

Prof. Brandt

HAMILTON LIFE.

Vol. II.

CLINTON, N. Y., SATURDAY, JUNE 23, 1900

No. 32.

A Reverie.

I sat the other evening at my window and gazed at the moon, while I puffed away upon a corn-cob pipe. It was an ideal night for love-making or reverie, and through force of circumstances I chose the latter. Nothing is more conducive to meditation than a summer evening, a large and kindly moon bathing the sleeping earth with placid light and the fragrant smoke of the favored weed. Rather poetic, I confess, but June is productive of such rhapsodies. Well, at any rate, I sat and dreamed and the thought prompted by Life's sympathetic editorial, came upon me. College days were over and I, together with my fellows of 1900, was at the parting of the ways. Sentiment is apt to be puerile, but there are times when sentiment is justifiable. To go forth in the balmy days of June, alumni of dear old Hamilton, with eclat and gratulation is largely satisfactory—to relatives, fond parents and sweet girl friends; but to most of us there is a faint semblance of a weakness about the heart and a premonition of a tear. We have been a group of happy-go-lucky, semi-serious, good-natured companions. For four years acquaintance has matured into sincere friendship, and though unhappily strained temporarily by petty dispute, we stand to-day, and when the Doctor concludes his valedictory, will go forth, a band of united friends, treasuring precious memories of the course well run and too quickly finished.

Old Hamilton is a dear place to us. Her every wall and hall, walk and tree is nearer and more beloved than ever before. I suppose our absence will be momentarily noticed and satisfactorily filled—but that's the way of the world. It has no time to study inscriptions or muse over epitaphs. They belong to the past; the present and future demands attention. And I for

one am glad that human memory is so fleeting, and that he who stops to ponder among the tombstones of life's heartaches and triumphs, is left alone as the crowd presses onward. The chapel bell will ring in just as joyous tones, the old well will bubble as merrily, and the colors of the good old college be worn as nobly, but—Jove, I can't help it, I may be foolish, but my eyes feel queer. We've had our good times, too. I remember when we went to Utica to play the U. F. A. aggregation. That was the time Shep. selected one out of seven fly balls meandering through space and secured the real one; the time we held a war dance in a New Hartford hostelry and Freak made his debut as a ballet dancer. Billy Decker—but I'll wager he doesn't remember anything about it.

Our genial manager, Hull, took us also to Norwich, Sophomore year, and we played everything but base ball. The survivors came back on a milk train and escaped the enraged public. Reluctant as I am to confess it, our piety is not obnoxiously conspicuous. I remember when we entered as Freshmen, we had several embryo clergymen among us, but the call was evidently some other sound, for one by one, ambition to toil unceasingly for \$400 a year, deserted, and the ministry was saved from severe affliction. After all it is not a sign of degeneracy; for nothing is more offensive to the average collegian than the self-conscious, sanctimonious busybody, who all too frequently in his beatific anxiety for the welfare of his fellow students leaves his thankful alma mater with several poor but honest creditors, alone, mourning his departure. Such men may shine brilliantly in the gospel field, but when the trumpet sounds, I believe the hale, well-met, every day, common fellow, who goes as one of the boys, and bores perchance a' Sundays, will rise far sooner to the summons.

It has been said we are poor scholars. We plead guilty, and humbly confess that our record upon the Registrar's tell-tale pages is regretfully poor. But the scholarship roll is a bad criterion of a man's ability. The diligent, hollow-eyed bohner, who devotes his entire time and attention to his prescribed and elected curriculum, may achieve High Honor, and be as narrow as a Seven-day Baptist. It is fortunate for some men that they earn a key, for it is often the only thing about them that proclaims the collegian. The Honor-man is not always the man of honor, and many a "blood" man is instructing the youthful idea at \$600 per year. And yet I cannot entertain anything but cordial pity for the man who deems his four years a period put aside for wasteful pleasure. He who boasts of the hundreds he has squandered of the exams he has flunked or successfully cribbed, of the social figure he has cut, while he hangs with one hand to the skirts of hoipolloi ought to be taken aside by the "old man," who has toiled and sacrificed to "put him there," and clubbed with a handspike until the sunlight shines through him.

I've said enough, however, and will ring off. We won't ask a eulogy so sublime as that pronounced by the child over his benefactor's coffin, "I am better because he has been here," but hope as the years roll by and new faces come, grow old, and pass away, that we have been of sufficient account to merit the eulogy, "They have been here."

—:0:—

"About Things in General".

Little time for Summit Park. Post, '99, visits the hill. Chi Psi and Psi U houses are undergoing external improvements. Track subscriptions come in much better under the new system of collecting. Sigma Phi has issued invitations for a dance on Monday of commencement week. Psi Upsilon and Alpha Delta Phi for Tuesday. Nearly every day Barrows may be seen coasting from the arbor down the hill. It recalls the fact that they are not all dead yet.

Athletic Department.

R. S. C. DRUMMOND, Editor

The Last Day of Tennis.

On Wednesday afternoon the tournament continued, with more than usual vigor displayed by the competitors, owing to the fact that the number of contestants had been considerably cut down as a result of the matches of the two previous days. Notwithstanding the fact that it was a half holiday, there was less interest manifested on the part of the college than previously. There were not more than half a dozen men who appeared to have any desire to watch the match.

The singles and doubles were played off alternately and, intermittently, but we give the result of the singles first, irrespective of their order. Keough and Millham played the first sets, "Jesse" winning without difficulty. The next sets were contested by "Jesse" and Hunter, and in the opinion of the many this bout was the most spirited and exciting of all. It was nip and tuck from start to finish. Neither seemed able to outdo his opponent in service, or return. At times the ball shot so rapidly from one side to the other that the game had the appearance of a snow ball row so instantaneously were the spheres received and whirled back. The game abounded in exciting rallies splendid to behold, and the outcome was in doubt until the very end. It would be difficult to state what was the cause of the defeat of "Jesse," but nevertheless, he succumbed in such a way that he hardly seemed outdone. These were the only singles of the afternoon.

Minor and Harwood were scheduled to oppose Morris and Hickok, and their success here was the cause of their subsequent defeat. As a result of their winning from Morris and Easy, they drew the elder "Mac" and Stowell for the next bout, which proved to be their Waterloo. They made an excellent showing, however, when it is considered with whom they had to battle.

Catlin and "Tommy" had for a while a serious proposition to face in the form of Signor and Huff, but after the first set victory came their way easily.

Root and Dave Peet in the last match

of the afternoon were pitted against Hull and Tate. Although the latter two played well, they proved to be no match for their adversaries, and gracefully submitted to the inevitable defeat.

There is now some question as to whether the tournament can be finished, as there are many more events to be played off, and now examination week is here. But whatever course events may take, we know for a surety that tennis has obtained a hold on the college, and we hope that adequate encouragement will be given to foster this, as yet infant, branch of our athletics, and to insure ultimately its permanent establishment. We hope that its present humble place will be exalted to the position of a regular department of athletics, and as vigorously pursued, as the others.

— 0:0 —

The Foot Ball Plans.

Captain Stowell called a meeting of the foot ball team and candidates last Saturday noon to discuss the training table and preliminary practice. Manager Speh announced that he had made arrangements to board the team and regular substitutes at White's, above the Theta Delta Chi House, the price to be four dollars a week. Captain Stowell explained that at first more than sixteen men would be taken in, but as the season progressed, the number would be reduced to the regulars; and he wished the names of all those who would certainly be present for practice on Monday afternoon, September 10th. Nearly all those present, nearly thirty men, signified their intention of coming back on the designated day. The candidates from the class of 1904 will be notified of our arrangements, and they are expected to arrive with the rest of the squad.

The manager made the further announcement that the assistant manager, Mr. Collins, would take charge of the scrub, arrange a schedule, and organize a regular team. This idea, so many times promised, but never fulfilled, seems certain of going through this time. It has been a matter of regret heretofore that the scrub have received no reward, aside from appreciation, for all the work they have done, and for the hard knocks they have received; and it is to be hoped that henceforth they will be granted some satisfactory recompense.

Commencement Week.

Commencement week promises to be a period of unusual interest and enjoyment. The weather, thus far, has been well-nigh perfect, and the prospect of the presence of numerous visitors and alumni is exceedingly fair. The graduating class of this year numbers thirty-three men, twelve of whom will appear as speakers on commencement stage.

Commencement week is the period of grand climaxes, of impressive finales, of epic sadness and significance. It means a general breaking of ranks, a general mustering out of service with honorable discharges. Students who for an Olympiad have trod these college walks, and been bound together and to their college with ties strong as steel, and enduring as memory, will, on that week pay, some a last, many a long, and all a sad farewell to their Alma Mater. The campus will ring with the music of the last song, and the chapel echo with the sound of the last speech. Thirty-three weather-beaten braves, scarred veterans grown hoary in intellectual battles, and burdened by the riches of their intellectual spoils, garbed in the bombazine symbol of their service, will cross legs on the green and through the haze of curling smoke, and twixt the melody of shout and song, of laugh and cheer; or within the sacred walls of the college chapel, the scene of the first trepidation and the last triumph, will hear from the inspired lips of leaders and the prophetic tongues of seers the old, old story of battles fought, of victories achieved, and successes yet to come. And those prosy, earthy souls who have no realization of what all this means, who have never experienced those sorrowful and tender emotions which thrill and bring the unbidden tear, will smile and sneer at such youthful exuberances, and call them folly. But thirty students know what it means to separate and disband forever as a class, after having spent at college their four most fruitful and crescent years; why, they will stand at the last parting with eyes that are damp, and tremble out with words that drip, their final farewell.

The week opens with the Baccalaureate sermon by President Stryker in Stone Church, Sunday at 11 A. M. On Sunday afternoon at 4 P. M., the Y. M. C. A. will

hold its annual meeting. Monday afternoon is campus day, and the exercises will begin at 3 P. M. To many, these exercises are the most pleasing and interesting of commencement features. Starch, reserve, formality are thrown to the winds, wit and hilarity are allowed full reign. There is no more refreshing spectacle than to see the whole senior class seated on the beautiful campus out under the open skies, beneath the arch of branching trees, laughing, singing, shouting, jollying the speakers, punctuating everything pleasing with applause, and everything disagreeable with derision, and causing the three timid, well-intentioned gentlemen who respond for the three underclasses, to look like the proverbial thirty cents. The President of the day is Charles B. Clark, who is said, constantly to carry under cover a quiver of pointed sarcasms, always full of arrows, and whose ability to wing his words with wit at will, insures a spicy and racy programme on his part. The orator of the day is Harry E. Taylor. As a speaker, Deke is in the van with the best, but as a professional and accomplished humorist, he is a reservoir of risible riches, and as a wit, as sharp and pointed as a June mosquito. The Shakespeare of the afternoon will be John B. MacHarg, of whose poetic genius we have yet much to learn, but who will, doubtless, dazzle with, perhaps not an epic, yet with a gem of poesy worthy to sparkle in the pages of the "Lit.," or even of "Life." Edward J. Graham is the ivy orator. Harry Mintz responds for 1901, and John W. VanAllen for 1902. John has been industriously engaged for the past several weeks in carefully studying the classical models of oratory, and in closely perusing every "Puck" and "Judge," and Clinton "Courier" for a year back, and from him we may accordingly confidently expect oratory at once elegant and eloquent, humor at once original and refined, and elocution at once forcible and polished. Paul T. Harper responds for the class of 1903. At the conclusion of the exercises, the class, led by the band, will march in a body to every college building, and salute it with the class and college yells. This is always one of the most pleasing and impressive features of commencement week. In the evening the prize declamation contest takes place at Stone Church, at which Prof.

(Continued on page 6.)

Lackawanna Coal!

C. H. SMYTH

Has constantly on hand the different sizes of the Celebrated

LACKAWANNA COAL

—OF THE—

DELAWARE & HUDSON CANAL CO.

All kinds of Coal at the Lowest Market Rates at his Yard on
COLLEGE ST., CLINTON, N. Y.

The Clinton Steam Laundry.

Thoroughly renovated by its new proprietors, is prepared to do the best of work. A Laundry that will do up your linen just as you want it—should receive your patronage. That is just what we do. If we don't, you have only to tell us the fault and we will make it right.

GIVE US A TRIAL.

College St., = Clinton, N. Y.

**M. TURNOCK,
College St. Livery!**
TURNOUTS OF ALL KINDS.
HACK WORK A SPECIALTY.

The best teams and most careful drivers in town.

TRY US! WE ARE ALWAYS
PROMPT! ASK OUR RATES!

**M. TURNOCK,
HEADQUARTERS FOR
FURNITURE!**
OF ALL KINDS.

Curtain Shades, Picture Frames
and Frame Mattings.

REPAIRING AND UPHOLSTERING.
WINDOW SEAT CUSHIONS.

Call and See our stock.

H. PLATT OSBORNE...

Printing

and

Stationery.

21 College St.,

Clinton, N. Y.

Bryden's

The only place in town to buy
COLLEGE RIBBON cheap

... WE CARRY ...

**Rugs, Matting,
Gent's Gloves,
Underwear
and Hosiery.**

TRUNKS, SATCHELS.

Up-to-date Dry Goods House!

We have the trade.

E. N. BRYDEN.

Corner next to Postoffice.

Hamilton Life.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY.

STAFF OF LIFE.

Editorial:

R. C. S. DRUMMOND,	Editor-in-Chief.
H. MINTZ,	News Editor.
J. E. JOHNSTON,	Associate Editor.
J. W. VAN ALLEN,	Business Manager.
N. L. DRUMMOND,	Associate Editor.

Reportorial:

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

Subscription price, \$1.75 a year. Single 5 cents

ADVERTISING RATES ON APPLICATION TO THE BUSINESS MANAGER.

NEW YORK, ONTARIO & WESTERN RR.

Trains for Utica Leave:

No. 67 Daily, 7:50 a. m.; No. 13, 11:21 a. m. No. 57, 2:40 p. m. No. 1, 6:25 p. m. No. 43, Sundays only, 5:40 p. m.

Trains for South Leave:

No. 2 Daily, 8:30 a. m. No. 58, 12:40. No. 14, 5:24 p. m. No. 68, Daily, 11:50 p. m.

Trains for Rome Leave:

No. 18, 11:30 a. m. No. 183, 6:30 p. m. No. 185, Sundays only, 5:45 p. m.

Trains from Rome Arrive:

No. 182, Daily, 8:20 p. m. No. 184, 5:10 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.

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

This is the last issue of "Life" for the year. Like everyone else, we are tired and glad of a rest from our labors. We feel that we have done fairly well, but we want to do better, to make fewer mistakes, and to deserve and obtain a wider influence. We need relaxation, whether it be in the office, on the farm, or at the sea shore, and we hope to come back next fall refreshed and invigorated, ready to prosecute an active campaign. "Life" wishes the college a pleasant vacation, not too much hard work, but plenty of fun and enjoyment, free from the trammels of bohring and recitations. We confess that we are going home to get something good to eat, for one thing. We are going to stretch ourselves on the veranda, smoke our corn cob, and take a malicious satisfaction in being lazy; with no goadings of conscience stimulating us to our books, no haunting dread of to-morrow's recitations and reviews. Oh, the joy, the deliciousness thereof. And how we shall sleep! A man doesn't get sleep

enough in college; he always awakes with swollen, dull-seeing optics, a dark brown taste in his mouth, limbs overcome with lassitude, and all the rest. But he is never thus afflicted at home. He doesn't need a derrick to haul him out of bed, especially when he has in view some picnic or excursion, with all the moonlight sundries. But adieu, everybody.

—o:0—

Let us render thanks for one gracious boon that has been conferred upon us during the past term. The worms have bothered us very little. Last year we went home with disagreeable recollections of an otherwise pleasant spring, visions of campus seats and shady spots covered with a loathsome mass of these pestilent destroyers, and remembrances of much virtue lost in cuss-words. This year we have been able to sit down, at times, on the grass and on the benches; we have not seen our beautiful trees stripped of their foliage, making necessary apologies to our visitors, and regrets that they couldn't have come at another time. If this weather continues through commencement, the college, the hills and the valley will be seen to their very best advantage.

—o:0—

Complete files of "Life" for the past year can be secured for seventy-five cents, upon application to the business manager.

—o:0—

Farewell to 1900.

The closing shadows of nineteen hundred's last year are drawing nearer and nearer. With the last grand, expiring sunset glow of commencement will be ushered in the night of the world, with its blind gropings, its pitfalls, its dangers, and yet with its victories to him who conquers its terrors. It must be with profound sorrow and regret that nineteen hundred leaves this hillside, a class which, though famed not for its genius nor its resplendent scholarship record, has always wanted to have a good time and to see others have a good time. For four years they have clung together, together braved the storms of faculty wrath, and together tested the joys and pleasures of college life. Despite sundry little disputes, their relations have been at bottom those of hearty good fellowship, and the time of parting will be a sad one.

The college regrets the loss of nineteen hundred. It loses much in them. In spite of the ever-recurring joke about 1900's class standing, the fact remains that her men have maintained a standard of oratorical and literary ability that is worthy of our best traditions. We feel safe in saying that individually and collectively the speakers and writers of the class of 1900 would hold their own with any similar body of men that ever left this college. But the class is full of all-round men, men of sound judgment, men fully competent to organize and carry out successfully lines of college policy; men who, in various capacities, set a standard of superiority as executors and managers. All these men are going to be sorely missed.

But as men who showed the proper spirit in all things, is 1900's example most valuable, and is their loss to be deplored. During its four years, 1900 gave more money to athletics, and showed more consistent athletic spirit than any other class. Its prominent members have been men who took a sane and sensible view of college matters, who were open advocates of concession and broad-minded measures of compromise in factional disputes. The class of 1900 is a class of gentlemen, in every sense of the word, of generous, whole-souled, liberal-minded college men. They have their faults—who has not? But it is no egregious supe when we say that the college sustains a genuine loss in the departure of 1900.

Who is going to take the place of those rare jewels, Deke Taylor and Shorty Holbrook, whose reputation for wit, good-nature and laissez faire will be handed down the years on the lips of tradition? When are we to find another model of immaculate attire and of gentlemanly and courtly conduct such as Hank Miller? When are we to behold again two such examples of versatile genius as those punctilious rivals, Spencer and Sheppard? When are we to find another Friar Bacon to present to us the combination of monastic exterior and Sybarite nature? But the list is too long. We like them all, and wish them well.

Five days from now they stand together for the last time. Henceforth, whithersoever the call of duty summons them, to the chicken-raising business, to the ministry, to the bar, or to the schoolroom, may they prosper and succeed. They were good men here. May they win the same opinion from a reluctant and exacting world. Their example has been good to us. May we profit thereby. We shall miss them, one and all; but these things must needs be. To the class of nineteen hundred we bid for the last time Godspeed and Farewell.

The Cutting System Again.

The discipline committee has just committed another injustice, which seems to us beyond palliation or defense. A certain man in the junior class, of high honor grade for three years, was recently taken with a severe attack of the grip. For four days he was confined to the house, and most of the time was unable to leave his bed; under constant medical attendance, and with orders not to attempt to exercise, or to leave the room. During these four days this man was compelled to overcut in three or four subjects, once in each. One of these exercises was a written review, counting for one-third of the term's work.

After recovering sufficiently to attend recitations, this student presented an application, in regular form, to the faculty, requesting, not an absolute excuse, but merely permission to make up the exercises he had overcut, and thus be relieved of the zeros consequent upon his excess absences. The application was denied. The first reason assigned was, that the case came under no fixed faculty rule! The next reason given was that the sickness was not "protracted," "protracted" being defined as "continuing for ten days." Accordingly, the victim of this unparalleled injustice is compelled to suffer deprivation of allowances for the succeeding term, and to have zeros entered upon his class record for the recitations he overcut. Where, we ask, is the justice in this action? We defy anyone to extenuate or defend a thing so unprincipled and tyrannical. What, in the name of all that is righteous and equitable, are we coming to? Is a man to be punished for having fallen victim to the grip? Is he to be reduced in grade, where the contest for honors is close, simply because he is so unfortunate as to be compelled to absent himself from college beyond his allowance? Surely this is despotism with a vengeance. By no conceivable twisting of the commonest rules of fairness can such high-handedness be justified. This man had no idea of shirking, no intention of beating the faculty out of a few cuts. He simply couldn't help it. Then why should the committee go out of its way to inflict such uncalled-for punishment upon him? Consider the little that he asked; permission only to make up his work and be relieved of his zeros—permission that has been granted in times gone by, even with conditions that were unjust. Talk about the old excuse system being rotten! This present system transcends the other in outrage and wrong. You ask for a suggestion as to the proper way. It is as we have set forth time and time again, absolute excuse for legitimate illness. This is fair;

this can work injury to no one. But what are we to do? Just endure, we suppose. But we insist that the present workings of the excuse system are abominable and outrageous, and as long as they exist we shall continue to denounce them, and to uphold fair and just treatment of honorable and unfortunate students.

—o:0—

College Song.

Saturday morning, the college sang in chapel, instead of the usual hymn, the following college song composed by our President:

Dear is thy homestead glade and glen,
Fair is the light that crowns thy brow;
Gather we close to thee again,
Mother of loyal steadfast men,
Our own sweet lady thou!
Our own sweet lady thou!

Haunting our hearts in absent days,
Calling us back from stress and storm,
Tenderly all the good old ways
Shine in thy smiles—be love thy praise!
Thine arms are ever warm.
Thine arms are ever warm.

Memory still shall close enfold,
Whispering on, thy mystic joys;
Faith shall thy constant fame uphold;
While years—Carissima!—grow cold,
We still will be thy boys.
We still will be thy boys.

Senior Honors.

Valedictory:

H. D. Spencer.

Salutatory:

W. R. Lee.

High Honor for Course:

G. H. Eggleston, J. R. MacHarg, W. R. Lee, H. D. Spencer, A. C. Higgins.

Honor for the Course:

Seth Bird, C. R. Clark, W. S. Decker, R. H. Sheppard, R. S. Waddell.

Credit for the Course:

W. F. Bacon, K. G. Henry, B. W. Moore, G. R. Thompson, F. M. Weston.

High Honor for Senior Year:

G. H. Eggleston, W. R. Lee, J. B. MacHarg, R. H. Sheppard, H. D. Spencer, W. L. Steiner.

Honor for the Year:

W. F. Bacon, Seth Bird, C. R. Clark, H. C. Miller, R. S. Cookinham, W. G. Decker, A. C. DeRegt, A. C. Higgins, R. S. Waddell, G. R. Thompson.

Credit for the Year:

B. W. Moore, F. M. Weston.

Underwood Physics:

H. D. Spencer.

Underwood Chemistry:

A. C. DeRegt.

Phi Beta Kappa:

Eggleston, Lee, MacHarg, Higgins, Spencer, Clark, Sheppard.

Seasonable and Fashionable Suits,
Overcoats and Extra Trousers,
Furnishing Goods, Hats and Caps,
Can be found at prices which interests the
buyer, at
P. A. HART,
Clinton House Block.

EHR SAM & FITCH,
FINE
TAILORS,
136 Genesee St., Utica, N. Y.

G. M. KING,
Fruit and Newspaper Stand.
LATEST NOTIONS.
PAPER AND STATIONERY.
Agent for *Hamilton Life*.

E. D. PEGNIM
Tonsorial Artist.
The best styles in Hair Cutting
RAZORS HONED AND SHARPENED.
College Street.

CLARENCE NEY,
Dealer in
Fresh and Salt Meats,
Sausage and Poultry.
Sherman Block, - Clinton, N. Y.

Don't forget that you will get
the best rigs at
Robinson's Livery
16 College Street.
Good horses, landau carriages, surries
phaetons, buggies, Tally-ho-coach and 'bus
Student patronage solicited.
WM. LOCK, Manager.

Local Department.

LOCALS.

June 15. Psyche speaks his valedictory to the logic class, and scores it unmercifully. "The most troublesome class he has ever taught" was his verdict. Bill Nye reads to the junior history class a fine lecture on "The Higher Law."

June 16. College sings Prexy's new song in chapel. Prexy directs Lake, Albright, Quinn and other freshmen to distribute copies. It is to be regretted that Quinn has seen fit to fall back two classes. Foot ball men meet at noon in ethical room.

June 17. Last Sunday chapel. Y. M. C. A. held a charming song service on campus with good attendance.

June 18. Dud gives a short and sweet paper in synonyms, for which he will be remembered by the freshman class. Lomber asks "Dud" whether "execute, massacre and assassinate" are to be used as nouns or adjectives.

June 19. Many of '03 struck Square's "trig" like a stone wall. It proved more disastrous than the famous fall term algebra. Dick Drummond takes the place in the choir left vacant by the late lamented "Bottle" Bartholomew. Many sub-fresh have been on the hill, doubtless looking over the retreats which will give them so much joy the first week of next fall.

—o:0—

Senior Department Honors.

Greek:	Eggleston, Higgins, MacHarg.
Latin:	Eggleston, Higgins, Lee.
Mathematics:	Spencer.
German:	Spencer, Waddell.
French and Italian:	Spencer.
Eng. Lit. and Anglo Saxon:	Thompson.
Psychology, Logic and Pedagogics:	Lee.
Ethics and Biblical Study:	Eggleston, Higgins, Lee, R. H. Sheppard, Spencer.
Geology and Mineralogy:	DeRegt.
Rhetoric and Oratory:	Baker.
History, Law and Economics:	R. H. Sheppard.
American History:	R. H. Sheppard.

Commencement Week.

(Continued from page 3.)

Dudley will preside. Each of the three underclasses is represented by four speakers, to whom are awarded first and second prizes. The following students will represent their classes in that contest: Juniors, Earl S. Augsbury, Goss L. Stryker, William J. Quinn, Elmer W. Triess; Sophomores, Edward J. Ward, Arthur H. Naylor, Daniel R. Campbell, George S. Reed; Freshmen, D. Harry Lake, Manly F. Albright, Elihu Root, Jr., Herbert M. Tuthill. After the contest the Sigma Phi will hold their reception in their new home on college hill.

On Tuesday afternoon, the graduating class will hold its class day exercises. These will begin at 3 P. M. in the college chapel, and will be presided over by the class president, Ira W. Henderson, and will be done, of course, with propriety and grace. The orator of the day is Henry C. Miller. Hank writes as well as he speaks, and if his wit is commensurate with either, the audience will not nod. Joseph B. Sheppard is the Homer of the occasion. That his production will be an epic of distinguished merit and immortal glory is, of course, not to be questioned. A member of the class would say, What a theme for an epic,—the class of 1900! And if some should deem it beneath the dignity of an epic to be spiced with wit, and if our poet laureate should be occasionally humorous, why,—so is Homer.

The historian of the class is Birdsey G. N. Holbrook, who is peculiarly fitted by talents and experience to rehearse the history of a class, of whose record and achievements he may, with Virgil's hero, say, "Of all this I was a part." Shorty wields a facile pen, possesses in an eminent degree, the critical faculty and the power of historical perspective, and this with his talent for originating happy phrases and unique witticism; his ubiquity and omniscience, his perfect knowledge of the inner and outer life, traits and idiosyncrasies of his

when once knighted prophets by their class. Under such an influence, the vision seems to expand, the insight and intuition to deepen, the whole moral and mental being to become elevated and transfigured. Such a wonderful process of transformation, we believe, we have already detected in the conduct and character of the affable gentleman who at this virgin period of his life has been endowed by nature with the gift of the gods. Mr. Bacon might of course pervert his power to illegitimate uses, to prognosticating and gambling on the issue of the election, or of a horse race, or of a rise or fall in stocks, or of prize debate. But that he will use his gift ably and honorably we make not the slightest doubt, especially since we recall the entertainment with which he regaled the college on the occasion of the senior's last appearance in chapel. The presentation committee consists of Harry E. Taylor, Kenneth G. Henry, and Arthur C. Higgins, of which Deke will act as Lord High Dispenser of prizes. This is always the most amusing single feature of commencement, and Deke is essentially in his realm in this role. After the exercises within the chapel, the class will march in a body to an appointed spot upon the campus, where it will bury, after having read aloud, with all solemnity, its "last will and testament," which will include a register of the members, of the class, a record of its history, copies of the college publications, and numerous other articles. Then seated upon the campus, in a circle, each man smokes the pipe of peace, which virtually concludes the afternoon's exercises.

In the evening, the senior prize debate takes place at the Stone Church. The subject of the debate is, "Resolved, That the Hay-Pauncefote treaty should be ratified by Congress," of which Messrs. Baker, Henderson and Moore have the affirmative, and Messrs. Lee, Steiner and Bacon have the negative. The order of position is not known until the evening of the contest, when it is determined by lot. Each debater will have eight minutes on his first appearance, and seven minutes for his second. The judges consist of an appointed committee of three. We venture the briefest generalization of the debative talents of each contestant. Baker is a fine speaker, and builds a good constructive argument. He is less happy in rebuttal, though by no means weak. Henderson speaks well, is nervously fluent, and is better placed on the affirmative than on the negative. Moore is a forcible speaker, with considerable fluency, and may be depended to put up a strong debate. Lee is excellent in both destruction and construction; he rebuts as well as he rears, his argument is both general and

analytical, and he speaks with convincing earnestness and force. Steiner has great facility and fluency of language, is spontaneous and logical in argument, and can readily adapt himself to the exigencies of debate. He lacks, however, in a considerable degree the fire and passion which in a debate alone convince or persuade. Bacon has an easy, polished, ingratiating style of delivery, sufficiently fluent in speech, and in argument; is logical and accurate. This array of debators presents a very fair average of excellence. At the conclusion of prize debate, the Psi Upsilon and Alpha Delta Phi fraternities will give their commencement receptions. The following day, Wednesday, is alumni day, devoted to reunion of classes and social and business conferences of the alumni of the college. Graduates who have not met each other perhaps since the old days, will clasp hands again, renew the former friendships and recall the old memories. When you see two gray-haired gentlemen, old college chums, separated for several decades, suddenly meet on the campus, recognize each other through the lapse of years, and heartily grasp hands over the wide breach of time, if you have one atom of a tender, manly soul, you will acknowledge such a spectacle one of the most impressive and instructive you have ever witnessed.

Thursday is commencement, and the exercises begin at 10 A. M. The following twelve seniors will speak from chapel stage: Herschel D. Spencer, valedictorian; W. R. Lee, salutarian; Charles R. Clark, William G. Decker, Gurdon H. Eggleston, Arthur C. Higgins, John B. MacHarg, Henry C. Miller, J. B. Sheppard, R. H. Sheppard, R. S. Waddell, Seth Bird. These speakers will be followed by the master's oration by a member of the class of '97, and this followed in turn by the presentation of prizes and the awarding of degrees. After the chapel exercises, an alumni dinner will be given. In the evening, at 9:30, will begin the senior ball in the college gymnasium, and with it, commencement week with all its raptures and its griefs, its painful pleasures and its sweet sorrows, will be mustered out.

F. J. ROOT & BROS.,
Druggists and Grocers,
 Opera House Block, Clinton, N. Y.

.....
Choice Confectionery, Cigars, Tobacco, Etc.

H. J. ALLEN, 

Dealer in
HARDWARE, CUTLERY, STOVES,
CROCKERY, LAMPS, RANGES.
CLINTON, N. Y.

☞ Why go down-town for your RIGS?...

MAHADY

Can give you Good Horses at reasonable rates.
 Inquire rear of Chi Psi Lodge.

CLOTHING!

Ready Made and Made to Order.
 SPECIAL DEPARTMENT FOR CUSTOM WORK.
 Always a good Assortment in Stock.
H. H. COOPER & CO.,
 Cor. John & Catharine Sts., Utica, N. Y.

If you want the finest, have only

Frey's Platino Photographs

taken. Special rates to Students.

Kodak and Kodak Supplies on Sale.

CARL K. FREY,

11 Broad Street, Utica, N. Y.

WILLIAMS & MORGAN,
 Manufacturers of and Dealers in

FURNITURE!

29-31 Genesee and 8 John Streets,
 UTICA, N. Y.

CHARLES E. DEARFLINGER,

Student's Restaurant

Lunches AT ALL HOURS
 OPP. PARK PLACE,
 CLINTON, N. Y.

DO YOU KNOW WHY

The Davies' Laundry

IS BECOMING POPULAR AMONG THE FELLOWS?

Because our work is the best and cheapest, and because we are aiming to give satisfaction to each and every one.

☞ Ask for rates. Give us a trial and be convinced.

G. F. JENKS,
 Agent.

School Books
in a hurry
 And at New York prices, singly or by the dozen, may be obtained *second-hand or new*, by any boy or girl in the remotest hamlet, or any teacher or official anywhere, and

Delivery prepaid
 Brand new, complete alphabetical catalogue, *free*, of school books of all publishers, if you mention this ad.

HINDS & NOBLE
 4 Cooper Institute New York City

The Utica Steam and Hand Laundry,

CONDUCTED BY

FRANK D. WESTCOTT,

Is the popular one among the boys. Have you sampled its work?

Laundry called for and delivered all over the hill every

MONDAY AND THURSDAY AFTERNOONS.

Office, 3 Devereux Street,

'Phone 236.



INTERCOLLEGIATE BUREAU.

COTRELL & LEONARD,

472-478 Broadway, Albany, N. Y.

Makers of the CAPS, GOWNS and HOODS to the American Colleges and Universities. To Hamilton, Union, Williams, Harvard, Yale, Brown, Princeton University of Chicago and others.

RICH GOWNS FOR THE PULPIT AND THE BENCH.

W. W. WELLS,
Buff & Blue Sweaters.

Orders taken for

GYMNASIUM SUITS.

Have your crowd
PHOTOGRAPHED

and other Photos made by

GIBBON BROS.,

Clinton, N. Y. Utica, N. Y.



T. E. SCOTT & SONS,
Clothiers and Furnishers.

Carry the most exclusive, nobbiest and best ready-to wear suits and overcoats that science and skilled workmanship can produce. Custom suits a specialty. Dressy neckwear. Newest ideas in fancy shirts.

71 Genesee Street, Utica.

YOUNG'S HATS,

A. S. Owens

Caterer,

Restaurateur,

Fancy Ice Creams,

Party Supplies,

Everything the Best.

"THE ALBERT,"

240 GENESEE STREET,

UTICA, N. Y.

This Space

is reserved for

FRANK BLAKE,

Furniture

Dealer,

College Street, Clinton, N. Y.

E. W. CHAPPEL,

Tonsorial Artist,

THE BEST STYLE AND SERVICE

WEST PARK ROW.

The Butterfield,

UTICA, N. Y.

C. A. NOTT & CO.

STOP DAT A-PUSHIN' DAR BEHINE !
 Ah'm a moke from Loozeeann,
 An' mah skin's as brack as crows';
 Mah honey's Mary Ann,
 An' ah doan care who knows.
 Say, yeh ought tuh see us glidin',
 An' a-glidin', an' a-glidin',
 As upon our bikes a-ridin',
 Yehs, a-ridin', both a-ridin'!
 We jes' give deh cops de sack,
 When thuh win' is at our back!
 O stop dat a-pushin' dar behine!

CHORUS.—To the tune of the notes in the border.
 O stop dat pushin' dar behine!
 O stop dat pushin' dar behine!
 An' ef anybody knows
 Happy nigguls! Deeze arc doze!
 O stop dat a-pushin' dar behine!

The above, and many other NEW SONGS, all the college favorites, and popular OLD FAMILIAR TUNES in
SONGS OF ALL THE COLLEGES.
 Copyright, Price, \$1.50, postpaid. 1900.
HINDS & NOBLE, Publishers, New York City.
 Schoolbooks of all publishers at one store.