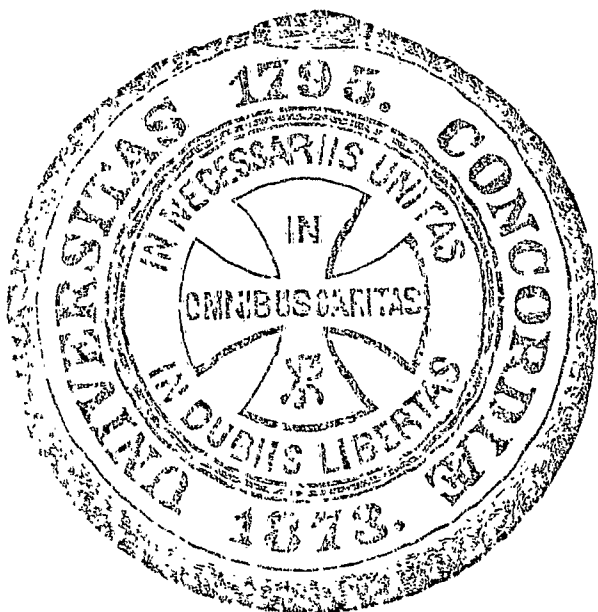


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STUDENTS OF UNION UNIVERSITY

LITERARY NUMBER

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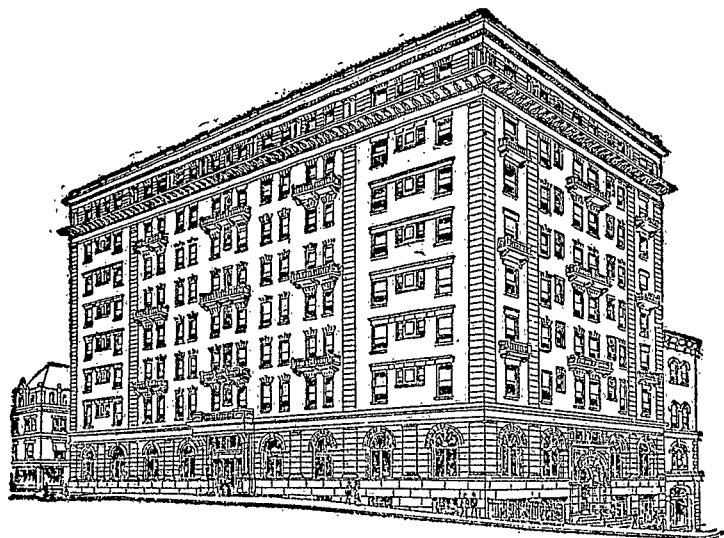
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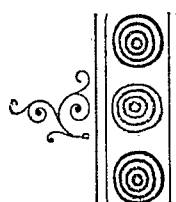
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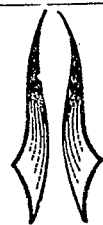
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THE CONCORDIENSIS

VOL. XXVII.

UNION COLLEGE, JANUARY 20, 1904.

No. 13.

THE DREAMS OF MAN.

(From The New York Times.)

There are many gigantic schemes in the world to-day which are worthy and lineal successors of the plan for building the Tower of Babel. Yet in an age when so many wonders have been accomplished it would be unsafe to assert that any of the vast projects which haunt the imagination of the advocates are impossible of accomplishment or to prophesy for them the fate which overtook the tower building experiment on the plains of Shinar.

French engineers have declared that it is perfectly feasible to convert the Desert of Sahara into a vast lake, thus opening to commerce great regions of the interior of Africa, which can now only be reached by long, tedious and dangerous caravan journeys. They say that a large proportion of the desert lies below the level of the Atlantic, and that by digging a canal to let in the waters of the ocean the great change could be effected easily and at a cost which would be small compared to the benefits which would accrue. If the whole desert lay below the level of the Atlantic the flooding of it would create a sea more than four times as big as the Mediterranean; but as the Sahara is composed of elevated plateaus, mountain ranges and depressions, only a part would be covered with water when the waves of the ocean were let in, and the new sea thus formed would be an irregular body of water probably of about the same size as the Mediterranean. Great commercial cities would at once spring up on its shores and trade and civilization strike at once to the heart of Africa. The Sea of Sahara may never become a reality, but in any event it is a gigantic and pleasing dream.

The Russians propose not to make a new sea but to improve an old one. The Sea of Azov, which lies back of the Crimea, is a body of water 220 miles long and eighty miles wide. It opens into the Baltic Sea, and would be an important centre of trade were it not for the fact that it is so extremely shallow that no ocean-going steamers can enter it. Even small boats have difficulty in navigating its waters. Now the Russian government proposes to bring wealth and business to the shores of the Sea of Azov by building a dam across the strait by which it communicates with the Black Sea of Azov, letting the rivers which empty into the shallow body of water fill it up to a depth which shall make it practicable for large steamers. It is thought that a heavy dam about two miles long, with a great lock capable of taking in ocean steamers, would accomplish the desired result. Where the shores of the sea are high naturally they would be all right when the waters rose, but where they are low artificial shores would have to be constructed, otherwise the Azov might only be increased in area instead of being deepened. It is a big undertaking, but the Russian government is seriously considering the work, and detailed plans have been prepared.

Among great schemes may be included the proposition of Hon. Rollo Russell, a Member of the British Parliament, who advocated the building of immense walls to increase the rainfall in sterile districts. The walls were to be so high that their tops would arrest the clouds and cause a downpour of rain, thereby rendering fit for cultivation lands which are now good only for pasture or entirely unprofitable.

Another member of the same family, Lord John Russell, when Premier of England, had urged upon his attention the scheme of digging an immense hole three miles in circumfer-

ence in the centre of England. It was to give work to the unemployed and was to go down so deep that the subterranean heat released would be sufficient to furnish motive power for all the factories in the land.

It has been proposed seriously several times to put out the fires of Vesuvius by letting in on them the waters of the Mediterranean. The experiment has been prevented by fear that a gigantic explosion would result which would blow up Italy.

THERAPEUTICS.

II.

A few instances of what Aesculapius could do in the old days will serve to illustrate the parallel between him and his successors. Incidentally they will also show that we have not in all respects surpassed the ancients. On the first of the two stele or slabs discovered at Epidaurus during the course of the excavations carried on from 1881 to 1887 are recorded twenty cures; on the second, seventeen cures and parts of others. All these cures might be called extraordinary. So they are. Still, if we judge them by what the god could perform, we must subdivide them into cures ordinarily extraordinary and cures extraordinarily extraordinary.

Case 12, Stele I, is the case of Evippus. "Evippus carried a spear-head in his jaw for six years. As he slept in the abaton, the god took out the spear-head and placed it in his hands. In the morning he crept out, cured, with the spear-head in his hands."

This is a cure very ordinarily extraordinary. The god Aesculapius could have cured you so, "eight years together, dinners and suppers and sleeping hours" not excepted. The method of the cure, you will observe, was much like the one still employed by the miracle-working saints of Greece.

Case 18, Stele I, is less ordinarily extraordinary but not extraordinarily extraordinary. It is the case of Alcetas of Halyce. "He was

blind. He saw a vision. He thought that the god came to him, took hold of his eyelids and opened his eyes. He seemed for the first time to see the trees in the sanctuary. In the morning he went out cured."

This is no everyday sort of cure. Still it is scarcely more remarkable than Saint Barbara's cure of a paralyzed hand; no more remarkable than her cure of the deaf and dumb child.

Of the extraordinarily extraordinary cures of Aesculapius, the masterpiece is twice wonderful. It is not merely miraculous; it is vicarious as well. It is the case of Miss Good of Sparta. She had the dropsy. Being too ill to go to Epidaurus herself, her mother went for her, slept in the abaton and saw a vision. "She thought that the god cut off her daughter's head and hung up the body neck down. After a great deal of water had run out, the god took down the body and put the head on the neck again. Having seen this vision, she returned to Sparta and learned that her daughter had seen the same vision and was well."

MY LAST GAME

I was not superstitious, not I! I had been told during my Summer vacation by an old gypsy fortune-teller to beware the month of November. I laughed at the time, but promised her more silver if she would tell me what was to happen. She only shook her head and held up her skinny finger in a gesture of warning. It was an odd thing I thought that a gypsy woman should refuse silver for an extra lie.

November came and was approaching its end as I sat one day with my feet on my study table which had been drawn up close to the fire-place in which I had built a crackling fire to drive out the chill November cold. As I was gazing absently at the flickering blaze the old woman's prophesy of the Summer came. What was to happen to me this month? I had not fallen in love, nor had my allowance been shortened, nor had I had my head, arms or legs broken at

football,—football! that was it, I thought, for on the next day was to be the last game of the season. It was my junior year and I had played end during my whole college course, and on the following day was to be my last game.

"Well," I thought, "I hope I won't get killed as my mother and sister are to be at the game."

As my mantel clock struck three it warned me that it was time to get ready for practice. I looked out of my window which commanded a view of the gridiron. Some of the varsity were already out for practice. Yet as I looked that one thought kept coming back to me persistently: "What is going to happen to me to-morrow? Am I to get killed, maimed or—nothing?"

The fatal day dawned. The crowds poured in to see the game. Cheer followed cheer as we trotted out to take our positions. I gazed hurriedly over the assembled throng and finally distinguished the faces of my mother and sister, and could not help but note that their faces wore an anxious expression.

"Fudge! I'm not going to get hurt," I muttered, and to prove my lucky star I determined to play a more reckless game than usual.

"Jad's playing a great game to-day," I heard the captain say to the quarter.

We were playing the last half and were winning. The old woman's warning was forgotten. My fighting blood was up, my criminal nature in the ascendancy. I had forgotten the old adage that, "Those whom the gods wish to destroy they first make mad."

Finally the crash came. How? Do not ask. A million lights flashed before my eyes, blazed up, burned out and fell, leaving me in darkness, the darkness of death. Still I could hear a confused humming, a murmur of many voices. Then I thought my sight was returning, for far in the distance was a faint patch of light. And as I watched it I thought I could see faces there. Yes, there were two, my mother's and sister's, no longer radiant and excited as I had last seen them, but drawn

with fear and grief. Then gradually they disappeared, and the blackness was all around me again. Then I seemed to be falling, falling, with a terrible weight upon my breast.

"There must be an end to this," I thought, "and that end will be death."

Yet on I fell with limitless space below me and that awful weight pressing upon me. Suddenly I felt my shoulder grasped by an iron hand that crushed and mangled with its fearful grip, and I heard a voice say:

* * * * *

"Come, Jad, wake up old man, it is time to dress for practice. We must win that game to-morrow."

L. S. '04.

THE PERILS OF CHICKEN-STEALING.

"Jim, Jim, what you tryin' ter slip in dat back dore fer? Lord hab mussy! ef de nigger aint got a fine watermillion! Where you git dat watermillion, Jim? Out de patch? Well mebbe so; but not out our patch, fer, shore's I'm livin', dat's a fine Louisiany, an' we aint got nuttin' but Jim-Cobs, an' leetle knotty ones at dat!"

"Jim, you is been stealin'! Look me in de eye an' tell me 'you didn't steal dat Louisiany. Huh, I knowed it, yer cant' fool dis ole 'oman."

"Look yere, nigger; lemme tell yer right now I ain't gwine 'low no stealin' 'mongst my grand-chil'erns. Here you is just in yer 'lebenth year an' stealin' watermillions."

"Aint I nuver tell yer 'bout dat time Henry, yer daddy, got heself in trouble 'count o' stealin' chickens? Nuver? Well, you set down dere an' shell dem peas whilst I tells yer 'bout it. Min' now, don't yer git ter fallin' ter sleep."

"When yer daddy was 'long 'bout eighteen years old, he was a mighty no 'count nigger—an' ef you don', min', yer gwine be just like him."

"Well, one ebenin' 'bout sundown, he come n an' stood up dere watchin' me fryin' bacon so long dat I got kind o' put out. I say, 'Git out de way, nigger. Ef yer don't git out de way an' lemme lone, you'll fin' hot grease way torectly.' Henry nuver say nuttin', he just stood dere studyin'."

"Arter while he look at dat bacon an' he say, 'Mammie, I is gittin' chicken-hongry.' I say, 'look yer nigger, don't yer come wid no sick talk 'roun' me. Ain't you kuow I can't git yer no chicken?' Henry nuver say no more, but went on an' eat he bacon."

"Well, long 'bout 'leven o'clock he put on he hat an' pick up a crocus sack an split out de door."

* * * * *

"Dat same night, Marse John Rogers was a settin' in he room a-studyn' how ter write a letter ter Miss Daisy Hunter axin' her ter be he wife."

"Yer know Marse John was a mighty ventursome gem'-man dem days. He was one o' dem kind what love horses an' dogs, an' gwine fox huntin' an' such like. He nuver look at a gal tell he meet Miss Daisy. Yer see, Miss Daisy an' Marse John sister, Miss Mamie, was at college togather, an' when Miss Mamie git graduated an' come home nuttin' would do her but Miss Daisy must come too. Well, suh, she was dat purty an' sweet dat Marse John give up de minute he see her."

Fum de time she lan' at de gate till she leave ter go home. Marse John was wid her ever' where. One day, when de didn't hab nuttin', else ter do, a crowd o' ladies an' genmans went huntin', an' Miss Daisy she kill a leetle black bud. Dat shore tickled Marse John."

"Arter Miss Daisy went home, Marse John he could live peaceable no way. He went ter see her Sunday after Sunday, but some how he couldn't tell her how he was a pinin' fer her. An' dis 'ticular night I is tellin' yer erbout he come ter de 'clusion dat he was gwine hab Miss Daisy, so he was writin' an' axin' her ter be his wife."

"Now, Marse John, he warn' no hand fer writin' letters 'cept he business letters, so it was right hard fer him. Fust he wrote a long letter, den he tear dat up an' write a short one; den he write a long one ergin, all de time gittin' more an' more worrit. Arter while he stop an' tell he self dat ef he could jist shoot at some'in', he didn't keer what, he knowed he could write dat letter right off. He say shootin' a gun allers did quiet he nerves."

"Jist den he heard a chicken holler; he grab he gun, run out on de porch an' shot in de direction o' de chicken house."

* * * * *

"Bout twelve o'clock, I heard somebody knock an' somebody, soun' mighty like Henry, say, Mammie, lemme in.' I open de door an' dar he was, de blood tricklin' down he face an' he a-holdin' er ole yaller hen by one laig. I say, 'God A'mighty, boy, what ail yer?' He say, 'I is been shot.' I say, 'Where was you?' He say, 'Comin troo de big woods, I hear some'in' soun' mighty funny—I look roun' ter see what it was an' it shoot me right in de face!' I say, 'Boy, where you git dat chicken?' Henry nuver say nuttin. Well, suh, ef it didn't take me de whole night ter pick dem shot outen he face, 'sides usin' up all de grease whot I had lef' fum de bacon."

"An dat's why I tell yer not ter take de watermillions. Now watermillions aint like chickens, 'cause de aint gwine holler, but its a mighty risky—"

"Good Lord! ef de nigger ain't fast ersleep. Might as well talk ter a fence rail as er nigger boy."

"My, dat's a good lookin' watermillion! Hope de eenside looks as good as de outside. I knows it will, do; Jim allers could tell er ripe watermillion when he thump it."

—Exchange.

✓'02—Robt. B. Hoadley was recently promoted to Resident Engineer on the Western Md. Extension of the Wabash System,

ALUMNI AT SYRACUSE.**Union's Representatives in the Teaching Profession hold a Reception and Banquet.**

A number of Union Graduates were in attendance upon the Annual Mid-Winter Conference of Academic Principals, which was held this year at Syracuse during the holidays, and on Tuesday evening, December 29th, the corridors and lobby of the Globe Hotel in that city heard the "short yell" given with a vim in honor of the President-elect of the State pedagogues, Howard Conant, '92.

After a satisfactory dinner, the presiding officer called for speeches from various Alumni.

President Raymond responded with a few well chosen remarks concerning the bright prospects for the future at Union, and touched briefly on the many changes and improvements which have recently been made in the grounds and buildings. He showed clearly the immense advantages coming from the recently reorganized electrical department and rendered due acknowledgement to the liberal assistance given by the General Electrical Company and by Prof. Steinmetz.

Prof. Conant expressed the hope that in the near future, a chair of Pedagogy might be established at Union and that the College be thus enabled to take front rank in this important branch of education.

Dr. Stoller presented the plan of the faculty's committee for the organization of a Teachers' Agency for the promotion of the interests of Union men who are in that profession. This plan was unanimously adopted, and Dr. Stoller was recommended as chairman of the newly organized teachers' bureau. All Union men who are teaching are urged to communicate at once with Dr. Stoller concerning it. No registration fees nor commissions are to be charged, but otherwise this organization is similar to the regular teachers' agencies.

After other speakers had presented their views on the above topics, an informal ballot for officers for the ensuing year was taken with the following results:

President—Fred. VanDusen, '79.

Secretary—Arba M. Blodgett, '97.

The following alumni were present:

President A. V. V. Raymond, '75; Rev. Philip H. Cole, '88; James H. Stoller, '84; Howard Conant, '92; Fred. Van Dusen, '79; C. W. Blessing, '88, Albany; Superintendent Edward Hayward, '78; Cohoes; L. H. Carris, ex-'93; A. M. Blodgett, '97; O. C. Hotchkiss, '99, Fultonville; George William Fairgrieve, '89, Coxsackie; George C. Rowell, '99, Albany; P. C. Meserve, '92, Waverly; Burt H. Boorn, '96, Hunter; M. J. Multer, '97, Perry; W. J. Whipple, '98, Penfield; E. M. Sanders, '00, Schenevus; H. B. Jones, '00, Alexandria Bay; William L. Fisher, '98; John J. Mahon, '98, Horseheads; S. B. Howe, jr., '03, Saugerties; W. E. Van Wormer, '01, Schaghticoke; E. B. Slack, '01, Kinderhook; S. J. Neff, '03, Lyons Falls.

THE SOIREE.

The Sophomore Soiree is drawing near and everyone is beginning to look forward to one of the most enjoyable events of the collegiate year.

The Soiree this year promises to exceed those of previous years, in elaborateness, since the Round Building has been entirely renovated and the committee has made great efforts to have it eclipse any dance that has ever been given by the undergraduate student body.

The music will be furnished by Gioscia and a caterer of more than local reputation will have charge.

Don't forget the date—February 5.

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Subscriptions. Even the Concordy must plead materialism, Subscriptions are due at any time now. The manager urges everyone who is indebted to the weekly, to put forward some effort to relieve its present financial embarrassment.

This Number. The Editors present this Literary number with the hope that such variety may not fall short of bringing the desired spice. Other reasons too, chiefly of State, induce the appearance of this issue. College politics seem to have gone so far below board that they defy inspection. Or can it be that the political animal is dormant or is his reign waning? It is to be hoped that even the Engineers may descend (or rise?) from their cold mathematical pinnacles and forget their erudite calculations for a time in order to dream or smile awhile over these pages. An Engineering number may appear soon. Who knows? So with these ruminations, the Editors say "Goe little booke."

The Theatre Party. The Theatre party of the students at the Van Curler last Wednesday night has evoked much adverse criticism from the local press. Some of the out of town papers give hair-raising accounts of the student body's "outrageous conduct" toward the Corse Payton Stock Co.

Such a view of the case is more or less to be expected for it is a well known and regretted fact that there is little or no sympathy between the College and the Town. Only those who know what a College is can appreciate the situation and they are unanimous in exonerating the students from all blame. It is natural that several of the City's papers should side with the Rabble and pose as "Darlings of the Gods" for it is politic for them to cater to the Canaille. The "Evening Star," with a Union alumnus as Editor, alone has showed judgment and discretion in the matter. The letter which appeared in one of the daily organs, in which the writer wishes that she could "find words to express the loathing, contempt and disgust" that she feels toward the students, can be taken for what it is worth for it is signed "by one who is proud to call herself "One of the Rabble."

The inborn dislike which the Rabble experiences, and has in all time, of the educated classes, is the primal cause of trouble. Jealousy is the thorn in side of such a mob and but awaits the slightest opportunity to cloak its hatred under the pretense of offended dignity. Strange it seems to find outraged refinement in a heap of garbage! Yet such, we are told, is the case. Strange also that we are reminded that the students were treated with great leniency. Strange when students were ar-

rested while the incestuous mass in the gallery which began the trouble went entirely free. Such things however, it seems, must happen in a town where the College is regarded by the majority of inhabitants, who are ignoramuses, as more or less of a pest house. Nothing more can be expected from that class of people.

There never will and never can be sympathy between the students of Union and the lecherous rabble of the gutters. The only friends the College has in town, and they are the only friends worth having, are those who understand what an institution of learning means to any place and who are not so nauseatingly selfish as to call college fun and harmless youthful exuberance indecent and disreputable.

THE THEATRE PARTY.

Poor old Davy Crockett rests in peace, and it is lucky for many people that he does. The criticisms which were hurled at him and his memory last Wednesday evening at the Van Curler would certainly have justified him in wreaking a fearful vengeance. It is an incontestable fact that the Mexicans and Indians, whom he used to meet quite frequently, and rip open with his bowie and plug with his rifle, treated him comparatively speaking like a gentleman. Now, whether Davy would have felt himself outraged more by the actions of the "elite" and the "hoodlums" in the audience than by the actors (?) and actresses (?) on the stage is a good question for debate. We shouldn't suggest this question for the Allison-Foote debaters nor for a Rutgers-Union question, but certainly some of the "rabble," a "lady" and most of the papers throughout the country would be strong on the side of the people who appeared before the footlights with and without appropriate costume. We don't know how Corse Payton's proteges took it, but if they look for interest and enthusiasm in an audience, they ought to have been satisfied one night last week.

To run over some facts of the case which attracted widespread attention. One hundred and fifty Union students assembled in an opera

house do not constitute a good board of dramatic critics. They don't seem to appreciate the inherent genius and the forceful acting of the Corse Payton companies, and are too open and frank in the expression of their feelings. Whether they feel out of place in orchestra seats, or whether they labor under some sort of hallucinations and think they are setting up freshmen, we won't say. Anyhow, the leading man as Davy Crockett, did not seriously appeal to them. He wore the right kind of clothes, had a fair-looking shot-gun, a pretty little minuet and swagger, a fog-horn voice, and a Sandow arm, but somehow the fellows did not observe these things in the right way. He also could mend saddles but couldn't read, he kissed his mother (the poor thing), he always made sure he was right and then went ahead, and he loved and married in a kind of Lochinvar style, but still the students were not pathetically moved. Again, the leading lady as Elinor Vaughn failed to influence the students as most girls usually do. She slept all the night long while poor Davy with his strong arm kept a howling and apparently hungry rat-terrier from entering a muslin door. He needed something to cheer him up and he got it in the form of good old Union songs and yells and words of encouragement in good old Union style. Elinor's poetical reading did not whet the college men's literary appetite at all, and we hazard a guess that, to them as a sweetheart and wife, she was not particularly a woman. Her part seemed mostly to submit to be carried on and off the stage by some one, preferably Davy, and she seemed most happy and so did the audience when she was being carried off. Again between the third and fourth acts, while Davy alias Lochinvar on his way to his "Nellie," there appeared a sort of anachronism as it were. We are not stars in history, but we fancy that in the time of Crockett he would not have especially cared to travel around the country with a female specimen of pioneer life as she named Charmion. Now a wrong idea should not be formed about her. She acted gracefully and well

in her line, quietly made a few appropriate remarks, and was probably the only one in the whole house who was effective without noise and neither greatly pleased nor disgusted. She was generous in the extreme, depriving herself of necessities to please others, and her presents were gratefully received by any in the audience who were fortunate enough to get them. But she wouldn't be just the kind to appear before Indians, Texans and Mexicans, and we hope, oh, we pray that, for their own sakes, the "hoodlums" did not take her, above everyone else in the show, very seriously. It wouldn't do at all.

Another theatre party has gone down in the annals of college history without any especial damage or harm being done, without any loss of life, and without any great financial loss. It gave rise to some ebullitions of indignation, helped the newspapers wonderfully, inspired some to write ineffectual philippics, and caused a very weak imitation of our dear old snow-ball scrap, That's about all. We had some fun, it's over, and we're sorry if we displeased anybody. Fun generally does displease somebody in one way or another. With due recognition of all dramatic talent, with the production of last Wednesday night still fresh in our minds we must express our sympathy for Davy Crockett as he used to be, and almost our delight that he nobly perished in the Alamo.

AN OMAR FOR UNION MEN.

I

Wake comrades ! for I come to sing a song,
A song of Union where our hearts belong.
Listen awhile and tarry o'er the bowl,
Then judge me if you think me right or wrong.

II

Whether at Right half back or Left you play,
Whether you win or else should lose the day;
The same old Sticks keep coming one by one;
First grades keep going—but where I cannot say.

III

Whether with soothing talk and flattering tongue
Right in a mild Prof's face your praise you've flung.
Ah, never hope, he'll stick you just the same;
He knows too well the actions of the Young.

IV

Whether red wine or only beer you drink,
Whether with cards you play or from them shrink,
Some sage professor from his throne will bawl,
"You will be happier if you sit and think."

V

On snowy morning when the harsh bells ring,
Do you expect a man to rise and sing,
"Hail blithe and dewy morn?" Ah, never so,
Because his head is big as Anything.

VI

After long nights spent o'er the bubbling wine,
Can you expect a man to rise and shine
Next day within an ancient classic hall?
Ah, never, for we are not so divine.

VII

What tho' the Senior sneer and Freshman shrink,
The Junior giggle or the Sophomore wink,
At some too stern Instructor's sage advice;
Who knows? The Tute himself may also drink.

VIII

Give me a bonnie lass on some Spring eve,
One of Dorp's Damsels, I can make believe,
I love her more than wine or nightingale,
Out of this Fancy, Heaven will I weave.

IX

Lo, Freshman days are like an evil dream,
Sophomores arise and rant around and scream,
The Junior passes like a happy laugh,
While Senior days are not quite what they seem.

X

When we are gone the bells will ring the same,
Whether we slink away or rise to Fame,
The same old Tricks be played and We will be,
In some old musty Catalogue—a Name!

XI

So to old Union we must say farewell,
Even to that infernal Chapel Bell,
We pay our fond adieux—and thus we go,
Trusting our Sojourn here was not a Sell.

XII

Goodbye Old Comrades, as we onward pass,
And when you think of us say not, "Alas!
Those Fellows have gone down the Primrose
Way,"
But rather toast us in a Brimming Glass.

GERALD FITZ EDWARD, '04.

AT EVENING TIME.

At evening time the roses blush
A deeper crimson; thro' the hush
Of sacred silence, flowers flush
At evening time.

At evening time the heart grows calm
And tender twilight wafts her balm
Like incense from some perfumed palm
At evening time,

At evening time old thoughts float by
Like visions 'neath the silken sky,
That smiling wander wavering by
At evening time.

At evening time we would forget
All vague remorse and vain regret
Longing that Peace may hold us yet
At evening time.

Oh evening! fair, serene and still,
Help us thy mission to fulfil
By bringing Hope and Love until
Life's evening time!

S. C., '04.

AN INCIDENT.

When the Buffalo Limited left Albany one day last Fall, two strangers occupied the same seat, both were reading their Albany Evening papers. As the train left Schenectady both put down their papers, and as it passed the Mohawk both gave their attention to the car window. Then the older man asked, "What were you looking at?" and the other replied, "The dome of the Round Building of Union College." The older said, "I always do the same." Thus met two Union College Alum-

ni; one a grey haired judge, the other a middle aged manufacturer. They parted at Utica, no longer strangers.

Why cannot we—Union alumni—carry the Round Building with us always, as a watch charm, a badge, or a button? Would not every true son of Old Union prize it as a Phi Beta Kappa does his key, a society man his badge, or a Grand Army man his button?

An Alumnus.

SPICE AND VARIETY.

"Are you ever troubled with insomnia—sleeplessness?"

"I should say I am. Some nights I don't sleep three hours."

"That so! I've got it awfully bad. I've been afflicted now about two years. The doctor calls it neuris insomnia paralaxitis."

"I've had it about 18 months, and we call it Ethel."

"Teacher.—'Did Martin Luther die a natural death?'"

Student.—"No, sir, he was excommunicated by a bull."

Judge—You say your wife struck you on the head with a plate?

Rastus—Yaas suh.

Judge—But your head doesn't show it.

Rastus—No boss, but you done order see dat plate!

—Life.

The following poem was sent to one of the sophs, recently, by a girl he's crazy over. He read the beginning in rapture, but his feelings at the finish are not easily described:

Press me closer, all my own;
Warms my heart for thee alone;
Every nerve responsive thrills;
Each caress my being thrills.
Rest and peace in vain I crave;

In ecstasy I live, thy slave.
 Dower'd with hope, with promise blest,
 Thou dost reign upon my breast.
 Closer still, for I am thine;
 Burns my heart, for thou art mine.
 Thou the message, I the wire—
 I the furnace, thou the fire—
 I the servant, thou the master
 Roaring, red hot mustard plaster.

Angry Poet (rushing into the office)—See here, sir! That check you sent me for my poem is no good!

Editor (coldly)—Neither was the poem. Shut the door, please.—Ex.

JOURNALISM AS SHE IS WRIT.

Will Exhibit His Choice Cuts.

Radford (Va.) Advance: Mr. J. D. Nunley, the East Bedford butcher, is closing out his business in order to go to the hospital. Upon his return he will resume business, and will be glad to have all his friends call on him.

Defying The Doctors.

Bengal Cor. Shelbyville (Ind.) Jeffersonian: Miss Rita Pottinger has been complaining for a few days. She has not yet been

confined to her bed, although there has been two or three "doctors" to see her.

McCordsville (Ohio) Exhumer: A large consignment of a song called "Hiawatha," was received yesterday by Zachariah Dye, the druggist, who is also a large dealer in paints, oils, glass, putty, books, sheet music, and wall paper. It has been pronounced by them that knows to be a very pretty tune, and threatens to be a strong competitor of "After the ball." No event has caused so much talk since the steam laundry agency was established here—Exhumed by the Washington Post.

Speaking of the girl who passed the coffee and sandwiches at a recent party, a Jewell County, Kansas paper says: "She waited upon the guests with a magnificent social alertness most pleasing to all."

We air in reseat of a book called "The Morning After," which deals with jags and their consequences, and we air asked to review the same. There ain't nothing new to us in this book, but its got some useful information for tenderfeet in it. The morning after ain't never troubled us none. If we air sober, we are sorry for it; and if we ain't sober, we don't keer nothing 'bout nobody.—Hardeman Free Press.



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ALUMNI.

✓'53—Lewis Collins, the founder of the Brooklyn Tree Planting and Fountain Society, died at his home, No. 280 Macon street, Brooklyn, January 9, 1904. He was widely known as an entomologist. He was born 71 years ago. He had been president of the Phi Beta Kappa Society and had compiled a history of the society and its members. He leaves a widow, three daughters and one son.

✓'03—Bolles & Powell may be found at No. 33 Morningside avenue, R. Dalton, New York City.

✓'99—Stephen C. Medbery, Jr., is electrical engineer with the Virginia Passenger and Power Company. Address, 713 East Franklin street, Richmond, Va.

✓'45—Charles B. Warring has an article on "Miracle, Law, Evolution," in the October 1903 number of the Bibliotheca Sacra.

✓'98—Charles E. Parsons, Engineer of the Hudson River Water and Power Company, delivered a lecture on the "Construction and Development of the Spier Falls Plant" before the employees of the Schenectady Railway Company, January 14, 1904.

✓'52—Wm. B. Dunlap died in Schenectady July 23, 1903.

✓'66—The congregation of the University Place Presbyterian church last night tendered a complimentary reception to Rev. Dr. George Alexander in honor of his twentieth anniversary as a pastor.

The parish house, in which the celebration was held, was crowded by Dr. Alexander's

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friends, who congratulated him upon his long continuous service. The choir rendered several numbers, and Miss Sarah King Peck sang several solos. Lucia Forrest, the harpist, was also a soloist.

The reception committee consisted of W. F. Havemeyer, Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Wilson, Dr. and Mrs. J. P. Munn, Mrs. O. B. Potter, Mrs. F. A. Booth, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Crane, Mrs. H. W. Hodge, Mrs. R. M. A. Dyod, Mrs. Thomas Denny and Miss Helen Parish.—New York Mail and Express, January 13, 1904.

The late Professor Whitehorne, who held the chair of ancient languages in Union University, and whose attachment for the Medical Department was strengthened by the award of its diploma to his sons, prepared for the "Annals" the Greek motto which now graces its title. The present Jubilee number justifies his expression, which we hope may long stand: "Secure and lasting be thy abode! Out of darkness bring forth light, and out of suffering relief."—Editorial of January 1904, Albany Medical Annals.

✓'96—Burt H. Boorn and Miss Eva Amelia Hammond were married at Utica, N. Y., on December 24, 1903. The bridegroom is principal of Hunter Academy.

✓'95—Henry R. Dwight became a Benedict at Pinopolis, S. C., last December.

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*No. 10, Chicago, New York & Boston Special.....	8:31 a m
*No. 64, Oneida Accommodation.....	9:43 a m
*No. 16, N. Y. & N. E. Express.....	10:45 a m
*No. 56, Accommodation.....	12:07 p m
No. 2, Day Express.....	1:30 p m
*No. 18, Southwestern Limited	2:00 p m
*No. 22, Lake Shore Limited.....	2:35 p m
No. 62, Accommodation.....	3:54 p m
*No. 14, Eastern Express.....	4:10 p m
*No. 40, The New Yorker.....	4:20 p m
*No. 66, Accommodation.....	5:59 p m
No. 72, Accommodation.....	7:11 p m
*No. 74, Accommodation.....	9:48 p m
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No. 65, Accommodation.....	11:48 a m
*No. 3, Fast Mail.....	12:30 p m
*No. 45, Syracuse Express.....	1:50 p m
No. 7, Day Express.....	3:17 p m
*No. 41, Buffalo Limited	4:30 p m
*No. 15, Boston & Chicago Special.....	4:40 p m
*No. 47, N. Y. & Syracuse Accommodation.....	5:25 p m
*No. 67, N. Y. & Moh. Val. Ex.....	7:15 p m
*No. 17, N. Y. & Detroit Special.....	8:10 p m
*No. 19, Lake Shore Limited.....	9:15 p m
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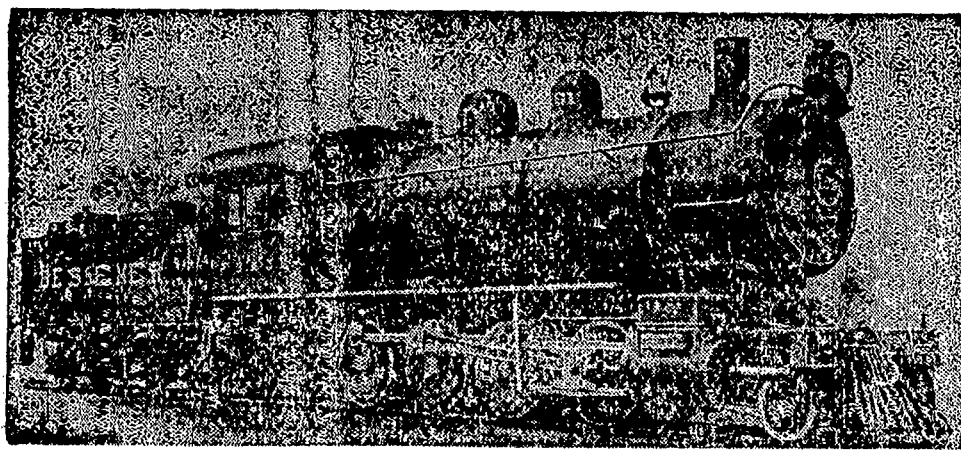
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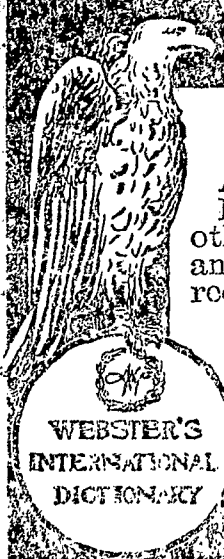

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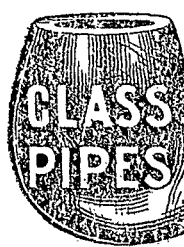
In dealing with the students of "Old Union" have been appreciated by the boys of past years and we are glad to notice we are again being rewarded by the student body of this school year.

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