

Prof. Brandt

HAMILTON LIFE.

Vol. II.

CLINTON, N. Y., SATURDAY, JUNE 2, 1900

No. 29.

College Support.

"Life" since its inception has advocated all things that we believe will conduce to the good of the college and its representatives. Especially have we urged a display, at all times and in all places, of that something known as "college spirit," but with particular reference to the support of our athletic teams. For this continual exhortation we have been made the object of certain sneering remarks, we know; but we are firmly convinced that the importance of this matter cannot be overlooked. Now, the dissolution of our connection with the league may have diminished in some degree the enthusiasm with which the college regards the departments of athletics. If it has it has, for nobody can account for the erratic veering of college thought and college action; but such a thing ought not to be; it is a disgrace to us as loyal students of our alma mater. However, be things as they may, the support given this spring by the college to the base ball team is positively wretched. The team must be sickened by the utter lack of any encouragement; the captain must be in despair, that his efforts should meet with such listless response on the part of his fellow students; and the manager must have been sorely tempted at times to cancel all his remaining games, upon beholding the meagre crowds and paltry gate receipts that the best of games and the best of weather brought him. What avails all his business skill when the college pays him a little over fourteen dollars to see such a fine game as the Rochester game? How can the team play good ball when not a single cheer or encouraging remark rises from the crowd, or rather group, in the grandstand? How can the captain hold the team together, and manage the field with the prospect and almost foreknowledge of such apathy as it has been our sad lot to behold?

Tuesday morning the manager called a college meeting in the attempt to get sixty-five men to promise to go down on a special train—obtainable with no fewer than that number—to see the Colgate game. Exactly thirty-five men answered his summons. Such an exhibition was disgusting, and a disgrace to Hamilton College. How many men go down street and blow eighty cents, and think nothing of it, yet refuse or "feel unable" to expend an equal sum in a deserving and noble cause? These men, all men in college, knew what efforts Colgate was making, yet knowingly they refused to lend their presence and voices to the speeding of their own team on to victory. Shame on us!

Scarcely ever is a man seen on the athletic field to watch the practice of the team. Men have been seen playing tennis throughout the entire course of an important base ball game in another part of the same field. We have in mind especially two men who were playing on the afternoon of the Middlebury game. We don't know their names, and prefer not to know; but those men ought to go bury themselves.

It is pretty late to attempt reform now, but this afternoon, for heaven's sake, let us see a good crowd out to help the team down Toronto. Let us yell, and urge the team on, always commending, not scurging. Let's try it, and see what we can do.

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Pen Picture of Charles Lamb.

In a new edition of "The Essays of Elia," published in England, the Introduction is written by Augustin Birrell, himself a prince of essayists. The London "Academy" reprints from this Introduction the following tender tribute:

"Lamb, like his own child-angel, was 'to know weakness, and reliance, and the shadow of human imbecility.' He went with a lame gait. He used to get drunk somewhat too frequently. Let

the fact be stated in all its deformity—he was too fond of gin-and-water. He once gave a lady the welcome assurance that he never got drunk twice in the same house. Failing all evidence to the contrary, we are bound to believe this to be true. It is a mitigating circumstance. Wordsworth's boundless self-conceit, Coleridge's maddening infirmity of purpose, Hazlitt's petulance, De Quincey's spitefulness, know no such self-denying ordinance. Lamb was also a too inveterate punster, and sometimes, it may be, pushed a jest, or baited a bore, beyond the limits of becoming mirth. When we have said these things against Lamb we have said all. Pale Malice, speckled Jealousy, may now be invited to search the records of his life, to probe his motives, to read his private letters, to pry into his desk, to dissect his character. Baffled, beaten, and disappointed, they fall back. An occasional intoxication which hurt no one but himself, which blinded him in no duty, which led him into no extravagance, which in no way interfered with the soundness of his judgment, the charity of his heart, or the independence of his life, and a shower of bad puns—behold the faults of Elia! His virtues—noble, manly, gentle, are strewn over every page of his life, and may be read in every letter he ever wrote."—Literary Digest.

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Lives of poor men oft remind us
Honest men don't stand no chance,
The more we work there grows behind
us
Bigger patches on our pants;
On our pants, once new and glossy,
Now are strips of diff hue,
All because subscribers linger
And don't pay us what is due.
Let us then be up and doing
Send your mite however small,
Or corker snows of winter strike us,
We shall have no pants at all.

—Exchange.

Athletic Department.

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

The College Game and Trip

After the exhibition of base ball called the Middlebury game, we did not expect to win from Colgate, but we thought it worth a try. Although the team did not practice much after the last week Wednesday's game for the rest of that week, they put in two good day's work—Monday, the 28th, and Tuesday, the 29th. Things looked more hopeful. The management tried to find 65 men in college patriotic enough to go to Hamilton and yell for our team; but, as we know, not half of that number could be found. If 65 men had pledged to go, we would have had a special train. But such is the college spirit manifested towards base ball this spring. At 12:40 the team with about twenty rooters, twelve Houghtonites, left Clinton. Here let us say Rah! Rah! Rah! Houghton. Their college spirit is better than ours. They support our athletics better than we do ourselves. They send half of their number down to Hamilton, and we send one-eighth. Is that not enough to shame any lazy fellow who to save exertion spent that Decoration Day afternoon on the hill? But to continue, nothing of note happened till game time, but then it began to happen. Our team played good hard snappy ball until in the sixth inning, a wild throw to first started, the ball rolling ((literally)), and although we lead with a score of 9-6, Colgate climbed up and beat us out, 13-9. Now, sluggards who did not see that game, it is your turn to get out and do something in the yelling line. Those loyal rooters last Wednesday yelled until it seemed their throats would split. The team felt the encouragement and played better ball for it. Let the whole college come en masse to the Toronto game and yell, scream, holler, shout, until we fairly lift the sky; that is the way a college should show its encouragement to a defeated but fighting team. Now, the reason we lost at Colgate was that we did not play good ball. Errors were numerous and costly. The hits on Dunn were not in numbers, but were opportune. Baker,

Keogh, Hunter and Peet won the honors of the day in general work. The great difficulty seemed to be that the team did not play together well. It was too much like nine players from Hamilton playing a Colgate team. The hand at the reins should jerk on the bit more often, and should show a firmer grip. That is what makes nine men work like one; that is what makes a snappy, fast base ball team. This is but a word of comment, and is the general average of the rooters' opinions.

Our journey home was uneventful, except for Keogh and Peet, who amused themselves and the occupants of the seats behind them by songs and antics. Decoration Day was the opening of Madison Lake, and the trains by Solsville were crowded. Accordingly, did our fun increase. But, now fellows, realize that to-day is your last chance to redeem your lack of interest in the base ball team. Come to the game to-day.

Intercollegiate.

Pres. Harper of Chicago University says that ninety per cent of all the students at American colleges and universities attend an institution that is within a hundred miles of their home.

The number of students and instructors has increased in every country except Russia. This is due to the exceptional repressive measures of the Russian government. There is no "Lernfreiheit" for the student, as Germany justly boasts.

Tufts will offer summer school courses in chemistry and mathematics this vacation.

A new bill to establish a university of the United States has recently been introduced into the Senate by Chauncey M. Depew. The bill provides that the institution shall be strictly confined to post graduate work.—Ex.

The Bowdoin Orient gives the following list of electives chosen by undergraduate students of Yale: Economics 268; Mediaeval History 209; History of Europe 189; English Poets of the 19th Century, 165; American Literature, 161; Science of Society, 149; Finance, 145; American History, National, 110; Tenyson and Browning, 109; American

History, 99; Inorganic Chemistry, 75; Geology 57; English History, 51; Jurisprudence, 45; Comparative Politics, 35. The new courses in forestry have drawn a total of nine students only.

Under a compulsory system, 358 seniors and 40 juniors in Yale took courses in psychology, ethics and mental philosophy. Under an elective system now in vogue, only 150 men from both classes have elected them for the coming year.

Colby College has inaugurated a unique advisory system. Each student is to be assigned to a certain professor, with whom he is to advise on the works he is to elect during his course. He is to make known his choices at the end of each term.

The trustees of Williams' college recently voted to shut up their college commons for one year. The reason assigned is that only forty students were boarding there, and that the college was losing by the venture.

Williams carried off first in the recent Worcester meet. Brown was second, Bowdoin third, and Dartmouth fourth.

In many colleges, editors of student publications receive credit for the work done upon them. This is the only system which will insure good work on these papers. The regular fifteen hours of required work are intended to employ the whole of one's time, and outside work must necessarily suffer. College journalism has reached a state of development where it is not a mere pastime, but a source of practical training, and as such should receive due credit from college authorities.—The Adelbert.

An interscholastic athletic meet was recently held at Union under the auspices of the Union College A. A. Utica Free Academy took first.

Dark Outlook.—Fortune-Teller: "And I see a dark man who will give you trouble."

The Widow (to herself): "The coal-man! Why didn't I pay his bill?"—Chicago News.

Literally So.—"Well," said the monkey to the organ-grinder as he sat on the top of the organ, "I'm simply carried away with the music."—Tit Bits.

The New Swimming Tank.

Noises if unheard of timbre and pitch have been wafted about the campus during the last week or ten days. They come from the throats of bathers: bathers who were enjoying the 42 degrees waters of the new swimming tank. The college has not given the students any conveniences for bathing for the past three or four weeks, and the advent of a body of water as large as this one in which we can get a good "cleanin" was hailed with delight. Yet, 42 degrees is a little below the temperature that the ordinary man wishes for his bath. In fact, it is "chillsome" if not chilly. So, from early morning until late night, you could hear the screeches and yells of the sufferers who were enduring the colds of an Andes winter (to quote their words).

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"One on Easy."

Last week in morning chapel,
Prize speakers were read out;
All listened in vain for "Easy's" name
But alas! we heard it not.
This "Easy" of whom I tell you,
Is a youth of small "horse-sense;"
He travels around with his mouth wide
ope,
And is, in truth, quite dense.
For "prize speaking" "Easy" tried to
stab,
But the "easy" going boy,
Thought "Prex" to stab with an un-
pipped "dec,"
And lo! "Prex" stabbed the boy.
And now our "Easy Hi-cock,"
Tears welling from his eyes,
Says "Had I only pipped, ney 'dec,"
"I'd surely 'plucked' the prize."
—By '00.

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speak a piece?**

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

Senior examinations have begun. This is the third day. It hardly seems possible that before another issue of our paper 1900 will be in reality alumni. They have finished their work—they are done, excepting the formality of receiving the sheepskin. How quickly this year has flown for the college; yet it is no quicker than all others. But every year seems to go more quickly than the previous one. This makes it hard for us to believe that 1900 will not be with us any more; that when they come again, it will be as alumni, externally interested; that we shall never more see their faces around the campus and hear their familiar old yell after three short weeks. If it could only be "au revoir" or "auf wiedersehen;" but it can not be, it must be good-bye to undergraduate 1900.

This is the last issue of this paper which will come out under the management of a 1900 editor. We of the class

of 1900 bid an editorial farewell to the college with regrets. We feel that the experience we have derived has been of vast benefit to us, and would be glad to feel that the year of our direction has been a successful one. We have tried to make "Life" interesting and newsy. We have tried to lay out lines of development and progress, and we know that this work will be carried out by abler brains and hands than ours. In laying down our duties, we feel no fears. They will rest on men fully as able to bear them as we. The paper will be carried on in the same old way, with the possible exceptions of the improvements which will be introduced from time to time. "Life's" policy is now well fixed in the minds of its readers. It can not be necessary for us to reiterate our doctrines now. In the future, there must arise occasions when our judgment of the popular mind will err. No person or thing can be infallible. For such mistakes we simply crave your indulgence, and ask you to judge us as much by our intentions as by our accomplishments. The last fact which we would impress firmly on your mind is one which you have heard before—that is that the Hamilton "Life" is a thoroughly "jingo" paper. We believe strongly in the advantages of a small college, and in particular of this small college. With these words as to past and future, we bid you, readers, farewell. For the last time we are addressing our writings to you.

"Life" would call the attention of the college to the fact that the mail carrier in the evening after reaching the top of the hill sets down in the Y. M. C. A. and reads the papers from top to bottom before the thought crossed his mind of delivering the several mail bags, etc. It is time this was stopped. Every college man pays to have his mail carried on time and not any old time. The rules governing the college mail carrier are too lax. He does not do his job in the way it should be done and complaint should be made to have the evil corrected.

The following professors have been reported as regular in attendance at the base ball games this season: Drs. Stryker, Terrett, Brandt, Elkin; Professors

Ibbotson, Dudley, Dodge and Andrews. Are these the only ones who have any interest in our athletics? We blush to think of it.

The Eclipse of the Sun.

This was a remarkable fact. It appeared on the campus on May 28. But it did not make its appearance alone. Many things and persons came with it. Among these were cuts in all 9 o'clock recitations. Pills with an open observatory; three young ladies and a teacher from Houghton; Pod Bacon with a smile at morning chapel. It might be wise to add that the appearance of the eclipse was the cause of the appearances other than itself, and the disappearance of the light and Deke Taylor's fund of ready wit and humor. Smoked glasses were in demand for the sons on earth to look at the sun above. But some of the sons on earth were so dazzled by some earthly visitations, that smoked glasses were necessary below. A nice image of the eclipse could be seen through any of the telescopes in the observatory, which were under the efficient care of members of the astronomy class, who willingly and pleasantly showed the wonders of heaven to some of the wonders of the earth below. It seemed, too, to draw us much nearer to heaven to have with us the fair ones from over the water (Oriskany river), and to feel that for a brief time the stern rule of the Benedict was relaxed, and we could bask in the smiles of his fair ones. Too soon was our dream dispelled. The morn passed by: Pills closed the observatory: ten o'clock recitations began: Houghton went down the hill, and the eclipse was over.

Senior Honors.

In a short time will be announced the successful competitors for the honors and prizes in the class of 1900. These will be the valedictorian, the salutation, the Phi Beta Kappa men, the holder of department honors, the winner of the physics and of the chemistry prizes. There will be a few bets made on these events and it looks as if the race might be a close one in many places.

—Subscribe for the "Hamilton Life."

Local Department.

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

LOCALS.

Monday—Bib cuts old English and English prose. Thanks. Base ball practice, sharper.

Tuesday—Fine day. Base ball team play against scrub. Esty, on third base, requests the scorer, Ben Moore, not to record all his errors. Warren "Mac" objects to some of the umpire's decisions and is promptly fined \$25 for insubordination; Mac swears vengeance.

Wednesday—In sophomore debate Prox tells Ward that his debate had more feathers than "Fat." Van Allen slips up on "irrelevant." Bugs cuts class in biology. Big crowd including Houghton start for Hamilton on the 12:40 train to see game with Colgate. Score 13 to 9 in favor of Colgate. Dr. Elkins goes with the team.

Thursday—All comments about the weather will be deferred until next week.

Friday—Pills gives sophomores a review. Pretty stiff one. Base ball practice short on account of rain. "Lit" comes up the Hill.

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The Senior Statistics.

The last "Lit" contains the statistics of the class of 1900. These contain some interesting facts. Viola Allen, Olga Nethersole, Bib, Deke Taylor, M. W. Stryker and Maud Adams figured among the favorite actresses. The standing of the senior class, according to their own version is not high. Why so? The majority does not use tobacco. Strange! And some, even, have no favorite study. Surely strange things take place when we learn that some of our college celebrities hail from Sing Sing prison and some have matured matrimonial prospects.

Friday the May number of the Hamilton "Lit" came out and we think it a good number. To the class of 1900 it is especially interesting because it contains a census of that illustrious class. Every one was supposed to answer truthfully in every particular. Some did and some did not.

The census makes very good reading

and should make this number especially attractive to all those who are or who have friends in 1900. For there are displayed in the open the views on various subjects that nothing could possibly draw from them otherwise.

Men have set forth their sacred opinion on their standing at Houghton.

In this one thing they have not been true to their colors. Houghton has stood by us well in our athletic contests they have followed our team all the way from Utica to Hamilton; they have yelled themselves hoarse for us and then for the Seniors to turn around and as much as say for Houghton we care nothing. That is cruel and unkind. Nay it is even more than this. We would be decidedly vexed if they went down to Colgate with Colgate colors on. So likewise should they be vexed at 1900 for not giving their true ideas of their standing at Houghton.

There are various men tall and otherwise that have a standing there and yet they have not the common decency to say what it is.

It is to be hoped that when 1901 comes to have their census taken they will give their true standing and not any fake standing.

The Plunge.

The plunge is evidently a great success judging from the noise that comes from the tank at all hours of the day.

Everyone is getting wet, some perhaps for the first time since Christmas.

We can't be too thankful for our privilege of being able to enjoy ourselves in this way. We surely must now be way up in the colleges on the scale of religion for before we were godly and now we are decidedly clean. For cleanliness is next to godliness.

But in the use of the tank much care should be used for both the bathers and the grinning crowd of onlookers. Every one should be careful about tracking in any dirt of any kind. Especially careful in damp weather for then the dirt sticks just long enough to the shoe to be carried in then it drops on the tile floor and combined with the water from the tank makes anything but a nice mixture.

Great care should be used and it rests with the college whether the bathing rooms shall be clean or somewhat dirty.

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Individualism.

There are four things which are to the student a more serious source of danger than his tendency, so natural, and often so irresistible, to look at conditions and ideas, entirely through the optics of others. He fears isolation of thought and independence of judgment quite as much as the orthodox preacher fears to make his own interpretation and seek his own explanation of matters divine. He is frightened, almost intimidated, by the immense mass of conflicting testimony on every subject. As he delves deeper, he becomes less dogmatic, feels himself afloat on a vast, almost shoreless sea without chart or compass, and will often despairingly seek refuge at last in the harbor of utter agnosticism, of intellectual apathy, or of blind obedience to the dicta of others.

Much, of course, depends on the student himself, his former training, his mental habits and characteristics, his present influences, which course he shall pursue. Fortunately, this proneness to intellectual indolence, indifference, or despondence, is not present in truly vigorous minds. As a rule, a virile student, conscious of his powers, and sensible of his dignity as a thinking being, will throw back with contempt the challenge and summons which are constantly assailing him from so many quarters, and more often from his own weaker nature, to unconditional, mental surrender, either to the views of others, to the superficial charms of intellectual indolence, or to the worse snares of a complete lack of faith in everything, to a skeptical or agnostical spirit which, while often, perhaps, the cradle of knowledge, is also, often its grave. "He who will not reason is a bigot, he who cannot reason is a fool, he who dares not reason is a slave." Better error with discipline, than accuracy with impotence. A giant will amend his blunders and correct his faults, and be the stronger, because he has strayed. An ape may be accurate at first, and very frequently, but his unerring and unreasoning accuracy is ultimately at once his weakness and his danger. We must make errors in order to avoid them. We can pardon the laziness or the despair which lead to mental apathy. But we cannot pardon, we can only despise that littleness which leaning on others or on its

own prejudices, is too feeble or too narrow to desire, or too timid to dare to seek the truth.

It is probably true that much of this intellectual dependence and subservience is fostered by the comparative seclusiveness of student life. Largely aloof from reality, engaged for the most part, in scanning books, travelling so constantly the realm of the ideal, not feeling the sharp sting of actual conflict, the student may accept with almost total impunity, the speculations of theory, which, as men of the world tell us, are later and at great cost, modified or subverted by time and experience. Nowhere do we find this fatuous dependence better illustrated than in the reliance which the student is likely to place on literature, as a text book of human character. Few, we believe, adequately appreciate the potent, often profound influence which such literature exerts upon our principles and actions. But a little introspection will reveal to most educated men that they have unconsciously absorbed a vast fund of knowledge, a huge reservoir of principles of which they are making unconscious application almost constantly. No discriminating mind can fail to have been strongly stirred and infected by the spirit of a novel or a drama which in striking and vivid colors, has depicted the actual workings of the human soul, the influences which move, the motives which control it, its motions and activities under given conditions. But in this whirlwind age, conditions change too rapidly and radically to render such knowledge highly useful or adequately safe, and general principles long considered almost infallible, have to be greatly modified that they may be at all serviceable. Historians and sociologists tell us that human nature has not fundamentally, or even essentially, changed for centuries. There are still the same motives and strivings, the same moral strengths and weaknesses. Yet the student who seeks now to formulate and apply his principles of character, and to plan his lever of conduct, finds himself living in a world so utterly different from that of a century or of centuries ago, that while men may not act from different motives, they do act differently because played upon by an infinitely greater variety of external forces. To trust to such a source for

one's knowledge of human nature is neither a discipline for the mind nor a safe guide for one's life. It is as much more inadequate even than the effort to learn to paint or carve by absorbing the general principles of art without the practical work and experience, by as much as human character is more complex and changeable, and infinitely less capable of being reduced to fixed laws.

Another species of intellectual subservience is found in the disposition of those (and their name is legion) who would judge of the character, the capacity, or the work of others by the stamp already set upon them by respectable dictum. To say that the authority of others should not greatly influence our own views, were absurd and narrow. But no man who aspires to the dignity of a thinking being will unreasonably and unhesitatingly accept the appraisements of another. The number is lamentably numerous of these who timidly fear or obstinately refuse to judge for themselves; to whom no work or thought is great or beautiful unless there is attached to it the seal of a responsible authority. They read always what the writer says, and never what the books says. In controversy, instead of resorting to logic, they build their structure of proof wholly on citations from the judgments of others. To them, Shakespeare would seem trite, Milton weak, and Wordsworth artificial, if the offspring of their genius had been christened with unknown or disreputable names. Everything old excites their applause, and everything new, their apprehension. As they are conservative from cowardice or ignorance, praise only from custom, and are incapable of judging by intrinsic merit, they are never instrumental in discovering new genius, but are the first to recognize it after it has been revealed and acknowledged by respectable authority. In their views as in their dress, they would be "in the seven."

In social life, too, they are altogether governed by convention, for our social etiquette will always partake the nature of our intellectual activities. The intellectual ape will be the social sycophant. They are wholly the dupes of custom, wholly dazzled by the blaze of fame, for while they deem it almost sacrilege to doubt the sophistry of one reputed wise, they consider it fashion-

able to mock the occasional or accidental wisdom of a fool. We are witness to examples of such moral diminutiveness and intellectual toadyism altogether too frequently, and they are exhibitions as disgusting as they are degrading. If men would be what is their proudest and most distinctive claim, rational and reasoning animals, and live up to the high purpose for which their intellects were designed, they must, without wholly disparaging or rejecting convention and tradition, avoid the snares which these and their own mental indolence or indifference or timidity are constantly setting for their thoughts; they must do their own thinking, and form their own judgments if they would rise to the full stature of the dignity of thinking beings.

—o:0—
Gentle Spring.

(By Deke Taylor.)

O lovely Spring! thou hast eyes
Like a candy woman,
Great Jackson balls are they,
From out whose sweet depths
Shoot honeyed rays of promise.
O lovely Spring! what hair is thine!
Green, azure tinted, flicked with gold,
No poster maiden can a moment
Hold rival place with thee, sweet spring.
Thy lips, I fail, I cannot touch,
The heights which stretching pinions
fain would reach,
Coquettish mystery, trembling moist,
Too colored words from pallet or from
tongue can teach.
Of cheek, thou leap part of the year,
A vaster 'bundance hast thou than all
the rest.
Blowing hot, fickle orie, without a warn-
ing gesture,
Thou catcheth man in zero air,
In sister summer's vesture.

—o:0—
A Rude Suggestion.—Great Actress:
"That's an atrocious portrait! Is that
the best you can do? Is there no way
you can improve upon it? Suggest
something."

—o:0—
Photographer: "Madam, you might
permit your understudy to sit for you."
—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

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