and morocco, \$6.50 and \$10.

Outing for June opens with an illustrated article, "Ten Days in Holland and Westphalia." The article is written in a lively manner, and along with the incidents and adventures of the Veloce Club, gives many of the interesting customs and characteristics of the Dutch people.

The July issue of *Outing*, to be published on June 15, will be particularly interesting to students, and all friends of recreation at the colleges. It will be profusely illustrated by prominent artists. There will be a group of three important papers on physical education in the colleges, by Professor Hitchcock of Amherst, Professor Richards of Yale, and Dr. D. A. Sargent of Harvard.

Teachers Wanted! 8 Principals, 11 Assistants, and a number for Music, also Art and Specialties. Send stamp for application form and circulars of information to

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Mention this paper. CHICAGO, ILL.