

The
CONCORDIENSIS

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Amherst Wins
30--16

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NO. 13

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STUDENTS OF UNION UNIVERSITY

UNION UNIVERSITY

CHARLES ALEXANDER RICHMOND, D. D., LL. D., Chancellor

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SUCCESS OF PROM. ASSURED.

Europe's Orchestra to Furnish Music.

It's like a Chinese play—it continues (for) (four) days.

It's like a Shakespearean drama—it leads up to the place of greatest interest.

It's like the profoundest optimist—it is all best.

Why tell you what 'it' is? Could it be ought but Junior Week, the gay, the sprightly, the happy. And as for the "place of greatest interest" that means simply that TONIGHT AT THE GYMNASIUM IS THE CLIMAX, THE JUNIOR PROMENADE of 1917. Of that we will tell you something, by no means all. Europe has done what Ford couldn't do. The boys are out of the trenches and eight are here for tonight. Look out for Europe, but especially look out for the vivacious drummer for he is the most famous charger (at least, he should be, for he is the best). And as for decorations, the gym will be "spruced" up as never before. As usual tulle will be in evidence. The girls, therefore, may, for mutual convenience, save theirs for tomorrow night. Doubtless everyone is by this time weary and hungry. Enter Weinneps, a la carte. You see this implies expense and it goes with a la mode. The committee, so Philip Downs, chairman, tells me, has ordered for you. As for serving, the system is to be an

antithesis. There will be no rampant seething lines tonight. If you want something to eat, it will be found at the north end of the gym.

The patronesses are:

Mrs. Charles Alexander Richmond, Mrs. Charles S. Whitman, Mrs. Joseph H. Clements, Jr., Mrs. Edward F. Ellery, Mrs. Willis T. Hanson, Mrs. E. W. Rice, Jr., Mrs. Charles B. McMurray, Mrs. John W. Upp.

SOMETHING NEW TO DAWN AT UNION.

Jack Upp Host After Prom.

"Dawn Tea, immediately following Junior Promenade, four o'clock, Saturday morning * * * ", so reads our invitation. With the added explanation that Mr. John Winters Upp, Jr., '17, is the host, and that the place is 40 Wendell Avenue; this is sufficient. Union is to have its first Dawn Tea! Perhaps, you will realize that it is a difficult task to tell all about something of which you know nothing at all. (Our profs, as is proved by examinations, do not agree.)

But this much is certain, we are all going to Mr. Upp's with a threefold intent: First, to round off the Prom in a suitable fashion; second, to show our appreciation to him whose idea allows us to see the girls for two more hours; third, to stave off hunger pains until breakfast time.

MUSICAL CLUB CONCERT.**First Event of Junior Week.**

The Glee Clubs gave a splendid concert last evening, February 3, at the Edison Club, to the fair ones and others who had been assembled for the Junior Week festivities.

The program was:

PART ONE.

1. Terrace Song ----- Ludlow, '56
Come Now to the Campus. Franklin, '83
2. Eagle Nest ----- Bordwell
Mandolin Orchestra.
3. Vocal Solo ----- For You Alone
Mr. Moora.
4. Ken-Tuc-Kee ----- Weidt
Banjo Club.
5. Mah Punkin' Sue ----- Widener
6. Selection from "Bohemian Girl"-----
----- Balfe
Mandolin Orchestra.

PART TWO.

7. I Love Thee ----- Harker
Male Quartette.
Messrs. Moora, Schuyler, Faust, Williams.
8. Trio—
(a) Angel's Serenade ----- Braga
(b) Zallah ----- Loraine
Violin, Mr. Stein; Cello, Mr. Parker;
Piano, Mr. Green.
9. Go 'Long Mule, Go 'Long ----- Dixon
Glee Club.
10. Piano Solo ----- Selected
Mr. Cook.
11. Popular Medley.
Mandolin Orchestra.
12. Old King Cole ----- Nevin
Glee Club.
Alma Mater ----- Ludlow, '56
Combined Clubs.

After the concert dancing held sway until a late hour. Altogether the first event of Junior Week went off wonderfully.

The patronesses were: Mrs. C. A. Richmond, Mrs. E. J. Berg, Mrs. O. H. Landreth, Mrs. J. R. Lovejoy, Mrs. H. G. McKean, Mrs. M. A. Oudin, Mrs. F. C. Pratt, Mrs. T. H. Soren, Mrs. C. W. Stone, Mrs. J. W. Upp.

SIGMA PHI TEA.**Music by Europe's Orchestra.**

This afternoon from four to seven the Sigma Phi fraternity entertained the Junior Week guests at a most enjoyable The Dancant. The color scheme produced by many cut flowers afforded a very pretty background for Union's fair guests. Throughout the afternoon Europe's orchestra furnished music for the dancing. Among those who poured were: Mrs. W. C. Clark, Mrs. Frank Van der Bogert, Mrs. James W. Veeder, Mrs. H. T. Warnick, Mrs. H. V. N. Philip and Mrs. M. A. Oudin, while the house guests served. Mrs. R. H. Gibbes, the house chaperone, Mr. Edgerton and Mr. Brunet received.

UNION SUFFERS DEFEAT FROM AMHERST.**Final Score 30-16.**

On Saturday night, January 25, our basketball team again met defeat, this time at the hands of the strong Amherst five at Amherst, Mass. The score of 30 to 16 does not accurately describe the contest for it was much more exciting and hotly contested than the resulting score would indicate. Union found in Amherst the strongest team of the year and one which had just gained confidence by beating Williams at Williams-town. It was poor shooting by the Garnet that brought defeat, for our team had many opportunities to score easy baskets but the old ability to pass the ball through the ring was lacking and Union's baskets from the field were scarcer than first grades from Johnny Callan. Coach Dawson again shifted the line-up in hopes of finding a winning combination but the new combination of Witbeck at center and Frank at forward did not bring the desired result so Witbeck was replaced at center by Franck and Scoby went in at forward.

The Amherst team started off in good form at the whistle and quick baskets by Captain Widmayer and Maynard gave them

a lead which Union could not overcome. During this half Witbeck and Mudge each succeeded in caging the ball for a field goal, while Zimmer made good six out of eight tries for fouls. The score at the end of this half was 17 to 10 in favor of Amherst but Union came back in the second half determined to win and guarded the Massachusetts team so closely that they were unable to score save on a few long shots. However, Union's chances were no better and this half also went to Amherst by a score of 13 to 6, making the final count 30 to 16.

Captain Widmayer and Maynard were the stars for Amherst, while Weeden, who played at center in place of Sawyer, also did well. For Union the accurate foul shooting of Captain Zimmer was the one bright feature for Zip made good 8 tries from the foul line. This defeat makes Union's percentage for the year .500, our team having won three and lost three.

The score:

AMHERST.			
	F.G.	F.	T.P.
Widmayer, Capt., R.G. --	4	8	16
Ashley, L.G. -----	2	0	4
Weeden, C. -----	2	0	4
Tow, L.F. -----	0	0	0
Maynard, R.F. -----	3	0	6
Washburn, L.F. -----	0	0	0
	—	—	—
	11	8	30
UNION.			
	F.G.	F.	T.P.
Haubner, L.F. -----	0	2	2
Franck, R.F., C. -----	1	0	2
Witbeck, C. -----	1	0	2
Zimmer, R.G. -----	0	8	8
Mudge, L.G. -----	1	0	2
Scoby, R.F. -----	0	0	0
	—	—	—
	3	10	16

Referee—Reed of Springfield. Timer—Johnson. Time of halves—20 minutes each.

TEN FRATERNITIES HOLD HOUSE PARTIES.

Said Prexy triumphantly, "Why, Union has come up 83 per cent, whereas — — and — have come up only 15, 8 and 3 per cent, respectively." Perhaps this is the reason for 10 house parties this Junior Week. And each group of girls is prettier than the next. It would be a dismal failure to pick out one party and designate it "best," as has the college, they have all gone up 83 per cent.

The crowds giving house parties and their respective chaperones are as follows:

Kappa Alpha: Mrs. Gilbert Cool of Glens Falls; Mrs. William C. Yates of Schenectady.

Sigma Phi: Mrs. R. G. Gibbes of Schenectady.

Delta Phi: Mrs. Edward M. Cameron of Albany; Mrs. James B. Welles of Scotia.

Psi Upsilon: Mrs. H. W. Knight of Glens Falls; Mrs. DeForest Weed of Ballston.

Delta Upsilon: Mrs. C. E. Whitmyer of Schenectady; Mrs. Clarence E. Aken of Troy.

Chi Psi: Mrs. J. W. Woodrough, of Omaha, Neb.; Mrs. J. B. Porter of Omaha, Neb.

Alpha Delta Phi: Mrs. Joseph H. Fisher of Buffalo.

Beta Theta Pi: Mrs. L. C. Smith of Johnsonville; Mrs. E. S. Vrooman of Schenectady.

Phi Delta Theta: Mrs. George Abbott of Albany; Mrs. R. E. Morison of Newburg.

Phi Gamma Delta: Mrs. J. C. Jackson of Fort Plain; Mrs. E. . R. Payne of Mechanicville.

JUNIORS HONOR PROFESSOR MARCH.

At a recent meeting of the Junior class it was unanimously decided to dedicate the 1917 Garnet to John Lewis March, Ph. D., adjunct professor of modern languages and chairman of the junior class committee for the last two years.

CHI PSI HOLDS TEA TOMORROW.**Chief Function of the Afternoon.**

The annual Chi Psi tea will take place Saturday afternoon from four to six. Each year this function has proved one of the most enjoyable of Junior Week and it is expected that this year it will be even better, if that be possible. You are invited. We advise you not to miss it, for if you do you will not only lose two of this week's happiest hours, but you will miss hearing O'Neil.

The ladies who will receive are: Mrs. J. H. Clements, Jr., of Schenectady; Mrs. J. B. Porter, of Omaha, Neb.; Mrs. J. W. Woodrough, of Omaha, Neb.

Those who will pour are: Mrs. W. S. Bartholomew, Mrs. Edward E. Ellery, Mrs. James H. Stoller, Mrs. Wayne Brown, Mrs. Clayton Potter, Mrs. J. L. Walton.

LEHIGH TOMORROW NIGHT.**Eight House Dances to Follow.**

With the basketball game at 8 o'clock and all of the house dances following, Saturday night's gayeties will be a suitable close for the festive part of Junior Week. Lehigh has a good team, but so have we. The game will be even, clean, and hard. Then come the house dances. In every respect, but particularly in the number to be held will these dances surpass those of any previous year. From Lenox Road to lower Union Street merry-making will prevail. The following crowds are giving Saturday night dances this year:

Kappa Alpha, North College Lane; Delta Phi, Lenox Road; Chi Psi, Union Avenue; Alpha Delta Phi, Library Lane; Beta Theta Pi, Union Avenue; Phi Delta Theta, Lenox Road; Phi Gamma Delta, Union Avenue; Lambda Chi Alpha, 242 Union Street.

Junior: "How do you spell financially?"

Senior: "F-i-n-a-n-c-i-a-l-l-y, and there are two r's in embarrassed."—Harpers.

DEAN RIPTON TO SPEAK**At Sunday Chapel Service.**

Sunday is the last day of Junior Week; the eleven o'clock chapel service is the last event. For many reasons we regret exceedingly that Prexy is unable to speak to us this year as usual, but the Dean who will speak instead,—well, Dean Ripton is second to no man. We know him and we are proud of him; let us give the girls an opportunity to hear him. And then there will be an innovation in the form of the quartet.

DOCTOR J. R. STEVENSON, DAY OF PRAYER SPEAKER.

Dr. J. Ross Stevenson, president of the Princeton Theological Seminary, and moderator of the Presbyterian Church, spoke at the eleven o'clock services, held in the college chapel on the Day of Prayer, January 20th. The services were very well attended by both town people and students.

After the prayer led by Dr. Noble, President Richmon introduced Dr. Stevenson. Dr. Stevenson's text, taken from the words of the Apostle Paul, was: "I make it a point of honor, whether at home or away, to be well pleasing to God." To be well pleasing to God, Dr. Stevenson explained, meant to be truthful, useful, reliable in all tasks at all times.

He—"Who was that that bowed to us as we left the carriage?"

She—"The one with the black shirt, the rose petticoat, plaid silk waist, purple collar-ette with silver clasp, tan coat, black hat with purple bow, carrying a silver trimmed card case?"

He—"Yes."

She—"I don't know. I only caught a glimpse of her."—Ex.

Seen—"Say, what's monologue?"

Your—"A conversation between a girl and fellow."—Ex.

**DR. RICHMOND SPEAKS AGAINST
MILITARY TRAINING.****Calls Project Unfair.**

Military training should be exacted of college students only if all men in the United States are to take their part in maintaining and guarding the life of our nation, was the thought expressed in a striking address by Dr. Richmond, at the annual dinner of the Haverford Alumni Association, January 29th held in Philadelphia.

Dr. Richmond said the advocates of compulsory military training in institutions of learning had lost their sense of perspective. He said that history shows it has been the college men who were first to respond to call to arms in all wars of the past. These men who take the highest positions in a nation's life, he said, should be protected from death and injury, at least as much as the unskilled workmen. Dr. Richmond said this without intention to slur the workers, who are necessary to the country's welfare.

Dr. Richmond said in part:

"So far as military training in colleges is a part of the general plan for the training of youth for national defense, I should favor it, but if it means that the choicest of our young men shall receive such training as will put them in the first line, not only of defense, but of sacrifice, and allow the worthless slacker, on the plea of lack of training, to dodge his responsibility, seems to me a monstrous proposition. It is no injustice to say the man, whom by a false distinction we call the worker, is usually not the first man to volunteer in time of danger. If our national life should be menaced who would be in the first line? It would be our trained soldiers. And who would be the first to volunteer. Certainly our college men would be among the first. It is the young men of quick intelligence and high spirit who are always the first to answer the call.

"To put a concrete case: Let the call come; let us take say a thousand of the men

in the senior class in our colleges, or graduates of from one to five years' standing. Let us take then another thousand of the young men of different nationalities—all American citizens—who are doing our unskilled labor or who are engaged in the relatively unskilled work of our mills and factories. How many would volunteer from the one class and how many from the other? It would be a safe estimate to say that seventy-five per cent of the able-bodied men would come forth instantly. Out of a small undergraduate body of students at Union College, at the time of the Civil War, 11 enlisted in the army. If twenty-five per cent of the unskilled workmen should volunteer it would be regarded as a signal mark of patriotism.

"Consider then the value of these men to the country. The one class has been accumulating value of the most precious kind. Their minds have been disciplined, they have been trained in self-control, in judgment and in the essentials of patriotism. Many of them have come from this same laboring class, but they are now different, they have acquired a new value. All of them are men of superior quality. It would take years to replace such men.

"On the other hand you have the man who could be fitted for his present task in a few weeks of training. And you take all this accumulated value of the years and pour it out, like water upon the sand, while you save, as if it were of the greater value, the inferior man. This implies no slur upon the loyalty or the real value of the unskilled workmen of this nation. We could not exist without them, but they should at least take an equal chance. The economic absurdity of the proposition to sacrifice first the educated men seems to me self-evident. The modern trench warfare has demonstrated in a sinister sense that "a man's a man for a' that." He is so much clay or so much lead or so much steel to use against the enemy and the incredible spending of the most magnificent human products

of the world during this past year has set of tragedy darker than any since the days before the eyes of this generation a spectacle of the darkness of Golgotha.

"By the signal and unmerited favor of God, this nation has been given the opportunity to learn from the mournful experience of others. If we are to train our young men for defense, either much or little, let each man take his chance. This is the true spirit of democracy. If every man is free to enjoy the protection and liberty which this country vouchsafes to every citizen, every man must share also the responsibility for the maintaining and guarding of its life."

BOARD OF TRADE HOLDS DINNER IN GYM.

The annual dinner of the Schenectady Board of Trade was held in the college gymnasium on Wednesday evening, January 19th. An important feature of this dinner was a remarkable demonstration of the development and perfection of direct communication by telephone from Schenectady to San Francisco. Individual telephone receivers were at the disposal of the diners, so that the conversations held between the representatives of Schenectady and the gentlemen in San Francisco could be heard by all present. The line between these two cities was opened by Mr. F. M. Cozzens, the Schenectady manager of the New York Telephone Company, who first called and talked with the wire chiefs at Lansingburg, Buffalo, Chicago, Omaha, Denver, Salt Lake City, and San Francisco. Among the Schenectady men who talked across the continent were: Mayor George R. Lunn, Dr. Charles Richmond, George E. Emmons, general manager of the G. E. Company, H. W. Haymond, secretary of the Board of Trade, and newspaper men.

Preceding this telephone demonstration, President Richmond gave a short address on 'Intellectual Life, a Municipal Asset,' which

was followed by an illustrated talk, showing in motion pictures scenes along the telephone line of the transcontinental service.

About 500 members of the Board of Trade and 200 women guests were present.

PROFESSOR ELLERY ADDRESSES CHEMICAL SOCIETY.

He Tells of Meeting Men Who Are Responsible for Los Angeles' Lack of Thirst.

A regular meeting of the Union College Chemical Society was held Monday evening, January 24th, in the chemistry lecture hall. Professor Ellery spoke to the members and invited guests on the subject, "The Water Supply of Los Angeles." He showed numerous pictures on the screen illustrating the talk. The 250-mile pipe line over the mountains—pipe 12 feet in diameter—is a marvel indeed. The engineer who is responsible, Mr. Mulholland, is not a college graduate, but one who has come up through and from the ranks. He gained his name and fame through pluck and hard work. The young men were urged to emulate Mr. Mulholland's noble example of success and efficiency. This is only one of the many fruits of Doctor Ellery's last year's travels that he is sharing with the chemistry students.

BLACK CAT ELECTION.

At an informal meeting of the Black Cat Club Tuesday, January 18th, after chapel, W. Morris Gilbert was elected president. Gilbert is a junior and a member of the Psi Upsilon fraternity. No business was discussed at the meeting.

NEW MOTHER GOOSE.

Young Mrs. Hubbard went to the delicatessen store to get the pug dog some nice caviar. But none found she there; the shelves were all bare. He'll have to eat liver till after the war.

THEN.

(By Dick Taylor.)

'Tis a myriad centuries, less or more,
 Since you, my dear, and I
 Made love on that reedy Permian shore
 With a red moon riding the sky.

I well remember the night we met;
 You were fog-drenched hungry and cold
 And I gave you a bone that I stole from a
 wolf
 Where he buried it deep in the mould.

You stowed the morsel away with haste,
 Sans knife, sans fork, sans grace,
 But I with my arm around your waist,
 Saw thanks in your greasy face.

You trembled too, when I drew you near
 In my long arms, hairy and strong
 And I grunted and growled in your patient
 ear
 The new earth's first love song.

All night we crouched on the ferny mat
 And jabbered the dark away,
 While the sabre-tooth screamed at the vam-
 pire bat
 And the saurians splashed in the bay.

Then the sun rolled up o'er the marshes
 wide
 With a promise of strength and life
 And you, my bride, stood up at my side
 While he blessed us man and wife.

We didn't know much of eugenics then,
 Of divorces and doctors and shame
 But we peopled the world with a fighting
 race
 And we got there just the same.

Now when we were done with a life of care
 And our children were gone and grown,
 A kindly slide from the mountain side
 Provided a mound and stone.

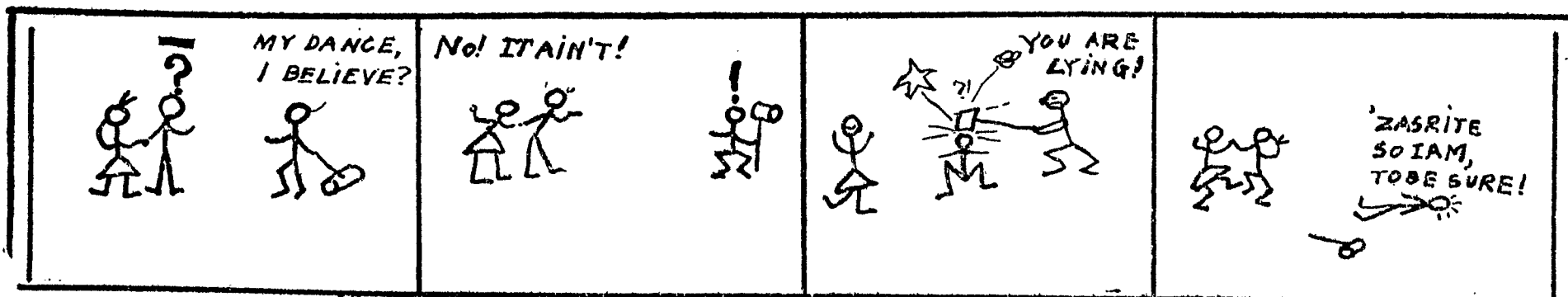
But the seismic 'quakes and the fickle tides
 They scattered our poor remains
 All over the shores of the seven seas
 And the mountains, marshes and plains.

But science and filial love, my dear,
 And our children, the modern men,
 They hunted our bones all over the sphere
 And stuck them together again.

They found a hand in Togoland,
 A foot in Mandalay,
 A thigh-bone down by the Rio Grande,
 And a skull in Baffin Bay.

So they gathered our bones as best they
 might
 But a few were missing still,
 Till one June night when the moon was
 bright,
 They found them on College Hill.

'Twas a million years to a tick from then
 When Doctor Stoller found them
 The pair of ribs that formed your waist
 With my right arm around them.



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A WELCOME TO OUR JUNIOR WEEK GUESTS.

Like the anodyne draught, like the refreshing morning dew, comes Junior Week with all its glory to crown the toils of yesterday. For yesterday the powers were strict and held us under the rod, but to-day they gladly say, "let your joy be unconfined." Lady Terpsichore and her followers have at last arrived and what is able to relieve our weary minds more than the refreshing smile, the gentle nod, the delightful dance, and the youthful glee of these, our fair guests. Our only regret is that Junior Week comes but once in a twelvemonth for it brings to us all unceasing cheer. The few days will be but fleeting moments in our college career, but never to be forgotten. Union is playing the

hostess and because you are our guests you are hers also. Every loyal son of Union welcomes you to the spot where "the brook bounds." Gladly would we express our joy at your presence in more polished terms than a mere welcome, but in this, a task worthy of Calliope herself, our pen fails us.

THE BASKET BALL TEAM.

The basket ball season is well on its way. We have won three games and lost three, which makes a fifty per cent. record. In view of this record, we desire to comment on the team's work.

Last year we were represented by one of the fastest collegiate teams in the country and the champions of the Northeastern League. The men on that team had played together for four years and as a consequence had perfected their play to a very high degree of efficiency. At each game we always felt sure of a victory. When they graduated last June it was a very great misfortune for the team, but the fact that we have had such men represent us over-balances that misfortune. To judge this year's team by the same standards as last year's team, you will all admit is not satisfactory.

The team's of the institutions which our team have opposed so far in the season are teams which have in nearly all cases played together before this year. A very good example of this is the veteran R. P. I. team, which we defeated by one point. R. P. I. had prophized defeat for us in that game for the last few years. Taken as a whole these team have had the same opportunities that our last year's quintet had. They are veteran teams against which our team has played a game worthy of any college and of which we all are proud.

We can not speak of the team only in view of their achievements of this year. In general the team is of new material, for only two men on the team have played regularly before this season for Union. Coach Dawson has worked this year to build up a team from new men. New, because previous to now sixty per cent. of the men have never represented Union during a whole game. True, these men helped to make last year's team possible but the meeting of teams from other colleges did not often happen. It is impossible to comment on the work of each man possible, for they are all working with the aim to do the best possible. They are making a foundation for future success and if we lost the majority of our games they will be successful because of the good foundation they are making. Their game is clean cut and in the game they use only such tactics as are typical of men of that calibre. No desire for personal honor is apparent, for each man works in unison with the other four. Their record has proved that they have ability and are making gains. We are all proud of such and proud that Union is represented by men of such quality, of true Union spirit.

In a straw vote the students of Michigan University were in favor of military training for the country and in addition for compulsory training. Almost 2,000 students voted. 1032 of them were in favor of the question and 947 against it. Of the professors about 150 voted. 83 of these were in favor of the question of compulsory training.

Wellesley had the longest Christmas vacation of all eastern colleges, the recess lasting 20 days.

STOLEN!

(From Yale Record)
CHRISTMAS IDYLL.

"The sweetest girl that ever lived"
Sat on the stair by me.
I couldn't force my lips to say
What she, I know, could see.
'Twas silence most embarrassing
Until the maid said,
"How big around is all the world?"
My face grew fiery red.

"About two feet around the waist
Is what it seems to be,"
I said, and, what is more, I proved
She's all the world to me.

J. S. B.

Colgate will support a hockey team this year.

Fifteen players and one spectator have been killed directly or indirectly through football during the past season.

ONE LITTLE THOUGHT.

I will not say you are to blame
For pallid lips and falling tears,
And that I'm not to speak your name
Aloud again in future years.

I only know these eyes today
That in my glass I see so wet
Shone in a far, far different way
Upon the night our lips first met.

I do not know if you will try
To keep in mind that perfumed hour,
Or if you'll let its memory die,
Unnourished, like a severed flower.

I only ask that should you feel,
Sometime, in years that are to be,
A wound within no power can heal,
You give one little thought to me.

W. M. M., '19.

THE MAN AND THE MARRIAGE.

"I don't blame him, Dominie, I don't. An' they say she's a mighty fine girl. But that other—Shucks! She wa'n't neer wuth much, in my estimation."

"Have you known them long, Deacon?"

"Knowed 'em long? Well I should say—ever since they was born. John Raymond was the soul of honor—poor and proud his folks was—not that he's poor now, land knows. No, not eggzactly," chuckled the Deacon. "But she was allers just so snippy like. Dominie, you know a cat that's bin in a real tony, rich family gits used to a lot of nifty stuff, fixed up by a French cook an' fed to it on a silver platter by a maid an' when it happens to have to come down to good plain cat food it turns up its nose. Some folks git that way after they've bin out in society a while an' bin petted like a prize cat. Well, the only difference 'twixt cats an' folks is that folks sometimes learn to control their noses an' cats can't never learn it because they're cats. They was just one trouble in that marriage, an' that was pretty important fer John; se w'n't no match fer him."

"I guess you are right, Deacon Taber," said Richard Dickson, as he came down the steps of his church after the mid-week prayer meeting in Drayton. "And I must say that the whole business has caused quite some stir in this section."

"Stir!" shrilled the Deacon, "I should say 'a young whirlwind.' Why, there aint a paper in this state but what's had the thing all inside out an' upside down. If he'd a just murdered her they wouldn't a bin half the notariety. But," coming a little closer and lowering his voice, "don't you have no hand into the mess, Dominie; don't do it. Right after yer bein' ordained an' everything, it might cause a lot of trouble."

"Why," answered Richard, "I would marry them in a minute if I were already an

ordained minister, no matter what the people think, for I believe that both parties are sincere. The other certainly was never meant for him."

"You sure have got the nerve, Dominie," said the Deacon, throwing up his hands. "Leave it to you to do the unexpected. But I got to be goin'. Too bad about Mr. Potter's death, wa'n't it?—he bein' one of our best church members an' all?"

With a "Good night, Deacon," Richard Dickson turned and walked up the uneven street to his boarding house.

It was a strange existence, with many glad and sad things—this ministerial life. He could have done better, at least financially, after leaving college two years before, for good athletes are always in demand and a fellow picked for the All American Football team and offered a job playing baseball with the big fellows is a good athlete. But he had chosen and felt that he had chosen well. His worries were not of this kind. Before retiring, he wrote the following letter:

"Dorothy: Just a line. Have you seen in the papers of the marriage (to be) of John Randell and Grace Tyler? People do him a great injustice, taking it for granted that he is 'harum-scarum.' True, his first wife got a divorce from him but he was, practically, forced into the marriage by a do(1)ting mother who thought the girl an angel when she was an irresponsible butterfly. If it were after the 28th of September when, as you remember, I am to be ordained, I would marry them despite the action of the church which, practically, forbids our having anything to do with it. eW could use his fee of \$1,000.

"Do you remember old Mr. Potter, the Justice of the Peace, who always came to our church with the silk hat? He has just died leaving a farm, some money, his office furniture and two grown sons—all being listed in order of importance. Some people

want me to fill out his term of office.

"I am working hard on Greek translation.

"Hoping you are what you said you were, I am

"Yours,
"DICK."

Richard Dickson married John Randell and Grace Tyler in his church at Drayton on the 28th of September, the day of his ordination to the minstry. The press of the state and the minstry rose en masse to express the righteous wrath of a righteous people at the decline and fal of morality. Nor was the young "whipper snapper" free from criticism—a mere boy to flaunt and hold up to ridicule the laws of the church.

The next morning, as he descended the steps of his boarding house for a short work, the, now, Rev. Richard Dickson was surrounded by four men. Grim and determined enough they looked too, but their weapons were weapons of peace. Two of them quickly maneuvered to positions of advantage, one on either side, and—click! snap!—the Press Photographers had done their work. The other two stood with pencils poised and began to issue a series of questions which entirely bewildered the, already, somewhat dazed minister. He gazed this way and that, for some means of escape and saw his difficulties thickening, as Deacon Taber came hurrying down the street toward him.

As the Deacon, much out of breath, came nearer, he exclaimed: "I didn't think you'd do it, Dominie. It's raised an awful fuss an'—"

"But," expostulated the Rev. Richard, "I don't understand it at all. What have I done?"

"What have you done?" echoed the pre-
spiring Deacon. "You pledged yourself to uphold the laws of the church into which you bin ordained an' you went an' broke yer pledge the same day. An' you've got the

whul state a-talkin' about you an' about this town. Ain't you got no pride, Dominie, ner no respect fer us to carry on like this? I guess you wanted the thousand dollars, didn't you, Dominie? Didn't I tell you to keep out of the thing?"

The old man fairly shook with his emotions as he talked and was so near to tears that the reporters drew back somewhat abashed.

From the look of bewilderment, as the Deacon spoke, the face of the 'Dominie' suddenly broke into a smile which expanded into a satisfied chuckle as he said: "Yes, Deacon, I remember you told me to keep out of it, but I think I did not exceed my authority in marrying that couple. You see, I married them as Richard Dickson, Justice of the Peace, successor to the late Mr. Potter, a very little while before I became the Rev. Richard Dickson."

When a newspaper man looses a good story, he knows what to do. These men were not green and they did not hesitate long upon the order of their going.

Deacon Taber's jaw dropped almost to his shirt front and then came back to form the lower extremity of a wrinkled and sheepish grin. As he turned away, he said: "Well, I swan, Dominie, you've put one over on us agin! Say! Com' on up to dinner."

Prof.—"Where was the Magna Charta signed?"

Nut—"At the bottom?"—Ex.

"Generally speaking, women are——"

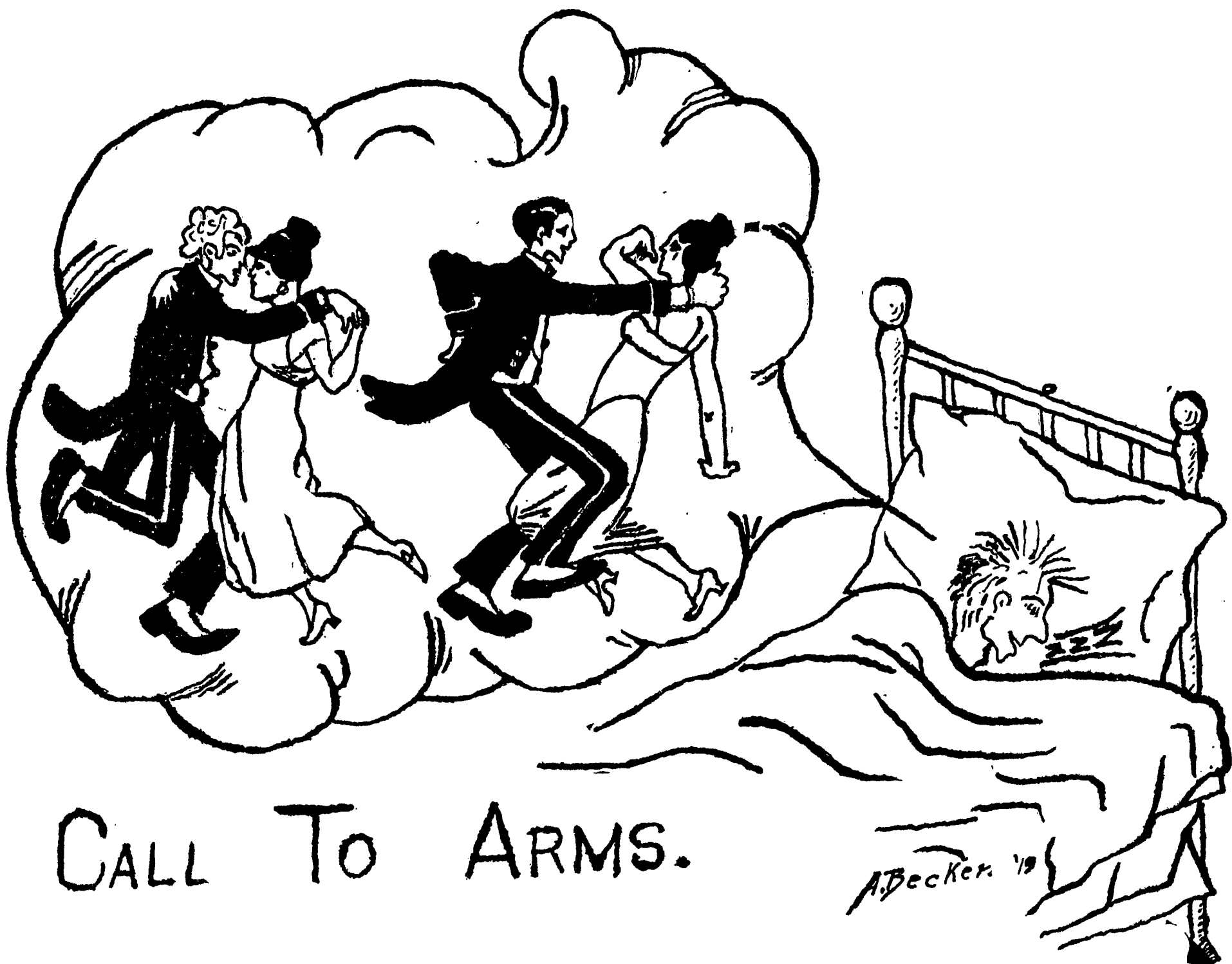
"Yes, they are."

"Are what?"

"Generally speaking."—Ex.

"Do you go out much in your peripatetics?"

"Sir-r-r! You're getting positively—and—and—besides, I dont' wear them."—Tiger.



A BALLAD OF SHOT AND SHELL.

I

Gus Brown was a Nimrod bold,
And dwelt hard by the Garden,
And in his room he kept a gun,
A long and ancient firearm.

Within a drawer some shot and shell,
And on a shelf a powder can,
Thus was Brown full well prepared
Against assault of beast or man.

One day a simple ebon crow,
His blatant wings came flappings,
His caws came in the window wide,—
Gus was not found napping.

For Gus he had a good keen ear,
To wild sounds it was 'cute,
And when he took his trusty gun
He knew well how to shoot.

And when he heard that subtle sound,
Proceed from that crow's throat,
His skilly ear was quick to mark
That caucous woodland note.

Forth from his chair he leapt amain,
And seized his deadly gun,
And when he pulled the hair-trigger
That poor crow's day was done.

II

Now in the Garden dwelt a bird,
 'Twas e'en a pheasant rare,
 And near the Garden's ery edge,
 A Graecian had his lair.

Now then know all ye students fair,
 Who know both yea and nay,
 A man may be a Graecian
 And also S. P. C. A.

So when that doughty Graecian
 Did hear that gun's report,
 He feared to kill that pheasant rare
 Some youth did make his port.

Straight rushed he to his telephone
 To warn that gentle youth
 If more he shot, he'd have him up
 Before the judge, forsooth.

III

Now on Brown's window-sill may perch
 The simple ebon crow,
 And birds that were or never wert,
 Whether Brown will or no.

And in the garden the pheasant rare
 May spread his plumage fine,
 And in his lair the Graecian
 May enjoy his peace of mind.

For Brown has hung his gun up,
 High up upon the wall,
 And there it shall e'en rust and mould
 Till the last trump shal call.

F. G. B., '18.

Prof. (while value of foreign money is being discussed)—“Do you know what a guinea is worth in this country?”

Stude—“A dollar and a half a day.”
 —Ex.

Love at first sight is usually fatal to a man not gifted with second sight.

A PROGRAM IN VERSED JINGLES.

A Junior Week ditty is this, as you'll see,
 Nothing heavy, al cheerful and gay.
 Of Proms and dances and teas,—all three,
 Will I sing to you in this lay.

We went off with a shout on Thursday last,
 Singing and playing and dancing there
 was.

Our single regret is that it has past;
 But for years of that night the gossips will
 buzz.

And the Sigs, they gave us that marvelous
 tea

This afternoon. It was a bear.
 From beginning to end, a wonderful spree,
 But the eats!—and oh! yes, even Europe
 was there.

Ye “bells” ring out, ye “bells” proclaim,
 Announce it to everyone loudly,
 For tonight's the Dawn Tea and Promenade
 game,
 Spread it broadcast,—and proudly.

From four to six at the Chi Psi lodge
 Tomorrow, you are expected,
 Not a single soul this function will dodge,
 And stags too: you may eat undetected.

The Lehigh game at eight thirty, you know,
 And all of the many house dances
 For Saturday night into one stanze go,
 But mind you! Of a life time they're
 chances.

On Sunday morn at eleven o'clock,
 When we've all just risen from bed,
 We'll go for our Junior Week's spiritual
 stock

To Benny at chapel, with measured tread.
 And ladies, when one and all you've gone
 home,

But one thought alone shall cheer.
 When you've left us amid these walls of
 stone,
 We will sigh, “Next year, next year!”



LINES WRITTEN ON A SPRING MATTRESS.

I heard a thousand blended notes
While in my bed I lay reclined;
I knew 'twas Edw. Hale's tom-cat,
And evil wishes filled my mind.

Well, well, an here's old Junior Week back again with its dear ladies and their perfectly dear evening creations of mauve suede and royal blue grosgrain ribbon over Georgette crepe with border of robin's egg blue beaver rat—just the chic-est thing, you know!

Were we not a conservative democrat and therefore sensitive of the cry "Tammany!" which would mournfully rise from the New York Tribune, we would apply for appointment to post-mastership of Schenectady. What an undreamed of fortune one could amass by boiling down this pre-Junior Week mail and extracting the perfume therefrom for commerce. It could be boiled down in its own heat.

If the commercial profits from this stupendous mail do go to waste, there arises, at least, a moral benefit. This Universitas Concordiae will never be mistaken for a supporter of Bryanism. We have taken our stand. We are for preparedness!

Preparedness we have, but, unfortunately, not prepayedness.

Subconsciously, we feel that there is something else we should mention in this connection—something that travels along with Junior Week as a sort of side show. Well, if we can't remember, oh, pshaw yes! Examinations, of course. How stupid! And there, confound it, with this unfortunate recollection goes all the joy out of life, as Skinnay Briggs would say. Now we feel like a poor, forlorn prisoner in Sing Sing looking out at the sunny world where everyone is happy and gay and free—looking out through iron bars.

No, no, not a personal experience. Just a happy illustration—a pen sketch, one might say.

Inspired, perhaps, by that famous two-hour class in rhetoric we recently attended.

HERB MOVES ON AGAIN.

We were sorry to see Herbert Daly leave the Tribune—not that we love the World less, but the Truthful Tribune much more. We will watch with interest his building up of the World's sporting page. He has a great deal of building to do.

VERS LIBRE OVER-DONE.

Vers Libre beneath the pen of such writers as Masters and Henley is all very well, but we do not think there is anyone connected with the New York Central railroad who can get the true "lift." This, which appears on a time-table, does not begin to compare with the Spoon River Anthology:
New York, Boston and Adirondacks;
Thousand Islands.
Buffalo, Niagara Falls and Toronto—
Toledo, Detroit, Chicago
And St. Louis!

Wherever we go and whatever we do, we always retain our well-known jokishness. While at home Christmas we made a nonchalant wag which we quickly forgot—humor on our part being so commonplace—and which we brought to mind yesterday after eating too much candy.

The wag: Someone was reading that good, old poem: "Twas the Night Before Christmas,

* * "I had just settled down for a long winter's nap

When out on the snow there rose such a clatter
I sprang from my bed to see what was the matter.
I threw up the sash, tore—"

"Well, well," we interrupted in our free-and-easy manner. "You must have eaten too much of that there ribbon-candy!"

SMASHING THE FOOTLIGHTS.

We have plead and plead for revival of our dramatics. And they sleep quietly on. Now then, we will use force. Start those dramatics!

* * * *

The cessation of hostilities in the burlescue line at the Van brought not the slightest flurry of disappointment among the collegers. While we have been on the Columbia wheel since last fall, the companies belonged, as it were, to the inner-tube. When the management announced the new wheel, we were in high hopes that der tag had come and we were about to get the class productions that the size of the patronage warrants. We have been fooled in so many different ways theatrically of late that we ought to have known better. We will continue to go to Albany for good burlesque.

* * * *

"The Princess Pat" at the Van Tuesday will be, we expect, another wallop from the New York managers. No use for we of the provinces to yell "Down!" for they will go right ahead stepping on our ears with their cleats. "Princess Pat" brings a second company as usual, and experience tells us that we will probably get but a mild glimpse of the production as it appeared on Broadway. Blossom and Herbert's latest work has, at best, nothing out of the ordinary, possibly excepting the music, which is always good when from the pen of this composer. We outsiders can only hope for a few good voices in the production's personelle.

* * * *

Mr. Proctor has sent back another wave of vaudeville after giving us a rest during the screening of "The Birth of a Nation." High lights here and there on the week's program were very fair for the Proctor standard, but oh, how we long for the big time act! How good Harry Lauder's supporting acts tasted last week!

Last week's stock at the Van, though not equaling many we have seen here and in Albany before, was much more praise-worthy than others we have seen in the same places. Their staging of "So Much For So Much" was good, the company being very well cast. They did not fit so well into the characters of some of their other plays.

* * * *

Speaking of stock, we have discovered those scape-graces, the Crane-Shirleys. In their retreat from Schenectady, they turned their faces toward the Orient and fetched up in Troy, N. Y. We will not molest them. You can't tell—perhaps Troy will like them.

* * * *

Nothing seems to be in sight to raise the legit. curtain during Junior Week. Old Ly Howe thinks of wandering in again about that time, but he swears he has nothing new to offer and we need therefore not bother about him. Proctor's, of course, will have a brand new—who made that cat-call?

* * * *

The provincial tour of E. H. Sothern, which is fast coming to an end, is probably the last America will ever see the great actor behind the foot-lights. His wife, Julia Marlowe, has not appeared with him for some time, owing to illness, and as Sothern finds that he cannot play to any Juliet but her, the noted couple have decided to purchase a home in Warwickshire and retire, for the time at least, into private life. Marlowe will never go on the stage again. Her husband, at some later date, will attempt to produce plays in a theatre of his own in London.

* * * *

SIMPLIFIED SENTENCING.

The Williams Record is usually a model of correct journalistic English, but we object to this sentence on the grounds that it is too short and sort of vague-like: Returning to his room after a short absence from it.

We mean the sentence which comes after the colon.

Speaking of oddities in the college news, here's one from the Rochester Campus:

In a recent report from Dean Goetze to President Butler, he recommended that correspondence courses be added to the curriculum. These courses were to be given with no credit and no profit.

CONCERNING DARKNESS.

Feeling that things, generally, were going along as well as could be expected in this Universitas Concordiae, we have not until now attempted to dictate as to its running. Very many choice students are going to be killed dead by exposure and starvation if a light of some kind does not soon raise the wilderness of darkness which isolates the rear of South College from civilization after night-fall. There are brands of reasonable, self-respecting darknesses, such as one mets with during vacations at the lighting plant and eclipses of the moon, but this indelible ink makes them look pale and anaemic and on the verge of nervous collapse. It is not a gas. It is a sticky fluid—like slow molasses. When you walk against a wall of this syrup without dissembling it ahead of you with your hands, it knocks you down on your back, flows over you, and when day-break comes you are dead. In a fit of mad bravado we entered it the other night and struck out confidently toward our room, using a combination of the side-stroke and double trudgeon. We paddled along beautifully at first, and our hopes rose high—only to be cruelly dashed to despair. We had forgotten that layers of the gloom were wont to settle in hollows of the ground and freeze smooth and glary. We slipped and fell heavily. A blanket of it rushed down through the vacuum we left in falling and pinned us hopelessly to the earth. Frantically we screamed, "Help! Its got me! Its GOT me! HELP!" An instant that seemed an hour, and we caught a faint "Coming! Which way are you?" The voice sounded as if it were telephoning from China. We punched our arm through the gloom in the direction of the sound, put our lips to the hole and called, "This way! This way! Bring a shovel!" Sounds of desperate struggling came to our ear, then a slipping as if of heavy shoes on ice, a shriek, and "HELP! It's got ME, TOO! Never mind a shovel—bring dynamite!" Things looked bad—very bad. "Hello there!" we called. "Who are you, anyway?" "It's me—Edward Hale!" came the far-away reply. And then: "I fell on my back and I cant' get up. The stuff's like tar over here. I—I can't breath it. CAN'T you do something? Oh, I'm going to die. I'm going to die!" Small chance we had of helping anyone else. Consciousness was slowly leaving us. Red spots were whisking before our eyes. All the bad things we had ever done passed before us in procession. The music of harps was filling our ears when, off to the left, we heard, "Hey, fellas! Come quick! They's hot water in the pipes tonight!" Heaven-sent blessing! It was the dor-

mitories—the dear, old dormitories! With super-human effort we staggered to our hands and knees and butted our way forward towards that blessed voice. What does it matter if we did cave in our head against the stone steps, as long as we escaped with **some** life left?

How Edward Hale escaped we do not know. At eight o'clock the next morning he was his old self again and waiting at his desk with his usual great mahss of literary material.

THE INEBRIATE'S PARAGRAPH.

An article which entirely missed the point of seriousness—appearing in a New York Sunday paper that ought to have been ashamed to run it—bemoans the immense prevalence of intoxication in our American Colleges. Budding youths, it raves, are initiated in great numbers into this terrible habit each year. Heavens, how professionalism is spreading! According to this idiotic story, we are hemmed in on every side by youths who have entirely lost their amateur steinding.

FUNNY ALBANY.

The la grippe weather is demoralizing even the staid old Hudson. Its ice is breaking up, and people near its banks are again thinking of moving up into the second story and putting a boat on the roof. **Now**, why doesn't Albany yell "Deeper Hudson"?

Clytemnestra, the only contrib of the week (may this scribe increasel), writes that after the whirl of Junior Week is past it will be Junior Weak.

Yes, Junior Week undoubtedly

Will bring its Junior Weeks

And theres a week, ere Junior Week,

That'll bring its Junior steecks!

NITE.

Gen. Smuts Fears Germans.

—New York Times.

More dirty work.

Quit job to kill wife.

—New York Times.

"Business first, pleasure afterwards."

Women Win Rent Suit.

—New York Times.

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