The Man Who Talks.....

About coming to our store to trade and then goes somewhere else, is the one who gets left and then grumbles because he finds it is hard to get suited. The wise man buys here and gets what suits him.

Do You Know

THAT

The celebrated Monarch Dress Shirts and Pennant Negligee Shirts are the leaders? We keep them.

THAT

S. Bonbon & Co., France, make the best Balbriggan Underwear on earth? We are the exclusive agents for Utica.

THAT

We are noted for the excellence of our Neckwear? Tucks, Four-in-Hands, String Ties, Bows, etc., in profusion. Every fad and fancy to show you as soon as it is out.

THAT

We are leaders in Half Hose? We make a specialty of Solf and Bicycle Stockings, and are headquarters for Sweaters.

THAT

We are agents for Peyser's famous 10c. 4-ply All Linen Collars? Perfect in shape, style and fit. Cuffs the same, 17c.

THAT

Our Custom Tailoring Department is stocked with an excellent line of cloths for men's wear? An expert cutter is at your service, and only experienced workmen are employed in the making. Prices one-third less than merchant tailors ask. We Invite You to Call.......

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Ready-made and Made to Measure.

The particular care exercised by us in the cut, manufacture and novelty of pattern in our Men's Ready Made Garments is also extended to our clothing for Boys and Children and guarantees exclusive styles; while, at the same time, the necessity for low prices has not been overlooked. For the present season the Boys and Children's Stock includes among other garments a generous assortment of Plaited Blouse and Knickerbocker Suits, made of Scotch and other, rough and fancy materials, suitable for school and country wear.

Res Gestae

Sept. 24—Thirty-two Freshmen. Good row. Protection on at noon.
Sept. 26—Base ball row. Miller and Decker are swiped and give a gym show in DeFrank's barn.
Oct. 3—Freshmen hold an election.

Go To

John J. Booth,
The Leading Hatter,
Sole Agent for the Guyer Hats, and also Wilcox and all the other Leading Styles.

82 Genesee Street, Utica, N. Y.
Successor to E. W. Jarrett.
In the Window
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NEW STYLES
IN FOOTWEAR

For Either
Men or Women.

You don’t have to pay exorbitant prices, and you get style at

PATTERSON & CO.,
PARLOR SHOE STORE,
185 Genesee Street, Utica, N. Y.

Oct. 5—DeRegt fround Prexy's goat in Exam. Hall.
Oct. 12—Whole College went to Utica to hear Prex and Tom Reed.
Oct. 16—Miss Benedict celebrates her birthday.
Oct. 17—Hamilton 44; St. Lawrence University 0.

R. W. JONES,
CUSTOM TAILOR,
No. 67 Genesee Street, - - - UTICA, N. Y.
Third Floor, over N. F. Martin.

Ladies' and Gentlemen's Garments Altered, Repaired,
Cleaned, Pressed and Dyed.
Lackawanna Coal.

C. H. Smyth, Agt.

Keeps constantly on hand the different sizes of the Celebrated

Lackawanna Coal

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College Street,  Clinton, N. Y.
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DEALER IN

❄️ Men's Fine Furnishing Goods. ☄️

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COLLARS AND CUFFS, E. & W.

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William P. Shepard
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our recent
Benefactors,
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the Donor of the Hall of Modern Languages,
the Donor of the Chair in American History,
we respectfully and gratefully
Dedicate
This Book:
O you who may this book receive,
And think your name herein abused,
We pray you be not so deceived,
But find 'twas all in mirth so used.

And when you find no wrong was meant,
Be mindful of your college days,
For soon your course will here be spent,
And then this book, perchance, you'll praise.
The Board of Editors

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H. Grant Kinselle ED
Frank Hogg PS
Edward R. Wright EX
T. E. Turnbull AV
Robert Fredman Kelsoe AVK
C. Cunningham
Editorial

SHOULD the contents of the HAMILTONIAN be arranged in the order they will be read by the majority of readers, the Editorial would doubtless find a place just after the advertisements, but for fear we should be thought too original we hold to the old form.

The experience of the '98 Board has doubtless been similar to that of its predecessors. We have made like searches for things original, have made like resolves and have met like disappointments. Yet we feel that in one particular we may justly be proud. Starting in our work late and being prevented by unforeseen circumstances from organizing at once, we nevertheless made the resolve that the HAMILTONIAN should appear early.

This resolve has been carried out. We hope that the HAMILTONIANS of the future will appear still earlier in the year. This change in the date of issuing has necessarily excluded some college organizations and some material. We have doubtless fallen into errors and we cannot expect to have pleased all, but we have worked faithfully, and we are but human.

The '98 Board sends greeting to all. To our Alumni we would say that we hope that in these pages there may be found something to remind of the college days of old, something that will help to keep aflame the fires of love for our common mother and loyalty to her cause. Hamilton is alive, and we have many reasons to look for a future more bright even than our glorious past.
To our fellow-students we trust we have in no way given offence, but only added to the spirit of unity and good-fellowship which should exist in a college of the size of Hamilton.

But to the men of '98 we particularly address ourselves. This book is yours. Our chief desire is that our production may be one which represents the class; one which in future years will call up pleasant memories of those happy days when we were all on the hill together; one which will bring to mind not the petty jealousies and quarrels, but incidents in which we were united—united as a band of workers, having at heart the advancement and prosperity of good old Hamilton.
Prof. William Pierce Shepard, Ph. D.

WILLIAM Pierce Shepard was born in the city of Utica, N. Y., on the 9th of June, 1870. His primary education was received in the public schools of that place. Being studiously inclined he made good use of his opportunities, and graduated at the Utica Academy a fine student of the classics, but with so strong a bias toward the sciences that prophetic voices told of a coming scientist. In ’87 he entered Hamilton College with the Class of ’91, and cast his lot with his best friend from the Academy in the Delta Upsilon Fraternity. It was a severe siege of typhoid fever in the winter of ’88–9 that compelled him to lose a year of work and to drop back with ’92.

If ’91 had given Shepard a strong sentiment of loyalty to Class, ’92 prompted him to greater exertion in the class-room. He graduated, recognized both by Faculty and by his thirty-eight classmates as superior in ability, in a group of ten high-honor men, with the department honor in French. He had taken first prizes in French and in German, and second in Chemistry; all in exceptionally hard contests. Application, combined with brilliancy and a splendid memory, favored him. Not given much to athletics, and little known among the social circles in Clinton, he was nevertheless popular with his college mates. He never failed to take a hand where whist was the order; and to this day is sought for in the best whist circles. He took great delight in hunting and fishing, and his long tramps afforded him sought for opportunities for enjoying nature. As a student he was always considerate of the rights of his fellows; and the fagging system, at the time so strong in Hamilton, found no supporter in him.

8
Through the efforts of Mr. E. P. Powell, of College Hill, Mr. Shepard was retained in the College after graduation as Curator of the Cabinet of Natural History, '92-3. During the year he also pursued studies in Philology and Biology for the degree of A. M., presenting theses, which have been preserved in the College Library, on "The Structure of End-buds in Fishes," and "A Study of the Vowels in the Chanson de Roland." In commenting upon the latter work, Professor Brandt said that it was fully equal to many theses presented in this or any foreign country for the degree of doctor of philosophy. During the spring term Mr. Shepard was given additional work by the College as Instructor in Botany, and became a member of the Faculty.

On the 22d of February, 1896, Mr. Shepard received the degree of Ph. D., magna cum laude, at Heidelberg, where, under Professors Osthoff and Neumann, he had pursued his favorite study of Philology since the fall of '93. The subject of the thesis presented by him at this time was, "A Contribution to the History of the Unaccented Vowels in Old French." He also heard several lectures at the Sorbonne, Paris, and spent some time in Florence, Italy, studying Italian. At Heidelberg he was a member of the student association, Neu-Philologischer Verein.

In the spring of '96 Dr. Shepard returned to Hamilton College to assist in the department of modern languages as Associate Professor of French, Italian and Romance Philology. This position he is abundantly able to fill; and it is an open secret that the students admire his work and respect and love the man.

The Hamiltonian desires to pay him the highest compliment in its power; and is glad also to present to its readers his photograph, which appears as the frontispiece of this volume.
## Calendar for 1897

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Date</th>
<th>Event</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Jan. 6</td>
<td>Wednesday, Examination of Delinquents.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Jan. 7</td>
<td>Thursday, Winter Term opens.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Jan. 7</td>
<td>Thursday noon, Head, Pruyn and Kirkland Orations presented.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Jan. 10</td>
<td>Sunday, Day of Prayer for Colleges.</td>
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<td>Feb. 22</td>
<td>Monday, Washington's Birthday.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Mar. 24</td>
<td>Wednesday, Southworth Prize Examination.</td>
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<td>Mar. 25</td>
<td>Thursday, Underwood Prize Examination.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Mar. 25</td>
<td>Thursday, Curran and Hawley Prize Examination.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Mar. 25</td>
<td>Thursday, Term Examinations begin.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Mar. 31</td>
<td>Wednesday, Winter Term closes.</td>
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<tr>
<td>April 7</td>
<td>Wednesday, Examination of Delinquents.</td>
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<tr>
<td>April 8</td>
<td>Thursday noon, Clark Prize Orations, Prize Theses, and Prize Essays presented.</td>
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<tr>
<td>May 20</td>
<td>Thursday, Spring Field Day.</td>
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<tr>
<td>May 21</td>
<td>Friday noon, Graduating Orations presented.</td>
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<tr>
<td>May 28</td>
<td>Friday, Munson Prize Examinations in German.</td>
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<tr>
<td>May 28</td>
<td>Friday, Senior Examinations begin.</td>
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<tr>
<td>May 31</td>
<td>Monday afternoon, Decoration Day.</td>
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<tr>
<td>June 2</td>
<td>Wednesday evening, Clark Prize Exhibition</td>
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<td>June 4</td>
<td>Friday, Graduating Honors announced.</td>
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<tr>
<td>June 16</td>
<td>Tuesday, Term Examinations begin.</td>
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<tr>
<td>June 15</td>
<td>Tuesday, Munson Prize Examinations in French.</td>
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<tr>
<td>June 19</td>
<td>Saturday, Prizes announced.</td>
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<td>June 20</td>
<td>Sunday morning, Baccalaureate Sermon.</td>
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<td>June 20</td>
<td>Sunday evening, Address before the Y. M. C. A.</td>
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<tr>
<td>June 21</td>
<td>Monday evening, Prize Declamation.</td>
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<tr>
<td>June 22</td>
<td>Tuesday, Entrance Examinations.</td>
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<td>June 23</td>
<td>Tuesday evening, Prize Debate.</td>
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<td>June 23</td>
<td>Wednesday, Alumni Day.</td>
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<tr>
<td>June 24</td>
<td>Thursday, Commencement.</td>
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<tr>
<td>June 24-25</td>
<td>Tuesday and Wednesday, Entrance Examinations.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Sept. 22</td>
<td>Wednesday, Examination of Delinquents.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Sept. 22</td>
<td>Wednesday afternoon, All new students meet the Dean and the Registrar in the Chapel at 4:30.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Sept. 23</td>
<td>Thursday, Autumn Term opens.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Sept. 25</td>
<td>Saturday, Brockway Prize Examination.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Oct. 14</td>
<td>Thursday afternoon, Autumn Field Day.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Dec. 22</td>
<td>Wednesday, Autumn Term closes.</td>
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</tbody>
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### Vacation of Thirteen Weeks

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Trustees

CHARLES C. KINGSLEY, A. M., Utica, Chairman, 1867
Rev. L. MERRILL MILLER, D. D., Ogdensburg, 1869
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CHARLES H. SMYTH, Esq., Clinton, 1893
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Hon. WILLIAM H. H. MILLER, LL. D., Indianapolis, Ind., 1893
FRANKLIN D. LOCKE, A. M., Buffalo, 1895
JOHN N. BEACH, A. M., Brooklyn, 1896

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The General Alumni

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Half-Century Annalist
(Class of 1847.)
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Secretary: Prof. Thomas H. Norton, Ph. D., Sc. D., '73, Cincinnati, O.
Chapel Seats

An editor of the Hamiltonian has been glaring vindictively at me across the Chapel seats every morning of late, and has been making offensive gestures to remind me that I promised him this article two weeks ago. I go out of Chapel before he does, and by hurrying away in a business-like manner I have contrived to escape him. But he comes around a corner unexpectedly to-day, so here I am in the Chapel trying to write something about the class of ninety-seven.

It won’t be a history, for the class of ninety-seven has not been making history. We have done our work and had our fun just as many another class has done before us. We do not boast because we have made a good record in scholarship, nor because we have always backed the College loyally in all her undertakings, for surely every class ought to do as much. We would be remembered as a good all-around class; a crowd of fellows who stood together for Old Hamilton.

But though to outsiders our class may seem a good deal like its predecessors, for us the small incidents that make up our life here, give it an unmistakable individuality. As I sit here on the cushion that has been hollowed out by many generations of Seniors, and lean up against the bear-box, the scenes of past years come back to me very vividly. Over there beside the pink pillar is where I sat Freshman year. For alphabetical reasons I was the first Freshman to leave the Chapel on the morning of that day when ’96 and ’97 first met in deadly grapple. And I well remember that Saturday noon a little later when I was “on” with
an essay. How long that aisle seemed. It has taken me four years to move the length of it, from the pillar to the bear-box, and though I wouldn't go back again to that seat under the gallery which I came near buying of a Sophomore for two dollars, still I expect to experience a hollow feeling at the pit of the stomach when for the last time I walk out of Chapel between the waiting rows of those who are eager to take our places.

I overheard a Junior the other day plotting to get my seat next year. I wish him luck. It is a good seat, for it is far enough from the window to be out of the draft, and at the same time is not so near the pulpit as to make it impracticable for him to solace himself either with Morpheus or Archibald Clavering Gunter. May he enjoy the seat as much as I have, and as he sits there may he in his waking moments think of me, for at that time I shall be sitting in a freshman seat of that bigger chapel, whose aisle is long, and veiled at both ends.
Senior Class

Class Motto

χάος χάριν τίκτει.

Class Color

Blue.

Class Yell

wax-i-co! wax-i-co! rip-rah-seven!
ham-il-ton! ham-il-ton! ninety-seven!

Class Officers

Forest Rose, . . . . . . President.
Clarence A. Fetterly, . . . . . Vice President.
Darwin W. Congdon, . . . . . Secretary.
Treasurer.
The Class

George Anderson, ΣΦ, Fort Davis, Tex., . . . . ΣΦ Hall.
Sophomore Prize Speaker. Curran Medal '96.

Bertrand Whitcomb Babcock, ΔΚΕ, ΘΝΕ, Oil City, Pa., ΔΚΕ House.
'97 Hamiltonian Board.

Crosby Jordan Beakes, ΔΚΕ, ΘΝΕ, Middletown, N. Y., ΔΚΕ House.
Munson German Scholarship. Junior Base Ball Club. Senior German Club.
Junior Whist Club.

Albert Wilhelm Boesche, ΔΤ, Watertown, N. Y., . ΔΤ House.
Junior Prize Speaker.

Horace Howard Bogue, ΣΦ, Avon, N. Y., . . . . ΣΦ Hall.
'97 Hamiltonian Board.

Darwin Wilcox Condon, E. L. S., Randolph, N. Y., . 12 H. H.
Treasurer of the Class.

David Adelbert Davy, ΔΚΕ, St. Johnsville, N. Y., Silliman Hall.
President Y. M. C. A. '96-'97. Freshman Prize Speaker. College Monitor.

Alfred Roy Ehman, ΨΤ, Cubs, N. Y., . . . . ΨΤ House.
First Sophomore Prize Speaker. Director Sophomore Athletics.

Clarence Aubrey Fetterly, ΨΤ, ΘΝΕ, Utica, N. Y., . 2 Elm St.
Secretary of the Class. First Freshman Prize Essay. Second Curran Medal.

Cuthbert Charles Frost, E. L. S., Syracuse, N. Y., . . . 9 H. II.
College Monitor.
David Guilim George, Θ Δ Χ, Θ N E, Rome, N. Y., . . . . Θ Δ Χ House.


Winthrop Haight Hopkins, A Δ Φ, Θ N E, Palmyra, N. Y., . . . . 21 S. H.

Benjamin Robert Johnson, Σ Φ, Albany, N. Y., . . . . 32 H. II.

Charles Ernst Keck, Δ Τ, Clinton, N. Y., . . . . Bristol St.

Robert Gardner MacGregor, A Δ Φ, Θ N E, Utica, N. Y., . . . . 21 S. H.

Darwin Frank Pickard, Ψ τ, Θ N E, Syracuse, N. Y., . . . . Ψ τ House.
Sophomore Hop Committee. First Junior Prize Speaker. Manager 'Varsity Foot Ball Team, '96.

Forest Rose, Ψ τ, Θ N E, Johnstown, Pa., . . . . . . 14 S. H.
'Varsity Foot Ball Team, '94. President of the Class. College Choir, '94-5.

Percy Allen Rose, Ψ τ, Θ N E, Johnstown, Pa., . . . . 14 S. H.
Captain Freshman Foot Ball Team. Chairman Freshman Frolic Committee. 'Varsity Foot Ball Team. 'Varsity Base Ball Team. Captain and Manager 'Varsity Base Ball, '96. Junior Prize Speaker. Hamiltonian Board, '97. . . . .
JOSHUA EDWIN SWEET, Δ K E, Θ N E, Unadilla, N. Y., Δ K E House.

JAMES BRUCE TURNBULL, Δ T, Andes, N. Y., Δ T House.
Sophomore Athletic Team. Tennis Tournament. '96 Junior Base Ball Team. '97 Hamiltonian Board.

HENRY KITCHELL WEBSTER, Ψ T, Evanston, Ill., Ψ T House.

IRVING DEWEY WILLIAMS, A Δ Φ, Θ N E, Turin, N. Y., A Δ Φ Hall.

JAMES ALBERT WINANS, Δ K E, Sidney Centre, N. Y., Δ K E House.
Retrospection

In writing a history, as "Square" says, one should be brief. We agree with "Square" in this, we but intend not to leave anything unsaid of all the exciting historical events of three years.

οὐκ ἐθάνομεν ἔτη

Thus closed our history last year and we are still able to say it, though only ourselves and the faculty have known how often we might well have changed it to moraturi salutamus. But three years have passed and we are not dead yet—quid istic?

We began well, forty-four strong, counting Hill and Magilton. We met the Sophomores that Thursday morning in September of '94, nor did experience win the day. Who of us can ever forget the row by "Pills," under the maples, or the mad rush through the arbor, where Darling hugged the gutter and Gideon charged with patriarchal zeal. "Hallowe'en" and its attendant circumstances still lingers in the memory. The number of the crowd was the Jonah. Thirteen worked hard that night and the Chapel seats came out and were carried away. But when Babcock appeared on the scene in ghostly night-robe and carrying a smoking lamp, we knew the game was up. Yet Prex. gave us a long "speel" the next day and pardoned the offenders. But he was only dreaming then, for two days later we were marched by threes into the faculty room and our doom was pronounced—discipline warnings. We have cost the faculty more expense for warnings than any other class

25
since Prexy's accession to the mitre. Our canes were stolen, that is true, though we won the cane rush and were satisfied. No flag ever hung on the flag pole to our discredit. Only one was ever raised, but "Jack" brought that down and divided the spoils with "Slip."

But there is another side of college life in which ninety-eight has not been remiss. That is bohning. "Old Hops" has been heard to remark that ninety-eight's learning cannot be measured by a mental comparison but by horse power. "Fen" Couper used to think the same—and once told us not to bring the animal into the class room. But thus the Greeks conquered Troy, and we have beaten the best of the Greeks at their own game. We knew the classics so well that "Old Greek" cut us for two solid weeks and "Hops" used to take the recitation hour in delivering lectures on borrowing money from a man and then knocking him down—"B. G." was our favorite. He thought to intimidate us by threats. It didn't work, but he kept his word and we had no prize speakers freshmen year.

Our star has shone brightest in the social side of college sport. The "Freshmen Frolic" at the Opera House, our first appearance as hosts, was a typical class success. Our Sophomore Hop stands unsurpassed as a college dance. We had more charming girls, more good cheer and more lively fellowship than the Gym has known in years. Then our Prom was without a parallel for its select crowd and unlimited jollity. The crowd was more select than the committee had anticipated.

We have passed through Prexy's "Purge" and Old Hop's "Thorough," we have impressed B. G. and Bib in ways not to be forgotten. We have made a mark too deep to be washed out. We are proud of ourselves and of "dear Old Hamilton." Our only hope is that a few be saved for still another year.
junior Class

Class Motto
Τὸ νόμισμα φέρτατον φρόνησις.

Class Colors
CHERRY-RED AND LEMON.

Class Yell
HIP-HOO-RAH! HIP-HOO-RAH!
NINETY-EIGHT-HAMILTON! RAH! RAH! RAH!

Class Officers

Edward R. Wright, President.

Hymen L. Weber, Vice President.

Robert B. Searle, Secretary.

Treasurer.
### Juniors

**THE CLASS OF 1898.**

**Classical Course**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name</th>
<th>City</th>
<th>Hall or Location</th>
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</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>William Loyal Allen, Δ Δ Φ</td>
<td>Malone</td>
<td>Δ Δ Φ Hall</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Allan Pepperell Ames, Σ Φ</td>
<td>Albany</td>
<td>31 H. H.</td>
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<tr>
<td>John Robert Babcock, Σ Φ</td>
<td>Clinton</td>
<td>Williams St.</td>
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<td>Henry Kendall Booth, Δ Δ Φ</td>
<td>Ottawa, Ill.</td>
<td>28 S. H.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Frank DeLaNoy Briggs, Ψ Τ</td>
<td>Tarrytown</td>
<td>Ψ Τ House</td>
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<tr>
<td>Richard Sherman Cookingham, Σ Φ</td>
<td>Utica</td>
<td>28 H. H.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Andrew Jackson Dewey, Ψ Τ</td>
<td>Watertown</td>
<td>Ψ Τ House</td>
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<td>Walter Hubert Emery</td>
<td>Mexico</td>
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<tr>
<td>Charles Gideon Emire, Δ Τ</td>
<td>Sharon</td>
<td>Silliman Hall</td>
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<tr>
<td>Frank Halsey Finn, Δ K E</td>
<td>Middletown</td>
<td>Δ K E House</td>
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<tr>
<td>Clemens James France, Θ Δ X</td>
<td>Johnstown</td>
<td>Θ Δ X House</td>
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<tr>
<td>Charles Dominic Hill, (Sp.)</td>
<td>Port Leyden</td>
<td>Park Row</td>
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<td>John Milton Holley, Jr., Δ Δ Φ</td>
<td>La Crosse, Wis.</td>
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<td>Harry Grant Kimball, Σ Φ</td>
<td>New York City</td>
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<td>Lawrence Dean LaMonte, Χ Ψ</td>
<td>Binghamton</td>
<td>Χ Ψ House</td>
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<tr>
<td>Ralph Smith Minor, Δ K E</td>
<td>Deposit</td>
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<td>Edward John Norle, Δ Δ Φ</td>
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<td>28 S. H.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Edward Wilson Parmelee, Σ Φ</td>
<td>Westernville</td>
<td>23 S. H.</td>
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</table>
Samuel Kempton Piercy, Δ K E, Brooklyn. . . . Δ K E House.
Edward North Reed, Α Δ Φ, Troy, . . . . 25 S. H.
Edward Albert Rogers, Δ K E, Lockport, . . . . Δ K E House.
Harry Lovell Stone, Δ T, Mexico, . . . . Δ T House.
George Wade, E. L. S., . . . . Morley, . . . . 1 H. H.
Edward Reynolds Wright, X Ψ, Waterville, . . . . X Ψ Lodge.

Latin-Scientific Course

Stanley Locke Butler, Α Δ Φ, Utica, . . . . 9 S H.
William Burgett Carver, X Ψ, Binghamton, . . . . 32 S. H.
Carl German Cunningham, Θ Δ Χ, Utica, . . . . Θ Δ Χ House.
Robert Goodnow Kelsey, Δ K E, College Hill, . . . . College St.
Byron Eugene Turnbull, Δ T, Utica, . . . . Δ T House.
Sophomore Class History

The history of the Sophomore Class is the recital of deeds well done. '99 has made a name for itself in every branch of college life.

One of the largest classes that ever entered Hamilton, we are of the strongest. Our strength is in every way proportionate to our size. Since we came to college there have been three college field days. Three times '99 has triumphed on track and field.

Last spring we gave five men to the college nine and won the class championship of the college. Last fall we had six men on the eleven. The track and base ball captains are both of the Sophomore Class; a fact which shows that our merit in these branches is acknowledged.

Mathematics is an exact science; some of us found it out by original research. By means of mathematics and marks, the faculty has discovered that '99 is the most scholarly class in college. When standing was posted last fall and it was seen that '99 had twenty-four men at honor grade or better, the college acknowledged our abilities in the line of college work.

The social side of the Sophomore Class is prominent. Other classes have not interfered with our banquets and they have been very enjoyable affairs.

Our Sophomore Hop was a great success. Many have pronounced it the best Sophomore in the history of the college. By it we demonstrated our readiness and ability to give and to support a college dance.

During our course we, as a class, have had no serious troubles with
the faculty. We have laughed cheerfully at "Square's" old jokes. We came in time to catch a last "fragment" from "Hops" and we have lately obtained a few from "Bib," all of which were received with due ceremony. A few of us have endured Higbee; some have had "Little Greek." Even Owen and Bonner have learned a little something and have not yet been dropped. Strange things have happened in some of our dealings with the faculty; many great changes have been effected. "Art" is working for the "math" prize, while "Rich" is going in for "Dutch."

Considering its size, '99's strong point is in its unity. The class stands now, and has stood since the day it entered college, as one man. The members of the Sophomore Class are good fellows and among them good-fellowship prevails. Above scholarship and athletic merit, a class is known in college by its spirit and '99 has been and will be known, by its spirit of good-fellowship.

We are not yet half through our course. Other histories of the class will be written, and to the later historians, we leave the task of chronicling the future successes of '99, satisfied that they will be many, and that the task will be well done.
Sophomore Class

Class Motto
σπουδαίοι τῇ αλήθειᾳ.

Class Colors
Garnet and Gray.

Class Yell
WHOOP-ER-UP, WHOOP-ER-UP.
WHOOP-ER-UP-ER-A.
NINETY-NINE, HAMILTON.
RAH! RAH! RAH!

Class Officers

Henry H. Pease, - - - - President.
Edward J. Bonner, - - - - Vice President.
Thomas C. Cheney, - - - - Secretary.
Andrew R. Warner, - - - - Treasurer.
Sophomores

THE CLASS OF 1899.

Classical Course

Edward James Bonner, E. L. S., Dansville, . . 21 H. H.
Thomas Clyde Cheney, Θ Δ X, Mystic, Ct., . . Θ Δ X House.
James Andrew Chrestensen, E. L. S., Cabin Hill, . . 24 H. H.
Charles Edwin Congdon, E. L. S., Randolph, . . 12 H. H.
Warner Edwin Danford, Θ Δ X, Sodus, . . Θ Δ X House.
Albertie DeFrank, . . College Hill, . . College St.
Fred Arthur Gates, Δ T, Albany, . . College St.
Ernst Oscar Heyl, Α Δ Φ, Dunkirk, . . 21 S. H.
James Bryant Hopkins, E. L. S., Bath, . . 21 H. H.
Alvin Emerson House, E. L. S., Union Square, . . Chapel.
Edward Judson Humeston, E. L. S., Holyoke, Mass., . . 5 H. H.
Fred Rutherford Keck, Δ T, College Hill, . . College St.
Abram Lippeld, Δ K E, Middletown, . . Δ K E House.
John Brainerd MacHarg, Jr., Ψ T, C. E., Romp, . . Ψ T House.
James Hervey Merwin, Δ Δ Φ, Utica, . . 13 S. H.
Charles Spencer Millard, X Ψ, Binghamton, . . 31 S. H.
Curtis Miller, Jr., Deansboro, 7 S. H.
Charles Richmond Millham, Δ K E, Rochester, Δ K E House.
Hugh Kimball Moulton, Δ T, Cleveland, O., College St.
Robert Percy Ostrander, Δ T, Lyons, Δ T House.
George William Owen, Buffalo, 7 Fountain St.
Milton Brayton Parmelee, Σ Φ, Westernville, 23 S. H.
Henry Hamilton Pease, Ψ Τ, Cape Vincent, Ψ Τ House.
Martin Marcellian Post, E. L. S., Clinton, College St.
Joseph Banford Sheppard, New Hartford, 9 H. H.
Bevier Smith, Σ Φ, Clinton, College St.
William Hannibal Smith, Ψ Τ, Watertown, Ψ Τ House.
Lucius Kelsey Stevens, Σ Φ, Clinton, Conn., 16 S. H.
Edwin Archibald Stuart, E. L. S., Binghamton, 9 H. H.
Harry Earle Taylor, (Sp.) Δ Φ, Mexico, Dwight Ave.
Edwin Coe Tibbits, New Hartford, 7 S. H.
Clifton Clark Walker, E. L. S., Towlesville, 8 H. H.
Andrew Robert Warner, X Ψ, Pulaski, X Ψ Lodge.
Herbert Leland Willis, College Hill, College Road
Stephen Curtis Woodhull Ψ Τ, Foristell, Mo., Ψ Τ House.
Roy Weed Yawger, Ψ Τ, Seneca Falls, Ψ Τ House.

Latin Scientific Course

Frederick Haines Cunningham, Θ Δ Χ, Utica, Θ Δ Χ House.
Frank Theodore Fitch, Δ T, Watertown, Δ T House.
Charles Crane Hawley, X Ψ, Seneca Falls, X Ψ Lodge.
Samuel Watson Hibbret, X Ψ, Brooklyn, X Ψ Lodge.

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Frederick Jefferson Meagher, Binghamton, 24 H. H.

Seward Albert Miller, Deansboro, 7 S. H.

Charles Latimer Mosher, Δ T, Watertown, Δ T House.

Wallace Irving Robertson, E. L. S. N., Tonawanda, 5 H. H.

George Dana Sessions, X Ψ, Binghamton, 32 S. H.

Herschel Dorsey Spencer, Δ K E, Greene, Δ K E House.

Ralph Walter Stone, A Δ Φ, Camden, A Δ Φ Hall.

Warren Sage Stone, A Δ Φ, Mexico, 29 S. H.

Daniel Wells, Σ Φ, Menominee, Mich., 24 S. H.

Artemus Carter Wells, Σ Φ, Menominee, Mich., 16 S. H.

George Theodore White, (ΣΨ) X Ψ, Detroit, Mich., Χ Ψ Lodge.
History of the Freshman Class

Not long ago the Class of 1900, of which I am a member, held a meeting in the Stone Church. (This is the only place where the Sophomores will not disturb us.) It is the only meeting we have ever held, and at that meeting every one present voted to have me as historian for the Freshman Class. Of course the election made me very happy, and although only a Freshman I shall try to tell truly the things that have happened to the Class.

It will not be possible to detail every event of our memorable existence, and so only the most noteworthy will be mentioned.

One of the most impressive incidents in our short life occurred on the day following the entrance examination to this large school. It happened upon that eventful day when we made our appearance on this "ancient hillside." (We take these words from our President.) In fact we refer to the first walk to morning Chapel and what came after it. How vivid in the memory of every "Slimer" is that first morning! It recalls the strange feeling that came upon us as we neared the Chapel, and all around saw large groups of strange, stalwart men. It may have been caused by the fact that a few days before coming on to school we had laid aside our kilt skirts and had proudly donned our trousers for the first time. Anyway everyone was looking at us, and whatever the reason, it made us feel faint; it made us cling closer to our papa's side and grasp their hands the tighter.

The men standing about made remarks to us, (at least so our papas
told us,) but we were so frightened and felt so strange that we did not hear them.

When the Chapel bell ceased ringing the room was full of men, and as we were ignorant the men in front told us when to get up and when to sit down again.

Just as we reached the outside of the building these same men rushed upon us and threw us down, and some of us had our panties badly stained by the grass. Ever since then those men have troubled us and we do not think they are very nice.

One day we played a game of base ball with the Sophomores. During the game some of our boys were carried off and we did not see them until the next morning. (We did not go out much nights.) They said they had a nice time and also had some real nice milk to drink, out of a bottle just like the one they used at home.

In the winter we played snow ball with each other, and had a good deal of fun. One day we became uneasy in Chapel, for it was past the time for our nap, and made some noise with our feet when the men were speaking. The teacher told us it was not nice for such little boys to make so much noise, so now we try to be very quiet.

We thought that we might carry some canes this term, but the Sophomores told us they would take them away from us, so we decided it would be nice not to have any.

As we hinted at the beginning of this history there have been a good many events during our short life, but most of them have happened to us. We have not done much of ourselves. Sometime we hope to do something.

We shall all be very happy when school closes and we will not have a chance to be homesick any more. Then, too, we may wear green neckties and drink all the milk we wish.

If ever our class does anything itself it will be gladly recorded by the historian.

Eddie Green.
Freshman Class

Class Colors

Class Yell

HAMILTON! HAMILTON! RAH! RAH! RAH!
NINETEEN HUNDRED!! SISS BOOM AH!!!

Class Officers

CLIFTON HARVEY BUSHEL, - - - President.
WILLIAM ROSS LEE, - - - Vice President.
LERoy THOMAS Geer, - - - Secretary.

Treasurer.
Freshmen

THE CLASS OF 1900.

Classical Course

Frank Folsom Baker, Σ Φ, Cold Spring Harbor, 12 S. H.
Seth Bird, + Υ, Tarrytown, + Υ House.
George William Browning, (Sp.) Clinton, College St.
Joseph Earl Carmichael, Δ Υ, Boonville, Δ Υ House.
Charles Reeves Clark, Δ Υ, E. Palmyra, Δ Υ House.
William Grant Decker, + Υ, Middletown, + Υ House.
Albert Charles DeRegt, College Hill, College St.
LeRoy Thomas Geer, + Υ, Seneca Falls, + Υ House.
Edward James Graham, Δ Υ, Andes, Δ Υ House.
Kenneth Grant Henry, Δ Υ, E. Palmyra, Δ Υ House.
Arthur Clarke Higgins, Δ K E, Sidney Centre, Δ K E House.
Birdsey Northrup Holbrook, Σ Φ, Clinton, Conn., 12 S. H.
Friend Marion Miller Hull, Δ Υ, Waverly, Δ Υ House.
William Ross Lee, E. L. S., Gouverneur, 8 H. H.
David Mitchell Macnaughtan, Σ Φ, Morristown, N. J., 23 S. H.
Albert Willis Mason, Δ Υ, Onondaga Valley, Δ Υ House.
Henry Cook Miller, Δ Δ Φ, Bath, 9 S. H.
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Location</th>
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<tr>
<td>Benjamin Wright Moore</td>
<td>Clinton</td>
<td>Bristol St.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Charles Prescott Robinson, Σφ</td>
<td>Canisteo</td>
<td>6 S. H.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Ralph Hammond Sheppard, XXψ</td>
<td>Penn Yan</td>
<td>XXψ Lodge.</td>
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<tr>
<td>George Putnam Stowitts, Σφ</td>
<td>Rondout</td>
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<td>Goss Livingston Stryker, Σψ</td>
<td>College Hill</td>
<td>College St.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Harry Jay Thayer, ΔΚΕ</td>
<td>Lockport</td>
<td>ΔΚΕ House.</td>
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<td>George Robert Thompson</td>
<td>Clinton</td>
<td>55 College St.</td>
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<td>Robert Shannon Waddell, ΛΔΦ</td>
<td>Ottawa, Kan.</td>
<td>25 S. H.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Frank Morey Weston, ΩΔΧ</td>
<td>Oak's Corners</td>
<td>ΩΔΧ House.</td>
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<tr>
<td>William John Wilkinson, ΛΔΦ</td>
<td>Brooklyn</td>
<td>ΛΔΦ Hall.</td>
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**Latin Scientific Course**

<table>
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<tr>
<td>William Frederic Bacon, ΥΥ</td>
<td>Waterloo</td>
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<td>Clifton Harvey Bushnell, ΩΔΧ</td>
<td>Kansas City, Mo.</td>
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<td>Utica</td>
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<td>Hugh Webster Darrin, XXψ</td>
<td>Addison</td>
<td>XXψ Lodge.</td>
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<td>Clarence Hartley Fisher, ΛΔΦ</td>
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<td>Ira Wemmell Henderson, XXψ</td>
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<td>XXψ Lodge.</td>
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<td>Oriskany Falls</td>
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<tr>
<td>Augustus Bennett Warfield, ΣΦ</td>
<td>Boonville</td>
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Summary

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<td>Seniors</td>
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**ABBREVIATIONS**

S. H.—Stands for Skinner Hall.
H. H.—Stands for Hungerford Hall.
E. L. S.—Stands for Emersonian Literary Society.
(Sp.) following a name indicates "special conditions."
Secret Fraternities in the order of their establishment
Sigma Phi

FOUNDED AT UNION COLLEGE

1827

Roll of Chapters

Alpha of New York, Union College, 1827
Beta of New York, Hamilton College, 1881
Alpha of Massachusetts, Williams College, 1884
Delta of New York, Hobart College, 1840
Alpha of Vermont, Vermont University, 1845
Alpha of Michigan, Michigan University, 1858
Alpha of Pennsylvania, Lehigh University, 1887
Epsilon of New York, Cornell University, 1890
Beta Chapter

—OF THE—

Sigma Phi Fraternity

Established 1831


Pratres in Facultate

Rev. M. Woolsey Stryker, D. D., LL. D.
Rev. Oren Root, D. D., L. H. D.
Brainard G. Smith, A. M.
Charles Henry Smyth, Jr., Ph. D.
Delos DeWolf Smyth, A. M.


Pratres in Urbe

Fredrick D. Smyth, A. B.,
Horace R. Shead, A. of N. Y.

Active Members

1897

Horace Howard Bogue,
Benjamin Robert Johnson,
George Anderson.

1898

Allan Pepperell Ames,
Harry Grant Kimball,
John Robert Barcock,
Edward Wilson Parmelee.

Bevier Smith,
Artemas Carter Wells,
Lucius Kelsey Stevens,
Milton Brayton Parmelee,
Daniel Wells.

1899

Birddsey Northrup Holbrook,
Fredrick Howard Cookingham,
Frank Folsom Baker,
George Putnam Stowitts,
Charles Prescott Robinson,
Goss Livingston Stryker,
David Mitchell MacNaughton.

1900
Alpha Delta Phi

FOUNDED AT HAMILTON COLLEGE
1882

Roll of Chapters

HAMILTON, Hamilton College, 1882
COLUMBIA, Columbia College, 1886
BRUNONIAN, Brown University, 1886
YALE, Yale University, 1887
AMHERST, Amherst College, 1887
HARVARD, Harvard University, 1887
HUDSON, Adelbert College, 1841
BOWDOIN, Bowdoin College, 1841
DARTMOUTH, Dartmouth College, 1846
PENINSULAR, University of Michigan, 1846
ROCHESTER, University of Rochester, 1851
WILLIAMS, Williams College, 1851
MANHATTAN, College of the City of New York, 1855
MIDDLETOWN, Wesleyan University, 1856
KENYON, Kenyon College, 1858
UNION, Union University, 1859
CORNELL, Cornell University, 1869
PHI KAPPA, Trinity College, 1878
JOHNS HOPKINS, Johns Hopkins University, 1889
MINNESOTA, University of Minnesota, 1891
TORONTO, University of Toronto, 1892
CHICAGO, University of Chicago, 1896
McGILL, McGill University, 1897
Hamilton Chapter

— of the —

Alpha Delta Phi Fraternity

Established in 1832

Pratres in Facultate
Edward North, L. H. D., LL. D.
Herman C. G. Brandt, A. M., Ph. D.,
Abel G. Hopkins, Ph. D.

Pratres in Urbe
Rev. Thomas B. Hudson, D. D.
Robert B. Barrows, A. B.,
James R. Benton, A. B.,
Henry Platt Osborne, A. B.

Active Members

Winthrop Haight Hopkins,
Robert Gardner MacGregor,
Irving Dewey Williams.

1897

William Loyal Allen,
Stanley Locke Butler,
Edward John Noble,

1898

Ernst Oscar Heyl,
Ralph Walter Stone,

1899

Harry Earl Taylor.

1900

Clarence Hartley Fisher,
Robert Shannon Waddell,

49

Henry Kendall Booth,
John Milton Holley, Jr.,
Edward North Reed.

James Harvey Merwin,
Warken Sage Stone,

Henry Cook Miller,
William John Wilkinson.
Psi Upsilon

FOUNDED AT UNION COLLEGE
1833

Roll of Chapters

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<td>Xi</td>
<td>Wesleyan University</td>
<td>1843</td>
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Psi Chapter

—of the—

Psi Upsilon Fraternity

Established 1843

Prater in Facultate
Howard Haines Higbee.

Under Graduates

1897
Alfred Roy Ehman,
Clarence Aubrey Fetterly,
Darwin Frank Pickard,
Frank De LaNoy Briggs,

1898
Forest Rose,
Percy Allen Rose,
Henry Kitchell Webster,
Andrew Jackson Dewey,
Neil Kirk White.

1899
John Brainerd McHarg, Jr.,
Henry Hamilton Pease,
William Frederic Bacon,
Seth Bird,

1900
William Hannibal Smith,
Roy Weed Yawger,
William Grant Decker,
LeRoy Thomas Geer.

51
Ghi Psi

Founded at Union College
1841

Roll of Chapters

Pi,                .......                Union College.
Theta,             .......                Williams College.
Mu,                .......                Middlebury College.
Alpha,             .......                Wesleyan University.
Phi,               .......                Hamilton College.
Epsilon,           .......                University of Michigan.
Upsilon,           .......                Furman University.
Beta,              .......                University of South Carolina.
Chi,               .......                Amherst College.
Psi,               .......                Cornell University.
Tau,               .......                Wofford College.
Nu,                .......                University of Minnesota.
Iota,              .......                University of Wisconsin.
Rho,               .......                Rutgers College.
Xi,                .......                Stevens Institute of Technology.
Alpha Delta,       .......                University of Georgia.
Beta Delta,        .......                Lehigh University.
Gamma Delta,       .......                Leland Stanford, Jr., University.
Delta Delta,       .......                University of California.
Alpha Phi
—of—

Chi Psi Fraternity

Established 1843

Prater in Facultate
Joseph Darling Ibbotson, Jr., '90.

Pratres in Urbe
Conway Alonzo Frost, E., '90.
Charles Andrew Mills, '91.
Clinton Scollard, '81.
Stephen Rutherford Harding, '71.

Active Members

1898
William Burgett Carver,
Edward Reynolds Wright.

1899
Charles Crane Hawley,
Samuel Watson Hildreth,
Stephen Charles Millard,
George Dana Sessions,
Andrew Robert Warner,
George Theodore White.
Ira Wemmel Henderson,
Hugh Webster Darrin.

1900
Ralph Hammond Sheppard.
Delta Upsilon

FOUNDED AT WILLIAMS COLLEGE
1834

**Active Chapters**

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1834

Δικαίωσις Του Καστανίου
Hamilton Chapter

—OF THE—

Delta Upsilon Fraternity

Established in 1847

Fratres in Facultate
Rev. William Harder Squires, A. M.,
Melvin Gilbert Dodge, A. M.,
William Pierce Shepard, Ph. D.

Fratres in Urbe
Rev. Edward Payson Powell,
Rev. Dwight Scovel,
Rev. Chester Warren Hawley.

Active Members
1897
Albert Wilhelm Boesch,
Charles Ernst Keck,
James Bruce Turnbull.

Charles Gideon Empie,
Robert Burt Searle,
Fred Arthur Gates,
Fred Rutherford Keck,
Harry Lovell Stone,
Byron Eugene Turnbull.

Hugh Kimball Moulton.
1899
Charles Latimer Mosher,
Robert Percy Ostrander.

1900
Joseph Earl Carmichael,
Charles Reeves Clark,
Edward James Graham,
Kenneth Grant Henry,
Friend Marion Miller Hull,
Albert Willis Mason.
# Delta Kappa Epsilon

## Roll of Chapters

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Tau Chapter

—OF THE—

Delta Kappa Epsilon Fraternity

Established 1856

Fratres in Urbe

Elliott Strong Williams, '67.
Percy Loyal Wight, '91.

Active Members

1897

Bertrand Whitcomb Babcock,
Crosby Jordan Beakes,
David Adelbert Davy,

James Madison Glass,
Joshua Edwin Sweet,
James Albert Winans.

1898

Frank Halsey Finn,
Robert Goodenow Kelsey,

Ralph Smith Minor,
Samuel Kempton Piercy,
Edward Albert Rogers.

1899

Henry Murray Andrews,
Abram Lippeld,

Charles Richmond Millham,
Herschel Dorsey Spencer.

1900

Arthur Clarke Higgins,

Harry Jay Thayer.
Theta Delta Chi

FOUNDED AT UNION COLLEGE
1846

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Psi Charge of Theta Delta Chi

Prater in Facultate
THOMAS FLINT NICHOLS, Ph. D.

Pratres in Urbe
ASA GARDNER BENEDICT, ’72.
CHARLES TYLER IVES, ’92.
HARRY EARLE.

Active Members
1897
DAVID GUILLIM GEORGE.
1898
CARL GERMAN CUNNINGHAM,
CLEMENS JAMES FRANCE.
1899
THOMAS CLYDE CHENEY,
FREDERICK HAINES CUNNINGHAM,
WARNER EDWIN DANFORD.
1900
CLIFTON HARVEY BUSHNELL,
FRANK MOREY WESTON.
Theta Nu Epsilon

(Sophomore Fraternity)

Roll of Chapters

ALPHA, Wesleyan University.
BETA, Syracuse University.
GAMMA, Union College.
DELTA, Cornell University.
EPSILON, Rochester University.
ZETA, University of California.
ETA, Colgate University.
THETA, Kenyon College.
IOTA, Adelbert College.
KAPPA, Hamilton College.
LAMBDA, Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute.
MU, Stephens Institute of Technology.
NU, Lafayette College.
XI, Amherst College.
OMICRON, Alleghany College.
PI, Lehigh University.
RHO, Dickinson College.
Kappa Chapter.

—of the—

Theta Nu Epsilon Fraternity

Established 1882

Prater in Facultate

Delos DeWolfe Smyth, A. B.

Pratres in Urbe

Henry Platt Osborne, A. B.  Percy Loyal Wight, A. B.

Active Members

1897

Bertrand Whitcomb Babcock,
Crosby Jordan Beakes,
Clarence Aubrey Fetterly,
David G. George,
James Madison Glass,
Winthrop Haight Hopkins,

1898

5 M jff Cv, 7 y 8 d 7 e :
8 + 6 j 16 17 f C M
Q zff 7 E Mi 7 e ff 7 C j.

y M : : y c m E ff e

Robert Gardner MacGregor,
Darwin Frank Pickard,
Forest Rose,
Percy Allen Rose,
Joshua Edwin Sweet,
Irving Dewey Williams.
### Phi Beta Kappa

#### Roll of Chapters

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</table>
N. Y. Epsilon Chapter

—OF THE—

Phi Beta Kappa Fraternity

OFFICERS FOR 1896-7

President
FRANCIS M. BURDICK, LL. D.

Vice Presidents
REV. WILLIAM H. SQUIRES, A. M.,
REV. CHARLES W. HAWLEY, A. M.,
REV. DWIGHT SCOVEL.

Secretary
PROF. EDWARD NORTH, LL. D., L. H. D.

Assistant Secretary
PROF. MELVIN G. DODGE, A. M.

Treasurer
PROF. A. G. HOPKINS, PH. D.

Marshall
PROF. EDWARD FITCH, PH. D.
FRATRES IN URBE

Prof. Edward North, LL. D., L. H. D.
Rev. E. P. Powell, A. M.
Rev. Prof. Oren Root, D. D., L. H. D.
Rev. Prof. A. G. Hopkins, Ph. D.
Prof. A. G. Benedict, A. M.
Prof. B. G. Smith, A. M.
Prof. A. D. Morrill, A. M., M. S.
Prof. Edward Fitch, A. M.
Rev. Prof. W. H. Squires, A. M.
Percy L. Wight, A. M.
Prof. William P. Shepard, Ph. D.

Rev. T. B. Hudson, D. D.
Rev. Dwight Scovel, A. M.
Prof. C. W. Hawley, A. M.
Rev. Prof. W. R. Terrett, D. D.
Prof. H. C. G. Brandt, Ph. D.
Pres M. W. Stryker, D. D., LL. D.
Prof. Clinton Scollard, A. M.
Prof. C. H. Smyth, Jr., Ph. D.
Prof. S. J. Saunders, D. Sc.
Prof. M. G. Dodge, A. M.
Rev. Prof. Joseph D. Ibbotson, A. M.

Prof. Thomas F. Nichols

MEMBERS ELECTED FROM '96.

Thomas Upson Chesembrough,
George Lewis Lerch,
Charles Willard Rice,
Neile Fassett Towner,
Arthur TenEyck Warner,

Burr Gould Eklls,
Edward McNally,
Edwin Bishop Robbins,
Frederick Parkman Warfield,
Gardner Werks Wood.

64
Fraternity Conventions

Sigma Phi
New York City, Jan. 4, 1897
Delegate
Benjamin Robert Johnson.

Alpha Delta Phi
Providence, Rh I, May 13, 14, 15, 1897
Delegates
Irving Dewey Williams, William Loyal Allen.

Psi Upsilon
Middletown, Conn., May 5, 6, 7, 1897
Delegates

Delta Upsilon
Delegates
Albert Wilhelm Boesche, Byron Eugene Turnbull.

Delta Kappa Epsilon
Nashville, Tenn., Nov. 11, 12, 13, 14, 1896
Delegate
Robert Goodknow Kelsey.

Theta Delta Chi
New York City, Nov. 24, 25, 1896
Delegates
D. G. George, C. G. Cunningham.
Prize Awards in 1895.

Third Award of the Root Fellowship in Physical Science

In the Department of Physics.

Thomas Upson Chesbrough, Syracuse.

Forty-first Clark Prize in Original Oratory

The Black Soldier in the Union Army,
Frank Wing Holmes, Dugway.

Thirty-fourth Pruyn Medal Oration

The Perils of Representative Government,
Byron Brown Taggart, Watertown.

Thirty-third Head Prize Oration.

A Comparison of the Financial Labors of Alexander Hamilton and of Robert Morris,
William Throop Moore, Saratoga Springs.

Twenty-fourth Kirkland Prize Oration

The Rhetoric of Paul the Apostle.
Arthur TenEyck Warner, Richmondville.

McKinney Prizes in the Twenty-ninth Extemporaneous Debate

"That the Civilized Nations can and Should Interpose to Secure to the Peoples Subject to Turkish Rule, a Humane and Just Government."

1st. Henry Jared Cookingham, Jr., Utica.
2d. Frank Wing Holmes, Dugway.
Underwood Prizes in Chemistry
1st. Frank Pattengill Knowlton, Holland Patent.
2d. Zelotus Wesley Commerford, Boonville.

Munson Prize in German
Harry Barnes Ward, Buffalo.

Southworth Prizes in Physics
1st. Thomas Upson Cosebrogh, Syracuse
2d. Charles Willard Rick, Hall's Corners.

Fourth Darling Thesis Prize
The Six Nations; their History and Institutions,
Arthur TenEyck Warner, Richmondville.

Fourth Soper Thesis Prize
Protection and Wages,
William Throop Moore, Saratoga Springs.

Tompkins Mathematical Prizes
1st. Benjamin Robert Johnson, Albany.
Medal. Winthrop Haight Hopkins, Palmyra.

Curran Medals in Greek and Latin
Gold Medal. Albert Wilhelm Boesche, Watertown.
Silver Medal. Clarence Aubrey Fettery, Utica.

Hawley Classical Medals
George Anderson, Fort Davis, Texas.
Winthrop Haight Hopkins, Palmyra.
Benjamin Robert Johnson, Albany.
James Albert Winans, Sidney Center.

Munson Prize in French
Albert Wilhelm Boesche, Watertown.

Edward Huntington Mathematical Scholarship, (in Class of 1897)
Benjamin Robert Johnson, Albany.
Chauncey S. Truax Greek Scholarship, (in Class of 1897)
Joshua Edwin Sweet, Unadilla.

Munson German Scholarship, (in Class of 1897)
Crosby Jordan Beakes, Middletown.

Soper Latin Scholarship, (in Class of 1897)
James Albert Winans, Sidney Center.

Brockway Entrance Prize, (in Class of 1899)
Herbert Leland Willis, Springville.

Special Prize in Class of 1899; First Scholar for Freshman Year
Herschel Dorsey Spencer, Greene.

Kellogg Prizes for English Essays

Juniors, Class of 1897.

The Drama of the Romance and Teutonic Nations.
Prize. Albert Wilhelm Boesche, Watertown.
Mention. Henry Kitchell Webster, Evanston, Ill.

The Literature of Autobiography.
Prize. Cuthbert Charles Frost, Syracuse.

The Character of the Apostle Paul as shown in his Letters.
Prize. William Burgett Carver, Binghamton.
Mention. Samuel Kempton Piercy, Brooklyn.

Sophomores, Class of 1898.

The Humor of Oliver Wendell Holmes.
Prize. Frank DeLaNoy Briggs, Watertown.
Mention. Ralph Smith Minor, Deposit.

The History of Political Party-Names in the United States.
Mention. Frederick Jefferson Meagher, Binghamton.

Freshmen, Class of 1899.

Athletic Games in Ancient and Modern Times.
Prize Charles Crane Hawley, Seneca Falls.

McKinney Prizes in Declamation

Class of 1897,
1st. Darwin Frank Pickard, Syracuse.
2d. Henry Kitchell Webster, Evanston, Ill.

Class of 1898,
1st. John Robert Babcock, Clinton.
2d. Henry Kendall Booth, Ottawa, Ill.

Class of 1899,
1st. Curtis Miller, Jr., Deansboro.
2d. Fred Rutherford Keck, College Hill.
Scholarship Honors

CLASS OF 1896.

High Honor Men, Standing 9.3, or Higher

Frederick Parkman Warfield, Valedictorian.

Neile Fassett Towner, Salutatorian.

Charles Willard Rice,

Edwin Bishop Robbins,

Arthur TenEyck Warner.

High Honor Men, Standing 8.9 to 9.3

Thomas Upson Chesebrough,

Burr Gould Eells,

George Lewis Lerch,

Gardner Weeks Wood.
Department Honors

CLASS OF 1896.

In Mathematics, Greek, German, and in French and Italian
FREDERICK PARKMAN WARFIED.

In Latin, in Law and History, and in Psychology, Logic and Pedagogy
ARTHUR TENEVYCK WARNER.

In Chemistry, and in Biology
FRANK PATTEN GILL KNOWLTON.

In Ethics
NEILE FASSETT TOWNER.

In Rhetoric and Oratory
THOMAS UPSON CHEREBROUGH.

In English Literature and Anglo-Saxon
EDWIN BISHOP ROBBINS.

In Geology and Mineralogy
BURR GOULD EELS.

In Physics and Astronomy
CHARLES WILLARD RICE.

MASTER'S ORATION, CLASS OF 1893
STARR CADWALLADER, A. B.
Degrees Conferred

1895-96

LL. D., Honorary

FRANKLIN HEAD, '56, A. M., . . . . . . . Chicago, Ill.
PROFESSOR ARTHUR MARTIN WHEELER, A. M., . . . Yale University.

D. D. Honorary

REV. HENRY WARD, '62, A. M. . . . . . Buffalo, N. Y.

Ph. D. Honorary

REV. CARLOS HUNTINGTON STONE, '78, A. M., . . . Cornwall, N. Y.

A. M. Honorary

REV. ANGUS HUGH CAMERON, . . . . . . . Marcellus, N. Y.
HENRY LAPP, M. D., . . . . . . . Clarence, N. Y.

A. M., ad Eundem

GEORGE ALBERT BOLLES, (Cornell, A. B., 93), . . . . . Clarence, N. Y.
HON. JOHN WILLIAM CHURCH, '72, . . . . . . . Norwich, N. Y.

A. M., in Course

WILLIAM EDWARD DIGNEN, M. D., '86, CHARLES ANDREW FRASURE, '92,
JOHN GALEY CAMPBELL, M. D., '83, STROTHER WILLIAM RICE, M. D., '92,
REV. STARR CADWALLADER, '33, HARRISON CAPRON ALLEN, M. D., '93,
CHARLES ROMEYN LARUE, '93, EARLE EUGENE WOOLWORTH, M. D., '93.
A. B., ex Gratia

REV. CHARLES MADISON DODGE, '91, Oriskany, N. Y.

A. B., ad Eundem

SAMUEL GREEN LEE, Colombo, Ceylon.

A. B., in Course

ALEXANDER ALISON, JR.,
EDWARD SILAS BABCOCK,
CARL AUGUSTUS BAPTIST,
HIRAM DAVID BACON,
HOFFMAN THOMPSON BAUMGARTEN,
THOMAS UPSON CHESEBROUGH,
ZELOTUS WESLEY COMMERFORD,
HENRY JARED COOKINHAM, JR.,
BURR GOULD ELLS,
JOHN ARDEN FERGUSON,
CHARLES ARCHIBALD GREEN,
WILLIAM EUGENE HEWITT,
FRANK WING HOLMES,
FRANK PATTEN GILL KNOWLTON,

GEORGE LEWIS LERCH,
CHARLES MCKENZIE,
EDWARD McNALLY,
WILLIAM THROOP MOORE,
CHARLES WILLARD RICE,
EDWIN BISHOP ROBBINS,
ROBERT PETERS ROBERTS,
ARTHUR DWIGHT SCOVEL,
SETH NEWLAND THOMAS,
NEILE FASSETT TOWNER,
FRANK ELIAS VAN WIE,
HARRY BARNES WARD,
FREDERICK PARKMAN WARRFIELD,
ARTHUR TEN EYCK WARNER.

B. Ph., in Course

LOUIS KRUM RICHARDS LAIRD,
BYRON BROWN TAGGART,
GARDNER WEEKS WOOD.
Hamilton College

THE FORTY-FIRST

Clark Prize Exhibition in Oratory

WEDNESDAY EVENING, JUNE 3d, 1896

MUSIC

Japan Among the Nations,  .  .  .  HENRY JARED COOKINHAM
The Black Soldier in the Union Army,  .  .  .  FRANK WING HOLMES

MUSIC

Iago, as Shakespere's Personation of Evil,  .  .  .  GEORGE LEWIS LERCH
Japan Among the Nations,  .  .  .  WILLIAM THROOP MOORE

MUSIC

Iago, as Shakespere's Personation of Evil,  .  .  .  HARRY BARNES WARD
Poetry as a Medium of Philosophic Teaching, ARTHUR TENEYCK WARNER

MUSIC

73
1812-1896

Hamilton
College

Eighty-Fourth Commencement

Baccalaureate Day
Campus Day
Class Day
Alumni Day
Commencement Day
SUNDAY, JUNE 21st

The Baccalaureate Sermon to the Class of 1896, by President M. Woolsey Stryker, D. D., LL. D., at 11 a. m., in the Stone Church in Clinton.


MONDAY, JUNE 22nd

Campus Day Exercises at 3 p.m., on College Hill.

McKinney Prize Declamation, at 8 p.m., in the Stone Church.

TUESDAY, JUNE 23rd

Entrance Examinations, beginning at 8 a. m., in the West Room of the Chapel. (The Autumn examinations will be held on September 22nd and 23rd.)

Annual Meeting of the Board of Trust, at 2 p.m., in the Chapel of the Stone Church.

Memorial Class Day of '96, at 2:30 p.m., in the Stone Church.

McKinney Prize Debate, at 8 p.m., in the Stone Church.

Reception by the Class of 1896, at 10:30 p.m., in the Soper Gymnasium.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 24th

Adjourned Session of the Board of Trust, at 9:30 a.m., in the Faculty Room of Library Hall.

Annual Meeting of the General Society of the Alumni, at 10 a.m., in the College Chapel.

President, Ausburn Towner, A. M., '98.
Half-Century Annalist, Horace Lathrop, M. D., Ph. D., '46.
Necrologist, Prof. Edward North, LL. D., L. H. D., '41.

Election of Graduate Trustee for Four Years, to succeed Senator Joseph Roswell Hawley, LL. D., '47, whose term ends upon this date. The polls are open from 12 to 1, in the College Chapel.

75
Reunions of the Anniversary Classes.

Baseball Game of Graduates against the College Nine, at 2.30 P. M., promptly, upon the Athletic Field.

General Reception, by the President and Mrs. Stryker, from 4 to 6 P. M., at their residence on College Hill.

The evening of Wednesday, is this year unoccupied by any public appointment, and will afford room for various friendly gatherings and for social reunions at the different Chapter Houses.

Thursday, June 25th

The Eighty-Fourth Annual Commencement, at 10.30 A. M., in the Stone Church. The procession of Trustees, Faculty, Alumni, Undergraduates, admitted members of the Class of 1900, and guests, will form at the East side of the village Park at 10 A. M.

The Oration by Representatives of the Class of 1896, together with the Master's oration by a member of the Class of '98, will be followed by the presentation of Prizes and the conferring of Degrees.

Hamilton College

McKinney Prize Contest

IN RECLAMATION

MONDAY EVENING, JUNE 22d, 1896

PRAVIER

MUSIC

Speakers from the Class of 1899

Edward James Bonner, . . . . . . . . . . Dansville.
Extract from a New England Dinner Speech by President Stryker.

Fred Rutherford Keck, . . . . . . . . . . College Hill.
Extract from an Oration by Frederick A. Noble.

Curtis Miller, Jr., . . . . . . . . . . Deansboro.
Extract from an Address by N. L. F. Bachman.

Bevier Smith, . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . College Hill.

MUSIC

Speakers From the Class of 1898

John Robert Babcock, . . . . . . . . . . Clinton.
Anonymous Selection.

Henry Kendall Booth, . . . . . . . . . . Ottawa, Ill.
Extract from Clark Prize Oration by Frederick Perkins, 1889.

Frank Halsey Finn, . . . . . . . . . . Middletown.
Extract from George William Curtis’s Eulogy on Summer.

Robert Goodenow Kelsey, . . . . . . . . . . College Hill.
Extract from a Speech by Chauncey M. Depew.

MUSIC

77
Speakers From the Class of 1897

ALBERT WILHELM BOESCHE, . . . . . . . . Watertown.

Extract from an Address by Professor R. D. Hitchcock.

DARVIN FRANK PICKARD, . . . . . . . . . Syracuse.

Extract from a Speech by Senator Frey.

PERCY ALLEN ROSE, . . . . . . . . Johnstown, Pa.

Anonymous Selection

HENRY KITCHELL WEBSTER, . . . . . . . Evanston, Ill.

Extract from a Speech by Senator Wolcott.

MUSIC

Awarding the Prizes
Hamilton College

The 29th McKinney Prize Debate

TUESDAY EVENING, JUNE 23RD, 1896.

"That the civilized nations can and should interpose to secure to the people subject to Turkish rule a humane and just government."

Affirmative:

Carl Augustus Bristow, - - - Fredonia
Frank Wing Holmes, - - - Dugway
William Throop Moore, - - - Saratoga Springs

Negative:

Henry Jared Cookingham, Jr., - - - Utica
Charles Willard Rice, - - - Hall's Corners
Edwin Bishop Robbins, - - - Knoxboro

Order of Exercises

PRAYER

MUSIC

MAIN ARGUMENT

MUSIC

CLOSING ARGUMENT

MUSIC

ANNOUNCEMENT OF AWARDS

MUSIC

79
84th Commencement

Hamilton College

THURSDAY, JUNE 25th, 1896.

Order of Exercises

PRAYER

MUSIC

Latin Salutatory, with High Honor Oration:

The Supreme Court of the United States.

Neile Fassett Towner.

Root Fellow, with Honor Oration:

The Mystery and Possibilities of Electricity.

Thomas Upson Chesbrough.

Honor Oration:

The Power of Minorities.

Burr Gould Kells.

MUSIC

Clark Prize Orator:

Europe's Debt to France.

Frank Wing Holmes.

Honor Oration:

Social Unrest.

George Lewis Leech.

Oration:

The Secret of our Greatness as a Nation.

(Excused.)

Edward McNally.

MUSIC

80
Head Prize Oration:—

_The Financial Labors of Alexander Hamilton and of Robert Morris._

_WILLIAM THEROP MOORE._

High Honor Oration:—

_Gladstone the Humanitarian._

_CHARLES WILLARD RICE._

MUSIC

High Honor Oration:—

_The Genius and Mission of the Saxon._

_EDWIN BISHOP ROBBINS._

Pruyn Medal Oration:—

_The Perils of Representative Government._

_BYRON BROWN TAGGART._

Honor Oration:—

_Schiller._

_GARDNER WEEKS WOOD._

MUSIC

Kirkland Prize Oration:—

_The Rhetoric of Paul the Apostle._

_ARTHUR TEN EYCK WARNER._

The Master's Oration, in representation of the Candidates for the Second Degree:—

_Education in Life._

_STARR CADWALLADER, A. B. '93._

MUSIC

High Honor Oration, with the Valedictory:—

_The Practicality of the Abstract._

_FREDDERICK PARKMAN WARFIELD._

MUSIC

PRIZES AWARDED AND DEGREES CONFERRED

BENEDICTION

81
Athletic Association

of

Hamilton College

Officers

President, . . . . . Prof. William R. Terrett, D. D
Vice President, . . . . . John Ripley Myers, '87
Secretary, . . . . . Benjamin Robert Johnson, '97
Treasurer, . . . . . Prof. Melvin G. Dodge, A. M., '90
Manager of Foot Ball, . . . . . Robert Goodenow Kelsey, '98
Assl. Manager, . . . . . Wallace Irving Robertson, '99
Manager of Base Ball, . . . . . Edward John Noble, '98
Manager of Track Athletics, . . . . . James Madison Glass, '97
Assl. Manager, . . . . . Frank Halsey Finn, '98
Manager of Tennis, . . . . . Winthrop Haight Hopkins, '97
Assl. Manager, . . . . . William Burgett Carver, '98
Advisory Board

of the

Athletic Association of Hamilton College

Officers

President, .............................................. Prof. William R. Turrentt, D. D.
Secretary, ............................................. Benjamin Robert Johnson, '97.
Treasurer, ............................................. Prof. Melvin G. Dodge, A. M., '90.

Members

Prof. Oren Root, D. D., LL. D.
George E. Dunham, '79, ................................ Utica.
John Ripley Myers, '87, ................................ Syracuse.
Prof. William H. Squires, '88, ....................... Clinton.
Schuyler L. Brandt, '89, ................................ Binghamton.
H. Platt Osborne, '90, ................................ Clinton.
James M. Glass, '97, ................................ Winthrop H. Hopkins, '97,
William B. Carver, '93, ................................ Richard S. Cookingham, '98,
Frank H. Finn, '98, .................................. Robert G. Kelsey, '98,
Edward J. Noble, '98, ................................ Warner E. Danford, '99,
Wallace Robertson, '99, ................................ Henry C. Miller, 1900.
It has been claimed that for the past few years interest in track athletics at Hamilton has been dead; perhaps not dead but at least dormant. Able attempts have been made to arouse the old athletic enthusiasm. These attempts have been doomed to failure because they were not seconded by the enthusiasm and interest of the whole College. Foot ball and base ball, where the honor of Hamilton is at stake, never fail to arouse enthusiasm. These games have absorbed all the interest of the College and it is right that they should do so; they mean something,—victory or defeat to the College.

Our experience in recent years has given most conclusive proof that competition between the classes, cannot, of itself, maintain a sturdy athletic spirit. Previous to Hamilton’s withdrawal from the Inter-collegiate League, track athletics received an abundant share of the attention of the College. The inter-collegiate competition furnished incentive to train. Faithful work was done by every available athlete and the efforts made at that time were rewarded by winning several pennants and breaking six inter-collegiate records. Our history in the past is a glorious one. Our history of the future remains to be made, but history repeats itself. We believe that under the same conditions and under the influence of college enthusiasm, that victories as glorious as those of the past await us. They can be won only by the unanimous and united effort of the College.

The withdrawal of Hamilton from the Inter-collegiate League was the
only honorable course that she could take. The circumstances and reasons of the withdrawal are familiar to all. The treatment which Hamilton received at the hands of some of her friends had reached that point beyond which even toleration could not go. Impure athletics were connived at, and the end justified the means, questionable or otherwise. The control of the management by students alone proved insufficient and irresponsible. Four of the six colleges in the League recognized the weaknesses existing and inherent in it, and severed their connections with that association. The result of their action has been the formation of the New York State Inter-collegiate Athletic Union between Hamilton, Colgate, Union and Hobart. This Union comprises the whole body of each college, undergraduates, faculties and alumni. It is hoped that this organization will make the Union more stable and responsible than merely a league of undergraduates. A glance at the constitution will convince any one that impure athletics will be impossible under the elaborate provisions against them. Each college is represented on the Central Advisory Board by three members, an undergraduate, a member of the faculty and an alumnus. Foot ball, base ball and track athletics are each under the control of the Union.

It is expected that the Union will satisfy a long-felt want of Hamilton and that the inter-collegiate competition will provide incentives for honest work and hard training. This spring opens with the brightest prospects for Hamilton. We have the opportunity of establishing our prominence on the athletic field, we have the example of the past and the hope of a more brilliant future, we have the incentive for which we have been asking and the enthusiasm of the college and it is our honest conviction that we have material for athletes who can set the "Blue and Buff" flying in triumph on the athletic field.
Foot Ball
Foot-Ball

THE foot-ball season of 1896 was one upon which Hamilton may
congratulate herself. With a team ranking in weight far below
any that opposed us, we closed the season with but one defeat upon our
record. Our team was light; but none ever went from this hillside to
fight the battles of Hamilton with such thorough and scientific training.
Never was there a clearer illustration of the proverb that "the race is not
to the swift, nor the battle to the strong."

It is natural and right that we should rejoice in our success, and
look with pride upon the team that won for us the victory. But in the
flush of triumph let us not forget the lessons of the past; let us remem-
ber the defeats so recent in our minds; and, while giving all honor to
the spirit that, two years ago, struggled on undaunted and undismayed
in the face of defeat, let us bear in mind that enthusiasm, no less than
muscle, is a condition of success, and that the solid support of every man
in college goes farther than mere weight toward making a winning team.

The improvement in athletics at Hamilton during the past two years
is encouraging. It is a token that Hamilton is slowly, but none the less
certainly, regaining the high place which she formerly held among the
colleges of the State. But there is yet room for improvement. The
team last fall was successful. Some of the teams which we defeated were
strong teams. But the coming contest is to be a fiercer one. With the
formation of the new Inter-Collegiate Union we are to enter into compe-
tition with colleges much larger than Hamilton, colleges that have sent forth, and undoubtedly will continue to send forth, teams stronger than any we have met for many years. The struggle will be not merely for victory in each game, but for the championship of the Union. We shall enter the contest under circumstances that promise well. There is a momentum in success. The team will lose but few of its members. Let us go in to win with the assurance that conscientious and well directed training, the sympathy and support of the College, and Hamilton pluck will not fail of their reward.
Foot-Ball

Manager, D. F. Pickard, '97.
Assistant Manager, Wallace Robertson, '99.

College Team

Captain—Finn, '98.
R. G.—Moshier, '99; Thompson, '00.
R. H.—Rogers, '98.
L. G.—Finn, '98.
L. T.—Noble, '98.
L. E.—Wade, '98; Lamonte, '98.
Q.—Heyl, '99; France, '98.
F.—Robertson, '99.

Centre—Winans, '97.

Substitutes

Glass, '97, L. G.
Danford, '99, R. G.
Ames, '98, T.
DeFrank, '99, H.

Games

Hamilton vs. Crescent Athletics, Clinton, Oct. 14, ....... 34 — 0
Hamilton vs. St. Lawrence University, Clinton, Oct. 17, ....... 44 — 0
Hamilton vs. R. P. I., Clinton, Oct. 24, .............. 0 — 0
Hamilton vs. Rochester University, Clinton, Oct. 30, ....... 30 — 0
Hamilton vs. Watertown Athletics, Watertown, Nov. 7 ....... 12 — 4
Hamilton vs. R. P. I., Troy, Nov. 14, .......... 10 — 0
Hamilton vs. N. Y. University, N. Y. City, Nov. 20, ....... 0 — 6
Hamilton vs. Rochester University, Rochester, Nov. 26, ....... 16—10

Total points lost— 20
Total points won—146

89
A very base ball!
Base-Ball

THOUGH an article on Hamilton’s base ball of ’97 will necessarily be based upon possibilities and promises rather than something done, it is a comforting fact that there are possibilities and promises. Not for several years has there been in college better material for a team, more enthusiasm among the candidates and evidence of more hearty support on the part of the College. This year a coach has been secured for our team and every effort is being made to train a nine that will do us honor.

We are to meet some strong teams this season; will have met some before this article is read, and whether defeat or victory is in store for us, we believe we may place the fullest confidence in the team to do its best. Our loss has been small and our gain comparatively great since last year, so that with the added material and good training there is every reason to look for a strong team.

Even should we look farther into the future at the team of ’98 we may congratulate ourselves that even then our ranks promise to be well filled, since the team is with one exception composed of men from the three under classes.

Hamilton has records in the past which we may well look back upon with pride, and with the new impulse given us by the formation of the new league we are going to carry the Blue and Buff to the front. To do this we must give the team our most loyal support. Let us attend every game, encouraging the players in defeat and cheering them in victory.
Young Men's Christian Association

— of —

Hamilton College

Officer

President, ............... Henry White
Vice President, ........... Ralph Smith Minor
Corresponding Secretary, .... Fred Arthur Gates
Treasurer, ................ Alvin Emerson House
Recording Secretary, .... Gordon Henry Eggleston
College Choir

Members

EDWARD W. PARMELEE, Organist.

1st Tenor

HENRY H. PEASE

1st Bass

WILLIAM L. ALLEN

CHARLES R. CLARK

2d Tenor

ROBERT G. MACGREGOR,

IRVING D. WILLIAMS

J. ROBERT BABCOCK

FRED A. GATES

RALPH H. SHEPPARD

2d Bass

HENRY K. BOOTH

WARREN S. STONE

WILLIAM F. BACON

95
Hugger's Club

MOTTO:—Arma virumque cano.

§Chief Huggist,                      .       .       .       H. K. Booth.
First Knight,                       .       .       .       .       J. E. Sweet.
Every (K)night                      .       .       .       .       J. R. Babcock.
Houghton (K)night(gh)te.             .       .       .       .       E. R. Wright.
Knight of the Garter,               .       .       .       .       Deacon Searle.
*Chief Measure,                     .       .       .       .       N. K. White.
†Sergeant-at-Arms,                  .       .       .       .       G. T. White.
Honorary Members,                   .       .       .       .       †E. N. Reed; Abram Lippeld.

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§A chronic osculatory kleptomaniac.
*Longest arm in college.
†Gone To Waist.
‡Best record to date—13 and the chaperone.
Hamilton Harmony Howlers

__-----

*Pitcher, Deacon Searle.

*Bar Tender, Art Wells.

*Score Keeper, Slip Butler.

---

C. A. Frost, . . . . . . . . . . . . . . Prima Donna
J. B. Turnbull, . . . . . . . . . . . . . . Scaler

Sweet Psalmist

---

Sammy Piercy, . . . . . . . . . . . . . . Bad Air
Ben Johnson, . . . . . . . . . . . . . . More Air (than music)
Gideon Empie, . . . . . . . . . . . . . . That 'air
P. Rose, . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . Base Bawl
E. J. Humeston, . . . . . . . . . . . . . . Base Ville

Willie Smith, Dis Organist

---

Note.—The finest imported Reed–organ is used.

*Something much used in music.
'98 Whist Club

Officers

Harry Grant Kimball, . . . . . . . . . . . . President.
William Loyal Allen, . . . . . . . . . . . . Vice President.
John Milton Holley, Jr., . . . . . . . . . . . . Secretary.
John Robert Babcock, . . . . . . . . . . . . Treasurer.

Members in Order Rank

Ace, H. G. Kimball.
King, W. L. Allen.
Queen, C. J. France.
Jack, J. R. Babcock.
10 spot, W. B. Carver.
9 spot, R. G. Kelsey.
8 spot, E. W. Parmelee.
7 spot, R. R. Wright,
6 spot, A. J. Dewey,
5 spot, E. A. Rogers,
4 spot, F. H. Finn,
3 spot, N. K. White,
2 spot, J. M. Holley,
Blank card, F. D. Briggs.

Joker, R. S. Cookingham.
College Publications

721393
The Hamiltonian

'97 Board

Henry Kitchell Webster, Editor-in-Chief
Robert Gardner MacGregor, Business Manager
Horace Howard Bogue, Advertising Agent
James Bruce Turnbull, Literary Editors
David Guilim George
Bertrand Whitcomb Babcock, Art Editor

100
Hamilton Literary Magazine

'97 BOARD

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Benjamin R. Johnson, '97, ....................................... Exchange Editor
James Albert Winans, '97, ..................................... Business Manager
Henry Kendall Booth, '98, ..................................... Assistant Business Manager

'98 BOARD

Henry K. Booth, .................................................... Editor-in-Chief
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Ralph S. Minor, .................................................... Business Manager
Samuel W. Hildreth, ............................................ Assistant Business Manager

101
Senior Ball

RECEPTION OF THE CLASS OF '96

At the Soper Gymnasium, June 23, 1896

Patronesses

Mrs. W. R. Terrett,
Mrs. H. C. G. Brandt, Mrs. Clinton Scollard,
Mrs. H. D. Babcock, Mrs. C. H. Smyth, Jr.,
Mrs. B. G. Smith, Mrs. B. B. Taggart,
Mrs. Alexander Alison.

Committee

B. B. Taggart, F. P. Warfield, H. B. Ward,
G. L. Lorch, Alexander Alison, Jr.
Junior Promenade

GIVEN BY THE CLASS OF '98

At the Soper Gymnasium, November 5, 1896

Patronesses

MRS. M. W. STRYKER,           MRS. H. C. G. BRANDT,
MRS. W. R. TERRITT,            MRS. D. DEW. SMYTH,
MRS. B. G. SMITH,              MRS. H. H. HIGBEE,
MRS. A. G. KELSKY.

Committee

R. G. KELSEY,
J. R. BARCOCK,                F. D. L. N. BRIGGS,
J. M. HOLLEY, JR.,            B. E. TURNBULL.
The junior Promenade

WHEN the historian of our College shall write the story of that eventful week when ninety-eight gave her Junior Prom. he will tell of weeping, of curses loud and deep, of the despair of creditors, of the happiness of guests and the thousand and one things that went to make our dance pre-eminently the finest and most complete ever given in Hamilton and one also that was the most expensive for the committee.

There was a time in the history of the Prom. Committee when they wished, individually and collectively, that they were dead. One member even went so far as to withdraw his face from our midst for a time. To the kind friends and relatives of this ill-fated committee some explanation of this statement is due. Imagine the throes of anguish that we felt when only thirty-nine tickets were sold, when a Freshman ran away with the patronesses' carriage, when the flowers for those kind ladies were delivered thoughtfully the morning after the dance, when we gazed upon the broad expanse of unpaid bills and uneaten supper. In truth that was a "time to try men's souls."

Still it was a good dance. The appointments were perfect, the music such as only Gioscia can play and the supper eatable. What more could be asked for when to these attractions are added the kind patronesses and the pretty girls who always grace the dances of '98?

And this is all that there is to be said about the Prom.—our Prom.? Oh no, pages could be filled with glowing accounts of what our justly famed Junior was. But let the reader whose imagination fails, come to our Senior and see for himself all of the unequalled attractions of a '98 dance.

To those interested in the fate of the committee we would say that our bills are paid although Mrs. Kelly and our other creditors are still out in the cold of the world. Neither have we died, our member, removed from us by illness after that eventful night, is with us again, and the rest of us though poor in pocket are still proud in the knowledge that our Prom., like the class that gave it, will long be remembered in the history of Hamilton as terms synonymous with the best that can be had in any and all directions.

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The Sophomore Hop

CLASS OF '98

At the Soper Gymnasium, February 12, 1896

Patronesses

MRS. H. G. BRANDT,
MRS. A. G. BENEDICT,
MRS. W. R. TERRITT.

Committee

E. W. Parmelee,
E. R. Wright,
F. H. Finn,
L. H. Robbins,
H. K. Booth.

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The Freshman Frolic

CLASS OF '98

Scoliard Opera House, January 28, 1895

Patronesses

Mrs. M. W. Stryker,
Mrs. C. C. Carmalt, MRS. A. G. KELSEY.

Committee

JOHN R. BABCOCK

Lucius K. Stevens  Clemens J. France
Robert G. Kelsey  J. Howard Holmes
Our Freshman Frolic

Since we, the class of ninety-eight, were enrolled in the fall of ninety-four, we have been famed for our originality and for our quickness to follow good precedents. So when we learned soon after our entrance into college life, that the class of ninety-seven had made a new departure by giving a formal reception in Scollard Opera House during the previous year, we determined to prove to those disrespectful and disdainful sophomores, that although freshmen, we could show them a thing or two, in the social line. We accordingly appointed a committee composed of representative men of the class, of which our "Bob" was the life and moving spirit, with instructions to show ninety-seven how it ought to be done.

How well the committee succeeded in its efforts was proved by the charming scene which greeted the eye upon entering the hall, and by the many complimentary remarks showered upon its members upon their success as social directors. The upper classmen supported the affair nobly—in fact the gentlemen outnumbered the ladies to such an extent, that the novel sight of the upper classmen dancing together was not an uncommon one.

Altogether the dance was a great success, socially and financially, and when the hour for breaking up arrived, all agreed that ninety-eight's ability in entertaining as in every thing else, was unquestioned.
The Sophomore Hop

CLASS OF '99

Soper Gymnasium, February 18th, 1897.

Patronesses

Mrs. M. W. Stryker
Mrs. W. R. Terrett
Mrs. H. H. Higbee

Mrs. H. C. G. Brandt
Mrs. B. G. Smith

Committee

J. H. Merwin
C. E. Hawley

H. H. Pease,

C. R. Millham
M. B. Parmelee
The Sophomore Hop

Nature was not in her most poetic mood on the night of the Sophomore Hop. The moonlight did not silhouette against the snow-clad hill the sleighs that traveled to and fro; nor did the stars shine brightly in the clear, cold air. Venus and the rest had hidden, as if in jealous anger, behind a low, black cloud from which the snow-flakes fluttered noiselessly.

But no one lamented the unpoetic state of the elements. The Soper Gymnasium with its brilliantly lighted hall seemed all the more cheerful by comparison with the outer gloom. The trailing draperies of blue and buff, the national and College flags, hanging side by side and intermingling their folds in fond fellowship, the sofas and window-seats piled high with many colored pillows;—all served to give the scene a radiant beauty which was only rivaled by the more kaleidoscopic effect of the brilliantly attired dancers.

From the moment that the inspiring strains of Esplanita floated out from the bank of evergreens which concealed the orchestra, until the closing notes of the last two-step had died away, the old walls smiled upon a spectacle of unequalled gaiety and joy. The dance had been a complete success; the adieux were said to the patronesses; and tired but happy we sought the carriages waiting at the doors.

Nature seemed to have repented of her harshness, for the clouds had cleared away and the snow rested white and fleecy on every side.

Restlessly the sleigh-bells tinkled,
Morning tinged the East with light,
Paling stars looked down and twinkled
As we paused to say "Good night."

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'98
Class Banquet
The Butterfield, Utica, October 14, 1895.

Committee
R. S. Cookingham, W. L. Allen, W. B. Carver,
E. A. Rogers, F. D. L. N. Briggs,
B. E. Turnbull, C. J. France,
H. L. Weber.

Toast Master, '98, J. R. Babcock
"With hearts elate, and banners bright unfurled,
We go to straighten out the wide, wide world."
B. E. Turnbull.

The Absentees, "Lost to mind, to memory dear."
E. R. Wright.

The Sems, "Trained for either camp or court,
Skillful in each manly sport."
E. A. Rogers.

Athletics, A. J. Dewey.

'99 (To be Drunk in Milk),
"Slimmers who from 'Preps' elate,
Challenged the Sophs, and met their fate."
W. L. Allen.

Noon Chapel (à la B. G.), "Horrible discord; dire was the noise
Of conflict."
D. Wells.

Vacation Experiences, "Unthinking, idle, wild and young,
I laughed, and danced, and talked, and sung."
J. H. Holmes.

De Mädchen, "Drink ye to her that each loves best,
And if you nurse a flame
That's told but to her mutual breast
We will not ask her name."

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The Sophomore Banquet

Class of '99

Bagg's Hotel, Utica, N. Y., November 18, 1896

Committee

Warren I. Lee,
W. E. Danford,
E. O. Heyl,
C. L. Mosher,

G. D. Sessions,
W. H. Smith,
M. M. Post,

Daniel Wells.

Toasts

Toast Master, . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . .
The Sophomore Banquet

At the end of a College year one naturally looks back with varying emotions on his College experiences during the three terms just passed. The honors gained, the failures made and the pleasures enjoyed are all reviewed. Memory, however, lingers most pleasantly on the many "good times" which are so characteristic of College life and which serve to make it the most joyous life in the world. Chief among such good times in the estimation of the Class of '99 will be their Class Banquet, held at Bagg's Hotel, Utica, November 18, 1896.

The committee was appointed, arrangements made, and a night set, to which the Class eagerly looked forward. Analytics, which we were just beginning, loomed up before us, dreaded and terrible. Reviews would soon begin. The Sophomore year was the hardest in College. Let there be one night, then, of unalloyed pleasure. We were a noble Class, so let us have a banquet worthy of such a Class. These were our thoughts, as, dress suit cases in hand, we marched down from the hill to the livery, singing Hamilton and '99 songs. Rumor said that the freshmen were to be on hand to wish us "Bon voyage," as we boarded the tally-ho. As light exercise is recommended before eating we were in hopes that the rumor might be true, also thinking that we might enjoy the banquet with better zest after having added another row to our list of class victories. However, the Freshmen were as scarce as the hairs on the top of Bill Nye's head, so with nothing to molest us we mounted the tally-ho and with a rousing '99 yell were off.

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The ride to Utica, under the brightest of moon-lit skies, was a never-to-be forgotten one. The singers in the crowd tuned up and melody flowed, as did likewise the contents of "Art's" bottle. Filled with pleasant anticipation of good things in store for us we arrived at the hotel, donned our dress suits and then came the realization.

The Utica papers of the next morning mentioned the banquet, but their fragmentary accounts came far short of doing justice to the occasion. Jimmie Merwin's satirical references to the "Unsalted" and "Sam" and "Hank's" models of post prandial eloquence were not noted; neither fortunately were "G. T's" stories nor Abram's cuss words when he saw on the menu card, his euphonious front title changed to the good old Biblical name of Abraham.

Moved at length by House's and Keck's pleadings and the twelve o'clock closing clause of the Raines' bill, the tally-ho was summoned, the "Dirty Four" placed on top of it and the homeward ride begun. Even before it ended "Sesh's" head assumed such proportions that his hat was crowded off, and its presence in the road the next morning must have borne mute witness to our loyalty to class spirits. In due time Clinton was reached and the banqueters dispersed to their rooms, prepared, after a rest, to tackle Analytics and the approaching reviews with renewed vigor.
### Other Social Events

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<td>Sept. 30th</td>
<td>Y. M. C. A. Reception</td>
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<td>Alpha Delta Phi Dance</td>
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<td>Feb. 17th</td>
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<td>Feb. 19th</td>
<td>Sigma Phi Dance</td>
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<td>Delta Upsilon Dance</td>
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<td>Houghton Reception</td>
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<td>Mar. 17th</td>
<td>Musicale at Mrs. Brandt's</td>
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Literary . . . .

. . Department
Miranda at the Mandolin

A
H! Who shall say song hath not ease
For longing and for pain?
Lo! Where beneath the lilac trees
Miranda lifts a strain.
No speeding moment seems a loss
The while she strives to win
Some solace from the strings that cross
Her Spanish mandolin.

Touched by her hands the cords renew
The olden plaint of love,
As though the bright Sevillian blue
Uncloaked beamed above.
And list! Her winsome lips that part,
Like petals rosy-fair,
Breathe tenderly, beyond all art,
An Andalusian air.

There runs a thread along the theme,
A glowing strand of gold,
That stirs her heart to heavenly dream,
And kindles all its cold.
The song hath brought the rest she sought;
Though leagues between are long.
Two lovers souls embrace in thought
Begotten by the song.

—CLINTON SCOLLARD—

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Our New Buildings

S MALLEST but not least let the Well-House be named,—the Memorial of '97, and by far the handsomest memento yet left by any graduating class.

It shelters the old College well, just north of Knox Hall and long dear with its old wooden structure to those who will never find any waters quite so cold and sweet as those which it has yielded to all our generations. The structure is of stone with wood framings in the upper part interset with stone, the whole capped with a shingling of cedar bark. The class is indebted to Mr. Gouge of Utica (Class of '70) for the artistic design and to Mr. DeRegt for its complete execution. It is to be hoped that other classes will emulate '97 in the good taste and good will of this fine souvenir. All of us will drink their health in the best of all brewings.

Last autumn the old wooden gymnasion was removed and the hole dug for the site of the Science Hall, now erecting by the generosity of Elihu Root, Esq., '64. It is doubly a filial token,—to his College Mother, so long by him ardently served and deeply loved, and to his honored father, Oren Root, LL. D., '33, to whose memory it will be a tribute and whose devotion not only to Mathematical but also to the Natural Sciences is thus fitly commemorated. The building is to be of stone from local quarries, preserving the native accent of all our better buildings, and its area is ninety-five by forty-seven feet. It will be impressive
in its relation to the whole campus scheme, emphasizing the quadrangle idea now appearing in the treatment of the middle campus. Its three stories will provide, on the first floor for the laboratories and demonstrating rooms so long needed for the department of Physics, on the second floor for three fine recitation rooms, and on the third floor for ample work in Biology. The architect is Thomas Hastings, son of Dr. Thomas S. Hastings, '48, and of the well-famed New York firm of Carrère & Hastings.

A porch with four stately fluted columns, twenty-five feet high, will give dignity and beauty to the eastern façade, and the symmetry of the plans and elevation will make the building an object lesson in appropriate beauty. The building will cost $30,000.

If misfortunes come paired, so sometimes do blessings. While all of us on the hill were full of interest and satisfaction over such a token of progress, there came the announcement of the new Hall of Languages, the gift, in the handsome sum of $25,000, of Mr. Henry H. Benedict, of the Class of '69. This will be a solid and shapely edifice of stone, in two stories, with tiled roof, affording six modern and well-appointed recitation rooms for the Ancient and Modern Languages. It is to stand west of Silliman Hall, measuring eighty by forty feet, and its heavy, arched doorway will look north. Frederick H. Gouge, '70, is the architect.

Both of these buildings are to be finished within of hard wood. Work is pushing upon them. By commencement they will be far along in elevation, and it is expected that both can be ready for occupancy by November.

These two structures are a grand beginning of what we feel sure will before long be a campus, not only of exceptional beauty of situation, but of noble and entirely adequate appointments for all our enlarging numbers and widening work.

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The freeing of the dormitories from recitation rooms is thus effectually begun. The way is now open for the good donor who shall add a Hall of Philosophy to stand at the north end of the quadrangle, and also for those who shall provide a Hall of Chemistry and Metallurgy, and a modern Dormitory.

We wish the large-hearted men who have just made these noble and timely gifts could half know the enthusiasm and college spirit with which their liberality is appreciated, not only by the Alumni and the Faculty, but by every man of the undergraduates. These splendid advances are at once a fulfillment and a prophecy.
Revised Version of an Old Song

VANDAL, fell that tree!
Leaving not a single bough;
A "Fresh," it shaded thee,
But that's no matter now.
'Twas planted by a hand
Honored before thy birth;
Yet do not let it stand,
Since memories have no worth.

That grand familiar tree—
Its glory and renown
Are spread o'er land and sea,
But thou must hew it down!
Urge on thy vandal stroke,
Sneer at its earth-bound ties,
Smite low, larch, pine and oak,
Now towering to the skies.

There needs no idle plea
To "open up a view;"
Old things deposed must be
Lest they o'er-top the new.
Lay bare the campus here,
Clear the encumbered land;
In but one little year
A century's growth is——-!

If heart-strings 'round trees cling,
If tree seems like old friend,
'Tis but a silly thing;
Feeling to force must bend.
Who dares thy power to brave?
Who mourns this outraged spot?
There is no hand to save—
Strike! chop! and falter not!
Inscribed to the Class of '97

Air: "Ben Bolt."

DON'T you remember the water so good,
That flowed in our old College well?
Where the moonlighted poplars as sentinels stood,
And the shade of the Cabinet fell.
The chain and the bucket that used to be there,
And the splash, and the drip at the rim;—
Oh, give us one draught of those waters again.
And we'll fill up the cup to the brim!
Oh, give us one draught of those waters again,
And we'll fill up the cup to the brim!

And don't you remember the twilights so fair,
The seat by the wind-haunted pine,
With the songs drifting out on the blossoming air,
And the Chapel bell ringing for nine?
Now voices are silenced that laughed as they came,
And dear hands are parted and cold:
But our beautiful Hamilton still is the same,
Those waters are sweet as of old!
But our beautiful Hamilton still is the same
Those waters are sweet as of old!
Pygmalion's Lament

STATUE, motionless and cold,
O heartless maiden thou!
Can not my kisses warm beneath
Thine alabaster brow?

With chiselled chin and beauty rare
Like living maid you stand;
But when I seek a bounding pulse
You give an icy hand!

Ah, thou art cruel! To my arms
With joy you never start;
Too well I know my love is vain—
Thou hast a marble heart!

S. W. H., '99.

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Hamilton College as I Know It

By Amory H. Bradford, D. D.

I am requested to furnish some recollections of Hamilton College during the years between '65 and '70. Time makes little difference with the vividness of memories of college life. They seem as near after twenty-five years as during the first year following graduation.

When I entered Hamilton Dr. Fisher was its President, but he resigned during my senior year and Professor Brown of Dartmouth was chosen as his successor. The latter was a genial gentleman and a finished scholar. Mr. H. O. Houghton, the eminent publisher, once told me that he considered him the finest master of English style of any man in the United States. President Fisher I remember chiefly for the vigor of his sermons. He was a strong preacher of the old school. He delighted in the use of his imagination, which was vivid if not always cultivated. More than any one whom I have ever known he used to try to make the students appreciate the length of eternity. As I recall the birds which he sent out to carry from our earth all its grains of sand and all its drops of water, whose task would be ended while eternity was only begun, the figures seem grotesque enough, but such forms of speech were more common then than now. He made vigorous use of his handkerchief, and the blasts of his nose still echo in my ears; but with all his eccentricities he was a man of real eloquence and great power and his services as a preacher were always enjoyed. I cannot speak of him as a
teacher for I was never in his classes. I imagine, however, that he was more an orator than an instructor.

Of all the men of those years I have the most vivid recollections of three professors, namely, Professors Upson, North and Root. Professor Root was one of the kindest-hearted men who ever lived, but he knew how to be severe to those who did not repay his kindness with courtesy. He had much regard for the poor mathematician, so long as they behaved themselves, but if once they attempted the slightest disturbance they felt the steel beneath his velvet glove.

There is no need that I should say anything of Professor North. He was the same in those days that I am sure he is now. It seemed then as if he could never grow old. More than any other professor whom I have known he seemed to be in love with the studies which he taught. He was a Greek born out of due time, for which we were all grateful. His lectures were an inspiration, and to sit in his class was a liberal education. He is a true poet, a superb teacher, and a man whom every one loves.

Of Professor Upson it is difficult to speak without seeming extravagant. I doubt if any man ever connected with Hamilton College has left a more positive impression, and I have often wondered whether it would not have been better if he had always remained in the chair of which he was so distinguished an ornament. He had the rare faculty of making men work without seeming to do so. Other strong and able men have been connected with the College, but he, I presume, more than any other has impressed his personality upon his department. When he occupied the pulpit the seats in the old chapel were full, and there was no jumping out of the windows—as sometimes occurred when others preached.

Among the men of my own time who have distinguished themselves are the Rev. Dr. Breed, now of Pittsburg and formerly of Chicago; Professor Burdick, now of Columbia College Law School; Professor
Best, who I suppose is still living in Clinton; Professor Hopkins, who has long been a professor in the College in which I remember him as the best base ball player; Drs. W. M. Butler and S. H. Talcott, both of whom have been connected with the Insane Asylum at Middletown and both of whom are eminent specialists in nervous diseases. I mention last the man who was the genius of the College during all the time I knew it, and who has in him the elements of one of the greatest men our country has ever produced. I refer to Dr. James H. Ecob, who succeeded Professor Upson in Albany and who is now a pastor in Denver. Of him Professor Park of Andover once said: "He is the nearest to my ideal of a genius of any man whom I have ever known." If his physique had been equal to his brains and heart there would have been no place in art or literature or the pulpit too large for him. He took all the prizes in literary work which any man could take, and sighed for more worlds to conquer.

These are but a few of the names which occur to me as I write. At that time there were no society houses. We lodged on the hill and boarded in the town—and the memory of some of those "black-strap" pies lingers with me yet. Those were the days of hazing, but I am bound to say that I remember but one man being hazed who did not need it, and who was not benefited by it, although the custom was barbarous and I presume with other "relics of barbarism" has long since been dropped. The "rushing" between the Sophomores and Freshmen were also an institution, and little less brutal than a prize fight. If they have not ceased to be it is a shame to some one.

The character of the College in those days was "Pete." No one will ever be longer remembered than that irrepressible Irishman who used to carry the water and care for the rooms. His tongue was as sharp as a razor, and woe to that man who incurred his displeasure. I well remember hearing him in the halls one day, in a peculiar tone that no one could imitate, saying as he walked backward and forward: "O, Mr. B., poor
and proud, poor and proud!” Some fellows one day poured a lot of water over President Fisher and he sent “Pete” to find them. Peter started out, singing as he went: “Boys, go to your rooms; I am looking for you.” If there is any heaven for witty Irishmen “Pete” must have a high place in it.

The buildings then numbered only three dormitories, the chapel, the small museum at the rear of the chapel, and the observatory. But the campus was the delight and pride of the College. The general equipment seems primitive as compared with what it is now and what other institutions of learning possess; but if any one doubts whether good work was then done he need only attend one of the annual reunions of the Alumni in New York, where he will find as many distinguished men in proportion to the number living in the city as are gathered on any similar occasions by other institutions of learning. Those who remember Hamilton as it was rejoice in the Hamilton that is. They are proud of the success of the new President, and will never cease to love the dear Mother on the hill who was ever kindly and gracious and whose ministries will not be forgotten even though at the time they may have seemed unappreciated.
Advance Sheets of a New Dictionary of Hamilton College
Slang for the Benefit of Sub. Fresh.

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**Flunk:** (Flünk) n. [L. flucium, from fluco to fluke. derived from
Greek.]
1. The time when a man's knowledge fails him suddenly.
2. The time when a man's nerve fails him and he can't stab.
3. The time when he leaves his watch at home, or his cuffs
won't turn.
4. The blow that almost killed G. T.
Cf. stab, zero, plucked, blob.

**Blood:** (Blöd) n. [O. E. blod, blood, A. S. blod akin to O. H. G. bluot,
blut, Goth. blob. Prob. comes from M. E. blow to make a
noise.]
1. The happy state when a man succeeds in making a Prof.
believe that he knows something when he doesn't.
2. Combined application of gall, cheek and wind.
3. Result of proper manipulation of chalk, watch-case, etc.
Cf. Ten-spot, max.

**Bohn:** (Bön) v.i. [L. bona O. E. bon, ban, Icel bein. Scr. ben. E. bone.]
1. To wear out the seat of one's trousers.
2. To burn midnight oil at 16c. a gallon.
3. What no respectable man ever does.
Cf. grind.

**Swipe:** (Swip) v.t. [A. S. sweep, M. H. G. swip, Sans swa.]
1. The act of taking a Freshman's property. (Rem. If
Freshman takes upper-classman's property it is called stealing.)
2. A legitimate thing to do when coal gives out.
3. A harmony in music which just escaped not being a
harmony.

**Cut:** (Küt) v.n. [O. F. cutter. W. cicutan, Gael. cutaw. In. cut.
Probably from Ger. Schnitz. by inversion of ideas.]

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1. Something lavishly wasted at the beginning of the term and ardently desired at the end.
2. A thing of which we can never get enough.
   Cf. sick-excuse.

**Slimer:** (Slimer not allimer) n. [Lat. limare (?) O. H. J. alimen, ical. slim. Prob. from Lat. limus, as a symbol of worthlessness.]
1. A spot of green. [Valg.]
2. A person known by his freshness and simplicity.
3. *Rem.* Usually prefixed by an expletive, e.g. d—slimer.
4. A term of reproach used by Sophomores.
   Cf. Freshman, Frosh.

**Rusty:** (Rusty) n. [A. S. rustie, O. G. rustig, D. roest. Probably derived from L. rusty-cuss.]
1. A person afflicted with chronic corrosion.
2. One whose head is out of proportion to the size of his body.
3. One who knows more than a Senior.
4. A term of reproach used by Freshmen.
   Cf. Sophomore.

**Trot:** (Trot) n. [A. S. trot, O. H. G. trottent, O. F. trotter, M. E. trot—the rapid pace of a horse.]
1. An invaluable remedy for sudden attacks of forgetfulness.
2. The student’s friend.
3. Usually applied to one of Mr. Handy’s series of classics.
4. Something which “Bab” doesn’t use.

**Crib:** (Krib) n. [Lat. cribus, P. creb, A. S. cribs, Goth. cribwa.
   From M. S. crib,—by analogy,—a storehouse of knowledge.]
1. A piece of chalk or paper covered with hieroglyphics.
2. A cuff, watch-case or finger-nail.
4. Something which no one ever uses—except when he has to.
THE HAMILTONIAN.

HAMILTON COLLEGE, CLINTON, N. Y., JULY, 1858.

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- CLASS OF 1857
  Horace R. Loring, Henry W. Robinson
- CLASS OF 1858
  Charles W. Hasbrouck, George W. Walker
- CLASS OF 1859
  Nathan W. Washburn, Horace Hoyt, Horace W. Walker, George B. Stone

Alpha Delta Phi.
FOUNDED 1857.

- CLASS OF 1856
  Edward F. Arnold, William D. Shaver, James A. Wise, William H. Webster, William W. Howland, William H. Week
- CLASS OF 1857
  William W. Howland, John H. Morgan, John W. Porter, John A. Pope, Horace W. Walker
- CLASS OF 1858
- CLASS OF 1859
  Horace R. Loring, Alexander Bainbridge, Charles E. Lyon, Horace Hoyt

Chi Phi.
ESTABLISHED 1854.

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  Henry J. Akerman, James A. Turner
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HAMILTONIAN No. 1

THIRTY-NINE years ago, in the summer of '58, the Senior class of Hamilton College published, for the first time, a four-page annual, and sold it for five cents a copy. At the heading of the first page stood the words THE HAMILTONIAN. This was No. 1—the beginning of all those bothersome board-meetings, and the origin of that infernal question "When will the Ham———?"

The illustration upon the opposite page is an exact reproduction of the first page of number one, from an original copy. Few of these originals are now extant, and we wish to express our gratitude to Professor Root, who so kindly lent us his copy for reproduction.

The development of the Annual has been wonderful. The number of pages has increased from four to two hundred. The steel engraving has supplanted the old-fashioned wood-cut. Board covers and advertisements have been added; and the Juniors instead of the Seniors now publish the book.

But the fact that impresses us most is that each class during these thirty-nine years, has striven to surpass its predecessor in the excellence of its book, and that they have, in most cases, succeeded. This is perfectly natural, but necessarily a limit must soon be reached. Whether we have surpassed our illustrious predecessor or not, is for others to decide. As to the limit, if that has been reached in the Class of '97, all we can say is that we hope we have kept up to their standard.

THE BOARD.

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Things are not Always as They Seem

SOFTLY fell the shades of evening,
Venus brightly on us shone
As we sat there in the hammock
She and I, all, all alone.

She was comely and so near me!
Ah! you say, what bliss complete,
Sitting there amid the gloaming,
By my side a maiden sweet!

Yes, all nature seemed to bless us,
Singing love and death to strife,
But, alas, 'twas not all romance,
For the maiden was my wife!

S. W. H., '99.

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A Face

I made a "call" some nights ago
Three college mates to "see."
And I must tell of what occurred
Of such good luck to me.

We talked and smoked and laughed and sang,
And whiled the hours away,
'Till some one got the album out,
And we sat down to "stay."

Some pictures then were handed me,
At which I looked with care,
Three faces that I gazed upon
Were very choice and rare.

I took one more. It was a face
That I had longed to see,
And frown as I might, despite my looks,
My heart beat high with glee.

That face meant fortune, fame and wealth,
And blue chips by the score,
For 'twas the face of a poker queen,
Of which I held three more.

J. R. B., '98.
The Humiliation of Prex

PRESIDENT WILLIAMS of B———College, was a man of many
noble qualities and of a brilliant mind, but he had one fault which
rendered him very unpopular,—curiosity. He was continually trying to
to spy into imaginary secrets, and to ferret out crimes which had never
been committed. His house was next to the chapel and afforded him
abundant opportunity to exercise his paternal surveillance of the students
on the hill. But his curiosity once led him into a pitfall, and this is the
manner in which it happened:

A group of Sophomores were gathered in Jack Purvis’ room. Jack
was regarded about College as a jolly good fellow and a hearty companion,
but he was a dare-devil, up to all kinds of mischief, so that this gathering
in his room meant that some sort of deviltry was being hatched up. Jack
had just been seized with a brilliant idea, and was explaining it to his
fellow Sophs., who were filled with delight at the scheme, and promised to
carry it out in all its details.

A few nights later the President was awakened from a sound sleep
by the clanging of bells almost directly over his head. For a moment it
seemed to him that Gabriel’s trumpet was sounding, but as he regained
control of his faculties he realized that some one was furiously ringing
the chapel bell. Hastily slipping on his clothes he ran bareheaded over
to the chapel, and laboriously crawled, scrambled and climbed to the
belfry. It was pretty hard work, for he was no longer of the slight pro-
portions of his early years. When he reached the belfry, he stopped in amazement. Not a soul was there! Having listened for a time and not hearing a sound except the sighing of the wind, the baffled doctor crept back to bed, and to sleep, troubled in mind and wearied in body. All this afforded infinite amusement to Jack as he climbed slowly down from his lofty perch in a tree and began to wind up the rope on his arm.

The next night the same scene was repeated, with the result of making the good doctor very mystified and angry, but more than ever intent on finding out the perpetrators of the deed.

The next day the rumor ran through the College and even spread to the village that there was to be a grand illumination of the College buildings precisely at midnight. That night the wicked Sophomores chuckled to themselves as they saw the large crowd slowly gathering in the darkness in front of the chapel, eagerly awaiting the promised spectacle. At just five minutes to twelve, the chapel bell began to ring out madly. Jack, seated in the tree, was on the lookout. It was hardly a minute before he could see a white figure leap from the President's house and tear madly towards the chapel. The bell continued to ring wildly. As the President tore along he thought to himself "I'll catch those rascals this time, sure." When he reached the top of the chapel steps he stopped short for one moment. There was a hiss, a flash, and he found himself standing in the blinding glare of a dozen vari-colored lights, a figure in white brought into relief by the dark background, surrounded by a crowd of eager faces, as it seemed to him, limitless in extent. To add to his misery the fire was so close that as he told a sympathizing friend it had scorched his night shirt and burned the capillary adornments off his nether extremities. With a wild yell of impotent rage and shame he tore back to hide himself as fast as his feet would carry him, and the humiliation of Prex was complete.

H. K. B., '98.
"An Excuse"

I WENT to Hops the other day
    And said "Professor, I'm going away
"Twill not be long that I shall stay,
I'm call by the sickness of Dear Aunt May."

Yes, yes, too bad, indeed, I see,
I've had the same thing happen to me,
But a note I've made in this little book here
Says your dear Aunt May died some time last year.

It's somewhat singular, don't you know,
For you not to remember a year ago,
When you for excuses then applied,
That you might visit the loved one's side.

How you staid two weeks, came back and said,
With tears in your eyes, that Aunt May was dead.
Most any excuse I'll be glad to grant,
But you'll have to invent another aunt.

J. R. B., '98.
By-Gone Days

As '97 mourns the loss
Of loved ones gone before,
We likewise now in tears lament
The loss of near a score.

For '98 in Freshman year
Had right good men "to burn,"
But now, alas, in Junior year
We long for their return.

Old "Fat" Robbins and Bachman slim,
   Smith, Stanton and "Cookie" with "Howdy" trim,
Welle, Stevens, and Bristol and "Caius" Lee,
   And Dan LaMonte who went to sea.

Would that I had a poet's powers
   To tell how "Dan" beguiled the hours,
With stories of mutinies, wrecks and such,
   And then went down and flunked in "Dutch."

How "Fat" could sing and "Howdy" play
   The banjo in quite a remarkable way,
How D. Well's tribbies played checkers one night,
   And got him into a horrible plight.
How "Stevie" made love in the Best Place rooks,
   And gave up completely the study of books.

But I fear the ghosts of departed friends,
   Will rise and curse 'ere this doggerel ends,
So we'll drink one toast, a farewell nip,
   To our absent ones, with an *R. I. P. rip.

J. R. B., '98.

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* Requiescant in pace.
"Out of the Traditions of the Elders"

SOME HAMILTON COLLEGE YARNS.

On one bright day of Commencement week a group of old grads were gathered around a class tree, and the conversation had naturally drifted back to those happy days when they were only careless Freshman or reckless Sophomores, before care and trouble had furrowed their brows and turned their dark locks gray.

"It hardly seems to me," said one of the group, "that the boys nowadays have such good times as we used to have." The rest of the group nodded assent, and shook their heads sadly over the degeneracy of the times. "Now, for instance," said the speaker continuing, "the Freshmen don't have the fun we used to have with 'Old Twink.' It was a custom, long established by tradition, that the Freshmen should build bonfires all around the observatory on some especially clear night. It was a sight never to be forgotten to see the old professor come flying out of the observatory door, with a 'Donnerwetter, what you think you're doing,' that sent the boys in every direction. It used to spoil a whole evening's work, for he couldn't get rid of the smoke for hours, and many were the threats that he hurled against his persecutors. I tell you those were rare old days."

"I remember another good story about 'Old Twink,'" said another one of the group. "You know Old Twink was a very gallant old gentleman, and whenever any ladies came to visit the observatory, he was all attention, and explained with great care all the mysteries of the telescope"
and machinery. Well one evening some young ladies from the Sem. came up to see the observatory and get a look through the telescope. The professor received them in his blankest manner, showed them the arrangements for moving the dome and the telescope, and then led the way to the big instrument. Having carefully adjusted the telescope he helped one of the young ladies to the seat and said, 'now if you will apply your eye to this eye-piece you will get a beautiful view of Saturn with all its rings,' and he began to give an elaborate description of them. 'Why I don't see anything at all,' said the young lady. 'You don't? That's very strange. Let me look.' He gave one look through the telescope and then bounded up the stairs, exclaiming, 'I kills dose tam Freshmen dis time.' Some wicked Freshman had carefully dropped a hat-box over the telescope at the proper time.'

'Did you ever hear how some Freshmen got the better of the President?' said another old grad., and then without waiting for an answer he continued. 'It was in the old days when the President lived on top of the hill. Old President Fisher was a man who was always trying to spy into the boy's plans and to keep them out of mischief, but, said to say his philanthropic efforts were not appreciated. One evening 'Square' Root who was then a tutor, was visited by the old doctor who was in a towering sage. 'Mr. Root' said he 'those boys are up to something again. I want you to go out and help me catch them.' Square was rather reluctant to go, but there was no way out of it, so he put on his hat and the two emerged upon the campus in the vicinity of South. A sharp, shrill whistle of peculiar intonation as of one giving a prearranged signal sounded. 'There, don't you hear that' said the President, and hurried the tutor rapidly up the walk. But when they reached the place from which the sound had come, not a soul was to be seen. They were looking about, puzzled and nonplussed, when the same signal was repeated near South. 'There it is again,' said the doctor, and he forgot
his dignity and began to run. But no one was in sight when they reached South. After two or three equally fruitless attempts, the President became desperate. 'You take the front of the buildings and I'll take the back' and the two divided forces. Square had become rather tired and sat down on the Chapel steps to rest. It was only a moment or two before a young fellow ran around the corner and right into the waiting tutors arms.

'Come, sir, what does this mean' said the tutor sternly. The student got his breath and then confessed it all, and it was learned that they had a band of half a dozen men at each corner of the campus and for over two hours had kept the poor President running back and forth.'

'I don't believe that anyone ever had such an easy time as we used to have under 'Chippie' Hamilton,' said a younger grad. 'Now 'Chippie' was as good hearted a man as ever lived and wanted to do his best for everyone, but he could not govern. The men in College had little or no respect for what he said. Why, when he occasionally led morning chapel, he always used to pray with his eyes open. Our class in particular had made an enemy of him, the moment we came into contact with him, and he had repeatedly said that our class was certainly the worst class of men in college, and other things much less respectful. Now our class came to the time when we had 'Chippie' in chemistry. 'Chippie' had a very select series of experiments which required to be performed in a dark room, and of which he was excessively proud. In the first lecture we sat as still as mice, and paid respectful heed. The old professor was surprised, but still suspected some trick. When the second and third lecture passed in the same manner, he then threw all suspicion to the winds, praised us to the skies, took back all the harsh things he had ever said about our class, and felt at peace with himself and the whole world. I'll never forget that fourth lecture to my dying day.'
The moment the shutters were closed the pandemonium began. Books, erasers, caps, chalk, flew from all quarters of the room, being mostly aimed at the desk, behind which 'Chippie' was crouching, yelling for someone to open the shutters. When the shutters were at last opened, there was in front was Eli Perkins, whom the boys used to call 'Holy Eli' because he was so pious, grinding away like mad at some old machine of 'Chippie's' which gave out the most infernal racket you ever heard."

"Well, we didn't always get ahead of the professors," said a white-haired grad. "I remember one day how the boys tried to play a joke on 'Old Greek.' They caught a big gander on a neighboring farm, and tied it firmly in 'Old Greek's' chair, and then awaited developments. 'Old Greek' walked into the room with his head down and didn't see the goose until the old fellow stretched out his neck and uttered an angry hiss. 'Old Greek' stopped and looked at it for a moment, and then turned to the class and said in his most unimpassioned and deliberate tones:

'Well, young gentlemen, you seem to have an instructor better suited to you than I am, so I will leave him in charge,' and walked out of the room."

"I remember a good story I once heard about old Marcus Catlin," said another grad., "which is somewhat similar. The professor had an old white horse, which was as slow and staid in its manner and pace as though it felt all the dignity of years and responsibility.

He always used to get at the head of the procession of carriages going down from chapel, and then walk as slowly as though time was an unknown factor, and many were the curses that were lavished on the beast, and he was popularly called 'Old Whitey.'

One day a facetious Freshman was seized with an artistic inspiration and drew a crude sketch of a horse on the blackboard of the Math. room, and labeled it 'Old Whitey.' The whole class awaited the instructor's
coming. He walked in with the utmost deliberation, gave one glance at
the drawing, and then slowly turning with an unmoved countenance, until
his glance rested on the unlucky Freshman, who was now shaking in his
shoes, he said: 'Well, Mr. Jones, I guess you might as well step up and
rub 'Old Whitey' down.'"

But the afternoon was now well advanced, and the group broke up
with an *au revoir*, and with newly awakened memories of the "good old
days" when all was youth and life and happiness.

H. K. B., '98.
A Flirt

We sat beneath a spreading tree.
I held her little hand in mine;
And in its soft and dainty palm
I traced her fortune line by line.

As time slipped by, an hour or more,
The fateful lines were all but read;
Then with a final tender press,
"You are a flirt," I softly said.

She drew herself up with a blush,
"Young man, I think that you will find,
If you've the nerve to try it on,
That I am not at all that kind!"

"Perhaps you're not a flirt; but still
There surely must be something wrong,
Or else how is it that you let
Me hold your hand so long?"

E. N. R., '98.
A Dark Deed

It was a bitter night in the middle of February. The wind was whirling the hard, fine snow around the corners of the dormitories, and whistling through the trees on the campus. It was very dark. The chapel clock had just finished striking eleven, when two figures emerged stealthily from North College, and struggled through the snow toward the chapel. They said nothing, and seemed to be trying to shield from the snow something which they were carrying.

They reached the back of the chapel and tried the door; "Thank the Lord, it's open," and they disappeared up the stairs. What was their mission? Had they stolen the corpse of a pet cat, buried that day, in order to dissect it in the laboratory to-morrow, and were they seeking a safe hiding place for it? Were they bent on greasing B. G's blackboard, or sawing off the legs of his chair? Suddenly there was a dull thud, followed by a terrible crash and a shower of debris—a shriek, a groan, an oath.

Horrors! They must be dynamiters, seeking vengeance for fancied wrong, by blowing up the chapel! But no; it was only a couple of fellows swiping coal. In dearth of a match with which to light their way, one of them had fallen down the stairs, followed by his scuttle full of coal.

E. N. R., '98.
I've conned the daintiest of poets lyrical,
Searched for jewels in the muse antique,
Delved in lines romantic and satirical
And know whereof I chanced to speak;
But find no conceit, image or reflection,
No word from genius' pen however true
That hints the beauty and the rare perfection
Possessed unconsciously, dear girl, by you.
That Night

T WAS to the Prom, I took her,
A vision in pink and white,
So radiant, so fair,
Blue eyes and golden hair,
That night.

Could I but think her fairest,
This lovely vision bright;
Had I not brought her on
To grace this very Prom.
That night?

We danced through waltz and two-step,
The minutes took their flight,
The dancers paused to see,
To learn whom it might be
That night.

As I led her from the ball-room
Out into the radiant night
I could feel my throbbing heart,
Being pierced by Cupid's dart
That night.

And as I sat beside her
I watched her with delight,
Her little hand was clasped in mine,
Silence to us was most divine
That night.

But now the Prom. is over
My heart once more is light,
Kind fate, I still am free,
She had no claims on me
That night.

—M. H. 8.
Some Dutch Fragments

Ich weiss nicht was soll es bedeuten,
Dass ich so Dutch-sick bin.
Ein lesson von Siebzig Seiten
Ich kann nicht get durch mein Siun.

Wer reitet so hart thro' that Dutch*rot?
Es ist der horser mit seinem "trot."

Es war ein alter Prof.,
Sein Aug' war schwarz, sein Wort war schnell.
Dieser alter Herr Professor
Er gab den Freshie ——.

Kennst du den old Professor,
Ein Blick all the same as der Blitz,
Er hurlet an dem Flunker
Sein common name ist ——.
A Junior Debate

THE Class of '98 filed slowly up the stairs of the Examination Hall one cold day last winter. "B. G." was already there, safely ensconced, in his chair on the platform with a Webster's dictionary in front of him, with the usual look of wisdom on his face, and his most critical air.

When the class had taken their places and the roll had been called, "B. G." said: "The subject for discussion this morning is 'Resolved, that noon chapels should be abolished.' The first speaker on the affirmative is Mr. Kelsey." "Bob" stalked forward to the platform and began to harangue the audience as follows:

"The subject is, 'Resolved that noon chapels should be abolished.' Now the affirmative hold that there are many reasons why noon chapels should be abolished. In the first place our instructor in the department of oratory (here 'B. G.' moved uneasily) is not held in veneration as he should be by the student body. ('B. G.' starts to rise and sits down again.) In the second place the College itself is unable to appreciate true oratory, and in the third place the influence of our noon chapels is immoral. Now as to my first point. It is well known that it has been handed down as an established precedent for our learned instructor to be designated at one time and another as 'you skeleton,'—and that 'gibbet yonder.' Then as to my second point. It is an established fact that the College does not appreciate true oratory. Many instances can be brought
forward to prove this point. Why, when I, even I, delivered my famous ‘dec.’ on ‘To Hell with Maximilian Robespierre,’ the college laughed, yes, gentlemen, actually laughed. If there is any further need to cite examples the lack of appreciation of our learned instructor’s address to the Class of ’97 conclusively proves my point. Then as to my third point. The moral tendency is bad. I do not mean to discuss this as an ethical question (with double gesture). It is not a question of ethics, it is a question of right or wrong. [Applause.] This reminds me of a good story I heard——.” “B. G.’s” pencil comes down and “Bob” subsides.

“First speaker on the negative.”

Wade steps up to the platform with a red tie and a nervous and conciliatory air and begins: “Mr. Chairman, ladies and gentlemen. The first speaker on the affirmative seems to have miscomprehended the question. His arguments seem all right but they is not. We all know what great good we have all got from our noon chapels. Why, when I came on here as a Freshmen I couldn’t speak at all, while now——. Now I have one point more which I forgot to advance. The first speaker on the negative—I mean the affirmative—said that the College wasn’t competent to understand true oratory. Now I think it is. Didn’t the College applaud Albertie with thunderous applause when he appeared in all his glory. I tell you, gentlemen, the affirmative is wrong. Their arguments is spacious. Then as to the fact mentioned by the affirmative that our instructor is not regarded with respect. Did he not awe into submission a turbulent mob of unruly Freshmen by the sheer force of his mighty will? Did not the stamping stop when he said it should? (‘B. G.’ beams approval. Cries of ‘Supe,’ ‘supe’ from the audience.) Then as to the fact that the morals are corrupted by the noon chapels. I think the morals of noon chapels is the best part of the chapels. There is no doubt that there are some things not right in noon chapels——.”

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Here "B. G." brings his pencil down smartly, with "the next speaker on the affirmative," and Finn takes the floor.

He begins in a deep voice—"The negative are all wrong in their arguments. This question is the question of whether or not noon chapels should be abolished, and they have brought forth no arguments to show why they should not be abolished. No one ever listens to the decs. and essays, so that the argument brought forward by the negative that they exert an improving influence is wrong. Their influence is certainly soporific. ('B. G.' begins to paw Webster madly.) As my colleague has said, true oratory is not appreciated. The trouble with the negative in this debate is that they are arguing on a false basis and calling things by their wrong names. What's the use of calling a horse a cow? It will be a cow just the same. Then my next point is (here he glances furtively at his cuff) that the noon chapels are a waste of time. To be sure some men do bohn in chapel but even that must now be stopped. It is an utter waste of time, and——" But "B. G.'s" pencil cut him short and Searle took the floor.

He opened at once with a grand spiel. "The affirmative in this debate is laboring under a delusion and a snare. They think to deceive us with arguments drawn from goodness knows where, certainly not from the North American Review as mine are. They think to deceive the finest and brainiest set of men ever assembled in a college recitation room, (salvos of applause) but we are not to be deceived. Our noon chapels are the greatest influence toward the advancement of the human race, and the development of the psycholical part of man. Who can sit under the oratory poured forth from the fountains of eloquence which flame upon our chapel stage and not feel his soul stirred with thoughts of things both noble and grand. (Double gesture and handspring.) Who can gainsay the potency of our instructor's magic power, to point out the way to oratorical success and to lead our tottering footsteps until we have

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attained the statue of the perfect orator. Under his far-famed instruction we shall march on and on until we shine as stars in the firmament, and our names shall be handed down to prosperity, graced with the laureates of undying fame. (Double gesture grandissimo.) Now I wish to touch upon the arguments of the affirmative at short length. The first citation of the affirmative was concerning the incompetence of the student body to judge of true oratory. Now from the thundering applause which has greeted me——"

Here the pencil of "B. G." came down and the deacon ambled slowly to his seat. "The next speaker on the affirmative, Mr. White."

Albus dragged himself slowly to his place, and gradually stood erect until his head touched the ceiling. Then he began—"The negative has brought forward some arguments, such as they are. Now we would like to show that the College has no appreciation of oratory in spite of the arguments advanced by our esteemed contemporaries. (Here he stopped and grinned.) When I made my maiden attempt (hisses and cries of 'Pun,' 'pun') my 'long white shaft' was the only thing which was greeted with any applause at all. I have ever since attempted to show the College what true oratory is, but they will not suffer it to be thusly. (Here he stroked a solitary whisker on his chin and continued.) Our comedian, 'Montey,' was appreciated, but he was only a Montey-bank, not a true oratorical genius like me. (Here he groped about the ceiling for an imaginary fly.) One of the finest orators in College, the son of our revered professor, is unappreciated. (Sweet smile from 'B. G.'). The standard of oratory in Hamilton is degenerating. Where are the Zealotuses and G. T. Whites of our ancestors? Alas, they have disappeared, and in their place we have such men as 'Skempston' and the 'deacon.' 'But we must have order, I repeat it, gentlemen, we must have order.' By whom shall this order be established? Certainly not by the instructor. for——" "B. G." raps sharply, frowns and says: "Last
speaker on the negative, Mr. LaMonte.” But LaMonte was suffering from a severe attack of hypernostological odontalgia per se.

“This closes the debate,” said “B. G.” “The debate has been very good, on the whole, but I would like to make some minor criticisms. Mr. Finn used the word ‘soporific.’ According to the best authorities it should be ‘soporific.’ Mr. Finn would do well in the future to come into the debate without cuffs. Mr. Wade misused some words. I have forgotten them now, but that is of no importance. However a debate is, of course, a very hard thing to criticise. It requires years of experience. However, the debates of your class have been far superior to any of your predecessors. The class is dismissed,” and they departed singing, “B. G.”.
There are Others

S

tRYKER is not the only bow-legged man in College: there are Wells and Baker.

Shep. is not the only one with a walk like half a barrel of ax handles: B. G.'s is the same kind only it is geared differently.

Bill Nye is not the only one who needs a hair cut: there are Higgins and Gates.

Minor and Piercy are not the only men who stand high in the class: Albus White is sure to graduate highest.

"Square" is not the only luminary on the horizon: "Reddy" Cunningham and "Brick" Blake fairly scintillate.

Noble is not the only man in College who knows the way to Syracuse: the Glee and Banjo Clubs once walked home from there, and the foot-ball team goes through every fall.

Holley is not the only man who has made chapel in rubber boots and an overcoat: there is a saying among the traditions of the elders that Freak Miller once made it clad in a pair of slippers, a collar button and a smile.

Piercey isn't the only man in '98 who made a ten-spot on "B. G.'s" written work the last debate of winter term.

No, there were others.
A Tragedy

Bugs, he found a kitty cat,
Her toes were four times seven.
Bugs got out the chloroform
And Kitty went to heaven.

When the owner missed her cat
She sent straight to the Lab.
To find out if those wicked boys
Were cutting up her Tab.

The Lab. was full of fellows,
Watching Frenchy carve those feet
Already Kittie was no more
Than so much sausage meat.

When Puss was found there came the ground,
They thought, to have a quarrel,
And get good gold for all those toes
Out of Professor Morrill.

The case was tried. He'd murdered Puss;
There was no doubt of that,
And Bugs must pay a quarter each
For toes and Pussy-cat.

E. N. R., '98.
The Way It Was Done

G. was smoking peacefully before his study-fire with a neglected chapel-essay in his lap. His feet were entwined in their usual graceful attitude and he was busily thinking of improvements for his tennis-court and incidentally how he might improve the department of Rhetoric and Oratory. Suddenly an idea seemed to strike him, the first original idea which had struck him in a year. It struck hard, too, so hard that he rose from his chair and began to pace the room wildly. It had just occurred to him that the prize-speakers must soon be appointed. And with this came that great thought which had almost paralyzed him by its originality—why not put on Bevier? Yes, why not? His speaking is certainly exceptional, his graceful gestures and attitude alone will make him noticed anywhere, and then that oratorical instinct inherited from me—why he is sure to win. (And then B. G. seized his cribs and became oratorical). Ought the scion of the illustrious house of B. G. Smith, in whose veins runs the blood of generations of orators, be suffered to lapse into innocuous desuetude? Never. Have I not the power to put him on if I wish? Who will say me nay? But yet—ah—ahem—it's a mere matter of judgment, and perhaps I'd better call Bevier in, and see what he thinks about it. So he called Bevier, who had for an hour been industriously trying to fix B. G.'s wheel, and had succeeded in breaking two bolts, puncturing the front tire and bending the handle-bars. “Bevier, my son, hee thee hither.” And when little Willie had hither hied and stood in the awful paternal presence, B. G. began in his most
oratorical tones, and with one of his far-famed double gestures—“Bevier, my son, I have resolved that you shall grace the stage of the Stone Church with your presence. What think you of this, my son?” “It's just what I expected, papa, for one of the boys told me that I was sure to get on, and that all the College thought I would take first prize.” “But do you imagine, my son, that it would create any—a—er hard feeling, you know?” “Oh! no, papa, for all the boys like me, and one of them told me the other day that he didn’t think you had an enemy in the class.” Thereupon B. G. beamed with pleasure, and resolved a great resolve, and swore a great swear on a volume of George William Curtis that Bevier should be the prize speaker of ’99. The day for announcing the prize speakers came. B. G. sat in his corner of the bear-box with a smile of contentment and a clean shave on his face. Willie’s name was to be read last. He thought to himself, when they hear that proud name, they will rise and make the welkin ring with shouts of applause. But alas for his hopes, when that name was heard there was an ominous silence broken only by a few hisses. B. G. was completely overcome by amazement. He had scarcely recovered from this blow when the Utica papers heralded all over the county that Willie’s only recommendation for the place was the fact that he was the son of Professor B. G. Smith. “Recommendation enough,” growled B. G. to himself, and forthwith became exceeding wroth. But his feeling of outraged innocence gave place to a fiery resolve that he would show these carping critics that the son of Professor Brainard Gardner Smith could speak; aye more, could out-speak any of those imprudent young upstarts who dared to set themselves up in opposition to his royal will. So he painfully dragged his patent-folding music-rack frame across to the chapel, night after night, and burned the midnight oil at the expense of the College, to show the people that Willie could speak. His hopes rose from day to day. It was impossible, unthinkable that any one could vie
with his boy, under such training as only B. G. could give. Willie's head swelled to twice its normal size and he stalked about the campus the admired of all who beheld him. The long-expected night of prize-speaking came. All the College was there, just to hear my boy speak, thought B. G. As one after another spoke, his hopes rose high and his heart swelled with pride, and the confidence in victory. But when the contest was over and little Willie had taken fourth place, hands down, B. G. crept slowly back up the hill disgusted with the whole human race, and cursing the stupidity and lack of appreciation of true oratory displayed by the judges.

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As I gaze into those eyes of blue
That shine with light almost divine,
I wonder if my love so true
Can find a counterpart in thine.

Oh! tell me from those ruby lips
Where flit the kisses to and fro
And love their honeyed sweetness sips,
Oh! tell me, Can I think 'tis so?

W. L. A., '98.

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AD I the poet's skill
    To sing the rythmic lay,
I'd sing the joyous thrill
    That comes with thought of thee.

I'd sing thy beauties rare
    That haunt my memory;
Thy form and face so fair
    That ne'er depart from me.

I'd sing the hopes I hold
    So fondly in my breast,
And memories untold
    That bring me joy and rest.

I'd sing those charms of thine
    That draw me to thy side,
And make me yearn the time
    When thou wilt be my bride.

w. L. A., '98.
SQUARE rushed madly out from his recitation room, hatless, breathless, with fire in his eye and rage in his heart—"Cowboys! Barbarians! Ruffians!" he howled as he tore up the stairs in the Gym. "I'll teach them to disturb the sanctum sanctorum of the mathematical department of Hamilton College where three generations of the best mathematicians of the country have reigned supreme. Am I, then, to be baffled, I who have flunked Freshmen by the score?" But words failed him and he subsided into inchoherent mutterings of rage. What could have been the cause of all this? Hull had dropped one of his marbles on the third floor of the Gym.

HERE is a Prof. in Hamilton,
Whose head is void of hair,
And when he spouts his lectures forth
The students fain would swear,
For muscles, brain and eyes do ache
In keeping up the pace
Which our "B-I-I N-e" with words so spry
Doth set in this mad race.

* * * * *

There is also a Prof. named D-I-s,
Who comes on the hill with a "hoss,"
His smile it is pretty
He thinks himself witty,
But all that he says is pure dross.
OLD Hops closed his books, spread his handkerchief over his knee, combed his mustache behind his hand and began:

"The class has asked me, through some of its members for a review. I have given this request considerable thought. It hardly seems to me that the class needs such a review. The work has necessarily been of a fragmentary nature this term, and I do not believe in the custom of giving a review in a two hour subject. In the second place, (here Hops' characteristic smile overspread his countenance), I want to put a question to you fairly. Is your class in a position to make such a request from me? It is needless to mention the many disagreeable things that have taken place at various times. You are very much in the position of the man who kicks another and then comes to him to borrow five dollars. These little incidents may seem insignificant to you but they are very annoying to an instructor. I have come in here day after day having the good of the department at heart but it is very difficult to teach a subject to men who do not seem to care a picayune whether they learn anything or not. But I do not think that this class is a class that wishes to be saddled, bridled, ridden and spurred by a few misguided men. I believe that a better element exists in this class. (A frantic search for the better element on the part of the class.) Why during all these past two terms I have never been sure in what condition I would find this room. I was never sure whether I should have a chair or not; I was never sure whether I should not find the table gone; I was never certain whether or
not I should find a mouse or some other offensive nuisance on the desk or in the drawer, matches upon the floor, or (here old Hops cast a meaning glance and a left hand gesture at the register, evidently having in mind Frenchy’s pepper act. I wish to have the class understand that I hold no grudge against it and in consideration of the better element in the class, which I feel certain does exist, and not because I think you have any real right to ask the favor I will grant the request. We will accordingly, review the first half of the book for the next time.

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**Queries**

—When is “Old Hops” going to discontinue the use of “fragments?”
—When is “Pretty” going to stop that goo?
—When will “Schnitz” and “Bill Nye” be snaps?
—When is Wade going to change that collar?
—When is Albertie going to shave?
—When is Stewart going to take another bath?
—When will Gates get over the idea that he can sing?
“Quoth the Raven— ‘Nevermore.’”
La Chanson de la Chatte

(à la "Streets of Cairo.")

I.

I will sing you a song,
And it won't be very long,
'Bout a very precious cat
What had never done much wrong.
Everyone said she was pretty,
She lived quite far from the city,
Near a Prof. who had no pity—
Poor little cat.

Chorus—She had often seen the bad Professor,
On his back fence she had often sat;
Yet she never doubted he was "moral,"
Poor little, priceless cat!
II

She went out one night,
Did this valuable feline,
With a hired man
Who'd invited her to dine.
Then there came this bad Professor,
Caught the cat (kind friends redress her),
Cut her up—may Science bless her.
Poor little cat!

CHORUS—She had, &c.

III.

Then her mistress cried,
Cursed the villain darkest dyed
Who had killed her cat—
Said she'd hate him 'till she died.
Law-suits sooth her awful sorrow,
She'll get ninety plunks to-morrow.
"Moral";—Never steal nor borrow,
Dear little cats!

S. W. H., '99.
Prexy, Nicholas and Bib

Be it known to ye who outside dwell,
Of this College that some of you know so well,
That perhaps the principle feature here
Is the twisting hill that inspires your fear
As you downward slip
With a tare and rip
Around the Arbor and Psi U. turn,
With a trick and a dash that all don’t learn.

This winter, along in the middle part,
Prexy came forth with bounding heart
From the dim front doors of old South Hall,
And looking about whom he might call,
His eye caught “Nick”
And Ibbotson, “Quick,
Come on,” he cried, “there, take a seat,
I’ve here a sled that can’t be beat.”

With trembling heart poor “Bib” advanced,
And his angel look was much enhanced,
By the thought of death and ruin near;
For he couldn’t see how a sled could steer
Down the winding hill
With never a spill.
But at Prexy’s command he sat him down:
Who’d disobey that forehead’s frown?

Aha! thought Prex, here’s fun to burn,
I’ll run her fast but make the turn;
I’ll show them the gait of the fastest sled
That ’ere of Hamilton’s fleet was head.
And he gathered the ropes
With the downfailing hopes
Of Nichols and “Bib” who sat behind,
Pretending of course that they didn’t mind.

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A bit of a break and the Arbor's brow
Frowns on the passengers, wondering how
They ever arrived as far as that
Without the loss of even a hat.

Then up she bounds
As the curve she rounds,
And launches down the steep incline
In a way that the boys call "simply fine."

A moment more and she strikes the bend,
That the greatest test of skill doth lend.
The treacherous place is smooth as glass;
Round they slew in a tangled mass.

Then up in the air
Prex and the pair
To land in the gulf that yawns below
To catch all sliders who that way go.

"Nick" shoots up and makes an ellipse;
"Prexy" ducks and by him skips;
"Ibby" lands with his head straight down
And remains that way in a study brown,

Till fallen "Prex"

Till then the rex
Of all the sliders on the hill,
Gains his feet and says with a will.

"It's all your fault you ninny's there,
I'd like to have a pull at your hair.
The thing, per se, is not so bad
But then just think of my rep., By Golly!"

Then he tore,
And almost swore
No wonder it did his conscience prick,
The doer to be of this Freshman trick.

Nichols vows he never will take
For his own or any one else's sake.
Another ride from a getting gun
Even if other's think its fun.

And he rubs his head
As he goes to bed,
Thinking how nice it now would be
If he hadn't been there for "Prex" to see.
Ibbotson starts for home on a run,
He yells as he goes, "Undone, undone."
Nor does he again for many a moon
Get sight of a sled, and not have a swoon
   As he thinks of the crack
   And the mighty whack
That he got from his lightning trip down the hill,
And that awful curve and that terrible spill.

The moral of this piece, I'm sure
You all will see, is good and pure.
If ever down steep hills you slide,
Be sure you've got a competent guide.
A Clipping

Some years ago the rapidest reader in the Sun office, Mr. Brainard G. Smith, attempted to read three hundred words a minute. He read at a rate that was utterly unintelligible to all who heard him. That is to say nobody could catch the idea in anyone of his sentences, and he himself confessed that he had only a very confused idea of the matter as he rushed his eyes over it. He read exactly two hundred and seventy words.—New York Sun, March 29, 1897.

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Freshman translates "Ein paar Thränen," a pair of tears.
Junior in debate—"If prohibition were enforced a man would buy his whisky by the half-barrel, and he would drink it up in less than a month. Professor in Bible—"What is the date of the oldest Mss. of the New Testament."
Junior—"200 Before Christ."
Professor in Pedagogics—"Men often have opinions which they are unwilling to express, thinking that others will not understand them. Now, how would this idea be expressed in Biblical Phraseology?"
Junior—"Can't think."
Professor (prompting)—"Casting — — - ."  
Junior—"O yes, casting bread on the waters."
Junior Class Deacon speaks of the twelve commandments in Bible.
Prexy says psychology comes from ψυχος.
Professor in Pedagogics—"What influence did the growth of the scientific spirit have upon the knightly education?"
Junior—"It cast the knight in the shade, so to speak."
A SOPHOMORE sat on his trunk;
His heart was full of sorrow.
The faculty had sent a note;
He must go home to-morrow.

And as he thought of college joys,
With fun elective and work required,
The only thought that soothed was this,
That all "fine china" must be "fired."

E. N. R., '98.
Two Hours With St-nk

A Chemical Lecture

AUTUMN is at her best; the warm sunshine steals softly through the
tree-tops and seems to kiss old mother earth more lovingly than
ever; here and there the squirrels scamper, saucily challenging us to stay
and enjoy fair nature's passing gifts. Do not yawn, gentle reader. We
are not going to offer a panegyric on the air so ozone-laden. We are
merely expressing a futile longing over enjoyments that might have been,
for we are going to a lecture in Chemistry.

The door of the lecture-room does not open easily, seeming averse to
disclose the glorious assortment of odors it conceals; nor are the seats
particularly conducive to sleep, although there are other influences during
a lecture which largely counterbalance this little defect.

As soon as the class has entered and LaMonte, who is engaged in
original research as to the most comfortable style of sofa-pillow, has
appropriated all the matches in sight, the lecture begins. The man who
enjoys the privilege of addressing this select gathering is half concealed
by the apparatus that he has erected for his "experiments." Yet you can
see his face and note the air of calm repose which dominates it, and forms
a fitting attribute to a mortal who, for two long months, has borne the
distinguished title of "Professor," and the more expressive appellation of
"St-nk."

"I know-a, gentlemen," he remarks as he carefully arranges thirty-
nine sheets of notes on the desk before him, "I-a know that the-odor in
the room is not very agreeable, but if you ever hope to become a successful chemist (cough) you must get used to this. Now, the subject before us to-day,—here the Professor carefully feels of his necktie, re-adjusts his coat collar, looks dreamily out of the window, coughs once or twice, and continues,—"the subject is of great importance in the realm of Chemistry. It is a substance widely distributed in nature,—and is also manufactured. All its characteristic properties will be readily seen, however, when I treat a little of the substance contained in this bottle with sulphuric acid.

Now, in a moment, you will see fumes coming from the test-tube,—by the way I may as well say here that its atomic weight is easily determined to be 0.017345,—well, ah—the result, unfortunately, is not very plainly marked, but (pause.) H’em, if you were as near as I am you could see dark fumes,—well, anyway that’s what should come,—it’s really quite immaterial,—I may have used too much acid.

Now—to get the element in the free gaseous form, we will take a few grains of this bluish-green substance, add enough acid to form a paste of about the density of chocolate fudges before they are cooked, and heat gently. Ah,—by the way, I must have forgotten to bring in any matches. Have you one with you, Mr. H-w-l-y?"

"No, sir. I don’t smoke."

Minor quickly comes to the rescue with a "lucifer," which he has used as a toothpick for the last month. L-Mont's conscience picks him, and he moans uncomfortably in his sleep; and the lecture continues.

"The gas is best collected over water. Its valence is two or five. If you will look at the apparatus a moment you will see that there is an ebullition of something already, and soon the gas will come."

Here several of the class rouse themselves from their attitudes of sweet repose and exhibit the same degree of interest that is usually shown by people who are watching a dynamite explosion from a place of rather
uncertain safety. "St-nk" impartially casts his magnetic glances, now on the gas burner, now out the window. A vast, ominous, expectant silence pervades the atmosphere, broken only by the Professor clearing his throat, and the shuffle of feet as F-nn and several others, who have concluded the apparatus is going to "bust," undertake the duty of holding up the stove from the farther side. In the back of the room B-bc-ck is standing on the seat and offering two to one that the thing doesn't work, but nobody is so rash as to take him up, except B-th.

"H'ém, -ah,- it's unfortunate, gentlemen, but-a this experiment has not proved entirely satisfactory. It is one of the chief delights of Chemistry, that,- as it used to be in playing the Louisiana Lottery, you can't always tell what you're going to get for your trouble. However, I will write down what should have happened."

Quiet reigns as the chalk marks out the magic equation. The lecture is about to continue when a math shark enquires if the members balance properly.

"I think so, Mr. M-ll-r," replies St-uk, as he looks carelessly at his work. "Oh! no! I beg your pardon! Of course not! Yes, I didn't a-work it all out carefully. It's merely a mathematical blunder. It should be—-a, H'ém—, ah—, well, you can readily see what it would be; we won't take time to go over it again. I want to mention some of the physical characteristics of the substance. It is, as you see—or as you would have seen if the experiment had worked—an interesting phenomenon that the gas is colorless. As a solid compound it acts as a bleacher, (by the way it is very bad for the complexion), and has a pungent odor and quite marked taste; it is also a deadly poison. It may be easily identified by,—well a, by most any test, and by its marked taste.

It is now perhaps time to name the element with which we have been dealing, and we find it points back to the Greek word—H'ém, well—a, it is rather unfortunate but there is a page of my notes gone at
this point. I—a could—go on but in (cough) such a science as Chemistry it is well to be very exact, and hence, I prefer to have my lectures written (cough) so that the sequence of thought will be as perfect as possible. We will continue this next time taking besides, the next element, which is I think charcoal—I mean carbon—anyway your book will tell you. That’s all for to day.”

A Quiz

It was the hour of twelve and as the college bell warned the laggard that he must run or “cut,” we stepped into the Chemical Lecture Room.

The fellows came slowly stringing in. Down in front an exciting game of Hot Tomale was in progress. As the bell stopped “St-nk” emerged from his den with a bundle of papers written in a feminine hand which he carefully deposited upon the desk. He appeared quite unnecessarily excited and after fiercely twirling his mustache, until the fellows had taken their seats and quieted down a little, he sat down to mark the absentees. Having completed this trivial but necessary task, he arose and faced the sea of downturned faces like a man. “To-day,” he said, “we were to have a quiz upon the subject of valence structural formulae and general chemistry about which I know nothing. Mr. W-b-r, what can you tell us about valence?”

W-b-r.—“Well I have an idea, but I don’t know as I can express it in words.”

St-nk. (Coaxingly)—“O I guess you can.”

W-b-r—“I thought that it was 1.529.”

St-nk—“Well I should hardly call it that, but perhaps Mr. L-m-te can tell us about that.”

L-m-te (Blushing like a Freshman)—“I don’t think I understand the question professor, I wasn’t listening.”

St-nk—“Yes, I understand Mr. L-m-te that you are not particularly interested in Chemistry.”

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L-m-te—"Well—but—I don’t know anything about this subject anyway Professor."

St-nk (Philosophically)—"Very true, but some things Mr. L-m-te, go without saying. But Mr. Wh-t-, can you explain this."

Wh-te—"Professor I don’t believe the book mentions this, does it?"

St-nk—"Well perhaps it doesn’t, but this subject of valence is one of the most important in Chemistry, and I want you to get hold of it. I will leave this for the class to look up for the next recitation. Mr. P--rc-y, can you give the formula for finding the volume of a gas at the standard conditions?"

P--rc-y—"Yes sir, (In a deep oratorical voice), big V equals little v p over seven hundred and sixty into one plus decimal point into the radical of nine and ———."

St-nk—(Interrupting). "I’m afraid you have committed this to memory haven’t you? I didn’t intend that anyone should memorize this, I only wanted you to know it well enough to repeat it verbatim."

Class—"Oh!" (The desk had been recently painted except a small square for his papers, and in his nervousness St-nk gets beyond his limits, and planks his hands upon the fresh paint. He looks up sheepishly, wipes his hands upon his coat-tail and resumes.)

"Now I would like to have you look up the subject of percentage composition for next time. I will explain it first, however. (He turns to the board, at the same time drawing a small piece of paper from his vest pocket. (Cries of "crib, crib"). He turns around and blushes, saying). You can’t expect one to remember every little thing like this, no one does. (He starts again, writing 2 X 2, etc., and stops, turns around, and then back again, rubs it out and writes it over larger, but it doesn’t come. Finally he gives it up and turned around). Well gentlemen I must confess I don’t remember just how it goes; you see it is a very simple mathematical calculation. It will be better for you if you evolve this for yourselves. Mr. H-ldr-th, what can you tell us about the compound CO₂."
H-ldr-th—"Well—er—ah—but—ah— —."
St-nk—"Well perhaps this will help you to explain it. What are the soft drinks charged with?"
H-ldr-th—"I’m sure I don’t know."
St-nk—"Have you ever drunk any champagne?"
H-ldr-th—"I don’t know anything about it."
St-nk—"I’m sure you have a treat in store for you."
St-ne—"Professor, what is the structural formula for lightning."
St-nk—"Well really Mr. St-ne I don’t know. (Brightening up), but I can write the formula for nitro-glycerine if you wish me to."
St-ne—"O no matter, all I wanted to know for was because the freshmen say that a fire started by lightning can’t be put out by water, but that you have to use milk."
St-nk—"I think it will be well to have a written lesson next time, and please pay special attention to the reactions.
Wrght—"Do you expect us to write them from memory —! —! —?"
M-ll-r—"Professor I’d like to ask a question. Did the spots on the sun have anything to do with the hydrogen experiments I tried the other day? I’ve been doing a little personal investigation and I can’t find anything else to account for it.
St-nk—"Well I’m sure I don’t know. I never thought of it in just that light before. But I think Mr. M-ll-r that that would be a good thing for you to ponder upon at your leisure. I probably could have told you if you hadn’t picked me up so short. But I’ll look it up and report at the next exercise.

Just then the clock strikes one and the exodus begins. T-ddy vainly endeavors to find his cap, which some kind friend has securely fastened with a tooth-pick to the back of his coat; F-nn puts up his improvised roulette board, which during the hour has gained one collar button, three matches and a cancelled stamp. Fr-c- closes his Biology with a bang, and with the 'Cushion Brigade' of 'North' bringing up the rear, they march forth with joyful hearts.
Were the Class of '99 to refrain from delving into the historic art and giving to the college world a record of the failures and defeats of the greatest (?) class of Hamilton, the dark chapter of our Sophomore history might indeed go unrecorded, and our disgraces never be put in print for the critical eye of the reader. And yet, lest our existence on the hill be entirely forgotten, it is fitting that the historian of '99 give some account of our deeds and make an apology for our apparent inability to deal with the small, but valorous, Class of 1900.

We acknowledge openly that our defeats, suffered from the World, the Fresh. and the Devil, have been disastrous and overwhelming. When we returned to College in late September, notwithstanding our worn and rusted appearance, many high hopes and anticipations of victory over 1900 were entertained. We were sixty; they were thirty-five. We thought we were men of experience in college life: the Freshmen were but entering. But, whether it was because nature has more bountifully endowed some of her sons with fortune, or whether because 1900 knew better how to use nature's gifts, the laurels of victory have never been carried off by our ranks. The row of the first morning chapel was ordinary; no men taken to the well; no original exploit achieved by '99. Nothing accomplished, or utter defeat has been our record for the year.
November 13th Congdon had to be placed under the protection of an upperclassman in order that he might be kept safe from 1900. The next day we met our Waterloo. That was the morning after our class supper in "Ut," and to those who know us, it is needless to say that we were in no fit condition to fight on the battle field. Around the flag-pole mud was deep. But Freshmen grit and love for class were deeper. Ninety-nine's opponents left the field gory alike with the disappointed hopes of Sophomores and the realized ambitions of 1900. For two hours the victors paraded the campus, and sang and shouted things about us that we think ought never to be attached to the dignified (?) name of '99. Then they proceeded to show the world how they regarded the "row shirkers." Willie was captured, and preferring to set up at Mrs. Kelly's instead of going to the well, he treated every man of '00 to cigarettes. We of course said "Amen" to this method of dealing with the delinquents of the rowing course. But we could not but notice that it was the Freshmen who took the initiative; and under the same circumstances '99 would in all probability have gone to sleep, and perhaps have died in the effort.

It was a futile attempt when at the arbor we tried to block the Freshmen. We had calculated upon neither the force of gravity nor the strength of 1900. Results were anything but flattering for '99.

To the faculty we have been really submissive. We pray that the class to take our places may follow our example; although, to tell the truth, appearances do not indicate it. They have learned too early that an uproar in chapel is very interesting,—especially since B. G. cannot find out the men who make the racket. A late amusement that they have is setting off alarm clocks in the galleries to keep the Sophomores awake. It was not many years ago that the faculty (?) said, "The chapel is a "sanctum locum" and disturbances there will be dealt with severely 'a priore.'" But thanks to 1900 brilliant rhetoricals are still in vogue and
the warning will have to be repeated. B. G. has already occasionally said, "We must have order; we really must have order."

But behind are our failures. Before us are the independent days of upper-classmanship; and, although these days of boyhood do leave bitter recollections, yet their memories are as unfading as the name of "Old " Greek" or "Square" or "Schnitz" or "Bill Nye," or "Hops" or "Prex." But still we gladly leave the trodden path and assume the duties awaiting our years. It is with trembling hearts and doubtful hopes that we surrender the Sophomore's loving (?) care of the naughty knots. Yes they were knotty, and have already shown that stuff in there if developed. Just tell the Freshmen that we have recognized much that is valorous and gallant in their make-up.

Reader, this chapter would be incomplete without a single further glance into the future. We hope, we believe that 1900 will profit by our example of inactivity in College and class spirit. May they uphold, as we have (n)ever upheld the customs and traditions of underclassmanship at Hamilton. May rowing, which has been half-hearted and weak on our part, still be maintained as a training in self-restraint and loyalty to class.

With these reminiscences and glances into the future, the historian leaves the reader until another year shall have seen us experiencing the years of upperclassmanship.

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Home Run Hits

"Prithee, forgive me! I did but chide in jest."

Grind Editor: "They're after me."
The Choir: "God be wi' you; and God mend your voices.
Faculty: "O ye immortal gods."
Prexy: "He sits 'mongst men like a descended God; he hath a kind
of honor sets him off, more than a mortal seeming."
Old Greek: "A man that I loved and honored with my soul, and
my heart, and my duty, and my life, and my utmost
power."
Square: "On their own merits modest men are dumb."
B. G. : "Long and lean, lank and thin
As one of Satan's cherubins."

Dodge: "The man that blushes is not quite a brute."
Bib: "Comb down his hair: look! look! it stands upright."

Seniors

Anderson: "Haste is of the Devil."
Bogue: "Would shake hands with a king on his throne, and think it
kindness to his majesty.
Boesche: "I have a complete and comprehensive knowledge of all the
literatures of the world."
Fetterly: "Am I not nice to look at? Should I not be the hand-
somest creature in the land, if I had but whiskers? Am
I not quite a lady's man as it is? I have made some
hits, too."
Frost: "Let me tell you my qualifications."
Keck: "It is hard to wive and arrive both in a year.
MacGregor: "It requires a surgical operation to get a joke well into a Scotch understanding."
Pickard: "A man can't cultivate his mustache and his talents impartially."
Sweet: "The ladies call him sweet."
Webster: "Say, old man, I've got a long pull with the faculty."
Williams: "His mustache is directly brick color and perfectly fashioned like the bristles of a shoe-brush."

Juniors

"The choicest company of dauntless spirits that were seen afloat on the stream of life."

Babcock: "An bein' how that poker wuz
      my most proficient game,
      I poneyed up for twenty blues
      an' set into the same."

Empie: "Conceit! Good heavens! In that he has no peer."

Finn: "List to the thunder of his voice."

LaMonte: "He was a jolly mariner
      As ever hove a log;
      He wore his trousers wide and free
      And always ate his prog,
      And blessed his eyes, in sailor-wise,
      And never shirked his grog."

Minor: "Hard students are commonly troubled with gout, catarrhs, rheums, cachexia, bradypepsia, bad eyes, collick, crudities, oppelations, vertigo and all such diseases as come by over-much sitting; they are lean and dry, and ill-colored through immoderate pains and extraordinary study."

Bohn.

Reed: "And all the squeezes that he squeeze of little girlies' waisties."

Stone: "Shaved like a stubble field at harvest time."
WADE: "Beautiful in form and feature,
    Lovely as the day,
Can there be as fair a creature
    Formed of common clay?"

WHITE. "Laugh when I laugh; I seek no other fame."

SOPHOMORES

"Ignorance with looks profound."

ANDREWS: "Faith, his hair is of good color, of excellent color."

CUNNINGHAM: "He thinks too much, such men are dangerous."

GATES: "Sentimentally, I am disposed to harmony;
    But organically, I am incapable of a tune."

HAWLEY: "'Good Gad' was all he said."

MERWIN: "He muttered mumbling, and low
    As tho his mouth were full of dough."

MOSHER: "He appeared as tall as an ordinary spire steeple and took
    about ten yards at every stride."

OWEN: "He can trace the radius vector
    With a geometric sector,
    And can give the moon's diameter in feet;
    He can analyze the arum,
    Classify the coptic carum;
    But he cannot tell a cabbage from a beet."

PARMELEE: "God bless the man who first invented sleep,
    So Sancho Panza said, and so say I."

SESSIONS: "Methinks I see a hat out yonder, on a stump."

SMITH: "Am glad my education enables me to stand
    Against the vile temptation held out on every hand."

STONE, W. S.: "How much in love with himself
    And that without a rival."

STUART: "Use Sapolio."

TAYLOR: "It's such a serious thing to be a funny man."

WILLIS: "It is not good for man to be alone."

WHITE: "His gags—as stale a lot as ever one did hear."
Freshmen

"Let all green things praise the Lord."

Darrin: "Still amorous, fond and billing."

Decker: "A hapless infant here I roam,
         Far from my maternal home."

Fisher: "See how he laughs and crows and starts, heaven bless the merry child."

Henderson: "I am too handsome for a man,
         I ought to have been born a woman."

Hull: "Green as a bay tree, ever green."

Sheppard: "A youth—a bright and happy boy."

Stowitts: "A man who has red hair will have red hair till he dyes."
WITH labor done and worry o'er,
What're our critics have in store,
We bid adieu to every friend
Who's struggled through until The End.
WERE it not for our advertisers the \textit{Hamiltonian} could not be published. It is right that we should give our patronage to those who support us in a financial way. We recommend the firms whose business notices appear in this book.
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Oct. 25—Dr. Fiske of Ithaca preached.
Oct. 31—Scrub 8; Clinton Academy 4. Mrs. Kelly charges 20c. a gallon for cider.
Nov. 2—Voters go home to do their duty.

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   Nov. 4—ΣΦ dance.
   Nov. 5—Junior Prom.
   Nov. 6—ΑΔΦ reception.
Nov. 7—Hamilton 12; Watertown 4. Heyl breaks his leg; Danford smashes his nose and Weber does the "split."
   Nov. 14—Hamilton wins from R. P. I.
   Nov. 17—Amateur chemists make chlorine. Hence "stink."
   Nov. 18—'99 banquets at the Bagg's.

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          Nov. 26—Hamilton 16; Rochester 10.
Dec. 5—Sporting men go to Utica to see “El Capitan.”
       Dec. 10—Roehm’s man comes.
Dec. 16—“Monte” and “Albus” make fun in chapel and Albertie makes
       a sad attempt to follow suit.
Dec. 23—College closes for holiday vacation.

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Jan. 7—College opens. '99 gives the Freshmen posters in the shape of milk bottles. 1900 gets out two sets of posters.
Jan. 16—“B. G.” ill. No noon chapel.
Jan. 17—Square preaches.
Jan. 18—“Prex” recovers from the effects of Alumni banquet in New York a week ago.
Jan. 19—We get $150,000 from Fairweather estate.

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Jan. 22—Winter orations announced. No Head or Pruyn awards.
Jan. 24—"Hops" talks about arbitration, Clara Barton, etc.
Jan. 28—Thursday's blizzard leaves us lots of snow.
Feb. 1—"Prex" urges underclassmen to go to gym.
Feb. 2—Whole Soph. class goes to gym. and gives Dr. Frost a whale of a time.
Feb. 17—Ψ Υ and Δ Κ Ε entertain
Feb. 18—Sophomore Hop.
Feb. 19—Σ Φ and Δ. Τ. entertain.
Feb. 22—Dr. Terrett delivers patriotic address in chapel.
Feb. 26—Houghton reception. As usual, no dancing.
Feb. 28—Mr. Sayford, college evangelist, occupies pulpit and begins a series of meetings.
March 1—Public Barrett-Browning. Freshmen professors play pillow dux with Houghtonites.
March 3—"B. G." cuts noon chapel.

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