

THE CONCORDIENSIS

PUBLISHED BY THE STUDENTS OF UNION COLLEGE

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VOLUME XL

SCHENECTADY, N. Y., MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 18th, 1916

No. 1

POLIOMYELITIS TO HINDER ENROLLMENT

Men From Actively Infested
Districts Barred.

WILL NOT ENTER
UNTIL OCTOBER 2

Expected That Ruling Will Af-
fect About Fifty-Five
Men.

Because of the poliomyelitis epidemics in several localities from which Union men come, and of the earnest efforts the Schenectady Health Department has been making to keep the city free from the plague, many of the college authorities were much in favor of postponing the opening of college until October 4th.

It was only after the matter had been taken up with the city and state officials that it was decided to open on the original date. The condition was made, however, that men from actively infected districts were not to be admitted until October 2nd.

Accordingly the following letter was addressed to each student and sub-freshman by President Richmond:

UNION COLLEGE:

In view of the inquiries regarding a possible change of date for the opening of Union College because of the epidemic of infantile paralysis in the state, the authorities of the college desire to announce that the college will open, as scheduled in the catalogue, on September 18.

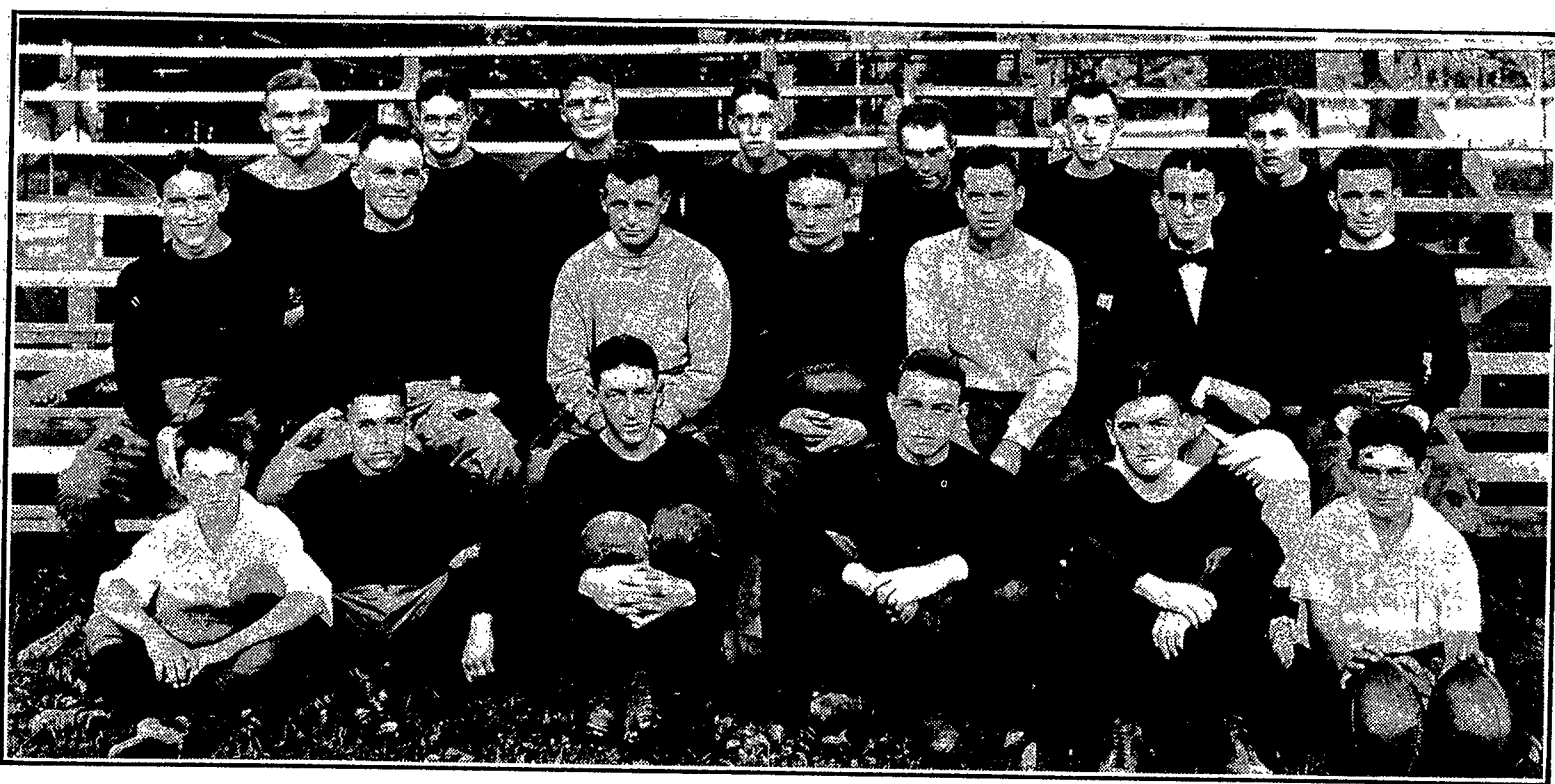
This action is taken with the sanction of the New York State Board of Health and the Board of Health of the city of Schenectady. It is understood, however, that students coming from communities actively infected will not be allowed to register until two weeks later. In such cases the college will arrange for special instruction that these students may not suffer seriously by the delay.

At the suggestion of the local Board of Health it is required that every student furnish a certificate of health signed by some reputable physician.

Special notice will be sent to students coming from infected districts. If no further notice is received they may assume that no objection will be raised to their registration.

The city of Schenectady has enjoyed remarkable immunity from the epidemic and parents may be assured of the utmost

(Continued on page 5)



Top Row—Whitner, DeLaplante, L. Bowman, P. Brown, Beckett, Bellinger, Hochuli. Second Row—Goff, Murray, (Ass't Coach), Dawson, (Coach), Rosekrans, (Capt.), Roof, Porter, (Mgr.), Manion.
Bottom Row—Billy, Moore, Travis, Snell, Foster, Charlie.

PRE-SEASON FOOTBALL PRACTICE BRINGS OUT SQUAD OF PROMISE

CONCORDIENSIS ASSUMES NEW FORM AND POLICY

Will Hereafter Be a Thrice-a-
Week Newspaper.

A LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

Editorial and Business Staff Re-
arranged and Systematized.

Beginning with the present issue the Concordiensis will be published three times a week in newspaper form. It will consist of from four to eight pages. A literary supplement will appear every fortnight. Ninety issues will be made instead of twenty-seven as in the past.

This vital change in the form and policy of a paper as long established as the Concordiensis was decided on for many reasons. The new style will give a better medium for telling the news of the college, which in the past decade has superseded the literary element of the Concordiensis to an overwhelming degree. Under the present form news can and will be news instead of stories rehashed from daily papers perhaps a week old.

A more frequent use of cuts will follow this change. The Concordiensis will be far more readable than in the past. A larger circulation can be established. Advertising will be more desirable. The Concordiensis as a newspaper will far outrank the hybrid Concordiensis of the past.

In order that college writing of literary rather than news value may have an outlet, the plan of

(Continued on page 4)

Fall Conditioning Commenced
on Alexander Field on
September 7.

BACK FIELD LOOKS BETTER THAN THE LINE

Week's Seasoning at Pilot Knob,
Lake George, Abandoned
Principally on Account of
Paralysis Epidemic.

Pre-season football practice was commenced on Alexander Field Thursday, September 7th, and has been held on every weekday afternoon since that date. The squad compares favorably from the standpoint of numbers with those of recent past seasons. Good freshman material is gradually being enrolled, the tried players of the upper classes are at work in majority, and indications augur well for another strong well-balanced Garnet eleven this season.

Fred T. Dawson, head coach, said in interview with a CONCORDIENSIS representative that he was pleased with the early season showing of the squad and with the spirit shown by candidates in their eagerness to settle down at once into the hard grind of conditioning. He stated that the veterans of last year's squad are now all back and in harness and rapidly rising into the form which is necessary before stiff scrimmaging can be taken up. Work to date has been confined wholly to the rudimentary; there has been much attention paid to falling on the ball, simple signals and the trying out of the backs

THE WEATHER

* Partly Cloudy Today; Tues-
* day Fair.

UNION COLLEGE CALENDAR.

Today.

* Registration (Class of 1920)
* Football Practice 3:30 P. M.

Tuesday.

* Entrance Examinations.
* Registration, Candidates for
* Advanced Standing.
* Registration, (Sop., Jun.,
* Sen.)

* Football Practice 3:30 P. M.

Wednesday.

* Registration (Sop., Jun.,
* Sen.)

* Entrance Examinations.
* Admissions Committee Meet-
* ing 7:30 P. M.

* Football Practice 3:30 P. M.

Thursday.

* First Chapel Exercises and
* Recitations.

* Football Practice 3:30 P. M.

Friday.

* Sophomore-Freshmen Scraps
* 3:00 P. M.

* Y. M. C. A. Social 8:15 P. M.

* Football Practice 3:30 P. M.

In all probability the first light session of scrimmaging will occur this afternoon as a conclusion to the day's work.

The squad on Saturday numbered about thirty, at least ninety per cent of which were veterans of last year. It had been originally intended that the candidates should be taken to Pilot Knob on Lake George for the first week's seasoning, but this plan was necessarily abandoned on account of

(Continued on page 4)

The Concordiensis

Published Monday, Thursday and Saturday afternoons by Students of Union College

Entered at Schenectady Post Office as Second Class Mail Matter. Subscription price: five cents a copy, \$2.50 a year; delivered anywhere in the United States. Telephone 2226-J.

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MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 18, 1916.

Editorial

THE NEW CONCORDIENSIS.

THE CONCORDIENSIS is forty years old. Yet today it is younger than it has ever been. For the first time in many years the word "new" can be applied to it, and newness means youth.

The present form of THE CONCORDIENSIS had to come. The old style of publication was clumsy, inefficient, old-fashioned. It was not representative of the college because it was a "hang-over" from a period when the interest of young men, not only at Union but at all colleges, was principally literary. The Concordy was a literary paper, and we don't doubt that in its spring-time it was a good literary paper. But after a time, the Concordy became a news medium. Students today are not in the main interested in literature—at least of their own making. Their interests are in other fields. It is not the purpose of this editorial to discuss the merits or demerits of this change of attitude, merely to mention the fact.

But with this change from a literary magazine to a newspaper no change was made in the style of THE CONCORDIENSIS itself—until today. And so for many years undergraduates and others interested in college news were compelled to burrow endlessly through little sheets of paper carefully got up in the magazine form. Of course this was absurd—and we realize it as soon as we see how much easier, how much better it is to read the Concordy now.

But to make this change needed courage. The editors had to be brave men to take on their heads the editing and publishing of a paper thrice a week.

They were only at last convinced that it could be done when they came to think that the college would be behind them.

And so comes the old cry for support! The Concordy does not hesitate to make it a loud cry because The Concordy is sure it can give you your money's worth. Also it is confident that you will support it, because it will be well worth supporting.

Of course this is old stuff, and the second phase of such a plea is just as old and just as true. Here it is:

Money is no object. The only reason The Concordy wants financial support is to run itself. And it wants to run itself for your benefit. The only way that you will benefit in the long run, is to get behind The Concordy not only by your subscriptions, but by your personal interest, your own work.

Identify yourself with THE CONCORDIENSIS. Make yourself a part of it. The literary supplement is a tentative thing. It is up to the college to furnish that high-sounding thing called "literature." The editorial staff must be larger than ever before under the new arrangement. Never before has there been such a chance for actual training in journalism here at Union. Competition for offices under the new plan will continue through Junior year in some instances. There is your chance. If you can blast out a paragraph an hour on the old invisible, by all means set the charge.

The Concordy is not a dilettante or amateurish affair run by a closed corporation. It is a newspaper, for the college and from the college, by the college and with the college. It can't be run haphazard, nor can it be run off and on as a side issue. It is a real activity—probably the most practical and useful activity at Union. It needs a lot of work, and a lot of workmen. It needs interest, and push, and competition.

And that means you.

TO 1920.

Now is the time when every good collegiate editor rings the bell with a few snappy words of welcome to the Newest Class. Let me see—the Class of Nineteen-Twenty, to be sure.

The good collegiate editor begins with remarks about that paradox of the autumnal leaf, sere and yellow, and the spring-time of youth, green and pink. He continues by pulling out the tremolo stop: A little vignette of the sweet homestead tucked away in a peaceful valley, shaded with apple-trees—young Ebenezer Homespun, the only child of his devoted mother, stands on the door-sill. He is Going To College. He has felt the alluring of the Higher Learning. He has heard the siren voice of the World. After one last affectionate clench he steers his o'sullivans down the lane. The whistle of the train rings in his mother's ears for several hours. Ebenezer reckons that no one won't haze him, not much, by clover.

Then the good collegiate editor rolls out the diapason. Beware of the temptations of the wicked city, don't be led astray by virulent sophomores, put first things first.

Freshmen

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Union College

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Sterling Art Shop

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Wm. A. Cary, Prop.

and comb your hair every morning.

But this is no time for idle levity. You are here, Nineteen Twenty, of your own free will. You must realize yourself, and know that you are the most important thing there is. Without you there wouldn't be any college. Caesar was a freshman once, and in due course of time you may all be Caesars.

The next thing to realize after you have realized your importance—which is no joke—is to remember that you are a Necessary Evil. And that is just a little bit worse than being an unnecessary evil. You're here, and you've got to put up with yourselves and us, just as we have to put up with you. You will undoubtedly grow in grace, so that four years from now you can be just as pompous and overbearing and cavilling as we are now. And at that time you will realize better than ever before just how awful freshmen are, and just how necessary they are, and just how much you've learned though goodness knows you tried hard enough not to—we all do.

In the meantime we're sure to be friends, because all there is to friendship is to have two people like the same thing, and work for the same thing. And fortunately everybody in college has at least one thing that they all like and work for. And that to be sure is TINTON, and what Union is and what it does and what it doesn't do.

So that by the time we get to know each other well we're sure to get along, if we remember that the most important thing in our

four years here is the college.

Nothing occurs to such an old, old person as the editor of this paper to say to such a young, young person as yourself that hasn't been said a thousand times. And a well conducted collegiate editor would rather swallow his typewriter in two bites and die than say a thing the thousand and first time. There is a limit. Everybody gave you advice just before you left home. Uncle John told you all the gay stories of his doozy old days at Siwash, and then solemnly warned you not to do likewise. If you're as chock full of good manners and enthusiasm as you are of advice you'll do very well.

Of course if, later on, you should be obnoxious, we shall have to speak to you severely. It has been done. But for the present when you timorously stretch forth a flapper and ejaculate "Pleased to meet you!" we shall content ourselves with gripping it in a fervent Yankee grip and thundering in canorous tones, "L-likewise!!"

The Edison

EDWIN CLUTE, Prop.

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Special Meal Ticket—10 Meals for \$5.00

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JUST ACROSS FROM THE GREEN GATE

2688

ON YOUR WAY

OH WELL.

Oh well,
I suppose it's always got to be that way.
Dog-gone it.
The old Summer Recess begins to pall, you know,
Along towards the end.
The Summer Girl with her topsy-turvy curls
And red-tan cheeks
And out-door breeziness
Doesn't look as good to eat as she did at first.
Yes, and the purple twilights on the island in the lake
Aren't purple any more,
But blue, monotonous blue.

You find it's pretty fine to walk the old campus again.
Pretty fine to shake hands and say,
"Well, well, how's the ol' infantile paralysis anyway!"
Pretty fine to see 'em butt the line again
Up there on the field.
It's the life, it is!
The life, then comes the knell
Of that take-the-joy-out-of-life,
That "ironic" as we dubbed it once,
That w. k.,
Chapel Bell.

Perhaps you may feel that there is an air of prematureness hanging over this our initial free-verse of the season, since the torturing iron-bound clapper is motionless yet a few days. Well, there is. It was inspired thus: The sun climbed very high yesterday while we still slept. Suddenly the w. k. bell tolled unmistakably. Two minutes, and we were up, dressed and streaking for the chapel. It was locked, but they were not hymning inside as they should have been. Naturally. The bell was on a church up in the boulevards.

My, my,—to say what we meant to say at first—what with the infants being paralyzed, and the seething race in politics, and the baseball campaign, and—and all, it's a shame-to-take-the-money-a-columning this year. And—

Oh, before we forget: We will absolutely throw away all contributions as pitifully Old Stuff which suggest that it would be a perfect scream if the Brat's Plague should burst out among the faculty, and the whole pack and parcel of them be sent off home for two weeks.

A CAMPUS CONVERSATION—ONE OF FORTY MILLION.

"Why hello! When'd you get back?"
"Why hel'lo! When'd you blow in?"
"I'm infested."
"Say, I'm infested!"
"Well, see you in October."
"Yeah. In October."
"S'long."
"G'bye."

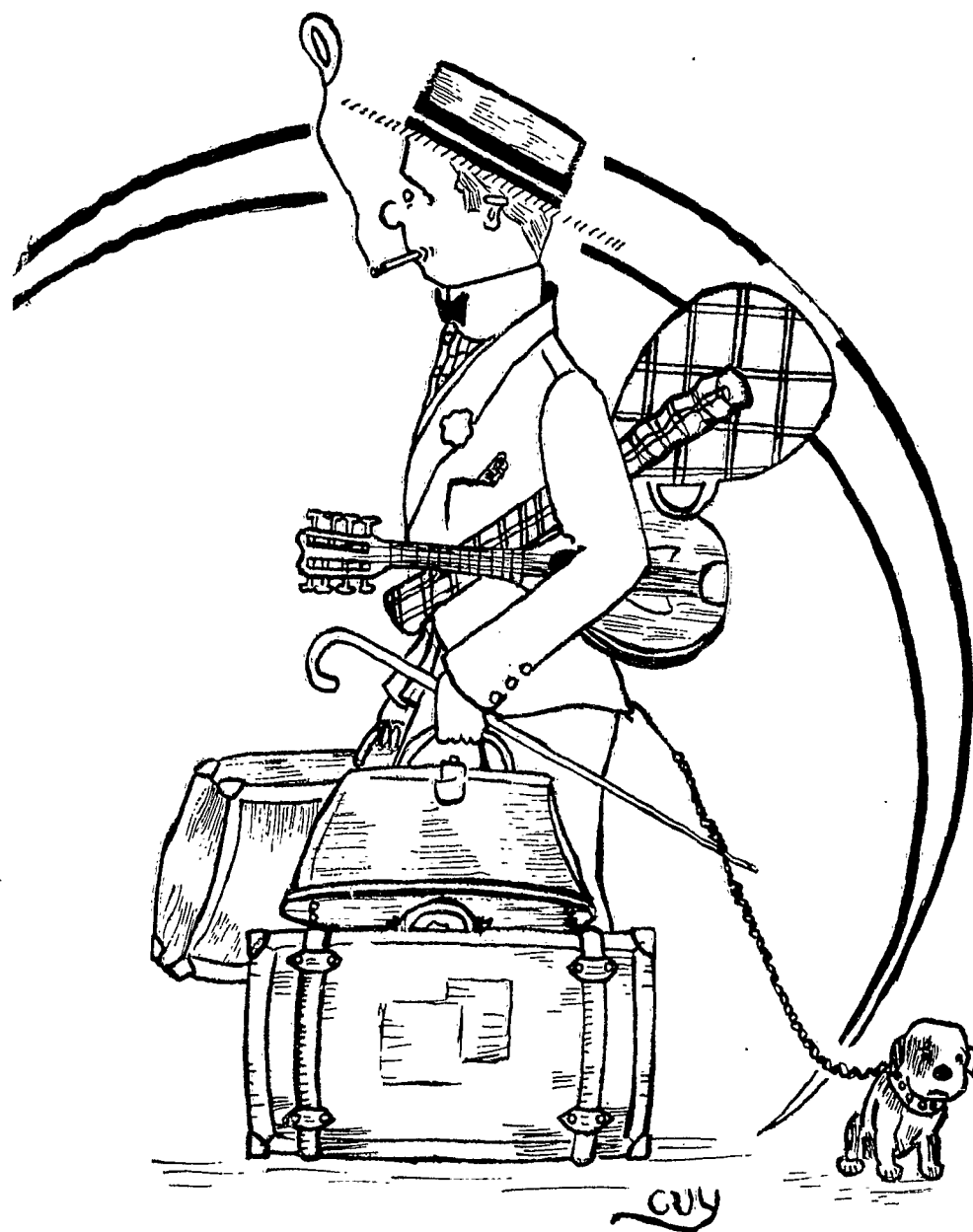
JUST TO SHOW WE'RE IN MID-SEASON FORM.

"Well," we questioned one of the Union Plattsburgers, "how did you find the life up there, pretty hard?"
"At first it was awful—awful. Work like a slave all day, and then the nights—oh, the nights! You couldn't sleep. I never knew the ground could be so hard. Why, sometimes we had to lie right on bare rock."
"Humph, that couldn't have been so bad," we came-back, "not so bad, sleeping on bed rock."

With the advent of Concordy as a newspaper—sounds good, eh?—, you are wondering, perhaps, with whom we will take sides in the coming crucial series between the Wilson and Hughes, to put into circulation a new word, constituencies. Well, to be frank, we don't know. Old Tom is certainly not going to get our vote; he bundled the soldier boys off to the border the day after we bet a dinner that he wouldn't.

And as for Chick Evans H., he's indefinite and obfuscatory. There's no sense in voting for him—what's the Hughes?

NITE.



ON EVERY TRAIN

* MIDAS *
* or *
* THE VERSAILLES *
* DAIRY LUNCH *
* (A Scenario in several Scenes) *

Scene I—Battling Joe Thearle, the Billingsgate Bantam, is found in the luxurious kitchen of the Signal High Frat. He is engaged in wrestling with a ferocious ham, scowling in a minatory manner. "I never could subdue this western meat," says Joe, "I wish I was a millionaire." The Battler gets the ham down and beats it unmercifully. "There's a Gallic touch about my work," says Joe, "I wish I was a millionaire."

Enter Dr. Alexander and Dr. Duane arm in arm with Elihu Root.

"My good man," says Senator Root, "we have come to grant you whatever wish you may want. State it, and it shall be yours. You have served us faithfully and well, and we have come to grant you your reward."

(Close-up of the Battler registering emotional gratitude.)

"Oh, sir," cried the Battler, "all that me an' the Missus want is to be independent. When I was in Oxford—"

"Tut, tut," broke in Dr. Alexander tuttilv. "Come, what do you want. (he turns to Senator Root). This man has difficulty in distinguishing between the nominative and the accusative, a failing for which there is light excuse in this un-inflected tongue of ours. I must mention his grammar in the Alumni Monthly. Dr. Barnes would be interested."

"Wot do I want," murmurs Joe, "Blime, wot can a bloke say so

sudden? I fancy I'm a balmy! (Registers inspiration) Ow, I say, I have it! A tuck shop, like in the Tott'n'm Court Rowd! That's a bit of all right! A tuck shop!"

"Granted! A tuck shop," remark the three others, and ex-eunt simultaneously.

(Close up of Joe and the Missus dancing hand in hand, singing "A tuck-shop, A tuck-shop, My kitchen for a tuck-shop.")

Scene II—A cold winter's night. The Battler and the Missus crouching round a little coal fire in a tiny, though entirely independent, tuck shop. There is one table tucked up by the ice cream box. It is blowing outside and the shadows of tomato and corn cans on the walls flicker in the lamp light.

"Life is 'ard," says Joe. "The young gents won't eat pickles and drink tea like they used to in Ox—"

(Close-up of hen cackling—it does not mean dawn as in Essenav films—just that Joe and the Missus hear it.)

Joe's eyes sparkle. He has another inspiration.

"I 'ave it!—Riker! Aigs! Milk and Aigs! That's the ticket."

He and the Missus bury their heads in cook books by Savarin and Waldorf Oscar.

(Close-up, displaying the Battler and the Missus jubilant over the discovery of the Perfect Scrambled Aig. Second close-up of the Perfect Scrambled Aig—creamy, light, fluffv, perfect.)

Scene III—A gilded emporium, lit by a thousand candles, decorated with potted palms, in the rear a Hawaiian orchestra dressed in barnyard straw, playing the chicken reel. It is a scene of splendor.

(Continued on page 6)

PRE-SEASON PRACTICE SHOWS GOOD SQUAD

(Continued from page 1)

the difficulties arising from the state-wide quarantines for infantile paralysis. The opening practice was accordingly held on the campus, and called out a much larger attendance than would have been possible at Lake George.

The team at present appears rather stronger in the back field than on the line. Paul Murray, who will give special attention to the Garnet linesmen throughout the season, stated that the material for this part of the machine was not as plentiful as he hoped it would be when the squad swells to its full size this week. He is well pleased with the candidates now in harness, but asks for a much larger display from which to pick the regulars of the later season. Last season's linesmen have been cut into somewhat by graduation, and by the ineligibility rules. Several good aspirants for these positions have been reported in the class of 1920 and in all probability they will be on the field today.

Many line-up combinations have been tried during the past week, some of which would at first appear rather strange to the student followers of the team, but which have demonstrated that the judgment of the coaches is excellent. Law Bowman, become familiar last year as a left tackle of high merit, has been playing considerably at center, and making good there. Homer Goff has been alternating at quarter with Harold Witner, a freshman who comes from Commerce High with a formidable reputation. It is evident that either a pretty race will be seen for this position, or, that one of the two will be used elsewhere in the personnel of the line.

Travis, Captain Rosekrans, Roof, Goff, Witner and DeLaplante have so far been carrying the ball behind the line. It is hoped that Wally Girling will be seen back in his time-honored position, but he is still ailing from injuries received in the Hamilton battle last year and may appear only fitfully during the season. Here is considerably more than the nucleus of a dangerous back field. With the rosy possibilities of the untried freshmen in mind, it is hardly presumptuous to predict strength in this part of the team.

Friday and Moore are among the tried candidates for end. Both are veterans and working with a vim that spells trouble for the other aspirants. Harry Foster, another strongly recommended man from Commerce, is to date the most promising freshman working at the extremity of the line. "Corky" Movnihan was flashing about the field for the first time in Saturday's practice. He will, it is expected, be seen at left end as usual.

Harold Hay and Don Price, who were veterans in the guard and tackle positions last season, are on hand and show all signs of rising to even greater heights in their work in the line this year—

which will go a long way towards the solving of Coach Murray's problems. Law Bowman, in case he does not fit into the scheme at center, will without doubt return to his old berth at tackle. Nash is recovering at present from a minor operation; he aspires for a permanent berth on the line again, at center or guard where he appeared most successfully last fall. Among the early freshmen candidates for this branch of the service is Al Curtis, a graduate last spring of the Schenectady High School.

Fred Dawson is rejoicing in the fact that there is destined to be a rattling good second team in service regularly throughout the season. Several of the veterans seen most often in the Garnet array last season have been eradicated by the ineligibility rules, and all of them have appeared before the coach with the promise that they will offer their services to aid in teaching the first team many a lesson as the daily practices progress. It is, of course, highly unfortunate that they cannot appear on the regular line-up, but it is on the other hand highly fortunate that they will still be able and willing to further the development of the varsity in this manner.

Canvass has been erected around the southern corner of Alexander Field to provide for the running off of secret practice each day.

Following is a list of the candidates who have shown promise in the pre-season practice: Beckett, Bellinger, Bowman, Brown, Cantay, Curtis, DeLaplante, Foster, Friday, Goff, Hochuli, Lefkowitz, Manion, Moore, Moynihan, Powell, Roof, Rosekrans, Snell, Travis, Vrooman, Witner.

CONCORDIENSIS ASSUMES NEW FORM AND POLICY

(Continued from page 1) publishing a literary supplement every two weeks has been hit upon. Later, if advantage is taken of this opportunity by students the literary supplement will be issued every week.

The editorial staff of The Concordiensis has been systematized. To publish a newspaper is a different and more difficult feat than to publish a weekly re-hash of the news with a few collegiate literary "efforts" sprinkled in.

The new Concordiensis will appear on Mondays, Thursdays and Saturdays.

RULES FOR THE SCRAPS.

No Horse Play—Freshmen Must Not Be Kept From Classes.

The class of 1919 adopted last year a plan which favors the class of 1920. No horse play of any kind, such as salt tax, class tax, etc., shall be practiced, and no hazing of any kind allowed.

Also freshman captured and made to pack salt, must be released by 7 o'clock the following morning, in order not to miss any classes. Under no circumstances are sophomores to keep freshman away from their classes.

PSI UPSILON REMODELS.

During the summer vacation Psi Upsilon has made extensive repairs to its house. A two-story addition has been made to the south-east wing. The arrangement of rooms in the interior has been completely changed, and the accommodation facilities increased.

Men of the Entering Class Start Right!

Get your College stuff where the best is to be had.

Banners, Pennants, Pillow Covers, Sweaters, Sweat Shirts, Postals of the Campus, Pictures and Decorations.

Everything for the College Man.

GOLLER, '17
2 S. S. S. C.

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"BULL" DURHAM
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Made of rich, ripe Virginia-North Carolina leaf, "Bull" Durham is the mildest, most enjoyable tobacco in the world.

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Ask for **FREE** package of "papers" with each 5c sack.



POLIOMYELITIS TO HINDER ENROLLMENT

(Continued from page 1)
care in the protection of students entering Union College.
Charles Alexander Richmond,
President.
Schenectady, N. Y.,
September 1, 1916.

After sending this letter, a list of all actively infected districts was obtained from the State Department of Health, and the following letter sent to every man coming from one of these localities:

14 September 1916.

My Dear Mr. -----

We have just received from the New York State Department of Health a list of places described as being "actively infected" with infantile paralysis, and I am sorry to find in it the name of your place of residence.

It is therefore necessary, in accordance with the notice sent you under date of September 1, that you should defer your coming to college until October 2, unless you have not been at home, or in any other infected district, for two weeks before you come to college.

When you come here to college we shall do everything possible to enable you to go on with your studies without loss because of your absence.

Yours very truly,
Benjamin J. Ripton,
Dean.

It is understood that about 55 men will fall under this ruling and will not enter college until October.

President Richmond, interviewed by a CONCORDIENSIS representative at the conclusion of the faculty meeting Friday night, said that the college is taking this stand in the matter in order to comply with the wishes of the State Board of Health. He emphasized the fact that students already in Schenectady do not necessarily have to leave the city, but simply remain off the campus until two weeks' time has expired since they left their infected districts. Thus, men who have been in the city a week need only absent themselves from classes during this week to fulfill the requirements of the ruling.

Condition examinations for those who were unable to take them at the regular time will be held on Friday and Saturday, October 5 and 6. It is understood that the class work lost by these men during their absence will be made up through personal arrangement with their several professors.

Call at our Office,
Washburn Hall
5:00-6:00 P. M. Any Day.

MORE IMPROVEMENTS IN E. E. EQUIPMENT.

20-Foot Addition to Wireless Lab.
New 90 Foot Wireless
Pole.

Ground was broken today for the new addition to the wireless laboratory. This building will be twenty feet square and when completed will contain the most modern and perhaps best equipment for the advanced study of wireless telegraphy in any college.

It is also planned to erect a ninety foot pole from which wires will be strung to the library, a distance of one thousand feet, giving Union the longest receiving medium in use at present in any college in the country.

Nearly one thousand dollars will be spent in this improvement, about six hundred dollars of which will be used in the erection of the building, pole and wires, and the rest in equipping the new extension.

With these facilities for further research, students here will be admirably equipped for study in this latest science.

UNDERCLASS SCRAPS CHANGED BUT SLIGHTLY

Cane Rush Will Last Only One
Minute and Classes Must Be
200 Feet Apart at Start.

The underclass scraps this year are practically the same as those of last year. One important change in the time of the cane rush is the main feature of the revised scraps. The cane rush has been cut down from three minutes to one minute in duration, and the two classes shall be 200 feet apart when the cane is tossed in the air.

The other scraps are the same as those of last year. The nightly idol scraps, when the frosh come out and paint the idol, and the sophomores come out to give battle to them will run throughout the week.

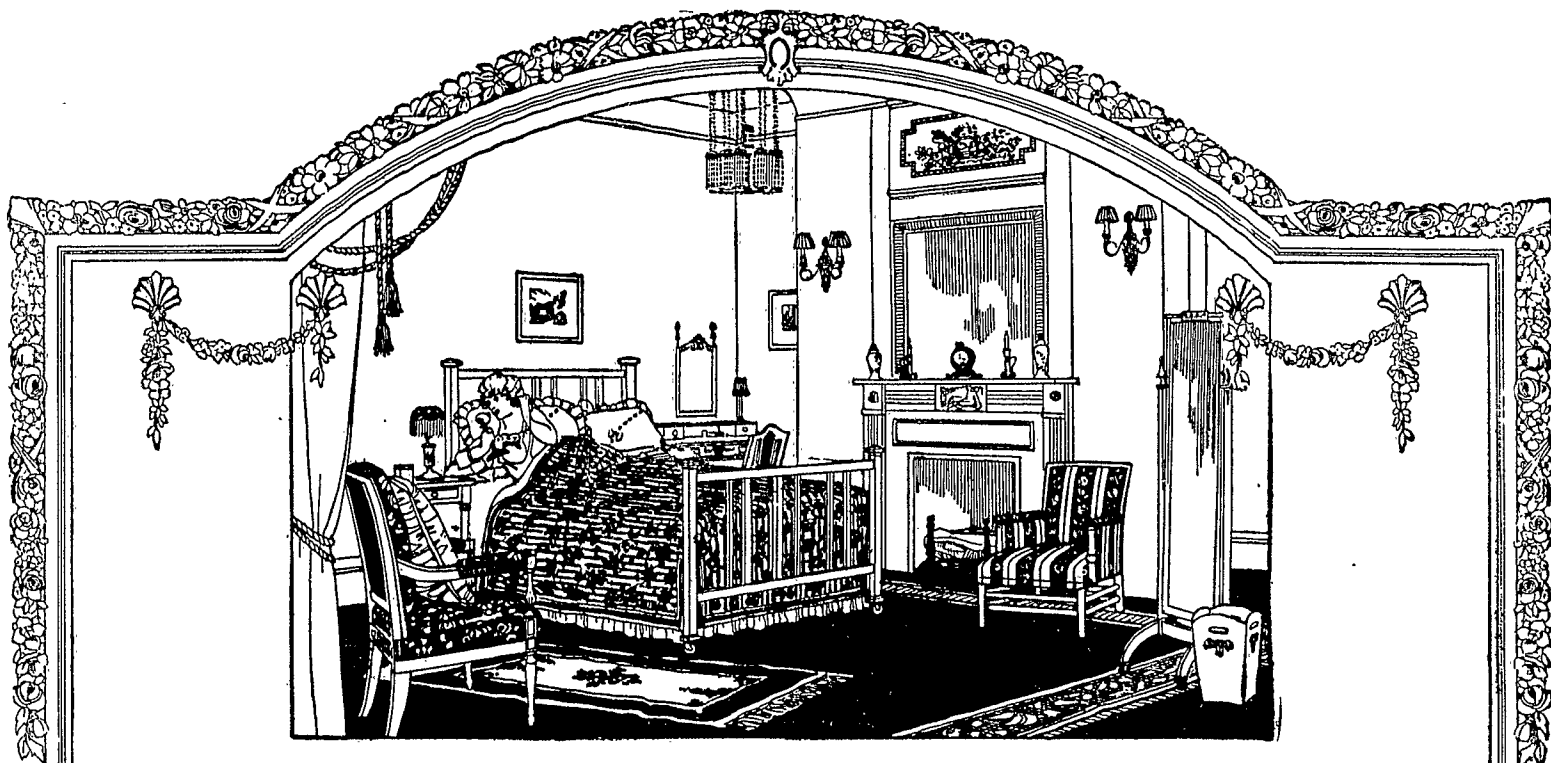
Then the salt and tomato scrap comes on Thursday. This is the first of the three main scraps. It precedes the cane rush, and consists of the throwing of bags of salt by the sophomores, and the hurling of luscious ripe tomatoes by the freshmen. It goes on as the forerunner of the cane rush. In the cane rush, the opposing forces stand 200 feet apart and

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at a given signal, run and try to get hold of a harmless bat, representing a cane, and put as many of their classmates' hands on it as possible. Immediately after the cane rush, the last and biggest idol scraps follows and lasts for 15 minutes. After the cane rush the sophomores and freshmen rush for the idol to surround it. The class which arrives last rushes the other class, endeavoring to get possession of the idol. Individual wrestling matches are the most interesting features of this scrap.

On Thursday night there is a reception in Silliman Hall for the freshman, and foes shake hands and are friendly 'till moving up day.

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 * "A SHADRACH OF
 * THE GLEAM"
 * By Thomas Agenda
 * *****

"I don't think I love you," she said. "In fact I'm quite sure I don't love you. Here's a new fox—"

"I don't care anything about listening to a new fox-trot. I wish that machine were burnt up. I tell you you MUST marry me—"

"I tell you what," she interrupted. "I'll get you Frankie's shoes and racquet and we'll play some tennis—it's a wonderful afternoon." *****

So they played tennis, and she trimmed him unmercifully, because she was in far better condition than he was; and played a better game anyway.

It's difficult to describe a girl like Charlotte. In the first place she was very pretty—dark blue eyes, with a piquant nose and full, carved lips. She was slight and tall, and her natural grace was enhanced deliciously by what she wore. She dressed wonderfully well, with quite a display of slim ankles.

But it's her spirit that is hard to describe: such a modern, fresh, sophisticated spirit. It was a spirit made out of good times, and nice things, and leisure, and savoir faire. A metropolitan fin-

MIDAS

(Continued from page 3)

Fifty students are seated in evening clothes with sweat-shirts over them (to preserve the college atmosphere) bending in graceful attitudes over fifty plates of the Perfect Scrambled Aig and fifty glasses of milk.

Fifty more students are filing out, each one depositing on his way fifty dollars apiece, the price of the evening's Aigs and Milk.

Frankie, the Battler's son, is collecting the money carelessly with a supercilious yawn occasionally breaking out on his fine young face. He has been brought up on Milk and the Perfect Scrambled Aig and will live to be a hundred.

Joe and Mrs. Thearle are seated within the coop watching with one of each of their eyes the money roll in, and with the other two superintending the building of the Perfect Scrambled Aig. Suddenly they start slightly. A gleam of triumph lights up their four eyes.

"That makes the last million," says Joe. "Come on, let's leave this bally resort and go to Palm Beach." A limousine is waiting at the gilded door.

(Close-up of Joe and the Missus getting in.)

(Second close-up of Joe and the Missus climbing aboard their private yacht in New York harbor just off Wall Street. The yacht starts slightly, and they're off for Palm Beach.)

(Close-up of Joe and the Missus in one last embrace surrounded by palm trees with the sun setting behind a coral-reef in the blue distance.)

Good-Night!

ishing-school and her brother's college friends had done much for her. A hoydenish zest for out-of-doors, which the Street's money enabled her to gratify in the pleasantest ways—tennis and horse-back riding and golf and occasional trout-fishing and her car—did more; while natural wit and good-humor did the rest. So we find her a very complex young person, clean, quick, happy, superficial, sophisticated.

Older men knew her and liked her; and that did her good. She knew just what kind of crumpets to order in the Plaza tea-room; and by the sound of it whether a "knock" in the engine was just a carbon knock or something serious.

Now when we turn to Howard Timm we find him a much less rare and—to be perfectly frank—less agreeable sort of person. Howard was the son of people of culture just the least bit gone to seed. While their menage was not quite "shabby-genteel" it wasn't as fresh or luxurious or free as might have been. Lack of this world's goods preys hard on people like that; and life becomes a pretty thorough battle—a struggle all the time to keep up courage, to face trying situations, to repress, and deny.

Howard had had his share of denying. He had gone through high school and college, reaping little benefit from either, save as backgrounds on which to spread the convolutions of his own character. Now he was busy trying to be a literary man. He had occasional success with the magazines—rather more failures, which was natural and proper for a budding writer.

His character too was complex: A deep passionate vein of self-love which expressed itself in sentimentality—which in turn had grown into rather immature cynicism—was his principle trait. Undoubtedly he was lazy. These faults were set off by a sincere and devoted love of literature; appreciation of work well done, admiration for the masters. Cervantes, Hugo, Meredith, Conrad, these men were his touchstones; discernment and judgment in these matters were his.

But deep in him was this trait of vanity, which made him a little morbid, a little self-conscious, a little unprepossessing. And his upbringing had not allowed him to develop much social grace. So that he was rather an unruly, though charming, flame flashing, erratic, half-credulous, half-over-shrewd; a very perplexing person.

It was apparent that life was a serious heavy matter with him. He had none of the insouciance of Kipling's "flanneled fools" (who are occasionally, nevertheless, extremely wise men); none of what one might call "the grace of God." Life, he felt, was an emotional undertaking; and Howard rather nursed his emotions. Perhaps, to put a harsh light on it, this, he felt, was part of his stock in trade as a writing man. It appeared that he rather gave himself to excess.

Then, brought by an appreciative older man, a dilettante who

discerned big possibilities in him, Howard met Charlotte at a dance. She, with her light interest, had happened to read a clever thing of Howard's. It was a link; and a friendship established itself. It was natural to Howard's quick imagination that he should soon have developed this friendship into a grande passion. He found deep below deep in Charlotte's character—deeps which of course were not there. There was very little depth to Charlotte anyway—just quick cleverness and amiability. Howard, I fear, was rather given to illusions; especially about himself. To him Charlotte became an inspiration. She was an inspiration, to be sure but not in the way he interpreted her. She was an inspiration: not of the hondoir, decidedly. She was a quick, fey "lift" in life. Howard wrote poems about her.

At the expiration of three sets they stopped playing. Howard had grown sullen and sullen under the double weight of being beaten by Charlotte in tennis; and so frustrated by Charlotte in his purpose to be loved by her. They sat on the turf beside the court.

"Charlotte," said Howard, "do you realize what you mean to me—"

"What do you mean?" mean to me," piped the irrepressible girl. Howard passed over the ingenuous quip.

"With you my wife, I could accomplish anything. You would put me where I belong. I could do better work I know. All I need is—" He floundered for a phrase and fell back upon the trite pronoun.

"All that I need is you," Charlotte hummed gayly. "All that I—"

"Charlotte, listen to me," burst in the exasperated Howard. "Stratford, the shrine of the Bard; Paris, the Riviera, Nice, Venice, Naples—think of it! The whole world to wander in. We needn't be tied down here. We could be—"

"We'd probably be riddled with bullets in about twenty minutes," broke in Charlotte. "Anyhow, you couldn't support me—"

"Yes I could," cried Howard. "I'd work as I never did before. Life to me now means nothing; with you it would be—"

"Now Howard, excuse me for spoiling your sentence," (Charlotte had had experience with his dislike of broken periods), "but we're both of us warm and uncomfortable. You run upstairs to Frank's room and jump in the shower, and come down and stay to dinner. Then—we can have a nice talk afterwards."

There was nothing to do but obey. The girl had already risen, lured by the thought of cool waters. Moodily Howard stalked after her to the house.

Dinner that night was not a success. Though Charlotte was cheerful and bright, a cloud hung over Howard. He wasn't at his best in small talk. Dinners were rather ordeals to him, which was too bad, because he had the possibility of shining. Moreover there was

(Continued on page 7)

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Harry P. Stimson, Formerly with Hotel Imperial

"A SHADRACH OF THE GLEAM"

(Continued from page 6)
another cloud at that board—upon the brows of Mr. Street, Charlotte's father, a worthy man but without aesthetic perceptions. This cloud was exceptionally murky. To Mrs. Street and Charlotte, quick to read the paternal barometer, it warned storms to come. Howard, immersed in his own troubles, was unaware of anything extraordinary in Mr. Street's demeanor.

"Young man," said Mr. Street after coffee, "I'd like to see you in the study a moment. Come along Charlotte." Howard followed Charlotte and Mr. Street into the study. Bang! went the door behind them and Howard turned to find Mr. Street's face livid with rage. The elder gentleman sat down at his desk; Charlotte sought a retired place on a leather divan in a corner; Howard was left standing rather ludicrously before the desk. Mr. Street did not ask him to sit down.

The man was furiously angry. His face was blotched and discolored, half red, half white. For a time he did not speak. This increased Howard's confusion.

"You scoundrel," Street burst out, "you blackguard."

It was like a whip in the face. Howard felt the blood leave his cheeks and the skin across the top of his forehead grew tight.

"What do you mean, sir?" he said.

"You know what I mean," cried the older man.

"Believe me, I don't," retorted Howard.

For a moment Street could not speak. Then he mastered himself and went on in a quieter tone, though thick still with anger.

"I brought my daughter in here," he said, to answer with you several questions." Charlotte sat up.

"In the first place, what does this dirty doggerel mean?" So saying he produced a magazine—one of the more obscure magazines—from his desk drawer, and with thick fingers opened it to a marked page. Swiftly Howard recognized the poem enclosed by the black marks. It was a verse of his entitled, "Charlotte." It was the expression of a rather turgid imaginative idea. Street passed it to him. Howard knew it well, but read it through nevertheless—from a new point of view:

"CHARLOTTE.

I wonder if she ever tired of smiling,

Or grew a little weary of much gladness,

And drooped—sweet Odalisque—and faded, whiling

The drowsy moments with a winsome sadness.

And if her purple mouth grew tired of singing

And lip on lip relaxed should lie quiescent,

How softly would the scented air come, bringing

Oblivion to caress that slender crescent.

And if perhaps a lover kissed her so,

His eyes might brim with generous pity, mild

As rain at dawn for it would be as though

He had just kissed the mouth of a little child.

And that would be the ultimate surrender,

Truer than plighted troth made manifold,

And to his heart her silent lips would render

Sounds sweeter than a timbrel's singing gold."

A hot wave of blood sped through him. This creation, entirely innocent of basis, could connote but one thing. That thing, needless to say, was not in the realm of reason. For the first time he saw how indiscreet such a published verse was. Street watched him fixedly as he glanced through it. With a gesture of depreciation Howard laid down the magazine.

"Judson Aldrich," Street burst out, "brought that thing into the office this morning, saying it might be a matter of interest to me to see it. Aldrich said that your name and Charlotte's were already coupled in town talk; that your reputation wasn't of the best; and that these verses were being passed round among our friends—"

The man was under tremendous emotional strain. He rose suddenly to his feet.

"I looked up that word in the dictionary!" he cried suddenly.—"Charlotte, come here!"

The girl came, serious, quick, and stood beside her father. His face was ashy and he swallowed before he spoke.

"Charlotte," he said, "tell me plainly what have your relations been with this—gentleman?"

For a moment there was silence. Then like a sea-breeze in parched July rose the sound of Charlotte's happy, light laughter.

"Oh, daddy," she cried, still laughing, "how funny this is!"

Of course Howard and I are good friends, but—why it seems foolish to have to make any statement about such a thing, doesn't it?"

Temporarily the storm was over. Street sat down again. Howard stood by sheepishly, while Charlotte smiled on both.

"Don't mind daddy," she whispered in Howard's ear. "He's just upset."

Howard did mind "daddy." Moreover he minded himself.

What a doltish thing to do! he thought. It showed how his

standard of values was out of joint when he could put in print

such a thing as that with never a thought about its connotation or

immediate effect upon people who knew Charlotte and him. He

was ashamed of himself, of his stupidity, his lack of sensitiveness, his blindness. But what was

there to say or do, now? He could think of nothing, so he just stood there.

Meanwhile the storm was gathering again in Street's brain. Although all anxiety for his daughter's position was wiped away, still

there remained the indiscretion, the lifting of eyebrows. Street was a man of prompt decision. Riding home that afternoon from his office he had thrashed the matter out; and reached a conclusion. He turned to Howard.

"See here," he said. His voice was grating and contemptuous. "I believe my daughter. I believe

that nothing has occurred between you that shouldn't have. What my opinion of you is I

shan't try to say. But there remains this: Other people don't know my daughter as well as I

do. I can't have talk going round. As far as she's concerned that little careless piece of yours has absolutely changed her life. From

now on she must look at the world from a different point of view. Certainly the world—or that part

of it that is acquainted with Charlotte—is going to look at her differently. It's what people who

aren't close to us would call 'unfortunate.' It's what I call damnable. It isn't the kind of thing

that you can let slide. Things have to be done. I've thought it out. One way to do would be to

kick you out of the house—but that would only be the beginning

of more talk, it would have just the wrong effect. There's another way, and much as I dislike it, it's got to be done: **Charlotte and you must get married.**"

Howard saw red. What irony was this? His dearest wish in train of fulfillment—but in such a way!

In a way that he could not possibly allow. He remembered how little Charlotte cared for him. He

knew how little encouragement she had ever given him. He knew, he knew! The situation

was at the same time absurdly melodramatic. His artistic nature was inclined to laugh, a little hysterically, at it. If she only loved

him! But no—he drew himself up, frustrate rage at the ignominy of the event growing in him.

"No," he shouted. "This is medieval—you can't force your daughter into matrimony nowadays."

Crash! came Street's hand down upon the table.

"Be quiet!" he roared. Street, used to handling men, had noticed Howard's high-strung condition, and was quick in his overbearing way to profit by it. He

was once more in command of himself, and in command of the situation. The note of power, as well as emotion, was in his voice.

"Be quiet! I can force you—I'll drag you into court for slander. Charlotte needn't live with you or

be dependent on you—I shall provide her an allowance." He sneered. "Come, are you a man

or not—it wouldn't be a hard thing to marry a girl like her!"

Howard was trembling with rage, with solicitude for Charlotte. His voice rose too.

"Mr. Street, you haven't got the decency to see that I'm thinking of Charlotte, not of myself—I've

often asked her to marry me; she doesn't love me. Marriage to her would be my dearest wish, but—"

his voice broke under the strain. He crumpled over the table, his head in his hands. It was a grim moment—what bitter irony, what

an undreamed-of contingency—not to be grasped, not to be grasped!

"—She doesn't love me," he sobbed.-----

About his shoulders what cool slight weight was this? What delicate fingers were raising his head?

"I do love you," whispered a voice in his ear.

It was really doubtful if Charlotte at that precise moment quite knew her own mind. Certainly

hitherto she had felt no tremendous affection for Howard. Her father's remark about an allowance had (perhaps Charlotte was

unaware of it) settled one important aspect of the case. Charlotte, a matter of fact young person,

would certainly have been unwilling to leave her comfortable way of life at home for the chances

and changes of life with Howard Timm, a struggling scrivener.

The immediate situation was one of high tension. Howard had acted well. In a vague way Charlotte understood that artistic

things are judged from a different standpoint than practical matters. Her father of course could not be

made to see that. The poem, which indeed Howard had shown her before

it was published, had connoted nothing to her beyond a rather absurd facet of Howard's

affection for her. But the point was that during the heated ten minutes in the study Howard had

not tried to defend himself. He had taken his medicine. Any defence, no matter how sound from

an artistic point of view, would have been, Charlotte somehow felt, a little implausible at the

time. She didn't realize that Howard felt that too, and felt at the same time in a more general way

how flimsy and unsubstantial any defense on purely artistic grounds

always is when confronted by mundane facts. All Charlotte knew was that Howard had kept

quiet and "eaten dog;" and then at the proper moment had flared up

generously for her.

And his striking out against her father had inspired Charlotte with sympathy for Howard; sympathy

because he seemed so weak in comparison with her domineering

parent. Sympathy is a powerful motive force. The next thing

Charlotte felt was an impulse born out of this sympathy to reprove

her father for his very strength. Then like a flash came the striking, if consequential, opportunity.

Howard, she felt suddenly, was a very rare person, a man of parts,

perhaps a genius, with the possibilities in him of great charm and fineness; besides, he certainly

loved her. She had often, to be sure, doubted whether she would

ever feel any stronger affection for any other than the feeling of good fellowship she felt for him—

besides she realized instinctively that Howard was weak, and that she could to a great extent rule

him. This was a motive that came to her, though she didn't recognize it, straight from her father. At all events, Charlotte did not

stop to analyze these various emotions which swept along very suddenly. They took indeed the vague form which she was able

(Continued on page 8)

"A SHADRACH OF THE GLEAM"

(Continued from page 7)
to call "love."----

They had a glorious year-long honeymoon—quite an extraordinary honeymoon. In Paris. In Paris, as Howard had often dreamed; but in such a different Paris from the city of his dreams.

It was Paris in war-time; and it was the busiest war-time honeymoon two people ever had. Wounded Poilus sunning themselves in the parks got to know and love this gay swift "belle Americaine;" nurses and doctors knew and delighted in her careless finishing-school French; appreciated that ineffable girlish spark of lightness and enthusiasm that was hers. She in turn learned much: learned that repressed penurious trudging spirit which is so much more French than any other spirit; learned things that had far escaped her on her other trip to Paris several years before. She still played tennis, with some English at Passy.

Howard was busy. Quite miraculously he had got a position—of all things—as the representative of an American firm that sold horses to the allies. Every week he would scour off to Boulogne or Marseilles to receive consignments of horses—heavy draft horses principally; all with little leaden tags in their manes or tails, stamped R. F.—for Republique Francaise—with a star above. Howard had not laid finger on a typewriter for a year. He was too busy. Gone was the "small ink-fed Eros of his dream."

Then came a cable from Charlotte's father. "Come home. You have played long enough." Howard smiled.

"I wish all play was as good financially," he said.

"We've had great fun though, haven't we?" said Charlotte.

"Yes, it's been fun. I guess it has been play—a kind of sublimated play—at that."

There was a pause. Then Howard continued:

"Charlotte, a year ago when I told you I loved you, I didn't know what I was talking about. I've found out since that I do—but it's a different thing. I guess I care for you now for yourself—not so much to flatter my own self-love * * * There's a difference * * *"

Charlotte thought a moment. "I often wonder," she said, "how we ever managed to pull this thing through. I guess intuition told me to—" there was a twinkle in her eye—"to take a chance."

Howard chuckled.

"You took an awful one," he said.

"I believe in long shots," she answered * * *.

"Let's cut this post-mortem and run to Passy," said Howard suddenly. "Get your racquet and I'll trim you."

He did, to her intense delight. Coming back that night Howard said, "Charlotte, I've got something to show you."

Charlotte, with a little sinking

THOUGHTS AT TEA.

I should like to see a Flamingo
Flinging down Madison Avenue
Supported by a Wampus and a
Dik-dik,

With a Hermit Crab in their wake
Arm in arm with an Armadillo,
And on the horizon a Vinigaroon
Sneaking along the cornices,
And a tawdry Awk in the gutter -----

And I point them out casually
To my neighbor,

And say:

"There goes the editor of So-and-so
And So-and-so.

He is going to dine with his nephew,
The author of "Zoos I Have Known."

And there is Thunderfish,
The editor of "Pickerel's Weekly."

It would be very droll.

And while speaking I might notice
That my neighbor was a Bulbul
And I was a Mud-puppy.

—HAFIZ.

Extensive alterations are now being made upon President Richmond's residence. A spacious solarium is in the process of construction on the northeast side of the house. The entrance veranda is being remodelled and enlarged.

Put your Notices in "The Calendar."

of spirits, knew what that meant. Out from his inside pocket would come a long unintelligible poem which she would have to listen to and criticize, or praise rather, afterwards; without probably quite knowing what it meant. For a year she had been spared this. She admitted to herself that the prospect of going home after this glorious time to the Flame of Literature was rather dull.

Inexorably Howard's hand went to his inside pocket. Charlotte resigned herself to listen.

"Here it is," said Howard; and began to read. It didn't sound like poetry:

"Dear Timm," it ran, "I have been told by the directors to compliment you on the way you have handled the Paris end. We want you in New York. Turn over your affairs to Johnston and take two weeks off. Get to New York by September first. I'll send on an official letter later—this is just a note. Good for you! Sincerely yours,
J. K. B."

They spent the two weeks over in Sussex with friends they had known in Passy. It is doubtful whether they made even one pilgrimage to Stratford, the Shrine of the Bard. The tennis was too good.

SEVERAL UNION MEN SERVING ON BORDER.

Among the Union College students and graduates now at the border are: "Bob" Duane '15, Sigma Phi; Luke Edgerton, '16, Sigma Phi; Wesley Karker '18; Harry Beyrl, Psi U; "Chink" Knight, Psi U. Both of the last named men were formerly '18 men but are now in Albany Law. Earle Rice '15, Pennsylvanite Regiment; George Huthsteiner '15; Kennedy Conklin '10; and Arnold Kreigsman '10, first lieutenant of Co. F, are all Chi Psi's and are now at the border.

Besides these men, Union had a large force who attended Plattsburgh and a few who went on the naval cruise.

Union is still upholding her ancient standard of valor, which she has shown in the Civil and Spanish-American wars.

TO THE CLASS OF 1920.

President Richmond, in Students' Hand Book.

The beginning of a college year is not only a new experience but a new opportunity and a new responsibility. Of those who enter college, a large proportion fall by the wayside, sometimes through no fault of their own, but generally because they have failed to make the best of their opportunity. Too often it is because the freshman wakes up a little too late, and realizes that he has lost his chance just as it has slipped beyond his reach. The all important thing is that you should get a good start. Remember that the faculty is here to help you and you will find warm friends among your fellow-students. But whether you succeed or fail depends absolutely upon yourself. A college education is one of the great opportunities of life. I hope that you will realize this now at the beginning of your course. If you neglect it, it will be a life-long regret; if you seize it and make the best of it, you will never cease to be grateful.

In becoming a member of this college community you are assuming a part of its responsibilities. We have a standard of character to maintain and fine traditions to uphold—a standard of gentlemanly conduct, of clean living and honorable dealing. We trust one another, and in receiving you into the family life of Union College, we confidently believe that you will catch its spirit, and prove yourself a worthy son of your Alma Mater.

Schenectady Art Press

J. H. COMO, Prop.

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College Representative.

CONCORDIENSIS OFFICE IN WASHBURN HALL

Daily Office Hours Will Go Into Effect At Once.

With the departure in the style of THE CONCORDIENSIS will be inaugurated a new system of office work. The Concordy now has a new home in the rear of Washburn Hall, sharing the quarters with the Press Club.

A member of the staff will be present in the Concordy office every afternoon from five until six. At that time contributions will be accepted, inquiries answered and any business with the Concordy may be carried on. At present the number of the Concordy telephone is 2226-J. Later a telephone will be installed in the new office.

ANNUAL Y. M. C. A. SOCIAL WILL BE HELD FRIDAY

Will Eclipse Past Events of Kind. Freshmen Urged to Attend.

The annual social of the Y. M. C. A. will be held in Silliman Hall on Friday evening. Reports have it that the event will eclipse past efforts of the Y. M. C. A. in this direction.

It will, as usual, be especially of interest to the men of the entering class, and the freshmen are urged to be present. With all probability the inimitable Johnny Bennett will be among the several speakers to be chosen from the faculty and undergraduates. A feed of vast proportions will be an also-present.

EXAMS. TOMORROW.

Entrance Tests Show Schedule Running Over Tuesday and Wednesday.

Candidates for the entrance examinations are required to register at the college office today, beginning at 9:00 A. M. The examinations will be held tomorrow and Tuesday.

The exam schedule is as follows: Tuesday—English-a 9-11 A. M.; English-b 11 A. M.-1 P. M.; Mathematics-a 2-4 P. M.; Mathematics-b and c 4-6 P. M.; Wednesday—Greek and Latin, 9-11 A. M.; French and German 11 A. M.-1 P. M.; History 2-4 P. M.; Science 4-6 P. M.

PRICE IS SECRETARY.

Chosen by Neutrals to Represent Freshmen During Rushing Season.

A rule was passed by the Interfraternity Conference last spring providing for a secretary to be chosen from the neutral body to keep a record of all freshmen—their addresses dates with fraternities, and whether pledged or not. The neutrals have chosen Don Price '17 for this office.

Any wishing to obtain information of this nature may do so by telephoning Price at 3738-J between six and seven in the evening, or by calling at his residence, 4 Nott Terrace, at that time.

CABINET MEETING

The first regular cabinet meeting of the Y. M. C. A. was held yesterday afternoon in Silliman Hall. Business of routine nature was transacted.

PERSONAL MENTION.

Shamus Ogh Law left last week on a short pleasure trip with D. Davies. They will probably return this week.

Silliman Hall has undergone exterior improvements during the summer recess.

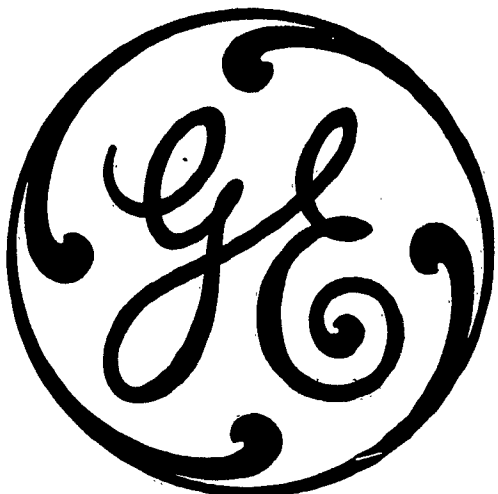
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EMPLOYMENT BUREAU IS REORGANIZED BY Y. M. C. A.

Dr. Barnes Actively Behind New Proposition.

The Y. M. C. A. employment bureau has been thoroughly reorganized and is in a position to help any students who wish to find employment. This same proposition was tried once before but failed because of a lack of co-operation on the part of the students. Now, however, with Dr. Barnes actively backing the plan, and the interests of the students well assured, success is a practical certainty.

A very thorough canvass of the city has been made by the Y. M. C. A. Nearly all of the available positions have been located and the details of each card-indexed so that, if any student apply, he will be immediately acquainted with all the positions open. Applications may be made at Silliman Hall, or to one of the following: John Imrie '17, Hugh Williams '17, John Moore '18, Clifton Vrooman '17.

The students would greatly appreciate it if students who know of any available positions would report them to any one of the above members.

ROOM CHANGED.

The recitation room of Professor Garis has been changed from Washburn Hall to the General Engineering Building.

THEARLE TALK SHOP IS BEING ENLARGED

Addition to Rear of Present Dining Room Will Double Its Capacity.

Patrons of the well-known Thearle Talk Shop will be interested to learn that the restaurateur is opening an addition to his dining room. The addition is being made in the rear of the present room and will, when completed, double the capacity. The new dining hall will be lavishly decorated and fitted. A feature will be a huge fireplace which will add much to the comforts of patrons during the cold months to come.

Mr. Thearle is to be congratulated on his latest effort to provide a comfortable meeting place for the students and it goes without saying that he will reap just rewards. The Talk Shop may now well be pressed into service as a college banquet hall as well as a popular lunch room.

HANDBOOK IS OUT.

A Decided Improvement Over Past Years—Issued by Y. M. C. A.

The students' handbook for 1916-17 is out and will be distributed on registration day. The officers of the handbook this season are: Clarence I. Bull '17, editor; William L. Kennedy '18, associate editor; Harry R. Kirkup '17, business manager. The book, as usual is presented by the college Christian Association.



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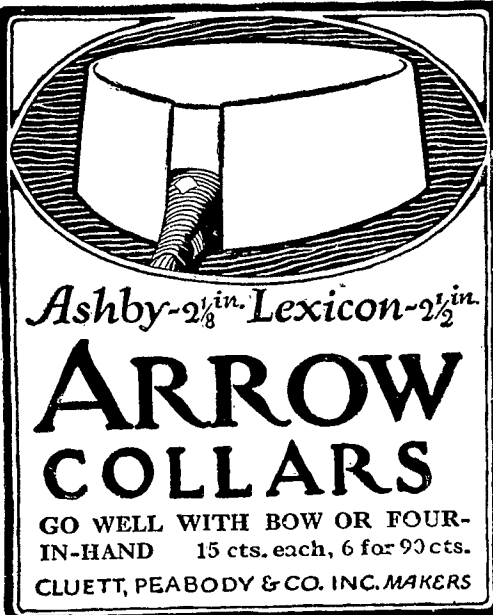
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Prof. Allen B. McDaniel



Mr. Perrin Galpin

MANY CHANGES IN THE FACULTY

Professor A. B. McDaniel, Illinois Man, to Succeed Professor Lyon.

TERWILLIGER '16 BACK

Dr. Stoller to Be Assisted by Dr. G. W. Mavor, Who Will Take Pre-Medics and Biology Courses.

Several changes have been made in the college faculty during the summer vacation.

Professor Allen B. McDaniel, of the University of Illinois, will succeed Professor Lyon as assistant professor of civil engineering.

Mr. Perrin Galpin of Yale and Oxford, has been engaged as instructor in history and political science.

Mr. Irving Brown, Wisconsin and Columbia Universities, and the Sarbonne, Paris, will take Mr. Geofroy Atkinson's place as instructor in modern languages.

Mr. Karl Malamet, a graduate of John Hopkins, comes as instructor in French and German, succeeding Mr. Parker.

Mr. T. K. Whipple, Princeton, will be an instructor in English.

Dr. G. W. Mavor, of Harvard, instructor in zoology in Wisconsin during the last three years, will assist Dr. Stoller, taking charge of the pre-medical and general biology courses.

Mr. W. B. Kirke, of Yale, will succeed Mr. Lee as instructor in electrical engineering.

Mr. Albert H. Carle, a Washington and Jefferson man, will instruct in chemistry.

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Mr. Charles Terwilliger

Mr. Charles Terwilliger, Union '16, will succeed Mr. Maxon as assistant to Professor Garis.

While the student body will feel the loss of many of last year's faculty, it extends a welcome to the new members and wishes them every success.



Mr. Carl Malamet

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