

Concordiensis

37

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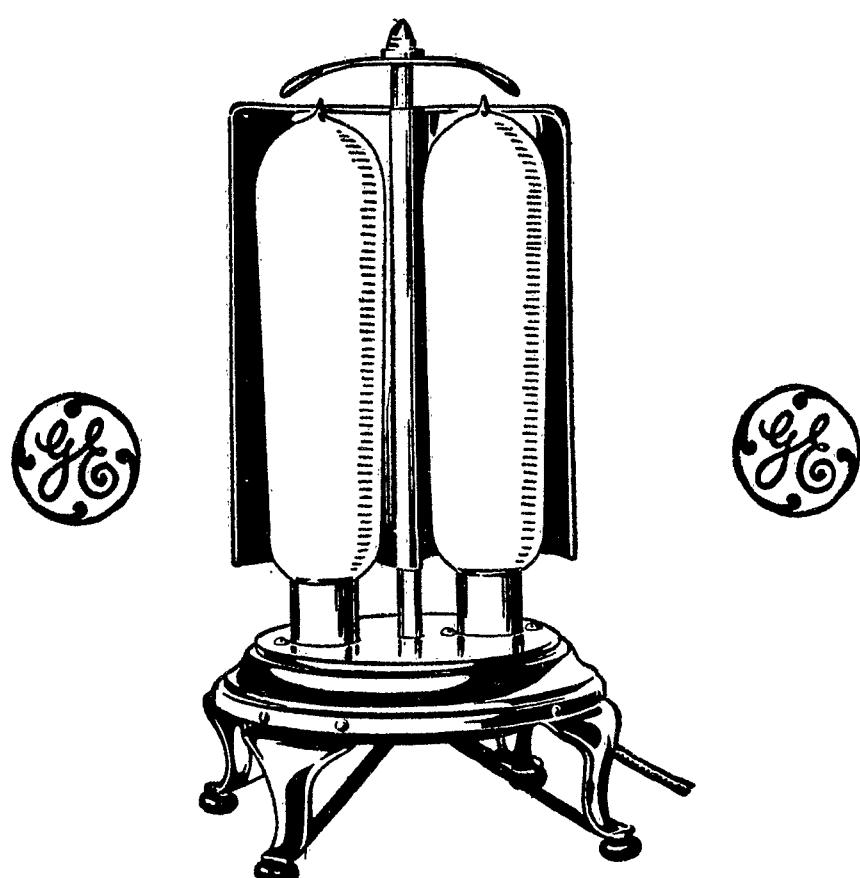
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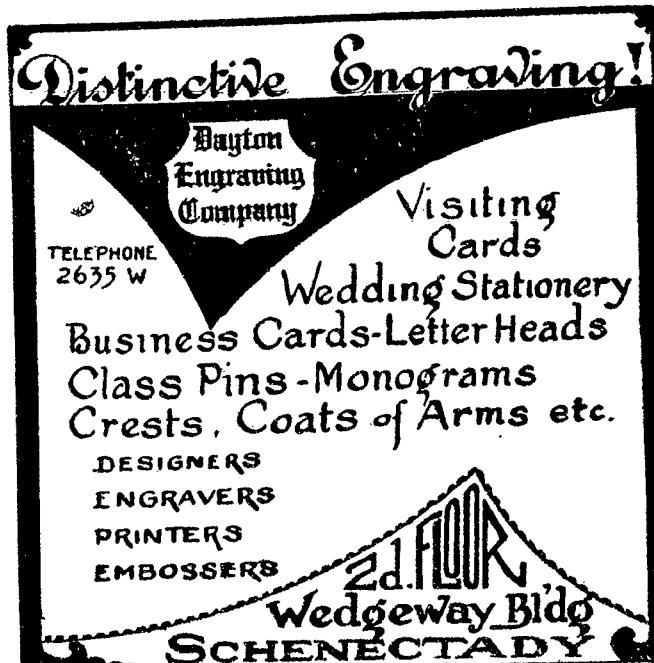


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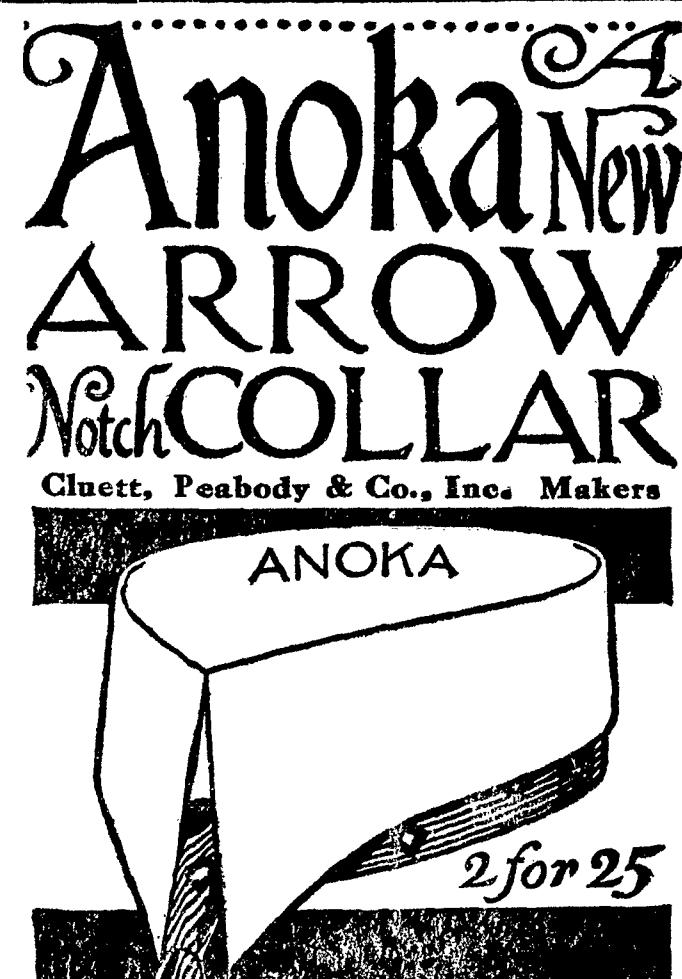
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The Concordiensis

VOL. 37

JUNE 11, 1914

NO. 27

THE COLLEGE MAN'S DEBT

**Delivered April 20, 1914, By the Writer of
the Tower Room Stories.**

Every student, graduated from an institution of higher learning, should bear in mind that he has contracted a debt. It may be a financial obligation to his friends as well as an obligation to the world, but in spite of financial matters—whether a student has provided his own means or not—he contracts, by the very means of his training, a serious obligation—an honest debt. What is this debt? Let us consider some phases of this question.

In the first place we owe much to the present generation. Society is now maintaining many good institutions which promote the welfare of the individual. These institutions are constantly growing in number and in influence, and through them our higher self-realization is made possible. Our age, playing its part with the trend of society, brings with it countless opportunities for development and progress. The present creates a congenial environment for our best good.

Then again, as students, we are greatly indebted to the life of the past. It is doubtful if we can ever estimate the true worth of our inheritance from the past. How far could we climb up the ladder of human progress if we could not build on the achieve-

ments of our ancestors? The greatest contributions of Plato, Aristotle, and countless others have served to illumine all succeeding generations. We gain today from a few pages of a book, ideas and conceptions that represent long years of thought; and not only are we indebted to the sages themselves, but we are gathering at first-hand the experiences of long epochs of history. We profit in studying the blunders of past generations as well as their general trend in evolution for better civilization.

Then in addition it seems fair to say we are debtors to the generations of the future. We have gained from the past and the present, but we have a real obligation to the coming generations. And it is to future peoples that we are to pay the largest installments of our obligation. As we have received the very best that our fore-fathers could produce, so we in turn must contribute for tomorrow, our very best achievements. Can any fair-minded man think of inheriting the wealth of the past without feeling his obligation to pass on to others the light and truth of his own day? Can any student gain an education without enhancing responsibility as well? All the world will say to him: "To whom much is given, of him much is required."

But admitting our obligations, how are we to pay this debt? This question is worth some consideration. Perhaps the

following suggestions will help to answer it: In the first place I believe we are well started on the way of meeting our obligation if we are conscious of our indebtedness, and have a sincere desire to make some return. To feel no sense of obligation, and no desire to give to the world something in return for the wealth of present civilization, is to be densely ignorant or else basely ungrateful to all the good life of the past. On the other hand accordingly as we sense our obligation, in like proportion is it possible to live such a life as will render to posterity the best service. This desire for service will give a great and noble purpose—a definite goal for all endeavor.

Then, in the second place we must make the best possible use of all our powers. This point is worthy of our serious attention. It means that we are not to squander our talents, no matter how much we are tempted to do so. The multitude may foolishly demand cheap fiction—stories of love and life failing to portray the true ideals of society. The populace may become more than crazy with the dance, and demand of talented men to devote their genius to composing songs full of sentiment and rhythm but empty of any true art or ideal of purity.—Yes, there will doubtless be many to make such demands in the future even as today. But are men with talent and genius to forsake utterly the pursuit of noble ideals for satisfying a popular fancy? There may be millions of dollars for the writer of dime novels, but can the world profit most by a sacrifice of talent? Should a baby be given anything for which he cries?

Just here is the temptation of all great men. They are induced to sacrifice true genius for money or fame and popularity. They lose the thought of permanent greatness—the aspiration of becoming a Scott, or a Tennyson—for the hope of temporary renown. And not only are there men of

literary genius who follow the example of Robert W. Chambers in this respect, but any man of talent for leadership and power may become entrapped in some political scheme or degrading business enterprise. Lured by the babble of the crowd their ideals are lowered and they are mere bosses. It must be a retribution to such to know in old age that they have served as a machine for low aims, that their talents have not been used to the best purpose, that much of individuality and joy and satisfaction of life is lost.

Then we are not to squander our talents if we are to use all our powers for the best possible end. And we may also include that the best use of our powers means the planning of something hard to be accomplished. I doubt if any man has been condemned for aspiring to become great in the true sense. We should expect to do some important work in the world and make for ourselves a permanent place in history. Perhaps we cannot be equal to a Pasteur, or a Marconi in the realm of science, but we may do our best to contribute something to the store of knowledge or invention. We may not be great leaders in arts of war or peace, yet we can aspire to building a character and a name that posterity will be proud to remember long years after we are gone. Whether our circle of influence be great or small we can make it stand for the highest of our ideals; and as long as we remain a part of history we may be a means for pointing men heavenward.

And now, finally, to make the best use of our powers we must make the best use of our opportunities. Time brings with it many opportunities. They may be a part of the age in which we live, they may come as a result of our own effort, but in either case they must be duly considered. If we make the best of our opportunities, if we use our talents and powers to the best of our ability and for the highest purpose, if

we aim to contribute something of value to posterity—then we are paying in some measure at least, the debt we owe to mankind. Whether a Lincoln or peasant, a Longfellow or a newspaper reporter; whether our name is embossed on great volumes or simply carved on a marble slab,—it matters not. If we can say that we have done our best no more will be demanded of us. If the generations of the future looking upon our deeds are led to say of us: "Freely they received, and as freely they gave—their very best, even themselves," then we shall have paid our debt, and thereby gained eternal glory.

Morgan L. Williams.

'84 HOLDS MEMORIAL SERVICE

The memorial service of the class of 1884 was to be held at Vale cemetery directly after vespers last Sunday, but rain made an out-door exercise impossible and so the service was held in the chapel. The address was made by Rev. William Elliot Griffis of Ithaca.

There are twenty-six deceased members of the class, several of whom are buried in Vale cemetery. The mortuary roll follows: F. V. Bennett, C. W. Burhams, B. G. Chisolm, Zenas Clark, J. F. Delaney, C. A. Cockroft, E. D. Craig, Joseph Cohen, Jr., Frank Ferguson L. R. Garnsey, F. Dixon Hall, J. M. Harvey, A. P. Vermilye, C. H. Hill, C. A. Kitts, R. B. McCown, D. S. Merritt, H. L. Miller, F. S. Parmenter, R. S. Wells, G. F. Parsons, H. G. Porcher, F. W. Ray, F. Z. Rooker, L. C. Talley, F. S. Titus.

Plans were made whereby the graves of these members were decorated by friends and relatives, the floral tribute including a spray sent from Jackson's garden. The class also decorated the graves of nine professors of the class in the college burial plot in Vale cemetery, Schenectady; the grave of the Rev. Dr. Coppee in Philadelphia, and

Chester A. Arthur in the Rural cemetery, Albany.

Service was attended by the class of '84 Sunday morning in the First Reformed church where, thirty years ago, the members of the class received their diplomas. This was the initial event of Union's 118th commencement. The service was conducted by the Rev. Clayton J. Potter, Union, '00, pastor of the church. He was assisted by the Rev. Dr. Edwin Rice of Philadelphia, Union, '54; the Rev. Dr. William Elliot Griffis of Ithaca, Union, '84 (honorary), and the Rev. Dr. E. C. Lawrence of Schenectady, Union, '69. Dr. Griffis and Dr. Lawrence were instructors in Union College in 1884.

LIBRARY RECEIVES VALUABLE RECORD

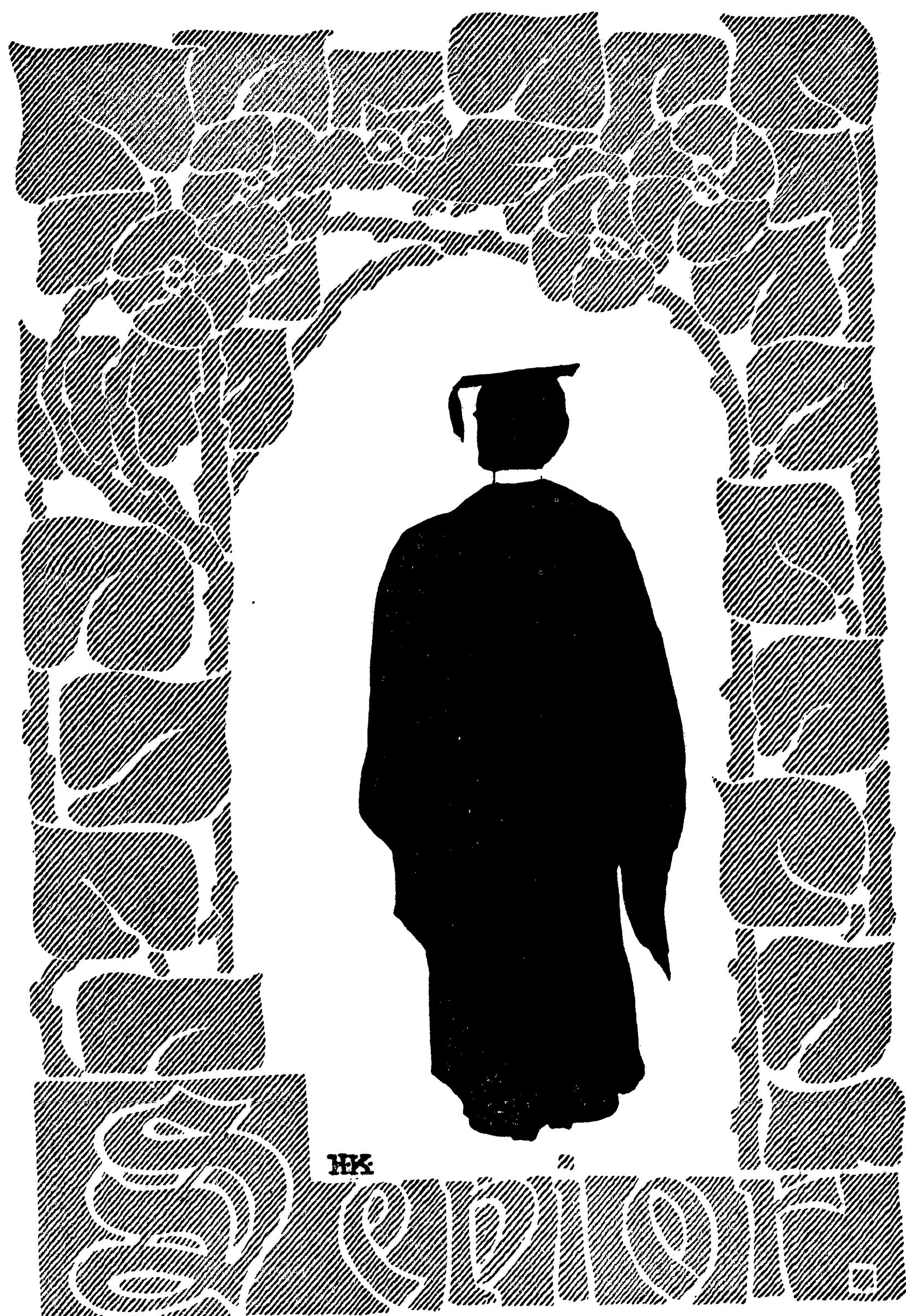
The library has recently received from Wm. J. Keep, at Mr. Clinton's request, his famous book on the subject of "Cast Iron." It is a record of original research and is the very last word on the subject. Mr. Keep, a member of the class of '65, has made a close study of this branch of science and has a national fame in his specialty. He is a member of the American Society of Mechanical Engineers, of the International Association for Testing Materials, of the American Institute of Mining Engineers, and many other scientific organizations.

Mr. Keep expects to be present at Commencement this year.

A new professorship, that of professor of all literatures, has been established at Hobart. William C. Lawton will be the first to receive the title and take the chair.

Nine juniors and thirty-three seniors will make Phi Beta Kappa at Wisconsin this year. So far this is the best percentage shown by a western university.

THE CONCORDIENSIS



THE CONCORDIENSIS

15

1914 SENIOR CLASS ROLL

- Louis Morato P. de Almeida
 C. Harry Anderson
 J. Vincent Baker
 Carlton N. Baldwin.
 Frank Dow Barceay
 George S. Bradford
 Louis T. Fae.
 William Loren Otei.
 Leon Decker.
 Sidney F. Dijonge
 Louis du Bois De La Vergne.
 Nicholas S. Diacant.
 Eli S. Egliyan
 C. B. Ellinore
 Thomas S. Ennis
 Richard W. Evans
 Harry L. Evans
 F. Faray Stott.
 E. D. Fisher
 Ernest A. Fox
 J. Gordon Gidley.
 Marion Gunning
 Jerome L. Guttmann.
 Luther A. Hagar.
John Attall
Archibald Hartley
 H. H. Hitchcock
 J. S. Howell Jr.
 B. M. Hubbard.
C. Albion Kenworthy
 John P. Lacey
 George C. Lewis
 John Lewis.
Arthur Lock
 Victor A. Lord
 William D. Lutz.
 A. Marcott
 A. S. McCormick
Alfred C. Meneely.
 Domingos da mous
 Ralph A. Morgan
 William Alvin Mudge.
Larry F. Namara
 D. T. Sawyer
 Morris P. Schaffer
 LeRoy G. Schell Jr.
A. Davis Sherman
 Charles Sherman
 Carlos M. da Silva
 Walter C. Smith
 Stephen B. Story
 William A. Taylor.
 Archibald S. Telfer
 Homer M. Tinklepaugh
 George O. Truey.
 Raymond Van Santvoord.
 Warren C. Vosburgh
George D. West
 Stanley L. Walworth
 Jas. P. West
 M. L. Williams.

THE CONCORDIENSIS

Missouri University has installed a course in the cultural art of butchering, and has there a complete butcher shop in the basement of one of the buildings.

UNION WINS FROM RUTGERS
Hummer Pitches Great Ball and is Well Backed.

Rutgers, 2—Union, 3: so runs the historic resume of that battle of Saturday, May 30th. That was the day (the ancient dotard of the class of '16 will tell his great grandchild of the class of 1976 at re-union time) that was the day when Hummer outpitched the famous Jennings of Rutgers, striking out 18 men: Outpitched Jennings who recently had held Princeton to three hits and had let R. P. I. down with a no-hit, no-run record. That was the day when Hummer won his own game by sliding home while the opposing catcher threw to first to catch Kearney when he (the catcher) flirted with the third strike.

"Yes, I remember," says the ancient '16 man fondly caressing his '16 cane, "there were no runs scored until the third inning. Then with Rosecranz on first, on a gift of four balls, Hummer advanced him on a fielder's choice and he came home on Kearney's sacrifice. Then in the fifth dear old 'Tubby' had fanned, Hummer swung at a ball for the third strike, a ball so extravagantly wide that Acker, the Rutgers catcher, was astounded. Acker, the Rutgers catcher, was so astounded that he let the ball get completely away from him, and Hummer took first. Then Hummer stole second and third. Old man Kearney then did the very same thing that Hummer had done—he swung at a wide one—and Acker played true to form, whereupon Kearney started to first. As he started, Hummer started home. Then Acker capped the climax by throwing down to get Kearney, and scarcely had the ball left his hand ere Jean was dusting the gutta percha with his pads.

"In the sixth, by heavy and timely willow-waving, Rutgers tied the score. Then came the seventh. 'Tubby' Rosecranz planted himself on first, stole second and came home when Howlett lost Kearney's scratch. It's all over and the boys are throwing epileptic and vainglorious cartwheels on the field of victory.

"Yes, sir. Hummer fanned two men an inning right along until the sixth when only one Redskin masticated the loam. But Jean made up for that in the seventh by fanning the side and repeated the trick in the eighth just to show 'em he could do it."

The old grad stopped and shaded his rheumy eyes with his palsied hand. Then a light of joy flashed over his faded countenance. Grasping his ancient class cane, he hobbled forward to greet an old, old man whose whiskers trailed in the dust.

"Well, Jean!" shouted the first '16 man, "Gosh all fish hooks, how are you!"

And the second old, old man whose whiskers trailed in the dust laughed a cracked smile out of his trembling toothless mouth and replied: "Oh, pretty fine, Bill, how are you?"

And as they tottered off the last words the youngster from 1876 heard were these: "Who are you pitching with now, Jean?"

"Wash'n'ton," was the reply. "I let down the Athletics yesterday with two hits. Not so bad—What?"

The score:

	RUTGERS					
	ab.	r.	h.	po.	a.	e.
Harvey lf.	4	0	0	1	0	0
Howlett, 3b.	4	0	3	0	4	1
Leads, (capt.) ss....	3	0	1	1	2	2
Leving, 1b.	4	0	1	10	0	0
Acker, c.	2	0	0	7	2	5
Browning, rf.	4	0	0	5	0	0
Hueby, 2b.	4	0	0	0	4	0
Jennings, p.	2	1	1	0	2	0
Gillam, cf.	3	1	0	0	0	0
Totals	32	2	6	24	14	8

UNION						
	ab.	r.	h.	po.	a.	e.
Kearney, cf.	4	0	1	1	0	0
Friday, rf.	4	0	0	0	0	0
Naumann (capt.) ss.	4	0	0	1	0	1
Houghton, 1b.	4	0	2	1	0	0
Woods, 3b.	4	0	1	2	0	0
J. Beaver, 1f.	4	0	1	1	1	0
D. Beaver, c.	3	0	0	19	2	0
Rosecranz, 2b.	2	2	0	2	0	0
Hummer, p.	3	1	0	0	0	0
Totals	—	—	—	—	—	—
	32	3	5	27	3	0

ALLOUETTE

As Rendered by Louis De La Vergne.

Leader: A la boomerang-a-jon,
A la boomerang-a-jon.
A la jon.
Students (in chorus): A la jon.
Leader: A la greetings.
Students: A la greetings.
Leader: A la friends.
Students: A la friends.
Leader: A la fond parents.
Students: A la fond parents.
Leader: A la wives and sweethearts.
Students: A la wives and sweethearts.
Leader: A la everybody.
Students: A la everybody.
Leader: Allouette—a.
Students: Allouetta jolly allouetta al-
louetta jolly allouette.
Leader: A la boomerang—etc.
Students: A la—etc.
A la Almeida, a la Brazil, a la the smile
that won't wear off. (and so on)
—A la Anderson, a la Andy, a la Big Swede,
a la good night nurse.
A la Baker, a la Jimmy, a la nimble foot,
a la star athlete, a la P. C. papers please
copy.
A la Baldwin, a la Baldy, a la Pop, a la
Lamda Epsilon.

A la Barclay, a la Bark, a la Toodles, a
la Squan, a la Terry Scoundrel, a la power
for good.
A la Bradford, a la Brad, a la Codfish a la
Auntie.
A la Case, a la Casey, a la Louis, a la
Annette Kellerman, a la back stoop.
A la Cote, a la Steamboat Bill, a la goo-
goo eyes, a la educate the woman.
A la Decker, a la Deck, a la Pop, a la
snowball veteran.
A la Dejonge, a la Sid, a la married man.
A la Diamant, a la Nick, a la the count,
a la Sigma Xi, a la do it by integration.
A la Eghiayan, a la Eggs, a la eh! Swede,
you gotta match, a la I killa you, Shad!
A la Elnore, a la Cy, a la Pop's favorite,
a la Albany.
A la Ennis, a la Tom, a la Dink, a la
Baby-face, a la just too sweet, a la the high-
er things in life.
A la Evans, a la Dick, a la Swede, a la
Reech, a la ring grandpa ring, a la ay ban
from Minjesota.
A la Ewens, a la Mike, a la "author," a la
father Ewens, a la Y. M. C. A., a la Mud-
hawk Chorus, a la special officer drop
oyster.
A la Ferray a la Pete, a la Brazil.
A la Filmer, a la Gloversville, a la
chemist.
A la Fox, a la Quiller, a la boner, a la
fuller realization.
A la Gidley, a la Gid, a la where's de
gang.
A la Gunning, a la Harry, a la Scamper.
A la Guthman, a la Jerry, a la Charlie
Murphy, a la shut off the gas, a la further-
more, etc.
A la Hagad, a la Lute, a la Sigma Xi, a
la valedictorian, a la Steenmetz No. 2.
A la Hall, a la J. A., a la Sigma Xi, a
la married man, a la oscillagrapher, a la
 $j^2 = -1$, a la Hall, I'm surprised at you.
A la Hawley, a la Art, a la Hailey, a la
philosophical dozer, a la Plato and I.

THE CONCORDIENSIS

A la Hitchcock, a la Heinie, a la Hitch, a la Terry Scoundrel, a la let me run the college.

A la Howell, a la Doc, a la Terry Scoundrel, a la brass band, a la Jack McGraw.

A la Kenworthy, a la Ken, a la Alby, a la Home Sweet Home Club, a la deacon of demijohn.

A la Lacy, a la Port, a la ginger, a la Satchel.

A la Lewis, a la George, a la Terry Scoundrel, a la physics shark, a la let's bolt.

A la Loeb, a la Art, a la thunder voice, a la pussy cafe.

A la Lord, a la Vic, a la sentimentalatist, a la new religions, a la Brig Young.

A la Lutz, a la Bill, a la Sigma Xi, a la when I get to the city.

A la Marcott, a la Horace a la Green Mountain Boy.

A la McCormick, a la Mack, a la Pop's darling, a la Sunday and Wednesday nights.

A la Meneely, a la Buck, a la cheese, a la our cheer leader, a la you fellows think, a la Lewis, a la Louis you boob.

A la de Moraes, a la Brazil, a la injun, a la ferocious guy.

A la Morgan, a la Mugsy, a la married man, a la rope consumer.

A la Mudge, a la Bill, a la musicer, a la Sigma Xi, a la Oscar Hammerstein, a la Swing Berlin.

A la Nauman, a la Dutch, a la Tom, a la don't interrupt me incentive.

A la Sarvey, a la Dalt, a la Sarv, a la Terry Scoundrel, a la gum shoe, a la ice cream tippler.

A la Schaffer, a la Red, a la live wire, a la now if you fellows mean business, a la down in front.

A la Schell, a la Shelly, a la Daniel Webster, a la whirlwind.

A la A. D. Sherman, a la Red, a la Section Kink, a la Mount Vesuvius.

A la C. Sherman, a la Chuck, a la prize orator, a la war is hell, a la so is work.

A la da Silva, a la Brazil, a la Seven Cylinder Silva.

A la Smith, a la W. C., a la Wireless Walter, a la going, going, gone, a la too late for Newbro's.

A la Tiedeman, a la Walt, a la Tiede, a la Sigma Xi, a la shark.

A la story, a la Steve, a la Terry Scoundrel, a la Rip Van Winkle, a la Ballston Lake.

A la Taylor, a la Bill, a la Nemo, a la Dr. Roller, a la leg-puler, a a Kilgallens, a la Salley's pride.

A la Tefer, a la Archie, a la Joe Beamish, a la frogs, a la I'm stuck.

A la Tinkelpaugh, a la Whistle-hoof, a la Tink, a la wish I were married, a la Sodus Bay.

A la Truex, a la Ajax, a la Shrimp, a la Alplaus.

A la Van Santvoord, a la Zig, a la Pop, a la Cohoes, a la little pompadori.

A la Vosburgh, a la Vosie, a la Sigma Xi, a la Tam Longboat.

A la Wadsworth, a la George, a la give a long yell for the ball team, a la Bernard Shaw.

A la Walworth, a la Walrus, a la Terry Scoundrel, a la ah! Stan.

A la West, a la Jimmie, a la grind, a la change for Palmyra.

A la Williams, a la Bill, a la Sister, a la Sigma Xi, a la Ladies Home Journal.

A la Lewis, a la John, a la Jake, a la use your head.

A la Union College, a la faculty, a la Studes, a la visitors, a la subfreshmen, a la 1914, a la that's all, a la deep sigh, alouette.

QUITE A TRICK

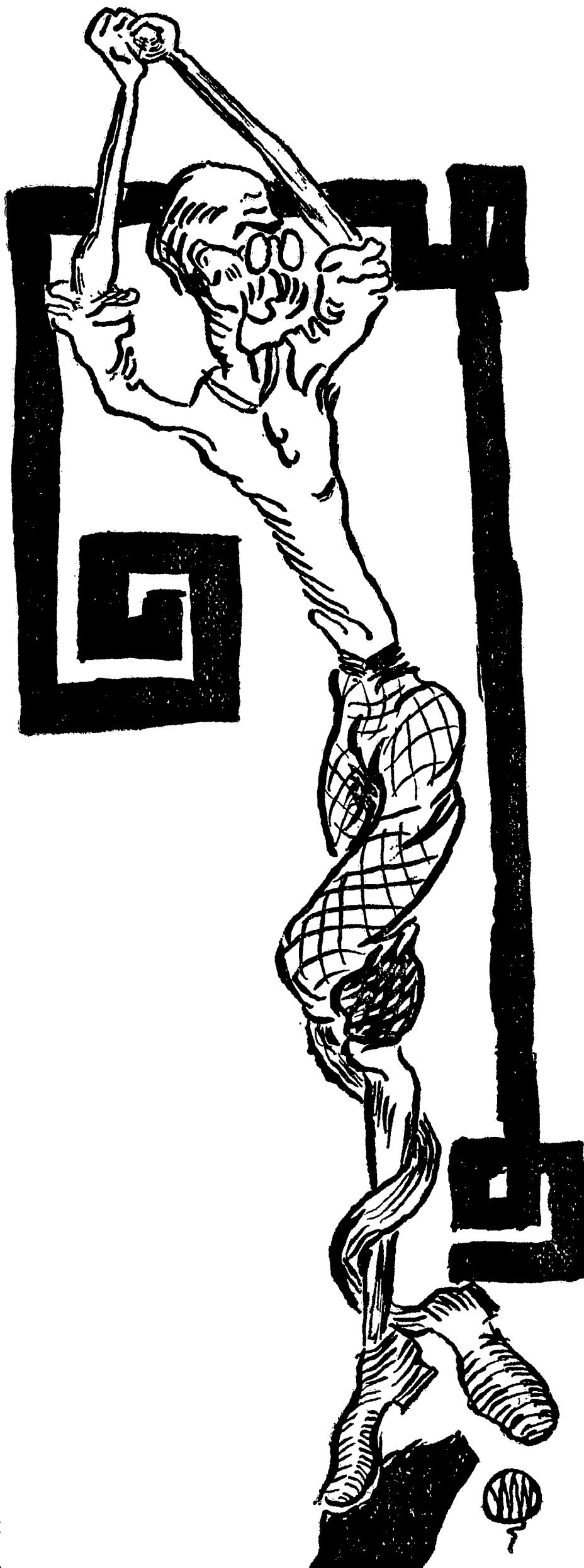
In the New York Mail we note this: "Delphine waved her back impatiently." Evidently Delphine must be some dancer. After exams. we might take a trip down to the big burgh and see this show.

SCIENCE WINS

Steen Inning Battle Has Exciting Finish.

The most nerve-racking game of baseball ever witnessed on any diamond in Schenectady was played in the field behind the college stables on June the styx, 191? Umpire "Prexy" Richmond called the game at 3:28 2-5 X. M. sharp, and at 3:28 3-5 sharp the two teams hit up a keen pace which steen innings failed to rub the edge off of most emphatically. At the above-mentioned time, "Spike" Hale, the delivery battery for Culture, wound up in the manner shown in accompanying photograph and delivered the pebble over the soup dish at a startling rate of speed. "Rube" Lyon, who was at the bat, laid stress upon the stick, but failed to make connections. Then and there the tension members received their maximum load, which they carried throughout the game. Until the third inning the game was air-tight. Then "Jingle" Garrison walked non-chalantly up to the platter like a D. & H. local, thinking all the while of the Vassar girl who wanted to and could. "Jingle" spat upon his palms and, grasping the stick tightly, began to tell "Spike" about joke number Z-sub-6, namely, the one concerning the picayune. "Spike" walked him. To H—— with the Grand Army, said "Jingle" as he stole second. Johnny Callen next projected the pill over second by hitting it squarely on the axis. It described a parahola over Sister Chase's head, as projectiles are often wont to do, and came to rest after having struck the earth several times. "Jingle" came home and Johnny went to second. Landreth knocked a pop fly, which caught Johnny off the bag, thus causing him to take the short route to the bench. Stoll bunted and was out at first. The score stood 1-0 in favor of the Science bunch.

No more scores came in until the eighth, when the Culture aggregation came back with the goods. Bag Stewart was at the bat when Sister Chase on the coaching line yelled in, "To hit or not to hit, that is the question." As the horsehide sailed toward the pan,

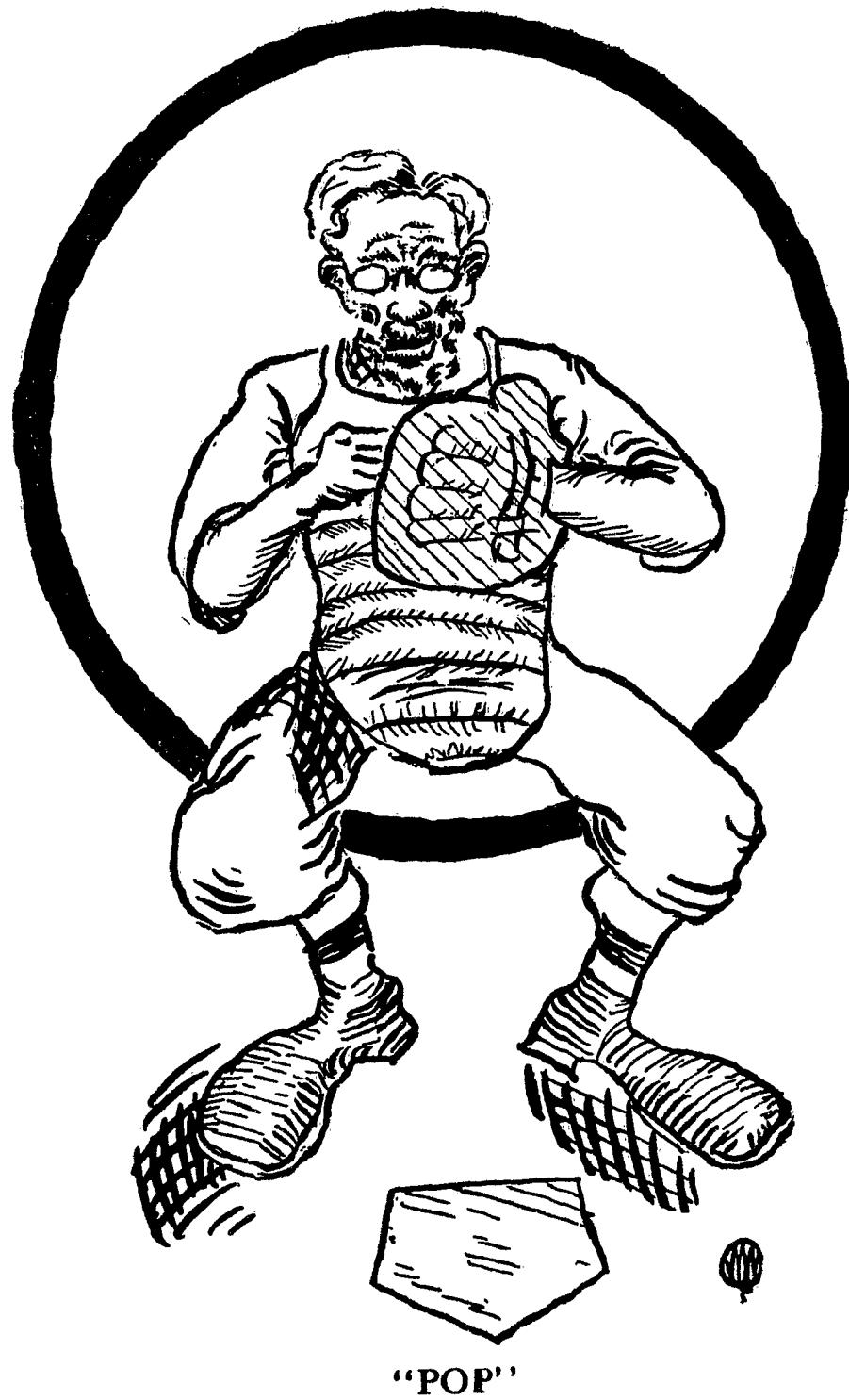


"SPIKE"

Bag's bat advanced politely and said (wo finden Sil sich), that being the first time they had met, and without regard for such scientific stuff as gravity, the sphere sailed up and up and up in a classic manner, and after making several fancy swirls landed in deep center. Johnny Bennett rose to the auspiciousness of the occasion and brought Bag home from second, while he himself reposed gracefully on the aforementioned base. Happy and Chuck struck out, and the game stood at a tie, 1-1.

From the eighth inning the contest was decidedly a pitchers' battle, until the first of the steenth, when Gary got hit by a pitched ball, and was advanced to second on Pink's single after two outs had already been recorded. Then Pop Landreth, the Science team's receiving battery and heavy hitter, strode up to the pan with weapon in hand. A determined flush shone through his beard, and remembering the many sticks which he customarily hands out, he grasped the bat in his well-dusted claws. Spike gave him three bad ones, but he didn't bite. One good one came across while he waited. Another good one sailed by while he swung like a veteran, but failed to smash it. Spike took his time and sent another good one toward the pan. Pop swung, he hit, he ran; it was a homer. Pandemonium set in. The culture rooters went wild. The senior civils yelled for Pop with all the vim that they could summon; old men took the hats from their bald heads and tossed them high into the sunny atmosphere; young men wept for joy, and the women hid their faces while suppressing hysterics. Salathe fainted, Vosburg danced, Louis Case stood on his head, Taylor swore, Lee promised out ten first grades for next term, and Steinmetz dropped his cigar. Oppie flied to right, and the score stood 4-1 in favor of Science.

In the Culture half Spike laced one out to left for a single, went to second on a passed ball, was advanced to third by Rube's sacri-



fice, and stole home. Spike was a ten-flatter in his day and from appearances it seems that he could do better now. Mickey Ann was next to bat. After fouling fifteen times, Mickey knocked a two-bagger. Hoffy, who followed, studied the expression on Spike's face as he wound up, swung hard, with all due regard to ethics, and tapped the sphere at the psychological moment. The logical outcome of this was a two-bagger, which landed Mickey Ann at home. Mrs. McKean gave a sigh of relief. Dutchie Barnes stepped up to wield the stick next. He rapped a high fly on the first ball over. It went up and up and up, with only a slight slanting motion toward left field, until it was out of sight. Rube procured his transit from the engineering building and finally located the newly-made

comet. There was watchful waiting then for two hours. At the end of that time the sphere came to earth and was nabbed by the invincible Rube. Thus ended the contest—4-3, in favor of Science.

Line-up.

Science.	Culture.
E. Jay	p..... Spike
Pink	c..... Hoffy
Pop	1b..... Sister
Stoll	2b..... Johnny
Gary	3b..... Dutchie
Oppie	ss..... Mickey Ann
Johnny	rf..... Chuck
Jingle	cf..... Bag
Rube	1f..... Chorchil

Umpire—Prexy.
Attendance—Nineteen.

PRIZE SPEEKing CONTEST

Very Interesting Affair Took Place Monday Night.

The annual prize speaking contest which took place in the First Presbyterian Church last Monday evening. The speakers upheld the fame which the contest has won in years past and the winners are to be congratulated. The awards follow:

Sophomore first prize of \$15 in gold for the best oration, C. Newell Smith of Schenectady, subject, "A Plea for the Immigrant"; second prize, \$10 in gold, Charles Foster Brown of Schenectady, subject, "An Important Phase of Citizenship." Junior first prize, \$30 in gold, James L. Fitzgerald of Ilion, subject, "Freshman Year in College"; second prize of \$20 in gold, Henry Louis Faust of Schenectady, subject, "Prison Reform." Extemporaneous speaking, first prize, Raymond S. Blodgett of Jefferson; second prize, Jerome D. Guthmann of Schenectady.

The audience listened with interest to the orations and music. At the end of the sophomore speaking the special subject of the extemporaneous debate was announced,

"The Mexican Situation." The orations were:

Sophomores—"The Passing of War," Revington L. Embree, Stamford, Conn.

"A plea for the Immigrant," C. Newell Smith, Schenectady.

"The Engineer and Modern Life," James T. Landreth, Schenectady.

"An Important Phase of Citizenship," Charles Foster Brown, Schenectady.

Juniors—"A Phase of the Minimum Wage Question," Donald A. Coulter, Schenectady.

"The Value of Student Life," Karl E. Agan, Warrensburg.

"The Freshman Year in College," James L. Fitzgerald, Ilion.

"Prison Reform," Henry Louis Faust, Schenectady.

The extemporaneous speakers were Raymond S. Blodgett '15, Jerome D. Guthmann '14, Alfred C. Meneely '14, and Morgan L. Williams '14. The prizes of \$30 and \$20 in gold are provided by the generosity of James A. Goodrich and Dr. Alexander Duane of New York City, members of the class of '78.

The committee of judges included Dr. John Lewis March, Dr. Stanley P. Chase and Professor C. F. F. Garis. Dr. March made the announcements of the awards.

IVY ORATION

By Thomas L. Ennis.

"Fellow Classmates and Friends:—This occasion is the high tide of our class relationships. Those things in our college life which have become dimmed in our memories come flooding back. Not only our memories but our hearts are so filled that we feel that a drop might overflow them. At this hour, therefore, it is my privilege, to give expression, in my own way, to sentiments of recollection, and responsibility.

"Our hearts would be dead if they were not awakened at this time to feelings of thankfulness to this dear institution, its

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traditions, its faculty and its president, for having inspired in us the ideals of true manhood. And therefore, that our class and our friends may keep ever in mind the gradual development of these ideals from the time that we were freshmen on through the future of our lives, we plant, the ivy to be an active example to our class of an ever broadening growth, and a characteristic testimony to our Alma Mater of the principles of life through which we hope to honor her.

"For us, at this time, or at any time, to pass lightly upon the pleasant associations of our undergraduate life would be unnatural and stupid. I feel, however, that we are too often inclined to give too little consideration to pure sentiment. In the ever increasing complexity of social life the idea of organization and efficiency is liable to become so extended as to entirely shut out in the course of time from our interests, those remembrances which will quicken our hearts to greater loyalty to both our class and our college. We will do well, as we grow into the different spheres of activity which we enter, if we keep fresh the old enthusiasm and spirit which prompted us to carry our classmates on our shoulders from the athletic field, to gather at the idol to defend our class's reputation for prowess, and to organize pajama parades and military expeditions against the Mexicans. All these things which have brought us into closer relationships have in turn created an atmosphere of cheerful optimism in our college community. This atmosphere, which is so quickly felt by the stranger as he enters our walls, possesses a consciousness of strength and a willingness which are so characteristic of true success. It would be indeed a pity if we should allow the sentiments of our college days to be forgotten.

"It is our proud privilege to be able to shoulder the responsibilities of life which graduation from Union College will bring upon us. I find it very difficult to under-

stand this great movement in society called social unrest and consequently I find it still more difficult to analyze clearly just what our responsibilities toward it are. But, I am sure that, as Union College graduates, our chief responsibility is to carry the high ideals which we have learned to cherish here into whatever spheres of life we may enter. This is indeed a lofty responsibility but not one unjustly imposed upon us. We have in Lincoln a remarkable example of a man who realized his responsibilities toward society and then shouldered them. It was a common sight to see him, even at the time he was president, walking beside a bent-over old woman and carrying her heavy basket or load. I think that, if we are able to put his kindly spirit into our lives, we will find little difficulty in accomplishing our chief responsibility and less difficulty in understanding social unrest.

"In conclusion, I think, that we should emphasize the individual responsibility which each member of our class must shoulder. In this connection let us remember the words of President Richmond to the Class of 1913 in his baccalaureate sermon. The words were these—'No man can be hands and brain and heart to another man. Each of us must make his own journey on his own feet.' Let us, then, as a class and as individuals, dedicate ourselves to the best traditions of Union College and to the greatest needs of our country."

R. P. I., 3—UNION, 4

In a game that throbbed and pulsated with thrills, that went ten innings, most of the student body of R. P. I. saw their team go down to defeat on the campus Saturday, June 6th. In the tenth inning, after R. P. I. had pulled out one run in their half, with two men down, with first and third bases clogged with eager base runners, "Teddy" Woods went down in baseball history by lining out as pretty a two-bagger as ever kissed the cinder-track back in center field.

Score: Union, 4; R. P. I., 3.

But the game was not won with impunity. Had it not been for a miraculous heave by Jake Beaver in the ninth, R. P. I. would have gone home victorious. Behan, a swarthy gentleman from across the river nestled on first when Tubby Rosecranz played jack-straws with his daisy-cropper. Hummer immediately proceeded to fan the next two batters but Ted Merrick, the perennial bloomer on the R. P. I. pitcher's mound, laced out a clean hit over third. Jake running in clamped to the ball and with one jesture heaved it home just as Behan was speeding around the third base bag. Jake's big brother Dave who holds 'em down for Hummer speared the throw and dove for Behan, getting him a foot from the plate. Business of sighs-of-relief from the Union bleachers.

R. P. I. had the pleasure of hanging up a run apiece in the first two innings, but after that Union tightened up behind Hummer and kept the score down. In the sixth Jake Beaver hit a nice Texas leaguer back of third: "Teedy" Woods laced out a clean hit which sent Jake around to third. Then Old Fox Naumann, grasping his trusty bludgeon leaned on one of Mr. Merrick's shoots for three perfectly good bases, bringing in Jake and "Teedy". Score now tied, 2 to 2.

There was no more scoring until the tenth, when R. P. I. slipped one run across the platter. And then, after an altercation as to whether Beaver interfered with a throw by the R. P. I. second baseman, a run which Houghton tallied was disallowed and "Erny" sent back to third.

Then up rose "Teedy"—"Teedy" of the massive intellect. "Teedy" used that intellect. Says "Teedy" to himself, says he: "There's Friday on first. Merrick will think that I will let the first ball go by to give Bill a chance to get down to second. So Merrick will try to slip one across on me, and put a strike over for that first ball. The chances are that it'll be right down the groove. Ergo.

I'll take a chance on that one!"

Oh, bay of promise! Oh, rare pomegranate in the garden of Allah! Oh, incipient thinker whose thoughts go! It was! It was! He did—he did! That first ball sailed up, true and honest, right across that plate—and "Teedy"—he—did—certainly—wallop that pippin on the nose!

The score:

	R. P. I.				
Conklin, 3b.	4	1	1	0	3
Culver, cf.	4	1	1	1	0
Huyck, 1b.	4	0	0	16	0
Higbee, rf.	5	0	2	0	0
Gallagher, 2b.	5	0	0	2	0
Behan, lf.	4	1	1	2	0
McManus, ss.	4	0	1	1	1
Woodworth, c.	4	0	0	6	1
Merrick, p.	3	0	2	1	9
	—	—	—	—	—
Totals	37	3	8	*29	14

UNION

Kearney, cf.	5	0	0	0	0
Friday, rf.	3	1	0	2	0
J. Beaver, lf.	5	1	2	1	1
Houghton, 1b.	5	1	1	8	0
Woods, 3b.	4	1	2	2	1
Nauman, ss.	3	0	2	3	2
D. Beaver, c.	4	0	0	14	0
Rosecranz, 2b.	4	0	0	0	1
Hummer, p.	4	0	0	0	5
	—	—	—	—	—
Totals	37	4	7	30	10

*Two out when winning run was scored.

Score by innings:

Errors—Behan, Gallagher, 2; Rosecranz, 2; Woods, Beaver. Three-base hit—Nauman. Two-base hits—Nauman, Woods, Conklin. Sacrifice hits—Woods, Huyck. Stolen bases—Conklin. Higbee, Behan, Huyck, Friday, J. Beaver. Bases on balls—Off Hummer, 3; off Merrick, 2. Hit by pitched ball—Friday. Struck out—By Hummer, 12; by Merrick, 7. Double play—Hummer to Nauman to Houghton. Umpire—Glenn.

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TO NINETEEN-FOURTEEN

In the September of 1910 the faculty of Union College opened the doors, as they are often wont to do, to another class—the class of 1914. They were a bright-looking bunch of lads for freshmen, and after being crowned with the pea-green cap they settled down in good shape and began what seemed to them at the time to be an endless toil. Now how differently they look upon it. "If we could but clip the wings of time," has been the characteristic thought of each one throughout his upper-class man days. They have learned to love that for which they have worked—their Alma Mater. They have learned to govern her younger children, to guard her old and

honored traditions, to respect her ancient customs, to regard her laws as sacred, and to believe in and trust her precepts. During their freshman year, they learned to obey; when they became sophomores they taught this lesson to their younger college mates. In their Junior year, they learned to govern. And the senior year just passed shows how thoroughly this lesson was learned. Their acts as underclassmen were commendable, their administration as seniors has been irreproachable. In some matters of importance they have been pioneers; in others they have been faithful followers; in all things they have shown wisdom, strength and loyalty.

And now, what a calamity has overtaken us! These, our seniors, our strong administrators, our wise counselors, our loyal supporters, have left us. They have gone to broader fields of work to plod and strive and fight, to work and trust and win. They have gone where their efforts will shine forth to better advantage and will shine back upon the institution which reared them into the world of knowledge, trust and strife. They have left us to take their places in the world of business—the cold, cold world, as it is sometimes called. They have left with us a grand example, coupled with the memory of their just and wise administration, so thoroughly carried out to the end, so successfully pushed forward to the last minute.

For these things we give them our hearty thanks, and our promise that the trusts which they have placed in our hands will not be violated. We promise them that their example will be followed, that their precepts will be observed, and that the work which they have done will not be undone under the new regime. Furthermore, we have a request

to make of them as they depart, a request which they may regard as useless. We wish to ask their support as alumni. They have left the grey old walls, but is their task completed? They have received their diplomas and have ceased to be active members of our college body, but does this carry with it their dismissal from all college work and responsibility? Their task, on ceasing to be students of Union College, is to begin their work as active and interested alumni. We feel sure that they will assume this responsibility as readily as they assumed the responsibilities which active college life placed upon them, and that they will attend to all matters which may come before them as Union alumni with the same dispatch and diligence which has characterized them throughout the past four years. That they will never give us cause for disappointment in this matter is the one favor which we now wish to ask of them, the one request which we make to them as they depart.

As they go out into the world they are followed by every fond wish which we can give them, and by every endearing word of farewell which could follow in their footsteps. As students they served Old Union well, as alumni they may serve her better. Godspeed 1914. As students we bid you farewell, as alumni we bid you welcome. May success crown all efforts which you put forth, "for Union, for our country and the right."

COME BACK ACCOMPANIED

There exists in every college a disease known as the Sophomore fever. Strange to say, this disease is not limited to Sophomores as the name seems to signify, but spreads about among the freshmen and

sometimes even among the upperclassmen. The symptoms of the disease show themselves in words of dissatisfaction and wild speculations about how much better off a man may be if he discontinue his college course before it is completed. When overheard by men who have a complete understanding of the situation there words are merely laughed at and so they should be. They are but an overflowing of the wise-fool-like-ness which characterizes some men of the undergraduate age and from which the word sophomore is derived. For your own sake then, fellow-student, we urge you to come back.

Another force should enter into the argument. In the early days of your college life your college gives you advantages which you are not able to repay in your underclassman years. In fact, you are not able to repay them in your upperclassman years but you are then able to make a fair start and have the seed planted from which your Alma Mater may reap good fruit after you become an alumnus of some years standing. Hence, for Union's sake, finish your course.

But this is not all. We wish to keep our numbers small but we also wish to make our men picked men. To do this we must have a large number to choose from. Think it over but don't fail to arrive at the conclusion that you can and should and will bring back a freshman and a good one next September. We wish you a pleasant vacation and all sorts of luck.

TEAS HELD BY FRATERNITIES

Monday afternoon was certainly one of action for the fraternities, three of them holding teas on that date. Those crowds

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which held teas Monday afternoon were: Psi Upsilon, Kappa Alpha and Beta Theta Pi, and from all reports they were most enjoyable occasions from all standpoints. The Sigma Phi Place was the scene of a delightful dance on Monday evening. To this dance the upper-classmen of the various crowds on the "hill" were invited and most of the fraternities were represented by two or more members.

BACCALAUREATE SERMON

Delivered by Dr. Charles Alexander Richmond at the 118th Commencement.

Doctor Richmond chose his text from John xxi, 24: "Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone, but if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit."

He addressed the assemblage as follows:

"We have in this statement at once a paradox, a law, and a daily miracle," he said. "The price of life is death. The new and nobler form is built on the ruins of the old. Strange as it is, we have come to know and accept this truth. In one aspect we call it the law of evolution; in another, the principle of sacrifice. Higher organisms are evolved by merciless sacrifice. Civilizations, governments, systems, philosophies are all the fruits of buried seeds. Jesus has his own life and death in mind in this figure—the purpose of his mission and the method of it. The corn of wheat perished. It failed. As an individual, it became nothing; it was lost in the harvest. This is true, also, of Jesus. From one point of view his life was a failure. He was born a Jew; nothing could have been a greater misfortune in those days of Roman domination. The Jews were a despised and oppressed race. He had almost no opportunity in his childhood. A poor man's son, he acquired no property; he was not even independent; he was almost a beggar. When he died the soldiers divided his estate—his

vestments and the seamless white robe, that was all. He secured no political or personal influence over his age. He had no place among men of letters of his day—he is hardly mentioned. He was not even recognized as a great religious teacher, excepting by a few obscure disciples. He founded no family. When he died upon the cross, what remained, a scattered band of weak, discouraged men who were forced before long to hide themselves in caves and dens of the earth to save their very lives. The Jew and Greek and Roman of his day would have laughed to scorn the claims of Jesus to permanence. But the Temple of Jerusalem is only a memory and Athens of the Greek a ruin, and Rome a shadow of her old self, living only because it is a Christian and not a Pagan Rome. And Jesus Christ, on his cross, has stretched out his arms to embrace the whole world. The prophecy is fulfilled, "And I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto me." And here we find the most perfect expression of the principle we started with: "Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone; but if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit."

Development Necessity of Life.

"It is clear, of course, that development is a necessity of all life. Take in your hand a seed of any kind, put it beside a ruby or an emerald—you call one a precious stone—it is rare and the seed is common, but observe, the stone, rare as it is, can only be one precious stone. Not so with the seed: it has millions of seeds in it—a vision of plenty—waving harvests and busy reapers; ships plow across the unharvested seas and hungering thousands hold out their hands to receive the increase of this corn of wheat. It is resurrected from its burial in the earth and begins a new and infinite life. And so it is with human life, for this is a law of all life. Some seeds fail—as do some lives—but every infant soul born into this world is a seed of promise. You look

upon a child, the most inspiring and wonderful thing in all the world. He cannot speak, nor think, nor do anything with his tiny hands. But time goes on; the child has grown a man; his eloquence is swaying thousands; his thought is influencing a nation; his hands are relieving want; his genius has opened new vistas to the human mind; an invention of his brain has lightened the labors, softened the pain, eased the lot of his whole generation. This will be true of many a little child smiling up into his mother's face tonight. It will be true, each in its order, of every living soul, for every man of us who takes up his task and fills out the measure of his duty will be developing all the time to the very end of his days.

The rhythm of his life will be set to the song heard by the poet from the hollow of the spiral shell of the chambered nautilus: "Build thee more stately mansions,
Oh my soul
As the swift seasons roll
Leave thy low vaulted past
Let each new temple nobler than the last
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast
Till thou at length are free.
Leaving thine outgrown shell
By life's unresting sea."

Death Is New Life.

"But always it is true that the law of this development is the law of sacrifice. Life through death—a paradox—what the disciples called a hard saying, hard to them, no less hard to use. 'He that loseth his life shall find it.' 'Except a corn of wheat die.' Death is extinction—loss, decay, darkness, ruin. Not so, says Jesus, death is new life; death is light and growth and joy. The death of self, self live, self interest, is the birth of the new life. The hard husk of the seed decays and falls away, then, and only then, is the seed germ set free. Jesus showed the way, the only way, and that too is an old story—the story of the cross.

No man ever learns the secret of life until he learns that principle. No man ever knows success till he knows this. No man ever feels the real thrill of life until he feels the joy of sacrifice. We sometimes think and speak of the martyrs, past and present, in terms of pity. They want no man's pity. It is we who deserve their pity—the common men who live in the dull routine of eat, drink and sleep, getting and spending. It is they who have learned the lesson of the corn of wheat, who know the secret of the Saviour's triumph and the Saviour's joy. These are the successful men—the happy men, the triumphant men of the world. And their number is not small. The noble army of martyrs is a great army.

Stephen stoned to death; Peter crucified; Paul beheaded; Perpetua thrown to the lions; Polycarp wrapped in his triumphal robes of flame—all these are there. So also is Socrates, taking with perfect calmness the deadly cup—a witness for the truth. And so are thousands more whose names were never known; the patient man of science, spending health and strength and long years of toil searching out the secrets of matter and motion and their relation to life; the silent men, enduring without complaint for the sake of a principle or the success of a cause; the explorer, finding new lands; the pioneer, subduing them—the poet, the musician, the artist, mounting back on the wings of eagles and bringing back to us his vision of beauty in a song or a picture; the scholar, burning his midnight oil that he may interpret to us the thought and experience of the past; the soldier and the sailor who simply knows his duty, live or die; the common every-day man, too, if he is putting his heart into his work. We think of martyrs as they are pictured in Fox's famous book, with its lurid and fascinating pictures of torture—flames and racks, hot pinchers and mangled human bodies; Sebastian pierced with arrows, St.

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Lawrence on his gridiron. But this is only the superficial side of it. The real meaning of all this passed into a proverb: 'The blood of the martyr is the seed of the church.' And this is universal. A martyr is a witness for the truth. Men have gladly died for her; men die for her in these unromantic days. They live for her, which is harder still, and when a man lives for the truth, he dies to self. And so the death of these witnesses, or martyrs, becomes the seed buried in the ground. The seed of science and of art and of literature; the seed of civilization, the seed of a purer, higher, sweeter life for man on this earth.

Must Efface Self.

"Do not imagine that these things have come, or can come, without the presence in this world of men, large numbers of men, who are willing to bury themselves, to surrender self, that they may come to life and light in other and higher selves. Perhaps I can bring this principle home to you by approaching it from another point.

"Here is the whole matter of education in which we are all so much interested. It is not altogether a business of acquiring knowledge, but knowledge is at least a part of it. A man can hardly be called an educated man unless he knows something. But how do we come to know? Certainly by opening the mind. We say of a student—a real student—that he buries himself in his books. A man who sits over his books with his eye on the clock will never be a student and he will never be a fruitful man, intellectually speaking. The mind must be buried in the field of knowledge or it will abide alone. The beauty, the truth, the accumulated riches of other minds, treasured and preserved in that field, will never yield themselves to the isolated mind. The corn of wheat must die; the surrender of the mind must come first and then, in due time, the growth and the fruitfulness: 'first the blade, then the ear and after that the full corn in the ear.'

"And I need hardly say that success, even on the lower plane, is conditioned on the acceptance of this same principle. No man will ever win out unless he forgets himself—surrenders himself, buries himself in the calling. His treasure field must be his life work. If it is anywhere else, he will fail, for 'where the treasure is there will the heart be also.'

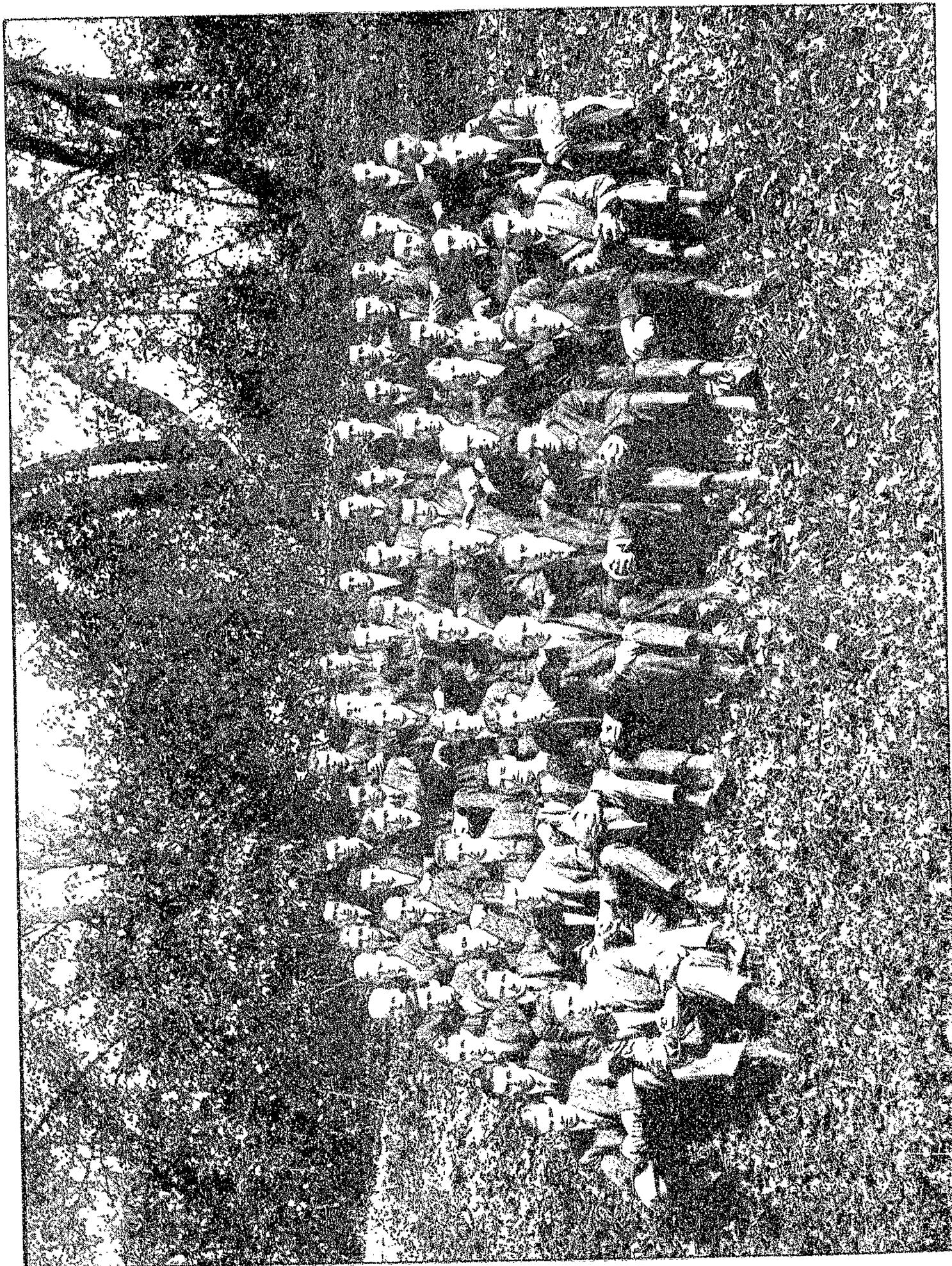
But I want, if I can, to put this all upon the highest plane. I want to touch the chord of chivalry which is ready to vibrate in every human heart—especially every young human heart—if we can only sound the right note.

There is a kind of inspiration in the sight of the army of young men and women coming out of the doors of our colleges at this time of year, and faring forth into life, as we call it. I do not idealize them, I know them too well. They are a good deal like the rest of us. They have their own ambitions; their own selfish hopes and desires. Some of them will grow stale and spoil—perhaps a few of them are spoiled already—but most of these young men come bursting into life full of high purposes with pure unselfish ideals. Very many of them want, and mean, to bury their lives like kernels of wheat that they may spring into fruitfulness. Love of God and home and country is at the heart of these young men. And here is the strength and the hope of our country; in the life poured into it year by year, in the new seed buried in its fields.

"Here is the chance for the patriot—the patriot in business and in letters; the patriot in law, in medicine, in the ministry, in engineering, in every range of human life. A chance for the man who cares for his country and for his fellow men. A chance for everyone who has in him the spirit of the man who first taught the principle of the buried seed and who made it good with his life. And this, young men, is the real test of your patriotism. It is not death that makes a patriot but the willingness to die.

CLASS OF 1914

SUPPLEMENT TO THE CONCORDIA NEWS



In Japan the burial service is read over every young recruit as he goes out to fight her battles. They die to self—henceforth, they are alive only to their country. It is so I would have it with every young man who goes out from this and every other college in the land. It is no common obligation assumed by college men. We are men of privilege. We have been spared for four years from the productive forces of the country—others have worked and saved that we might study and spend. Some of you know how hard the struggle has been at home to supply the means to keep you here and to bring you to this day. What is all this sacrifice for! To give us an advantage over others in the battle of life, to enable us to trample down the weaker and win our way to money and power for our own selfish ends? God forbid any college man should go out with so mean a conception of his privilege. No, this sacrifice is made that a finer germ of life might be produced in you and now it is your privilege, as it is your duty, to go out and bury this seed in the earth. Whatever of brain, or skill, or energy has been developed in you in these years belongs to God and to your fellow men. You will go on year by year to more knowledge and to ampler power but the measure of your life will be found in the completeness of your self-surrender. 'Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone; but if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit.'

"Gentlemen of the Graduating Class:

"The moment when a man stands at the parting of the ways is no ordinary moment in his life. It is a time when a man takes account of himself; thinks back, often with regret, over the past; looks with some anxious thoughts into the future. This is where you stand tonight. The past four years are what we have made them. We have shared life together. I believe we have helped each other. Certainly, it would

be a pity if the close companionship of these years had not made us better and wiser men. Speaking for myself and, with their indulgence, also, for the faculty, I want you to know that your friendship has made my life richer and that your loyalty has often brought me new courage and hope. You have taught us something; we trust, timidly, that we have taught you a little. And now we send you out upon your separate ways. From now on you must walk alone. You will often miss the support of the comrades that have stood around you here. I hope you will sometimes think kindly of us as we shall always think of you. What we have tried to do for you has been to start you in the right direction. To give you sound principles for the heart as well as for the mind. Many ships put out from the same port but when they reach the sea each takes his own direction and soon they are lost to one another. Each one sets his own course but they all steer by the same star—Polaris—friend and guide of each lone mariner. May I set one star in your heavens—a star to set your course by a principle—a truth which has been the guiding light of the best as well as the wisest of men. 'He that saveth his life shall lose it, but he that loseth his life the same shall find it.'"

BIGGEST ALUMNI NIGHT IN UNION'S HISTORY

Those who participated in the festivities of Alumni Night on the "hill" know just how nicely everything went off and realize that, with the advantage of the new gymnasium and of the complete organization of the "stunts," the grandest celerbation of its kind was pulled off on the R. C. Alexander athletic field at the 118th Commencement of Union College.

The reunion and undergraduate classes assembled inside the athletic field gate soon after 8 o'clock and fell into line in the order

of their seniority. The parade made one tour of the quarter-mile track surrounding the field and came to a halt in front of President Charles A. Richmond's box in the second balcony of the gymnasium. After several impromptu songs by various classes, the singing contest for the FitzHugh Ludlow Cup was held. Each of the undergraduate classes gathered about its class standard and sang in the order of seniority, the seniors using, in addition to an original song, a medley. The juniors sang a familiar tune, for which original words were written, and the sophomores sang a class song which was written for the occasion. The class of '17, which was awarded the cup for the best showing in the contest, sang an original class song, which was written by H. Ralph Knight of Glens Falls. In the singing the juniors used red lights and formed a large 15 with their lights.

After the singing contest came the torch relay race. The seniors came out first in this contest, with Mudge as initial runner, followed by Truex, Barclay and Baker. The juniors ranked second, with a team composed of Dent, Hunter, J. Beaver and Byron. 1917 crossed the tape third.

The best stunt of the evening was that of the Cosmopolitan Club bull fight. In this fight Brazilians mounted on frisky horses, capable of all four speeds ahead and several reverse, and then added side notions, charged the bull and waved the aggravating red blankets. Eventually the bull became too tired for further flagging and sat upright for a complete rest in the middle of the ring. At this critical moment, "Mike" summoned the cleverest of the fighters and sent him into the ring to do the "dirty work," to end the struggle, and that at a time when the bull needed rest. Shouts from the spectators declared the toreador victor and the fellow Brazilians carried their hero off the field. The alumni committee succeeded in scoring a hit with the bull fight, for many pronounced it the best event of the program.

Ludlow Cup Presented.

Throughout the celebration powder bombs were fired off from the roof of the "gym" and the colored spot lights turned on them. After the bull fight and general chaos, in which all classes participated, adding songs, snake dances, marching; the bands their music and the 1911 pig, another runaway, the class of 1917 was called to the gymnasium steps where, Miss Helen Ludlow, sister of FitzHugh Ludlow, author of the Union Alma Mater, presented the FitzHugh Ludlow Song Trophy of Union to the freshmen class, the victors of the song contest. Miss Ludlow gave this trophy to the college this year, and hereafter the contest will be a permanent feature of the alumni night celebration. In addressing the freshmen, Miss Ludlow said: "Men of Union, gentlemen of the class of 1917, you have brought new triutbe to your Alma Mater tonight. You have 'crowned her with pearls of singing.' In token thereof in behalf of her graduate council, I am privileged and proud to now present you in her name, 'the FitzHugh Ludlow Song Trophy of Union.'"

After the award of the Ludlow cup, the undergraduates and alumni formed the block "U" and sang the Alma Mater, which brought the celebration to a close.

VESPER SERVICE HELD UNDER NOTT ELM

Interesting Exercise Marked Beginning of
Commencement.

With the vesper service conducted last Sunday by Rev. Dr. Edward T. Carroll of Amsterdam, Union opened its one hundred and eighteenth Commencement. Dr. Carroll rendered the occasion both enjoyable and instructive by choosing a subject which was extremely well adapted to the occasion. He said that a man's life enters into his occupation as much as his occupation enters into his life. Saint Paul's life was offered by Dr. Carroll as an example of a life upon which

the narrow doctrine, which the business world preaches, had no effect. Saint Paul was a tent-maker, but he did not confine himself to his trade, but, looking for the greater things in life, found them in the following of his Master.

"Have some purpose outside of and over-circling everything that you do," advised Dr. Carroll, "and do not let the mere filling up of the ten working hours of each day be your sole purpose." He advised the outgoing class to have some ideal, some thought of holiness and goodness in life mingled with the matters which take up the majority of a man's hours.

The weather was threatening and before the service was over a shower drove some of those in attendance from the scene, but very little harm was done by the rain, and those who stayed throughout the service were well repaid.

COSMOPOLITAN CLUB ELECTS OFFICERS

At a meeting of the Cosmopolitan Club the following officers were elected for the coming year.

J. A. Ribiero, president; J. Howard Soler, vice-president; J. C. Souza, treasurer; J. S. Vianna, secretary; S. Escalanti, corresponding secretary.

Four teams, Cincinnati Reds, New York Americans, Wilkes Barre and Utica are dickering for the services of Captain Royce of Hamilton College. Royce is the sensation in collegiate circles this season. In two games, he struck out forty-one men.

The fraternities of New York University have decided to purchase a silver scholarship cup to be held by the fraternity whose members, as a whole, have the highest average for one semester. The fraternities intend to co-operate with the faculty in raising the standard of scholarship of the fraternity men.

ALMA MATER

Words and Music by William Alvin Mudge
(1914 Class Song)

Union, Alma Mater,
Thy dear name we praise,
Throughout life's journey,
Hearts to thee we'll raise.
Hail, mother of true men!
Now thy sons salute thee,
And with voices loud and strong,
Proclaim once more they oft-told glory.

Chorus

As a Mother loves her son,
And the son her glad voice hears,
Does our Alma Mater guide us
With a hand unmoved by fears,
Should success our efforts crown,
As we journey down life's way,
Never shall we cease to stand
For Union, Right, and Liberty!

Sages of our nation,
Professors, Union's sons,
Thine be praise and honor
For the work you've done.
As you, in our lessons,
Taught us right from wrong,
We would pray you will teach others,
Who will join us in our song.

Comrades, true and noble,
One grand little band,
That 'round the grim Idol
Joined each other's hand.
We'll love, reverence, cherish
Our grand Alma Mater,
Seat of stone, dear grey old walls,
And praise thee with a song of honor.

Though worlds may grow silent,
Tongues, speechless and still,
Life lose all its pleasures,
And our hands, their skill.
Though fortune forsake us
As we go our way.
Memories, thoughts, will ever bring us
Back to Union's College Days.

THE CONCORDIENSIS

ALMA MATER

1914 Class Song, Union College

Words and Music by William A. Mudge

The musical score consists of four systems of music. System 1: Voice (G clef) starts with a forte dynamic (F), followed by a piano dynamic (P). System 2: Voice (G clef) starts with a piano dynamic (mf), followed by a forte dynamic (F). System 3: Voice (G clef) starts with a forte dynamic (FF), followed by a piano dynamic (P). System 4: Voice (G clef) starts with a piano dynamic (maestoso FF), followed by a forte dynamic (F). The piano part provides harmonic support, with bass lines and chords. The vocal line includes several melodic phrases and dynamic markings like *roll.* and *roll.*

CHORUS

Con molto expressione

A musical score for a three-part chorus (SATB) in common time, featuring four staves of music. The vocal parts are: Soprano (S), Alto (A), Tenor (T), and Bass (B). The score includes dynamic markings such as *poco rit.*, *cantando*, *mf*, *ten.*, *ff*, *f*, *mp*, *sostenuto*, and *sfz*. The vocal parts are grouped by a brace, and the piano accompaniment is indicated by a bass staff at the bottom.

THE CONCORDIENSIS

IT COULDN'T BE DONE

Somebody said it couldn't be done,
But he with a chuckle replied
That maybe it couldn't, but he would be
one

Who wouldn't say so till he'd tried.
So he buckled right in, with the trace of a
grin
On his face. If he worried, he hid it.
He started to sing as he tackled the thing
That couldn't be done; and he did it.

Somebody scoffed, "Oh, you'll never do
that;
At least, no one has ever done it,"
But he took off his coat, and he took off
his hat;
And the first thing we knew he'd begun
it.
With the lift of his chin and a bit of a grin,
Without any doubting or quiddit,
He started to sing as he tackled the thing
That couldn't be done; and he did it.

There are thousands to tell you it cannot
be done;
There are thousands to prophesy failure;
There are thousands to point out to you,
one by one,
The dangers that wait to assail you.
But just buckle in with a bit of a grin,
Then take off your coat and go to it;
Just start in to sing as you tackle the thing
That "cannot be done"; and you'll do it.
—Ike Harris.

In a game played on May 9, between Tufts and Williams, six double plays were made, four by Williams and two by Tufts.

By a vote of 218 out of 314 ballots cast, the students of Allegheny College last week adopted an honor system.

The class of 1914 at Williams has planned to give the college \$25,000 in the year 1939.

The busy bee's a funny bird,
The cause of pain and sorrow;
He gathered honey yesterday,
He'll eat it up tomorrow.

He labors every shining hour
To fill the honey-comb;
And, though he wanders far and wide,
He brings the bacon home.

Two extracts from a review of Willis T. Hanson, Jr.'s, "The Early Life of John Howard Payne," the author of "Home, Sweet Home."

The author of that bit of deathless doggerel, "Home, Sweet Home," has not lacked his biographers. They have inclined to harp on the insufficiency of his reward for all the labor of his years. So sad to be remembered only for a casual lyric when one has written sixty-odd plays, many of them in blank verse! Still, there has been industrious and versatile writers who have not been remembered at all. Lacking "Home, Sweet Home," Payne would not have been the first author with eleven tragedies, nine comedies, twenty-six dramas and melodramas, seven operas, and ten farces (or their equivalent) more or less to his credit—he would not have been the first hero of this species to vanish from this earthly scene and leave no trace behind. And to Payne's bit of doggerel must be granted one good line.

With a little common sense he might have won a permanent place in the theatre, but his bumptiousness soon embroiled him with managers and fellow actors, and after a brief season of triumph he found himself without backing. He had made a good deal of money, but it was gone. There were still friends to coddle him. They now raised a purse of \$2,000 to give him a year abroad. He stayed nearly twenty years, toiling indefatigably and always discontentedly at his plays and playing. He expected more of



GEORGE E. LEWIS,
Class President.



LOUIS D. DE LA VERGNE,
Chairman Song Committee.



HARRISON GUNNING,
Class Song Committee.



GEORGE TRUEX,
Honor Student.



JOHN A. HALL,
Sigma Xi.



ARTHUR LOEB,
Class Orator.



LOUIS T. CASE,
Manager Track.

THE BASEBALL SEASON

April 18—Stevens, 3; Union, 4.
 April 25—Rutgers. Rain.
 May 2—R. P. I., 5; Union, 4.
 May 5—Hamilton. Rain.
 May 9—Hamilton, 2; Union, 3.
 May 13—Colgate, 13; Union, 0.
 May 16—Rochester, 4; Union, 9.
 May 23—Wesleyan, 5; Union, 2.
 May 27—Army. Rain.
 May 30—Rutgers, 2; Union, 3.
 June 6—R. P. I., 3; Union, 4.
 June 9—Colgate, 3; Union, 4.
 Totals—Opponents, 39; Union, 33.
 Season percentage, .666.

TRACK

R. P. I., 51½; Union, 65½.
 Hamilton, 60; Union, 58.
 Colgate, 58½; Hamilton, 41; Union, 38½;
 St. Lawrence, 5; Hobart, 0.

TENNIS

Rutgers, 2; Union, 3.
 M. A. C., 0; Union, 6.
 Vermont, 2; Union, 4.
 Williams, 6; Union, 0.

1914 WINS GAZETTE TROPHY

The score in the interclass track meet shows a final margin of 6½ points in favor of the seniors. The division of points is as follows: Seniors, 52; Freshmen, 45½; Sophomores, 35½; Juniors, 10. Baker was decidedly the individual star, making 35 points for his class, while Mallen ran second place, with 16 points.

WOODS NEXT YEAR'S CAPTAIN

The members of the baseball squad met directly after the Colgate game to elect a captain for next year. Howard L. Woods, of Albion, N. Y., commonly known as "Teedy," was elected to the position.

FRESHMAN BASEBALL TEAM

During the past baseball season the 1917 representatives on the diamond have played three scheduled games. These games have not been so very glorious for the 1917 men, but valuable material has been discovered by Coach Dawson of the varsity. The games were with Schenectady High School, at Schenectady; with Pauling School, at Pauling, and with Saratoga High School, at Saratoga. Much credit is due to Manager Miller for his work in obtaining these games, and to Captain Boyle for his careful leadership of the freshmen.

The first game was played on the diamond before the "round building" with the Schenectady High School. The freshmen were not very well organized at that time, and fell victims to Schenectady to the tune of 3-1. In this game the stars for the freshmen were Captain Boyle and Galbraith.

On Decoration Day the team went to Pauling, where again they fell to a defeat of 17-1. The writer thinks that the team had to get up too early to play ball. The captain reports a weak teams as compared with that of Pauling, for their game is almost equal to many college teams that have played on our campus this year.

In the last game at Saratoga on June 6, the Freshmen trimmed the leaders in the Princeton Alumni League by 3 to 1. In every play the 1917 delegation showed form that had developed in a season of discouraging work. Goodman was on the mound and held his opponents down to seven hits and obtained six strike outs. The Frosh won the game in the sixth when Trairs' two-bagger brought Goodman and Mann home.

The following is the result of the games:

	Opponents	1917
Schenectady H. S.	3	1
Pauling School	17	1
Saratoga H. S.	1	3
Totals	<hr/>	21
		5

PRIZE ORATION

A Plea for the Immigrant.

I am the immigrant. Since the dawn of creation my uneasy ships have tossed upon gale-threshed waters. Since the birth of man my restless feet have trodden paths over unexplored wastes. I have stood like a sentinel between civilization and barbarity, spurred on by one, suffering in grim silence the blows of the other, never complaining, always hoping, hoping for a glimpse of the promised land where I should find happiness and content. I came to your gates with anticipation. I entered with a great hope in my heart, and a prayer of thankfulness upon my lips.

I toil in your industries, I prosper in your peace. I help fight your wars, I suffer when turmoil reaches the land. On me are thrust all the disagreeable duties of civilization, yet I rejoice that the day will come when thy ways shall be my ways, thy people shall be my people, thy God, my God. What can man do more? And yet I am the great American problem.

It was in the year 1620 that the Pilgrims, feeling that the land of oppression was becoming unendurable and led by the primeval instinct to seek new and better homes, braved the perils of the unknown and settled upon these shores.

Since then we have been the melting pot of the nations. Over the wide seas has poured an ever-increasing stream of immigration, which has become amalgamated with American ideas and American principles. There has resulted a blending of the vigor of the Anglo-Saxon with the Teutonic and Latin races, producing that composite type which we are wont to recognize as the true American.

The Puritan was an immigrant, led by the same impulses that prompted those who followed close in his footsteps, that prompts those who are even now entering this country —the desire to own homes in a land free from oppression, the desire for personal better-

ment.

The pioneer who first crossed are boundless prairies was an immigrant. Hard and stern was the life of the pathfinder, but through all the hardships and deprivation loomed brightly his goal of ambition—the hope of advancement, of the acquirement of land, of the making of homes. These were the motives that moved the men and women who took the trails. They are but a reiteration of the desires of the Puritan—of the hope that compels the immigrant of today to set foot within our boundaries.

And as the Pilgrim paid in advance for the blessing of God and the acquirement of his ideal, by hewing and cutting and fighting against tremendous odds; as the pioneer paid in advance, with privation and struggle, and oftentimes with his blood, so the modern immigrant pays as he advances, by toil in the stifling mines, before the glowing furnaces, amid the roar of machinery, ever bearing in patience and resignation the jeers of society. We look on the Puritan with admiration, on the hero of the west with something akin to awe, but we look upon the immigrant with scorn. The scum of the earth! No, he is not! He is a striver, as truly as those who approached these shores in the Mayflower; he is a fresh infusion of the pioneer blood that led civilization from the Alleghanies to the Golden Gate. No! he is not the scum of the earth, but the vitality of the earth, the strength and brawn and muscle of the old world. It is the blood of such as he that throbs in our own veins; it is the blood of such as he that made this nation possible.

He is the present day ingredient of the mixing pot and the early product of this it was which threw off the yoke of England; that product it was which bound this country with a band of blood that will never be broken; that product it was which, led by the same compelling instinct that drove the Puritan over the sea, carried our flag to the distant corners of the con-

tinent—the grim, resolute advance guard of civilization.

The martyr of progress, he who has given his lifeblood times innumerable, is not dead. He can never die. Behold how vast and various in his life. In art, in color and in stone he lives again; on the most conspicuous page of our glorious history he lives and breathes and moves; he made it glorious. In our hearts he is immortal. Our hands have fashioned fitting tribute to his prowess. We have carved his name upon stone throughout the land, but he has written his own name upon every page of history, and has interwoven it so closely with the story of the flag that inseparable they stand, linked together—the flag and this, the most masterful of man, the product of every race under the sun, the alloy of the smelting pot—the real American.

C. N. SMITH.

THE FRESHMAN YEAR

By James L. Fitzgerald.

For thousands of our American boys and girls freshman year in college is the consummation of hopes and ambitions long dreamed of and anxiously awaited. For most of them it marks a goal and turning point in life. From the vantage point of the college campus they look at life with new ideals gathered from all these days of waiting and preparation. The horizon of their lives is widened. They now begin to realize that they are in a new world of greater possibilities and higher ambitions.

But together with all these wonderful dreams of new life there is soon borne in upon the mind of the freshman that he is here for good earnest hard work. Much must be done—much is to be accomplished. College is after all but a contention and expansion of good conscientious training and discipline. But alas! how often he is disillusioned! How often he finds himself in the hard struggle of mind and muscle entirely unprepared for the battle. Freshman year is a success only as one comes to

it well-prepared; and uses its opportunities to their fullest extent.

Most of the difficulties a freshman has to face are to be attributed mistakes of easy going over-indulgent parents, and to the faults of poor incompetent preparatory schools. We all realize, of course, that the chief molding force of character is the home! The lessons a child learns there will remain with him ever after, and will form the basis of his habits and standards of life. But on the other hand, the school, too, has a heavy responsibility in the matter. No proper sort of preparation can ever be obtained until we dispel the idea from our minds that "going to school" and "getting an education" are synonymous terms. The mere routine of preparing lessons and the slight school discipline demanded can never be a sufficient equipment for a child in his later struggles with life. High standards of taste and lofty thoughts and ideals should be inculcated. But most of all the pupils should be taught to work. There is far too little real work done now-a-days. Everything is made easy.

All this is part of modern progress and has its proper place. But have we a right to use that as an excuse for lowering our standards of education? Of what value is a diploma received as a reward for work which has not been actually done? What value to the student are lessons, copied from someone else? What is the gain by an indulgent teacher; or far worse for him to coax the teacher into actually doing the work himself on some pretext of illness or inability to understand, when in reality no part of the lesson has been even attempted. As we observe the methods followed in many of our high schools, we see only too much of this sort of thing. Nicholas Murray Butler, speaking on this point, says: "Our great national vice is mediocrity, and our schools, whose duty it is to pave the way for college, pimently illustrate this in all its enormity. Instead of setting up high stand-

THE CONCORDIENSIS

ards they strive rather to conform to what is fashionable and popular. They confuse notoriety with reputation and send their pupils to college wretchedly unfit to take advantage of the opportunities before them."

On the other hand, the college owes the freshmen a duty which it often is loath to discharge. Too frequently the freshman class is turned over to the tender mercies of hard-working young instructors whose knowledge of human experience is very limited, and who are more concerned with their own special field of work than with the broad problem of human development.

It would be better for the freshman if he could see more of the older and wiser professors at this crucial period of his life. He needs to be inspired with their good, practical thoughts and ideals. Personal relations should be established between student and professor. The professor should be one to whom he could naturally and sympathetically turn for suggestions, help and friendly council.

To waste freshman year and to throw away its opportunities is often fatal. Frequently a man's whole career is blighted because of mistakes in early college days. The youth who goes wrong can never regain his intellectual or moral balance.

The ideal freshman year, then, is not merely the realization of long-wished-for dreams, nor is it simply a matter of college responsibility and work from day to day. It is more than this. It is a unique bit of human experience, for which conscientious preparation must be made and which will become the foundation stone of the character and ideals of the man throughout his entire life.

PRIZE AWARDS

Warner Prize—For the senior of the highest standing in the performance of collegiate duties and in moral deportment. Awarded by the faculty, to Jerome D. Guthmann, of Schenectady.

Allen Prizes—Three in number—for the

best essays on any subjects, presented by seniors. Awarded to: 1, Thomas L. Ennis, of Rotterdam; 2, Morgan L. Williams, of Medway, and 3, Jerome D. Guthmann, of Schenectady.

Oratorical Prizes—Four in number—for the successful competitors in the junior and the sophomore Oratorical Contests. Awarded to—Juniors: 1, James Fitzgerald, of Ilion; 2, Henry L. Faust, of Schenectady. Sophomores: 1, C. Newell Smith, of Schenectady; 2, Charles Foster Brown, of Schenectady.

Goodrich-Duane Prizes—Two in number—for the successful competitors in the Extemporaneous Debate Contest, open to all students in college. Awarded to: 1, Raymond S. Blodgett, of Jefferson; 2, Jerome D. Guthmann, of Schenectady.

Allison-Foote Prizes—Two in number—one for the Literary Society that presents the best debating team, and one for the individual presenting the best speech, in the annual Allison-Foote Debate. Awarded to the Adelphiic Society, and to Donald A. Coulter, of Schenectady.

Freshman-Sophomore Debate Prize—for the member of either team that makes the best single speech in the annual Freshman-Sophomore Debate. Awarded to Jacob M. Frankel, '17, of Schenectady.

Blatchford Oratorical Prizes—For the best two orations delivered on the Commencement platform; awarded by a committee appointed by the Board of Trustees. To: 1, Luther A. Hagar, of Plattsburg; 2, Warren V. Vosburgh, of Voorheesville.

Daggett Prize—For the senior of the best character and conduct without respect to scholarship. Awarded by the President to Stephen B. Story, of Vernon, Conn.

Pullman Prizes—Two in number—one for a senior in the Classical Course, and one for a senior in one of the Engineering Courses. Awarded upon the basis of scholarship, to Jerome D. Guthmann, of Schenectady; and Luther A. Hagar, of Plattsburg.

Baggerly Prizes—Two in number—to

seniors or juniors, for the two best essays on an economical subject. Awarded by a committee of the faculty, to : 1, Morgan L. Williams, of Medway; 2, Jerome D. Guthmann, of Schenectady.

Van Orden Prize—For the freshman that excels in the work of the English Department and writes the best essay. Awarded by the English Department, to William Morris Gilbert, Jr., of Yonkers.

Bailey Prize—For the senior that has rendered greatest service to the college in any field. Awarded by the President to John Taylor Howell, Jr., of Newburg.

American History Prize—For the student taking American History and writing the best thesis on a topic dealing with the history of Schenectady. Awarded to Karl E. Agan, of Port Henry.

The Beukendaal Prize—of \$25, given by the Beukendaal Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, for the student of highest standing in American history. Awarded to Karl E. Agan, '15, of Port Henry.

Electrical Engineering Seminar Prizes—Two in number—for the seniors of highest general records in the Electrical Engineering Seminar Course. Awarded to John A. Hall, of Washington, D.C., and Bert M. Hubbard, of Hudson Falls.

Ernst J. Berg Scholarship Prize—For the fraternity whose members attain the highest average scholarship during the academic year. This prize cup was shown and will be awarded in the fall for the first time.

Concordiensis Art Prize—For the student that presents the best drawing for designs to be used in the Concordiensis during the year. Awarded to William W. Darrow, '16, of Chatham.

The Horace B. Silliman Scholarship—Awarded to Wilson O. Clough, '17, of Woodstock.

John K. Porter Memorial Scholarships—Awarded to Jerome D. Guthmann, of Schenectady, and Thomas L. Ennis, of Rotterdam, and W. L. Cote, of Warrensburg.

Gilbert M. Speir Memorial Scholarship—Awarded to Morris Schaffer, of Schenectady.
Special Honors.

In Chemistry—William Alvin Mudge, Warren Chase Vosburgh.

In Geology—Morgan Leslie Williams.

In Greek—Raymond Van Santvoord.

In Mathematics—Warren Chase Vosburgh.

Ohio University is establishing a wireless station and a course in wireless telegraphy.

"My rose," said he, pressing her cheek to his, "Why so grave?"

"My catcus," said she, "why don't you shave?"—Ex.

According to some new freshmen rules at Cornell, members of next year's freshman class and those following will not be permitted to be down town after eleven-thirty in the evening. They will also be barred from the first ten rows in the theatre at Ithaca and are forbidden to smoke anywhere on the streets of Ithaca.

As the junior philosophy class is dismissed:

First Junior—That's some grand opera.

Second Junior—Whad'ye mean, grand opera?

First Junior—"Tales of Hoffman."

Rochester has founded a senior society, "The Falcon," for the promotion of plans affecting the betterment of student life and to advance justice in all college affairs.

Columbia has introduced soccer football in the regular course of gymnasium work. A varsity squad will be selected from the 600 students, who are required to play the game twice a week.

The faculty of Lafayette College has reinstated the fifty-four sophomores who were suspended recently for hazing.

THE CONCORDIENSIS

Cohen—Hands up, or I'll shoot!
 Quick-witted Burglar—Fifty dollars fer
 de gun!
 Cohen—Sold!

—Gargoyle.

A new plan for the election of members to Phi Beta Kappa has been advanced by Professor Comfort of Cornell University, making achievement in college activities essential, as well as mere scholastic standing. The tendency would be to eliminate the "grind."

The question upon which Colgate and Bates College recently debated is: "Resolved, That the Monroe Doctrine should no longer form a part of the permanent foreign policy of the United States." Colgate won for the negative.

An artificial ice plant and hockey rink has been established at Yale.

EXTEMPORANEOUS DEBATE For and Against Wilson's Policy of Delay in Mexico.

Mr. Blodgett, the prize winner, spoke in favor of the policy of delay and said in part:

Why are we in Mexico? It is not because of any quarrel that the United States has with Mexico, but because we feel that it is our duty to protect the lives and property of our own people and of Europeans, and to work for the settlement of Mexico's disturbed conditions.

Having defined our purpose and interest in Mexico, how can the desired results best be obtained? Certainly not by antagonizing the Mexican people, by treating them as enemies, or using undue force. But better by proceeding slowly, with a spirit of perfect friendliness to convince them of the integrity of our intentions.

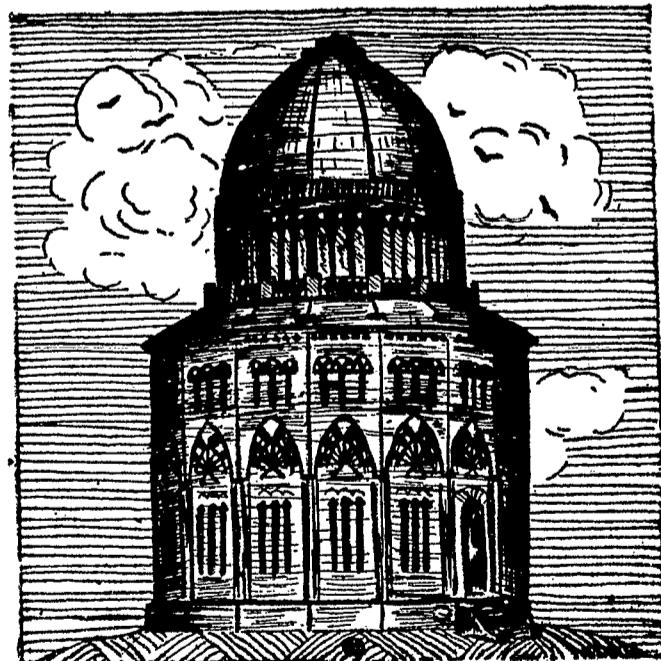
The adverse effects of haste in this matter would be many. It would arouse the hostility of all Mexico against the U. S. causing

them to forget an neglect the pressing problems of their own country. Hasty action leading to a war might fail to have the united support of the citizens of this country and no country can have physical and moral success in a war unless the war is sanctioned by a united people.

The policy of delay has already accomplished much. In Vera Cruz we have improved the sanitation and convinced many of the Mexicans of our good intentions there. It has brought on the mediation proceedings with three South American countries striving to effect a peaceable settlement of Mexican affairs and with much hope of success.

The needs of Mexico are great and a full solution of her questions will require much time and patience. In our own country it required the Revolutionary War and the combined administrations of several presidents to establish that liberty of which we boast.

A careful consideration of all phases of the situation backed by friendly intentions on the part of the U. S. and careful action will in time bring about peace south of the Rio Grande and will hasten the time when all countries of the Western Hemisphere shall be bound together by the ties of friendship and the desire to promote liberty and justice.



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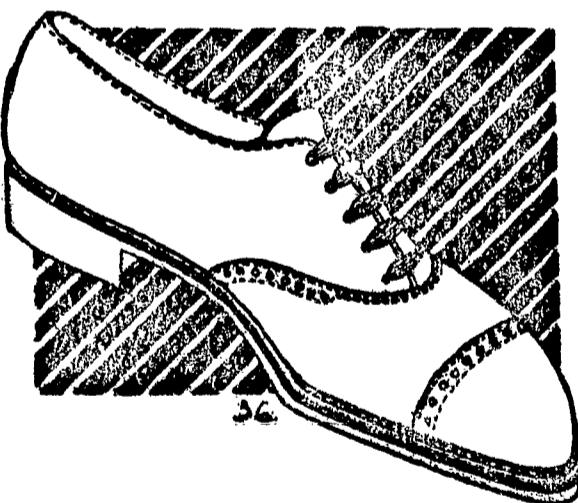


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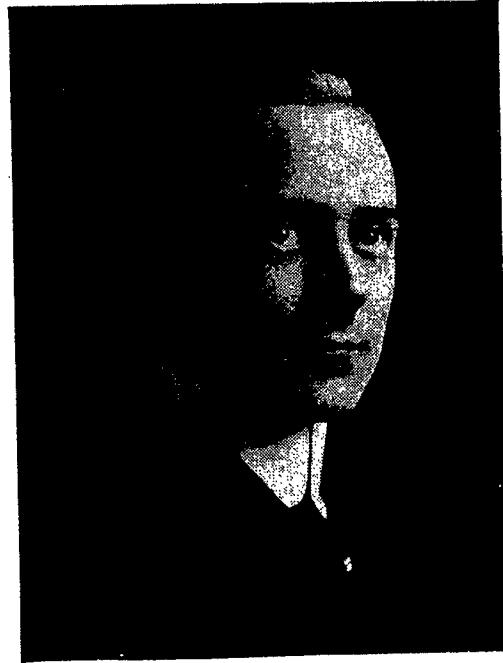
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