

THE CONCORDIENSIS

PUBLISHED BY THE STUDENTS OF UNION COLLEGE

VOLUME XLIII

SCHENECTADY, N. Y., DECEMBER 13, 1919.

NO. 18

GARNET FIVE TO OPPOSE TEACHERS

Albany Team Expected to Put Up Strong Opposition.

JONES ELIGIBLE.

Brucker, Rinaldi, Mudge and Hanley Show Good Form.

The Garnet team will open its basketball season on Saturday night against the strong team from New York State College. Coach Hardman has been working his men hard during the past two weeks and they are rapidly rounding into the required form. "Joe" Jones and Bill Hanley alternate at center and both are showing excellent speed on the floor and as usual are there when it comes to dropping the ball through the ring.

For the positions at guard George Brucker and "Looch" Rinaldi are the logical contenders. George still retains his eye for the basket and the manner in which he cages the ball is almost uncanny. George Weinhold is showing exceptional speed and is working the so-called "regulars" to a standstill.

"Jimmy" Mudge, an ex-captain, and Joe Brucker are the pair that common opinion expects to start Saturday night. As we all know Jimmy can drop one through the ring from almost anywhere in the court. We all remember the way he trimmed Dartmouth in 1917 as well as the Army. Joe Brucker's heel is rapidly "healing" and should be in tip-top condition to show up the State College ball chasers. "Tom" Wilber, who won his "U" last year for his good work against the Army and Syracuse, is on the job. Jack Reynolds, who is better known in baseball perhaps, is working well and will undoubtedly round into a player of great ability and possibility.

On Saturday last Middlebury beat State College in a hard fought game. The State College team seems to show up very well. Sometimes they appear a bit slow on their pass work but should, and will give the Garnet boys a good run for their money. "Gig" McGee has arranged the most interesting schedule that Union has had in many years. Dartmouth, Brown, Cornell, Princeton, Navy and others being our worthy opponents.

Tonight Union's speedy quintet will open its season against the team from State College on the Garnet court. The squad has undergone two weeks of comparatively hard training and is in good shape to give an excellent account of itself against the Albany players.

The team which will probably start the game—Bill Hardman has not yet made a definite announcement of the men—will be composed of: Jimmy Mudge and Joe Brucker, forwards; Joe Jones, at center; Captain Brucker and "Looch" Rinaldi, guards.

The game promises to be an exciting and lively game even though most of the State College performers are new men.

After a good deal of consideration and debate it has been decided that

(Continued on page 4)

Hockey Team Elects Temporary Captain

Enthusiasm Seems to Insure a Well Supported Team.

EQUIPMENT ON WAY

Large Number Signify the Desire to Play.

On Tuesday immediately after the chapel services were over, Manager Hoag called a meeting of all those interested in hockey to elect a temporary captain who will hold office and superintend the practice on the rink until the team is picked, which will, of course, select its own leader. "Breezy" Gale was elected by a vote of 13 to 11 over Cowles Wadsworth. Gale is a member of Phi Gamma Delta fraternity. He is prominent in various other activities on the Hill.

After the election, Manager Hoag spoke for a few minutes on the prospects for the team. He said that there seemed to be considerable interest shown in the sport and from the indications we should have a good team. The men will have to supply their own skates temporarily but all other equipment such as uniforms, sticks, etc., would be furnished by the Athletic Board. Some of this equipment is to be had at present. Hoag also expressed his hope that we would be on the ice next week, weather permitting.

A good schedule is being made out, Hamilton having been secured thus far, while other contracts are in process of being closed. Hamilton will play here Junior Week according to the arrangements now on foot.

Union Grad to Direct Brooklyn Charities

Theodore W. Hanigan, Former Local Newspaperman, Becomes Publicity Director in New York.

NEW YORK, Dec. 11.—Announcement has been made here of the selection of Theodore W. Hanigan, financial director of the Brooklyn bureau of charities, and secretary of the University Club, as director of publicity of the Metropolitan Disaster relief committee of the American Red Cross.

Mr. Hanigan is a trained newspaperman and has been unusually successful in his financial and publicity work in Brooklyn. It has been largely through his efforts that the bureau of charities now has the second largest popular support among all the charitable organizations in the United States, with over 10,000 individual contributors.

He has accepted his new appointment as an additional undertaking, and will still continue his financial work with the bureau.

Mr. Hanigan was graduated from Union College in 1913 and secured his first newspaper experience as a reporter for the Union-Star. He is a brother of Thomas E. Hanigan, executive secretary to Mayor Simon.

TOBACCO CLOUDS THE ENDING FOOTBALL YEAR

Cider and Doughnuts Help Time to Fly. DR. RICHMOND SPEAKS.

Every Current Sport Represented in the Evening's Speeches.

You do not seem to need the wine to have a wonderful time! Last Monday in the cheery smudge which only well packed free tobacco can yield, one of the liveliest smokers in the history of modern Union had its being and yet only the mildly reacting juice of freshly crushed apples oiled the wheels of time. Could Mr. Hanna, our genial godfather, have seen the use to which his gift has been placed, he would have felt more than justified for the expense of the hall that bears his name. Even Horace, that ardent disciple of Dionysus, would have uncorked his genial wit in such an assemblage of good spirits.

Bill Hanley led the toasts and his four years in Union have rendered him an able and forceful speaker. Abraham Lincoln had nothing on Bob Gregory when it came to simplicity of address and if we can judge by the effect produced in both cases could hardly have surpassed him in ability. Came Sol Metzger to the fore and he, ever the optimist, made bright the hopes of the future on the gridiron and Jule Hagar led off the football caravan amid the public acclaim.

Basketball had but one able representative. As yet we have but hopes for this year's quintet so his report was of necessity brief. We have, however, a noble and illustrious record to uphold and we agree with McGee that the basketball team can and will bring glory to our doors.

Charley Waldron announced the arrival, after sundry almost insurpassable setbacks, of that ideal for which we gave our last six bits last fall to the guardian of the strong box. The tender institution under whose auspices we made merry last Monday and which, ere many days have joined the circle of the past, will furnish us food and a shelter from the wintry blast, a sure port in any storm—the College Union.

Following this speech Johnny Hoag issued a call for hockey candidates.

Prexy is always an interesting speaker at all our functions and this time he delivered a talk on the hopes and prospects for Union in days to come and her ideals. We realize all too poignantly the separations soon to come, of the sheep from the goats and only hope that when the moving finger writes that not too many of us will join the "phantom roll." This address brought to a close a very "auspicious occasion" though we missed the gentleman whose talk lent an air of the classic to whatever meeting he attended.

Cider flowed as is its wont in days like these and sundry products of a culinary nature found resting places far from preying eyes; the toasts were drunk; the hour waxed late while "to the lip of this poor earthen urn we leaned" and then with Alma Mater like "the spring that vanishes with the rose" the happy evening bled him to a close.

AMERICAN HISTORY CHAIR IN ENGLAND & EUROPEAN SCHOLARSHIP OVER HERE

NEW YORK, Dec. 8.—Establishment of three scholarships for British boys as a gift from Dr. Elmer Burritt Bryan, president of Colgate University, and of scholarships for six British and six French boys, orphaned sons of officers killed in the great war, were announced today by the Sulgrave Institution. The scholarships are a compliment to the establishment of a chair of American history in British universities, for which Sir George Watson has given \$100,000.

The 12 scholarships for British and French orphans are made available through money gifts from John Moffat and Mrs. William Astor Chanler, and will be offered at the high school at Morrisville, N. Y., and at the state school of agriculture at the same place.

Faculty Denies Vacation Extension

All Men Will Be Able to Be Home for Xmas Eve, by Special Permission, However.

At a meeting of the faculty held Thursday afternoon it was decided that two extra days would not be granted at Christmas. Early in the week a petition was entered at Dean Garis' office, asking for an extension of the Xmas holidays and unanimously signed by the student body. The faculty, however, found no urgent need for such a petition, and the result is that the vacation remains as scheduled, namely, from Tuesday evening, December 23, to Monday morning, January 5.

The petition, it seems, made its first appearance in somewhat crude form on the bulletin board. The important notice comprised a fluent heading and several odd sheets of paper for signatures. The campus entered into the spirit of the thing with the wildest enthusiasm. It is even rumored that the ghosts of such great men as "Marc" Antony, Napoleon, Trotsky, and the Kaiser were moved to sign their names to the list. Unfortunately in the excitement of the movement the appearance of the petition was neglected, some signatures being written sideways, a few upside-down, and the document itself being in several sections. On Monday last, when the matter was brought up in the meeting of the student body, the motion was unanimously passed that the petition be submitted to the faculty in revised form. Although the vacation is not to be extended, Dean Garis will grant excuses to those men who could not otherwise reach home by Christmas Eve.

At their next meeting the faculty will discuss a new method of securing Freshmen for college. Also plans will be made for a reception and Christmas get-together to be given for the students by the faculty in Hanna Hall.

SOPHOMORE SOIREE A GREAT SUCCESS

Almost 200 Couples Dance at First Social Function of the Year.

VAN EPPS PLAYS

Many Houses to Complete Week-End With Dances Tonight, Following the Union-State College Game.

Last evening, the Sophomore Class staged one of the most successful soirees ever held by a Sophomore class on the hill. At nine-thirty, Van Epps' New York jazz dispensers started up a melodious one-step and all the devotees of the light footed daughter of Zeus and Mnemosyne started tripping the light fantastic over the highly polished "Gym" floor.

Almost four hundred suivants and swivantes of Terpsichore swayed to and fro to the tunes of "Breeze" and "Nobody But You," in cadence divine. The frolicking one steps were succeeded by dreamy waltzes, worthy of Strauss, and "Razz-ma-Tazzy" fox trots. Jazz was interpolated at all times—but with all possible thanks to him who sways mighty Olympus by his nod, the horribly vulgar "shimmie" was forgotten for the nonce.

The lotus-eaters of the college forgot all trivial pleasures of metaphysical reflections and psychological experiments and devoted themselves wholly to "Waiting" and "Show a Little Something New." Bliss divine shone on the countenances of beatific lad and cherubic lass. Frowns, moues, pouts, were discarded for six heavenly hours and many a youth caught his first glimpse of the "Gates of Heaven."

To no one did Horace's deprecation of the constancy of maid 'Quis multa gracilis te puer in rosa Perfusus liquidis urget doriibus

Grato, Pyrrha, sub autro? But why sprinkle cynicism upon the winds when fair, undiluted joy holds sway over the kingdom of 'Charlie' Waldron?

The Soiree was an occasion worthy of eliciting praise from all. All the art of Clio, Calliope, and Erato—not to mention other Pierian maids would be needed to extol the glory of this super-dance. The occasion was one worthy of the art of Pindarus, Simonides or Bacchylides. Our poor art falls short of this exhibit capable of driving Hume from his skepticism or Zeke McCleary to move his feet in rhythmic measures.

The affair was the sane counterpart of the Bacchantic revels of June 30th or the insane revels of falling Babylon. It was such an event as would warm the hearts of all.

Orpheus must have lent his favorite flute to the orchestra, for when the strains of music sweet startled book-worn souls in the sections, even the most pronounced of woman-haters could feel warm blood trickle in his veins. Now we know why Euridyce made her fatal turn, why Odysseus wished his fetters to be unbound at the sound of the sirenes' notes.

"Jazz, jazz and the world will jazz with you, was the motto of the event.

(Continued on page 4)

THE CONCORDIENSIS

Published Tuesdays and Saturdays by the 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 4233.

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Publication Office, Schenectady Art Press, 175 Jay Street

Issue Editor, A. W. HENDRICKSON

Tuesday, December 9, 1919

The Age of Edicts.

The laws of humanity which Mr. Thackeray believed to be eternal are suffering some drastic alterations in these days. "She (History) too," says he, "busies herself with the affairs only of kings. * * * I have seen in his very old age and decrepitude the old French King Lewis the Fourteenth, the type and model of kingship,—who never moved but to measure, who lived and died according to the laws of his Court-Marshall. * * *"

This generality is of no effect today. It is not alone the nobility that lives, moves, and dies according to well established precepts—we all do. "Laborer," was a term once applied to him who labored. It now conveys a vague impression. Undoubtedly from its etymology it is still associated somewhat with the Latin "labor" but hardly tantamount to the Anglo-Saxon "work". The laborer is one who punches a time-clock according to the laws of the factory at times of the day specified by the laws of the nation. He does what he does according to the laws of his Union and receives a compensation according to his classification, not according to the value of the task he has accomplished. If he is injured, he receives a stipulated sum fixed by law varying in amount, according to the seriousness of the injury. A finger is worth so much, an eye so much.

We live, eat, sleep, work and play by law, and drink in spite of it. When, after months of debate, and thousands of dollars spent in special elections, the federal constitution will read: "Thou shalt not look upon the wine whilst it is red", then another league will construct a political platform dedicated to the proposition that "Tobacco in all its forms is an evil." And bye and bye, when one wishes to know anything about American history he will have but to turn to volume so and so of the Constitution and there he will find it.

The Prohibition act has given rise to many things. Orations have been written about it, pro and con. Ten thousand journalists have worn out their typewriters in an effort to counteract the efforts of ten thousand other journalists. It has furnished sermons for the pulpit. Half a dozen plays have been written to "razz" it and people actually go to hear them. Judges have taxed their powers of analysis to determine just when cider ceases to be sweet; but according to the farmer it is always so. Would that some great law-maker of the past—Moses might have done it—had said: "Thou shalt not drink." He might have said it and there ended the argument. It would have been a law, for he had no Congress to consult; it would have been just as effective though he had no policemen to enforce it.

These are days when men fight to preserve peace; when they make an all-embracing code which plagiarizes Moses and says in some 300,000 words, "Thou shalt not kill." "For," it says, "if you presume to make war, we shall make war on you, and force you to abstain from war." And war, which used to be a more or less emotional procedure is now robbed of its romance—it is a very regular action, modified by law and intensified by science.

"Organization," that's the word. Organized labor, organized peace, organized war, organized societies to propagate something and organized societies to prevent its propagation. Some men are just forgetting the world around them and working. Some day they'll be millionaires. But then, some society can organize and pass an amendment that there shall be no millionaires in this country. So we needn't worry about the working man getting much ahead of the rest of us. For one thing, he'll be in the minority.

Reaction.

During the war, the whole world lived under a constant strain of apprehension and gloom, and more than ever before in modern times tragedy became a predominant factor in every-day life. So much of the sordid and pitiful, the grim and the horrible, the solemn and soul-stirring, were constantly being presented to us from the press, the pulpit, the platform, and even from the screen and stage, that the lighter side of life seemed entirely eclipsed. But with the end of the war came a sudden, though very natural reaction, and a different national spirit speedily came into being, in spite of the fact that the end of the war brought new problems and conditions scarcely less serious than those of the war itself.

This new spirit makes itself manifest throughout the country in the form of a general and extreme distaste for the serious and in a ravenous appetite for mental desserts and condiments. Only the lighter type of literature seems to have a general appeal; church

The Mail Bag

ACTIVITY AND "SPLURGE"

Activity is usually connected with the idea of "splurge"—the noise of publicity and the lure of prominence. Like the proverbial frog and the puddle many people think that a leap is made just to make a splash, that the active individual wants only to be heard and noticed. So, inactivity is often condoned as modesty, or reticence, or unpretentious reserve.

This is one of the false ideas that permeates our life. Anyone looking for a moment behind the scenes will see the superabundance of work to be done and will realize that the most efficient man makes the least "splash" in doing it. Recognition of his effort is a trivial circumstance, a thing always erratic, a thing to which he does not pin his faith. Just as the best things in history were done in obscurity and without much thought of reward, so in the university the big man is seldom really a self-honor seeker.

After all, the self-satisfied are those who ignore the oars and merely drift. Selfishness is more often expressed by the lounge than by the climber. It is a false sense of things that would lull multitudes into the lethargy of the Rip Van Winkle sleep. About 10 per cent of the students at Michigan are participating in activities. Where are the remaining 90 per cent?

The best part of collegiate training may lie in the matter of learning to accept either success or temporary failure in a manner creditable to one's self. Student activities promote this spirit more than anything else inside of university walls. A neophyte soon learns to appreciate the magnanimity of men who leave him out of where he does not "belong." Far from anticipating the "splurge" he soon learns the emptiness of it and faces life expecting to find less but wishing for a great deal more. Kipling put it well—"Hear you, old peoples,—we have done nothing in the world. All our work is to do; and it shall be done, old peoples."—Michigan Daily.

A five hundred dollar prize has been offered to the fraternity at the University of Kansas that makes the best showing in scholarship, athletics, temperance, social life, religion, and general usefulness for two semesters.—Ex.

attendance is rapidly falling off; on the stage, the demand for farces, comedies and musical comedies make it difficult for the success of a drama, no matter how excellent. Only a speaker of unusual renown or brilliance seems able to hold his audience if he deals with a serious theme. Though the armistice went into effect barely a year ago, already by tacit consent the war seems a tabooed subject, and no theme connected with it, whether in politics, in literature, or in the theatre, is popular. Unrest and Bolshevism pervade the political world, and the thirst for novelty, excitement, and thrills was never more feverishly keen. The world seems bent on a lark, regardless of the consequences it may entail, as though it felt that after four years at hard labor, it demanded and intended to take a vacation from the customary responsibilities of life.

There is scarcely a field of human activity wherein this spirit has not manifested itself; it is as noticeable here in college as elsewhere. The Freshman class as a whole has so far failed to take itself and its opportunities seriously; in the upper classes, while not so evident, some of the same feeling exists, and the work of the college is not up to its usual standard. Few dare admit of a serious purpose or express any serious thoughts, if they have any, for fear of "getting the razz."

We cannot hope for real peace again, here in the college or in the country in general, or for readjustment of the problems which face us on every side, until our mental pendulums cease their transit from one extremity of the arc to the other, and we once more approach the old ante bellum normal. We may never reach it again fully; perhaps it is better that we do not. Taking life in too deadly seriousness is as much an error as in viewing it with too much complacency and lightness. The golden-mean is still the golden mean.

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R. P. I. evidently believes in iconoclasm to quite an extent. Even complacent Emma Willard, who sits year in and year out before Russell College for Sages seems to have grown a mustache and sideboards of a sudden. The gentle maidens of the institution seem to accuse Rensselaer of the outrage. At least the engineers were kinder to Emma than to our deity. They have even suggested a way in which some of our ambitious Juniors can raise a mustache.

Then we had an inspiration but not much came of it as the following can testify. We named it "Ah! why tarry at the altar of Ishtar when there's man's work to be done!"

Down by the trickling brooklet all alone
Which once unfettered leap't thru shaded dell
I wander thru the shrubs whence all has flown
Ah! Here, I muse, once rang the red-skins' yell
Or gentle Pterodactyls thru the trees,
Pursued th' elusive gnat on forage bent,
Or Hippopotami their thirst appeased—
But hold! I hear no sound of mer-

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riment.
In yon dark wall no spark of light appears,
Thru all of Jackson's realm no life we find
No student burns the midnight oil or cheers
His soul with thought pursuing paths that wind
Through Union's famous garden—but I'm wrong,
One echoing step, a mutual throb of hearts,
"Ye, friend," and this is not an ancient song
"Why dance ye not at Skidmore school of arts?"

The scene was laid in a barroom in Schenectady, famous for its numerous shades of beer. On the mahogany topped and brass railed altar to Bacchus reposed a piece of limburger cheese. It was old, this cheese, as its long white beard could testify and yet there lurked in its glorious decrepitude some hidden suggestion of strength—some hint of latent power. Slowly, almost unnoticed, the bar-keep crept upon the sleeping Limburger, knife in hand, eyes glistening. With a start our hero awoke and with stiffened limbs ambled away—two more inches—the door—freedom! A sickening thud and all was over, the cheese quivered and laid still—it had failed—ah. Ah, why had it slept so long!

Like the belated reporter the chief was telling about the other day procrastination was its downfall. Every time you eat a limburger sandwich let that lesson recall itself. Failures—one of the main reasons why this colyum is so spasmodic in its appearance.
R. A.

PROFESSORS OF 16 COLLEGES OF STATE JOIN A. F. L. UNION

NEW YORK, Dec. 8.—Professors and instructors in 16 New York State universities and colleges have organized a union affiliated with the American Federation of Labor and issued an invitation today to their colleagues to join the organization. Associated Teachers' Union, Local No. 71, of the American Federation of Teachers, is the official designation of the organization and invitations to join emphasize that strikes are specifically prohibited in the local's constitution.

Recruiting for the union is being carried on in Columbia and New York Universities, the College of the City of New York, Adelphi College, Cornell and Long Island Medical Schools, Union Theological Seminary and the

Pratt Institute. The principals, assistant principals and supervisory officers of the New York public schools are also invited to join.

GREGORY AND JOSEPH WILL PUBLISH GARNET

At a meeting of the Publication Board on Tuesday afternoon, Robert D. Gregory '21, was elected editor-in-chief and Stanley S. Joseph '21, was made business manager of the 1921 Garnet, the college annual.

Gregory is captain-elect of Varsity football, assistant business manager of The Concordiensis, manager dramatics, a member of the Prom committee and was president of last year's Sophomore class. He is a member of the Beta Theta Pi fraternity. Joseph is prominent in the dramatic and musical clubs.

CONSENSUS OF OPINION RECOMMENDS

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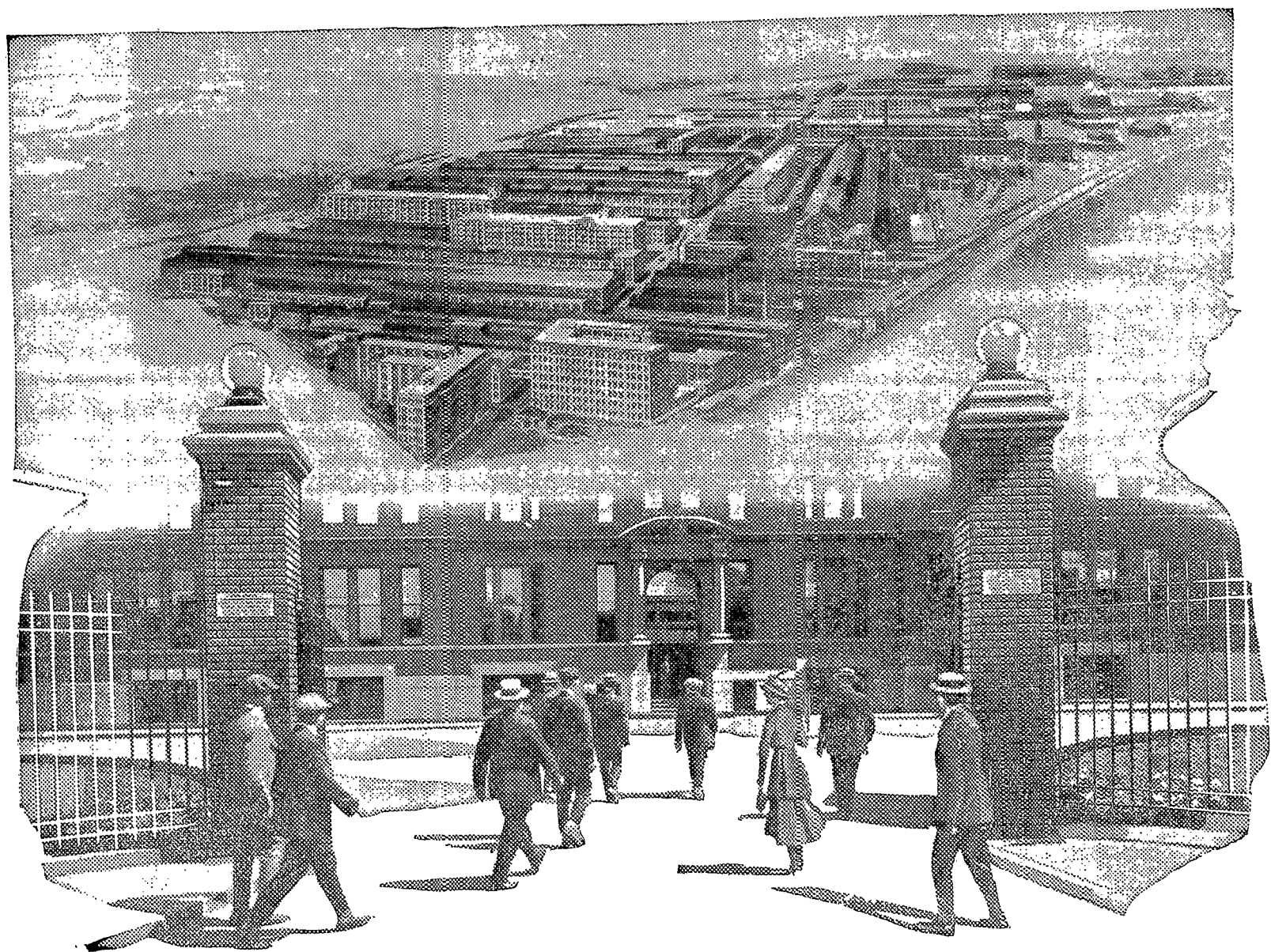
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 "DEAR ROSE"
 (With Apologies to "Dere Mable")
 (E. B. A. '22)

Union College, Schenectady, N. Y.
 December 9th, 1919.

Dear Rose:—Life is full of disappointments, Rose. Nothing is never the way you think it's going to be. Last Saturday night I spent a whole hour cleaning up, shaving, and dolling up to accept the Dean's invitation to call at my earliest convenience, went around to his house for supper, and he wasn't at home. Can you beat that. And yet we catch he—I mean we get scolded—if we are late to class or bolt one. Well, I just dropped in at his office this morning to tell him what I thought of him for inviting a fellow around and then not being there to meet him. I bawled him out something awful, Rose, you ought to hear me. That is, I was going to until he said he wanted to see me about my work, which was not satisfactory. I naturally supposed that he meant that it was more than satisfactory by that, so I smiled cordially and thanked him, but he didn't seem to understand, and said I should take my work more serious than I did. What do you know about it, Rose—he had the nerve to say that I was below passing in about every subject! And me valedictorian of the class of 1919 of C. H. S.! So I just got real dignified and told him there must be a mistake. He said there was, and a great one, and that I was making it. Well, Rose, there isn't no us arguing with a dean—they won't listen to reason. So I just told him that I had intended to take him out to supper down to the 20th Century some night, but just for that he could consider the invitation canceled and walked out. I guess I made him feel cheap all right. The worst trouble with profs and deans is that they don't know a good man when they see one. I guess they forget all I've done for the college and the prestige I've given it. I didn't come down here to be abused, Rose. I didn't need to come down here to learn any more anyway, but to show 'em what I had in me. I wish my father was on the board of trustees here like he was up home in C. H. S.—I'd have the old dean and about half these profs fired. Then some day I'd be sitting at my desk down on Wall St. and they would come in and ask me for a job and they'd see where they would get off, darn 'em! Then I guess they'd be sorry.

And that isn't all, Rose. I was going to take that girl I told you about down to Proctor's Monday night and I went up to her house to get her and found a Junior up there just ready to take her out, which he did right under my nose. Can you beat that? You never can tell what a woman will do, Rose, they don't appreciate nothing. But I'll fix her—I was going to take her to the Freshman Banquet, that is, if you couldn't come down, but I won't now and I'll tell her just why, too: Do you blame me, Rose?

Well, I'm glad I've still got you to fall back on, Rose. I always was true to you, Rose, you know that. Just like that old poem:

"Your hair is red
 Your eyes is blue
 Your the only girl I ever loved,
 And I love you true."

I am not feeling any too good, Rose, lately—I wish you'd write and tell me how much you love me and

cheer me up. I need it, for things has gone wrong all around with me lately. I haven't got over what the dean said yet. Nobody appreciates me, Rose. I got to stop now because I got to write to a girl over in Cohoes which I met the night the armistice was a holiday. Women are all false, Rose, but you can't help writing to them.

Lovingly,
 EGBERT.

SOPHOMORE SOIREE A GREAT SUCCESS

(Continued from page 1)

But let us wander away from the music, which will forever ring in our ears and devote a little space to mere woman. The descendants of Eve were on hand in full glory—although our inner self prompts us to say that beauty nowadays is only grease paint deep. From their hair—a la Billie Burke, down to their jingling ties—they were worthy of all the art of Harrison Fisher and Pewchyn Stanlaws. They would make the eyes of Ziegfeld and George M. Cohan pop in amazement. Swelte, chic, demure, buxom, blithe, rotund—all types that are looked for in vain over the top of the footlights graced the "gym."

Oh, where did they get them was our first question as we furtively drew our close-up of Constance Tallmadge from our pocket. Poor Constance looked passee in comparison with the products of Smith, Vassar, Skidmore and Emma Willard who pranced as if in proof of Einstein's theory. Many a relieved breath was drawn as the absence of several Nott Terrace steps habitués was revealed to book worn eyes of embryo engineers and classicists.

The "Gym" itself wore a dress worthy of a Mardi Gras. Garnet and white streamers were strung across the hall in bedazzling arrangement. Beauty, symmetry and color were worthy of a Parisian modiste. Novel lighting effects were employed to still more seduce us—lucky sons of mortal man.

The patronesses for the soiree were: Mrs. Charles Alexander Richmond, Mrs. Edward Ellery, Mrs. C. F. F. Garis, Mrs. Charles N. Waldron, Mrs. Frank McKibbin, Mrs. Horace McKean and Mrs. Harrison.

The committee in charge consisted of Francis Drohan, chairman; Eugene Sullivan, Philip Forster, Leo Bombard, Louis Parillo, John Porter, John Cline and Louis Rinaldi, ex-officio.

Oh, why don't we dance?

Let's!

Tonight the ardent admirers of Terpsichore will "carry on" with the dance at various houses on the hill, as numerous of the fair ladies are planning to remain over, for the game tonight, after which Psi U., Alpha Delta, Delta Phi, and others will entertain their charming guests.

GARNET FIVE TO OPPOSE TEACHERS

(Continued from page 1)

there will be dancing after the game. This comes as welcome news to many.

At 8 o'clock ten Union men will take the floor. Besides the five already named there will be Hanley, Wilber, Weinhold, Getman and Reynolds. A large crowd of students is expected to be on hand and make the Gym resound with their vocal efforts.



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