

# THE CONCORDIENSIS.

VOL. XIV.

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No. 8.

## LITERARY.

### ÆSTHETIC STYLE.

The men may make fun, just as much as they please,  
Of our "bangs" and our "kinks," and such things as  
these,

But they'll find after all, we're not quite so "flat,"  
As they seem to suppose from the style of our hat.

Mr. Philander Squibbs thinks himself "very smart,"  
But he shows himself stupid in aesthetic art,  
Which imparts such a charm to both person and face,  
As to constitute half of our beauty and grace.

He makes a mistake if he thinks that our spine  
Was made to be curveless and straight as a pine,  
Or that our plain foreheads would look half so fair,  
As when covered with bangs made with gum and false  
hair.

Just think of a bevy of pretty young girls,  
With "nary a bang," either straight or in curls!  
But with locks all combed back in a barbarous style,  
How many young beaux do you think they'd beguile?  
No, these beautiful "gim cracks" and "cute thingum-  
bobs,"

According to Oscar, the prince of all snobs,  
Are quite indispensable things to maintain,  
Showing aesthetic taste, and a well cultured brain.

As for past generations—old grannies and such,  
We have lots else to do, so don't think of *them* much,  
Nor dwell on their fate which he seems to deplore,  
'Tis a theme that we rather prefer to *ignore*.

No doubt they were frightfully horrid and plain,  
Devoid of all taste and an aesthetic brain,  
Not even a "pin-back" or "sweet water-fall"!

'Tis a wonder, they ever got married at all.

Your jeers at dear Oscar, are cruel and mean,  
Had you known him you would have shown less of  
your spleen,

Why he taught us benighted Americans here,  
Aesthetics worth full fifty thousand, one year.

Sometime the sweet darling is coming again,  
Like an angel of mercy in sickness and pain,  
For his mission is *two-fold*, as Shakespeare foretold,  
For the taffy he gives, he is blessed with our gold.

Now Mr. Philander, in spite of your sneers,  
Notwithstanding your slurs and your *crocodile tears*,  
Bangs, reddingotes, ulsters, sombreros and plume,  
Shall make us look gay as a sunflower's bloom!

"So there now—

Yours aesthetically,  
ARAMINTA MELVINA HOLLYHOCK.

### CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW.

\* From proof sheets of "Kings of Platform and Pulpit," by Melville D. Landon, Belford Clark Co., Chicago.

\* Chauncey M. Depew was born on a farm near Poughkeepsie, in 1833. He came of poor but respectable parents. When a boy he worked on the farm, and the great railroad magnet, who now makes presidents, talks politics with Gladstone and jokes with the Prince of Wales, has many a time driven the cowhome in the rain. Mr. Depew graduated at Yale College, studied law, was admitted to the bar, and afterwards became President of the great New York Central Railroad. His aim in life seems to be to make everybody happy. He is Democratic in all his ways, takes every man by the hand, is loved at the Union League Club and is the honored guest at the Union College Alumni dinners, and of the St. Patrick, St. Andrews and New England Societies. Depew, Horace Porter and Ingersoll are perhaps the best after-dinner speakers of the age, and Depew is, perhaps, the best "all around" extemporaneous speaker in this country.

Mr. Depew has an eye like an eagle and a smile which throws sunshine all around him. He is never too busy to see a friend, even if he has to say "hail and farewell" in the same breath. I say never too busy, but I now remember calling on him once when he sent out word that he was engaged with two railroad presidents and could see no one, "not even on business."

I told Buttons to tell Mr. Depew that I hadn't any business at all, only a new joke.

"All right, Eli," said Mr. Depew, laughing through the door, "come right in. But first," he said, "let me tell you my dog story."

"When I was about fourteen years old, my father lived on the old farm up at Poughkeepsie. One day, after I had finished a five acre field of corn, my father let me go to town to see a circus. While in town I saw for the first time a spotted coach dog. It took my fancy, and I bought it and took it home. When father saw it, his good old Puritan face fell."

“‘Why, Chauncey,’ he said sadly, “‘we don’t want any spotted dog on the farm—he’ll drive the cattle crazy.’”

“No he won’t father,” said Chauncey, proudly, “he’s a blooded dog.”

“The next day,” said Mr. Depew, “it was raining, and I took the dog out into the woods to try him on a coon, but the rain was too much for him. It washed the spots off. That night I took the dog back to the dog dealer, with a long face. Said I: ‘Look at that dog, sir; the spots have all washed off.’”

“‘Great guns, boy!’ exclaimed the dog dealer, “there was an umbrella went with that dog. Didn’t you get the umbrella?’”

Mr. Depew’s father was a very frugal farmer and also a very pious man. He never liked to have any time wasted in the prayer meeting. One night, when the experiences had all been told, and the exhortations flagged, and the prayers grew feeble, Brother Depew arose and solemnly remarked:

“I don’t like to see the time wasted—Brother Joslyn can’t you tell your experience?”

Brother Joslyn said he’d told his experience twice already.

“Then Brother Finney can’t you make a prayer or tell your experience?”

“I’ve told it several times to-night, brother.”

“Well my brethren,” said Mr. Depew, “as the regular exercises to-night seem to halt a little, and as no one seems to want to pray or tell his experience, I will improve the time by making a few observations on the tariff.”

I was talking one day with Mr. Depew about demand and supply. I said the price of any commodity is always controlled by the demand and supply.

“Not always, Eli,” said Mr. Depew, “demand and supply don’t always govern prices. Business tact sometimes governs them.”

“When,” I asked, “did an instance ever

occur, when the price did not depend on demand and supply?”

“Well,” said Mr. Depew, “the other day I stepped up to a German butcher, and out of curiosity asked:

“What’s the price of sausages?”

“Dwenty cents a bound,” he said.

“You asked twenty-five this morning,” I replied.

“Ya, dot vas ven I had some. Now I ain’d got none I sells him for dwenty cends. Dot makes me a rebutation for selling cheab und I don’d lose noddings.”

“You see,” said Depew laughing, “I didn’t want any sausage and the man didn’t have any—no demand or supply, and still the price of sausage went down.”

I was talking to Mr. Depew one day about his going out to dinner so much

“Yes,” he said, “I do go out a good deal.”

“But how can you stand it; I should think it would give you dyspepsia. I suppose you can eat everything?”

“No, there are two things which I always positively refuse to eat for dinner,” said Mr. Depew, gravely.

“And what are they?”

“Why, breakfast and supper.”

“But the great crowd you have to face in heated rooms, they must wear on you?” I said.

“But the crowded dining room,” said Mr. Depew, “is more healthful than a funeral. Now, I have a friend in Poughkeepsie who goes out more than I do, but he goes to funerals. He never misses one. He enjoys a good funeral better than the rest of us enjoy a dinner.

“I remember one day how I attended a funeral with my Poughkeepsie friend over in Dutchess county. The house was packed. The people came for miles around—and everybody came to mourn too. Many eyes were wet, and some good old farmers who had never seen the deceased except at a dis-

tance, groaned and shed real tears. After we had crowded our way in amongst the mourners, I turned to my friend and said:

"George, I don't see the coffin—where is it?"

"But George couldn't answer.

"After a while I made a remark to my friend about a lovely eight-day standing clock in the hall.

"The clock!" said George, mournfully, 'why that isn't a clock, that's the coffin. They've stood him up in the hall to make room for the mourners!'"

Mr. Depew has a well-balanced brain. There are no streaks of insanity in the Depew family. Once, while conversing with Dr. Hammond, our witty ex-surgeon-general, about insanity, I asked him how incipient insanity could be detected.

"One infallible test," said the Doctor, "is to get a good joke on a man—a real good one—and if he laughs at it, it is a sure sign that his mind is evenly balanced. An insane man never laughs at a good joke on himself. He always gets enraged. Insanity always begins in egotism. Guiteau, the crazy man who shot Garfield, laughed at his own jokes all through the trial, but when the prosecuting attorney got a joke on him, his insanity showed itself in flashing eyes and a scowl of indignation."

After my conversation with Dr. Hammond, I met Sam Cox at the Fifth Avenue hotel and told him about Hammond's theory.

"Let's go over to Madison Square," said Sam, "and try the theory on George Francis Train."

"Good," I said, and we were soon in the garden talking to the great George Francis, who sat on a bench surrounded by his usual crowd of children. Train is a vegetarian, and he was soon talking on his favorite subject.

"Yes," he said, "I am a vegetarian. Vegetables give strength. They give mus-

cle;" and then he held up his clenched fist and gradually opened it to show the flow of red blood to the palm.

"See!" said Train, "that blood and muscle come from a vegetable diet."

"Yes," said Cox, "you are right, George. Vegetables do give muscle and health. I notice that all the strong animals eat vegetables. There is the sturdy on, he lives on vegetables—and the leopard and tiger too; that's what makes them so strong. But sheep and geese, live on meat that is what makes them so weak and—"

"I don't want to talk to a darn fool!" interrupted Train as he strode off in a huff. Then we knew George Francis was insane.

The next morning I met Mr. Depew in the street car on his way to the Grand Central depot. Remembering Hammond's insanity test, I said, "now I will try it on Depew," so I held up the *World* and exclaimed:

"I see there's a washout on the Central!"

"A what?"

"A washout."

"A dangerous washout?"

"Not very."

"How large is it? I haven't seen a newspaper."

"O, ten shirts and four pair of—"

But Depew's genial laugh drowned the sentence.

"Perfectly sane," I said to myself.

One night I was lecturing to a big audience in Napoleon, Ohio. The lecture committee said they would like to have me get a joke on Judge —, I forget his name, who sat in a front seat. So when I was illustrating the difference between the joke and the anecdote, I said:

"The joke is the incident itself; the anecdote is a description of it. You get a joke on a man—a description of it appears in the newspaper the next day; that is an anecdote. Now," said I, "to illustrate the difference between the joke and the anecdote—and this

is a very important illustration, and I hope the young people in the audience will remember it—suppose I were talking about a fast horse that I have; suppose I should say I have a horse that could travel from Napoleon to Toledo, a distance of—of—

“‘Twenty-six miles,” interrupted the Judge.

“Well, Judge,” said I, “if you know more about this lecture than I do———”

But I never finished the sentence. A scream of laughter came up from the audience, and the house was a bedlam for several minutes.

When the audience had settled down, I said, “I beg the Judge’s pardon for answering him so rudely, for it was very kind in him to tell me the distance, and very rude and ungentlemanly for me to answer him so bluntly, but the fact is, I had just told the young gentlemen in the audience that I would illustrate to them the difference between the joke and the anecdote, and in a way they would never forget it. “Now this is a joke,” I said. “To-morrow it will become an anecdote—a dead cold anecdote. It won’t produce any laughter to-morrow, and, I believe, if any one should go to the Judge to-morrow and ask him in the most polite manner the distance to Toledo, I believe he would pull out his revolver and——” Another scream from the audience drowned the sentence.

Well, it was all very well that night, and would have ended in laughter had the Judge been perfectly sane, but he had incipient insanity, egotism, and when I got onto the train the next morning, to go to Toledo, the Judge came down with a big hickory cane, to chastise me for the joke.

Five months after this the Judge went to an insane asylum. This story is absolutely true, and I appeal to every man, woman or child in Napoleon to substantiate it.

It is so different with Depew. A good

story on anybody, even at the expense of himself, is his delight.

The day after his return from Europe the last time, I was in Cornelius Vanderbilt’s room, in the Central Railroad office, which is next to Depew’s, and told him a little story about Mr. Depew’s experience on the steamer. I didn’t know that the great original was listening to the story through the half open door. The story as told by the brokers in the street ran like this:

“It seems that every evening, on the ‘City of Rome,’ a dozen or so genial passengers clustered in the smoking saloon to tell stories and yarn about things in general. Every soul save one in the party kept his end up. The one exceptional member of the party did not laugh or indicate by even a twinkle of the eye any interest in the funniest jokes, and was as silent as a door-knob at the best stories.

“This conduct began to nettle Mr. Depew and the other spirits, and when the final seance came around they had lost all patience with the reticent and unresponsive stranger. Mr. Depew was finally selected to bring him to terms. They were all comfortably seated and in came the stranger.

“‘See here, my dear sir,’” said Mr. Depew, “‘won’t you tell a story?’”

“‘I never told one in my life.’”

“‘Sing a song?’”

“‘Can’t sing.’”

“‘Know any jokes?’” persisted Mr. Depew.

“‘No.’”

“Mr. Depew and all were prepared to give it up when the stranger stammered and hesitated and finally made it known that he knew just one conundrum.

“‘Give it to us,’” said Mr. Depew and the others in chorus

“‘What is the difference between a turkey and me?’” solemnly asked the stranger.

“‘Give it up,’” said Chairman Depew.

“‘The difference between a turkey and



me," mildly said the stranger, "is that they usually stuff the bird with chestnuts after death. I am alive.'"

Vanderbilt smiled audibly, but a merry ha! ha! echoed from the next room.

It was the happy laugh of Depew himself, and it grew louder till I left the building. When I meet Mr. Depew now I give him the whole sidewalk, and when I ride on his railroad I walk.

MELVILLE D. LANDON, (Eli Perkins.)

### THE ALBANY BANQUET.

Tuesday evening, Jan. 27, the Union Alumni of Northeastern New York met in Albany for the purpose of enjoying their third annual meeting and banquet. The alumni gathered in the corridors of the Kenmore hotel and at six o'clock a business meeting of the association was held. The following men were elected to hold office for the coming year. President, James H. McClure, '51, Albany; Vice President, Saml. H. Jackson, '42, Schenectady; Secretary and Treasurer, Chas. B. Templeton, Albany.

At half past seven the real enjoyment of the evening began, namely, the filling of the inner man. Over one hundred Union Alumni sat down in the large dining room of the Kenmore to discuss the elaborate menu which had been prepared for them. The tables were arranged in excellent taste and were handsomely decorated with potted plants and flowers. The college colors adorned every breast, and the way that the famous "Hikah! Hikah! Hikah!" of Old Union rang out from throats of these one hundred alumni showed that they had not forgotten how to give their college yell. Col. David C. Robinson, of Elmira, acted as toastmaster, and after the banquet proper had been finished, he called for the following toasts, all of which were very ably and interestingly responded to, and it is with the greatest regret that we are unable to give more than a passing notice of

these excellent speeches. "Old Union." responded to by President Webster, "The Bench," Judge Robert Earl, "Our Alumni," Edward D. Ronan, "Princeton Alumni Association," Rev. Dr. James McLeod, "Yale Alumni Association," J. W. Eaton, Jr., "Colleges and State Education," Hon. Andrew S. Draper, "The Board of Trustees," Robt. C. Alexander, "The Duty of the College Graduate as a Citizen," the Hon. Chas. E. Patterson. The Rev. Thomas K. Beecher also spoke to the assembled guests. After the toasts had been made the Song to Old Union was sung and the alumni of the old college dispersed with a hearty resolve to return every year to their annual banquet and cheer for their loved Alma Mater.

### SENIOR CLASS ELECTION.

Thursday, Jan. 15, the members of the class of '91 met for their annual election of class officers. As is not usually the case with an election of Senior Class officers, this election passed off without dissensions or ill feelings, and in almost every case the following men were elected to their offices by a unanimous vote.

James W. Ferguson, B. G. II.	President.
William H. Edwards, Φ. K. Ψ.	Vice President.
Beekman C. Little, K. A.	Secretary.
William O. Lay, B. G. II.	Treasurer.
Tracy H. Robertson, Ψ. Γ.	Grand Marshall.
Henry W. Briggs, Φ. Δ. Θ.	Prophet.
William A. McDonald, Δ. Γ.	Orator.
Robert Clements, A. Δ. Φ.	Addresser.
Thomas L. Walker, A. Δ. Φ.	Toastmaster.
William O. Lay, B. G. II.	Ivy Orator.
Henry W. Preston, K. A.	Ivy Poet.
Henry W. Briggs, Φ. Δ. Θ.	Pipe Orator.

The offices of Class Poet and Class Historian (four year offices) are held by T. H. Robertson and T. L. Walker respectively, and H. W. Preston is the director of the college base ball team. The president of the class has appointed the following committees: Commencement ball, B. C. Little, Robt. Clements and T. H. Robertson.

Invitations, W. O. Lay, H. W. Briggs and H. W. Preston.

# THE CONCORDIENSIS.

PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY BY

STUDENTS OF UNION COLLEGE.

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## EDITORIAL.

**W**ITHOUT meaning in the least to disparage the present managers of our foot ball and base ball teams, the question has arisen in our minds as to whether the way in which our different athletic teams are now managed is the best way. It is only the financial part of the managerial affairs that we wish to criticise. As it now is, all of the money subscribed for the maintenance of our base ball team, for instance, and all of the money taken in at the gate at our base ball games, is handed over to one man and that man has the entire control and management of this money. He is obliged to consult no one but himself as to how he shall expend it and what seems to be the worst evil of all is, that he is not asked or expected to make any sort of a report of the finances at the end of his term of official duties. Any one who thinks for a moment can see that under the present circumstances, base ball money or

foot ball money could very easily be mis-spent or misused to a very great degree and the college in general be none the wiser for it. The mistakes which have been made in the past, and there have been many such mistakes, in the management of college finances have never, we believe, arisen from any act of dishonesty on the part of any manager, and it is far from our thoughts to imply that any such thing ever will happen. No, these mistakes have been the results of the faulty system that we have. One man having all this money in charge, and having no one in authority, with whom to consult, uses it in a way that *he* considers is for the best interests of the college, and after he has so used it, he finds out perhaps, that the majority of the students are severely censuring him, it may be for his extravagance, or it may be for his too extreme carefulness in not spending money on this, that, and other thing, that it would have been policy to have done. In truth no one ought to find fault with him for no one but himself knows how much money he has in his control and is therefore not in a position to pass judgment on his actions. This fault finding generally takes place during the base ball or foot ball season, but immediately after the season closes, very few students trouble themselves at all about the matter. This sudden lack of interest arises from the fact that too often the expenditures of an athletic season have exceeded the receipts and the students are afraid that, if they are observed to take an interest in the matter, they will be asked to unloosen their purse strings and help the management out of its difficulty. All this is not very pleasant to record, yet such are the facts in the case. We feel sure that there is some better way than the one now in vogue, for disposing of this money question. We have some ideas upon the subject, but we want, if possible, to get other opinions than ours and so we will continue this discussion in our next number,

when we hope to be able to present suggestions on this matter from quite a number of men in college. In connection with this we are very glad to say that the manager of the foot ball team has informed us that he intends, as soon as all of the foot ball subscriptions are paid in, to make a complete report to the college, of the past season's receipts and expenses, and the base ball manager has signified his intention of doing the same thing at the close of the base ball season next spring. This is at least a step in the right direction and these men are to be very highly commended for taking this step.

\* \* \*

THERE seems to be, among the students at Union College, a deplorable lack of spirit for doing any literary work in the way of writing for their college publications. There are two publications issued by the student body that require original literary work from the students themselves and it is the acknowledged defect, in THE CONCORDIENSIS at least, that there are so few of these contributors from the undergraduates. Men who go into the English Department of the college curriculum and make a good record there are not doing that department justice if they do not show that they are gaining by the instruction they receive, and they *can* show some improvement or gain in this line by writing articles for their college papers. This year prizes amounting to \$85 have been offered by THE CONCORDIENSIS and the *Garnet* for contributions, with the hope of thus stimulating and arousing the dormant literary ability that *must* exist among the students, and still we are always lacking for articles from the undergraduates. However we have hopes that sometime in the dim future our appeal will be heard and answered, for the men in college *must* soon see, (and then their hearts will be touched,) how discouraging it must be for the editors to feel that their labors are unappreciated and to know that there are men in

college who can, and yet who utterly refuse, to aid them in making their college publications all that they should be.

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ELSEWHERE in this number is given the cast of "Pinafore" as it will be presented for the benefit of the base ball team. From this it will be seen that the rendition of the tune-ful opera will be a success. The townspeople have very kindly entered into the scheme and are doing their best to make it a good production. Rehearsals have been held nearly every night since the opera was decided upon and much hard work has been done by the participants. Beside the regular work of rehearsals there has been the work of committing the parts, and the sacrifice of much valuable time.

Now since those taking an active part in the opera are willing to make such a sacrifice of time and labor, it seems but right that those who do not take an active part should help on the good work as best they can. Those having the matter in charge are not working for merely an artistic success; the financial side has claims perhaps as strong. The proceeds are to be devoted to a good cause. It is for the honor of "Old Union" that all her undertakings be successful, and a good season in base ball will undoubtedly cause a larger Freshman class to knock at her door next year. Therefore, let everyone be present at the opera, and also see that his "sisters and his cousins and his aunts" and the rest of his friends are there with him.

\* \* \*

It is to be hoped that succeeding classes will do as well with their Sophomore Soirees as did the class of '93 with their first dance, held in the college gymnasium, Jan. 30. It was without exception the most enjoyable dance that has been given in the college buildings for a number of years.

### A TRIBUTE TO THE LATE JUDGE VAN VORST.

AT the last annual meeting of the New York State Bar Association, Judge Noah Davis made a most eloquent memorial address on the late Judge Hooper C. Van Vorst, who graduated from Union College in 1836 and who died in October, 1889. As Judge Van Vorst was one of Union's most well-known and honored sons, it certainly will not be out of place to print in this paper a few extracts from Judge Davis's address. He first sketched the history of Judge Van Vorst's practice in New York City, and spoke of him as "a most painstaking, diligent, and faithful judge, animated simply by an earnest desire to administer justice according to law, and governed only by his conscientious sense of duty and right." Continuing Judge Davis said: "In private life Judge Van Voast had many distinguished characteristics. In his religious faith he was firm and decided, yet unobtrusive. As a member of the church to which he belonged, he was exemplary in zeal and activity. In the charities of the great city he took an active part. He made himself a teacher in the work of the Christian Aid Society, taking charge on the Sabbath and some times on other evenings, of one of its large schools and doing all in his power to lead the children who thronged the school into the paths of a pure, moral life. At the time of his death Judge Van Voast was one of the vice presidents of the association and stood high among its honored members. It is fitting, therefore, that some memorial of his life and services be entered upon its records, and that his associates and friends, who knew him so well, should speak of him, that most complete eulogium that can be spoken of any man: 'He had so lived that he was fit to die.'"

—College journalism began at Dartmouth in 1800. Daniel Webster was the first editor.

### PERSONAL.

'33. Rev. Dr. Daniel Stewart is located in Minneapolis, Minn., and is one of the officers of the Alumni Association of Minnesota.

'48. Rev. Dr. John L. Nevins is making a visit to his native country. He has long been a successful missionary in China. He was the donor of the celebrated and varicolored Chinese idol which adorns the campus.

'48. Wm. H. Baunister is a justice of the peace at Nyack, N. Y., and issued the warrant under which Assemblyman Demorest was arrested. He is also a teacher in the village.

'50. Wm. E. McCormick is in the real estate business at Port Jervis, N. Y.

'59. Wm. T. Meredith is a stock broker in New York City.

'59. Rev. Samuel S. Seward is pastor of the Few Jerusalem (Swedenbergian) church in East 35th street, New York.

'60. Hon. George F. Seward, late Consul General in China, is vice president of the Fidelity and Casualty Company of New York.

'62. Rev. Oliver Hempstreet, formerly of Albany, is now located at Baltimore, Md.

'80. Robert C. Alexander has been elected a member of the University Club, New York City.

'81. Rev. William R. Winans is preaching at Warrensburgh, Warren County, N. Y. His classmate, L. C. Dickinson, is running a newspaper in the same town.

'82. Bayard Whitehorne is in the electrical business, in the employ of the New York Accumulator Company. He lives in Montclair, N. J.

'84. Allison has been elected secretary, and Philip, treasurer, of the Union College Alumni Association of New York. Templeton is secretary of the Alumni Association of Albany, and Greene of the Association of the Genesee Valley.



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### OF INTEREST TO STUDENTS.

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—Get your seats for "Pinafore."

—The Senior Class has decided not to dispense with the class day exercises as was done last Commencement.

—Wightman, '94, expects to leave college soon and try his hand at teaching until next fall when he will return and go on with his class once more.

—Rev. Thomas K. Beecher of Elmira, a brother of Henry Ward Beecher, preached before the students on Wednesday, the day of prayer for Union College.

—Most of the large number of men who have been ill this term either have already recovered or are on the way now to recovery. A very pleasant fact to record.

—H. W. Preston and A. M. Banker, manager and assistant manager of the college ball nine, left Friday morning for Syracuse to attend a meeting of the Intercollegiate Athletic and Base Base Association.

—All those who have written or intend to write for THE CONCORDIENSIS prize, offered for the best Union College song written by an undergraduate of the college, should send in their songs before the next number of this paper goes to press.

—Thursday evening, Jan. 22, the members of the Junior Class, on invitation from '94, sat down to an elaborate banquet at De Long's restaurant. It was thus that the Freshmen showed their appreciation of the services which the Juniors rendered them at Cremation time.

—The members of the Senior Class and also the members of the College Glee Club were invited to attend the Union Alumni banquet held in Albany last Tuesday, but, owing, to the Pinafore rehearsals and the necessary work of getting ready for the production of the opera, very few of these men were able to be present at the banquet.

—The Sophomore Soiree took place in the college gymnasium, Friday night, too late for an extended notice to be given in this issue.

—A meeting has been called, in Syracuse on Jan. 30th, of men representing the different college papers in New York State, for the purpose of organizing an Intercollegiate Press Association. H. W. Preston, representing THE CONCORDIENSIS, will attend this preliminary meeting.

—At the Centre Street Opera House, on Thursday and Friday, Feb. 5 and 6, will be presented the students grand production of H. M. S. Pinafore and on the Monday following the Spectacular Kajanka, will be the attraction at this place of amusement.

—Robt. C. Alexander has presented to the college library two photographs, one of the Union College Alumni as they appeared at the last annual banquet in New York City, and the other is a photograph of the original design of Union College and grounds by Jacques Ramee.

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### H. M. S. PINAFORE.

The dates for the performance of Pinafore have been fixed for Thursday and Friday, February 5 and 6, at the Centre Street Opera House. As everyone knows this opera is to be given for the benefit of Union College Athletics and especially for the benefit of next term's base ball nine. The sale of reserved seats will begin Tuesday, Feb. 3, at Moir's book store. The choruses and principals have been well trained in their parts and are ready for the curtain to rise upon their first performance. A number of the college men will probably act as ushers at the Opera House during the engagement and give promise of doing their work well and faithfully. Indications point to crowded houses and successful performances and that is all that is desired. Following is a list of the names of the cast and choruses as they

are now constituted, but some slight change may be made before Thursday night.

Miss Lang ..... Josephine.  
Miss Yates ..... Buttercup.  
Miss Butler ..... Hebe.  
Ed. Gillespie ..... Ralph Rackstraw.  
T. H. Robertson ..... Captain.  
E. S. Coons ..... Sir Joseph.  
G. F. Mosher ..... Dick Deadeye.  
J. C. Mc-Alpine ..... Boatswain.

Sailors, H. W. Briggs, L. H. Carris, E. J. Webster, T. L. Walker, E. J. Prest, A. McMartin, E. A. Lamb, Alex Orr, T. H. Reddish, A. B. C. Little, L. Van Valkenburgh, E. S. Coons, Robt. Clements, John E. Keller, A. M. Lewald, W. A. McDonald, J. W. Ferguson, J. O. Reynolds, John J. Steuer, G. Herbert Daley, Chas. W. Hills, Geo. E. Wait, A. W. Hunter, E. D. Lines, Chas. Fiske, D. D. Cassidy, H. H. McCowatt, Percy C. Meserve, R. H. Thatcher, John Weekes, H. T. Schermerhorn, J. V. Wemple, B. H. Lord, Chas. H. Illsey, Linton T. West, A. Dougall.

Female relations of Sir Joseph: Misses Anne O. Beattie, Isabella Beattie, Ada N. Bradt, M. B. Campbell, Grace C. Campbell, Harriet Campbell, Maria Campbell, Addie Curtis, Florence Curtis, Bessie Dollar, Bessie Daley, Sarah Dean, A. C. Dean, Emma Heatly, Julia Jackson, Annie Lee, Helen M. O'Neill, Mary A. Swits, Emma M. Veeder, Grace W. Watkins, Jeannie Wemple, Virginia Young, Della L. Young, E. Theodora Yates, Susan Yates, Rachel Yates.

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