

Prof. Brandt

# HAMILTON LIFE.

Vol. II.

CLINTON, N. Y., SATURDAY, DECEMBER 16, 1899.

No. II.

## A CHRISTMAS GREETING.

This being the last issue of "Life" this year, the Board of Editors, out of the boundless depths of their goodness and benevolence, have decided, after mature deliberation, to allow themselves the privilege of speaking a word of final farewell, to the decrepit and waning year and to feed a few morsels of counsel and exhortation to the students ere they scatter to their homes.

Remember that this is the period of resolution, when the troubled and travelling conscience gives birth to nobler thoughts and aims, and when men feel within their hearts, the stirrings and flappings of winged resolutions. Now, we put it to you squarely, what nobler decision can you form than the purpose to send in, this day, this hour, this instant, a year's order for "Life," or, if already a subscriber, to settle your subscription. The Lord loveth a cheerful giver, and so does "Life," and blessed is the man who practiceth his benevolence the week before Christmas.

Many things have we to be grateful for and not least of all, the ample vacation which imperial kindness has granted us. This will be useful in many ways; to the students it will give ample time to recover from the deep gashes and terrible ordeal of examination, and to the faculty abundant opportunity to bahn up for the coming term.

This is the period of the proverbial leaf-turning, when men are opening their life ledgers and balancing their accounts, blotting out perhaps with tears their moral ink-drops, and answering with ready obedience and hearty resolution the clarion call of a torn and bleeding conscience. Many who would in no way be inspired to action or volition, by the turning of a new year, may experience something of a feeling of awe at the advent of a new century. Few living men know what it is and how it feels to live in the morning of

a new century, nor is granted the greater part of the human race, to enjoy so rare and novel a sensation. The old century is on his death bed, shivering on his icy pillow, grizzled and gaunt, yet powerful in his weakness, mighty yet to accomplish giant things, ere the drop of the curtain, ere the falling of night. What wonderful men have been his companions—Napoleon, Webster, Gladstone, Bismark, Lincoln! What world-principles he has changed! What empires he has razed and reared! What a path he has blazed through the wilderness of our national life, until all the titanic obstacles are felled and consumed, and we are enabled to gaze upon an expanding horizon, radiant with hope and possibility, out to the golden and fathomless beyond. Surely the American citizen grateful to Father Time for his unmeasured beneficences, must bountifully bless and reluctantly say adieu to that towed and feeble old man who asks no boon for his services save one that he shall never be forgotten. For in those rags which we are only too apt to ridicule and contemn, he has stored away huge bundles of precious ore, profound maxims and prudent counsels and lessons and admonitions which to despise is death. He punishes forgetfulness, terribly, mercilessly, and the wise man knows that he can profit by the present and prepare for the future only by consulting with the past. And for centuries and centuries the spirit of this dying soul will sit at the side of the sage in his closet and the statesman in his senate and the king on his throne, and will point out to each the safe and upward path.

But we are preaching, and thereby encroaching unwittingly on the province of Lee and Bartholomew. "Life" wishes that the Christmas vacation may be to every member of the faculty and student body full of those joys and satisfactions which we all long for and hope for. And perhaps in the exuberance and occupations of our sports and pleasures, it may be possible to find just a little time to attend to the wants and needs of those poor mortals who know not Christmas from any other day, who, starved and shivering in their skeleton

rooms, gaze from ice-pained windows out upon the package-burdened passer-by going to happy homes and ruddy firesides, to be greeted by laughing lips and warming faces; who look upon this joyous throng and Christmas glory and wonder what there is in life to make men merry.

"Life" tenders to all sincerest wishes, for a merry Christmas and a happy new year.

## THE WHISKER CLUB.

A new organization has been formed we understand in the senior class. Those especially interested are those seniors that occupy the left hand seats.

The "whisker" club may grow to large size, but of course now its exact size cannot be estimated. Any man who will raise a beard, etc., is eligible and any member who shaves before the appointed time must pay a fine of 50 cents.

The agents are now hard at work endeavoring to convert Davy Macnaughtan, although having a broad expanse of stubble, he fears something and holds out against his would be converters. Still they may convert him yet, stranger things have happened.

The rules of the club go into effect at the beginning of next term. The club has some time yet to make converts, and it earnestly hopes that it will improve its golden opportunity. No time like the present. Strike while the iron is hot.

It has been rumored that "Shorty" Holbrook has sought entrance to this club. The officials were sorry to deny him that privilege but they felt obliged until he could show something on his chin, more than a few stray hairs and now and then a bunch of spinach. Evidently another club rule is that no man, with garden truck on his face is eligible. Only, a man with a good old fashioned whisker will do.

"Life" is glad to offer any assistance to this newly formed club and hopes to see it succeed and become a new and shining light among the college organizations. All success to the Whisker Club.

### A NOTICE.

Any one wanting whiskers kindly remember our stock.

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## Athletic Department.

R. S. C. DRUMMOND, - - - - - Editor  
E. J. WARD, - - - - - Reporter.

### COACH SWEETLAND.

Though LIFE has all this fall commented upon and praised the work of our coach; yet, now, that the season is ended, for the glorious success of which Mr. Sweetland is, more than any one man, responsible, we undertake to summarize our comment during the season and supplement this by any additional remarks that may seem proper and deserved.

Those men who secured the money necessary over and above that appropriated by the college for this purpose, to secure Sweetland's services to coach our team, deserve the heartfelt gratitude of every one interested in Hamilton and her success in the athletic world. The time had come when it was "now or never" as regards our advancement in the football of this State. No one can question at this day our supremacy in what is known as our class, and the man who contributed more than any other to this most gratifying result is Sweetland. His knowledge of all the fine points and practical details that tend to create or improve football players and football teams, his gentlemanly conduct, his courtesy to all alike, his attractive personality, his knowledge of all the ways to appeal to men to bring out all the fight there is in them; all combined to lend authority to his words and to give weight to his influence. What player on our team, after having a long and friendly talk with his coach on the train after a football game, didn't feel his heart go out to this great souled man, renowned, yet modest, who could sit down and talk with one of his boys, sympathetically as a boy to a boy? What man on our team after such a period of close contact with his coach, didn't do his all in practice and in games to merit the approval and the words "You did good work out there" of his idol? Sweetland was the idol of the team; he could make them play when they were exhausted and discouraged; he knew just what cords in a boy's nature to strike. The Cornell bleachers and side lines wondered what made Hamilton play so fiercely, in the

second half. If they had been in the dressing room during the intermission, and listened to the burning words of entreaty and exhortation, the recital of his despicable treatment on the field of his own College, that fell from the lips of Hamilton's coach, they would not have wondered at the set, resolved look, and in many cases tearful face that answered this appeal; they wouldn't have wondered why the Hamilton team were so fresh cases tearful faces that answered this appeal; they wouldn't have wondered why the Hamilton team were so fresh that they leaped the bounds of the enclosure rather than wait for the gate to be opened; they wouldn't have been amazed at the way great holes were made in Cornell's vaunted centre, that three Hamilton men tackled every Cornell runner and that Hamilton gained her distance time after time. What occurred in the Cornell game happened on nearly every other occasion. A happy mixture of criticism, appeal, and encouragement always nerved the team to greater efforts. The team this year played as much out of devotion and love towards its coach as it did out of loyalty to its College.

Another quality of Sweetland's, which won the team's affection, was his care for the players who were hurt. He came out on the field every time a man was injured, to "coach" our opponents say, but not to coach, only look after the injured player. No man that was laid out on the field this fall, when he saw that kindly face bending over him, felt the touch of that big, friendly hand, and heard the words of sympathy and cheer that always greeted him, needed anything else to make him recover, and to nerve him back again to the battle. All thoughts of pain and "quitting" were banished. He went in again and played harder than ever, and after the game. Sweetland was the man that helped to the car those who were lame and sore; he was the one that assisted them to undress and pack up; and many a player has he taken in his arms and carried, unaided, to the bath room and back again to the dressing room. To cite instances of his care and tenderness would fill a volume. They remain all impressed upon the hearts of his team; and can it be wondered at that his boys render

him all their young souls' affections and homage?

With all his great knowledge of football as a science, Sweetland never pretended to be an expert; and he was continually calling for suggestions and corrections regarding any of the various plays. But in the realms of minute, unthought of, practical details, "little things," he shone supreme. To every player on the team he taught tricks pertaining to his position; he instructed them in points they had never heard of before, and it was due to this instruction that many of our touch downs were made. When the team's defence seemed hopeless, he made it perfect. Nothing was impossible to him. As a prophet, he never failed: he told the team before every game what they could do and what they ought to do and he was always right. He could estimate to a nicety the ability of an opposing team, and with the same accuracy could he gauge our men capability. He never asked the team to do in practice what he wouldn't and didn't do himself. If he told the team to run a mile, he went with them and set the pace. His excellencies as a coach and his noble qualities as a man cannot be expressed in adequate terms. They have to be felt. It is safe to say that no member of the team ever played under a coach who won a firmer hold upon his heart, or who, in all respects, appealed to him more than Sweetland did. Let not this language seem extravagant. Every man on the team accounts it a privilege to have known him, a blessing to have been associated with him, and the highest honor to have been instructed by him and to have played on the team, which, we believe, he loved so well. The college ought to spare no expense to secure his services next year, if it is possible to do so. Aside from the success in the line of football that would invariably come to us by such engagement, no greater good could come to Hamilton men and Hamilton's team than to have in direct charge of our most important and most popular branch of athletics this modest unassuming, yet famous man; a man sure in thought, word, and deed; a man of intellect, and a foot-ball expert of the highest repute; a man whose influence is always for the good, who is at once dignified and sympathetic,



courteous and firm; a true friend and a gallant gentleman. Whether or not it be our good fortune to have him with us again, the Hamilton foot-ball team of '99 will always remember Mr. Sweetland with the deepest love and devotion, and always account that period of their lives one of the most pleasant and most fruitful of good and advantage which saw him as their instructor, associate, friend.

—o: o—

**A FOOT-BALL RHYME.**

Rip 'em up at tackle  
 Hammer 'em at guard,  
 Shove 'em back at centre,  
 All together, hard!  
 Peet around the right end,  
 With Nelse to interfere;  
 Chick goes through the tackle,  
 How the people cheer.  
 Try them on the right end,  
 Gain is rather small,  
 Now there is a fumble,  
 But Wardy gets the ball.  
 Hank goes at the centre,  
 That's it, Keogh, fine!  
 Mason talks the ball again  
 And Naylor backs the line.  
 Sheppard gains a yard or two,  
 And Stowell seven more;  
 Thats the way to rip 'em up,  
 Now's the time to score.  
 Two yards more by Drummond,  
 Where Esty makes a hole,  
 Whoop! the ball is over  
 And Stowell kicks the goal.  
 At last the half is ended,  
 The score is hard to beat,  
 The crowd is yelling Sweetland  
 While Colgate warms her feet.  
 Rip em up at tackle  
 Hammer 'em at guard,  
 Shove 'em back at centre,  
 All together, hard.—Ex. (adapted).

—o: o—

**CAPTAIN STOWELL.**

"Life" earnestly advocates the election of Esty Stowell to succeed himself as foot-ball captain. He was a decided success. Next to Sweetland, he is more responsible for our success than any one. His own playing, endurance, and example have been strong, his management of the men, excellent. He has shown no favoritism nor spite. Personality has had no weight, merit has decided everything. The college can ill afford to allow such a man to waste his ability. Let us take advantage of our resources and use them to our utmost benefit. We need Stowell's ability as captain next year. No player or student disagrees with us in this.

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Mails Open.--From Utica, 9:00 a. m., 1:00 p. m., 5:40 p. m. From Rome, 9:30 a. m., 5:30 p. m. From South, 11:40 a. m., 6:30 p. m.

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Mail leaves the Hill at the convenience of the carrier and comes up after the carrier gets down.

College closes next week. We all go home for a three weeks vacation. "Life" wishes you all a Merry Xmas and a Happy New Year. The freshmen will especially enjoy their vacation. This will be the first term for many of them to swell around in their native homes, followed by the admiring (?) eyes of their fellow town's people as "college men (?)". Well 1903 enjoy your vacation. We believe that you have been compelled to earn it. Have a good time while you are home. And as incidental to having a good time, sing the praises of your college. Remember that though home may be pleasant and dear, you still love your dear old alma mater.

—o:—

Last year, was held an inter class debate: Seniors vs. Juniors. We hope that the precedent established then will not be broken. If Hamilton is the "Home of Oratory," debating as well as noon chapels, should be stimulated. This friendly rivalry between the classes will induce rivalry in each class for a posi-

tion on the debate. This rivalry will induce work in this subject and the result of the work will be improved debating. Surely, this is worth accomplishing. Let us have a contest between the upperclasses again this year.

—o:—

Where are the customary whist clubs? It is time that there were organized Junior and Senior whist clubs. Last year, these clubs did not "pan" out as well as usual. This year, the result should be better. As may appear from the name, these clubs are to play whist, nominally but primarily they are to promote good feeling in the class which comes from a better acquaintance all around. Start up your clubs Seniors and Juniors. Meet every week. Learn to know better the members of your class. Nothing will strengthen the cause of old Hamilton more than this.

—o:—

"Life" would like to give the college some advice, be it not considered as presumptuous. Give a college dance in February and call it the Sophomore Hop. Let some accommodations be made by which, by concessions, the factions can get together. The class of 1902 ought to take it upon themselves to fix the split up in some way for unless they do fix it up, we judge that a sophomore will be impossible. We appeal to any Hamilton supporter for agreement when we say that no one has any right to be proud of their share in the matter of the postponement (indefinite) of the Junior Promenade.

—o:—

In the last two years, the habit of "swiping" sleds has grown in the village. Now, a sled is necessary to a college man. It is part of his equipment. If he is to be interfered with, with impunity, by the boys and men from town who take the sleds, ride on them and, sometimes, carry them off, he is very seriously inconvenienced, if that term be strong enough. We must adopt a remedy and, in all probability, it will have to be a harsh one. If every college man, who finds a depredator of this sort with a sled that does not belong to him, would correct such depredator as he thinks most fit, "Life" feels certain that the evil will abate and cease. A hint is as good as a kick is an old maxim, but a kick is a very good thing to jog the memory of some people, at times.

"Life" tries to represent the feelings of the student body. It seems that Union College has seen fit to demand from us as a college an entire disavowal of the statements of the "Hamilton Literary Monthly" and the Hamilton "Life" in regard to the dispute between the two colleges. For ourselves we will say that, as we try to be representative of the student body, our action and stand in this matter, we believe has been and we know will be dependent on the stand of the undergraduates—of the Athletic Association. Our statements in earlier issues were made after what we thought was a careful canvass and estimate of the opinions of the majority of the men here. Should any change occur in their opinions, we will be glad to vindicate the college and ourselves.

There are two sides to every question. There are two sides to this question: the faculty side; the student side. We place the faculty side first because it invariably comes out ahead. The faculty side is that every man should have an examination on the last day because it avoids discrimination: that the men who were kept, when some were allowed to go home, would be angry that they did not have an equal privilege. The student side is that it seems ridiculous to consume eight days with four examinations—that it is ridiculous to put the examination in a required subject on the last day rather than the examination in a small elective. We further argue that seniors and juniors should be preferred before sophomores and freshmen. Let the underclasses be kept through the last day but allow the upperclasses to get out as soon as possible. The difference between our side and the faculty side lies in a misjudgment on the part of the assembled professors. They attribute the the meanest kind of selfishness to the students—the dog in the manger spirit. We deny that we have it. We say that the men who were compelled to take an examination in a small elective on the last day would think themselves martyrs to the cause, perhaps, but would never begrudge the boor of two or three days extra vacation to their fellow students. We ask the faculty to read this, see our side and question themselves if our side is not, at least, plausible. We would like an admission that it was reasonable, as well.



**Local Department.**

H. MINTZ, - - - - - Editor.  
J. P. TATE, - - - - - Reporter.

**Locals.**

Dec. 6—Prex holds noon chapel and informs the college that Prof. Dudley will no longer run noon chapel. Prex makes a little speech, criticizing the treatment of Prof. Dudley by the college body. College meeting to settle the Union-Hamilton dispute postponed until Saturday. Seniors congregate in North to study economic history. Advisory Board meeting and the following nominations—football manager, E. J. Speh; assistant, W. Collins; and freshmen representative, H. Lake. Deke begins to spring his jokes again. The solemnity of the place will have to suffer. Henderson breaks Elkin's perpetual motion machine. They tell us that Freak Hull has a bad attack of lovesickness. We recommend absinthe frappe Freak. The snow covers the ground to the depth of two or three inches. The paths are frozen up and the coasting good.

Dec. 7—Cold bleak snowy day; snow falls in the night. A nice review in Economic History for the seniors. Exam. schedule posted and the consequent excitement. Hank Miller wins a set up; he bet he could step from the gym stoop on to the north stoop of North College. John MacHarg gets in a little of his customary suping. Hick and Hatch play several turns in their new cribbage tournament. Dr. Terrett runs morning chapel and announced the customary prayer meeting in Silliman Hall, in the evening. Mrs. Kelly realizes that it is getting near the end of the term, and each new comer in her store meets with the query—"When are you going to pay your bill." "Life" might add when are we going to get those promised subscriptions. Dick Cookinham and Deke Taylor both all night or pretty near it. "Dutch" Baker stays up pretty late, too.

Dec. 8—Waddell gets a snow slide in the neck from the Gym. roof. Last recitation in Economic History; every one is sorry. Lecture room of biological department so damp it could not be used. 'Sly Cigarette' Decker gets a wiggle on; how did it happen? We had neglected to mention that "Sly Cigarette"

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appeared a day or so ago with a bad eye. Little Shep holds a recitation in South College; his only pupil is a beautiful little black "skunk." Henry Hill is appropriately sat upon by Pills right after Jimmy Catlin mathematically demonstrates his process of reasoning. Spencer bohns all night. John McHarg walks across the campus with Dr. Fitch and gets in some more of his judicious suping. Shep and Hatch make a journey. Hadlock cuts Gym. Fellows bohn mineralogy for review—plenty of cussing. Elkins tells seniors that they are inattentive, and he does not intend to put a premium on this by giving a review. As Carmicheal begins to recite in American history, he is bid a sad farewell by Deke Taylor and some other of his friends. Oh! such a joker as Deke! Sleighing is fine. Ben Moore has been working so hard it has turned his hair grey; look and believe.

Dec. 9—Last recitation in Psychology. Elkins wishes all to be millionaires, etc., and says the exam. will be a corker. Class gives him a farewell yell. Pretty holds mineralogy review. College meeting. Spoh, '01, elected manager, of football team; Collins, '02, assistant manager, and Lake, '03, freshmen representative on advisory board. The Union matter is brought up; motion made, which is laid on the table until matter can be seen on all sides. New officers set up their respective classes. Juniors nip in the bud a row, caused by sophomores shutting freshmen out of Mrs. Kelley's. Dud asks Tate if he needs two seats. A big push go in to Utica. Dunn tries to entertain all the Houghton delegation at once; he and young Mac do the streets in Utica. 1901 Hamiltonian representatives judiciously expend 10c per man. Macardell and Dick Drummond eat peanuts and popcorn in the smoker. Dunn swears Dick Drummond did not go out on the train. Steiner slips and hurts himself quite badly; we are all very sorry for you Walt. Robinson, Pete and Sedgwick run off the walk at the Psi U curve and make explorations in the ditch. Square talks to Prex because the examination hall was not heated for the Tompkins Prize Exam. It is put off indefinitely. Munson Prize Exam. held.

Dec. 10—Everyone gets a good chance

to lie in bed in the morning. Evangelist Davidson talks in chapel in a very interesting way. Few sleep. Holbrook is unusually wakeful. Waddell and Taylor come in very late. Stone, '99, sings a solo. Several try to knock over the arbor when sliding down the hill after chapel. Rain in afternoon spoils sliding. Sheppard and Hatch return from their journey. Dan Redmond smokes a cigarette. Last Sunday meeting in Y. M. C. A. for fall term. Dr. Stone calls on Prexy. Henry Hull bohns Bible and borrows some tobacco. Doc. Hamlin delivers a new toast. More fellows visit Mr. Powell. Miller Waddell, Taylor and Holbrook stand in front of North and fire snow balls at "ice sickles" for amusement. Fisher walks across the campus with a cigarette in his face.

Dec. 11—Square is in chapel. Announcement made that the Tompkins' Prize Exam. will be held Wednesday morning in Knox Hall. Baker comes to chapel in a fierce hurry this morning minus suspenders. Hank Miller creates a stir with his new blue and white necktie. Zeigler still wears the same heavenward expression on his face. Allbright has improved, having lost 1-1000 of his pomposity by appearances, owning only 99-100 of the earth's surface now. Prex lectures freshmen on how to sing, "in the chapel after chapel." He enumerates the benefits of being able to warble in good shape. He also distributes the collection of college songs and bids the freshmen accept them with his compliments. They give him a yell in return. Snowball fight after chapel between Union sympathizers, Weston and Graham, non-Union men: Cookingham and Sheppard. Dudley gives the Sophomores a cinch review. Pretty Smyth cuts. Juniors have a bible review. Dunn and Hatch think they pull through Rick Hatch gets out first in French review; bright boy, Rick. Rick sees Dr. Fitch about changing his electives, and gets somewhat balled up. Sheppard and Hatch give a concert (?) in the upper hall of north. Last debate of the Seniors for the term; and it was a warm one.

Dec. 12—Juniors get their psychology essays back; they are all very good. Elkins announces the results of his tests, and the average of junior class is shown to be way ahead of the senior class. Un-

cle John Crossley comes back to visit the boys. Jimmy Collin is worried over his English poetry. Dud cuts freshmen elocutions, to "let them bohn for next day." Henry Hull refuses a stogie. Dr. Andrews, contrary to his usual custom, receives a letter. Dunn has his breakfast carried up the hill to him—wants to put in the time bohning.

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### The Tompkins Mathematical Competition.

On Saturday December ninth, this mathematical prize examination was scheduled to take place. Dr. Root and the competitors went to the room in Knox Hall where the exam. is held and they found it too cold to admit of anyone's staying there any length of time. In fact, the room was stone cold. "Square" decided that the men could not think well enough on account of the frigidity and had to postpone the contest. And the date will be set by the faculty. We understand that Dr. Stryker repudiated all the blame on the grounds that he was not the janitor, nor was he responsible for the heating of the buildings. "Square," it seems, had not informed De Regt of the proposed use of the room. It seems a shame that the candidates should be compelled to keep that conglomerate mass of mathematical facts in their head, for one extra day, or, perhaps, week. "Life" pities these men and realizes their hardship. When a man has worked himself up for a trial at a certain time, it seems wrong to postpone the time and make him keep his brain at a tension for an extra time. Of course, no one is to blame. It is one of those unfortunate accidents, but that does not help the case of the sufferers.

—o:o—

Justice and Golf.—The latest English golf story is told by Mr. Justice Lawrence against himself. He is an ardent golfer. Recently he had a case before him in which he felt it necessary to ask one of the witnesses, a boy, the usual question whether he was acquainted with the nature of an oath. The ingenuous youth replied: "Of course I am. Ain't I your caddie?"

The Same Thing.—"Have you ever played foot-ball?" she asked. "No" he replied, "but when I was a cowboy I was once run over by a herd of stampeded steers."

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—Now is the time to subscribe for the "Life."



**FOOT-BALL SUMMARY.**

"The Sun's" final rating of the first seven eastern teams is: (1) Harvard, (2) Princeton, (3) Lafayette, (4) Carlisle, (5) Pennsylvania, (6) Cornell, (7) Columbia. Harvard was not defeated.

Princeton beat Yale, Lafayette, Carlisle, and Columbia.

Lafayette beat Cornell and Pennsylvania.

Carlisle beat Pennsylvania and Columbia.

Pennsylvania beat Cornell.

Cornell beat Princeton and Columbia.

Columbia beat Yale, who tied Harvard.

**Hamilton Foot-Ball Position in the List of Her Own Games.**

1 Carlisle, 32-0; 2, Cornell, 12-0; 3, Hamilton-Union, 0-0; 4, R. P. I., 17-22; 5, Trinity, 6-18; 6, N. Y. U., 0-52 (2 games); 7, Colgate, 0-68; 8, Utica, 0-117. In the List of Carlisle's Games—

1, Princeton, 12-0; 2, Harvard, 22-10; 3, Carlisle; 4, Dickinson-Pennsylvania, 5-16; 5, Gettysburg, 0-21; 6, Hamilton, 0-32; 7, Columbia, 0-45; 8, Susquehanna, 0-56; 9, Oberlin, 0-81.

In the List of Cornell's Games.—

1, Pennsylvania, 29-0; 2, Chicago, 17-6; 3, LaFayette, 6-5; 4, Cornell; 5, Princeton, 0-5, 6, Lehigh, 0-6; 7, Hamilton-Williams, 0-12; 8, Syracuse, 0-17; 9, Columbia, 0-29; 10, Colgate, 0-42.

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**Coasting Suggestions.**

Some generous, large hearted, public spirited gent should fix the board placed in the turn at the arbor. As it is now, the board throws the sled into the corner of the arbor. If it was placed further down the hill it would accomplish it's purpose, that of sending the sled out of the walk again without sending it toward the stone work. As it is now every one should be careful how they go around the curve. In going down, one can not be too careful. It would only take one good colliission with the arbor to put a man on his back for fair.

While we are speaking of sliding the hill, we would like to suggest the idea of banking the walk similarly to a race track, so sleds could go down with out any danger of sliding and the consequent upsetting and injury. It would not be a very expensive operation and

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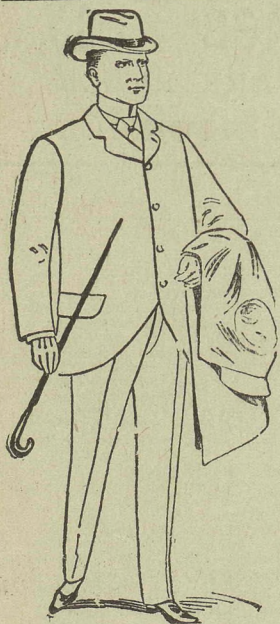
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Freshman and sophomors are working hard on the posters and assure us they will be good—of course they do—but the question is will they? It is to be hoped they will. Lately and in olden times there has been too much cribbing in the form as well as the joke. 1900 got out something new both freshmen and sophomore years. Let us hope the under class men this year will do the same.

Mr. Davidson whom we heard Sunday on the hill has drawn large audiences down town during the week. A good many college men have attended in spite of the examinations. Mr. Davidson should feel quite complimented by this fact.

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