

HAMILTON LIFE.

The Weekly Publication of Hamilton College.

Vol. IV.

CLINTON, N. Y., SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 30, 1901.

No. 10

Death of W. C. Schuyler.

In the death of Schuyler, of the class of 1903, the class has sustained a great loss. Schuyler was a man of marked literary ability, and in the eyes of "Old Greek" was already a successful writer. He had taken all the literary honors the college can bestow upon a man in the first term junior, being elected literary editor of the *Hamiltonian* and assistant editor of the *Literary Magazine*. No man in college was held in higher esteem by his classmates than was "General." He was respected as a man of honor, was always sought for on questions politic or otherwise, and was ready with a helping hand to assist those in trouble.

Schuyler's was a hard row. It had always been the ambition of his mother and father that he should have a college education, and everything had been done with this in view. But his father, a minister in the little town of Centerhall, Pa., nevertheless found it a difficult matter to supply the necessary funds to carry his son through.

Schuyler entered in the fall of '99 with some misgivings. Ever since childhood it had been his misfortune to have a weak constitution, caused in part by indigestion. And, too, he feared the strain on his father.

This past summer, thinking to swell his funds, Schuyler procured a position in a canning factory at Vernon. Here he worked hard and very frequently overtime. This went well until near the middle of the summer, when he was taken ill with pleurisy. Immediately on regaining sufficient strength he returned to his home in Centerhall, where he remained until the 18th of November. An operation then being found necessary, to remove

water from his chest and abdomen, he was taken to a hospital in Bellefont. On Sunday, Nov. 24, a second operation was thought best. But it was of no use. He died from its effects that evening.

Besides his parents, Schuyler left an elder sister, a graduate of Mt. Holyoke. "General" would have been 22 years of age next May. He had many a close friend in college, and not an enemy. To be stricken thus at the very beginning of his career brings far more sadness than death at the close of a long and well-spent life. He is the third man in the class of 1903 to succumb to the inevitable; one accidentally shot after he had registered, the first man in his class—John Terrett; the second, Zeigler, who died in his freshmen year from fever. Schuyler died in the cause of education. His friends, his associates, and his college, mourn his early death.

In Memoriam.

WILLIAM CATTELL SCHUYLER,

A Christian, diligent, faithful, true to his God and his conscience, one who endeared himself to all by his conspicuous talents and his true moral worth.

Whereas, God, in his merciful providence, has seen fit to take to himself one of our most beloved and respected classmates, William Cattell Schuyler,

Resolved, That we, the class of 1903, extend our sincerest sympathy to his family and relatives in their bereavement.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the family of our deceased classmate.

Resolved, That as a small token of our sorrow, these resolutions be spread

on the class records and be published in the *Hamilton Literary Magazine* and the HAMILTON LIFE.

VERNON CALHOUN DEVOTIE,
ALBERT PAYNE MILLS,
JOEL DUBOIS HUNTER.

German Club.

On the evening of the twenty-second the German Club was convened for the last time this term and presumably this year. With this inevitable conclusion of good times confronting them the devotees of Goethe and of Dr. Brandt wended their steps toward "Das beste Haus." It goes without saying that we were cordially received. After the preliminary *tete-a-tetes* and the arrangement of the stage appointments, the "deutsche" histrionics were put in play and also practice. The play, "Die Journalisten," with its final acts, was delivered with many innovations and inadequate imitation of the stage directions. The unavoidable monotony of the reading was relieved by the naive and artless efforts of reckless Redmond and VanAllen. In the course of heart-heaving exchange of oral caresses at the scene of action, VanAllen and Drummond vexed the ear of night with a burst of muffled melody which made of the quiet a hideous thing. The committee in attendance on "Herr Oberst" frolicked through an illusory compotation, giving the glasses the clink which bespoke their emptiness.

After partaking of the refreshments we listened to some German ballads sung sweetly by Mrs. Ibbotson. The crowd attempted the rendition of several soul-stirring songs and then all stirred for fair.

We planted our signatures in Mrs.

Brandt's guest-book and departed; that is, some of us did. The tobacco fiends belated themselves and remained to smoke and listen to the interesting reminiscences of Dr. Brandt. At our "abschied" we gave a good round yell in crotund for Schnitz and went our ways. Here's to the German Club of 1901. "Hoch!"

The Scrub.

To the scrub is due in no small part the success of our season. The scrub team of 1901 was the best equipped, organized and disciplined scrub that has aided in the development of a Hamilton 'varsity. The scrub at many practices proved a proposition for the 'varsity and ever gave it the best of offensive and defensive practice.

Under the coaching of "Bob" Kelsey, assisted by Jones, '03, the men developed marvelously and the team became a unit. In its game with N. Y. Mills the scrub showed its blood and stamina. Both 'varsity and college at large are proud of its work, and it may well be the scrub's honest pride that this praise is a desert.

Of the men who deserve especial mention for good work, Capt. Reeve stands first. His work at tackle was excellent and he proved a tartar for his 'varsity opponents. He captained the team in good shape and deserved good credit on that score.

Tuthill, Soper, Heyl and Wright played excellent games at end; Soper being especially good on running down on punts and in breaking into interference. Heyl played a strong game, as did also Tuthill.

Courtenay is a strong, fierce runner, and will make things jingle next year in the line.

Church was as versatile and vicious as ever. He was an obstacle and an exasperating one at every point and quarter.

Miner, for an inexperienced man, played a good nery game.

Davis at center was a hornet. He kept "Blake" mumbling incessantly and often broke through the line to nail the runner for a loss.

Robinson and McIntyre held down

the position of quarter back in creditable shape, being good in interference and manipulation of the ball.

S. Sherman played a good tricky game at half back. Mann also played an excellent game at half back, knowing well the points in tormenting his opponent at end. He ran well and was a hard man to stop.

France, though light, was fast and fierce. He was a man always in demand.

Busch and Stowell held down full back in good shape, the latter being unfortunate in receiving injuries just mean enough to keep him out of the game at times.

Harwood was a good, competent, steady player wherever placed, and was often brilliant in tackling, especially in the open.

The scrub men, individually, and as a unit, were without exception valuable men, and we have great hopes of them in the seasons to come.

On Reading.

A "well read" man — the most interesting and entertaining person that human acquaintance gives us. No matter when you meet him or in what circumstances, he is always the same inexhaustible Thesaurus of good thoughts; he always has, to put it into a common phrase, "something to talk about." You may have travelled the world over, and he may never have moved far from his own beloved library; but he has seen the sights of the Orient and the Occident, and all through eyes more appreciative than your own. And at the same time his acquired wealth is his especial pleasure because it is acquired.

Why is it that a college training, which is supposed to furnish to man the highest degree of culture and learning, does not devote more time and attention towards developing such men as we have above referred to? Of course we do not expect that a man can, in four years, become an intimate acquaintance with the world's standard authors, for there must necessarily be other work equally important to which he must attend. But we do believe

that a man should in that time have made a good beginning; he should have created at least a taste for the best that literature affords, to the exclusion of the light "trash" which has almost surfeited the public in these days of equal rights for all writers. Here in our own college the neglect is especially evident. The English literature course is good, but there is not enough of it. The student goes through his freshman year and part of his sophomore without any requirement as regards the literature of his own language whatsoever; to be sure, he has his rhetoric, elocution, essays, etc., but nothing of the literature itself. At his disposal is a well equipped library, but nowhere the inducement to use it. You may say, "Why doesn't the student read of his own accord, take advantage of the library at his disposal, and take the matter in his own hands?" The answer which you would receive from the student himself would be that he has not the time; and indeed this is not far from the truth. By the time one has "boiled" out his required work he is ready for diversion, outdoor exercise, something to relieve the mind and give the physical man a chance to work. Besides this a young fellow is not apt to do the things which he ought to do for his own good, even when he has the opportunity. He requires a wholesome amount of compulsion.

The idea of a college inducing its students into the habit of reading by compulsion is not such a vagary as it may seem; it is entirely practicable. One or two hours a week could be devoted to this purpose, not in the classroom, but simply given gratis to the student as an opportunity to read. As an assurance that the work should be done, written reports on books read could be required throughout the term; and these, written in the form of critical essays, would give the student abundant practice in composition. Our Saturday noon chapel hour, for instance, from which no one save the one who has an essay derives any appreciable benefit, could be thus very profitably employed without losing any of its value, and at the same time ridding us of its monotony.

Hallowe'en, freshman year, but I didn't mean to be personal to "Sig." The rest of us have seen enough farm service to know better than try such an outlandish thing. Senior year is next to Paradise but it does make you feel rather lonely when you stroll around and think that you must soon get out. One never knows how much he loves the place and the fellows until its time to quit. But, I can't talk with you longer. Which year do *you* think is best?"

From the Hindu.

A wand'rer came one day to Pluto's gate
 And begged a job at shov'ling coal.
 "What sin hath sent you hither,"
 asked the god,
 "What crime hath blackened so
 your soul?"
 "I stole a sled," the wanderer said,
 "And down the hill did slide.
 The owner caught me in the act
 And straightway here I hied.
 "I know your case," grave Pluto
 quoth,
 "I' faith, I know it well:
 But back to earth you'll have to go,
 You're far too mean for hell."

News of the Colleges.

—Rutgers College has started a crusade against hazing by abandoning the cane rush.
 —The casualties in football thus far have been five killed and sixty-four permanently injured.
 —President Roosevelt received the degree of LL. D. from Yale College, Oct. 23. The degree was tendered him last spring.
 —The faculty of Syracuse University has taken steps to defer "rushing" by the various fraternities until the opening of sophomore year.
 —An indication of growing inter-collegiate spirit is shown in the syndicate formed by Yale, Harvard and Princeton, for the purpose of exchanging college news. Nightly specials will be wired from each university to the others, giving the news of the day. These three universities print daily papers.

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Hamilton Life.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY.

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ON ACCOUNT of Thanksgiving this issue of LIFE is belated one mail. We hope that the college will pardon the delay. The editors are but human and the prospect of a Thanksgiving at home proved too alluring for them to withstand. It is our constant aim to be prompt and punctual, but we believed that this was a worthy excuse and ask the college to bear with us the necessary inconvenience occasioned thereby.

AT A college meeting held last Saturday it was voted to challenge Colgate to a joint debate to take place next term. A committee will be appointed at once to confer with Colgate and try and make arrangements for the contest. This seems to us a movement in the right direction. We ought to have more intercollegiate debates and there is no better time than now to begin active operations. Hamilton is easily the peer of its educational associates in oratory and debate and she can have no fear in entering such a contest; it will be to her great credit if she can demonstrate her prowess in that direction. This movement deserves the backing of the entire student body. Forge ahead!

WE FEEL called upon to remonstrate in behalf of a good proportion of upperclassmen on the desultory manner in which freshmen speak to them on the campus. It is the duty of every man in the freshman class to speak to every

upperclassman, and he is not supposed to wait until he is addressed, but it is his business to speak at once. There is no place here for "head bobbing" or grunts. Let the clear and hearty "hello" ring out from your lips, and be alive. Every man in college needs more of it. Speak out!

The Weather.

The unspeakable weather still persists in its abominable perversity, Ever since the night of Nov. 13 the air has been freighted with the wind-chased flakes of what bids fair to be the snow of permanence. We had entertained a hope that in some fabulous manner the burden of the earth might be effectually liquidated, but our hope was a hobgoblin. Snow is the burden of the burden of the breeze's song. Snow is before the eye eternally. Snow offers us its treacherous foothold, which eludes the pedal extremity at unwonted moments. In fine; snow is omnipresent and omnipreventive. The wind plays tag with the flakes and huddles them up in heaps. Over these we hop and often hover. One advantage, to be sure, is the coasting afforded by the presence of this transformed wetness. Let us hope that the storm is not a copious one and that it knows no petulance. We want the winds and weathers to play no capers of caprice. If we must have this dire day let it continue and by the friction of its own existence exhaust its rigors.

Hello, Fellows!!

One of the great incidental benefits of attending a "small college" is the good fellowship which pervades the student body. Hamilton prides herself on just this spirit. At present there is noticeable among some of the freshmen, and even among students who ought to know better, a disposition to hold aloof from the college body. It is a bad spirit. Out in the world where every man is "hustling" for an existence and has no time to think much of others, the man who tries to be exclusive is allowed to be very exclusive. In fact, he gets lone-

some. Now, when this spirit is first showing itself, is the time to stamp it not. Cheer up a bit, you sullen men. Answer heartily when someone says, "Hello!" Don't repel advances of friendship. Be cordial and friendly, else you will pass a lonesome four years in college and will miss something better than any book learning you may acquire—the Hamilton spirit. This spirit is only the outer garb of true friendship.

The Dramatic Club.

Early in the term something was mentioned about a dramatic club. Several meetings have been held, at some of which a play has been selected, but the next meeting saw the choice thrown in the waste basket. The last play selected had a royalty attached of \$25 a performance. This was considered too cheap (?) and was peremptorily rejected. The only thing, so far, that the entire club has agreed upon, is the weather. Hustle up!

D. K. E. Dance.

Last night the gentlemen of Delta Kappa Epsilon held an informal dance. The music furnished by Bergner, of Utica, was of the kind which excels. Among the guests from out of town were: Miss Hughes, of Rome; Miss Utley, of Herkimer; Miss Bingham, of Utica; Miss Marsden, of Oxford, and Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Watrous, of Utica. Messrs. Glass, '97, and Millham, '99, were also present. The patronesses were Mrs. M. W. Stryker and Mrs. Hayes, of Clinton, and Mrs. Watrous, of Utica.

Ain't it Odd, Tho?

Fifty funny freshmen

Went out one gloomy night
And tore up all the sidewalk,
Till the hill looked like a fright.

But when they found the walk was up,
With all their might and main
They "poneyed" up their dads' cold
cash,

To have it laid again.

Edward North, L. H. D.

Professor 1843-1901,
BREAKING ALL RECORDS.

Every class and every clan
Close together to a man;
Long is the time, his faith as long;
Let the roar go steady and strong,—
Old Greek!

Every mother's son stand up,
Send around the loving cup;
Old or young, we are all his boys,
Tell him so with a joyful noise,—
Old Greek!

Seven and fifty summers he
Shook the boughs of the attic tree.
All that he knows he'll never tell;
Give him another Hamilton yell,—
Old Greek!

'37, that was the year
Kai yap was a freshman here;
Long has he plodded the upward trail,
The way he has blazed shall never fail,
Old Greek!

Fifteen hundred men alive,
All the A. B.'s in the hive;
Fill him with honey up to the brim;
He knows us all, and we all know him,—
Old Greek!

Gray and grizzled, full four-score,
Just the Prof. he was of yore;
The boys come in and the men go forth,
But there ever is but one Edward
North,—
Old Greek!

Golden sundown, then a nap,
His head in Alma Mater's lap;
Hand seeks hand, and whispers low
Answer the pine trees, soft and slow—
Old Greek!

When the last great chapel rings,
And *all* the college together brings,
When the years and the centuries meet
Then we shall see in the very front
seat,—
Old Greek!

—Columbia is one hundred years old.
—Tufts has adopted the "cut" system.

—Williams is still without a president.

—Hobart has started a crusade
against hazing by abandoning the cane
rush.

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F. S. CHILD, JR., Editor.

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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.

—Basket-ball practice is progressing finely.

—Prex speaks at a prep. school conference in Syracuse.

—The sophomores had a written review in "Analyt" Wednesday.

—Prex says that a man should not "fall in love," he should "walk in."

—Could Prex have had reference to "Stink's" when he spoke of small dogs?

—The matter of the length of the Christmas holiday will be settled December 5.

—Miner, '04, told Hank White in Bible that the Jews in Jerusalem stirred up a resurrection against Paul.

—Beach, '04, has been compelled on account of ill-health, to remain at home for the rest of the year. He will enter 1905.

—Jenks, '05, can't understand why Prex doesn't put a "wind-break" behind North to make the rear rooms more comfortable.

—The advisory board will meet next Thursday evening. Meeting of the athletic association after noon rhetorical Saturday.

—The residents of Clinton were gladly alarmed at the advent of the pioneer trolley car on the recently con-

structed line from Utica to the college town.

—Two noticeable things about our new professor are that he likes his nickname and dislikes to be talked about in the college paper.

—The committee appointed to arrange for the students' room at the Y. M. C. A. are prepared to do their duty at any time when called upon by the proper authorities.

What Year is Best?

(A senior's answer to a freshman's question.)

"What year is best?" That's rather hard to say. It is not uncommon to hear men discussing this same thing. It is interesting to note the various reasons given for each. There are those, even among seniors, who hold that freshman opportunities are the best; that there is more chance for them to be talked about because a freshman has an undisputed license to make as big a fool of himself as he wishes; that the sophomores are always ready to give him advice on all manner of subjects; that this advice is quite often followed, in fact, sophomores seem to have a peculiar charm over their small brethren, whose modest imitation of their superiors give them a sort of unsophisticated air. Why, a freshman would travel a half-mile for a bottle of cologne for the young damsel who thought or appeared to think that he was a senior.

And a sophomore, well, he likes to be called a sophomore always, but if you want to arouse his unlimited disgust, call him a freshman. It's a good way to get rid of him sometimes. The sophomore license reads, "You are hereby permitted, *pro tempore*, to think more highly of yourself than you ought to think." Each man interprets this to mean that he is to be as obtrusive as possible, which becomes a part of sophomore ethics. So, it is said that the second year is the best.

And then there are those who consider that the first two years are all that there is of college. That upper-classmen years are prosaic or uneventful. Ask the junior with the swell coat and high hat, what he thinks of

it. Why, he will go in raptures over the fairy queen who accepted his invitation to the junior prom.; his vocabulary, and I don't except those who take "Bib," is not versatile enough to tell you all her charms and fetching ways. Ask the senior, with his sauntering gait, what he says about this. "Yes, I wish I were back in those early days. I'd pick up a good many loose constructions, and do lots of things differently. I don't feel easy where I am; I feel as though you fellows were pushing me out. The only seats in Chapel left vacant are the faculty seats. And some one might just as well use those for morning chapels as not. The faculty won't be there. They don't believe in such things. Why, they couldn't be compelled to come in, even if we should elect a sergeant-at-arms, which Prexy says is to be used to secure a quorum. We've had "Bugs" and "Little Greek" and "Pills" for seed for a long time, but the other members don't seem to follow their good example, except "Bill Nye," and he always looks so awfully solemn that you feel as though something awful was going to happen.

And Prex, well if anyone ever tried to puff out his stomach and turn turkey red and sing like him, he never would be of any use afterward. It would spoil him. No man has a license to grow a pod like Prexy's. Why that was the only reason that Bill Dawes was fired.

Did you ever try "Schnitzie's" stogies? Of course you never have; I forgot myself for an instant. Never smoke one on a full stomach. It will cause you distress. It is not always pleasant to be excused from the German Club early on account of a slight attack of æsophogustinian convulsions. "Bib's" jokes have about the same result—nausea.

Oh yes, I beg your pardon, you asked me what year was the best. They're all good, every one, but don't be mistaken in thinking that the last is not the best year. It takes four years to find out what rattling good fellows there are among your classmates, even if one of mine was foolish enough to try to tip over a hay stack

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