

THE CONCORDIENSIS

PUBLISHED BY THE STUDENTS OF UNION COLLEGE

VOLUME XL.

SCHENECTADY, N. Y., THURSDAY, OCTOBER 12, 1916.

NO. 10

REPUBLICANS PLAN RED FIRE PEERADE

Big Time When Whitman Speaks
at Van Curler Next Week.

POLITICS SIZZLING

Members of Faculty Join Students
in Enrolling in Club.

Having got the drop on the Democrats by organizing first, the Republicans are going ahead vigorously with plans for a whirlwind campaign. At the second meeting of the club held Tuesday evening, October 10, several new men were present and added their names to the roll of membership. Arrangements are being made for a big demonstration and red-fire peerade Friday evening October 20, when Governor Whitman is to speak at a mass meeting at the Van Curler. The members of the club will attend this meeting en masse and will march from the campus to the opera house headed by the college band, with plenty of red-fire burning on the curb stones to illuminate the line of march, which will be down Nott Terrace to State, down State to Jay and thence to the Van Curler.

Another meeting of the club will be held Tuesday evening, October 17, upstairs in Washburn Hall at which it is expected a large number of Republicans who have not yet come out will be present. This meeting will be addressed by a campaign orator to be supplied by the Republican Committee in Schenectady in conjunction with whom the club is working.

An advisory committee composed of members of the faculty with Republican leanings has been selected and is as follows: Charlie Waldron, Prof. John I. Bennett, Prof. Galpin and Prof. McKean.

The committee in charge of the hullabaloo to be raised the night that Governor Whitman speaks at the Van Curler declares that here will be a demonstration equal to anything that history offers in the line of torchlight processions, noise, ginger and party spirit. They say that every man who espouses the cause of straight Americanism, preparedness and a protective tariff will be in the peerade with his candle flaring

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THE WEATHER.
Fair and Warmer.

THE CALENDAR.

Friday.

3:00—Varsity and Class Football Practice.

Saturday.

3:00—Worcester vs. Union on Alexander Field.

S. RALPH HARLOW SPEAKS IN Y. M. C. A. AUDIENCE HEARS OF WAR CONDITIONS

In Silliman Hall Last Night.

INTERESTING SPEAKER

Describes Troops Departing;
Letter Dropped From French
Air-Craft; Turkish Con-
ditions.

Mr. S. Ralph Harlow, a Christian missionary to Turkey, addressed a large audience in Silliman Hall last evening on his observations in Europe during the war and on the work of the American missionaries in Turkey. Mr. Harlow held the unremitting attention of his audience as he narrated the thrilling war scenes he has witnessed in Turkey and the Balkans. Mr. Harlow is a graduate of Harvard and of the International College in Smyrna in Asia Minor, and has travelled extensively in Europe and throughout Turkey.

Speaking of incidents of the war he said in part: "You may be interested in hearing me recount some of the experiences of my trip from Constantinople through the Balkans. When linked with the war these incidents take on an infinite meaning. During the trip I was able to witness many things relating to the war. I saw many troops leaving their homes for the front, but I saw only one woman break down. She was a soldier's mother and she was the exception to the hundreds whom I saw saying good-bye. The German women showed an inward heroism. At a railroad station in Austria I saw a bride and groom, the latter entraining with his regiment. On entering the train she smiles and fights to keep back her sobs; there is a set expression on his lips. He had laid on the altar all that was dear to him; this is true of all the Europeans."

One of the most interesting incidents related by Mr. Harlow was that of a letter dropped on German soil by a French aircraft. It read, "Three times at the risk of life I have flown over your lines. Met your son in fight in air. Killed him but he is respectably buried. Find grave at end of war."

In speaking of the fortitude and sacrifices made by the soldiers of the European armies Mr. Harlow told of one man who had a long red scar on his side, scars on his feet and his teeth nearly all gone but who asked when he had been "renaired." "Now can I go?"

"There is danger of losing the element of sacrifice in the United States," continued the speaker.

SCOBY IS PRESIDENT OF TERRACE COUNCIL

Chosen This Afternoon at First Meeting.

At the first regular meeting of the 1917 Terrace Council this afternoon, Hal Arche Scoby was elected to the presidential chair. This office is generally considered the highest in the giving of the undergraduates to one of their number.



Hal A. Scoby

Scoby is a resident of North Tonawanda, N. Y., and a member of the Beta Theta Pi fraternity. He has been active in varsity basketball circles throughout his course, having been chosen at the close of last season to captain the 1917 team. His brilliant playing at forward was a material factor in the success of the 1915 five. He was also a member of his class track team in freshman year and of the varsity squad in sophomore year. During his first two years he was an important adjunct to the cross country squad.

The new council president has also made his presence felt in other forms of activity. He was president of his junior class, is a member of Skull and Bones, president of the Buffalo Club, and member of the Press Club, and was chairman of his freshman hat committee and member of the Junior Promenade committee.

Willett Friday was chosen secretary-treasurer.

Danger because of wealth. People who have been away from the country even for a few years notice the increase in the wealth of people upon their return. We have luxurious hospitals for dogs and cats, but I know of a city in

WILSON CLUB IS TO BE ORGANIZED

First Gathering After Campus Meeting Friday.

Word has come from the chairman of the National Woodrow Wilson College Men's League to organize a Wilson club at Union College. Students of the University in the law, medical and pharmacy departments at Albany have already organized the Union University Woodrow Wilson League with an enrollment of seventy-five students including many Wilson Republicans. Judge Samuel Seabury and William F. McCombs, Democratic candidate for United States senator, will meet the members of the league following the mass meeting to be held in Albany tonight.

There will be a Wilson mass meeting following the campus meeting this Friday evening to which every one is cordially welcome. Gardner K. Byers of New York, chairman of the Union University Woodrow Wilson League; J. Raphael Riley of the Campaign Committee, and other speakers from Albany will address the meeting on the issues of the National campaign. Following the speeches the Wilson supporters in the college are requested to organize a local branch of the National College Men's Wilson League.

In an interview with a representative of the CONCORDIENSIS Chairman Byers of the Union University Woodrow Wilson League said: "It is our purpose to reach every collegeman in Union at the meeting next Friday. Whether the fellows at Union are for Wilson or Hughes I appeal to the college man's sense of fairness in asking him to hear the issues discussed on the side of President Wilson. The college man's vote should not be decided until he has weighed the issues. When such men as Dr. Eliot, President Garfield of Williams, Prof. McMahon of Cornell, Prof. Johnson of Harvard, Thomas Edison, Prof. Irving Fisher of Yale, and many other distinguished men who ordinarily have nothing to do with politics, come out unqualifiedly for the President, certainly there should be a strong appeal to the college man for Mr. Wilson."

Europe of 45,000 population without a doctor. This is a sample of the messages these people are constantly sending. 'For Gods sake send us a doctor. Seventy per cent are dying, twenty per cent still sick.' In a New Eng-

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The Concordiensis

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THURSDAY, OCTOBER 12, 1916

GET OFF THE FENCE.

We don't see how a man can stay on the fence through it all—and lots of them around college are up there high and dry. Not freshmen either, as one would naturally expect. They're up there high and dry. They don't care which way the battle goes.

It's a monstrous battle, too, with a big question to be decided. As big, we hazard, as any since the days of Lincoln.

Come on, rail-birds. Tumble off on one side or the other.

Which side will it be?

The Republican Club was off to the better start; it has been raising a merry rumpus for well nigh a week now. It has been bellowing in your ear that grand old partyism is the one and only ism for the self-respecting man; that Charles Hughes is our only hope; that a Democrat is a hopeless thing.

Perhaps the club is right. It has on its lists many of the representative men of the college.

On the other hand, here jumps up the Wilson Club. It howls in your ears that fifty years from now history books will have Woodrow Wilson up on the dais beside George Washington and Abraham Lincoln; that the new federal bank system is a matchless coup;—and that a Republican is a pitiful thing indeed.

Perhaps it is right. Many of the representative men of the college will be on its lists.

We repeat: tumble off the fence—all of you. One of the big scenes in the drama of world history is being played now. Our children will find a whole

chapter in their history books devoted to these big years. You'll be ashamed of yourself then if you have to remember that during these times your eyes were shut and your hands were over your ears.

Get down off the fence and into one or the other of the clubs. Take a side, whether you vote in November or ten years from November. The right to vote, we believe, is precious. All of us are at the beginning of our voting days. The man who marks his ballot, while perched up on a fence usually marks it at the top with a cross. Then he climbs down and pockets a dollar bill. And this kind of man has no country.

We hope to see the Republican and Wilson Clubs blossom overnight into one of our strongest undergraduate activities. We suggest that when they are in their fullest bloom a straw vote on president of the United States be taken in college meeting.

The Week's Editorials.

The formation of a **WILSON CLUB, TOO** a Brown Democratic Club in the Union tonight should prove of interest to a great number of Brown men. There must be many students in a college the size of Brown who have lived in Democratic influences and who believe in Mr. Wilson. These men should show their real strength at the rally tonight.

Just because Hughes is an alumnus of Brown is no reason why Brown men should support him if they do not agree with the ideas and principles for which he stands. The college above everything aims to teach men to think for themselves. To endorse whatever party they believe to stand for the best interests of the country would show the result of such teaching.

Every college man should take an active part in the present political campaign which is perhaps the most important since the Civil War. A strong Democratic club at Brown would greatly aid in giving students much interest in the campaign, as it would cause more discussion of the vital issues than there would be if there were only the Republican club. Probably plans could be made to have a debate between members of the two parties some time in the near future.

—Brown Herald.

More than ever before, the nation is aroused to the necessity of adequate military preparedness. On the border, at mobilization points, in instruction camps, on naval cruises, Americans from every walk of life have enlisted in their common cause. During the past summer, more men under arms were maneuvering as units than at any other time since the Civil War. No doubts

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as to the value of military training remain in the minds of those who have received the instruction. They now recognize the term, preparedness, as something more than political clap-trap. Their enlightenment is the result of their training.

Williams has come out strongly on the right side. In proportion to its enrollment the College sent more men to Plattsburg than did any other institution. Alumni joined in; many of them even now are on duty on the Mexican border. Taking as personal the demands of military preparedness, they forsook business positions just as undergraduates gave up part of their vacations. The sacrifice has not been small. Plattsburg is no playground. On the contrary, it is the scene of rigorous routine and hard, though intensely interesting, work. As compared to Plattsburg, service on the border is doubly hard. Everywhere military training is a man's job. It is cause for pride, yet it is what we should expect, that Williams men are well up in the van of this nation-wide and thoroughly American movement.

—Williams Record.

COMMITTEE ANNOUNCES BASEBALL AWARD

Baseball awards, made by the committee on awards at the meeting which took place October 9, 1916, were as follows: Those who received their "U" were: Eugene Hummer, Horace Zimmer, Carl Jenkins, William Friday, Wilfred Rosekrans, Gordon Steele, Frank Moynihan, William May, Edward Collison, John Greene and Harry Beyerl. "A. U. A." was awarded to Floyd Miller, Ralph Travis, Arnold Goodman, Dow Roof, Joseph Powell, Chandler Knight, Homer Goff and Douglas Hathaway.

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THE CONCORDIENSIS

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NO. 10

THE WOMEN OF VANITY FAIR

"My kind reader will please to remember that this history has 'Vanity Fair' for a title, and that 'Vanity Fair' is a very vain, wicked, foolish place, full of all sorts of humbugs and falseness and pretensions. And while the moralist professes to wear neither gown nor bands—yet, look you, one is bound to speak the truth as far as one knows it—and a deal of disagreeable matter must come out in the course of such an undertaking.

"And as we bring our characters forward, I will ask leave, as a man and brother, not only to introduce them, but occasionally to step down from the platform and talk about them;—if they are wicked and heartless, to abuse them in the strongest terms which politeness admits of. Otherwise you might fancy it was I who was sneering at the practice of devotion which Miss Sharp finds so ridiculous; that it was I who laughed at the reeling old Silenus of a baronet—whereas the laughter comes from one who has no reverence except for prosperity, and no eye for anything beyond success. Such people there are living in the world. Faithless, hopeless, charityless; let us have at them with might and main."*

Thus Thackeray announces his intention of "showing up and trouncing his villains," and at the same time shows how little he trusts the reader's moral judgment. The reader is not to be allowed to follow his own conscience in approving or disapproving of the various characters. Thackeray will furnish the commendation or condemnation as each person acts; he will be conscience for us. Does Rebecca take pains to do a person a kindness, the author hastens to assure us that her motives are far from altruistic. If Mrs. Bute Crawley proves most solicitous concerning a rich aunt's welfare, he steps in to moralize on her reasons and motives.

And not only does he do this, but he invariably insists on our taking for granted the worse motive where there is a choice between a good and an evil one. When he allows a character a fine sentiment or thought, he us-

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OLD PIERROT

Even that one terrible Noel was better than this. He had stood in his slippers in the snow with the white flakes melting on his breast, peering down into the chimney pots. He had been trying to find Columbine and had discovered her by the tiny pink slipper he saw upon a hearth. It was Noel, and Columbine found a slender boy in her shoe the next morning, eager to take her warm little body in his arms. It had been a bountiful reward for standing shivering on the snow-covered rooftops and stumbling over fallen clothes lines. Close together by the fire they had listened to the bells singing in the morning.

But now he was not looking for anyone for he knew that everybody who might shelter him and love him had died. He would rather have winters snow than this Autumn rain to drench him. He would rather be standing by the chimneys than lying here in the wet country lane with no sound of voices—hark, was it the rain piercing the wind, eldritch, cruel?

He quivered and breathed nervously. He moulded his lips to whistle but they trembled so that he could not. He thought that he recognized the voice. Again. He tightened his weakened muscles. Yes, it was she. . . . but even she was old . . . old . . . as old as he. . . . Queen Semiramis. She was out seeking Nineveh in the rain and hanging gardens out of heaven. His old passions arose. He rubbed his cold legs and they smarted where the Italian fiddler had cut him with a whip of knotted cat-gut. . . . He saw eyes in the rain like drowned stars.

The rain seemed the very essence of unnumbered Autumns. The wind was the breath of all Falls. Ah . . . this was a new voice . . . slow . . . distinct . . . very sweet in the dark. That was God.

In the morning a water carrier on the road wondered that he had never before noticed the white stone by the larch tree.

PONS ASINORUM

She was very modern. And why not? She had lived most of the time in Paris. Had she been a man of letters she would have been called un cerebral; but she was not a man; she was intensely a woman—A Sand. And she had as many lovers. When she was younger she had been a d'Agoult and followed her Franz over Europe but the result was not the same; she was too chary; she adored herself too much for that. He was young, beautifully handsome and his extraordinary virtuosity held his audiences fairly vertiginous with emotion. The soulful old women puffed perspiring up to him after his concerts; crowded about him; touched him; fought over his handkerchief and framed the door mat he had stopped over. But he had died. And then had come another, a poet, a realist, a rake because evil was more tangible than good. Diabolic, macabre and tremendously imaginative, he had written scores of verses to her. She had fascinated him although she was not the incarnation of what he had dreamed the Queen of Hell to be. She was too spontaneous. Hell is a place of deliberateness, of counsel, of preciseness. But he too was a deodand. His genius burned itself out in a continuous entre deux vins and he finally from disappointment shot himself on the boulevards.

Through all this she had passed like a proud ship. She was more triumphantly magnetic than ever. Emotional by nature, she watched her cue and never required a prompter. There is a story told that Liszt was accustomed to play a certain composition at a most appalling tempo, with a rapidity that gods nor man could comprehend; at the very climax when no one but the Devil himself could have finished, a hired woman in the audience fainted, whereupon the gallant master left his trembling piano and lifted the unconscious lady who instantly recovered. She forgot to faint one night, however, and the consequences were terrible. There was but one thing to do; Liszt himself was compelled to faint and be nearly smothered by the throng of amorous ladies who immediately surrounded him. But she never forgot her role. For

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GEORGE BERNARD SHAW AS A NOVELIST

Shaw's fame comes from his dramatic writings and from his activities in the cause of Socialism. His career as a novelist, however, forms an important part of his life. His earliest works were his novels and it was through them that he entered upon his literary career.

During the novel-writing period of Shaw's life he wrote five novels: "Immaturity," "The Unsocial Socialist," "Cashel Byron's Profession," "The Irrational Knot" and "Love Among the Artists." Although these novels were written between 1879 and 1883, none of them were published until 1884 and "Immaturity," has never been published.

Shaw's novels are the products of a riotous and fanciful imagination, if not, as he dubs them, the compounds of ignorance and intuition. He calls them "very green things, very carefully written." Most critics agree with him, though some believe that he would have become famous as a novelist. It is not improbable that although dramatic talent is clearer from the start than a gift for writing novels, he would have won a large circle of admirers as a novelist when his conception of work was fully developed.

Shaw's rule of writing is as follows: "Take the utmost care that what you have to say is correct, and then dash it down as frivolously as you can." His earlier novels were certainly not written on this recipe. What he had to say was largely incorrect, and the way in which he said it was too labored.

Shaw improved from year to year in this respect, though even the fifth novel is, as such, very defective. But a graver defect is the reflection of his lonely brooding life and narrow experience. His power and use of observation are obviously great, but his range is limited.

He admits that he knew little of English life. His characters, especially women are often bloodless, theoretical constructions. Yet the works contain an ample promise of wit, shrewd observation, caustic reflection, and humorous exaggeration, and some of the paradox and epigram, that dis-

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THE WOMEN OF VANITY FAIR

(Continued from page 3)

ually proceeds to derive it from a despicable source. He warns us in the introduction: "Vanity Fair is not a moral place and a man with a reflective turn of mind will not be oppressed by his own hilarity;—the general impression is one more melancholy than mirthful;" and he breaks forth. "Are there not moments when one grows sick of grinning and tumbling and the jingling of caps and balls? This is my amiable object: to walk with you through the Fair, to examine the shops and shows there; and that we should all come home after the flare, and the noise and the gaiety, and be perfectly miserable in private." Mr. Thackeray also wrote to his mother: "Don't you see how odious all the people are in the book (with the exception of Dobbin); behind all of which, there is a dark moral, I hope."

It is not hard to understand, then, with such a purpose behind the writing of the book, why he should have so little real admiration or respect for any character. Thackeray is plainly determined that we shall feel no compassion or love for Becky. He never speaks of her without insulting her, and expressing his aversion. He makes her every speech a falsehood; however good her action appears, he points out the disgusting motive behind it. Long before we finish the book, we lose all respect for Becky, and though we admit her good nature and sense of humor, and marvel at her cleverness, yet her eternal hypocrisy makes us detest her through and through. And though others, who apparently have a leaning towards incorrigible and somewhat scandalous persons, intimate that they consider Becky delightful, and would enjoy meeting her, still I

*Page (70-72)—(The reference in each case being to the Biographical Edition, Harpers Bros., London and New York, 1898.) must confess that, knowing her as we do, I should prefer to avoid meeting the little hypocrite. Mrs.

Bute Crawley is as much a hypocrite, but has not the cleverness to conceal it, and we rejoice at her downfall. Even Amelia, though the favorite of the author, does not entirely escape his satirical pen. She is too weak, too selfish, too foolish, to inspire much beyond a mild contempt.

Thus we see that Thackeray does not present a single female character whom we can really admire. The only candidates are Lady Jane or Mrs. O'Dowd. And with his continual "stepping down from the platform to talk about them," it is no marvel if much space is devoted to satirizing the ladies. So much, indeed, that a skillful writer—one gifted with imagination—might industriously gather these instances of satire any cynicism, and publish them in the form of an Essay on Woman, by W. M. Thackeray—and claim credit for a discovery among the writings of a famous author. Surely, more preposterous claims have been made, and worse crimes have been perpetrated than this proposed mutilation of a famous book. Therefore, with a plea for leniency in criticism, I venture to submit a few sample chapters of such an attempt. And if, in abruptness of transition from one paragraph to the next, or general lack of unity, it resemble the Maxims and Rochefoucauld; or some chapters are as pithy as the famous chapter on Snakes in Iceland, please to recollect that this is not the work of one skilled with the pen, nor yet the result of long study and preparation,—but a hasty grouping of some of Thackeray's moralizings. So, with a further apology to Thackeray, who undoubtedly would have taken still greater care in his sermonizing, had he foreseen what was to befall it, I bring before the astonished reader's eyes extracts from Thackeray's.

DISSERTATION ON WOMEN Chap. I.

Which Treats of the Pursuits of "Society."

The pursuits of fashion under difficulties would be a fine theme for any very great person who had the wit, the leisure, and the knowledge of the English language for the compiling of such a history.

There are ladies, who may be

called men's women, being welcomed entirely by all the gentlemen, and cut or slighted by all their wives (358.) There is a species of dignity in which the high-bred British female reigns supreme. To watch the behavior of a fine lady to other humbler women, is a very good sport for a philosophical frequenter of Vanity Fair (*). But while simple folks behold these ladies in their seeming glory, or envy them from afar off, persons who are better instructed could inform them that these envied ladies have no more chance of establishing themselves in "Society" than the Squire's wife in Somersetshire. You hear how pitilessly many ladies of seeming rank and wealth are excluded from this "Society." The frantic efforts which make to enter this circle, the meanesses to which they submit, the insults which they undergo, are matters of wonder to those who take human or womankind for a study (359).

A title and coach and four are toys more precious than happiness in Vanity Fair; and if Harry the Eighth, or Bluebeard were alive now, and wanted a tenth wife, do you suppose he could not get the prettiest girl that shall be presented this season? (74).

The ladies desire to enjoy a character for virtue, and we know that no lady in the genteel world can possess this desideration, until she has put on a train and feathers and has been presented to her sovereign at court. From that august interview they come out stamped as honest women. The Lord Chamberlain gives them a certificate of virtue. And as dubious goods or letters are passed through an oven at quarantine, sprinkled with aromatic vinegar, and then pronounced clean, many a lady, whose reputation would be doubtful otherwise, and liable to give infection, passes through this wholesome ordeal of the Royal presence, and issues from it free from all taint (461).

Chap. III.

Which Portrays How Poverty is Borne in "Society."

Mrs. X had been wofully disappointed, respecting the disposal of her rich kinswoman's property. After the first shock of rage and disappointment, she began to accommodate herself as best she could to altered fortunes, and to save and retrench with all her might. She instructed her daughters how to bear poverty cheerfully, and invented a thousand notable methods to conceal and evade it. She took them about to balls and public places, with praiseworthy energy; nay, she entertained her friends in a hospitable manner, and much more frequently than before the legacy had fallen in. No one would have guessed from her frequent appearance in public, how she pinched and starved at home. Her girls had more milliner's furniture than they had ever enjoyed before; and their carriage, with

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PONS ASINORUM

(Continued from page 3)

what had she been years at the Varieties? Her command of her emotions gave one the same sensation of Ramoclean security as one has when contemplating the guillotine. When it was announced that her poet had committed suicide, she inquired, "Why did he do it, do you imagine?" Poets to her were banalities! as banal as the everlasting hills. And then she remembered what he had said the night before he died. He had not read his own verses; he had been morose, annoying, and as he left he had quoted—never had he done that before—that line of Baudelaire which presaged the fuliginous boulevards of a reality she but now suddenly sensed: Descendez, descendez, lamentables victimes.

But he was gone. She was vaguely content although she missed the daily adoration of his poetry. He had been a personage in Paris; he was known; and he had loved, worshipped her.

Her salons continued; artists with amazing ideas that everything is square; artists with more amazing ideas that everything is round; musicians who put Schoenberg to shame with their caterwauling; an epileptic statistician; litterateurs; philosophers.

Philosophe! There is a pons asinorum in every life and few there be who do not pass over. It was here that she was an ass for the first time said her friends. She had an enviable position in Paris; her amours had not estranged her; her salons had become the rendezvous for those who represented Zegeist. She was clever; beautiful; not renowned for super-sensitive propriety; she could discuss admirably art from Fra Lippi to Cezanne; had been on popocateptl and in Iceland; had been an actress and had now left the stage but was still called Clothilde in memory of her enormous success in that role; had been petted; flattered; had scandalized the public; and was still young and a flower for the bees. Zola could have made a best seller out of her.

But she misinterpreted her lines once.

"Those whom the gods love die young," quoted Henri Teniers to her one afternoon. (He was white haired).

"And unloved," added she gazing at him.

"Peut-etre, but not entirely. Artists love themselves in their art. For them love is a part of art; to love is to create a picture, a living model for the superartist who watches, paints, and we have the result—the universe. N'est-ce pas?"

She thought of her poet and the tragical picture he must have made lying bleeding upon the boulevard. He appreciated place, atmosphere, and balance. He was a stage artist; he had a keen sense of effect and the ensemble of his death must have been intensely dramatic. That was what she admired.

She was called across the room

to tell Madame Villars about the last poem he had written to her. Why did they talk always about him? She was thinking of her conversation of a moment before.

"Yes, he was peculiar; atrabilious and always splenetic." Madame Villars was not satisfied.

"He had adorable idiosyncrasies they say," she urged.

"Yes, he used to expectorate on the floor."

A delighted gasp from Madame. "I am so eccentric myself that I—" but she was interrupted.

"Tell me about M. Teniers; you know him I believe?" questioned Clothilde.

"C'est un philosophe. He is a professor at the Academy. He is perfect," added the wily Madame, as she turned away.

"Professor at the Academy." Clothilde was interested. Erudite he must be and famous. Unable to endure concentration herself, she admired it in another; incapable of scholarship she respected it and envied it a little as an acquirement she did not possess. "Professor at the Academy." It had meant years of uninterrupted study; a mind distracted by nothing, consequently a heart and soul little played upon. He was a bachelor, she had heard, but poor. That afternoon was his first in her salon but he must come again; and he did.

He came finally every day. She had hypnotized him. She was WOMAN. He had never studied WOMAN before; artists and systems but never WOMAN, and the species was fascinating. There was no caviling here. His vocabulary suddenly acquired new words, wonderfully little monosyllables that had a common derivation from amo. When with her the atmosphere cleared; there was no longer the dust and smoke of the past to blur his eyes and smudge his fingers. Venus was now both morning and evening star.

They married.

Again had Clothilde scandalized the public. The stellar Clothilde, whose salons and personality were the first in Paris, married to a savant, a professor! Mon Dieu! C'est impossible! Le Clothilde des Varieties! And so the honey loving bees turned to other flowers and became less drunk on nectar not so divine.

It was indeed strange, and how she delighted in reading the journals. She had done it theatrically, with her insatiate desire and sense of effect. The set had been admirable: leading salon in Paris; magnificence; ravishing beauty; a shrine of the Perpetual Adoration; Cleopatra captured by a gauche professor.

They left Paris and went to Florence and leased a palazzo. Here the unexpected happened. She fell in love with her husband. Italy, the land of lovers, spread a halo of sentiment about Henris gaucherie. He was in Italy where his esoteric learning had birth and his vast knowledge filtering through the golden sunshine of the south to her touched a new surface on her personality. She absorbed swiftly, reverently, a new atmosphere of quiet which

her husband radiated; at the first realizing how her own personality was quickened and became more piquant thereby. What had been a miasma of existence now became a normality woven with an exotic contentment of mind and soul which her life at home had never permitted. She loved Henri and he loved her and they were happy.

"Do you remember what you said, dear, when I met you?" said Clothilde one night as they sat in their garden watching the fountain scattering silver pennies in the pool.

"No, what was it?"

"You said 'to love is to create... the universe' and you were right."

WITH THE COLLEGES.

University of Colorado—The co-eds are requested to obey freshmen rules as well as men.

Lafayette—As a nucleus to the \$1,000,000 endowment fund to be raised, the college will receive \$200,000 from the Rockefeller Foundation.

ROLLINSON
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Schenectady NY **STUDIO**

Wesleyan—The football schedule does not include a game with her old rival, Trinity. The eligibility rules of the Hartford college are not agreeable to Wesleyan.

General—The Association of College Presidents of Pennsylvania have started a movement for the purpose of purifying athletics in colleges.

Wellesley—The students are protesting against unfair rules which prohibit them from entertaining their beaux on Sunday. The Sabbath was made for man.

McGill—On account of so many students serving in the European war inter-collegiate athletics have been abolished.

Princeton—The freshmen meet regularly to roll bandages for the Red Cross service.



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THE WOMEN OF VANITY FAIR

(Continued from page 4)

the horses taken from the plough, was at work perpetually, until it began almost to be believed that the sisters had had fortunes left them by their aunt, whose name the family never mentioned in public but with the most tender gratitude and regard. I know of no sort of lying more frequent in Vanity Fair than this; and it may be remarked how people who practice it take credit to themselves for their hypocrisy, and fancy that they are exceedingly virtuous and praiseworthy because they are able to deceive the world with regard to the extent of their means (382).

Chap. V.

On the Conversation of the Ladies.

The ladies retire upstairs and talk about their complaints and their children. Mutato nomine, it is all the same. Don't the barrister's wives talk about Circuit?—don't the soldiers' ladies gossip about the regiment?—don't the clergymen's ladies discourse about Sunday Schools?—don't the very greatest ladies of all talk about that small clique of persons to whom they belong? (587). Fifty years ago, and when the writer being an interesting little boy, was ordered out of the room with the ladies after dinner, I remember quite well that their talk was chiefly about their ailments; and putting this question directly to two or three since, I have always got from them the acknowledgment that times are not changed yet. Let my fair readers remark for themselves this very evening when they quit the dessert table, and assemble to celebrate the drawing-room mysteries (402).

Chap. VI.

In Which is Discussed What Doth Constitute a Good Housewife.

The best of women (I have heard my grandmother say) are hypocrites. We don't know how much they hide from us; how watchful they are when they seem most artless and confidential; how often those frank smiles which they wear so easily, are traps to cajole or elude or disarm—I don't mean in your mere coquettes, but your domestic models, and paragons of female virtue. Who has not seen a woman hide the dullness of a stupid husband, or coax the fury of a savage one? We accept this amiable slavishness, and praise a woman for it; we call this petty treachery truth. A good housewife is of necessity a humbug (157).

Chap. IX.

In Which a Positive Truth is Set Down.

This I set down as a positive truth. A woman with fair opportunities, and without an absolute bump, may marry whom she likes (25).

Chap. X.

On Women as Tyrants.

As they say the persons who

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW AS A NOVELIST

(Continued from page 3)

tinguish his later work.

His first novel, "Immaturity," has, as I said, never seen the light. The second, written in 1880, was called "The Irrational Knot," a study of marriage in the very common form of depicting an unhappy and incongruous marriage. Then in 1881 he wrote "Love Among the Artists," which he calls "a novel with a purpose." It is an ironic depiction of life, as he saw it. In "Cashel Byron's Profession" that novelist seems to feel that an assault on society will not do, and he wanders into a world of pure fantasy. In 1883 while publishers were puzzling over Cashel Byron, Shaw began his last novel, "The Unsocial Socialist." It is fantastic, unreal, ironical, and witty. There is too much manufacture in his characters; too much Shawian machinery and too little blood. Shaw admitted long afterwards that he had misdescribed the English middle class, to which almost all his characters belong. In reality, he was beginning the work of his life; exaggeration on principle.

N. B.

I hate Irishmen most are Irishmen, so assuredly, the greatest tyrants over women are women (477). As every one of the sex is the rival of the rest of her kind, timidity passes for folly in their charitable judgment; and gentleness for dullness; and silence—which is but timid denial of the unwelcome assertion of ruling folk—above all, finds no mercy at the hands of the female Inquisition (608). Those who know a real good woman are aware that she is not in a hurry to forgive, and that the humiliation of an enemy is a triumph to her soul (388).

If time would but permit, we might produce other chapters for the readers' delectation; for example, one *On Coming Out*, which may be found on page 18, or several more, which are distributed throughout the book; but these must suffice to point out the task which awaits some ambitious person. We do not at all underestimate the impatience with which the public awaits the appearance of the completed essay; but the public is hereby warned against crediting any rumors of its immediate forthcoming. In conclusion, we bring forward, what, after due research, we judge to be

Chap. ? ?.

Conclusion.

With regards to the world of female fashion and its customs, the present writer of course can only speak at second hand. A man can no more penetrate or understand those mysteries than he can know what the ladies talk about when they go upstairs after dinner. It is only by inquiry and perseverance that one sometimes gets hints of these secrets (358).

W. C., '17.

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POEMS IN PROSE.

I

Ah, the palace gates are shut and I hear my beloved playing his flute in the garden by the river. I cannot reach him for the guard is set. The bronze gates from the Prince in the far province have been shut and I cannot pass through.

The music of the flute is splintered through the walls and comes, note by note, languidly to my ears. The yellow moon-boat floats in the pool, moored among the lilies.

Ah, I will send a message to my lover in the garden by the river. The golden moon will carry it for me.

II

Like mists from the waterfalls, beloved, your soul shimmers before me. Ah, drench me; wet me with iridescence. Throw over me the scarf of rainbows about your souls shoulders. Cool me with your breath.

III

They string pearls about my beloved's neck and on her arms. Pale with anger she tears them off, gazing in the mirror at the strings of my kisses on her throat.

IV

I have a little red box, beloved. In it are stored words and glances. In it are laid memories of nights woven with the dusk of hair like the midnight tresses of a world. In it dream the thoughts of a woman white like blossoming apple trees.

Beloved, do you know the name of my little red box?

REINCARNATION.

I met a stately lady
Upon the street.
She was six feet tall.
And as I passed beneath her gaze
I grew cold and stiff
Like the Mer de Glace.
But when
She was by
I thawed
And laughed with diabolic glee
For she
Had a hole in the heel of her left
stocking.

With this is-

THE JUNIOR COMPETITION

sue begins the junior competition for the 1918 editorship of The Maroon. Once every two weeks each junior on the staff will take charge of the issue. He will edit all news copy, write all headings, and make up the paper. In this capacity he will be known as issue editor. His name will be listed each issue on the editorial page. The issue editor's work will be very largely independent, although he will be frequently assisted by the suggestion or direction of his superiors on the staff. But in general his success will be his own success, and his failure also his own.

This is the second year that the system has been tried. Last year the competition lasted for thirty issues. This year it will stretch over sixty issues, or twenty weeks.

The issue editors will for some time have nothing to do with the editorial page. However, when their training in other departments is judged sufficient, they will enter a competition in editorial writing. Only those editorials "accepted" by the chief will be printed, and a man's success in this branch will be directly proportional to the amount of his work that is accepted. All editorials accepted from the juniors will be signed with their initials.

Subject to the direction of the issue editor will be another junior or some underclassman who will serve as editor. The proof editor will superintend the proof reading force and will be responsible for all typographical errors.

Of course you men of the college have no vote in the election which determines the editor. But The Maroon is your paper and you have a right to know who is doing most toward winning the right to direct your paper. That is why we have given these facts—to help you in watching the competition.

—Colgate Maroon.

**GREAT COMPETITION
FOR MANAGERSHIPS**

Competition for assistant managerships promises keen excitement. Aspirants are working for these coveted positions in nearly every branch of athletics.

As a result of manager Knight's call for candidates, Leo Frees, George Rosenthal, Leonard Reed, Schuyler Vought and James Davidson applied for assistant basketball manager.

James Parsons, Donald McCreary, and Charles De La Verge are working for track manager, while George Frisbee, Alfred Green, Bob Persons, Judson Griswold, Carroll Grinnell and Roland Kathan have started working for baseball manager-ship.

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**1918 GARNET BOARD
HOLDS MEETING.**

Harold Cook Editor-in-Chief.

The 1918 Garnet Board held its first meeting Tuesday in the Concordy office. The price of the Garnet will be \$2.50 per copy, and each member of the Junior Class will be taxed \$6.25 to defray the expense of the individual cuts. Every junior is to receive two copies of the book, which will be in the hands of the public about May first. It is expected that the local photographers will be busy for the next month, taking pictures of the various groups on the hill.

The election of Walter Hochuli to represent the neutral body completed the Board, which now includes Frederick Bascom, of Fort Edward, Pierre Hoag, of Schenectady, Almond Brockway, of Richfield Springs, John Younie, Schenectady, Earl Newell, of East Aurora, Gibson Carey, Schenectady, Traver McKenna, of Albany, William Birdsall, Walden; and Ralph Travis, Pyramid Club.

Edward Cameron, Delta Phi, is the business manager of this year's Garnet, while the editor-in-chief is Harold Cook. Cook is a member of Psi Upsilon.

The Literary and Art Editors will be chosen later. Manager Cameron has issued a call for competitors for manager of the 1919 Garnet.

**COSMOPOLITAN CLUB
GIVES SMOKER**

Good Speeches and Buffet Lunch.

The Cosmopolitan Club gave an informal smoker to the faculty and friends of the members in the club rooms last Tuesday.

This is the first "open house" the club has given, and it proved itself worthy of repetition. The general enjoyment of the evening was increased when a buffet lunch was served. President Richmond introduced the speakers; Pink Vrooman, on the purpose of the club, and Sa, on education in South America. Leong spoke on life in Burma and the Burmese religion. Members of the faculty also gave short talks.

THE FORUM.

Editor Concordiensis:

May I call your attention to an error which occurred in last Thursday's Concordy. Mr. John Taylor, who was elected secretary of the Junior Class, is not a member of the Delta Phi fraternity.

Yours very truly,
E. M. CAMERON, Jr.

Oct. 7, 1916.

**BETA THETA PI
WINS BASEBALL CUP**

The Interfraternity conference met Tuesday evening and awarded the Interfraternity Baseball Cup to the Beta Theta Pi fraternity.

The basketball league will be started next week, and the tennis season, which started last week is expected to be finished by the last of the month.

THEATRICAL NOTES.

May Robson in "The Making Over Of Mrs. Matt."

In case "the river of real water" permits, Arnold Daly will appear at the Van Curler Friday evening in "The Master," by Benjamin F. Glazor. This attraction will be reviewed in Saturday's CONCORDIENSIS. Saturday matinee and evening May Robson will hold the boards in "The Making Over of Mrs. Matt." This attraction will not be reviewed in the CONCORDIENSIS as the game and the opening of "Go To It" in Albany command our attention.

Arnold Daly will be supported by Edward Abeles and many other distinguished mummies. "The Master" is from the German of Hermann Bahr, author of "The Concert," in which Leo Ditrichstein starred for so many seasons.

May Robson's vehicle is by James Forbes, author of "The Chorus Lady," "The Show Shop," and many other successes. We don't like to recommend plays, as our tastes don't always agree with those of others, but we feel fairly sure that both of these attractions will please.

On Wednesday, matinee and evening, "The Blue Paradise" will be the attraction. This will be presented by a road company, but in our opinion it will be worth double the price, even so.

E. W. M.

BLACK CAT CLUB MEETS.

The Black Cat Club met at Joe's Tuck Shop Monday night at ten o'clock. The principal business was the initiation of Fred Bascom, John Younie, Harold Cook, William Kennedy, Edward Cameron, Francis Skau, Pierre Hoag, and Spencer Eddy.

A tentative program for the year was mapped out, and President Gilbert appointed Spencer Eddy to give a light reading at the next meeting.

WITH THE COLLEGES.**COLGATE.**

Yesterday afternoon, Coach Fankart met the members of the University Press Club, and other men reporting for out of town newspapers. At that time a few Press Club matters were discussed, but no definite organization for the year was effected. It was decided to delegate one man each week to interview the Coach and obtain all football news for publication. This information will be posted on the bulletin board of the Y. M. C. A. building every evening, so that it will be in convenient reach of all Press Club men.

University of Chicago — A moustache race has been formed with fifty seniors entered.

Texas — A specimen presented to the university is a horse's molar, three and one-half by one and one-fourth inches. It is said to be 150,000 years old.

Washington — A new seal is desired by the university. A contest has been opened for a new design with a prize of \$10 to the winner.

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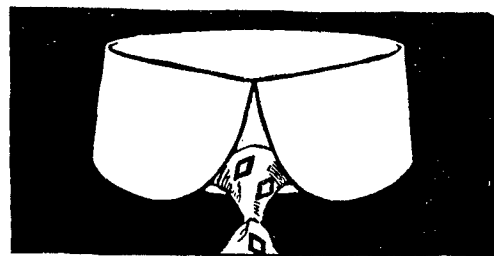
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STRAIGHT FOOTBALL IS DAWSON'S POLICY

Varsity Working Hard This
Week.

WORCESTER SATURDAY

Backfield Will Be Strong Despite
Probable Loss of Regulars.

The captain and coaches are expecting a victory in the game with Worcester this week. The game fight put up by the football team against Williams shows that there is real material in this season's squad.

The men, with the exception of "Corky" Moynihan and Dow Roof, came through the game in splendid shape. Of course the services of these veterans will be sorely missed.

The practice this week has eliminated many of the crude spots that were noticeable in last Saturday's game. The three center positions in the line have presented a big problem from the beginning. The new men who filled these in the game against Williams fought hard and as well as they knew how. With the experience gained last Saturday and this weeks practice these men will show "cause" from now on.

If Moynihan and Roof are still unable to play by Saturday their places will be filled by capable backfield men. There has been a slight improvement each day which is very encouraging. If this continues a very effective machine will be developed before the end of the season.

A long blackboard talk was given Tuesday night at the training table in which the coaches explained some new plays and rehearsed the old ones. The policy from now on is to be straight football and that with a smash and drive behind it.

PHILOMATHEANS ALTER TIME OF MEETINGS.

Since it has proved inconvenient for the members of the Philomathean society to meet regularly on Tuesday evenings of each week, the time of the meetings has been changed and henceforth the society will meet on Monday evenings at 7:30 o'clock in Washburn Hall.

STRAW VOTE TO BE TAKEN NEXT WEEK

Monday's Student Meeting Will
Smack of Politics.

PRESS CLUB AUSPICES.

Results Will Be Published in
Metropolitan Papers.

At a meeting of the Press Club held last evening it was decided to take a straw vote at chapel on Monday next. A committee was appointed to distribute and collect the ballots. The students will be asked to vote only for presidential and gubernatorial candidates, as it is thought confusion would result were a vote asked on the candidates for vice-president and lieutenant governor. Hence each man will vote for Hughes and Whitman, or Hughes and Seabury, or Wilson and Seabury, or Wilson and Whitman, according to his choice.

The results of the vote will be sent by the Press Club to the New York papers, and also to the papers in this vicinity.

In addition to its regular news work the Press Club is now supplying the Knickerbocker Press with daily write-ups on football practice. These articles are also sent to the Albany Journal and other papers in this locality.

REPUBLICANS PLAN RED FIRE PEERADE

(Continued from page 1)

above him and his lungs and tongue making the welkin ring. Seats will be reserved for the members of the club at the opera house and two representatives of the club will sit on the platform.

The club will shortly have a large supply of Hughes buttons which will be distributed among the Hughes supporters in college and a supply of literature pertinent to the issues of the campaign will also be distributed.

Michigan—A Poetry Club has been organized to revive the students' interest in literature, and to bring prominent writers to address the university.

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S. RALPH HARLOW SPEAKS IN Y. M. C. A.

(Continued from page 1)

land town I know of there are 15 doctors within a ten minute's walk."

Mr. Harlow's account of the condition of the Turkish people was especially vivid and touching. "While out walking one day around a turn came Moslem women each carrying a baby. They huddled off the road. The babies were drenched from head to feet for they were sick and the only remedy their mothers had was to bathe them in a holy well. The cemeteries are the only places the sick have to go. There they will remain all night praying to the spirits for health. All places have a Holy Place which is a center of religious life. Women never go to the mosques. When in trouble they do not go to Allah. They go to the Holy Place. Christianity is not known to the Moslems. Tombs are the usual Holy Places.

"The educational needs of Turkey are very great. During the past three years a number of class rooms have had horrible pictures displayed in them showing slaughter of Turks by Christians.

The Turks are taught to revenge themselves on the Christians. All the needs of the Turks are the result of spiritual starvation. They have no conception of the worth of the individual. They have no public parks. Lord Bryce has said that the only good done in Turkey in 100 years has been done by the American Mission.

"It took 25 years to build the American school in Constantinople. Two hundred and fifty children were taught there and it was the only good school in the city. There were clubs for boys and girls connected with the church. Now the school has been seized and is used as a mosque. We had broken down the Turk's prejudice and superstition but since the war all that is changed."

Mr. Harlow also spoke in chapel this morning.

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