

BLUE GATE-UNION COLLEGE

# « « « THE » » » « CONCORDIENSIS

VOLUME XXXII

NUMBER 8



DECEMBER 14, 1908

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## THE CONCORDIENSIS

VOL. XXXII.

UNION COLLEGE, DECEMBER 14, 1908

No. 8

#### MANLINESS IN COLLEGE.

Manliness! What is the image presented to your mind's eye at the mention of this word? To what type of student do you think this word best applies? To the plugger, to the athlete, to the Christian Association man or to a composite of all these? You must have some idea of manliness and the color of that idea will depend upon the amount of the virtue you yourself possess. Here are a few snapshots of men whom some would consider manly:

Out on the football field there is a man who is playing a star game. Word is passed along among his opponents that he must be laid out. In the next scrimmage the work is done and the game saved—for his opponents. Manly was it? No. Saved the college an overwhelming defeat.

The subject for the big debate has been announced. The captain of the home team secures from the State Library all the valuable and available material for both sides. The home team wins. The name of the college is again saved.

Examinations draw near and you have been loafing. You know you can not pass them unaided, so you spend the evening before each examination carefully preparing some form of a "trot." You have a perfect right to use this, you say, for the professor does not require that you give your word that you have received no help during the examination. Furthermore other fellows do it. Why should not you also?

There are a thousand reasons why you should not. In the time that it took you to prepare that trot you could absorb enough of the subject to pass it up, thus retaining your honor, saving yourself the sneaky feeling that comes to a man of conscience when he cheats, and indirectly rendering your college a service by the bit of influence for manliness that you would thus exert.

Here's a picture with a different tone. The big track meet at the time of the two-mile run. One of the two men on the home team is the star runner of the college; the other a freshman who has trained steadily for months because some of his classmates jokingly told him he was a wonder. In the last half mile the opponents are left behind and the two home men, the crack runner and the greenhorn have the race easily. As the two near the tape the crack runner slowly falls back and gasps to the greenhorn to make it—or die. He comes in second, not much the worse for his run.

That act of self-sacrifice exhibits manliness of the highest type—the type that would keep his mouth shut and let the other fellow enjoy his honor undimmed.

Our college is entering upon a new era. There are many indications of this. A new type of alumni is growing up—men that have the best interests of the college at heart. We have the largest freshman class in the history of the institution, the largest number of students in attendance since 1862. We have a Press Club whose plans, if successfully carried out, will make the name of Union College well known in every part of our country. Debating is demanding more attention from the students and has been placed on a sound basis. The most important step of all has not been taken as yet, the step toward a new standard of honor for the classroom.

The truly successful college is not the one that has the largest student body, the most costly and modern buildings, the crack athletic teams, the most aristocratic fraternities and clubs. It is the college that developes the highest type of manhood. Unless a college sends forth each year men that are endowed above all else with the noblest and manliest principles of life, it has utterly failed in its purpose.

Furthermore it is our duty to our parents and

to our Alma Mater to develop in us all that is honorable, clean and manly. If we fail in any one of these qualities we are not worthy to be sons of Old Union. We are a disgrace to our fathers and mothers and are not living lives that are true, honest, manly.

#### THE VAST UNKNOWN.

A feeling of dark conceptions

Has stolen over my soul,

And I think of a land of twilight,

Where ghastly rivers roll;

For I know there lies a city,

Far out in the rim, dim west,

Shadow of shadow land,

Land of the dead,

Where the winds are ever silent

And the skies are ghastly red,

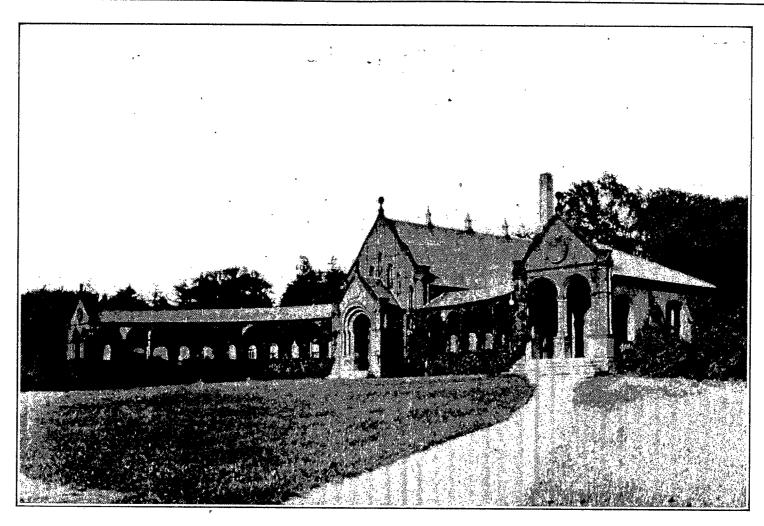
Shall the spirit of the shadows

Know the mysteries of the past?

Shall the dark unfathomed dream

Always and forever last?

Like the lightning in the blue,
Like the thunder of a storm,
All is a mystery to me,
As this dim land beyond.
In that land of silent shadows,
Where the twilight reigns supreme,



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Where melancholy waters

Lie in silent, eternal rest.

Unearthly land of peaceful winds
Where shall I find my rest?
Shall it be in that dim land,
Far out in the silent west?
Shall there be a mystic moon
To shine on this silvery shore,
When my soul caught by death's great wave Will view life's tides no more?

And the silent night lasts ever In that void of peace serene.

Through the void of darkest night,

Where never t lone star whirls,

Or a comet takes its flight.

In this ghastly lurid sky,

Of the dreams of a living night,

There lies a land of unbroken rest.

The land of the silent night. H. T. C., 1912

### A TRIP ACROSS THE RIVER STYX.

At noon on the morning after the freshman banquet last week I sauntered, as usual,, into the room of the South Collonade that is devoted to the study of "The Rise of the English Novel," and being in a sleepy mood as a result of the adventures of the previous night, I fell fast asleep, while the professor rambled on in his monologue, which "on the hull" was decidedly sporafic.

As soon as I was absent in spirit from this terrestrial globe I let my mind, too, go on a mental trip across the River Styx to Pluto's gloomy realms, the abode of the shades below.

The faculty of Old Union were all with me on my trip, so I was at once in a decidedly classic, uiterary and scientific atmosphere, as you will see from what transpired.

We all entered the boat of that "grim ferry-man, Charon, whom poets write of," and were soon being wafted over the murky stream.

Ashey was the first to break the monotony by mumbling something about the steam pipes of old Charon's skiff, and declaring that if things weren't warmer on the other side he would find out what was the matter.

Rip had already become deeply engaged in expounding to the grim ferryman the principles of comparative politics, and his bland smile was so persuasive that Charon had to agree that "Yes, yes, it is exactly so—with this exception"

Stoll had found before he entered the skiff a rare fossil of the Coelenterata Stromatocerrum of the Ordovician Period of the Paleozoic Era, and in his fancy he was now holding a "formal recitation," as with the air of a connoisseur he critically examined his precious treasure.

Hoffy now came up to the ferryman and propounded to him the query whether he was sure he was in this boat or only believed so?

Buttrick, you may be sure, was right on hand, and charged old Charon eight dollars as an incidental fee for running his own boat. The poor ferryman thought such a course was a very strange procedure; but, of course, he paid.

Dr. Mac was heartily disgusted with the hygienic conditions of the boat. He declared that it was positively unsanitary and was breeding bacill at a tremendous rate.

At this juncture the wind subsided and the boat came to a standstill. A happy plan was hit upon. Micky Ann was commissioned to supply "not air," and so great was his ability along this line that a good breeze was soon stirred up, and the boat again sped on.

Oppie and Gary had become very excited over a heated discussion about the laws of the curve, so Oppie began to give his comrades a very lucid explanation of the mathematics of the whole matter. During this tedious process everyone had fallen asleep, but they were soon aroused by a sharp bark from Bingo, who, of course, had come along for "everywhere that Pink whiskers went, Bingo was sure to go."

With a sudden start I awoke. My dream was over. The bell in the tower above me was ringing, and I was awake just in time to hear, "Otherwise, that will be sufficient for to-day."

#### SUCH IS LIFE.

With apoligies to the writer of "A Pretty Girl."

A bubbling brook;

A shady nook;

The leaves all turning yellow.

A girl alone;

No chaperon;

He comes, oh lucky fellow.

She drops her eyes;

Then gently sighs;

And says, "Who are you mister?"

He then despairs;

Inward swears;

And says, "You are my sister."

-By NETSUA.

Do you hear the ocean moaning,

Moaning, moaning soft and low?

'Tis because that great fat bather

Stepped upon its undertoe.—Ex.

## The Concordiensis

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TERMS.

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#### THE TRULY SUCCESSFUL.

Failures form the alphabet of success. The many must miss the mark to teach the few to hit it. This law is not alone the rule of human attainment. It is also the rule of development in nature. The few perfect flowers that smile with their comely faces from the favorite rosebush of your garden have been perfected only by the dropping of the countless buds that lie with bosoms unburst in the mould at its roots.

Should we ask the world, "What is success?" the answers would be as many and as diverse as individual replies. To what man amid this worlds eager jostling multitude shall we point and say, "Behold, he succeeds?" Lives which at some su-



HENRY LEWIS, Pres. Senior Class and Student Body.

preme moment have seemed crowned with victory most complete, upon which passing years once delighted to heap favors, have left behind them no lasting record save one of brilliant failure, ascending, winding, leading up to naught.

Two armies drawn up for battle, arrayed with all the pomp and circumstance of glorious war, at first, approach each other with the slow tread of the funeral train; at a nearer approach they rush on, eager for the fight. They struggle with all the fierceness of battle. The conflict of life and death stimulates each individual to exert his utmost to be victorious. The groans of the dying, the clashing of arms, the booming of cannon, excites the minds of the soldiers till, mad, uncon-

scious, they rush to their unknown doom. Thousands are slain, the precious life blood of heroes enriches the verdant plain. The triumphant soldiers return to their homes with banners stained by the blood of fallen victims, crowned by the world with a laurel wreath of victory. They are victorious, but not successful. Success has a higher, nobler meaning than victory. It is striving and conquering for the greatest good, for the right, for the advancement of God's purposes.

Battles are fought and victories won, yet the conflict is a failure. Success does not wholly depend upon labors, trials, struggles or victory itself. The aim of the undertaking determines its true success.

The earnest endeavor to amass wealth, to se-



W. WALDO BROWN. Captain Varsity Basketball Team.

whatever cost, disregarding all responsibility of relationship between man and man, following the example of the most profligate and unprincipled often secures what the world calls success. The end sought for is attained. The shining gold is coined, at the sacrifice of every noble and elevating principle of being and possibly the blighting and ruining of hundreds of lives. This is victory, but not success! The noble endeavor to be useful to humanity, using persuasive appeals to influence for good, with a common interest in all, alike joking and pleasant, an all powerful energy, an untiring zeal to perform beneficent acts and Christining the control of the co

tian examples, for the elevation of mankind.

That is victory and success.

A young man begins life with every expectation of success; all his prospects of usefulness and of worth to mankind are the fairest. From his earliest years he has been first among his associates. They have delighted to honor him. It has been their pleasure to place him at their head to shine in the scintillations of his wit or to bask in the more steady effulgence of his weightier talents, and while they have thus admired and upheld him, they have prophesied for him an enviable future and a brilliant success.

Ambition fills his soul with thoughts of achievements. Hope animates his heart with lofty dreams. Zeal strengthens his sinews to overcome every obstacle, and his whole being exults at the thought that he has the broad world for an arena.

Years pass and our eager young dreamer is a disappointed man. His mind, once like a mountain torrent, sparkling and rushing over its rocky bed, has become a stagnant pool on the distant plain, has lost its bright, glittering gems of intellect and become dormant and inactive. His expectations are blasted, his ambition is a cruel, haunting ghost. He has spent his life in climbing a hill of sand, daily climbing yet not advancing. The men on whom he relied, like the sand, have left him without a firm foundation. His plans have failed, the possibilities he grasped, when barely touched, have crumbled into atoms. Now with ambition lost, with hopes crushed and with expectations vanished, he sits in the gravelike hollow he has dug for himself, lost to the sight of the world, awaiting his doom. The scene is sad, yet all around us dwell such men. When we see them we sometimes pity and oftener chide. We recall what they promised to be. We think of what they are, while our lips mould the single word—unsuccessful.

There are others whom the world count as failures. Men who take the lead in the world's great issues. Men who give their whole lives to reform humanity. They are called unsuccessful. They are unappreciated, because they are far in advance of their age, because their efforts and

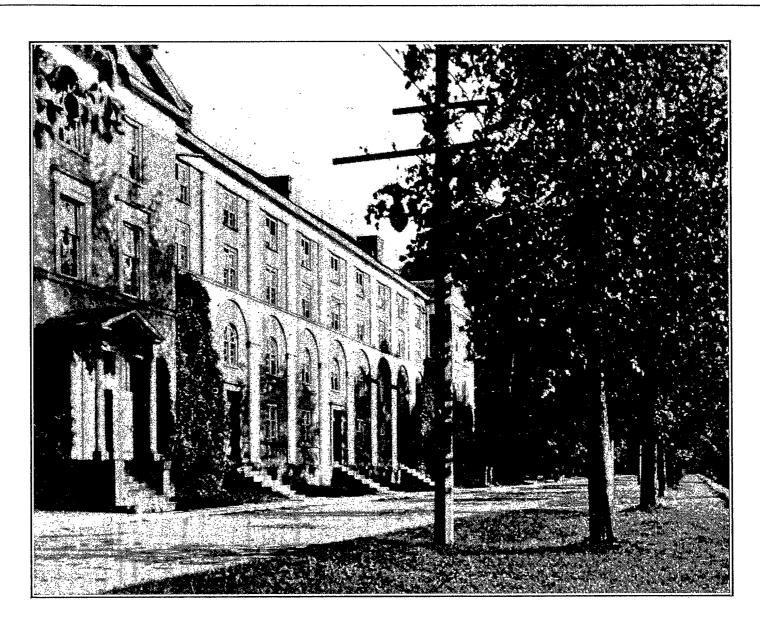
aims are beyond the scope of general observation; yet they are the really great—the truly successful men. No age can ever fully appreciate its contemporaries.

It has been said that the peasant would pick berries in the ear of Mt. Athos without thinking it more than any other rough and jagged crevice in the mountain side. The treveler as he wends his weary way across the plain gradually sees it assume the form of a man and beholds the giant image of Alexander.

It is only when the years have rolled away that their virtues are brought forth into the view of the world in all their complete outline. Then only do we see the grand, harmonious, colossal statues that their lives have carved.

Whatever may be the world's verdict, whatever position of honor or influence a man may have held, he and he alone is successful, who by his efforts has been instrumental in benefitting humanity.

W.



SOUTH COLLEGE.

So with these men. We may be side by side with them all our lives and call them but common, but when they have passed away and their true character is brought forth to view in the dim distance of receding years, when their works are viewed in a true sense, then their lives assume proportions grand, majestic, harmonious. We find that we misunderstood and misjudged them because we saw only a part of their real character.

#### HE WAS A "STEWJENT."

It was at a conference of colored ministers down in Louisiana. There was a lapse in the program. A young brother arose and said: "Mr. Chairman: If I am not disturbin the perceedins, I have an important matter that I would like to submit to the deliberations of this august assembly."

"Do you wish to present a resolution, Mr. Jones?"

"Not a resolution, sah, not a resolution; somefin far better 'n a resolution; I want to present a
fact, sah, a new fact, a bran new fact concernin'
the holy scripters—a fact sah, concerning our
Lord and Marster, Jesus Christ. You see, sah, I'm
a stewjent an' as I have to 'fishinate but twice
on the holy Sabbath in my parish I have been
studyin' the Holy Scripter and have discovered
a new fact concerning the person of our Lord and
Savior, Jesus Christ."

He paused and straightened himself up while a hundred black heads turned expectedly toward him.

"The conference will hear your fact, Mr. Jones," said the Chairman.

"Dis fact is worthy of a copyright, but I present it to you, sahs, with open hands and I am prepared to prove it. De fact am just this: Jesus Christ was a small man."

A dozen ministers were on their feet demanding the floor and voices of dissent were heard in all parts of the room.

"Let him prove it," shouts one.

"He don't know what he is talking about," cries another.

Finally the Chairman recognized an old minister who said, "Brethren, I hab read the scripters considerably and while I confess I hab to skip the big words I hab never seen any such statement in the holy writ. I move sah, that the chair appint a time for the consideration of this 'stonishing fact and that we hear the arguments on both sides."

The motion was carried and the chair announced that the matter would be taken up for discussion the next morning at 10 o'clock. The routine business was dull and the members slipped out one after another; before the program was finished only two or three were left. Those that left early were getting ready to down "Stewjent Jones" the next day.

The next morning when the conference roll was called at 10 o'clock there were no absentees. Mr. Jones was there with a new silk hat and a yellow tie.

The Chairman announced that the special or-

der of business was the discussion of the fact presented by Mr. Jones on the preceding day.

Mr. Jones arose and said: "Brethren, as I said yisterday I am a stewjent and have discovered conclusive evidence of my 'stounding fact, but I prefer not to state my evidence until the other gentlemen state their grounds for disbelieving my 'sertion. Let the opposition propound its case."

The proposition was accepted and the propounding began. Arguments of all kinds were set forth to disprove Brother Jones' statement. Finally the opposition exhausted itself and Mr. Jones's turn came.

His case looked dark. Not one of the brethren had spoken on his side and all semed against him. But he was not disturbed. He arose with the sublime assurance of a freshman who was valedictorian of a class of six in the prep school and calmly said: "The argerments presented by my able brethren are magnificent for men not versed in the holy word of God. Before I became a stewjent I would have been deceived by them, but I will not detain the conference, sah, to reply to these lofty flights of argermentive eloquence. I jest want you to turn, sah, to the words of our little Master, found in the last verse of the last chapter of Matthew. Just hear this, gentlemen: "Lo (low) I am with you always, even unto the end of the world."

"That settles the matter. Christ hisself says he was a small man."

And sure enough it settled it, for the opponents were silenced and the conference adjourned for refreshments in honor of the "stewjent."

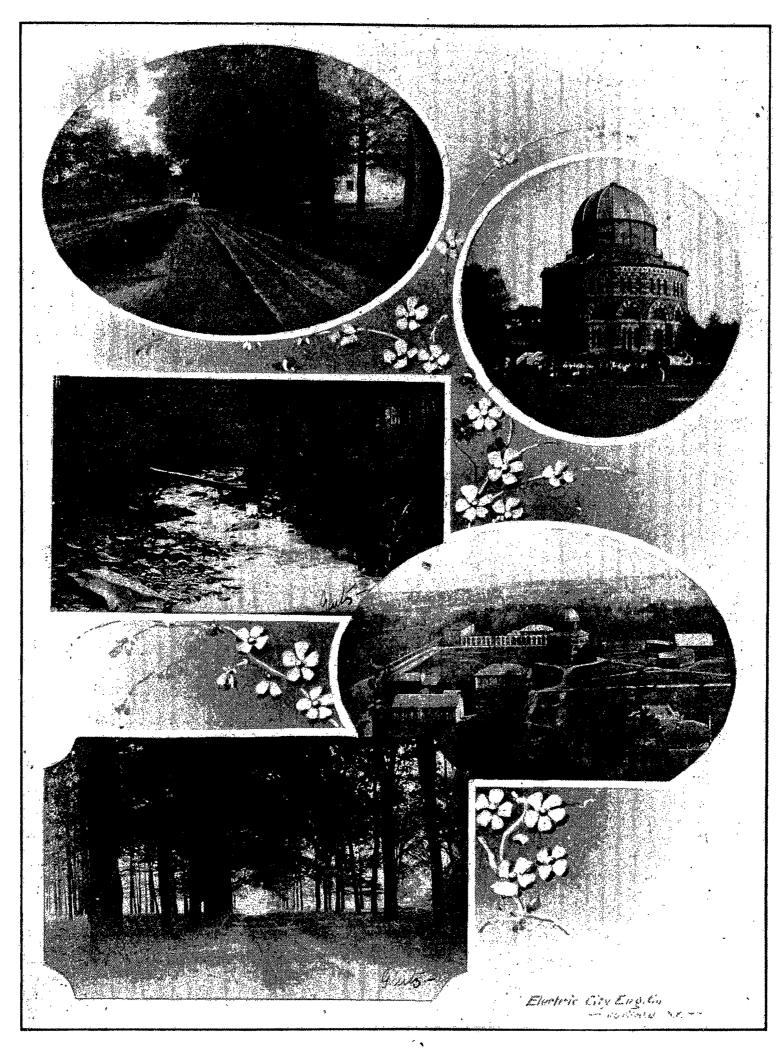
H. M. P., '95.

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COLLEGE VIEWS.

#### THE LIGHT OF THE SOUL.

In the autumn of 1894 I was in the employ of the Union Electric Company of Phillipsdale, my position being assistant engineer in the electrical experimental department. While connected with them, I probably had one of the most remarkable as well as mysterious experiences that any human being ever had.

My chief, Mr. Powell, having made an engagement with a man by the name of Professor Carlyle, and finding at the last minute that he would be unable to keep the appointment, asked me to take his place. As it concerned the company I

willingly assented, and so it was that I found myself in E—— Street one starless night in November.

The cold wind howled down the street, banging shutters and whistling between the houses. The dead leaves on the trees rustled and shook in the wind. Far down the street a single light gleamed through the closed shutters of an old warehouse. Toward this light I bent my steps, recognizing the place at once from my chief's description. Arriving at the door I was duly ushered in.

Professor Carlyle proved to be an old man of about 70 years of age. I explained that my chief was unable to come, at the same time telling Professor Carlyle that I represented the Union Electric Company.

Straightway I was led through a room which seemed to be full of machinery. There was machinery of all kinds, enormous Holtz electric machines, brass, belting, glass and machine supplies. I could hear plainly the dull whir of swiftly moving belting and beneath my feet could feel the vibrations of some sort of powerful motor in the basement.

Through this room Professor Carlyle led the way, and opening a door into a glass partitioned room which seemed to be his laboratory, he pointed to a curiously constructed chair in the center, and bade me be seated. I seated myself, and idly watched him examine several gauges on the wall, then drawing a chair near mine and seating himself he said:

"You probably know that what people call emotions of the soul, heart and conscience, are in reality passions. Matter, soul, mind and body are made up of innumerable points of ether motion. These points, although devoid of materiality, expand and contract with the surrounding ether. To be sure these parts of ether motion are each in themselves a separate force.

"Electricity is a strain in the ether. Ether exists everywhere, electricity exists everywhere. From these two facts we may draw the conclusion that ether and electricity are identical, or nearly the same.

"Sound is a vibration of the ether. When

sound vibrations become too rapid or too slow to be discerned by the ear, they become imperceptible ether waves, or in other words electricity.

"Light is caused by ether waves of certain lengths. The invisible light waves beyond the red and violet of the spectra become electricity. But I can positively prove that electricity exists in all colors of the spectra.

"From these facts we find that both sound and light are electricity. And it is possible to produce light, sound and heat by causing strains of different durations in the ether by electrical discharges.

"I have already told you passions are caused by ether action. Therefore with the help of ether action I am able to bring at will different emotions or passions over the human mind."

I was at first too dazed to say anything. But as my brain cleared a feeling of curiosity, not unmingled with awe, stole over me, and I watched Carlyle adjust great leather straps around my chest and limbs. Then and only then did a feeling of fear enter my heart, but it quickly vanished.

Professor Carlyle then pulled a lever and switched off the lights. From the adjoining room a great snapping and crackling of electric discharges was heard. But for only a moment were we in darkness, for suddenly through the room a brilliant violet light glowed and the very atmosphere seemed alive. A great fear came over me and a shudder ran through my frame. Instinctively I shrank back into my chair.

Following this came indigo, blue, green, yellow and orange, mingled with the purest notes of the musical scale. Each and every passion with its color and sound.

Finally before my startled vision, a leaping, glowing crimson light wavered through the room, and a feeling of hate stole over my soul. I cried aloud and strained and tugged at my bonds, but without avail. Murder seemed to permeate my whole being. Again I strained and tore at my bonds and finally one of the straps gave slightly. A look of fear passed over Carlyle's face, he turned hastily to move a glass rod. Through the

room a light of purest white had started to glow, and my feelings had somewhat changed when Carlyle hit by accident a lever on the wall.

There was a frightful crash, all the colors of the spectra flashed through the room, electric discharges seemed everywhere. High above all this noise I heard the pure rich tones of the musical scale. Then I knew no more.

When I regained consciousness I found myself lying in a cot at the hospital and in my soul flamed a hatred for all mankind.

I am still searching for that pure white light to give me the noblest emotions and passions of the soul.

As for Carlyle he is dead and all knowledge of his great discovery vanished with him.

H. T. C., 1912.

#### IF I WERE DEAN.

If I were dean. Ah! If I were dean! What transformations would I bring.

The radiators would be kept red hot,
And C. B. Pond would have to sit on top.

The windows every night I'd close To keep from freezing my little toes.

The freshmen all an overcoat would wear, And the Ph. B. course I'd put up in the air.

The B. S. men would go out of sight Because their subjects are not just right.

The Engineers would Latin take
Just a little for old time's sake,

And codfish aristocrats would not get in Because they do not have them in old Englan'.

I would make my "cigar money" a little bit higher And put the "yellow house" in a great big fire.

I'd make old Stol write new themes About his evolution schemes,

And for Doc. Mac. I'd buy a gym Just to have him sit there in. Pollock would to the Seniors bring Some interest in economic things.

And Cunny would give us all a ride. Buttrick for the "Concordy" would subscribe

The engineering building would go up next summer.

To stop all talk I'd make it a hummer.

his dog would chain
Or hire some one to have it trained.

The two Johns I would keep in at night For the city lights for them are too bright.

All these and more would I do If I were only dean.

He kissed her on the cheek;

It seems a harmless frolic;

He's been laid up for a week—

They say, with painter's Colic.—Ex.





FOOTBALL SQUAD, 1908.

## White, The College Photographer.

229 State Street, Near Barney's "Garnet" Photographer, 1903-4-5-6-7-8 Special Rates to U. C.

#### LEAF FROM SOPHOMORE'S DIARY.

December 2—College photographer invades campus. Student body retires to Collar City and frosh nestle under wings of Troy police.

December 3—Order prevails in the sophomore German class for fully three consecutive minutes. Report of same made to department.

December 4—Oppy rouses class from peaceful slumber by selection from Chopin on pipe organ. Lug-on and T-r-ey are punctual in English class, much to surprise of Spike.

December 5—Classes suspended to allow frosh to take trig. exam. Hygiene notes go the rounds.

December 6—Students turn out en masse to Y. M. C. A. vesper service. Mould addresses overflow in gymnasium.

December 7—Movement toward formation of Dramatic Club advanced. Wild enthusiasm over

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will receive every attention offord by our unexcelled facilities, for catering to the most exacting taste.

High grade Casket Blankets and Shower Bouquets a specialty.

N. Y. C. Arcade State Street.

Creenhouses and Nurseries: Town of Florida and Hoffman, N. Y.

L. D. Phone, 1415 Home, 325 same. M-II-r expounds new theory for subjection of gambling vice. Buster is nervous while addressing student body.

December 8—Prof. Garrison holds interest of colculus class by pelting chalk at troublesome sparrows

December 9—B-k-l-y goes to Greek class with prepared lesson. Johnny gives bolt in commemoration of event.

#### A BANQUET EPISODE.

One afternoon of recent date
Old Union's hill did the Frosh vacate,
As this was the night they chanced to set
For hold their annual banquet.

The Sophs were quick to see the case
And followed the Frosh with eager pace.
By chance two Men did lag behind,
And these the Sophs were quick to find.

The Frosh had red and curly hair,
Which hung below their brows so fair.
The Sophs began to hunt for shears;
This quickly raised the Fresh Men's fears,

And caused them with a will to swear, For no Mann likes to lose his hair.

The deed was done, and when again

The Frosh were freed, they said A Men.

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#### FORESTS.

To the college man the subject of forestry may seem uninteresting, and yet the college student of to-day ought to be a leader in public affairs to-morrow. And if he would be a leader he must be able to deal intelligently with the great problems of the nation, and surely there is no problem more acute at the present moment than the problem of our natural resources, of which forestry is a subdivision.

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When the wooded areas of the country were so extensive as to hinder agriculture, no one dreamed that the time would come when the United States would face a timber famine. Yet that time has come and has forced to the front two other problems—erosion and the control of the water supply.

In a heavily forested district the interlacing crowns of the trees form a barrier against the heavy rains; then the litter of leaves, moss and decaying tree trunks, ever present in a forest, acts as a blanket, absorbing much moisture and holding it in reserve; finally, the fine hair-like rootlets of the trees, wnich extend through the soil in all directions bind the soil particles together. When the timber is removed the full force of the storms beats down upon the unprotected soil; tne litter is soon washed away; the soil particles, having nothing to hold them together, are carried down the slope by the storm. The water, in turn, there being nothing to hold it back, quickly runs off. Thus erosion begins. At first the process is slow, but soon the ground is furrowed with gullies and rendered quite unfit for cultivation. Some idea of the damage due to erosion may be inferred from the fact that the Missisippi River annually deposits in the Gulf of Mexico as much soil as was removed in the digging of the Panama Canal last year. A large part of the soil so deposited was carried down by the great floods from the deforested lands about the headwaters of the Mississippi an l its tributaries.

Among the causes of forest destruction, fire holds a high place. We think that a few thousand dollars' worth of damage by fire in one of our cities is worthy of mention; but how many

—the popular drug store

## At Quinn's You'll Find Dresser Furnishings for Him.

THE chances are that you're going to give some one or another or your classmates, your chum, a gift. Quinn suggests something in the way of dresser furnishings and also says that the greatest variety and most reasonable prices are at his store. Come and you will know.

## WM. H. QUINN

Vendome Hotel Building

State and Centre Streets . . Schenectady, N.Y.

people will give more than a passing thought to the fact that during the past summer in New York State alone, forest fires laid waste 177,000 acres of land. The damage done totaled \$643,000. In addition to this amount \$138,000 was expended in fighting the fires.

In view of this destruction of the forests and in view of the many benefits which we derive from the forests, is it not almost obligatory upon every American citizen to further forest preservation to the utmost of his power?

## 1909 UNION CALENDAR

Now on Sale by H. B. FURNSIDE

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Pictures of All the Athletic Teams and Buildings; with a Neat Cover, containing the College Seal on Garnet Ribbon.

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All other shoes limit you to half and full sizes. But Regals, in addition to these, provide the one-quarter and three-quarter sizes in between-twice as many fittings as you can get in other shoes.

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every pair is the famous Regal quality.

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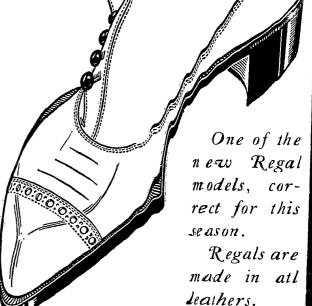
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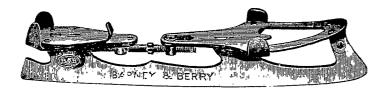
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Not always the cheapest priced but by far the cheapest to buy.

> See your dealer Write for Catalog

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should protect your eyes.

There's nothing like

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to be read by.

Then after study, it is so easy to prepare an "Electric Feed" with the water heater, chafing dish and toaster.

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## A Sidelight on Christmas

THIS is a good time to complete your supply of Winter Toggery, when the stocks are full to repletion for Holiday displays. There will never be a wider range for selection. It is a fine opportunity to fill your individual requirements in the best manner—aside altogher from the question of gifts. Call now, before the lines are broken and be glad the rest of the winter.

The largest and best assormtent of Neckwear in the city, 50c to \$2.00.

Combination sets of Ties, Handkerchiefs and Hose to match. Canes, Scarf Pins, Cuff Buttons, Suspenders, Gloves, Shirts, etc.

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The Men's Shop



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They measure almost up to the \$15 standard! If you wish something that is sanitary, comfortable, altogether good and quite unusual in its quality and make-up, you will not be disappointed in these mattresses.

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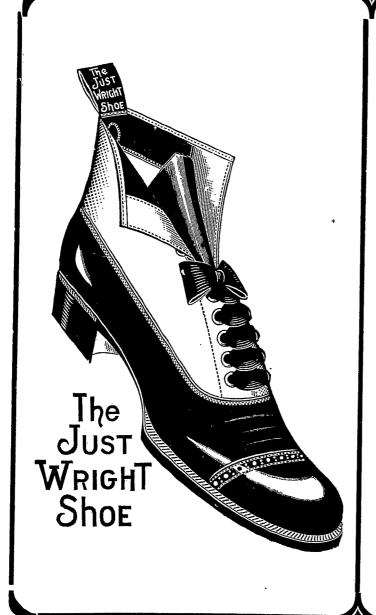
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## JAY STREET

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Carnations

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## Are the Proper Thing -

We make a specialty of Nobby Shoes for Young Men, and as fashion calls for Tans this season, we are showing a large variety in all the new shades, with all the new effects, such as the New Punch and Wing Tips and Ball strap vamps; some with one strap and buckle at top, others with the new flange and oblong eyelets. Everything that's new in Tans are here. Tans are not only more up-to-date but are built to stand the wet weather better than blackleathers.

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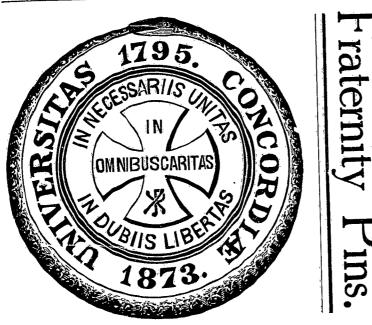
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A. M. C. 1906, 1905, 1904, 1903, 1902.

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