

HAMILTON LIFE.

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No. 16

A Letter From Dr. Brandt.

CROSSING THE ATLANTIC.

Having left New York with a strong westerly breeze, we soon reached the usual pleasant southern route of steamers bound for the Mediterranean. The weather was perfect and we landed in Naples on December 21, a warm, Indian-summer-like day. Crossing the Atlantic was the same old story; watching the daily runs of the ship, betting on them; out-of-sight-out-of-mind friendships; girls flirting, as soon as they were able to keep down the sloppy tea and soups which they *would* take; swearing and drinking young fellows, who prefer to pick up an education on the wing rather than by "bohning" at prep. school or college; the gay widow, who is rapidly laying off her mourning—none too rapidly for the attentions she accepts; sedate middle-aged people going to sunny Italy, Greece or Egypt; the bad brass band, composed of stewards in disguise, and so on.

My room-mate, or "choom," as he expressed it, was a German architect who had been traveling in America and admired our clothes, shoes and women more than our buildings. He had six pairs of American shoes, of which he was as proud as he was of his resemblance to Emperor William. He did look like the emperor, but barring his turned-up moustache he had no warlike bearing. He was a bachelor of thirty-six and was crazy over the American girls, who could not understand his English. "Ach, Gott," he would groan, "if I knew English more perfectly these young ladies would already stop laughing at me." He knew not a little English, French, Italian, but pronounced very badly and insisted upon transferring the German modal adverbs and auxiliaries into every language. He carried a pocket dictionary and constantly appealed to that or to me to finish a sentence, the gist of which the American beauty or the Italian beast (the cabman) had caught long ago. For twenty-four hours he was charmed with

Naples. "Ya, ya; see Naples and die," and wrote the most effusive post cards to Germany. Then came the sirocco, which lasted five days, accompanied by thunder, lightning and hurricane. "Wahers Hundes Wetter," growled he, "and this is sunny Italy!"

The African coast was grand and cold, the mountains snow-covered, yet when we entered the harbor of Algiers it was warm and summer-like, so well protected is it. Gibraltar and Algiers were lighted by glorious sunsets.

Naples is the same dirty city that it was thirty years ago, endowed by nature with the finest views, blessed with a great museum, and close at hand are Capri, Sorrento, Vesuvius, Pompeii, but it is cursed with a filthy populace and a corrupt government.

CROSSING THE APENNINES.

New Year's day I saw the most beautiful sunrise behind Vesuvius and Castellamare and a glorious sunset on the bay of Tarentum. I had crossed the Apennines from Naples to Brindisi, taking twelve hours for it. Cross-country trains are slow the world over. The through trains from one country to another are as fast and as fine as any. The railroad itself is a great feat of engineering, with its galleries and loop tunnels, but there is little chance for reading and much smoke and dust. It was very cold. Three times they changed the hot water cans, which were coils of lead pipe. The train crept slowly up the ascents at a snail's pace and rushed madly down the inclines, at such a pace that the brakeman could hardly stop the train at the switches, to wait there half an hour for coming up trains to pass. The Apennines are bleak and barren, stripped of trees, the highest, snow-covered. Only a few small birds are to be seen, a few magpies, now and then a discouraged herd of mules, donkeys, goats and sheep. The shepherds looked half starved, and neither they nor their dogs showed any interest in the train.

Just before reaching Sorrento we

stopped at Metaponto, a more modern village now, but near and beneath it lies a powerful ancient Greek city, in which Pythagoras died, aged 90 years, in 497 B. C. Rome laid it in ruins because it took part with Hannibal.

CROSSING THE ADRIATIC.

At Brindisi I took an Austrian Lloyd steamer for Patras, stopping at Santa Anaranto in Albania and at Corfu, and passing Ithaca at night. The weather is still fine. There are two parties of Americans on board. One man, a young architect, is on a trip around the world. Waiting for the train at Patras, I bought two Greek newspapers, but rubbed my eyes when I found each dated December 21, a gain of twelve days, giving me another Christmas and another New Year's day. The train from Patras was very slow, giving plenty of time to observe the country and people and to read the long names of the stations. The capital letters bother me. It is like reading an old Greek manuscript. In the newspaper headings are a great variety of them. As Dr. Johnson was amazed that even the children in France spoke French, so I was surprised to hear the children speak Greek so rapidly. One barefooted boy called "Sweet apples" in a melodious voice. I bought some. Oneida county apples are better. At the next station I gave them to the handsomest little children, dark-haired, dark-skinned and barefooted, who received them with smiles and delight. At one station we took on a carload of turkeys, who talked Turkish like American turkeys. Poor things! the Italians and Greeks are cruel to animals. The street car horses are poorly fed and overdriven. The porter who speaks English, or thinks he does, says that the horses will be "demolished" next month, when the "electrician" car will be "introductioned."

ATHENS.

This morning, though it began to rain, I went out to the Acropolis, following Baedeker's route. Oh, but the Acropolis is great! In spite of the rain and the

slippery rocks and the guide who tried to find out whether I spoke English, French, Italian or German, who finally left me in disgust as a "spacheless Irishman." What a wonderful people these Greeks were! The Roman Forum is not nearly as imposing as these ruins. When the Persians had destroyed the Acropolis of Peisistratos, Perikles planned and built a new and finer one. Those abominable Turks made a fortress of it, the Venetians shelled the Parthenon, Lord Elgin robbed it. It is a wonder that there is anything left.

Christmas eve. Today has been very fine, the sun rose clear behind Hymettos. In the evening I called at the American Archeological Institute, which has a fine house a little out of town toward Lykabatos, which is a high hill commanding a grand view of the plain, the city and the mountains. The climb took several hours, but is worth while. Professor Richardson, of Dartmouth, who is permanent director, is out of town, but I found a young man and two young women at work in the library of the Institute. Any college which subscribes \$250 a year has the privilege of sending a graduate there for study. Hamilton should be a subscriber. Are we not a classical college that gives no A. B. without Greek? Is there not a generous alumnus who will give \$5000 to make Hamilton a permanent member of the Institute? In summer the American Institute is digging at Corinth. The German, French and English have their Institutes and are doing valuable work in investigation and in training specialists. The head of the German Institute, Dr. Doerpfeld, is now digging at Ithaca, for which work a private citizen of Athens is bearing the expense. Dr. Doerpfeld thinks that Leokos, not Ithaca, is the Ithaca of Homer. Surely, the spade is mightier than the pen!

At four, I went again to the Acropolis to see the sunset, a grand sight! The Acropolis is much larger than I imagined, and the plain and the mountains of Attica are smaller. Last evening I went to the Olympian, which has been laid bare by the French Archeological Society. Sixteen large columns are still standing on a broad terrace, which forms a fine promenade. One hundred Corinthian columns formed what Livy called "*templam unum in terris inchoatam pro magnitudine dei.*" Hadrian finished it in 129 A. D. It was not built in a day. The Stadium is now being restored through the munificence

of a wealthy Greek. Herodes Atticus restored it in 140 A. D., but all the marble seats have since been used for forts, churches and lime-making. They are now partly rebuilt. Hundreds of men were working there last Sunday. The revived Olympian games were held there. When the work is finished it will be a grand place for sports.

While I was prowling about alone in the dark, the great bells of the Metropolitan Church began to ring for evening service. The Greek Church gives more stress to bells and bell-ringing than to the adornment of the churches. When on top of Lykabettos I saw a large cross erected, and wondered what it was for. This evening, illuminated by electric lights, it shone far over the country. Small bands of boys, singing and playing primitive instruments, are going about the streets celebrating Christmas eve.

Christmas day, though it was clear and cold, all Athens was out of doors. Men without overcoats, thinly-clad women, bare-legged children, thronged the squares or sat shivering about little iron tables. All look hardened and bronzed by the weather. The modern Greeks are still an outdoor people. I prowled about all the morning, looking for the Tower of the Winds, the old cemetery, the Dipylon. The Tower of the Winds is really an old timepiece and weather station, having had a water clock, sun dial and weather cock. In the frieze eight winds are represented, besides the customary four—these are Lips, S. W.; Kackias, N. E.; Skiron, N. W., and Ape-liotes, S. E.

Athens is the only Greek city with a street of tombs. The finest of them is the tomb of Dexileos, a young Athenian who distinguished himself in the Corinthian war, 394-395 B. C. A large bull and a Molossian hound decorate other tombs.

I have given up Egypt, which I fear would be an anticlimax. Athens is good enough for me. Nothing can be grander than the Acropolis.

—The Pentagon was treated to a fine dinner at Prexy's on Thursday evening.

—The Misses Benedict entertained right royally last evening at Houghton.

—The basket-ball team plays Rochester at Rochester tonight and Yale at Utica Feb. 8.

—The musical clubs will entertain in the college chapel Wednesday afternoon at 3:30 P. M. 25 cents. Everybody come.

Hamilton vs. Colgate.

On Wednesday evening the basketball teams of Hamilton and Colgate met in the gymnasium of the latter, and after a fierce struggle Colgate was victorious by the score of 19-9.

The band of itinerant minstrels, led by Hawley, left us at Deansboro, and gave us a coruial yell as we moved majestically out of that metropolis.

At Hamilton we put up at the Park House. After supper we adjourned to Colgate's gymnasium, where a large crowd was awaiting us. After a little practice the ball was put in play.

Colgate roughed it up from the start, and in a short time scored a difficult basket, followed by a foul. Tommy had a chance at a foul and accepted it.

From then on till the end of the half the game was very fast. Little team work was exhibited by either side, the guards merely throwing the ball to the other end of the hall. After fifteen minutes of play Tamblin scored a beautiful basket, and followed it with another foul, leaving the score at the end of the half 8-2.

During the intermission Colgate favored us with a few selections, whercupon Busch, Naylor and A. S. Davis, our sole representatives, gave a regular yell with great *eclat*, amid terrific applause.

The second half was a repetition of the first. Hard, earnest playing prevailed throughout, the lack of science being atoned for by the earnestness of the combat.

Colgate threw a basket after five minutes of play. Tommy got our first goal and second foul about the same time. At this point the referee was knocked down, by mistake, it is presumed. Schwab a little later was almost knocked down by being hit in the face with the ball, and had a foul called on him for it! Peet presumed it was for pushing the ball with his face.

Up and down the floor went the ball. Colgate ran her total up to nineteen, and we got one more goal and another foul before time was called. The line up:

| Hamilton. | Colgate. |
|-------------|----------------------------|
| | Left Forward. |
| Peet, | B. Tamblin. |
| | Right Forward. |
| McLaughlin, | Kirkwood. |
| | Center. |
| Sherman, | Leary. |
| | Left Guard. |
| Mangan, | Tamblin. |
| | Right Guard. |
| Schwab, | Brigham, (Murray.) |
| | Time of halves—20 minutes. |



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Hamilton Life.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY.

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THERE has been much comment in the press during the past week on the matter of painting in the town during fall term. Without condemnation of those who are unsullied by personal revenge and who believe in justice in all cases, we cannot refrain from expressing our opinion of those who, catering to our patronage and greedy for the gains which college men by nature find pleasant to spend, have seen fit to condemn by speech and in some cases publish opinions upholding the attorney, who, looking forward to petty prominence and a good share of the lucre to be obtained by exorbitant charges, has sent bills to the sophomore class for painting alleged to have been done by them on "paint night." As a matter of true evidence the class in question has offered at divers times to put all buildings said to be damaged in just as good condition as they were previously; but to be asked by these persons, who seek by this method to take advantage where they think there may be a possibility of receiving money beyond that which honesty approves, is considered by it as unjust, unfair and unworthy of the citizens of a place which, by its very nature and position, receives gratis the best talent and good money that the student body and faculty possesses. This attorney, who has put himself on record as one who is willing to extort money beyond that which justice demands for the sake of personal gain, breathes not the breath of an honest purpose.

Untrue, indeed, would we be to our ideals if we did not urge with all forces in our power that the class committing the offense, if such there be, did not pay a reasonable sum for their fun. But

equally do we urge with the same earnestness of purpose that they resist with all materials in their power this attempt on the part of a greedy attorney and an extorting populace to wring from their pockets that which they have no reason to expect and no right to demand.

This is a matter which concerns not only the sophomore class but every person on College Hill. Pay what reasonably appears proper, but by no means allow such unprincipled demands to draw unjustly from your well-earned means.

THE necessity of a press association in this college has been proven conclusively by the glaring misstatements of some correspondents of the Utica papers for the past two or three weeks; one of these refers to the new Commons Hall; the "clannishness" of anything but the dormitory system of rooming, etc. As a mere matter of history, it may be well to say that there never was such ill-feeling in college as there was at the time when all the men were in the dormitories, and that there never has been better feeling than at present under the Lodge system. This press association should be formed before spring term, so that all these matters can be properly reported and Hamilton may appear in her true light before the world.

IS THERE any reasonable excuse for the reading room remaining unlighted until after heavy darkness has fallen? Can there be any mitigating circumstances which can offer the slightest pretext for compelling men to read in the dark or light the lamps themselves when some one is paid to do that work? We leave the answer to every reasonable man in college, and unless a change for the better is manifested we earnestly recommend that some one be appointed who will do the work properly and on time.

THE game with Colgate Wednesday evening disclosed two weak spots in our team; one, is the lamentable failure of each man to remember the rest of the team and forget his own man at the proper time in the game. Individual members are not aggressive enough; they don't play with the concerted action which alone can bring them victory; they don't pass the ball well; they follow along behind their opponent too much; they need to "get into the game" more; and they allow the opposite side to

lead, instead of doing it themselves. The second weakness is in the lack of training. The team must realize that they cannot play a game unless they are prepared for it. What can we expect to do with Rochester today or Yale next Saturday unless some good, consistent training is done right away. Any man on the team who willingly fails to train so that Hamilton can be represented at her best is liable to the censure of the student body, and it doesn't pay to incur the displeasure of the college too often.

LIFE adds its entire sanction to the recent appeal of the baseball captain for more money for a coach. Let the Advisory Board do as well at least as it did last year.

THE letter from Dr. Brandt, which appears on another page of this issue, is gratefully acknowledged by the LIFE Board. We wish our absent professor the best of times and trips.

D. T. Banquet.

Last Saturday evening, at the Butterfield Hotel in Utica, the D. T. Club held its annual banquet. At six o'clock the members assembled in the hotel lobby, and shortly afterwards repaired to a dining-room secured for their especial use. The elaborate menu prepared by the hotel management was certainly appreciated, if one can judge from the rapidity with which the different courses disappeared. During the banquet stories were told by several fellows and impersonations rendered by Louie Ehret. After eating, the club indulged in a few songs and then left in a body for the Orpheum. Here all enjoyed themselves immensely, and before taking the eleven o'clock car for Clinton voted the affair a great success.

New Flag on the Campus.

On all patriotic occasions it is extremely fitting for Old Glory to be displayed, not only from some stately flagpole, but also from every private residence. To every thinking and patriotic person the sight of this emblem brings to his view the image of the past and the hopes of the future.

This morning, however, there was put to the breeze from the third story of Old South a conglomeration of colors, an apology for a flag, presumably to commemorate some patriotic action. From

a distance I judged the materials in this flag were somewhat similar to those employed in making the first American flag, raised over Fort Stanwix.

The most deplorable fact, however, was that the owner was hauling in this flag, undoubtedly in recognition of defeat. But I suspect a deeper reason was the impending lack of bed and wearing apparel for the night. This flag of unknown nationality brings to one's mind the picture of a practical joker doing a good stroke of mischief for his roommate to unravel and put to rights.

—A. H. M., '05.

Society News.

"Bugs" gave a reception to about thirty juniors and sophomores at his rooms in Science Hall Wednesday. Cats were served.

Prex announces that the senior-junior "brain barbecue" scheduled for January 31 has been postponed until Washington's birthday.

The committee has decided that students wearing sweaters at the junior promenade will not be permitted to dance.

A stag party was given by one of society's leaders at his rooms in North College Thursday night in honor of "Schnitzie's" "skie terrier." Several dogs were present.

A committee from the freshman class is arranging for a trolley ride to Summit Park on Washington's birthday. There will be dancing on the pavilion and strolling through the grove. This will be hot stuff.

A prominent society leader denies the published reports that the recent meeting of the inter-class debaters was for the purpose of forming a chin band.

It is authoritatively denied that the charming terrier, Robert McDuff, broke one of his wisdom teeth while chewing a sofa pillow in room 27, South College, Friday. It is believed that the report was circulated in the interest of a local dental firm.

Society buds will be delighted to hear that Miss Daisy Hardchaw has found her gum. She had absent-mindedly stuck it on the front of the book case.

—The Tompkins mathematical prize has been awarded as follows: First, H. F. Maxwell; second, H. C. Keith; medals, M. B. Landers, A. H. Courtenay and J. P. Tate.

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F. S. CHILD, JR., Editor.

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Trains leave Clinton for Utica, 7:50 a. m., 11:20 a. m., 2:40 p. m., 6:25 p. m. For Rome, 11:30 a. m. 6:30 p. m. For South, 8:30 a. m., 12:40 p. m., 5:24 p. m., 11:50 p. m.

Trains arrive at Clinton from Utica, 8:30 a. m., 12:40 p. m., 5:24 p. m., 11:50 p. m. From Rome, 8:20 a. m., 5:10 p. m. From South, 7:50 a. m., 11:20 a. m. 2:40 p. m., 6:25 p. m.

Clinton Post Office.

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.

Mails Close—For Utica, 7:30 a. m., 11:00 a. m., 6:00 p. m. For Rome, 11:00 a. m., 6:00 p. m. For South, 8:15 a. m., 12:25 p. m.

Sunday mail open from 12:00 to 1:00 p. m. Sunday mail closes at 5:20 p. m.

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

F. E. PAYNE, P. M.

LIFE is entered at the Clinton Post Office as second-class matter.

College Notes.

—Get your glad rags fixed up for the dance.

—Evans, '04, is expected to return to the hill on Tuesday.

—Bullard's ambiguous phrases amused the chapel Wednesday.

—Is it mere rumor that the gym floor will be crashed for junior?

—Ehman, '04, has returned to his work after an attack of jaundice.

—It seems to be becoming the fad to come late to morning chapel.

—Putnam, '03, preached in the Presbyterian Church at Oriskany Falls last Sunday.

—The midnight trolley from Utica has been removed because of lack of patronage.

—Peter Kelley is serving on jury. Pete will come back chuck full of new yarns, so beware.

—Hunter, '03, returned on Tuesday morning after a sickness. He was greeted with a class yell.

—When shall we ever get that new chapel bell? Too bad we have to have the tin pan for dance week.

—In behalf of the college LIFE would ask the professors to be as considerate as possible during dance week.

—Wait till some cabman drives into those posts between chapel and the gym on prom. night. There'll be doings, sure.

—"Variety is the very spice of life," but we all wish the weather would settle

and let us know what to expect for prom. week.

—The men in South are following the good advice of LIFE, and now the hitherto dark halls of the dormitory are as light as day.

—A big crowd from the hill went to Utica on Monday to see Powers in "The Messenger Boy." All reported a fine performance.

—A chess club has been lately organized in college, consisting of sixteen members. A list of its members has been posted in chapel.

—We hope that professors will be somewhat lenient with work during prom. week. A little time will be needed to entertain the fair ones.

—The D. T. Club held a very pleasant banquet at the Butterfield on Saturday evening. After enjoying a very bounteous repast, seats were engaged at the Orpheum.

—The basket-ball game scheduled between Colgate Academy and the freshmen was called off because the faculty of the academy did not deem it best that their team should play.

—Why don't more men get selections with a vein of humor for Wednesday chapel—not necessarily farcical, but enough wit to liven up things. It will be gratefully received by the chapel.

—The freshman swore,

His hair he tore,

As up and down he ran;

His words were bad,

His gestures mad—

"That fire's out again."

—E. C. Johnson, state student secretary of Y. M. C. A. visited the hill on Tuesday and Wednesday, assisting in arranging delegations for the Elmira State Convention and Toronto Student Volunteer Convention.

—A recent appeal in LIFE, suggesting that certain rooms in our college buildings ought to be better warmed, failed to mention the chemistry lecture room. When a room becomes so cold that your breathing is visible, it is certainly below the point of comfort.

The Carthage Trip.

Clinton, St. Johnsville, Carthage—all that the musical clubs had of a longed-for week's trip. But if, as the saying goes, "all's well that ends well," last week was a record breaker for good times. The clubs went to Carthage last Friday with the purpose of capturing that town for the buff and blue, and they

came back "in the consciousness of duty done". We shall all look forward to the harvest of this trip, in the way of a number of Carthaginians enrolled in "Square's" little account book.

The start was made at twelve o'clock from Clinton; and from that time until the clubs were back on the Hill on Saturday, no one could complain of dull times. The foresight of the manager saw at once that his men must "eat to live", so with a generous hand he allowed every man a quarter for noon rations. The time between trains in Utica was spent in using the allowance to its fullest extent, although it is said that Knox scrimped himself on dinner to buy a box of cigarettes.

The three hours' ride on the train was rendered enjoyable by many devices. Most of the fellows who knew how, and were not busy "sitting with a friend", played cards. The glee club practiced in one end of the train, while "Web", with his familiar old coffin by his side, showed off the mandolin club in the smoker. It is a question whether the passengers realized what a good time the fellows were having.

The concert in the evening was the best that the clubs have given. It was held in the Methodist church, and attended by a numerous and enthusiastic audience. As to the program it was practically the same as the one given at St. Johnsville, except that there was great improvement in the rendering. The instrumental selections showed what a difference constant practice makes; and the glee club although it sang from a rather disadvantageous position acquitted itself in the usual commendable manner. Downey's impersonations and Dewey's stunts were enjoyed and encored as always.

After the entertainment came the most enjoyable part of the whole trip. In a room adjoining the church a banquet was prepared, at which about one hundred and twenty-five people sat down for an hour or two of good eating and toasting. Handsome menu cards suited to the occasion and tied with Hamilton ribbons were at each plate. The fellows have nothing but words of praise for the young ladies who waited on the tables. At intervals throughout the evening the college songs were sung and the yells given. The toasts after the banquet were especially entertaining. "John" did himself proud in responding to the music of Hamilton, and "Prexie" finished the program with a

speech that set Carthaginians to thinking—it was a grand climax to all that our other representatives had said and done. Nothing impressed the people of Carthage more than to see our President “out with the boys” and helping them along; and we too admire him for it.

Saturday morning at 9:30 we left with regret the scene of our short but pleasant sojourn. The station was the place of many a fond farewell. Our special car had a temperature of 10 degrees Fahrenheit, but as everyone rode in the other coaches enjoying cards and “friends”, the cold brought no inconvenience.

The entertainment at Carthage was in the hands of the Y. M. C. A. That organization and the townspeople themselves Prex. well commended when he said that if every place that the clubs visited furnished such enjoyment there would be but little college at Clinton.

Indoor Exhibition.

Gratifying progress is being made along all the feats and stunts which are to be executed at the approaching indoor exhibition. “Uncle John” assures all that the demonstration of this year will outvie in every detail that of all precedent. He is preparing at least eight novel events which had no part or prospect of one in last year’s program. By the 19th of the month perfection will be perfected. We’re to have a winner or we’re “dodo-birds.” Conserve your cash. Anticipate the date and enter body, spirit and *portemonnaie* into the occasion.

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