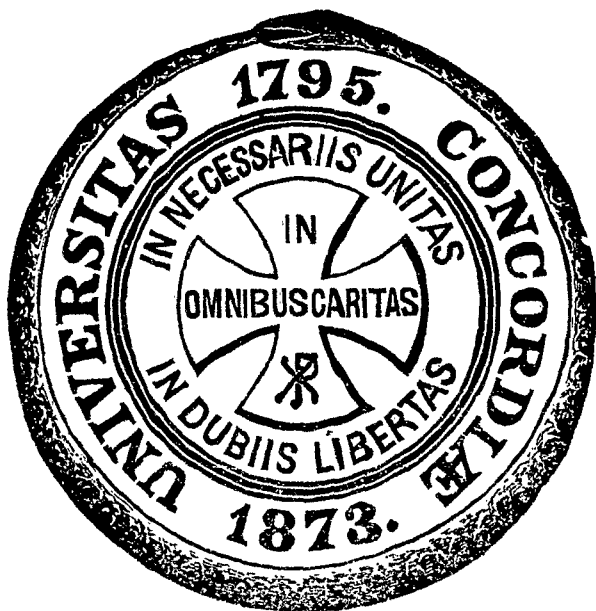


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Parthenon Number

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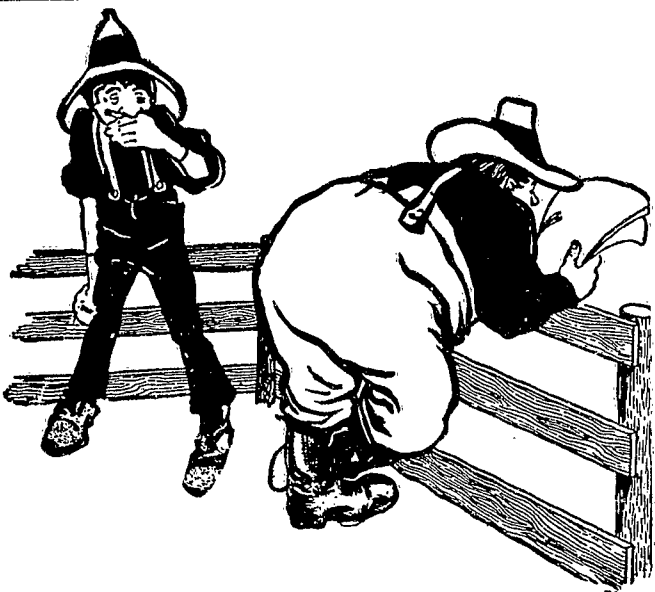
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VOL. XXXI.

UNION COLLEGE, MARCH 24, 1908

No. 19

CHRISTIANITY AND EDUCATION.

It is not my purpose, in this sketch, to give a history of the relations of the Christian Church to Educational Institutions but to define some of the principles of Christianity which have made it inevitable that the Church should be the guardian and promoter of educational interests.

What was it that Christianity gave to the first disciples? A new interest in life, a new enthusiasm, a new ambition. After the most careful analysis this will be found as the essential force, the vitalizing energy of the new religion. As Christ himself expressed it; "I am come that they might have life and that they might have it more abundantly." Christianity has never had a voice and has no voice to-day for men who worship at the shrine of the prophets believing that the greatest wisdom and the highest virtue lie buried there. The belief in larger life has represented the spirit of Christianity in all the ages and in this belief we find the secret of Christian influence an educational force, for, from that belief has come the struggle for better things and in that struggle man has developed the capacities and powers which clothe him with dignity and honor.

To make this more than a mere assertion let us look at some of the principles characteristically Christian. First the demand for reality. This perhaps more than anything else indicates the direction of the new enthusiasm which Christ gave to his disciples. They were living in a world of shadows, of pretended virtues, of boastful knowledge, of arbitrary power. Christ uncovered the hollowness, exposed the deception and then revealed the things of real value, kindling in his followers zeal for the substantial. His revelations covered the whole range of human interests. Christ went to the heart of things. His Kingdom was the Kingdom of truth. He taught his disciples not to be content with appearances; to get beneath the surface; to find

truth and then to stand for the truth at all cost. This was the spirit of Christianity at the beginning and has always been its spirit and to it education owes its greatest triumphs. Whenever and wherever men have been led to inquire and investigate, to trace results to their hidden causes, to discover original forces and their laws, there the genius of Christianity has been illustrated and the spirit of Christianity has been active. Newton and Franklin, Kepler and Agassiz were in their several spheres disciples of truth, following him who said, "To this end was I born and for this cause came I into the world that I should bear witness to the truth. Every one that is of the truth heareth my voice."

As in the sphere of physical science so in the sphere of social science and theological science the spirit of Christianity has led to the abandonment of the superficial for principles fundamentally true. If our schools to-day are teaching more truth and less error, it is due to the demand for reality which the spirit of Christ has inspired from the time long ago when he exposed the weakness of traditional ideas, the mockery of Pharisaism with its narrow literalism its irrational conclusions, its false distinctions.

Another influence springing directly from the teachings of Christ is reverence for law. He proclaimed a Kingdom of Heaven whose laws were absolute and written in the very nature of the forces which they directed. There was nothing arbitrary in these laws. They were as natural and necessary as they were absolute, as he illustrated. "A good tree cannot bring forth evil fruit neither can a corrupt tree bring forth good fruit." There, written in the very heart of the tree is the law that determines inevitably its fruit. When he said, "That which is born of the flesh is flesh and that which is born of the spirit is spirit" he asserted the same truth. Here is a principle of tremendous educational importance. We cannot say that Christians have always recognized it. Indeed, one of the most serious charges made against the Church has

been the arbitrariness of its dogmas and rules, the absence of any just recognition of the operation of natural laws. Whatever the errors of the past, however, the world is now awake to the truth and reverence for law which Christ taught and emphasized in precept and parable. This led to the achievements of modern science and is to-day one of the most potent influences in our institutions of learning. However revolutionary it may seem to be however destructive of much that we have thought established forever, it marks the coming of the Kingdom of Heaven upon earth.

We mention but one other principle, one that is apparently connected more directly with the education than any we have named—the duty which every man owes to himself, to the world and to God, to develop the faculties and use the gifts with which God has endowed him. This is the substance of Christ's teaching in the parables of the "Talents" and the "Pounds." It underlies his whole doctrine of service. If the greatest in his Kingdom is the servant of all, then ability to serve is a distinguishing mark of discipleship and the development of such ability the first work of a true man. It is upon this Christian principle that all our educational institutions are founded. The progress of Christianity through the centuries has been marked and determined by increasing enthusiasm for education. As the conception of Christianity has enlarged, educational interests have broadened. When for instance in the time of the Reformation responsibility was taken from the Church, the priesthood, and placed upon the individual, popular education followed immediately. The truer thought of Christianity, which inspired the men who first sought this western land, is responsible for the public school and the whole system of education which has distinguished us as a people.

From all that has been said it is evident that the genius of Christianity finds expression in the search after truth, the increase of knowledge, the diffusion of intelligence, the cultivation of thought, the development of man in every direction that enlarges his life, and adds to his power of achievement. All this we comprehend under the one term education, and for this the Church of Christ as no other institution has stood.

A. V. V. RAYMOND, '75.

OUR ALMA MATER'S SONS.

A Reverie.

One day as I sat in the Chapel during the daily service I fell into a particularly reflective mood, and leaning back in my seat, forgetful of the service and of all that was going on about me, I sat in a deep reverie. As I had gazed around the old Chapel my glance had fallen upon the portraits of the old masters of Union College; illustrious members of her famous faculty, and it was thus I drifted into reflections on the by-gone glories of old Union.

I thought first of Eliphalet Nott, the "Nestor of College Presidents," one of the greatest educators America has ever known. I saw stretched out before me those palmy days in the history of the college, when Dr. Nott was president. I remembered that for nearly a quarter of a century Union had a greater number of students than Harvard, Yale, or any other American college.

Then I thought of what a pioneer Union College had been: The first college in America founded on a non-sectarian yet Christian basis, and that, too, at a time when infidelity on the one hand and denominational bigotry on the other ran rampant; the first college to receive a charter from the Regents of the University of New York State; the first to establish a school of science as a separate department; the first to provide for a system that should be elective in any degree; the first to give modern languages a place in the curriculum. Then I remembered that Union had been a pioneer in another respect, for she was the first college to trust the students. Dr. Nott was the first college president to put the students on their honor as regards personal conduct, and the first to receive students expelled from other institutions. I recalled a quaint, little anecdote, which says that, when asked what he did with the scalawags, he replied, "Make men of them, sir." And he did make men of them.

I thought of the great share Union had had in the higher education of woman, in preparing America's wives and daughters for more noble service; for she gave to Elmira College its founder and first president, to Rutgers' Female Seminary its first president, to Vassar its first

president and completer of its organization; and to Smith its founder and first president.

Then my thoughts wandered to those who had lived on this Campus and had loved it. I thought of the old faculty members:—of Laurens P. Hickok, a scholar of world wide reputation, known as "The Prince of American Metaphysicians;" of Tayler Lewis, greatest linguist and scholar of his day, in whose frail body resided such a mighty mind; of William Gillespie, a leader in the world of engineering; of Professors Proudfit, Whitehorne, Jackson, Wayland, Yates and other old landmarks of the college.

Then I pondered upon what Union had done for that still greater Union, the Union of the Federal States; for the college had been almost broken up when the students enlisted as volunteers in the great civil strife. The brilliant, young Prof. Peissner recruited and drilled here on the hill a company of college zouaves and in person led them to the front of battle, where he fell at the awful slaughter of Chancellorsville. The flag had been deserted by all but three men from old Union, Gen. Peissner, Capt. Schwerin and Tayler Lewis' son. All the others had fled; but these three Union men stood firm, although they stood alone. Gen. Peissner and Capt. Schwerin fell dead beneath the flag, and Lewis dropped with a shattered arm. Deathless names are theirs!

Then again, the Federal army for two years was almost in the control of Union College Alumni; for Henry W. Halleck, censured by some for his slowness, but whose swiftness was that of prudence like that of Lincoln himself, was commander-in-chief of the armies of the United States. James B. Duane was engineer-in-chief of the army of the Potomac, while at Washington; second to none but the immortal Lincoln, was William H. Seward, Secretary of State.

Then there flashed through my mind the names of men who had gone forth from old Union to take up life's battle and had rendered noble service to mankind. I thought of John Howard Payne, author of "Home Sweet Home," with its melodies of untold sweetness; of Robert Toombs, great leader of the Confederacy who but for a mere chance would have been President of the Confederate States; of Sheldon Jackson, the pioneer in Alaskan missions and founder of over a hundred churches; of Austin Blair, sturdy old

war governor of Michigan; of Henry Philip Tappan, who, as the first president of Michigan University, profoundly influenced the development of education through the West; of Charles Emory Smith, journalist and diplomat of world-wide reputation; of William H. Seward, a star of the first magnitude in the galaxy of America statesmanship; of Chester A. Arthur, characterized as the most graceful and accomplished president of the United States since the days of Madison; and a host of others famous in science, in the ministry, in diplomacy, in war, in the realm of higher politics and statesmanship,—yes, in every walk of life.

Suddenly I awoke from my reverie. The students were leaving the Chapel. Mechanically I arose, and as I went I recalled an anecdote one of my professors had told me a few months ago. It was a true story. As the professor had been speaking of Union's past, a student had asked, "What put Union on the bum, anyhow?" And I thought, "Is Union really on the bum?" "No," the answer came quickly to my mind, "Union is not on the bum." I thought of Prof. Steinmetz, a wonder in electricity, one of the two greatest electricians in the world, and I remembered that the Hindu government in selecting a college to which to send a student to learn engineering methods to be taught in their country, chose Union in preference to every other American university.

The thought came to me that although Union is not the greatest college judged by the standard of size, number of students, or richness of endowment, yet she is unquestionably great in the spirit of Christian unity which has ever characterized the college, and in the spirit of unity in essentials, in non-essentials liberty, in all things charity.

After all, thought I, Union is a grand old college, grand not only in bygone glories but in the present and in the outlook for the future as well. And so I reached the conclusion that what old Union has been in the past she ever shall be; that she will always be an object of love to those who have in the past or shall in the future flock here, and that to those who have gone forth from these old gray walls the memories of the happy days spent here and of the fond associations connected with them will be a never-failing source of inspiration.

C. '10.

THE TEN DOMINIES

By A. Duane, 1878.

1

Oh, ten most knowing dominies together met one day.

They said: "We'll find a college in a most peculiar way,

"No single sect shall run it, but all shall work as one,

"A thing which you will all agree has never yet been done."

Chorus.

In union, in union for brethren to dwell

Is surely a most pleasant thing as all the wise men tell.

Then Union be our college, in Union we will live,

And for old Union's staunch gray walls three hearty cheers we'll give.

Chorus.

2.

"And since we all unite in peace," these good men loudly cried,

"We'll call our college Union; let all in Union bide."

And many a right good fellow came to answer to this call,

And met in right good fellowship in Union's classic hall.

Chorus.

3.

And when the college still was young, a president she had,

Who gathered men from every band, the pious and the bad,

In Union's walls he moulded men from those none else could guide,

And soon the fame of Dr. Nott was spread on every side.

Chorus.

4.

And then anon came Captain Jack, the great of heart and mind,

He loved his plants and loved his boys and could not be unkind.

One day he spied a Sophomore all prostrate from a spree

Said he "Boys, put him safely where the Faculty won't see."

Chorus.

5.

And then Jack Foster came, who taught how pendulums can veer,

Gillespie with his rod and chain, the master engineer,

And Taylor Lewis brimming o'er with oriental lore

And Peissner's ardent soul who Union's flag in battle bore.

Chorus.

6.

And Whitehorne, good old "Father Zeus," whose words of bitter scorn

Made many a flunking freshman wish that he had ne'er been born,

And Perkins, master of the Lab, who made weird smells ascend,

And Price expounding diagrams and symbols without end.

Chorus.

7.

All these and many more have passed, and others have their place,

Lifting the torches they have dropped and carrying on their race,

And these shall raise old Union's name to honor yet more high,

And though her crumbling walls decay, her name shall never die.

Chorus.

8.

And should those knowing dominies return to earth once more,

And enter at the Blue Gate, and knock at Union's door,

In work and play united still each college boy they'd find,

All fighting for old Union with all their heart and mind.

Chorus.

9.

So cheer those good old dominies who worked so well that day,

And cheer the college that they built in that peculiar way,

And cheer for all good fellows who work for Union's fame,

And work with them, my jovial boys, to elevate her name.

Chorus.

THE SENIOR'S SWAN SONG.

PRELUDE.

Did you ever, as you wandered,
O'er the campus, to and fro,
Think of that time approaching
When from Union you must go?

I.

Then gone will be familiar sights—
Spike's pate will shine no more;
And that sad voice, the dreary drone,
Will be a thing of yore.

II.

No more at Rip's bland, smiling nods
Will classmates grimly swear,
Or be transfixed, as was their wont,
By Gari's fishy glare.

III.

Then pompous Ashy's Latin snorts
Will be no cause for fear;
And German Car Barnes' dutchy grunts
You never more will hear.

IV.

Thoughts of learning (?) French with Smith
Will pleasant mem'ries seem
Compared with days when Mickey Ann
Shot forth vacuous steam.

V.

No more will Johnny's struggling beard
Of French Parisian kind,
Recall to us the days he spent
On "Theories of the Mind."

VI.

And owl-like Stoll, who now and then
Some great discovery makes,
For us will then have ceased to carve
Dead pussies into steaks.

VII.

Cy Melick, then joined to a church,
May use "Oh, dear" for "d——n"
While Grecian Johnny, wedded safe,
Perforce will act the lamb.

VIII.

Though Tootsie Young may still talk on,
As he did in days of yore,
No more will our ears be forced to hear
The everlasting bore.

IX.

The faculty will still be here,
Pink Whiskers, dog and all,
When 1908, for evermore
Has left the classic hall.

POSTLUDE.

So it gives each heart a shiver cold,
To think of the coming day
When with tearful eyes and saddened heart
Old Union is left for aye.

AL., '11.

There is a little song I'll sing,

You'll like it well, think,

Two swallows never make a spring

Nor do they make a drink.

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THE FOUNDING OF THE "PAR- THENON."

[NOTE.—This article was written by S. D. Tillman of the class of 1833 in 1846.]

The history of the "Parthenon" as far as I was connected with it is simply this. In 1832 I proposed to Henry Sandford, son of the late Chancellor Sandford, that we should publish a college paper. The proposition pleased him and we agreed that as the term was about to be closed suddenly on account of the cholera, which was then carrying off its victims daily all about us, we would devote the extra time thus given to us to preparing matters for the first number.

The trouble of preparing a prospectus was left to me, while Sandford was to look about among our college friends for such assistance in the way of manuscripts as would be needed.

Sandford had then been at Union two years and I but a single term. We parted at college in high spirits, Sandford seemed to have no fear of the fatal disease. I had been at home but a few days when I was horror struck upon seeing his death announced in an Albany paper. He was a victim of the cholera.

Before leaving college such arrangements had been made with printers and notice given of the intended publication as induced me on my return to undertake the work alone. I found more matter in my hands than I expected and I ventured to bring out the work in magazine form. It was ranked only third among all published at that time in this country.

The first number appeared on the first of November, 1832, and the work appeared regularly on the first of each month until the next commencement when I graduated. The magazine had acquired some reputation and was soon followed by one at Yale and another at Williams.

I had intended it only as an ephemeral affair but several students were anxious to take charge of it on my leaving. Mr. John Jay Hyde among the rest proposed to buy my subscription list and become sole proprietor of the work—others wanted something to do with it and as a matter of compromise, it was agreed that a "Parthenon Club" should be formed of those who would contribute manuscripts, and Hyde should be the first editor of the periodical. As you may easily

conjecture the undertaking was not a money-making one. Several plates were procured by me for the work. The last one, a steel engraving of Dr. Nott cost me more than my whole subscription list was worth when sold to Hyde, but I have never regretted the expense incident to the undertaking.

My only regret is that I had not taken more care in writing several of my articles which I cannot now read without a smile. Several writers for the Parthenon of that year have since become more or less famous, among them were: Brown, author of Christmas Bells, an Episcopalean minister; E. J. Sears, a Unitarian minister; Chester, a Presbyterian minister, and William H. Burleigh, editor of The Christian Freeman, whose muse is principally devoted to the cause of abolition.

S. D. TILLMAN, '33.

TEN GOOD REASONS.

Why every respectable thinking college man should swear just as often and as hard as he can.

- 1—Because it is such an elegant way of expressing one's thoughts.
- 2—Because it is such a conclusive proof of taste and good breeding.
- 3—Because it is such a sure way of making one's self agreeable to his friends.
- 4—Because it is a positive evidence of acquaintance with good literature.
- 5—Because it furnishes such a good example and training for boys.
- 6—Because it is just what a man's mother enjoys having her son do.
- 7—Because it would look so nice in print.
- 8—Because it is such a good way of increasing one's self respect.
- 9—Because it is such a help to manhood and virtue in many ways.
- 10—Because it is such an infallible way of improving one's chances in the hereafter.

—EX.

The Pyramid Club had a theater party at the Mohawk, Saturday afternoon, February 29th.

Agents Wanted!—16x20 crayon portraits 40 cents; frames 10 cents and up; sheet pictures one cent each. You can make 400% profit or \$36.00 per week. Catalogue and samples free. FRANK W. WILLIAMS COMPANY, 1208 W. Taylor St., Chicago, Ill.

LIFE AT HARVARD.

Students Rated According to Social Position.

The following extract from "Seeing Boston Through a Megaphone," published in a 1907 issue of the Ladies' Home Journal, is a sample of George Fitch's excellent sarcastic humor:

"We are now approaching Harvard University. In it, brains and money are more intimately acquainted than anywhere else in the country. Nowhere else can you get so much knowledge for so little money, or so little knowledge for so much money. This college can take the 16-year-old son of a United States Senator and make him so great that the Senator will be known the rest of his life as the father of Blinks, '07. Harvard University is attended by more than six thousand students, who pursue knowledge with ponies, traps, four-in-hands, steam yachts and automobiles. For all its vast wealth it is very democratic. The poor student who has a two-cylinder runabout is received on just the same terms as the student who owns the imported automobile.

"This is Harvard's gymnasium. Harvard does not win many athletic contests, but no man on any of her teams has ever been known to use the wrong fork at a dinner."

IF.

If the business manager should die to-night,
And you should go to his cold corpse and say,
Weeping and heartsick o'er his lifeless clay—

If the business manager should die to-night,
And you should go in deepest grief and woe—
And say, "Here's that two dollars that I owe,"

He might arise in his large, white cravat,
and say, "What's that?"

If the business manager should dit to-night,
And you should go to his cold corpse and kneel,
Clasping his bier to show the grief you feel,

If the business manager should die to-night,
And you should go to him grief stricken and blue,
Just even hint 'bout payin' him that two,

He might arise the while
But he'd drop dead anew!

—ADAPTED.

DIARY OF A MOUSE

Continued

Feb. 17th to 22nd Inclusive

Monday: Changed my nest from Prexy's office to Hoffs's room under the rostrum; have a new batch of children; they all have kinks in their tails; probably the result of the kink Barnes put in mine.

Tuesday: One of the children got caught today by one of Hoffs's boys; it was out foraging and tried to climb the blackboard, with the result that he fell back between the wall and imitation burlap; the boys played with him awhile and after a close examination and discussion as to its mental capacity, let it go, to the immense relief of its mother, who was watching through a crack in the rostrum.

Wednesday: Nothing to eat; fierce luck; so cold last night that my wife froze her tail on the radiator; the children climbed up onto Hoffs's desk to play this morning and got such splendid roadwork in ploughing through the dust that they felt, much refreshed; gave an acrobatic exhibition to Hoffs's Advanced Philosophy class this morning; performed on a couple of chairs and a radiator; got great applause; feel quite proud.

Thursday: Lots to eat; great discovery; found a lot of thoughts under Hoffs's desk; great feast; family doing well.

Friday: Nothing to eat; hard luck; no more thoughts; found a lot of theories under a couple of the boy's chairs, but they were too stale to eat.

Saturday: Great luck; lots to eat; climbed the wall and bit a chunk off of Aristotle's left ear; the children did likewise and also feasted sumptuously on Plato's whiskers; family doing well; great place for a nest; get a broad education for nothing, only I do wish some of the boys would stop saying that we are not ethical in our nature; one of the boys favors us in this connection by supporting Darwin in attributing to us a mutual spirit of helpfulness; nice boy.

D. '08.

Dr. Ashmore acted as one of the judges in a debate between Schenectady High School and Troy High School Friday evening, March 6th.

SANCTUM SANCTORUM.

What makes all the noise in room three, Washburn Hall?

What makes all the mumbling, the rumbling the grumbling?

What makes all the quaking, the trembling, the shaking?

It's Ashey's room; that's all.

What makes all the noise in room three, Washburn Hall?

What makes all the buzzing, the hissing, the whizzing,

Dizzying and deafening the ear with its sound? Ashey's teaching scansion; that's all.

What makes all the noise in room three, Washburn Hall?

What makes all the dozing, the heaving, the snoozing?

What makes all the moaning, the snoring, the groaning?

Ashey's put them to sleep; that's all.

What makes all the noise in room three, Washburn Hall?

What makes all the thumping, the jumping, the bumping?

What makes all the hurrying, the burrying, the scurrying?

Ashey's keeping them overtime; that's all.

C., '11.

Chancellor MacCracken of N. Y. U. has accepted the invitation extended by the University of Copenhagen to inaugurate an interchange of professors between the institutions of Denmark and America by giving three lectures at the University on March 30, April 1 and April 3.

Elmer Thompson, Cornell's big football guard, has been dropped from the Cornell College of Law on account of deficiency in study, and will be unable to play for Cornell again. Under the rules he never will be allowed to play football for Cornell again.

There is a movement for a student theater at the University of Minnesota.

THE GENESIS OF A COLLEGE SONG.

To the generation of Union College students who have been singing the Union Marching Song during the last thirty years, a brief note of history concerning the genesis of the song may be of interest. I will try to write it without too great a display of egotism.

I was a member of the engineering class of 1874. I believe it was in 1872 that the College Spectator, the predecessor of The Concordiensis, was founded. I had some literary ambition and I was moved by it to send in to The Spectator a contribution. It was accepted and appeared the following week as the leading article. Later on "Billy" Rudd of '73, who was editor-in-chief of the Union College Magazine, met me on the campus and wanted to know if I was the fellow who had done some writing for the Spectator, because if I was he wanted me to transfer my literary activities to the pages of the Union College Magazine. Henceforth I was a contributor to both of these periodicals. My literary work attracted the attention of some of the professors, notably Prof. Taylor Lewis, Dr. R. B. Welch and Prof. Cady Staley. Prof. Staley took a most kindly interest in this branch of my college activities. Notwithstanding his scientific attainments, which were of a high order—he was dean of the engineering school—I think he had the finest literary taste, and the highest appreciation of good literature of any man I ever knew. I stumbled a good bit in some of the more intricate subjects of my engineering course, and had it not been for his kindly encouragement and persistent patience there is more than a shadow of suspicion that I might not now have the right to put C. E. after my name. It was in the spring of '74, after I had been graduated as an engineer—engineering classes were graduated at the close of the winter term in those days—and I had decided to stay on and complete a regular academic course, that Staley said to me one day: "Greene, why don't you write a college song? You can do it. You can't equal Ludlow's, but you can write something the boys will sing, and I wish you would."

With a modesty that was only half genuine, I demurred, but he had apparently set his mind on it, and when we parted I had promised to take the

matter into consideration. The next day, when I met him, he said: "Greene, I have just the air for that new song of yours. It's something the boys will pick up readily, and it has a lilt and a swing to it they will like. The soldiers used to sing it in the Civil War. I'll bring it over to you."

That afternoon he put into my hands the words and music of "The Little Octoroon." He sang it for me too that I might the better understand the rhythm. Possibly no one of this generation is familiar with the words, though the air has remained popular enough. The last stanza and the chorus were as follows:

"Then the brave old gunner took her in his arms,
Thinking of his little ones at home,
And through all the marches and the rude alarms.
Safely brought the little octoroon.

CHORUS.

"Glory, glory, how the freedmen sang,
Glory, glory, how the old woods rang.
'Twas the loyal army marching to the sea,
Flinging out the banner of the free."

So I went to work at the song, meeting with but indifferent success. When I had completed it I

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took it to Staley. I do not think he was particularly enthusiastic over it. But after making some slight alterations he thought it would do. He suggested, and I quite approved of the suggestion, that the authorship of the song should, for the time being at least, remain a secret. I believe he financed the enterprise to the extent of printing slips containing the song, for free distribution on the hill. I know he called the glee club together and taught them both the words and the music in order that the thing might have a fair start. But somehow the song didn't go. The boys didn't sing it. It was the spring of '74. The weather was moderating into June. There were beautiful moonlight nights. It was song time on the hill. But though I strained my ears to catch some echo of the song over which I had labored, my effort was in vain. I was disappointed and chagrined. I think Staley, too, felt bad about it, but he was still optimistic. "They'll sing it some day," he said. "It'll grow on them. Just wait."

Then I was both glad and sorry that the name of the author was not known. Mingling with groups of students on the campus I heard my song criticized and ridiculed till my ears burned, and I longed to acknowledge the authorship and plunge into its defense. That sort of college sentiment was trite, stale and profitless anyway, the critics said.

Then suddenly, one morning, a new song was launched. Benjamin of '74 was the author. There was no secret about that. "Benny" had fine literary ability and he knew it. His song, written to the tune of Lauriger Horatius, was intended as an answer to mine. The chorus ran:

"Down to Wiencke's we will go;
Let the lager freely flow;
Then go reeling to and fro
Back to Alma Mater."

Irreverent and rollicking, the song caught on at once. Before night every student on the hill was humming it. The streets of "Old Dorp" echoed with it, and the "old gray walls" shook with the chorus. Staley was downcast, my nose decidedly out of joint, and Benjamin of '74 was acclaimed as the literary prophet. His song at once became a classic. But it was only now and then during the remainder of that term, or indeed during the following year, that the student body or any part of it, was sufficiently attracted by the music of my

song to sing it. And yet, little by little, it made its way, and held its own, and by the time I was graduated in '76 it had become accepted as one of the college songs. I think it was ten years later that I again saw Prof. Staley. He was then president of the Case School of Applied Science at Cleveland. I met him on the campus at commencement time. A body of undergraduates across the green expanse, beyond the Memorial Hall, all unconscious of our listening ears, was singing the Union Marching Song. "Greene," he said, "I told you so." For me, one of the joys of commencement time after thirty years is to listen to the singing of that song by men as young, as vigorous, as enthusiastic as I was when I wrote it.

HOMER GREENE, '76.

"OLD UNION"

By A. Duane, 1878.

Once more, boys, lift your voices
For our college on the hill;
As each loyal son rejoices,
Shout her praises with a will.
Other names may fade and perish,
But her name and fame we'll cherish;

Then cheer, boys, cheer for Union,
Old Union, brave and free.
From all who've gone before us,
From all who follow still
Rises ever the same chorus:—
"Bless old Union on the hill."

By the memories of our past years
That shall linger till our last years,
Cheer, cheer, boys, cheer for Union
And our golden days of yore.
Cheer the Garnet, ne'er receding
Where honor shows the way.

Or defeated, or succeeding,
She'll stand steadfast in the fray,
Aye the right and truth defending,
Ever on and upward tending;
Then cheer, boys, cheer for Union
And her golden days to come.

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A STORYETTE.

"The Lady's Husband and the Burglar."

"Tom," said she, "Tom! Tom! Tom!"

"Why! Why! what is it love?"

"Listen, do you hear the noise? Listen there's someone moving about the house."

"Bosh and nonsense," said Tom, raising himself on his elbow and trembling with suppressed bravery, "Imagination, woman, imagination."

"I tell you it's a burglar, are you going to allow him to rifle the house and then perhaps murder us?" "Oh, well I shall get up just to satisfy you," said Tom, violently shaking his suppressed bravery in order to make it show itself.

When Tom reached the parlor whether his wife had directed him he paused cautiously and listened intently a moment, then suddenly turned on the electric light. Not a thing in sight, except the furniture; and the curtains were undisturbed.

Returning to his room, he answered his wife's inquiry with "One of your rarebit dreams again, that's all. There's no one here, no one at all." But she refused to be satisfied and insisted on Tom's examining the windows. So, light in hand, he examined every window of the house, and found them all tight shut and fastened.

Next evening at dinner Tom was greeted with news that the woman, who worked for his wife by the day, had not appeared. "Something curious about that," said Dora. "Nonsense woman," said Tom, "she's probably sick that's all." Next evening he found Dora bathed in tears. The woman had not appeared, and also a very valuable silver soup tureen was discovered to be missing. Dora was triumphant. "There you are Tom," she said, "You men are always making fun of us women for nervousness, but you'll see that somebody was in the house, Monday night after all."

"Impossible, I examined every window and found all fastened. It can't be the woman for her husband telephoned me to-day that she was sick-a-bed, and just out of curiosity I called, and found her so. Besides, how'd she get in anyway. You're wrong, Dora, you're wrong."

Nevertheless Mr. Tom was deep in thought the next day. A noise Monday night, followed by the absence of the woman Tuesday, and Wednesday—the discovery of that valuable tureen missing. Dora had sworn she heard some one moving about in the house, and even he almost believed it. But the fastened windows, what them. "Surely it must be the visitation of a spirit," said Tom, who was but indifferently versed in the occult.

Thursday evening Tom had a solution of the problem. Dora must have mislaid the tureen. Anyway he must find some explanation, for Dora was becoming very triumphant, and very condescending in her treatment of Tom, and was assuming an "I told you so expression" that cut his brave spirit to the mid-rib. At dinner he noticed that a sly dimple played around Dora's eyes, and feeling that this referred to the incident, he said, "Dora, I bet you've mislaid it." "What the tureen, Tom?" "Yes." "Oh, its found all right. Mrs. Sidney came to work this morning and this afternoon I found the tureen right where I'd been looking for it all week." "Must have been there all the time, Dora. Another one of your dreams." "As you say, Tom," said Dora, "but the next time I discover a man in the house you'd better get up and kill him." U., '09.

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