

Mr. Brandt

HAMILTON LIFE.

Vol. II.

CLINTON, N. Y., SATURDAY, JUNE 9, 1900

No. 30.

Clark Prize Exhibition.

The 45th Clark prize contest was held in Stone Church last Wednesday evening. Those who have been witness to several such contests in the past united in declaring this exhibition the finest of its kind given in years. It satisfied fully the expectations of those who knowing the speakers, anticipated an exceptional display and it more than justified the confidence of the large number of visitors who were in attendance. All that is most conspicuous and personal in Hamilton's oratory, all that is best in Hamilton's traditions were in full display in the exhibition with which a great audience was entertained and delighted. The merit of the orations was average high, but the speaking was such as is seldom equaled and rarely surpassed at Hamilton or elsewhere.

Professor Dudley presided and the faculty, as is the custom, acted as judges.

Music was furnished by Rath's orchestra, which played before and after the contest, and in the interim between each two speakers. Prayer was offered by the Rev. T. B. Hudson.

The first speaker was Frank F. Baker, the subject of whose oration was "The Legacy of Oliver Cromwell." Except the last the first place is undoubtedly the most trying and difficult, but the speaker had hardly begun before he had the audience calmed and controlled. Mr. Baker possesses a voice that sounds the gamut, clear, resonant, flexible and musical. It is such a voice as one listens to with the utmost pleasure and hears with the greatest ease. Mr. Baker's oration, while excellent in style and substance, was not one to stretch his voice or rouse his powers to the fullest. Yet his speaking throughout was always winning and often thrilling. There was no straining or unnaturalness. It was direct, forcible, vivid and sympathetic. Mr. Baker said in part: The youth of Cromwell was a time of great deeds and upon it great influences acted. The

English spirit of the time of the Tudors was intensified by the religious fervor, which, quenched by "Bloody Mary," broke all bonds in the early years of the Stuarts. Oliver Cromwell, subject to these influences, took into his soul and life, the spirit of his time and became a leader among those who appealed to the Bible as against human creed and human law. He was a born soldier. The discipline of the British army and the spirit of its fighting are a part of his legacy. He found England's troops an unorganized, undisciplined militia; he left them a perfectly trained army. He was the representative character of his age. He incarnated the spirit of civil and ecclesiastical freedom. In his foreign policy he dominated Europe. In his domestic rule, he was just and tolerant. He was distorted by no fear, dazzled by no honor. A strong religious faith accompanied and guided him everywhere. Cromwell was indeed a fanatic. But by his fanaticism he has left an example that has lived on of how we may rise above our nothingness, if we but live as "Sons of God."

The second speaker was Clarence H. Fisher, the subject of whose oration was "Henry Ward Beecher in Great Britain in 1863." Mr. Fisher's oration was happily adopted for speaking. It was adorned with much elegance and richness of rhetoric and possessed clearness of thought and unity of plan. Mr. Fisher's delivery did ample though not perhaps the amplest justice to his excellent and vigorous oration. But his interpretation was intelligent and sympathetic and he held the attention of his audience throughout. Mr. Fisher began by depicting the state of the American union and our relations with England at the time of the civil war. Rival commercial interests, envy of the growing strength of the United States and fear of contagion from her democratic ideas caused satisfaction among the English nobility at the prospect of our disruption. But the spirit of lib-

erty that blazed forth at Runnymede and Marston Moor was still alive among the masses of Great Britain. Such was the condition of affairs when Henry Ward Beecher reached the shores of England in 1863. At every step he saw signs of southern sympathy. Everywhere the forces of opposition were arrayed to defeat his purpose. But at Manchester, Glasgow and Edinburgh he thrilled and captured vast audiences. Prejudice melted under his eloquence. At Liverpool he met his greatest opposition. From every den of vice and crime swarmed thugs and cut-throats like rats from sewers. Threats of riot and murder fill the air. Beecher's life is in peril. It is thousands against one. At last this one man is master of the thousands. The lion-hearted patriot has reached the climax of his triumph. He met passion and prejudice with the reason of calm intelligence. He found ignorant enemies and left enlightened friends.

After a short interval, during which the orchestra played, William R. Lee, the winner of the contest, delivered his oration on "The legacy of Oliver Cromwell." Mr. Lee had one of the finest orations of the evening. It was powerful and dramatic in style and deep and philosophical in thought. It contained stirring passages, strong climaxes and dramatic descriptions, which strained the speaker to the utmost, but nevertheless were never under, nor overwrought. Mr. Lee did his oration the fullest justice despite a partial hoarseness, which did not, however, perceptibly weaken his delivery. Mr. Lee's speaking possesses an iron vigor that makes men lean forward in their seats, open wide their mouths and stare and stare; the kind that stirs and thrills and cause strange sensations to play up and down one's nerves and back.

There was no monotony, no weak intermissions, no spaces of indifference. The excellence of his oration and the strength of his delivery were sustained

(Continued on page 6.)

Athletic Department.

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

Hamilton vs. Toronto.

The base ball season in Hamilton College closed with the game last Saturday against the team from the University of Toronto. The game was exciting from start to finish, and there was more spirit exhibited in the yelling than in any of the other games played here this year. Although there were not as many present as there had been at some of the other games, those who were there made more noise and showed much more interest than they had before. It was a very gentlemanly game, and there was but one kick made by either side during the whole game, and this was soon settled to the satisfaction of both parties.

The game was called at 3:15, and Hamilton had the bat. Weston struck the first ball tossed, and it went directly into the second baseman's hands. Keogh struck out, and it looked blue for Hamilton, when Baker knocked a long fly over the second baseman's head and made the first bag safely. Peet then knocked a one bagger, and Baker scored the first run. But Jesse knocked a fly to the third baseman and the inning closed for Hamilton with one run to their credit.

Delury, the first batter for Toronto, made a nice hit to short stop, but reached third on a wild throw to first. Stratten struck out, and Sappele hit a nice liner to Tommy Mac. The next player, Parry, struck out, and Toronto retired with one run.

Then the Hamilton team took a sudden brace. Fritz Dunn started the game by making a safe hit to right field. Hunter made first on a liner to short stop, and Tommy Mac hit out a nice two bagger to right field, that brought in Fritz and put Hunter on third. Lee struck out, but Weston drove a liner along the third base line which brought in two runs and put him on third. Keogh got his base on balls, but Baker was put out on first. Peet got his base on balls, and Jesse made a hit over the third baseman's head, which brought in Weston and Keogh, but Dunn batted out a high fly which was caught by Stratten in centre field.

Toronto scored one run, and the second inning closed with the score 6-2 for Hamilton. Toronto made one run in each of the next three innings, and also in the seventh and eighth, and at the beginning of the ninth the score was 6-7 in favor of Toronto. Weston struck out, but Keogh knocked a three bagger over centre field, and came in on the next hit. Baker and Peet were both caught out on flies. The Toronto batters were all put out at first base, and the score was tied.

In the next inning Millham and Dunn were caught out on flies, but Hunter and MacLaughlin made safe hits. Lee was caught out on a fly, and the score tied again.

Toronto got two men on bases and two out, when a passed ball let in a man from third, and the game ended 8-7 for Toronto.

Score by innings:

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	R.	H.	E.
Toronto	1	1	1	1	1	0	1	1	0	1	8	12	5
Ham'on	1	5	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	7	8	5

Batteries, MacIntyre and Parry; Lee and Peet.

—o:o—

Review of the Base Ball Season

On the first day of this term the base ball squad began practice. At first the sloppy condition of the diamond prevented outdoor practice. As soon as possible, however, systematic training began. Good work was done. Mr. Earl, captain and first base of the Utica League Team, was engaged. A creditable schedule was announced, and everything pointed to a successful season. But now as we look back over it, "Life" must say with many of the students, "Yes, it was a good season,—But." And why this "But?" Lee early showed that he was going to pitch in his old form. Fritz Dunn was granted by the faculty permission to play and to accompany the team on trips. Peet wore the mit with all of Stevie's excellencies, and was not lazy. Baker covered second as well as ever. Shorty Weston did his old stunt in left field. Hunter took Fat Millham's place well at first. Jess Millham in most respects proved himself a good captain. Keogh did himself proud, and yet there is that "But." And the reason for it is not so much in the base ball team as in the college men who failed in their duty, their duty to themselves as men of Hamilton, to come out and

encourage the team at practice, to attend games, to pay subscriptions cheerfully, and to keep up the enthusiastic spirit which excuses faults and praises virtues, and makes us proud when we win, and has a do-better-next-time feeling when we lose. That is college spirit, and to the lack of it can be attributed the fact that there need be any qualification to the statement that this has been a successful season.

The first game of the season was played with University of Vermont April 25 on Steuben Field. It was closed at the end of the eighth inning with a score of 12-12. The umpiring was faulty. Interest was kept up, however, by the crowd, which was the best seen during the whole season.

On the 28th we played Oneonta Normal here. The game was slow. Our batting was very poor, and everybody seemed to slumber quietly after the first inning. The score was Hamilton 12, Oneonta 5. A game was scheduled to be played with the University of the City of New York, but was not played, by default of opposing team. Score Hamilton 9, U. N. Y. 0. May 5th saw the defeat of Colgate on Steuben Field. In this game Weston knocked out the first home run of the season, and Pick Reed showed he could play even with a game leg. The score stood Hamilton 24, Colgate 13.

We met Cornell in Ithaca May 9. It was an unsatisfactory game, and some balls were lost in the snow. Score, Hamilton 7, Cornell 13. At Rochester May 10, was played one of the best games of the season. Everybody braced up and played. Score, Hamilton 9, Rochester 6. The game scheduled with Hobart for the 11th was cancelled; and on May 12 word was received from University of Vermont cancelling the game scheduled for the 15th. This cut the team out of the eastern trip, in which they had expected to play Vermont, Norwich and Middlebury. This disappointment was like a wet blanket thrown upon the base ball spirit of the team.

And games were lost to C. L. I., Colgate and Toronto University. The team and the management have had a lot of hard luck. We are not to be blamed for that, but every man in college who has not done all he could to help base ball this spring ought to be ashamed of himself and improve future opportunities to do his duty by old Hamilton.

A Strange Case.

Ye students beware! Dan Redmond is turned loose. Even at this hour he walketh the campus, seeking him upon whom he may perpetrate his puns. Of a truth, he is a man of strange moods. Elkin has made a psychological examination of him recently, with the view of determining the cause, conditions and mensuration of Dan's abnormal precocity; and we understand that the professor is going to embody the results of his examination, together with a history of this strange case, in an article to be contributed to the Journal of Psychical Research. The case is one certain to attract widespread interest and attention.

About three weeks ago Dan was noticed to have developed a remarkable desire to make puns. A pun seemed to him as essential to every sentence as a period. An interminable succession of wretched jokes—mostly puns—ranging through all degrees of rottenness escaped from his ever-opened jaws. The mania extended, and Dan launched out into other seas. His puns became mingled with sarcasm. From a punster the madman developed into an ironical wit—that is, he thought so. All his companions became the innocent victims of his Ishmael-like spleen. Things absent and present, things past and things to come became mark of his batteries of sarcasm and muddy wit.

At present, this alarming condition, far from subsiding, is growing in intensity. What the outcome will be we don't know, and neither does Elkin; but herein lies a danger to the community. We wish to warn every man. For a time it proved a means of safety to appreciate and over-value, in effusive terms and with flattering smiles, all the flabby witticism of the unbalanced punster; but now such a method of meeting the attack leads only to a renewal with redoubled vigor. The only way is to flee at the approach of the punster, and to leave him the unconscious and irresponsible winds for an audience. Ah, "'tis sad 'tis so."

—o:o—

Two Steps.—“When is their marriage to be solemnized?” “As soon as it has been financed.”—Puck.

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J. W. VAN ALLEN,	Business Manager.
E. J. WARD,	Associate Editor.
N. L. DRUMMOND,	Associate Editor.

Reportorial:

F. S. CHILD, JR.	F. A. GRANT.
G. E. MILLER,	D. K. PEET.

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

"Life" would like to see established for the remainder of this term a series of interclass base ball games. While college work may be rather hard and confining, these games will require no practice; and they will result, we believe, in lots of good and lots of interest and enthusiasm.

—o:o—

Life is offered to subscribers for the next college year at the same price as this year. The subscription price is exceedingly moderate, and, so far as we know, lower than that of any other similar college publication. We have lost money during the past year. Assuming that all our assets are good, we shall still be laboring under a deficit, and we have no objection to stating, when the amount can be ascertained definitely, the exact condition of our finances. The college needn't be in darkness as to how much money we have pocketed. Our ob-

ject is, not to enrich ourselves, but to derive good from our efforts, and to confer good. Let us have your co-operation in this college enterprise.

—o:o—

With last week's issue of "Life" the members of the board from the class of 1900 retired. From this time on the paper will be conducted by the editors succeeding to their places, and by the newly elected staff. Much of the success of the weekly for the past year has been owing to the indefatigable efforts of the senior editors, and it is needless to say that we shall miss their inspiration and the results of their labor. But with confidence in ourselves, with reliance upon our past record, and upon the good wishes of our friends we shall put forth all our energies to the continuance of what we believe to be a worthy enterprise.

In spite of the few grammatical and typographical errors, and of the insertion of a few items that might be considered, exceptionable, in excuse of which we plead our lack of skill and experience in running a newspaper and the necessity of hurrying the material in order to get out the issue on time, and the consequent loss of opportunity for correction, we think that our paper has fulfilled the idea of its inception, accomplished its mission, and won the favor of the subscribers. We realize that some mistakes have been made in regard to the mailing list; and these we promise to rectify and avoid in the future. The college can have little appreciation of the difficulties involved in carrying on a publication of the character of "Life." We labor under great restrictions, and have no remission of college work granted to us. For this, however, we care not, providing we can make the paper interesting to and respected by the student body. Therefore we ask the support of the college for the next year, and we ask it to be given solely on our merits. If "Life" is not a good thing, don't support it from a sense of duty. We print news and comment that pertain to Hamilton College and Hamilton College students. We are loyal to the bone. Any criticism we make has in intention the furthering of the welfare of our beloved Alma Mater. We want to see her prosper; we want to see her representatives prosper, and this we make the object of our endeavor.

The "Lit" Board.

The retiring board of the "Hamilton Literary Monthly" presented their commendations before the college last Monday morning, and the following board, in accordance with the recommendations, were elected: Quinn, 1901, Triess, 1901, Davenport, 1901; Hawley, 1902, Van Allen, 1902. Van Allen promptly resigned. The newly-elected board chose the following officers: Editor-in-chief, Quinn, 1901; Business Manager, Davenport, 1901; Associate Editor, Triess, 1901.

It will be noted that the old "Lit" board in handing in its recommendation, attempted to filch from "Life" our efficient business manager. Of course, he immediately resigned. It is not to be expected that any offer from the monthly would wean him from his allegiance to "Life." A base ball or foot ball manager would not be attracted by the offer of manager of tennis. With all modesty "Life" takes to itself the credit of being the most representative, the most newsy, the most interesting, the most influential of the college publications. A position on our staff is above the level of a place on the monthly. We think we can say this with perfect confidence in its truth and acceptability, and we do say it without any ill-will toward any other publication. We have worked ourselves up to the position, that's all, and we shall try to keep there.

The "Lit" should not have expected that our manager would accept election to its staff. He has been identified with "Life" since the beginning, and would not desert his paper. The attempt was a blow aimed at "Life," and an injustice to Mr. Van Allen, but we can afford to pass by the incident. We shall try to give the college a good paper, and to deserve its good opinion, feeling confident that we have the sympathy and interest of the college with us. We tread on nobody's toes, and we ask only to be given freedom and encouragement.

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Last Saturday noon the track team were called together for the purpose of electing a captain for next year. Richard C. S. Drummond 1901, and John W. Van Allen, 1902, were nominated. Drummond was elected on the first ballot by a majority of one. The track manager for next year is E. D. Webster, 1902.

Local Department.

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

LOCALS.

Saturday.—The latest—Duds new golfies. Base ball game with Toronto on Steuben Field. Score in favor of Toronto at the close of tenth inning.

Sunday.—Sermon by Prex. Last Sunday chapel for seniors.

Monday.—New "Lit" board announced. Everybody sets up. Juniors go to Kelly's for set ups, and Psyche calls it O. K., but "Duds" compels sophomores who went over to take cut. Sophomores consider it manifestly unjust.

On Monday morning occurred the election of the members of the "Lit." Board for next year. As is usual at such times the men elected took their class over to Mrs. Kelly's for a set-up. Dr. Elkin kindly waited until the class could get what was coming to them and to make up for lost time kept the Juniors until 10 o'clock, which was the proper thing to do under the circumstances. Not so with Prof. Dudley. As a matter of fact he never keeps the Sophomores longer than half past nine. Although no man entered later than a quarter past nine they were called up and told that they must take a cut for that recitation. The Sophomores believe Prof. Dudley most unreasonable in his decision. It would appear that he has placed himself on the side of those who would crush out all class spirit, and yet can it be that the professor has forgotten his college days? Why did he not wait as Dr. Elkins did and use the last half hour instead of the first for the lecture. Dr. Elkin's action was praiseworthy but Prof. Dudley's was inconsiderate and unrecalled for.

Tuesday.—Class in surveying search campus for a mistake made in previous work.

On Wednesday morning the college was somewhat surprised to notice on sidewalks, stones and telegraph poles, the evergreen colors of the freshman class. 1903 had evidently noticed it, also, for after chapel they started with the locked step toward language hall. The Sophomores were in examination hall

awaiting the mighty Prex when a messenger announced that the Freshmen were on a tour of mischief. If there is one thing for which '02 is noted it is their readiness to fight slimers at any and all times. A rush was immediately made for the door and the scene of operations was reached in mighty short time. The upper classmen were present and divided in small groups were encouraging the two classes to scrap it out which they did in good style. The tussle developed into a rush for the fountain, where a few men of each class contended for the supremacy. Several received fresh water baths. 1902 was much outnumbered by its opponents, but in valor, spirit and ability to row was far superior. The Sophomores fought valiantly during the entire row. The Freshmen evidently feared the fresh water fountain and it would be hard to say which one was bravest inasmuch as none showed much desire to manifest their stock of courage. It is rumored that there are to be further developments on the part of Freshmen. The outcome will be closely watched.

The Baths

Now that the plunge is completed and filled, and the shower jets in working order, it behooves the college to guard itself and these monuments of deep and practical love for his Alma Mater on the part of our benevolent alumnus. There is nothing needed for us to say further than to emphasize the remarks of the President, made a week ago or

Do you ever write?

No doubt you do. But is your spelling *always* correct? Do you have to watch out so as to avoid those humiliating "breaks" which convict one of "bad English"? Are you *sure* of your punctuation? Does composition writing come easy to you? — letter writing? — any kind of writing? Are you glib with the different words of similar meaning? Are you *up* on the etiquette, the amenities, of polite letter-writing and business correspondence? Well, with the following up-to-date works so readily obtainable, no one need be less than an adept:

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thereabouts. No one should use the plunge without having first stood under the shower. College sentiment must enforce this carefully and consistently. And in the second place inexperienced swimmers must not venture beyond the rope that is stretched across the pool from north to south. Few realize how dangerous the depth at the west end, and the slippery tiles on the bottom are to any but a good swimmer. It would be a fearful thing to have any accident in the plunge, and every one must be on the lookout. With proper observance of all needful precaution, these improvements will add tremendously to our facilities in the spring and autumn, and will be of great advantage and comfort to the general body of students. We have all been longing for the completion of these baths, and now when they are here let us not abuse them.

—o:0—

The Last Days.

(By Deke Taylor.)

Sadder than all that's sad,
The bell tones call in key of G;
But no more we, who here for
Years from five to three are summoned,
Now within and under classic tile
To flunk red-lettered sweet forget-me-
nots the while.
No more can dear professors soar
In Ethics, Economic light,
And lead us to a dizzy height;
But now with dignity of step
We walk and talk with those of Rep,
While briny tears we cannot stop,
Like pumpkins rolled from mountain top
Adown our sun-burned leather flow.
Good-bye, dear campus, glade and glen,
Good-bye, old North and South;
Thou swimming tank, a wet farewell,
And when in after years we stroll
Along Brick's paths, 'neath wormwood
trees,
Welcome us, dear Bugs and Pills,
And thou, the Satrap of the hills,
Our own dear, vive le roi.

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(Continued from Page 1.)

throughout. Mr. Lee carried his audience with him and held them strongly grouped to the end. The oration was in part as follows: Cromwell was one of the indispensables of mankind, whose lives are their ages, whose legacies are the world's. He bequeathed a heritage to posterity engraven on no tablets of stone, but embodied in the constitution and life of nations. Cromwell and his

hardy compatriots builded better than they knew. Across every document of English liberty is written the signature of their souls. Puritanism was pre-eminently religious and Cromwell is pre-eminently Puritan. He was, if you will, an old fashioned Puritan, but his was Christianity writ large. In this age of doubt and skepticism the simple creed of Puritan Cromwell may after all vexatious theories and torments of the soul prove the safest, surest refuge, for there is God and there is peace. His God-fearing and so fearless iron-sides was the mighty arm that struck down the flaunting banner of tyranny and upon many a stubborn field humbled the cavaliers of Charles Stuart. Cromwell's legacy is the heritage of the martial world. Soldier, Puritan, statesman his is the spirit that leads to battle, his is the voice that rings through the haunts of popular government, his is the simple faith that points to a living God.

Henry Cook Miller followed with an oration "The Year 1848 in European History." Mr. Miller's oration was vigorous and dramatic. It offered ample opportunity of which the speaker availed himself with the greatest success, for strong and stirring delivery. His descriptions of the incidents which his subject suggests, were most graphic and forcible. Mr. Miller possesses a voice over which he has the completest control of the utmost flexibility, capable of speaking paranthetically and which, when given full reign, rings out with a piercing power that thrills like a trumpet blast. This, with his grace of gesture, his polish and fire of delivery rendered him one of the most pleasing and formidable contestants of the evening. Mr. Miller began with a vivid picture of the final session of the national assembly in which Mirabeau spoke his famous words, "We are here by the will of the people and nothing but the force of bayonets shall drive us hence." These words set France on fire. Europe became a tempestuous sea of fire, and high in the lurid heavens, far above tottering throne and falling empire, blazed the words of the patriot of Paris, "The will of the people."

At the dawn of the year 1848 France was ripe for rebellion. Universal distress and excessive taxes were fast driving the people to desperation. Then the speaker drew a mind picture of mob violence in the streets of Paris. The year 1848 saw Germany stirred to the

very depths. The German burghers demanded representation and liberty and equal rights. The Emperor demurs. Troops and people fight in the streets. Thoroughly frightened Frederick William submits and decrees the convention at Frankfort; the voice of the people has been heard, universal suffrage gained. The French revolution shook also the very foundation of the Austrian empire. Well has 1848 been called the "Year of revolution."

After another selection by the orchestra Benjamin W. Moore delivered his oration on "The Legacy of Oliver Cromwell." Mr. Moore's oration was well adapted to his style of speaking. It was a logical and lucid array of the leading influences and legacies contributed by Cromwell to the world. His treatment was original and differed very considerably from that of Messrs. Lee and Baker. Oratorically considered, the oration was virile and dramatic, and one of the best of the evening. Mr. Moore's voice though not the loudest heard that evening is a sweet, ringing, flexible instrument of which its owner made excellent use. The dramatic passages were delivered with much verse and fire. His gestures were graceful and his excellent delivery sustained to the end. Part of Mr. Moore's oration follows: Cromwell has been variously painted, as an "usurper," a hateful bigot, a cruel and heartless monster. The masterful pen of Carlyle succeeded in eradicating prejudice. England was in a hapless plight. The time had come when she must either throw off her lethargy or sink forever into the abyss of insignificance. She chose the strong course. Cromwell took the leading part in the war, carried it to a successful end and saw Charles beheaded. He forced rebellious Scotland and Ireland to accept English rule. He welded the bonds so finely that time and tempest have not been able to break them. In secular matters he fought for toleration. But when the gavel of power came into his hand, he granted toleration to Protestant factions only. Cromwell launched England as a commercial power. The seeds of political and religious freedom sown by him were wafted across the Atlantic and scattered on New England's rock-bound coast. Nurtured there by the early pilgrims, they grew, flourished and came to their consummation in the

grandest of republics. A united America rejoices that the principle fought for and won by Cromwell, has not grown cold and lifeless.

Ralph H. Sheppard was the last speaker of the evening with an oration on "The Year 1848 in European History." In thoughtfulness and excellence of style, Mr. Sheppard's oration takes high rank among the orations of the evening. Its clearness of thought and logic of plan made it exceedingly easy to follow. His delivery was correct, intelligent, sympathetic and at times backed by much force and fire. His presence was easy and graceful and his gestures as good as any of the evening. He spoke in part as follows: When the star of Napoleon had set and the "Child of Destiny" was beating out his life in his lonely prison at St. Helena, Europe came again under the heel of her oppressors. She was loaded down with the chains of despotism; the "divine right of Kings" was supreme in all her lands. The cloud of royalty, black with militarism, overshadowed the horizon which for a short time the meteoric career of Bonaparte had brightened. But while on the surface, prevailed that submissive calm which despotic governments love, underneath, forces were mustering which were destined to trample kingdoms in the dust. Soon did the popular cause awake; soon did the trembling kings hear the rumblings of the volcano upon which they had built in favored security. By his tremendous ability and matchless eloquence, Louis Kossuth had nerved his people to throw off the yoke of Austrian tyranny, and to lift their heads to the world, a new nation. Italy and Germany came under the spreading influence while in France a tyrant King was driven from his throne and freedom, crowned and sceptered, held indisputable sway throughout the land. By these revolutions the people had learned their rights and the rulers, their limitations. The magic rod of feudalism had been broken and cast into the deeps. By sufferance and not by birth did princes rule. This was the epitome of the lesson of 1848. For in that year, the stirring bands of revolution, built with infinite travail and bloodshed, as a monument to all ages, that temple of liberty from which rang out the death krell of absolutism.

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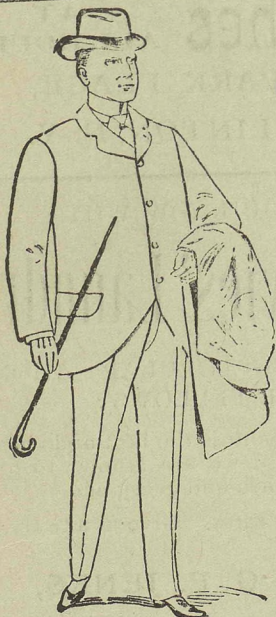
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