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Hamiltonian
Editorial

In the year 1693, one Martinus Scriblerus, sometime an antiquarian of broad renown, digging in the battle-stained plains of Platea, unearthed an ancient shield. This shield, circular in shape, was incrusted with hardened earth and the rust of centuries, and held wrapped in its tongueless eloquence undiscovered treasures of knowledge which might add to the world's enlargening appreciation of one of the finest gala days of its history. Much rejoicing and happy this Martinus betook himself with his priceless discovery to his home in a colder, less romantic clime, where an over-sedulous kitchen-maid fell upon the shield, ancient relic, and by dint of much scouring converted it into a common seventeenth century pot-lid.

Oh, dear reader, play not the part of this foolish scouring-maid; but bethink you of the overflowing disappointment of poor Scriblerus, and strive not to destroy for yourself the brightness of a gilded offering. Here are faults, but we have sprinkled over them a few merits; here is a common thing — not a pot-lid, please, kind reader — but a common thing, and we have endeavored to deck it out so you will not know it. We pray you, dear reader, as Abraham prayed of old: if there be ten righteous virtues in our book's favor, spare harsh criticism of it for their sake.

During the making of this book we spent many dark hours. Bearing in our hands the mystic herb of gold, we visited the nether places, passed by the raging Furies, saw the three Fates in their mortal occupation, and met the three weird sisters working their hurlyburly of the deaths of kings. Going farther we found three sisters of whom the old myths have forgotten to tell us: they had each a powerful eye for shortcomings, and carried each a hammer to sorely knock what faults soever they saw in men. These we won to our undertaking; they sold themselves to us, or we ourselves to them: and if any of you, dear readers, be hurt by the unpleasing songs they utter, do you seek until you find the herb of gold, and then let your spleen boil over on the Sisters Three. Come not to us, for we shall not hearken unto you. Furthermore, the human race is a hard race, not always to the swift, nor yet to the slow. This observation has been set to the tune of: "The World Do Move," of which proof satisfactory may be found a hundredwheres, we hope, in this issue of The Hamiltonian.
TO

Alexander Coburn Soper, A. M.

OF THE CLASS OF
EIGHTEEN SIXTY SEVEN
HAMILTON COLLEGE

We Dedicate This Book
Alexander Coburn Soper

OOK, if you will, at the calm, clear, quiet, strong face of Alex. Soper of Rome and '67, of Chicago and New York, of Lakewood and York Harbor! If you judge faces aright, you will like it; if you know the man, you will love it. It does not blaze or glow very much; it is radianic.

The Soper forbears were business folk. The father, out of temporary reverse, came to great business success.

The "Chicago Fire" singed the Sopers; but it left foundations for new machinery and there were eyes to see the value of the wide-shadowed acres of Michigan, Wisconsin, Georgia and Oregon; there were also business skill and steadfast energy to gather and direct results.

Alex. Soper, as a boy, was level-headed and far-seeking. He realized the force of the plea toward what is called a "liberal education" just for one's individual self.

In 1863 he was ready for college, and the Principal of Rome Academy—in these days known hereabouts as "Square"—turned him to Hamilton. He had no strong, prophetic impulse toward any profession. He knew what his work in College should be and he attended to it. He was earnest and steadfast, so the four years, to 1867, strengthened, broadened, polished his character and life. He was ready not merely for some immediate specific task; he was ready for life—with truth and sweetness in it.

He has no fantasies or fads; he has never syndicated his soul or forgotten a daily energy for his heart.
Never mind bulletined or trumpeted honors! Graduates of Hamilton, and others not a few, will be glad that 1908 dedicates its work to Alexander Coburn Soper of ’67.

Mr. Soper was born at Rome, New York, June 6th, 1846, and after an efficient preparation entered Hamilton College at the age of seventeen. In college he was an all-around man, being appointed to Prize Stage his Freshman year and graduating with High Honor. He was a member of the first Board of Editors of the Hamilton Literary Magazine and played three years on the College baseball nine. He graduated with the respect of his classmates and the esteem of the faculty.

Thrown out upon the world he went to Chicago where for six months he was employed in a bank leaving this position to enter the lumber business as shipping-clerk and book-keeper. After two years he formed the partnership of Pond & Soper, a firm which prospered abundantly and when, in 1884, the Soper Lumber Company was incorporated, its annual sales were over one million dollars. Of this company Mr. Soper was first Secretary, then Vice-President, and finally President since 1893. The company owns saw-mills in Michigan and Wisconsin, propellers and barges on the lakes and docks in Chicago and has won an enviable reputation for fair dealing throughout the country. In Chicago he is a member of the First Presbyterian Church and of the Union League Club. He was also President of the Chicago Lumber Exchange for one term.

So much for what Alexander C. Soper stands for in the great world beyond the walls of our College; but what he is to his Alma Mater can be reckoned in no prosaic row of figures. His constant solicitude and anxiety for our welfare is not reducible to dollars and cents, although of these he has been prodigal in his gifts to us. Through the donations of himself and his brothers, we have the Gymnasium, con-
verted from the old Middle College Dormitory. The Edward Huntington Mathematical Prize Scholarship is his gift, named in memory of one of his classmates, and now the magnificent Commons Hall stands as another monument to our benefactors, the Sopers. He has also given a scholarship endowment in Hamilton College yielding an income of one hundred twenty-six dollars for the Rome High School.

One of the most striking and most laudable characteristics of the man is his modesty; no effort of his friends could induce him to affix his own name to the Mathematical Scholarship although it is the richest in College. No one knows exactly, unless it be President Stryker, where the money to finish Commons Hall came from. Mr. Soper volunteered to raise the money and did it, no small part of it out of his own pocket as many of his intimate friends believe. Various alumni subscriptions which Mr. Soper has managed do not contain his name in their lists but the check sent has been generally forty or fifty dollars in excess of the total listed subscription.

There is another sort of loyalty which Mr. Soper has shown and which others of our alumni might well imitate; he has sent his two sons to Hamilton. This seems but a small thing but gives a twinge to the veterans of the Faculty and Trustees when the son of a Hamilton man does not follow in the footsteps of his father but seeks an education elsewhere. The College appreciates this form of loyalty as much as it does donations of money.

To such a man as Alexander Soper the College and the student-body are at a loss to express their gratitude. His classmates say of him, "We are all proud of Soper, and grateful to him because he does so much that we would like to do if we could." The College has made him a Trustee and now the Class of 1908 adds its mite in this dedication.
In Memoriam

THE College holds, and will hold, in loving memory the name of Chauncey Shaffer Truax, LL.D., of the Class of 1875. When he died upon the 9th of August last a noble heart ceased that always had beat warm and true for the College he loved. One of our sturdiest and most hopeful benefactors fell from that front rank where, for the past ten years, shoulder to shoulder, a little group of ten or twelve men have steadfastly and confidently backed Hamilton by their presence, their counsel, their proclamations, and their deeds.

The beautiful Hall of Philosophy stands as the durable memorial of his loyalty. And that conjoined with many another large and ever-willing assistance. His was no lip-service. His pulses were stirred to generosity. Works wrought with his faith. Well does his dust lie in the fair plot, where so many faithful companions sleep well, and within the daily calls of the Chapel bell. Alas, he will come no more! The material for such trustees is scarce indeed.

A large and lofty mind was there—he was one who saw far as well as felt strongly. He had no affinity for the trivial and the insipid. His perceptions were never bent or dull. Miserliness he detested. All his life, even in its earliest days of limiting hardships, he had devised liberal things and stood by them.

And he was modest in it all. Shrewd he was and capable of resolute indignations: but a sunny affection and a genius for friendship grappled him to the souls of those who knew him. How much room there is in that Trustee's chair which he filled! O dear companion! why did you go?
The Faculty

MELANCTHON WOOLSEY STRYKER.
A. B., Hamilton, 1872.
D. D., Hamilton and Lafayette, 1889.
L. L. D., Lafayette, 1892.
Φ Β Κ; Σ Φ.

PRESIDENT OF HAMILTON COLLEGE, 1892; WALCOTT PROFESSOR OF THEISTIC AND CHRISTIAN EVIDENCES, AND OF ETHICS; PASTOR OF THE COLLEGE CHURCH.

OREN ROOT.
A. B., Hamilton, 1856.
D. D., Rutgers, 1892.
L. H. D., Union, 1895.
Φ Β Κ; Σ Φ.

PRATT PROFESSOR OF MATHEMATICS, 1880; REGISTRAR.
HERMAN CARL GEORGE BRANDT.
A. B., Hamilton, 1872.
A. M., Hamilton, 1875.
Ph. D., Hamilton, 1896.
Φ Β Κ; Α Δ Φ.
MUNSON-PROFESSOR OF THE GERMAN LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE, 1882.

EDWARD FITCH.
A. B., Hamilton, 1886.
Ph. D., University of Gottingen, 1896.
Φ Β Κ; Ε. Λ. Σ.
EDWARD NORTH PROFESSOR OF GREEK, 1902.

ALBRO DAVID MORRILL.
B. S., Dartmouth, 1876.
M. S., Dartmouth, 1879.
A. M., Belmont, 1885.
Φ Β Κ.
PROFESSOR OF BIOLOGY, 1891.
WILLIAM HARDER SQUIRES.
A. B., Hamilton, 1888.
A. M., Hamilton, 1891.
Ph. D., Leipsig, 1893.
Φ B K; Δ Y.
PROFESSOR OF PSYCHOLOGY, LOGIC, AND PEDAGOGICS, 1892; DEAN OF FACULTY.

SAMUEL J. SAUNDERS.
A. B., Toronto, 1888.
A. M., Toronto, 1893.
D. Sc., Cornell, 1894.
Φ B K; Σ Ξ.
PROFESSOR OF PHYSICS, AND INSTRUCTOR IN ASTRONOMY, 1892.

WILLIAM PIERCE SHEPARD.
A. B., Hamilton, 1892.
A. M., Hamilton, 1893.
Ph. D., Heidelberg, 1896.
Φ B K; Δ Y.
PROFESSOR OF ROMANCE LANGUAGES AND LITERATURE, 1895.
JOSEPH DARLING IBBOTSON.
A. B., Hamilton, 1890.
A. M., Hamilton, 1894.
Φ Β Κ; Χ Ψ.
PROFESSOR OF ENGLISH LITERATURE,
ANGLO-SAXON, AND HEBREW, 1895.

ARTHUR PERCY SAUNDERS.
A. B., Toronto, 1890.
Ph. D., Johns Hopkins, 1894.
Φ Β Κ.
CHILDS PROFESSOR OF AGRICULTURAL
AND OF GENERAL CHEMISTRY, 1900.

HENRY WHITE.
A. B., Hamilton, 1898.
Φ Β Κ; Δ Υ.
UPSON PROFESSOR OF RHETORIC AND
ORATORY, 1900.
HARRY BARNES WARD.
A. B., Hamilton, 1896.
A. M., Hamilton, 1899.
Φ Β Κ; Δ Y.
BENJAMIN-BATES PROFESSOR OF LATIN, 1899.

FRANK HOYT WOOD.
A. B., Syracuse, 1891.
A. B., Harvard, 1892.
Ph. D., Leipsig, 1900.
Φ Β Κ; Ψ Y.
P. V. ROGERS PROFESSOR OF AMERICAN HISTORY, 1902.

HERMAN LOUIS EBEILING.
A. B., Johns Hopkins, 1882.
Ph. D., Johns Hopkins, 1891.
Φ Β Κ.
ASSISTANT PROFESSOR OF GREEK AND LATIN, 1903.
FREDERICK MORGAN DAVENPORT.
A. B., Wesleyan, 1889.
Ph. D., Columbia, 1905.
Φ B K; Φ N Θ; Eclectic, Wesleyan.

MAYNARD-KNOX PROFESSOR IN LAW AND POLITICAL SCIENCE, 1904.

EDWARD SILAS BABCOCK.
A. B., Hamilton, 1896.
A. M., Hamilton, 1899.
E. L. S.
LIBRARIAN, AND CLERK OF FACULTY, 1904.

WILLIAM JOHN MILLER.
B. S., University of the Pacific, 1900.
M. S., University of the Pacific, 1902.
Ph. B., Johns Hopkins, 1905.
Φ B K.

ASSISTANT PROFESSOR OF GEOLOGY ON THE STONE FOUNDATION, 1905.
EDWARD JOSHUA WARD.
A. B., Hamilton, 1902.
Λ Y.
ASSOCIATE PROFESSOR IN ELOCUTION 
AND IN HISTORY, 1906.

CHARLES CLAYTON GROVE.
A. B., Pennsylvania College, 1900.
A. M., Pennsylvania College, 1903.
Ph. D., Johns Hopkins University, 1906.
ASSISTANT PROFESSOR IN MATHEMATICS, 1906.

RICHARD UPDIKE SHERMAN.
A. B., Hamilton, 1905.
Φ Β Κ: Σ Φ.
ASSISTANT PROFESSOR IN MATHEMATICS, 1907.
College Officers

CHARLES HENRY STANTON,
BURSAR.

JOHN THOMAS CROSSLEY,
MASTER IN GYMNASICS.

CORNELIUS DE REGT,
SUPERINTENDENT OF BUILDINGS.

WILLIAM HENRY MAHADY,
STEWARD IN COMMONS HALL.
General Alumni Association

Officers For 1906-1907

President: Rev. Morton F. Trippe, '72.
John E. Massee, '73.
Rev. C. C. Hemenway, '74.
Dr. Frank F. Laird, '77.
John P. Montrose, '87.

Executive Committee: Messrs. Brandt, Stryker, Hull, Scol-
lard, Ward, Stanton.

Recording Secretary and Necrologist: Prof. William H.
Squires, Ph. D., '88, College Hill.

Corresponding Secretary & Treasurer: Prof. Edward Fitch,
Ph. D., '86, Clinton.

Half-Century Annalist: Rev. Herrick Johnson, D.D., LL.D.,
'57, Chicago, Ill.

Alumni Associations

New York City

Secretary: Dr. A. Norton Brockway, '57, 16 W. 127th St.

New York Academic Principals

Secretary: Clarence L. Hewitt, '92, 129 Furman St., Syracuse.

Northern New York

Secretary: Samuel F. Bagg, A.M., '69, Watertown.

New England

Mid-Continent
President: Mayor Oliver N. Wilson, '58, Kansas City, Mo.

Western
President: George W. Hinman, Ph.D., '84, Chicago.
Secretary: John M. Curran, '92, 159 La Salle St., Chicago.

Binghamton
President: Charles H. Hitchcock, Esq., '79, Binghamton.
Secretary: Frederick W. Welch, Esq., '92, Binghamton.

Washington, D. C.
President: James F. Tufts, '72, Interior Department.
Secretary: William J. Quinn, '01, 1361 Yale St., N. W.

Brooklyn
President: Samuel F. Engh, '83, Produce Exchange.
Secretary: Warren I. Lee, Esq., '99, 31 Nassau St., N. Y.

Central New York
President: Hon. Abram B. Weaver, '51, Deerfield.
Secretary: James H. Merwin, Esq., '99, Utica.

Onondaga
Secretary: Dr. B. W. Sherwood, '82, 1117 S. Salina St., Syracuse.

Pacific Coast
President: Thomas E. Hayden, '91, San Francisco.
Secretary: Melvin G. Dodge, '90, Leland Stanford Univ.
Senior History

T was but yesterday that we were sitting in the Freshman seats: we looked with awe upon grave old Seniors, and today we are asked to write our history, for tomorrow we will be gone. Our story is in part sad, for we mourn the classmates left by the way. The few of us who remain are by that fact more closely bound. Few have there been to bear the burden but, side by side we have put our shoulder to the wheel and in this we glory.

We have by turns been ridiculed and pelted, because we had no athletes. True, we had them not; but we have them and we made them. In times of need we have not been found wanting.

In every branch of athletics 1907 has furnished her share of men and their work has been of the greatest honor to the class and College because we won through willing spirit and loyal effort rather than by brawn and muscle.

In scholarship we have always sought to uphold the traditions of Hamilton. Our failures we have used as stepping stones to higher merit and in the result we rest content. Why speak of our orators, or prize winners or our debating team? Their record is matched by few, surpassed by none.

Nor have we striven along these lines forgetful of the broader life that makes Hamilton the only spot on earth. Cherishing the traditions established by our honored predecessors, we have endeavored to uphold them and hand them down unstained to those who shortly are to take our places.
We do not deceive ourselves by fondly believing that our place cannot be filled, but we do feel justified in asserting that there is not a place, be it on the athletic field, in the musical clubs, or in the social side of college life that will not lose by our departure.

Yet none will miss us so deeply as we will miss our Alma Mater. These four years, so short in passing, have left their mark upon us. We go forth into the world not as thirty-two men, each to battle for himself: we go as a class bearing with us a love that will not alter.
The Senior Class

Colors
MAROON AND GRAY

Yell
Zip-rah! hoo-rah! ki-yi-ya!
Zip-rah! hoo-rah! ki-yi-ya!
Ra-zle-da-zle! ra-zle-da-zle! rip-rah-ren
Hamilton! Hamilton! Nineteen-seven!

Officers

President . . . . RALPH W. SWETMAN
Vice-President WILLIAM F. GROSSMEYER
Secretary . . . . OSCAR W. KUOLT
Treasurer . . . . ROBERT B. PECK

Members

Cady Hews Allen, Δ YA ΦBK Holland Patent
Brockway Entrance Prize; Freshman Prize Essay; Sophomore and
Junior Essay Mention; First Junior Prize Speaker; Huntington
Mathematical Scholarship; First Tompkins Mathematical Prize;
Glee Club (2, 3, 4); Instrumental Club (4); College Organist (4);
Y. M. C. A. Cabinet (3, 4); Delegate to Fifth International Student
Volunteer Convention; Class Debating Team (4).

Aaron Clark Bagg, ΣΦ Holyoke, Mass.
Battiniski; Track Team (1, 2, 3); Captain (4); Glee Club (2, 3, 4);
Instrumental Club (2, 3, 4); Freshman Frolic Committee (1); Junior
Prom Committee (3); Junior Whist Club (3); Geology Club (4);
English Literature Club (4); Sophomore Prize Speaker (2).

Frederick Monroe Barrows, κΨ Clinton
Varsity Football Team (4); Substitute (2); Class Football Team (1, 2);
Class Track Team (1); Associate Editor Hamilton Literary Magazine (4); Junior Whist Club; Chairman Freshman Frolic Committee. Class 1906; Geology Club; Sophomore Hop Committee; Camp Hamilton, Spanish-American War Veterans; Chess Club (1, 2, 4); D. T. Club; English Literature Club; Absent Junior Year as Vice-Principal, Clinton High School.

Edward Huntington Bright, ΨΥ Rome

Advertising Manager of 1907 HAMILTONIAN; Sophomore Hop Committee; Junior Whist Club; Chess Club (1, 2, 3).

Frank Charles Brown, ΘΔΧ Westfield

Class Baseball (1), Captain (1); Varsity Baseball (2, 3), Captain (4); Junior Prom Committee; Advisory Board (4); Junior Whist.

Earle Mosher Clark, ΑΔΦ Binghamton

Pentagon; Class Secretary (1, 2, 3); First Freshman Prize Speaker; Chairman Freshman Cane Committee; Class Football Team (1); Class Track Team (1, 2, 3, 4); Class Basketball Team (1, 3, 4); Hamilton Life Board (2); Local Editor of Life (3); Editor-in-Chief (4); Gymnasium Exhibition (1, 3); Chairman Junior Prom Committee (3); Varsity Track Team (1); D. T. Club; Junior Whist Club; Secretary Advisory Board and Athletic Association; Sophomore Hop Committee; English Literature Club.

Grover Cleveland Clark, ΔΥ Utica

Fayerweather Entrance Scholarship; Manager Class Basketball; Class Football Team; Sophomore Hop Committee; D. T. Club; Hamilton Life Board (3); Associate Editor (4); Assistant Manager Tennis (3); Manager (4); Junior Whist Club; Curran Gold Medal; Soper Latin Scholarship.

Edward Carroll Day, ELS, ΦΒΚ San Anselmo, Calif.

Munson German Scholar; Tompkins Mathematical Medal; Sophomore Hop Committee; Class Track Team (1, 2); Varsity Track (2); Tennis Team (2, 3); Captain Tennis Team (4); Gymnasium Exhibition (1, 3); Second Prize Speaker (3); Art Editor 1907 HAMILTONIAN; Y. M. C. A. Cabinet (4).

George Henry Dudley, ELS Bath

Raymond Franklin Dunham, ΨΥ Utica

Junior Prom Committee; Mention Junior Prize Essay; Junior Whist Club; Class Track Team (1).
Richard Matthews Elsea, ψ Δ τ
Senior Executive Committee; English Literature Club.

Stanley Elliott Gilbert, χ ψ
Frankfort
Chairman Freshman Frolic Committee; Reporter Hamilton Life (2);
News Editor Hamilton Life (3, 4); Junior Prom Committee; Class
President (3); Literary Editor 1907 HAMILTONIAN; Class Debating
Team (3, 4); Junior Whist Club; English Literature Club;
Pruyn Medal Oration; Commencement Stage Appointee.

Guy Wood Gordon,
Ilium
Sophomore Hop Committee 2; Class Basketball Team 2; Captain, 3, 4;
Gymnasium Show Committee, 3; Assistant Manager Basketball, 3;
Manager, 4; Y. M. C. A. Cabinet, 4.

William Frederick Grossmeyer, E 1. S
Utica
Vice-President of Class, 1, 2, 3, 4; Fayerweather Entrance Scholarship;
Class Football Team, 2; Class Response, 3; Captain Class Track
Team, 1, 2, 3, 4; Varsity Track Team, 1, 2, 3, 4; Freshman Frolic
Committee; Gymnasium Exhibition, 1, 3; Prize Speaker, 3; Inter-
class Debate, 3.

Eldon Carlisle Hemenway, ψ Y
Glasgow, Mo.
Entered Junior year from Pritchett College; Junior Whist Club; Y. M.
C. A. Cabinet; Mandolin Club, 3, 4.

Ebenezer Willis Ward Hoyt, A Δ φ
Port Leyden
Butinski; Class Baseball Team, 1, 2; McKinney Prize Speaker, 2;
Gymnasium Team, 1; Class Football Team, 2; Junior Whist Club;
Advertising Manager 1907 HAMILTONIAN; Class Track Team, 3;
College Choir, 3, 4; Mandolin Club, 3; Glee Club, 3, 4; College
Quartette, 4; Senior Executive Committee.

Robert Bartlett Jerome, ψ Y
Wolfboro, N. H.
Pentagon; Fayerweather Entrance Prize Scholarship; Hamilton Life,
Reportorial, 1, Assistant Manager, 2, Manager, 3, Editorial, 4; Assis-
tant Manager Varsity Football, 3; Manager, 4; Junior Whist Club;
Mandolin Club, 4; Advisory Board, 3, 4; Chess Club, 1, 2, 3, 4;
Vice-President, 4; Gun Club, 1; Executive Committee.

Oscar William Kuolt, ψ Y
Utica
Fayerweather Entrance Prize Scholarship; Second Freshman Prize
Speaker; Manager Class Baseball Team; Assistant Manager Varsity Baseball, 2; Manager, 3; Class Basketball Team, 1, 2, 3; Varsity Basketball Team, 2, 3, 4; Captain Varsity Basketball Team, 4; D. T. Club; Sophomore Response; Advisory Board, 2, 3; Varsity Football, 4; Class Secretary, 4; Chess Club, 1, 4; Press Club; Junior Whist Club; Senior Ball Committee.

William Earle Libbey, Clinton
Fayerweather Entrance Scholarship; Mention, Sophomore Prize Essay; Class Debate Team, 3, 4; Senior Ball Committee.

Archibald Longworth Love, Jr., E L S, Albany
Chauncey Truax Greek Scholarship; Hawley Classical Medal, 3; Kirkland Prize Orator, 4; Commencement Speaker; Instrumental Club, 1, 2, 3, 4.

William Eugene Mansfield, Cayuga
Varsity Track Team, 3; Class Track Team, 2, 3, 4; Art Editor, 1907 HAMILTONIAN; Tompkins Mathematical Medal; Senior Executive Committee.

Edman Munger Massee, ∆ Y, Herkimer
Freshman Prize Essay; Junior Prize Essay; Head Prize Oration; Junior Prize Speaker; Glee Club, 2, 3, 4; Instrumental Club, 2, 3, 4; President, Junior Whist Club.

Junius Drhu Meeker, ∆ Y, Camden
First Sophomore Prize Speaker; College Monitor; Junior Prom. Committee; Junior Whist Club; Class Baseball Team, 1; Class Football Team, 2; Class Basketball Team, 1, 2, 3 4; Varsity Track Team, 1, 2, 3; Musical Clubs, Assistant Manager, 3; Manager, 4; Y. M. C. A. Cabinet, 3, 4; Substitute Business Manager 1907 HAMILTONIAN; Elder College Church; Darwin Club.

Earle Llewellyn Montgomery, Ψ ∆ T, Waddington
Class Baseball Team, 1; Sophomore Prize Essay; Class Football Team, 2; Varsity Track Team, 2, 3; Football Team, Scrub, 1, 3, 4; Junior Prize Essay; Hawley Classical Medal; Gymnasium Team; Tompkins Mathematical Examination.

Robert Barton Peck, Χ Φ, Utica
Track Team, 1, 2, 3, 4; Editor 1907 HAMILTONIAN, 3; Hamilton Literary Magazine, 3; Editor, 4; Sophomore Hop Committee, 2; Class
Treasurer, 4; D. T. Club, 2; Junior Whist Club; English Literature Club, 4; Geology Club, 4.

Wilson Rood, ΘΔΧ  
Westfield
Freshman Frolic Committee; Chairman Sophomore Hop Committee;  
D. T. Club; Junior Whist Club; Cheer Leader, 4; College Record  
High Kick; Chess Club; 1907 HAMILTONIAN Board.

Charles E. Rynd, ΘΔΧ  
Westfield
Class Football, 1, 2; Manager Class Football, 2; Class Baseball, 1;  
Class Basketball, 1, 2; D. T. Club; Junior Whist Club; Baseball  
Scrub, 3; Senior Ball Committee.

Harwood Muzzy Schwartz, ΔΚΕ  
Clinton
Pentagon; Class Football Team, 1, 2; Class Basketball Team, 1, 2, 3, 4;  
Class Track Team, 1, 2, 3, 4; Varsity Basketball, 2; Varsity Basketball  
Substitute, 1, 4; Varsity Football, 3, 4; Varsity Football Substitute,  
2; Captain Football, 4; Manager Debate Team, 4; D. T. Club;  
Junior Whist Club; Geology Club; Sophomore Prize Speaker; Charter  
Member and Commander-in-Chief of Camp Hamilton Spanish-American War Veterans; Literary Editor 1907 HAMILTONIAN, 3;  
Junior Prom Committee.

Robert Maxwell Scoon, ΧΨΦΒΚ  
Geneva
Pentagon; Track Team, 2, 3; Assistant Manager, 2; Manager, 3;  
College Monitor, 4; English Literature Club; Junior Whist Club; Y.  
M. C. A., Secretary, 2; Treasurer, 3; President, 4; Class Debating  
Team, 3, 4; Undergraduate Representative, N. Y. S. I. A. U., 3;  
Manager Intercollegiate Track Meet, 3; Class Treasurer, 1, 2, 3;  
Elder in College Church, 2, 3, 4; German Club.

Kenneth Appley Sprague, ΔΚΕΦΒΚ  
Roscoe
Tompkins Mathematical Prize Examination, 2nd; Freshman Frolic  
Committee; Sophomore Hop Committee; Darwin Club, 2; Chess  
Club, 3, 4; Junior Whist Club; President Geology Club, 4.

Ralph Waldo Swetman, ΔΥ  
Camden
Pentagon; Class President, 4; Varsity Football Team, 2, 3, 4; Substitute,  
1; Captain Class Football Team, 2; Gymnasium Show, 3;  
Varsity Basketball, 3; Varsity Track, 1, 2; Class Track, 1, 2; Mandolin Club, 4; Business Manager 1907 HAMILTONIAN 3; D.  
T. Club; Darwin Club; Junior Whist Club.
Clarence Morton Trippe, Δυ

Salamanca

Freshman Prize Essay, Mention; Prize Story, Hamilton Literary Magazine, 2; Mandolin Club, 1, 2, 3, 4; Leader, 4; Glee Club, 2; College Choir, 1; Class Track Team, 1, 2; Varsity Track Team, 1; Vice-President Y. M. C. A., 4; Y. M. C. A. Cabinet, 3, 4; Delegate to Students' Conference at Northfield, 2; Assistant Business Manager of Hamilton Literary Magazine, 3; Business Manager, 4; Chairman of Handbook Committee, 4; Secretary of Junior Whist Club.
Junior History

THE writing of a class history is by no means an easy task, and especially is this true in writing the history of such a versatile class as that of 1908. The history of our class, were it properly told, would indeed be an interesting story. We regret to say that the space allotted us is insufficient to record with justice our glorious deeds and accomplishments, but bear with us, dear reader, while we attempt, in a way all too brief, to review the career of this class of all classes.

Nearly three years of our course have passed and, as we pause and look back, we cannot help but feel a thrill of pride and satisfaction at the record we have made. Our contests, as underclassmen, and our inaugural of Freshman banquet, have all been adequately portrayed in the first two chapters of our history, so on to the days we have spent as "gay young Juniors."

When we, the battle- scarred veterans and victors of many a fray, returned to College last September, it was not without a feeling of regret that we saw our old enemies, the men of 1909, turn to face new antagonists. It was then that we came to the sad realization that our own scrapping history was forever ended. Nothing daunted, however, we turned our attention to coaching the newly- arrived Freshmen in regard to the affairs of war. It is enough to say that our wise advice fell on good soil.

Not all of us who entered as Freshmen are here to enjoy the peace of Junior year. Some have gone out to
begin the real battle of life. Others have gone from us to finish their courses at other colleges, but those of us who are left have always manifested that class spirit and unity of purpose which marked our underclassman years.

Since assuming the dignity and responsibility of upperclassmen, we have jealously striven to keep up old and time-honored traditions. We successfully piloted the Freshmen through the terrors of “paint night” and we have presided at many a “Gym. show.” But aside from class affairs, we have manifested College spirit along other lines. In all branches of College activity, whether it be on the athletic field, in social circles, in Y. M. C. A. work, or in the class-room, there you will find written at the top, above all, our names.

Swiftly and happily have the days come and gone since we last moved up in Chapel, and indeed since we entered. We can hardly realize that, since first the Campus rang with our yell, nearly three years have passed. Very soon now we shall again move up, and for the last time. The joy of being Seniors will not be unaccompanied by the thought that too soon we must go out into the wide world, and Hamilton days must become but an ever-present and fondly cherished memory. May we as Seniors wield the paddle of authority fittingly, and ever with regard to the good of Alma Mater.
The Junior Class

Colors
SCARLET AND BLACK

Yell
Zip-rah! Boom-rah! Rah-boom-rate!
Hamilton! Hamilton! Nineteen-eight!

Officers
President . ALEXANDER H. HOLLEY
Vice-President . FLOYD D. McLEAN
Secretary . SALMON S. JUDSON, Jr.
Treasurer . WINTHROP H. KELLOGG

Members

KARL FROASS ADAMS

"ACHILLES"
Transporter of Delayed Documents.
Despicable Order of Short Skates.
Wild-eyed and wiggly in the knees.
Grove's double.

GEORGE HOYT ALLEN, Δ Y

"GEORGE"
Mouth open, intellect closed for repairs.
Remote possibility of his waking up before Senior Year.
Somnambulist.
Earle Warner Anibal, ΔΚΕ  Gloversville
“Canni”
Former bouncer for “Reggy” Pratt.
Claims he saw a “black-hand” in Dempsey’s hotel one night.
Helped “Ped” Palmer hunt crustaceans
Freshman year.

Ervin Eugene Babcock, E.L.S  Camden
“Erv”
“The Old Man.”
Takes Bill Squires’ Psychology in order to discover the nature of Ghosts.

Oscar Mortimer Bate, E.L.S  Salisbury Mills
“Mortified”
Inoffensive little master.
Dead to the world half the time and asleep the other half.
Painful bluffer.

Harry Beck, ΨΔΤ  Brooklyn
“Regulus” “Virginia”
Prexie’s Boy and “Bib’s” Bible Shark.
Looks like Little Lord Fauntleroy.
But my! he’s a sporty little infant.
“Carthago delenda est”
CHARLES E. CLARK, E.L.S  
Prattsburg
“HANS”  “BILLY BOUNCE”
Agent for Schlitz.
NOTE — Distributes through his own system.
Mahady says that Commons cannot be run profitably as long as Clark boards there.

JAMES CAREY CODY, ΣΦ  
Vernon Centre
“BILL”
Football hero.
Only man in College who ever flunked Bugs.
Habitat : Busy Corner. Popular in the trans-Tiber.
Epitaph: Here lies our Bill To see him gone
In life so sweet, Is such a treat,
One grave holds him, There’s no one like
Two more his feet; Bill Cuddy

JOHN SAWYER FITCH, ΨΥ  
Albion
“JOHNNY”
Lord Grand Mark-monger.
Despicable Order of Short Skates.
Bib’s pride.
Affectionately called “J. Slopover” by Lit. Class.
Still a child in spite of his size. Witness his wit.
Has a friend in Poughkeepsie.

ROBERT DOBELL FRASER, ΨΥ  
Utica
“BOB”
No bad qualities. Will make a model husband.
Has hopes.
Good student, but gets fussed in class.
Blushes like a girl.
Has applied for a railroad rebate between Herki-
er and Syracuse.
JULIUS EDWARD GREENGARD, E.L.S. Binghamton
“GREENIE”
Dancing class Sophomore year.
K. M’s conqueror.
Devotee of Donovan.

JOHN DU BOIS HENDERSON, ΔΚΕ Herkimer
“CALF” *

*NOTE—Remarks omitted by request, but see 1907 HAMILTONIAN, pp. 155-159.

ALEXANDER HAMILTON HOLLEY, ΔΦ LaCrosse, Wis.
“KECK”
Schismatically speaking, a multitudinously verbose animal.
Incidentally spouts incompressible polysyllables.
Only man gym.-showed Sophomore year and was elected class president next day on the strength of it.

MARCUS BAILEY HOLMES, ΔΦ New York
“NICK”
“Sister Marcelline.”
Able champion of negro rights.
Fading away under stress of Utica requirements.
Lavish entertainer—at the expense of the class.
Over-cuts each term—can’t shake the enveloping arms of Morpheus.
HORACE KING HOLLEY, AΔΦ  LaCrosse, Wis.

"HOD"
Starts training night before Colgate game.
General handsome man and "cinch-elector."
First Lieutenant to "Brother Keck."

RICHARD HUGHES, ψΔΤ  Greene

This fair young lad who comes from Greene
Is attending College, but seldom is seen.
He comes to Chapel and goes to class,
And manages all exams to pass.

ROBERT BOUTON HULL, ΘΔΧ  Jasper

"BOB"
Symptoms of insanity — over-elected winter term,
Sophomore.
Hides under the bed when they cry, "Heads Out."
One of Nineteen-eight’s select few Y. M. C. A.
sharks.

CARL DOUGLAS HUNTINGTON, ψΔΤ  Pulaski

"JACK THE RIPPER"
Flunked out of ’07.
Now sparring with Anibal ad premium mathematicum.
Enthusiastic fusser.
Salmon Sheldon Judson Jr., ΣΦ Vernon

"Shell"
Model for Mrs. Gaffney's corset parlor.
"Grecian Bend" a specialty.
Member of H. H. Big 4.
Close second to Fitch.

Sewell Morgan Jones, ΨΨ Utica

"Sew"
Welshman the first.
Headquarters at the Busy Corner.
Has all the characteristics of a spoiled child.
How the girls love (?) his military bearing.

Walter Falke Jones, ΨΨ Utica

"Punch"
Welshman the second.
Has all the contradictory qualities peculiar to the head of the Psychology department.
Married while in Porto Rico but won't admit it.
"Do we have French today?"

Fred Eugene Joralemon, ΨΨ Niagara Falls

"Jerry"
Heard in Johnstown: "Who iss dees man Jerusalem?"
Only man holding degree of W. D. C. (Whole D—
College.)
Really hasn't a mortgage on the Campus, even if he does walk that way.
Addresses common people as though he were sorry for their ignorance.

40
Winthrop Huntington Kellogg, Øx
Vernon Centre

"Winnie"
Misuses a nightmare for an oration.
Pink-and-white example of untouched innocence.
Debate on Socialism — Kellogg vs. Wardle.
All arguments will be used to inflate Knabenshue's balloon.

Fred Henry Kitson, øt
Vernon

"Root"
Sufferer from florid melancholia.
Increased in stature, intelligence (?) and in name after entering college.
As a mark-monger, runs a close race with Fitch.
Text-books look like interlinears.

Frank Townsend Laird, øke
Utica

"Socrates"
Editor-in-Chief of Hamiltonian — everybody knows it.
Wrote Encyclopaedia Britannica.
"Oldest Inhabitant."
Story-teller for the Freshmen — specialties between acts —
imitations of "Square" and phonographic selections.
Member of Baseball Rules committee.
Three mistakes during college course.

James Ward Lewis, øls
Naples

"Telemachus"
Bib.: Explain the title, "Layamon's Brut."
Tele.: Brut means "dry," Layamon is dry.
Member Lit. Class.
Lord High Persecutor of Short Skates.
Future K. P. Orator.
Wielder of the Bastinado Freshman year.
CHARLES BERNARD McCARTHY, ΔΚΕ Auburn

"CHUCK"

The "sick" man's friend.
Guardian angel on last car Saturday night.

FLOYD DANA McLEAN, xΨ  Binghamton

"HOOT MON"

Scotch — Very Scotch — Hot Scotch.
The Laird of Clanheuser.
"Ye hills and dales of bonnie Donovan's"
Scots wham Bib. doth often flunk.
What became of de Monkey Monk?
On to Carnegie!
Y. M. C. A. delegate to Northfield.

WALKER McMARTIN, ΘΔΧ  Johnstown

"MARTIE"

Alias, Weary Walker
Owner of the rankest pipe in the class.
I toil all day
As Bug's delight,
And then to Ilion
For the night.

JOSEPH HOWARD MORGAN, ΔΚΕ  Auburn

"MORGY"

Cheap imitation of Pratt.
"Wedded but no Wife." — see Orpheum Theatre
Has a range of twenty-two notes, (ask Bill Simmons.)
Wish there was one more.
Has crossed the "Rubicon" many times, burning his breeches behind him.
Lester Charles Newton, E.L.S  Clinton

Little Lord Fol-de-Rol,
Despicable Order of Short Skates.
A Clinton Courtier.
An appendix to 1908.

Walter Maurice Pratt, ψ Binghamton
"Reggie," alias "Canfield"
Fashion plate for Utica tailors.
"The girls are all stuck on me shape."
"The world is my lemon."
Children must always be amused.
"Just time for one more game."
"Me and Hoyle."

Harold Burroughs Riggs, ψy Auburn
"Burr"
Grand Legacy. Despicable Order of Short Skates.
Happy combination of an alumnus and an undergraduate.
Bill Mahady’s friend. Always treats—himself.
Positively his last appearance.

Benjamin Brokaw Rose(n)B(l)oOm, Jr., ΔKE  Auburn
"Caruso"
Claims that "A thing of beauty is a joy forever."
Dark horse in race against "Cap." Smith for track captaincy.
Trains on fire-water and lukewarm water—one before, the other after.
"Wreck of the Hesperus."

43
LEON GILLETTE ROSS, ΨΥ Ilion

"FUSSER" "SPARROW"
Always despondent over the fact that College costs him $300 a year.
Descendant of Pasha of Persia.
Still keeps the custom of running a young harem.
Past-master at the art of making lemonade — has "57 varieties" of girls (lemons).

WILLIAM BUSH SIMMONS, AΔΦ Chicago

"BILL"
Next to Weekes, the homeliest man in College.
"Gee, but I'm a prominent man in College.
I'm in the Musical Club, Quartette, Life, Lit, and Junior Class pictures, to say nothing of my individual picture."
"Omnia Hamiltonia divisa est in partes tres — primus, ego; secundus, ego; tertius, στόλοι."
WILLIAM ALBERT SOPER, ΣΦ  Riverside, Ill.  
"BILL"
Illinois expurgation.
Lodgings in New Hartford.
Social light of Clinton.
Never did anything worth scurfin.

LEONARD ALBERT WATSON, ΘΔΧ  Westfield  
"LEN"
High forehead denotes the "stewed" — generally.
   His papa owns a vineyard
   And raises grapes to sell;
   But Len imbibes the juice thereof
   And straightway raises ———.

ERNEST JOE WEEKES, ΑΔΦ  Watertown  
"TAD," "ITALIAN BARBER"
Lives high on four a week.
"It's awfully hard to stick to Y. M. C. A. principles
   when I go to Utica with you fellows."
Expert cracksman and receiver of stolen goods.
"I'd rather be Y. M. C. A. President than all the other
   offices in college put together."
Ejected from Hotel Martin for disorderly conduct.

HAROLD OTIS WHITE, ΔΥ  Skaneateles  
"WHITEY"
Out for football captain — way out.
Prexie's patron.
Would-be masher.
   Frown like Mars,
   Like Jove's his nod;
   Don't be alarmed,
   This is not God,
   It's only H. O. White.
Paul Benjamin Williams Φ Y Albion

"Phoebe"

Busier than a hen with one chicken, but always has an expansive grin.

Thinks he is good looking.

Of a very retiring (?) disposition.

Bum Joker.

Chess Enthusiast.

Ex-Members

Clarence E. Babcock, E L S
Oswald P. Backus, Jr.
Frederick H. Baxter, A Δ Φ
Gilbert W. Benedict, Θ Δ X
Frederick W. Branch, Δ Y
Charles R. Carruth, Jr.
Arthur V. Coupe
Edward F. Cookingham, Σ Φ
Joseph J. Davies
Clay Dudley, E L S
Raymond L. Dudley, Δ Y
William K. Dunwell, E L S
James H. Goodier, Θ Δ X
Fred H. Haggerson, Σ Φ
Herbert R. Hemmens, A Δ Φ
William K. Lyon, Σ Φ
Herbert J. Miller, Ψ Y
Raymond H. Moody
Thomas J. Mooney, Δ K E
J. Wentworth Perkins, Ψ Y
Ray G. Pratt, A Δ Φ
Allen M. Rupert, X Ψ
Clinton W. Searle
Roger Sherman, X Ψ
Harold J. Snyder, Δ K E
Charles G. Watson, Θ Δ X
Clarence E. White, A Δ Φ
Sterling A. Zimmerman

Camden
Rome
Lima, O.
Fulton
Manchester, N. H.
Clinton
Utica
Utica
Bath
Fairport
Southampton, L. I.
Utica
Menominee, Mich.
Utica
Bath
Utica
Binghamton
Oneonta
Cincinnati, O.
New Milford, Pa.
Geneva
Rome
Mt. Vernon.
Auburn
Westfield
Binghamton
Brownsville
Sophomore History

If course the Class of 1909 is the best class that ever "hit" the Hill. That is the "premises," as "Hank" White would have it. The proof of this is the only other thing necessary. "Square" says it is true, and "Prexie," O marvels! agrees with "Square." In fact, so say they all of them. Even "Cupid" Grove timidly offered the opinion that "dis glass is der greatest yed," and "Cupid" knows. Any man with the nautical knowledge that our diminutive "Cap." possesses could tell a gold nugget from a fresh citron any day; and although we were his first love, we do not think that archery influenced "Cupid's" judgment. But for all that these, though highly important, are merely personal opinions.

Take athletics—Football. Did not one-third of the men awarded "H" certificates this year bear '09 after their names? That is one instance only, but it is typical. The Musical Clubs could never have fared so well without their Sophomore delegation.

We broke a record with our Sophomore Hop, opening up a new social bonanza by our enterprise. At least, it cannot be refuted that the Sophomore Hop of 1909 surpassed all previous. And that, in truth, is our specialty: if we cannot do anything else we can smash records in most things. We also inaugurated the formality of staying up all night before all inter-class tete-a-tetes—an incomparable formula for solving all class consolidation problems, and it was by virtue of this form of procedure that we gained our rowing prestige.
Hamilton College has graduated many classes and has borne proudly a reputation for high mental culture; but it was for the class of 1909 to wield its specialty here again and knock one more record on the head—scholarship. "That is nothing to boast of," say many. Perhaps not. Yet one or two assert that learning is what we come to college for.

Thus, of record-fracturing versatility 1909 is the very essence. We have tried to lead the Freshmen, but a little resistance has somewhat handicapped our success. Never mind though. Next year we shall lead the Freshmen legitimately and well. By and by, maybe, we shall slate still another record—in the number of men graduated. Still farther in the unknown beyond we may take the "Who's Who" palm. Who knows! However, we are Hamilton to the core and, after all, that is what makes a class what it is.
The Sophomore Class

Colors

Golden Brown and White

Yell

Boom-a-lacka, Boom-a-lacka,
Boom-a-lacka-lein,
Hamilton, Hamilton, Nineteen-nine!

Officers

President . . . . JOHN M. SPENCER
Vice-President . ALEXANDER F. OSBORN
Secretary . . . . HORACE G. GETMAN
Treasurer . CLEMENTS W. BLODGETT

Members

Joseph Appleton, Jr., E L S
Paull F. Baum, Ψ ∆ T
Martin J. Birmingham
Clements W. Blodgett, ∆ ∆ Φ
Denton E. Brome, Ε Λ S
Howard M. Bryant, Σ Φ
Harry J. Bullion, Ψ ∆ T
Gordon Bushfield, ∆ Y
John M. Butler, Α ∆ Φ
William D. Conklin, Ψ
Elbert O. Day, Ε Λ S
Wessel Doherty, Ε Λ S
Arthur S. Evans, Ψ
Homer C. Evans, Θ ∆ X
Pliny B. Fisk, Θ ∆ X
Horace G. Getman, Θ ∆ X

Albany
Herkimer
Sauquoit
Syracuse
Rutherford, N. J.
Riverside, Ill.
Richfield Springs
Utica
Arapahoe, Okla.
Red Creek
Buffalo
Delta
Richfield Springs
Byron
Kansas City, Mo.

51
Claude F. Griffis, E L S
John L. Hathfield, E L S
John L. Hopkins, Y Y
Norman F. Kazenstein, Y Y
Paul D. Kneeland, Y Y
Clarence E. Krumholtz, E L S
Clarence E. Leavenworth, Y Y
Leon H. Lewis, E L S
William D. Love, E L S
Charles M. McLean, X Y
Howard J. MacGarry, Y Y
James Mangus, Y ∆ T
John V. Morris, Y ∆ T
Alexander F. Osborn, X Y
Harold P. Osborn, ∆ K E
Robert B. Plumb, Y Y
Thomas W. Quinn,
Norman D. Richardson, ∆ ∆ Y
Mark Rifenbark, E L S
Robert B. Rudd, ∆ ∆ ∆
Harold F. Sabine, Y Y
Samuel H. Saunders, ∆ K E
F. Hastings Smyth, X Y
John M. Spencer, Y Y
Harrison C. Thomas, Y Y
R. Hawley Truax, X Y
George F. Wallace, ∆ K E
Philip H. Welch, ∆ ∆ ∆
Clark M. Wilson, X Y
William J. Wilcox, ∆ ∆ ∆
Francis D. Willoughby, Y Y
Richard J. Williams, E L S
Alexander H. Woolcott, Θ ∆ X
Rome D. Worden, E L S

Binghamton
Utica
Owasco
Hancock
Winchester, Mass.
Albany
Cleveland, O.
Prattsburg
Albany
Binghamton
Utica
Herkimer
Lodi
New York
New Hartford
Red Creek
Kirkland
New York
Unadilla
Washington, D. C.
Utica
Clinton
Utica
Gouverneur
Utica
New York
Herkimer
Brooklyn
Holyoke, Mass.
Scranton, Pa.
Utica
Rome
Phalanx, N. J.
Ilion

Ex-Members
Harold G. Aron, X Y
Carl A. Beck, ∆ K E

Englewood, N. J.
New Haven, Conn.
Frank E. Felt, Δ K E
Fred E. Gooding, Θ Δ X
Fred H. Haggerson, Σ Φ
William H. Moore, Δ K E
Henry M. Roenke, X Ψ
Carlos B. Stone, Σ Φ
Chester T. Stone, Δ Δ Φ

Emporium, Pa.
Lima, O.
Menominee, Mich.
Clinton
Geneva
Cornwall
Mexico
Freshman History

In preparation for this history, we have hunted up old Hamiltonians and have scanned many dim pages of ancient lore, in order that we might conform to tradition and in no way offend that austere and critical divinity, College Custom. The ensuing remarks are an attempt to tell the truth in a way which will gain the sanction of the Deity.

Never before has there been such a Freshman Class, never before one endowed with so many and such varied talents. To be sure, numerically we were a disappointment, due in part to the scoring done by the new rule regarding conditions—four home runs in the first inning. But, if we are few, we have a high standard of membership. We would not have it otherwise and we say with Henry V., "The fewer men, the greater share of honor." Speaking of honors, it would not be out of place to mention some of our achievements. We have given the Gymnasium a much needed wrestling mat. The Chapel rush was won by us against the largest class in College. We have participated, both as principals and spectators, in many a good "gym. show." The Fall Track Meet was an overwhelming victory for nineteen-ten. Not one branch of College activity has failed to be supported by us to the limit of our power. The Athletic teams find Freshmen out for every practice doing their level best. The Lit. draws no small portion of its contents from our incipient literary geniuses. The Musical Clubs contain as many Freshmen as representatives as any of the higher classes. Even Life, that stern advisor of new-
comers, has treated us with kindness and consideration, for the eight Freshmen contesting for positions on its staff have turned in so much copy that the position of Editor has become a sinecure, and a position on the Board a hard-fought honor.

As we strive, and work, and fight, the Hamilton spirit is becoming a part of us; the more we stay here and the harder the knocks which we receive, the more we come to understand what it means to be a Hamilton man. No one can gainsay us, when we make the claim that thus far we have nobly lived up to the traditions already so dear to us. Looking forward we would say that, as we have begun, so shall we finish—a credit and honor to dear old Hamilton.
The Freshman Class

Colors

NAVY BLUE AND GRAY

Yell

Re! Ri! Ro! Ren!

Hamilton, Hamilton, Nineteen-ten!

Officers

President . . . SYDNEY A. SHERWIN, JR.
Vice-President . . WILLIAM H. MOORE
Secretary . . . . . ROBERT J. KNOX
Treasurer . . . LOYAL E. LEAVENWORTH

Members

George L. Abbott, ∆ Y
John C. Baldwin, Σ Φ
Benn Barber, Θ ∆ X
Howard S. Brasted, Θ ∆ X
Henry P. Bristol, Σ Φ
Clarence F. Brown, E L S
Robert O. Burns, ∆ K E
James D. Burt, ∆ Y
Leo O. Coupe, ∆ K E
Jacob M. Cross, ψ Y
Henry A. Deimel, 2nd.
Henry E. Dounce, ∆ ∆ Φ
George D. Edwards, E L S
Russell L. Engs, X ψ
Arthur L. Evans, ∆ Y
Edward P. Glover, ψ Y
Charles H. Hall, ψ Y

Camden
Brooklyn
Yonkers
Hornell
Brooklyn
Prattsburg
Clinton
Ogdensburg
Utica
Johnstown
Herkimer
Syracuse
Prattsburg
Richmond Hill
Remsen
New York
Baldwinsville

57
Irwin A. Hall, X Ψ
Earl K. Hallock, E L S
Francis R. Harper, Δ K E
John M. Hastings, Χ Φ
David C. Jones, E L S
Robert J. Knox, Χ Φ
Loyal E. Leavenworth, Δ Y
Starr H. Lloyd, Σ Φ
Jay E. Lovenguth, E L S
Harold D. McAneny, Α Δ Φ
John N. McMath, Ψ Y
Jerome W. McNair, E L S
Arthur J. Mix, Δ Φ
William H. Moore, Δ K E
Stephen C. Ondarchio, E L S
Robert S. Ould,
Ralph Renwick, Σ Φ
Harvey L. Sarles, X Ψ
Sydney A. Sherwin, Jr., X Ψ
Carlos B. Stone, Σ Φ
Chester T. Stone, Α Δ Φ
William H. Stone, Σ Φ
Charles F. Stube, Δ K E
Henry H. Swift, Φ Δ X
Rexford W. Titus, Α Δ Φ
John B. Wheeler, Jr., X Ψ
David Wills, 3rd, Α Δ Φ

Jamestown
Clinton
Mt. Morris
Clinton
Pelham Manor
Cleveland, O.
New York
Camden
New York
Rochester
Livonia Centre
Bluffton, Ind.
Clinton
Clinton
Oswego
Chicago, Ill.
Liberty
Batavia
Cornwall
Mexico
Cornwall
Fonda
Mohawk
Binghamton
Clinton
Oswego

Ex-Member
Charles A. Crandall,
Verona

Summary of Classes

Seniors . . . . . . . . . . . . . 32
Juniors . . . . . . . . . . . . . 45
Sophomores . . . . . . . . . . 50
Freshmen . . . . . . . . . . . 45

Total . . . . . . . . . . . . 172

58
Freshman Banquet

BAQO'S HOTEL, UTICA, N. Y.

February 16th, 1907

Toastmaster: H. E. DOUNCE

The Class . . . . H. D. McAneny

"Do you then bring salt." — Aristophanes

Athletics . . . . W. H. Moore

"No pent-up Utica contracting your powers." — Sewall

The Faculty . . . . E. P. Glover

"I dreamt I was Almighty God and sat within the sky." — Heine

The Sophomore . . . J. C. Baldwin

"Why, what an ass am I." — Hamlet

Radium . . . . . . B. Barber

"'The time has come,' the Walrus said,
'To talk of many things.'" — Lewis Carroll

Alma Mater . . . . S. A. Sherwin, Jr.

"Dear is thy homestead, glade and glen."

COMMITTEE

L. E. Leavenworth, Chairman

J. C. Baldwin S. A. Sherwin
H. S. Brasted C. F. Stube
J. N. McMATH H. D. McAneny

S. C. Ondarcho
1. North College.  
2. View of Campus.  
3. Chapel from Rear.  
4. Knox Hall of Natural History  
5. Hall of Commons.
1 Chapel Interior.  
2 Commons Interior.  
3 Chapel from the Front.  
4 Gymnasium Interior.  
5 Observatory.
1 Hall of Science.
2 Hall of Philosophy.
3 Library.
4 Chemical Laboratory.
5 Hall of Languages.
**Fraternities**

*In the order of their establishment*

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Fraternity Conventions

Sigma Phi
New York, January 2, 1907
Delegate: Aaron C. Bagg

Alpha Delta Phi
Portland, Me., April 5-9, 1906
Delegates: Grosvenor W. Heacock, Earle M. Clark

Psi Upsilon
Hartford, Conn., May 2-4, 1906
Delegates: Perry A. Miller, Robert B. Jerome

Delta Upsilon
Middlebury Vt., October 24-27, 1906
Delegates: Grover C. Clark, Edmund M. Massee

Delta Kappa Epsilon
Springfield, Mass., November 15-17, 1906
Delegates: Harwood M. Schwartz, John D. Henderson

Theta Delta Chi
Boston, Mass., February 21-25, 1906
Delegates: Howard W. Benedict, Frank C. Brown
Sigma Phi

Established 1831

FRATRES IN FACULTATE

FRATER IN URBE
Gerrit C. Bronson, E. of N. Y.

ACTIVE MEMBERS

Seniors
Aaron Clark Bagg           Robert Barton Peck

Juniors
James Carey Cody           Sheldon Salmon Judson, Jr.
                           William Albert Soper

Sophomores
Howard Miller Bryant       Frederick Hastings Smyth
Alexander Faickney Osborn  Revaud Hawley Truax
Clark Milton Wilson

Freshmen
John Cook Baldwin          Ralph Renwick
Henry Platt Bristol        Carlos Bristol Stone
John Murray Hastings, Jr.  William Huntington Stone
James Dean Judson

67
## Sigma Phi Chapters

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Alpha Delta Phi
Hamilton Chapter Established 1832

FRATER IN FACULTATE
Herman C. G. Brandt, A. M., Ph. D.

FRATRES IN URBE
Edward North, ex '72, James R. Benton, '90
H. Platt Osborne, '91

ACTIVE MEMBERS

Seniors
Earl Mosher Clark      Willis Ward Hoyt

Juniors
Alexander Hamilton Holley      Horace King Holley
Marcellus Bailey Holmes     William Bush Simmons
Ernest Joseph Weekes

Sophomores
Clements Winfield Blodgett      John Milton Butler
Norman Dayton Richardson     Robert Barnes Rudd
Philip Henry Welch         William Jenkins Wilcox

Freshmen
Henry Esty Dounce      Harold Dilloway McAneny
Arthur Jackson Mix     Chester Tilton Stone
Rexford Walker Titus   David Wills, 3rd

69
**Alpha Delta Phi Chapters**

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Psi Upsilon

Psi Chapter Established 1843

FRATER IN FACULTATE
Frank Hoyt Wood, Ph. D.

FRATRES IN URBE


ACTIVE MEMBERS

Seniors
Edward Huntington Bright Raymond Franklin Dunham
Eldon Carlisle Hemenway Robert Bartlett Jerome
Oscar William Kuolt

Juniors
John Sawyer Fitch Fred Eugene Joralemon
Robert Dobell Fraser Harold Burroughs Riggs
Sewell Morgan Jones Leon Gillette Ross
Walter Falke Jones Paul Benjamin Williams

Sophomores
John Lee Hopkins Harold Francis Sabine
Norman Fitch Kazenstein Harrison Cook Thomas
Robert Hiram Plumb Francis Daniel Willoughby

Freshmen
Jacob Miller Cross Charles Henry Hall
Edward Patten Glover John Norman McMath
# Psi Upsilon Chapters

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Chi Psi

Alpha Phi Chapter Established 1845

FRATER IN FACULTATE
Joseph D. Ibbotson, A. M., '90

FRATRES IN URBE
Frederick E. Barrows, '72        Clinton Scollard, '81
Milton E. Owen, '92

ACTIVE MEMBERS

Seniors
Frederick Monroe Barrows        Stanley Elliott Gilbert
Robert Maxwell Scoon

Juniors
Floyd Dana McLean             Walter Maurice Pratt

Sophomores
William Dumont Conklin         Arthur Seth Evans
Charles Mossman McLean

Freshmen
Russell Larned Engs           Irwin Alfred Hall
Harvey Leslie Sarles          Sydney Allyn Sherwin
John Brooks Wheeler
### Chi Psi Chapters

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Delta Upsilon
Hamilton Chapter Established 1847

FRATRES IN FACULTATE
Rev. William H. Squires, Ph. D.     William P. Shepard, Ph. D.
Harry B. Ward, A. M.               Henry White, A. B.
Rev. Edward J. Ward, A. M.

FRATRES IN URBE
Rev. Edward P. Powell, '53             Rev. Dwight Scovel '54

ACTIVE MEMBERS

Seniors
Cady Hews Allen             Junius Drhu Meeker
Grover Cleveland Clark      Ralph Waldo Swetman
Edmund Munger Massee        Clarence Morton Trippe

Juniors
George Hoyt Allen, Jr.       Harold Otis White

Sophomores
Gordon Busfield            Clarence Eldredge Leavenworth
Paul Dwelle Kneeland        Howard John MacGarry
John Manley Spencer

Freshmen
George Lamb Abbott          Arthur Lewis Evans
James Daniel Burt           Loyal Eldredge Leavenworth

75
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Delta Kappa Epsilon

Tau Chapter Established 1856

FRATRES IN URBE

Elliott S. Williams, '67  Charles H. Stanton, '72
T. B. Walker, A., '71  Percy L. Wight, '91
Robert U. Hayes, '05

ACTIVE MEMBERS

Seniors

Harwood Muzzy Schwartz  Kenneth Appley Sprague

Juniors

Earle Warner Anibal  Charles Bernard McCarthy
John DuBois Henderson  Joseph Howard Morgan
Frank Townsend Laird  Benjamin Brokaw Roseboom, Jr.

Sophomores

Harold Paterson Osborn  Samuel Hugh Saunders
George Frederick Wallace

Freshmen

Robert Owen Anthony Burns  Francis Robert Harper
Leo Owen Richard Coupe  William Havens Moore
Charles Frederick Stube
## Delta Kappa Epsilon Chapters

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Theta Delta Chi

Psi Charge Established 1868

FRATRES IN URBE
Charles A. Borst, '81  Charles T. Ives, '92

ACTIVE MEMBERS

Seniors
Frank Charles Brown  Wilson Rood
Charles E. Rynd

Juniors
Robert Bouton Hull  Walker McMartin
Winthrop Huntington Kellogg  Leonard Albert Watson

Sophomores
Homer Charles Evans  Pliny Baxter Fiske
Horace Griffith Getman  Alexander Humphreys Woolcott

Freshmen
Benn Barber  Howard Spencer Brasted
Henry Harper Swift.

79
### Theta Delta Chi Chapters

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Phi Beta Kappa
New York Epsilon Established 1870

Officers For 1906-1907

PRESIDENT
Prof. Edward Fitch, Ph. D.

VICE-PRESIDENTS
Prof. F. M. Davenport, Ph. D.
Prof. W. J. Miller, Ph. D.
Prof. H. B. Ward

SECRETARY
Prof. J. D. Ibbotson, Jr.

TREASURER
Prof. S. J. Saunders

MARSHAL
Prof. Henry White
Fratres in Urbe

Rev. Edward P. Powell
Rev. Dwight Scovel
Prof. Oren Root, D. D., L. H. D.
Prof. H. C. G. Brandt, Ph. D.
Prof. A. D. Morrill
Charles Austin Borst
Clinton Scollard, L. H. D.
Prof. H. L. Ebeling, Ph. D.
Prof. Edward Fitch, Ph. D.
Prof. S. J. Saunders, D. Sc.
Prof. W. H. Squires, Ph. D.
Prof. F. H. Wood, Ph. D.
Prof. F. M. Davenport, Ph. D.
Prof. J. D. Ibbotson, Jr.
Prof. A. P. Saunders, Ph. D.
Prin. Percy L. Wight
Prof. W. P. Shepard, Ph. D.
Dr. Roy B. Dudley
Prof. H. B. Ward
Prof. Henry White
Prof. W. J. Miller, Ph. D.

Members Elected from the Class of 1906

Walter Merritt Brokaw
Martin Ambrose Driscoll, Jr.
Clifford Penny Fitch
George Franklin Gentes
Clayton Louis Jenks
James Wilford Kellogg
Robert Norris McLean
Walter Gray Miller
George Hallam Sicard
Chester Arthur Sittig
William Herbert Watson

Seniors

Cady Hews Allen
Edward Carroll Day
Robert Maxwell Scoon
Kenneth Appley Sprague

82
Phi Beta Kappa

Founded at William and Mary College December 5, 1776

Active Chapters

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83
Emerson Literary Society
Established 1882 at Hamilton College

ACTIVE MEMBERS

Seniors
Edward Carroll Day Archibald Longworth Love, Jr.
George Henry Dudley William Frederick Grossmeyer

Juniors
Clarence Elmer Babcock William Kent Dunwell
Erwin Eugene Babcock Julius Edward Greengard
Oscar Mortimer Bate James Ward Lewis
Charles E. Clark Lester Charles Newton

George Britton Smith

Sophomores
Joseph Luke Appleton, Jr. Leon Harmon Lewis
Denton Egbert Brome, Jr. William DeLoss Love
Elbert Osborne Day William Arthur Marriott
Wessel Doherty Mark Rifenbark
Claude Francis Griffis Richard John Williams
John Lyon Hatfield Rome David Worden

Clarence Edmund Krumholtz

Freshmen
Clarence Ferne Brown Clyde Jones
George Daniel Edwards Jay Elwin Lovenguth
Earle Kenneth Hallock Jerome Willis McNair

Stephen Charles Ondarcho

84
Psi Delta Tau
Established 1905 at Hamilton College

Active Members

Seniors
Richard Matthews Elsea
Earle Llewellyn Montgomery

Juniors
Harry Beck
Carl Douglas Huntington
Richard Hughes
Fred H. Root Kitson
Harry William Smith

Sophomores
Paul Franklin Baum
James Mangus
Harry James Bullion
John Van Liew Morris

85
Athletic Association

Officers
PRESIDENT
Prof. Frank H. Wood
VICE-PRESIDENT
Prof. Edward J. Ward
TREASURER
Prof. William J. Miller
SECRETARY
Walker McMartin
## Advisory Board

### Members

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### Alumni Representatives

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<td>S. Kellogg, '81</td>
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<td>C. B. Rogers, '87</td>
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<td>Dr. F. M. Davenport</td>
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<td>J. Rudd, '91</td>
<td>Prof. H. White, '98</td>
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Football History

AS the football season of 1906 a success? If you judge by the scores alone, no! Yet there is not a man on College Hill but will say emphatically that it was a success. When Captain Schwartz and Coach Halliday called for candidates only three "H" men responded. From these and from the scrub of 1905, with little new material, Coach Halliday picked a team at which no Hamilton man had reason to blush. Picked as it was, of green material, it could not be expected that, early in the season, consistent team work would develop. Indeed, the Rochester game was the first in which the full varsity played. Of greater disadvantage was the lack of weight of the team. Averaging less than 155 pounds and outweighed in every game by from 10 to 35 pounds per man, Hamilton showed such grit against Cornell and Syracuse as to call forth praise even from opponents; taught Rochester a lesson in Hamilton spirit, and outplayed the Colgate "missionaries" until worn out by beef.

For these results the Hamilton spirit was responsible, which prevailed under the greatest difficulties of injury and discouragement, and it was rare when there was not three full teams on the field. The scrub made this possible and are not to be forgotten. Also the College owes a heavy debt to Coach Halliday. He is a gentleman. Every Hamilton man wishes him well. It was the Hamilton spirit that made every man strive for the "Old Lady on the Hill." May other teams, more strong in brawn, take a lesson. Love of Hamilton inspired every man and Hamilton is proud of them.
The Football Team

OFFICERS
Captain, H. M. SchwartZ, '07
Manager, R. B. Jerome, '07

VARSITY
1c, Leavenworth, '10 rr, White, '08
1t, Schwartz, '07 qb, Holley, '08
lg, Swezman, '07 lh, Smith, '08
r, Williams, '08 rth, Welch, '09
rg, Osborn, '09 fb, McClean, '08
rt, Barrows, '07
Wilson, '09

SUBSTITUTES
r, Spencer, '09 g, Cody, '08
r, Thomas, '09 qb, Getman, '09

Games
Sept. 29, Hamilton vs. Cazenovia at Clinton, 0—0
Oct. 3, Hamilton vs. Cornell at Ithaca, 0—21
Oct. 6, Hamilton vs. St. Lawrence at Clinton, 0—0
Oct. 13, Hamilton vs. Syracuse at Syracuse, 0—36
Oct. 20, Hamilton vs. R. P. I. at Troy, 0—2
Oct. 27, Hamilton vs. Rochester at Clinton, 21—0
Nov. 3, Hamilton vs. Trinity at Hartford, 2—6
Nov. 10, Hamilton vs. Colgate at Clinton, 16—35

Hamilton 39. Opponents 100.
Baseball History

FTER the season had closed, even the most skeptical fans had to admit that, taken at large, 1906 had been a successful season. The only blot on its record was the loss of the first game on April 21st to the Utica Free Academy team, 1-0. It was a fluke, and the less said about it the better. The "Theologs" from Auburn played here a week later and were beaten 7-5. The game was not at all brilliant.

On May 5th the team went to Schenectady to be beaten by Union, 9-4. The game was lost through costly errors, the players at times exhibiting a lamentable tendency to "rise," as one opposed to slang put it.

Rochester came down here the 8th and was beaten 10-2. This game was interesting only on account of the score, although the team played like veterans.

Hobart was easy on the 11th, being beaten 13-5.

Colgate came over the 15th and played one of the best games of the season. The teams kept tied three innings, then Colgate forged ahead on several senseless errors. In the eighth and ninth our team came to earth again and very nearly won from our neighbors.

On the 18th Middlebury lost to us, 10-5, in a loosely played game.

On the 24th, the western trip began with a defeat at Syracuse, 7-2, after a well played game. That was a hard one to lose. At Geneva, the next day, Hobart again was easy and we won, 11-2; then the team went on to Rochester.
where they met their Waterloo. Haven did not show his usual form and had to leave the game in the second inning. Brown filled his place well, considering the fact that he had pitched the previous day.

On June 1st the best game of the season was played on the Hill with the Union team. We gave Union three runs, and in the ninth inning they were ahead. We came to bat and tied the score. Neither scored in the tenth, but in the eleventh inning Union won, 9-5, by good luck and pinch hitting. The last game of the season, with Colgate, was cancelled on account of rain.

Coach Watson turned out a team which played good ball all the time, although not undefeated. Ferris was a good captain and handled the team well. We shall miss him. Brown, Clark, Smith and White deserve mention for their consistent work throughout the season.

Financially the season was not all that might have been wished, not quite paying expenses. Manager Kuolt had more games than previous managers and larger guarantees to pay for home games. This, coupled with the fact that the College was unusually chary with its subscriptions, put the balance on the wrong side. However, this was no fault of his and he deserves all credit for his efforts.

Frank Brown, '07, is captain of the team for 1907, and A. H. Holley, '08, is manager. With only three men lost, they have every requirement for a good team.
The Baseball Team

OFFICERS

Captain, . . . H. L. Ferris, '06
Manager, . . O. W. Kuolt, '07

VARSITY

p. Haven, '06 3 b. Brown, '07
   Bloyer, '06
Brown, '07
c. White, '08 s s. Haggerson '09
1 b. Ferris, '06 1 f. Smith, '08
2 b. Clark, '08 c f. LeMunyan, '06
   r f. Cody, '08
Utility Man, Judson, '08

CAPTAIN H. L. FERRIS.

Games

April 21, Hamilton vs. U. F. A. at Clinton, 0—1
April 28, Hamilton vs. Auburn at Clinton, 7—5
May 5, Hamilton vs. Union at Schenectady, 4—9
May 8, Hamilton vs. Rochester at Clinton, 10—2
May 11, Hamilton vs. Hobart at Clinton, 13—5
May 15, Hamilton vs. Colgate at Clinton, 10—2
May 24, Hamilton vs. Middlebury at Clinton, 8—10
May 25, Hamilton vs. Syracuse at Syracuse, 2—7
May 26, Hamilton vs. Hobart at Geneva, 11—2
June 1, Hamilton vs. Rochester at Rochester, 1—10
June 6, Hamilton vs. Union at Clinton, 5—9
         Hamilton 71. Opponents 72.
         Rain
ARLY in Winter term Captain Sicard began preparations for the Track Season of 1906 by getting new men out and trying them in various events. At the first call for regular practice, a large squad began work in the Gymnasium and, by the beginning of Spring term, the team was getting into very good shape.

Coach Watson arrived soon after the Easter vacation and immediately started a system of individual training which materially helped the team. He gave all his time, and, by getting men who were trying for the same events onto the field together, but at the same time keeping the squads small, he managed to give each man the best possible training and build up an evenly balanced team. The idea of a training table for track men was also a new one and proved to be a help to the team.

Some new men showed up in the Interclass meet, and the blood we drew from St. Lawrence (90-27) served to prove that the team was one of the best in several years. On Decoration Day two records were broken by Hamilton men. In fact, it has been three or four years since a Hamilton team has made as good a showing for the season. If it had not been necessary to cancel the Colgate dual meet, the College would probably have seen one of the closest meets of several years. And the chances were as much in favor of Hamilton as Colgate, in spite of their famous Castleman.

This year, though several good men have graduated, we have a good bunch back again and an excellent season is looked for. One thing is certain. The more meets, either Interclass or with other colleges, the better will be the team. For when there is something to work for, better work is done.
The Track Team

OFFICERS

Captain, G. H. Sicard, '06
Manager, R. M. Scoon, '07

VARSITY

Bramley, '06 Montgomery, '07
Carroll, '07 Peck, '07
Ferris, '06 Scoon, '07
Macdonald, '06 Cody, '08
Sicard, '06 Hull, '08
Thompson, '06 H. K. Holley, '08
Bagg, '07 McLean, '08
Grossmeyer, '07 Leavenworth, '09
Mansfield, '07 Roenke, '09
Meeker, '07 Spencer, '09
Wilson, '09

CAPTAIN G. H. SICARD.
# St. Lawrence Meet

**Steuben Field, Clinton, May 19, 1906**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Event</th>
<th>Score</th>
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</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>100-yard Dash</td>
<td>4 5</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>120-yard Hurdle</td>
<td>8 1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>One-Mile Run</td>
<td>8 1</td>
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<tr>
<td>440-yard Dash</td>
<td>8 1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>220-yard Dash</td>
<td>6 3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Half-Mile Run</td>
<td>6 3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>220-yard Hurdle</td>
<td>8 1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Two-Mile Run</td>
<td>8 1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Shot-Put</td>
<td>6 3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pole Vault</td>
<td>4 5</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>High Jump</td>
<td>9 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hammer Throw</td>
<td>6 3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Broad Jump</td>
<td>9 0</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Final score, Hamilton 90, St. Lawrence 27.

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# Tenth Annual Intercollegiate Meet

**Steuben Field, Clinton, May 30, 1906**

<table>
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<tr>
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<tr>
<td>220-yard Hurdle</td>
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</tr>
<tr>
<td>Half-Mile Run</td>
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<td>8 1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>High Jump</td>
<td>1 8</td>
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<tr>
<td>Hammer Throw</td>
<td>5 4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Broad Jump</td>
<td>3 6</td>
</tr>
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</table>

Final Score: Colgate 53, Hamilton 45, Rochester 19.
### Hamilton Track Records

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<thead>
<tr>
<th>Event</th>
<th>Record Details</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>100-yard Dash</td>
<td>Lee '91, May '91; Van Allen '02, May '00; Jones '03, May '03; Sicard '06, May '05 — 10 1-5 sec.</td>
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<tr>
<td>220-yard Dash</td>
<td>Spurlarke '89, May '89; Van Allen '02, May '00; Jones '03, May '02; Sicard '06, May '05 — 23 sec.</td>
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<td>440-yard Dash</td>
<td>Roosa '06, May '03 — 51 4-5 sec.</td>
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<tr>
<td>880-yard Dash</td>
<td>Ostrander '99, May '99 — 1 min. 59 3-5 sec.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Two-Mile Run</td>
<td>Wood '04, May '04 — 10 min. 39 1-5 sec.</td>
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<td>Ostrander '99, May '98 — 4 min. 35 3-5 sec.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>120-yard Hurdle</td>
<td>Sicard '06, May '04 — 16 3-5 sec.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>220-yard Hurdle</td>
<td>Roosa '06, May '03 — 26 3-5 sec.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Shot-Put</td>
<td>Miner '04, May '04 — 37 ft. 1-2 in.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hammer Throw</td>
<td>Blakely '03, May '03 — 124 ft. 8 in.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>High Jump</td>
<td>Carroll '06, May '06 — 5 ft. 5 3-4 in.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Broad Jump</td>
<td>Ferris '06, May '06 — 21 ft. 4 in.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pole Vault</td>
<td>Wicks '04, May '02 — 10 ft. 2 1-2 in.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Discus Throw</td>
<td>Miner '04, May '03 — 117 ft. 4 in.</td>
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### Interscholastic Records

<table>
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<tr>
<th>Event</th>
<th>Record Details</th>
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<tr>
<td>100-yard Dash</td>
<td>Young, Colgate Academy — 10 1-5 sec.</td>
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<tr>
<td>440-yard Dash</td>
<td>Taylor, Utica — 56 1-5 sec.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>880-yard Dash</td>
<td>Newell, Potsdam Normal — 2 min. 10 3-5 sec.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>One-Mile Run</td>
<td>Grannis, Syracuse — 5 min. 3 3-5 sec.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Two-Mile Run</td>
<td>Eamay, Utica — 11 min. 7 1-5 sec.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>120-yard Hurdle</td>
<td>Brownell, Potsdam Normal, 17 4-5 sec.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>220-yard Hurdle</td>
<td>Gruno, Colgate Academy — 28 1-5 sec.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Shot-Put</td>
<td>Sherman, Mount Vernon — 44 ft. 1 in. (12 lb. Shot.)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hammer Throw</td>
<td>Horr, Colgate Academy — 143 ft.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Broad Jump</td>
<td>Bloomer, Syracuse — 20 ft. 3 1-3 in.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>High Jump</td>
<td>Sherwin, Batavia — 5 ft. 4 in.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pole-Vault</td>
<td>Robb, Gouverneur — 9 ft. 8 in.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Interscholastic Meet

Steuben Field, May 12, 1906

100-yard Dash: Schelling, Batavia; McLaren, Walton; Hayes, Utica — 10 2-5 sec.
120-yard Hurdle: Taylor, Batavia; Dunn, Ogdensburg; Vaid, Gouverneur — 19 2-5 sec.
880-yard Dash: Chappell, Batavia; Stuart, Binghamton; McEwen, Ogdensburg — 2 min. 15 2-5 sec.
440-yard Dash: Parsons, Binghamton; Woodworth, Utica; Hurlbut, Gouverneur — 57 2-5 sec.
Shot-Put (12 lb.): Kibbe, Little Falls; Hand, Binghamton; Sherwin, Batavia — 38 ft. 6 in.
One-Mile Run: Haggerty, Binghamton; Veeder, Utica; Bogart, Gouverneur — 5 min. 16 2-5 sec.
220-yard Dash: Hayes, Utica; Wiard, Batavia; McLaren, Walton — 24 1-5 sec.
High Jump: Sherwin, Batavia; Dunn, Ogdensburg; Dettinger, Little Falls — 5 ft. 4 in.
Two-Mile Run: Rowe, Utica; Haggerty, Binghamton; Bender, Utica — 12 min. 29 3-5 sec.
Broad Jump: Dettinger, Little Falls; Parsons, Binghamton; Parsons, Gouverneur — 18 ft. 7 1-4 in.
Hammer Throw: Kaley, Binghamton; McNaught, Walton; Dunn, Ogdensburg — 113 ft. 5 in.
220-yard Hurdle: Taylor, Batavia; Vaid, Gouverneur; Wallace, Clinton — 28 3-5 sec.
Pole Vault: Dettinger, Little Falls; DeForest, Walton; Cook, Binghamton — 9 ft. 3 in.

Score

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
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<th>1st</th>
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<th>3rd</th>
<th>Points</th>
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<td>29</td>
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<td>Binghamton</td>
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<td>1</td>
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<td>Utica</td>
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<td>Little Falls</td>
<td>3</td>
<td></td>
<td>1</td>
<td>16</td>
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<tr>
<td>Walton</td>
<td>3</td>
<td></td>
<td>1</td>
<td>10</td>
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<tr>
<td>Ogdensburg</td>
<td>2</td>
<td></td>
<td>2</td>
<td>8</td>
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<tr>
<td>Gouverneur</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>4</td>
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<tr>
<td>Clinton</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
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</tbody>
</table>
Basketball History

AKEN at large, the season of 1906-7 in basketball must be regarded as a success. Our opponents scored 411 points to our 370 and we won but four College games, nevertheless those four showed the calibre of the team and made up for the other defeats.

The best home game of the year was the one in which we beat Princeton 31 to 27. The game was fast throughout and a fine exhibition of basketball. Rochester beat us on their floor, but lost here 29 to 23. Neither game was particularly exciting. Union lost both games to us although they had a fast team. We beat them on our floor 29 to 22, in the last game of the eastern trip. After the team had been on the road four days they pulled out in a garrison finish at Schenectady, winning 22 to 19. With Colgate and Syracuse this year’s team made the best showing ever made by a Hamilton team on their respective floors. We lost both return games on our floor. Syracuse had a hard job to win 28 to 36. The last game of the season, with Colgate, might have had a far different outcome if Captain Kuoit had been able to play. They won 32 to 18. The eastern trip was a success in every way. Against Williams the team made a fine showing, holding the score 27 to 15. This was excellent when the strength of Williams’ team is considered. Against Wesleyan and Brown, who had much heavier teams, we lost 39 to 7, and 33 to 6. The last game at Schenectady the team won.
Too much praise cannot be given Captain Kuolt for his work with the team. Himself the only veteran player left, he had to drill raw players into a team. With no coach to aid him the difficulty of his task was increased. Throughout the season his steadiness served to keep the players together and pulled the team out of many a hole. Manager Gordon conducted the season very successfully and brought the department out with money ahead. George Smith, '08, is captain for next year, and Williams, '08, is manager. With many seasoned players in College they have prospects for a brilliant season.
The Basketball Team

OFFICERS

Captain, . . . O. W. KUOLT, '07
Manager, . . . G. W. GORDON, '07

VARSITY

1f. P. H. Welch, '09
r.f. O. W. Kuolt, '07
c. S. A. Sherwin, '10
l.g. G. B. Smith, '08
r.g. W. H. Moore, '10

SUBSTITUTES

Schwartz, '07 Conklin, '09
Bate, '08 Hopkins, '09
Henderson, '08 Wilson, '09

CAPTAIN O. W. KUOLT.

Games

Dec. 1, Hamilton vs. Waterville Y. M. C. A. at Clinton, 56—8
Dec. 8, Hamilton vs. Utica Free Academy at Clinton, 25—20
Jan. 12, Hamilton vs. Rochester at Rochester, 13—26
Jan. 18, Hamilton vs. Union at Clinton, 29—22
Jan. 23, Hamilton vs. Syracuse at Syracuse, 14—54
Jan. 26, Hamilton vs. Rochester at Clinton, 29—23
Feb. 7, Hamilton vs. Princeton at Clinton, 31—27
Feb. 11, Hamilton vs. Syracuse at Clinton, 28—36
Feb. 14, Hamilton vs. Auburn Seminary at Clinton, 56—8
Feb. 22, Hamilton vs. Colgate at Hamilton, 21—37
Feb. 25, Hamilton vs. Williams at Williamstown, 15—27
Feb. 26, Hamilton vs. Wesleyan at Middletown, 7—39
Feb. 27, Hamilton vs. Brown at Providence, 6—33
Feb. 28, Hamilton vs. Union at Schenectady, 22—19
Mar. 4, Hamilton vs. Colgate at Clinton, 18—32

Hamilton 370. Opponents 411.
Tennis History

ENNIS in 1906 was a grand success. Never before has the College as a whole taken so much interest in this branch of Athletics. The matches were all interesting and, when we lost, we went down fighting in true old Hamilton style, and this after all is the true end and aim of College Athletics.

We would not have it believed that we always lost. Far from it. We defeated Syracuse on our own court and only a timely rain saved our friends from Colgate from a very severe beating. The team played consistently and steadily. There was little grandstand tennis to be seen, but a persistent spirit and cool head-work that often turned seeming defeat into victory.

In Captain Sicard the team loses a man who never lost a match during his College course, surely an enviable record. We lose also with the Class of 1906 two other members of the team. This leaves a dearth of seasoned players, but with Day, '07, at the helm and plenty of good raw material in College, we may look forward to an unusually successful season in 1907.
The Tennis Team

OFFICERS
Captain, . . . . G. H. Sicard, '06
Manager, . . . . W. T. Purdy, '06

VARSITY
H. C. Bramley, '06  G. H. Sicard, '06
T. M. Sherman, '06  E. M. Day, '07

SUBSTITUTES
W. B. Simmons, '08  W. D. Conklin, '09

MATCHES
Hamilton vs. Cornell at Clinton, 1—5
Hamilton vs. Syracuse at Clinton, 6—1
Hamilton vs. Union at Schenectady, 2—4
Hamilton vs. Colgate at Clinton, 5—0

Wearers of the "H"

1907

A. C. Bagg, (T)  W. E. Mansfield (T)
F. M. Barrows, (F)  J. D. Meeker, (T)
F. C. Brown, (B)  E. L. Montgomery, (T)
E. C. Day, (T)  R. B. Peck, (T)
W. F. Grossmeyer, (T)  R. M. Scoon, (T)
O. W. Kuo'h, (F, b)  H. M. Schwartz, (F, b)
R. W. Swetman, (F, b)

1908

C. E. Clark, (B)  F. D. McLean, (F, T)
J. C. Cody, (B)  G. B. Smith, (B, b)
H. K. Holley, (F, T)  H. W. Smith, (T)
R. B. Hull, (T)  H. O. White, (F, B)
S. S. Judson, (B)  P. B. Williams, (F)

1909

W. D. Conklin, (b)  H. P. Osborn, (F)
J. L. Hopkins, (b)  P. H. Welch, (F, b)
C. E. Leavenworth, (T)  C. M. Wilson, (F, b)

1910

L. E. Leavenworth, (F)  W. H. Moore, (F, b)
S. A. Sherwin, (b)

F — Football; B — Baseball; T — Track; b — Basketball; t — Tennis Insignia.
CLUBS
Musical Club History

A YEAR ago considerable satisfaction was expressed by the College at the successful record of the Musical Clubs. If the last season was a success, we are at loss for the word adequate to characterize this year's performance. Surely this season has witnessed the breaking of all previous records and has established a precedent that will long stand. There has been something doing all the time. Concerts have succeeded each other with alarming frequency. To the leaders in particular, the College owes its appreciation of the success with which they have handled a "no cinch" job. As leader of the Glee Club, Simmons has filled a difficult position in a very able manner. He has developed much raw material and left a fine prospect for next year. The result speaks for him. Trippe, with the motley crew at his disposal, has done wonders. Out of a bunch of scrub players he has developed a club to which it is a real pleasure to listen. An unfortunate accident has prevented him from putting the finishing touches to his work, but under the leadership of Massee the Instrumental Club bids fair to shine on uninterruptedly. For Meeker we could say a great deal. That is not necessary. We all know what the Hamilton Clubs have done in the past and what has been done this year. "June," ever jovial and good-natured, has done well. Future managers will have to hustle to sustain precedent in this respect.

From beginning to end the season was an innovation. A concert was given during Fall term and in Utica, too. The Clubs were just a little raw and profited much by this
early performance. The old reliable concert in the Scollard Opera House was held a few days previous to the Northern trip. It was on this trip that Trippe's ardent disciples held a seance enroute which the passengers had all the appearance of keenly enjoying. "June" was not on the job as usual here and forgot to pass the hat. Perhaps, though, that was wisdom. On this trip concerts were given at Watertown, Lowville and Carthage. Numerous social events were experienced. On Washington's birthday the Clubs went to Little Falls. A reception and a dance were enjoyed. That we were appreciated there is no doubt if one recalls the newspaper comments. Even Life waxed enthusiastic and quoted a Little Falls paper to the effect that "the Hamilton boys were a highly moral lot of young men, etc., etc." (That was so good that we had to send it home to the folks.) Ilion came next. The same success and its usual pleasant social events. The Easter trip we can only forecast. Never before have the Hamilton Clubs attempted such an undertaking and for its success, which cannot be doubted, the College is indebted to the various alumni and the untiring efforts of the manager. The trip contemplates, Gloversville, Schenectady, Albany, Hudson, Poughkeepsie, Tarrytown, Yonkers, New York, Brooklyn and Binghamton. About thirty-five men will forego the pleasures of going home and make the trip. First-class concerts will be given on all occasions. Such a trip will do much toward attracting the attention of prospective collegians toward the advantages Hamilton offers. The influence of this sort of thing is immeasurable. In our Athletics we are forced to contend with larger institutions at a disadvantage. That does not advertise the College much. We can have as efficient and competent a musical organization as any College if the fellows will buckle down and do the work. That is what they have done.
Glee Club

Manager. . . J. D. Meeker, '07
Leader. . . W. B. Simmons, '08

FIRST TENOR
E. M. Massee, '07
J. S. Fitch, '08
W. B. Simmons, '08
A. F. Osborne, '09
H. G. Getman, '09
L. O. Coupe, '10
M. F. Hastings, '10

SECOND TENOR
H. Beck, '08
E. J. Weekes, '08
B. B. Roseboom, '08
J. C. Cody, '08
P. B. Williams, '08
F. H. Smyth, '09
R. J. Knox, '10
W. H. Stone, '10

FIRST BASS
C. H. Allen, '07
R. M. Scoon, '07
E. W. W. Hoyt, '07
M. Rifenbark, '09
R. W. Titus, '10
H. L. Sarles, '10

SECOND BASS
A. C. Bagg, '07
H. O. White, '08
J. H. Morgan, '08
J. M. Spencer, '09
H. E. Dounce, '10
C. H. Hall, '10
C. Leavenworth, '10
Instrumental Club

Manager, . . . J. D. Meeker, '07
Leader, . . . C. M. Trippe, '07

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>First Mandolin</th>
<th>Second Mandolin</th>
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<td>C. M. Trippe, '07</td>
<td>R. W. Swetman, '07</td>
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<td>L. Leavenworth, '10</td>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>K. F. Adams, '08</td>
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Pentagon

GRADUATE MEMBERS

Richard C. S. Drummond, '01 Willard P. Soper, '04
Warren J. McLaughlin, '01 John L. Strickland, '04
Jesse B. Milham, '01 Charles H. Toll, '04
Edward E. Stowell, '01 Robert R. Wicks, '04
Goss L. Stryker, '01 Floyd M. Wills, '04
Nelson L. Drummond, '02 George M. Day, '05
Dewey T. Hawley, '02 Edward C. McIntyre, '05
Arthur H. Naylor, '02 Arthur J. Schwab, '05
Charles T. Signor, '02 Richard U. Sherman, '05
John W. VanAllen, '02 Herman A. Speh, '05
James S. Carmer, '03 Harley L. Stowell, '05
Joel D. Hunter, '03 Howard C. Bramley, '06
Henry T. Maxwell, '03 Alexander M. Drummond, '06
David H. Peet, '03 Merwyn H. Nellis, '06
Elihu Root, Jr. '03 Charles T. Roosa, '06
Conklin Mann, '06

HONORARY MEMBERS

* Hon. Theodore Pomeroy, '42 Clinton Collard, '81
Hon. Elihu Root, '64 Charles B. Rogers, '87
Alexander C. Soper, '67 Schuyler C. Brandt, '89
Henry H. Benedict, '69 Joseph Rudd, '91
* Dr. W. R. Terrett, Williams, '71 Samuel H. Adams, '91
Pres. M. Woolsey Stryker, '72 Dr. F. H. Wood, Syracuse, '91
* Hon. Chauncey S. Truax, '75 Robert T. Kelsey, '98
Hon. James S. Sherman, '78 Prof. Henry White, '98
Richard S. Cookingham, '00

UNDERGRADUATES

Earle M. Clark, Robert M. Scoon,
Robert B. Jerome, Harwood M. Schwartz,
Ralph W. Swetman,

117
Geology Club

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PRESIDENT
Kenneth A. Sprague

CHIEF ADVISER AND PUNSTER
Frederick M. Barrows

MEMBERS
Aaron Bagg Wilson Rood
Edward Bright Charles Rynd
Eldon Hemenway Harwood Schwartz
Robert Peck

118
# Junior Whist Club

## Officers

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Number</th>
<th>Position</th>
<th>Name</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1</td>
<td>Official Corkscrew</td>
<td>A. H. Holley</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2</td>
<td>&quot;Pop,&quot;</td>
<td>K. F. Adams</td>
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<tr>
<td>3</td>
<td>Piper Heidsick</td>
<td>W. B. Simmons</td>
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<tr>
<td>4</td>
<td>Munnis,</td>
<td>C. E. Babcock</td>
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<tr>
<td>5</td>
<td>Bearer of the White Seal</td>
<td>R. B. Hull</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>6</td>
<td>Schlitz,</td>
<td>C. E. Clark</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7</td>
<td>Crème de Menthe</td>
<td>W. M. Pratt</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8</td>
<td>Gin Rickey,</td>
<td>H. Beck</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9</td>
<td>&quot;That's All.&quot;</td>
<td>H. K. Holley</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10</td>
<td>Absinthe Frappe</td>
<td>H. W. Smith</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>11</td>
<td>Sparkling Burgundy</td>
<td>E. J. Weekes</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>12</td>
<td>Past Grand Master of the Gob</td>
<td>J. C. Cody</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>13</td>
<td>His Excellency the Transporter of Butts</td>
<td>H. B. Riggs</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>14</td>
<td>Curator of Ash Trays</td>
<td>W. A. Soper</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>15</td>
<td>Bouncer,</td>
<td>W. McMartin</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>16</td>
<td>Undertaker of Dead Drunks</td>
<td>W. F. Jones</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>17</td>
<td>Glass Washer</td>
<td>C. B. McCarthy</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>18</td>
<td>Chancellor of Broken Bottles</td>
<td>L. A. Watson</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>19</td>
<td>Lord High Driver of the Water Wagon</td>
<td>F. D. McLean</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>20</td>
<td>Goat,</td>
<td>E. W. Anibal</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>21</td>
<td>Chaplain,</td>
<td>M. B. Holmes</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>22</td>
<td>Lemon,</td>
<td>J. E. Greengard</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>23</td>
<td>&quot;Skiddoo,&quot;</td>
<td>S. S. Judson</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

## Honorary Member

Professor Richard Updike Sherman, A. B., '05

What is left of the Junior Class constitutes the club.
D. T. Club

C. W. Blodgett, J. M. Butler, W. D. Conklin, H. C. Evans, H. G. Getman, J. L. Hopkins,

C. E. Leavenworth, C. M. McLean, J. M. Spencer, H. C. Thomas, G. F. Wallace, C. M. Wilson,

H. P. Osborn.
Buttinski

Flower
FOUR-LEAF CLOVER

GRADUATE MEMBERS

F. F. Brandt, ’04 ........................................ Clinton
D. J. Carter, ’04 ........................................ Greene
L. J. Ehret, ’04 ........................................ New York
P. Knox, ’04 ........................................ Penn Yan
R. U. Hayes, ’05 ........................................ Clinton
C. W. Loftis, ’05 ........................................ Frankfort
F. M. Wright, ’05 ........................................ Albany
G. W. Heacock, ’06 ..................................... Ilion
J. L. LeMunyan, ’06 .................................... Addison
W. T. Purdy, ’06 ........................................ Auburn
G. H. Sicard, ’06 ........................................ Buffalo

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Frederick M. Barrows ................................ Clinton
E. W. W. Hoyt ........................................ Port Leyden
Wilson Rood ........................................ Westfield
Press Club

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PAUL B. WILLIAMS, '08

VICE-PRESIDENT
ROBERT D. FRASER, '08

SECRETARY
ALEXANDER F. OSBORN, '09

TREASURER
WILLIAM J. WILCOX, '09

MEMBERS

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O. W. Kuolt, '07 A. F. Osborn, '09
R. D. Fraser, '08 G. F. Wallace, '09
J. E. Greengard, '08 E. P. Glover, '10
C. B. McCarthy, '08 J. N. McMath, '10
P. B. Williams, '08 R. F. Titus, '10
G. Busfield, '09 J. B. Wheeler, '10

The following papers, besides numerous preparatory school papers, are represented:

Utica Press, Utica Herald-Dispatch,
Utica Observer, Syracuse Herald,
Auburn Citizen, Buffalo Express,
Binghamton Press, New York Sun,
Brooklyn Eagle, Scranton Herald,
Rochester Democrat & Chronicle, Associated Press,
Publishers' Press, Herkimer Citizen.

124
Press Club History

The Press Club at Hamilton has always been of a "not yet, but soon" nature. However, in winter term some enthusiasts assembled, after much discussion, and formed what claims to be the first real organization of the kind on the Hill. The work along journalistic lines has heretofore been conducted by individuals in a desultory manner and not much real good has been accomplished.

The men in the organization are there solely from their love and ambition for the College. There are no funds for them to draw on, all the disbursements being from their own pockets. That they even sacrifice their purses testifies to their loyalty.

The aim of the Club, briefly, is to secure a wider publication and greater prominence for Hamilton news. At first blush this seems simple, but few people realize the heartedness of the average editor. To the alumni the Club appeals for support in its striving against the editorial waste basket. A talk from an interested alumnus can make many an editor see the error of his ways and thus secure the publication of news.

Then, too, in "prep. school" papers will be published personal and circular letters concerning the College. This is believed to be the most direct and commanding medium for influencing sub-freshmen.

The Club's aims are high; its means are limited—and its members human. Against odds it "is doing its darndest, angels can do no more."

125
Chess Club

PRESIDENT
WILSON ROOD, '07

VICE-PRESIDENT
ROBERT JEROME, '07

SECRETARY
PAUL WILLIAMS, '08

TREASURER
WILLIAM WILCOX, '09

MEMBERS

Barrows, '07 Watson, '08
Jerome, '07 Butler, '09
Kuolt, '07 Baum, '09
Rood, '07 Richardson, '09
Fitch, '08 Sabine, '09
Henderson, '08 Saunders, '09
Huntington, '08 Truax, '09
Joralemon, '08 Wilcox, '09
Jones, S., '08 Willoughby, '09
Jones, W., '08 Cross, '10
Judson, '08 Deimel, '10
Riggs, '08 Glover, '10
McLean, '08 Hastings, '10
Pratt, '08 McMath, '10

Wheeler, '10

126
Rogues' Gallery

NO. 2323. WILLIAM A. RIEGEL

Alias, "Micky Finn"
Alias, "Hoot Mon"
Height, 5 ft. 8 in.; Weight, 105 lbs.
Eyes, dark-yellow; Hair, brown.
Prominent nose. Next to Keck Holley, homeliest man that ever entered Hamilton College.

Three times ejected from Orpheum Theatre. Wanted on charge of grand larceny. $1000, dead or alive—preferred dead.

CHAS. MONTMORENCY LEARY

NO. 4-11-44.

Alias, "Fat Lyon"
Alias, "Stuff"
Alias, "Red Leary"
Height, 5 ft. 5 in.; Weight 198 lbs.
Tall and skinny. Eyes, azure-blue.
Hair, Grey. Large head. Resembles a cinnamon bear in general characteristics.
Last seen in Ann Arbor, Michigan. Not wanted under any conditions.

NO. 99. JAMES L. MAHONEY

Alias, "Wild Bill Cody"

Height, 6 ft.; Weight, 225 lbs.
Eyes and Hair, dark; Features regular.

Convicted of bigamy at Carthage, N. Y., Feb. 8th, 1907. At present, working in a stone foundry at Auburn, N. Y.
Debating Club

CLASS TEAMS

1907
C. H. Allen, W. E. Libbey,
S. E. Gilbert, R. M. Scoon.

1908
E. W. Anibal, L. A. Watson,
O. M. Bate, P. B. Williams.

Inter-class Debate

SENIORS vs. JUNIORS, MARCH 19, 1907

QUESTION: A system of direct legislation by the people in matters of federal and state import should be universally adopted in the United States.

Affirmative: SENIORS.
Negative: JUNIORS.
Debate awarded to the Negative.
College Chapel

PASTOR
President M. WOOLSEY STRYKER

OTHER PREACHERS

Prof. SQUIRES
Prof. IBBOTSON
Prof. DAVENPORT
Prof. E. J. WARD
Rev. Roswell P. Bates

ELDERS

R. M. Scoon, '07           J. D. Meeker, '07
E. J. Weekes, '08          W. H. Kellogg, '08
      W. J. Wilcox, '09
College Choir

MEMBERS

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J. S. Fitch, '08
W. B. Simmons, '08
L. O. Coupe, '10

SECOND TENOR
F. H. Smyth, '09
J. M. Hastings, '10

FIRST BASS
E. W. W. Hoyt, '07
M. Rifenbark, '09
H. L. Sarles, '10

SECOND BASS
H. O. White, '08
J. M. Spencer, '09
S. A. Sherwin, '10

ORGANIST
C. H. Allen, '07
Y. M. C. A Cabinet

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Clarence M. Trippe, '07 . . . . . . . . Vice-President
Ernest J. Weekes, '08 . . . . . . . . . . . . . Treasurer
John L. Hopkins, '09 . . . . . . . . . . . . . . Secretary

HEADS OF DEPARTMENTS

C. M. Trippe, '07 . . . . . . . . . . . . . . Bible Study
C. H. Allen, '07 . . . . . . . . . . . . . . Missionary
E. C. Day, '07 . . . . . . . . . . . . . . Religious Meetings
G. W. Gordon, '07 . . . . . . . . . . . . . Membership
O. M. Bate, '08 . . . . . . . . . . . . . . Finance
J. S. Fitch, '08 . . . . . . . . . . . . . . Music
E. C. Hemenway, '07 . . . . . . . . . . Social
J. D. Meeker, '07 . . . . . . . . . . . . . VICINITY WORK
W. H. Kellogg, '08 . . . . . . . . . . SYSTEMATIC GIVING

131
The Y. M. C. A. Reception

On September 24, 1906, the Y. M. C. A. held its annual reception in Silliman Hall, especially to welcome the Freshmen. It was the most successful of any in years, both in numbers and spirit. Scoon, '07, president of the institution, gave the official address of welcome. Dr. Stryker followed with an interesting talk, seconding Scoon's welcome and urging the Freshmen to grasp every opportunity here on the Hill. Schwartz, '07, captain of the football team, spoke on "The Value of Athletics." Dr. A. P. Saunders then favored the fellows with a violin solo. Mr. Safford, of Yale University, was present and interestingly described the work of the Student Volunteer Missionary Movement.

Refreshments were served later in the evening. The fellows closed the reception with several rousing songs and yells, the kind which have made "Old Hamilton" famous for her spirit and good fellowship.
PUBLICATIONS
The Hamiltonian

PUBLISHED ANNUALLY BY MEMBERS OF THE JUNIOR CLASS

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G. H. Allen . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . Advertising Manager
O. M. Bate . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . Advertising Manager

135
Hamilton Life

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A. F. Osborn, '09 . . . . . . . Reporter
G. Bushfield, '09 . . . . . . . Reporter
M. Rifenbark, '09 . . . . . . . Reporter

139
The Hamilton Record

PUBLISHED QUARTERLY FOR THE ALUMNI
BY PRESIDENT M. WOOLSEY STRYKER

The Blue Book

PUBLISHED ANNUALLY BY THE COLLEGE Y. M. C. A.
PRESERVED TO THE UNDERGRADUATES
AT THE BEGINNING OF EACH
COLLEGE YEAR
SOCIAL EVENTS
SENIOR BALL
Senior Ball

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Mrs. H. B. Ward,
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SOPHOMORE HIP
Sophomore Hop

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Freshman Frolic

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Mrs. Henry White.

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F. E. Gooding, J. M. Spencer,
R. H. Plumb, F. E. Felt,
W. A. Marriott
LITERARY DEPARTMENT
Reflections

THE distant hills are tinged with ruddy light
    And formless slitting shadows gather round;
    The harbingers of dusky-robed night
    In silence are arriving— not a sound.

But list! a murmur soft and low I hear,
    The whispering of yonder swaying pine;
    And faintly 'cross the vale comes to my ear
    The mournful plaintive sound of lowing kine.

And now the hills loom dark against the sky,
    The light has faded, ended is the day.
Somehow my soul is sad, I know not why,
    But yet a voice within me seems to say:

"What might have been accomplished lies undone:
    Alas, you dream: another day is gone."

E. W. ANIBAL, '08.
The Awakening

It was night. The indigo heavens were studded with scintillating points. Vast, huge, silent lay the broad prairies beneath their dim light. Desolate? Yes, but for a tiny house timidly showing its rough outline—an alien to its surroundings.

Alone on the porch sat a girl with bowed head. Her attitude was meditative and sad. Occasionally she would arouse herself straining her eyes in the vain endeavor to pierce the gloom about her. She had the expectant air of one who awaits another, but hour after hour passed, and the silence was unbroken by any human sound save her own troubled breathing.

The soft, half imperceptible noises of the night struck her ears, but with none of their supposed quieting effect. The drowsy hum of the insects, the whispering of the gentle wind through the waving grain, all were unheeded. She was thinking of the rush and bustle of the city—of Life—that life she had known but knew no longer.

It hardly seemed possible that two years ago she was in the midst of it all, the very centre of that gay, mad world. Its pleasures, which then had seemed so trivial, so unimportant, so useless now loomed with unwarranted prominence in her memory—they seemed a vital part of that vague, delicious dream of the past.

153
And this was the second anniversary of that great event which she had thought would mean the beginning of life. Beginning? It was typical of the end. She was not born to live isolated, far from the pulsing throb of the city she loved. What would she not give for just one day, yes, one hour of its mystic charm!

Slowly the whole panorama of her former life passed before her. She saw herself the petted darling of a wealthy family. She remembered those first days at school; how, with pride filling her little heart, she had come home one afternoon and repeated before her admiring parents her first "piece." How proud they had been of her! Then came the jolly high school days and the even jollier college life. She thought how, in her Senior year, there suddenly had appeared to her a glimpse of what Life really meant—she had seen what her part in the great work-a-day world was to be—and it was a useful one. After college came a trip abroad and then society, in the gayest set of the big city, which utterly destroyed her college glimpse of higher ideals. One day Jack had appeared. She could see him now as he had looked on that first morning—tall, dark, athletic with an earnestness on his clear bright features that was refreshing after the long line of frivolous youths whom alone, till now, she had known.

Together they planned their future, how with his vast amount of money they would help elevate those less favored than themselves. Thus it was that her earlier ambitions neared realization. Then came the marriage just two years ago tonight. During the second week of the wedding trip word had suddenly reached them of the serious illness of Jack's father. There was a hurried journey home, a sad parting, and the newly-married couple awoke to the fact that the vast fortune which was to have been theirs had melted away as quickly as the light snow on an April morn-
ing. Poverty had come. With brave resolution they had turned their faces westward to the sole remnant left them, a big western ranch, far removed from civilization.

And this was Life—this daily struggle with nature, this constant combat for the bare necessities of existence. How could one apply the higher laws of ethics here in the wilderness? The dead monotony seemed stifling.

* * * *

Just as the first rosy light was flushing the eastern sky a slight sound came from an inner room. The mother started quickly to enter the house. At almost the same instant, far in the distance, she heard the faint gallop of hoofs. In a moment things slid easily into their proper place and she saw her folly, realized the necessity of such a training as these past two years had given, to fit her for the broader scope of society which was sure to come. She had Life—for her husband, for her child, for herself.

Night had passed! Glorious morning was at hand!
Ballad of a Name

Tune: "Mandalay"

FROM a hay-rube town called Vernon, in the days of long ago,
Came a long and lanky farmer with his locks bleached white as snow;
Oh, a slimy, grassy freshman with the hay-seed in his hair,
Who hailed astonished classmates with a nonchalant "Hey there!"

Thus he came to Hamilton,
Mother Nature's lusty son,
But he flushed like raw termaters
When the Sophomores had begun.
To the boys at Hamilton
He has furnished lots of fun,
With his visage red as thunder
As it glistens in the sun.

He was just Fred Henry Kitson when he landed in our halls,
But he gained such inspiration from these gray old classic walls
That the ornery old "Henry" his fancy did not suit,
So between the "Fred" and "Kitson" there was sandwiched in "H. Root."

This he did to get a key,—
Just to supe the faculty.
Square tore his hair in anguish
When that "Root" he chanced to see.
To the boys at Hamilton
He has furnished lots of fun,
With his visage red as thunder
As it glistens in the sun.

Undismayed by all the scouring that old Nineteen-eight could do
Fred Henry went prospecting for another name or two.
He lit upon poor Prexie and, behold the dread results,
Fred H. Root Stryker Kitson our propriety insults.

O disgrace to Hamilton!
F. H. Root Stryker Kitson
Que diable may we look for
Ere this name-hunt shall be done.

156
To the boys at Hamilton
He has furnished lots of fun,
With his visage red as thunder
As it glistens in the sun.

We expect that in the future, when his younger years are sped,
That some toastmaster will strangle when he introduces Fred
H. Root Stryker Saunders Miller Morrill Roosevelt Morgan
Sherman Longworth Hay Taft Sherlock Holmes Lincoln Napoleon
Disraeli Washington
Shenandoah Hamilton
Alexander Cæsar Antony
Boccacio Kitson.

If within the Hall of Fame
They should e'er inscribe our name
God of plagiarists preserve us
From this dread Kitsonian stain.
Reprieve

PART I.

HEY were talking matters over at the club. Outside was stormy blackness, through which the lights showed faint and blurred, while a driving rain rattled at the windows.

Matterson, the eye-man, was the leader of discussion. He swallowed his Scotch at a gulp, and rapped the glass defiantly on the table. Matterson's vast jowl had flushed to the argument, and his shaven jaw thrust forward to an uncompromising angle.

"No Sir," he declared, emphatically. "That man Kessler hasn't the backbone for his convictions. Why, see here—until a week ago, he fought for the Bill—cut his clinics to work on the thing, and sat up nights preparing interviews— took it as an insult if a man suggested the 'quality of mercy,' or pointed out the bloody absurdity of the scheme—and now he's hedging like a damned coward, and trying to be rid of his bargain. 'Breakdown'?—that's all rot, if Phillips there'll pardon my saying it. The man's in a blue funk, that's all. Why, confound it, he's working at a hotter pace than ever." Matterson sank back in his chair, and glared a challenge at the circle.

"Exactly so—it only proves my point." Stetson-Phillips took up the gage with languid interest, holding the slender stem of his glass between his fingers, and regarding the golden liquid through half-closed eye-lids. "The pace, as
you put it, is the prime cause of Kessler's recanting. One hardly expects consistency from a man who racks his nerves as Kessler is doing."

The attitudes of the circle showed that this argument had gone home.

"There's something in that, too," assented old Burman, of appendicitis fame, and the others murmured approval. But Matterson remained unconvinced.

"Well, whatever his condition may be, that speech this afternoon was a rank equivocation," he contended, doggedly. "Kessler stuck to his Bill fast enough — until there came a chance at the House. Don't blame him for hedging the reputation of having tried to kill off poor devils by the wholesale — with Osler's hobby as a horrible example — but he ought to have thought of that sooner — here, a peg, Wilkins — talking's dry. You'll all join me in a peg? That's right — pegs around, Wilkins." He brought forth a fat gold-banded fountain pen, and scribbled his name on the card.

"You'll admit Kessler's in bad shape, though, Matty," said Pharis, caressing the white orchid on his lapel with fingers Albrecht Durer might have envied — Pharis, who won the admiring gaze of the boulevards by his devotion to his tailor, and the reverential awe of his profession by the uncanny dexterity of those same tapering digits. "Something has strung him as tight as a fiddle — looks fifty-five, at least. On doit chercher la femme, I fancy."


"No!" A growl from Pharis.

"No — why?" drawled Stetson-Phillips, with an irritating elevation of the eyebrows.

"Because Kessler isn't a cad," rumbled the objector, "if he has funked the 'Incurables' Bill. He's head over heels
about Mrs. FitzMartin, who appears to prefer a painter-
chap." This with the air of finality.

"Well, you know, Kessler sowed his oats in days by-
gone," Stetson-Phillips rejoined. "He was always secretive,
was Kessler. I remember, for instance" — But here Wilkins
appeared with his tray, and the reminiscence was lost in a
general gossip of other things.

* * * * *

The subject of their discussion was plodding his way
through the storm. There were hansom cabs in plenty,
with drabbled horses, and drivers engaged in the vain en-dea-
vor to effect a junction of coat-collar and hat-brim. But one
can think in a hansom cab — Kessler did not want to think.
The sting of the raindrops was balm to his throbbing temples
—the squelch-squelching of his soggy shoes lulled him by
its monotony. To save his life, he could not down a Fear
that was in his heart, but the lights and sounds of the street
seemed a refuge from his thought. When the Fear became
too insistent, he stopped short with eyes closed, and held
himself stiffly, finding comfort in the fact that he could stand.

He was grateful for the arc-lights at the crossings.
Once an urchin crying extras pattered full tilt round a cor-
ner, carromed on Kessler's knees, and fell in a sprawl to the
sidewalk, scattering his wares abroad on the wet flags. Kess-
ler picked him up, wondering vaguely at the lightness of the
gnomish little body, silenced a preliminary wail by the
bestowal of a gleaming coin, selected the driest of the outr-
raged journals, and tucked it beneath his overcoat. A man in
cape and visor stepped into the glare from the tangle of the
crossing. There was something oddly sinister in his gaunt,
rain-beaded features, set askew — Kessler imagined himself
the object of a searching scrutiny from the sunken eyes.
He found time to remember this later — at the moment, a
cab and a chugging motor threatened to involve him in their
altercation, and he dodged for his life through the splashing puddles.

At the danger, Kessler’s weary brain again awoke to chaos. A sweep of silent faces rose about him—he heard his own voice, but faintly, and far away—“... a blindly hysterical conservatism,” it was crying—“can no longer furnish excuse for clogging the active world with broken lives”—Kessler had rather fancied the turn of that sentence—“Let Padgett but speak, and the prescience of humanity”—Then voice and picture lost themselves in a whirl of sunshine—a woman sat beside him, and the gorse flashed away from the roadsted. He reached to take her hand, but a rapier-pang stabbed through him, and then—he was in his study, with a hide-bound book across his knees. He glanced at fragments of the close-crimped print—“... reeling or falling with eyes closed, or in darkness... destruction of the reflexes... intercostal pains... at this stage, quite incurable”—and here a line of typewritten words blotted out the vision.

'Ve move elimination on Thursday. If Sanity questioned you promise assistance—Padgett'

And at this point a surge of the Fear would master him; he would stop once more for the test, close his eyes—and see the woman’s face. It seemed a monstrous thing—this death in life, with life become so sweet. Kessler remembered a case in Charing Cross—a poor devil of a subaltern, lying uncouthly twisted beneath the spotless coverlet. He had pointed the man out, by way of example, to Padgett—young Padgett, the credulous, the enthusiastic, standing flushed with triumph on the threshold of his powers—and then had come the query of old Burman—“who are you that you judge of life and death?”—and a week later he, Kessler, had found himself face-to-face with that subaltern’s Destiny. He remembered the drawn face, the hopeless eyes pleading for death—and yet—to die—when Denise FitzMartin loved him.

161
Padgett would introduce the Bill, of course. Equally of course, the Bill would ruin Padgett, though Padgett would not foresee that. Padgett had not yet outgrown his ideals—Kessler understood ideals; he could make them serve his purposes. Contempt, the hysterical indignation of women and clergy, the sneer of the continental press, the derision of America—if these were all, Padgett would be very fortunate. On the other hand, it was not inconceivable that a madhouse might in the end enshrine the boy’s ambitions. His own influence must be discounted, Kessler thought—sensation-lists might cry hypnotism, but hypnotism is a bug-bear. Yes, he was quite safe in Padgett’s shadow. But if the miracle should be—if the Bill should pass . . .

He was sacrificing Padgett to the General Good—or so he had reasoned a week before, when the sacrifice seemed both natural and just. Tonight, the justice was less certain—the General Good less perfectly assured. Kessler wondered if elimination were not, after all, a bloody chimera. Knowing himself incurable, he realized that incurables might have a reasonable claim upon life. Better to die slowly, with the light of his love in his eyes, than a white-walled room, and an ether cone . . . at that point, the Fear again obsessed him—when he recovered from it, he found himself before his lodgings.

As Kessler slowly climbed the stairs, a resolution was forming itself in his mind—he would wire Padgett in the morning, and stop the introduction of the Bill.

PART II.

The grate was a bed of fading coals, that glowed through the stifled silence. Kessler rang for his man—then remembered his man’s petition for the evening. He swore softly to himself, and threw aside his wringing coat, tossing the limp extra in the direction of the easy chair—groped his
way through the passage — returned, gowned and slippered, with a slender beaker steaming in his hand. Then he sat him down before the fire to think. The wind had fallen, and the empty streets were dead — save for the drip of eaves, the night was still.

Matters took on a brighter aspect in the firelight. Kessler reviewed the labors of his project — the essays, the interviews, the enlisting of Padgett — then the doubt, and the vacillating retractions, as his own condition forced itself upon him. Kessler wavered. To surrender — now . . . impossible. It would make him the laughing-stock of the profession. As for Padgett — when he himself was doomed . . . He concluded that his resolve had been hasty — he would not send the wire to Padgett. But Denise — his Denise — no, he must not think of Denise. He reached to the incandescent, and opened up the extra, damp and redolent of printer's ink — then gasped, as the headline met his eye.

"Incurables to Die" — it ran, "Elimination Bill Receives Royal Signature — Padgett Electrifies Parliament — Slaughter Already Begun —" He read this several times, slowly and painfully, like a schoolboy with his first stint of Homer, or a delver in cuneiform inscriptions. The meaning at length forced itself upon his mind — all justifications of it crumbled and fell in chaos, as he realized the thing he had done. . . .

"In a four-hour speech of unprecedented eloquence, Mr. Padgett of Bristol laid before the House of Commons an Act for the Immediate Elimination of all Incurable Invalids in the United Kingdom. At the conclusion of the speech, Mr. Wingate called for the previous question, and the Bill passed by a vote of 235 to 56. It was at once referred to the Upper House —" Kessler's stunned reasoning powers offered no protest at such unheard of procedure — "where it passed unanimously and without discussion" — Unanimously! The
Lords unanimous!—"and at eight-forty-five it received His Majesty's signature. . . . Medical Inspectors are even now eliminating in the public hospitals and asylums, while the entire force of Scotland Yard is searching the higher levels of society. . . . Prominent personages known to be incurable are H. R. H. the Princess Madeleine, Lord Belshaven, the Earl of Middlesex, Sir Trevors Ballard, Mr. Henry James, Dr. Robert Kessler, the noted."

Ah-h-h! The Fear of it! The Fear of it! He crushed the paper in his hands, and sprang wildly to the door, twisting a Yale key in the mad violence of his terror. He dragged a heavy bookcase to the panels, and reinforced it with his study-table. There was a revolver in the drawer—the feel of the cold metal steadied him. He wheeled his desk around to face the door, laid the weapon before him, and began to write, forcing his hand to firmness by a supreme effort of the will.

"My Denise"—he began. At the first touch of his pen, a babble of voices surged up from the street, but Kessler would not lift his head. "When this reaches you, I shall no longer live, and—" he hesitated for a moment—"and it is better so. I learned myself incurable on the day I learned of your love, but I could not bear it then to spoil the dream—" he heard the slamming of the street door—"for it seemed so sweet to have you care—" a clatter of footfalls was mounting the stairway—"but forgive me, now, that I asked it of you. As I write, the Death has come—" there fell a heavy rapping on the panels of the door—"and my selfishness receives its rich deserts. Good night, my love—God grant you may always be happy." He signed it, "Robert Kessler," hearing, as one apart, the scratching of the pen. He sealed and inscribed an envelope—the knob of the door turned sharply. He caught his revolver from the table.

"Open, Doctor Kessler." The tone was respect in
firmness—the voice Kessler knew. Then Padgett, crying in agony, “Oh, Doctor, Doctor, I didn’t understand—” A whisper cut him short.

Padgett! So Padgett had come—to see him play the coward—struggle hopelessly against his own decree . . . Kessler returned the pistol to the drawer, shoved aside table and bookcase, and wrenched at the wry-bent key.

“I was writing a letter, gentlemen.” He said it almost calmly. “Now I am at your service.”

They entered—Padgett in drenched evening clothes, for he had hurried all uncovered through the rain. Ghastly for the stillness of it, they filed hat in hand through the door, with heads bowed, and rain-streaked faces white and grave. Kessler knew them, every one—even the last, whose leather cap sat brazenly above the leer of his twisted visage—for it was the man he had noted at the crossing.

They closed around him in a circle, the faces of his clinics—young Brainard—Kessler remembered the boy’s first horrors at vivisection—Stratham, the life of the anatomy classes, Carheart, his chin eaten with acid, and the rest. They were Kessler’s pride of handiwork—they had come to watch him die. The strange man at length broke the silence.

“Doctor Kessler”—The tone had a curious metallic quality, like the clink of blood-stained scalpels in a tray—“these gentlemen testify to observing in you symptoms—unmistakable symptoms—on the strength of which they have taken oath that you are incurably an invalid. Do you admit this as a fact?”

There was a moment of heavy pause. Kessler heard the men around him breathing hard. When he spoke his throat was dry.

“Yes,” he said, though the thought of Denise surged up to choke him. “Yes—I do.” He tore his eyes from the twisted face, and turned once more to Padgett.
“Then, under provision of the law instigated of yourself, you must submit at once to death by anaesthesia—" the voice took on a magisterial drone—"and may God have mercy on your soul. Proceed, gentlemen . . ."

They trussed him, pinning his arms to his sides. They forced him gently to the floor—Brainard, with the old shudder, set a white cone tightly on his face. Then they drew back, watching.

The reek of ether eddied in his lungs. He saw the ring of faces blur, and grow far away—saw the tremor of Padgett’s limp shirt-bosom—was strangely conscious that this annoyed him. He heard the pounding of the arteries in his ears—the world grew blacker—blacker. He caught the Voice, intoning Scripture—“as a man soweth”—the mockery of it!—“so shall he reap”—There came a last great flicker of the Fear—with a mighty effort he shook the cone from his lips—gassed, shrieked—

“This, then,” thundered the man with the twisted face. A something flashed in the air, fell . . . and Kessler sank down, and down, and down, through swirling darkness . . . and in the darkness, died.

* * * *

“I say, old chap.”

It seemed disappointingly informal for the Angel of the Gates, and the voice was the voice of Pharis. The corpse felt a bright light on its eyelids—opened them—found itself tucked snuggly in bed, with Pharis bending over it, magnificent in a gray frock-coat and a billow of snowy Ascot.

“But—but I was dead,” the corpse protested, vaguely.

“Er—wasn’t I?”

“No, you ass, but you undoubtedly will be, if you don’t leave off brandy-peggs and Elimination rot. Your man found you in your chair with a delirium of sorts—whereupon he
very properly got you to bed, and sent for me—I've been back here twice since morning. You seemed to think you were incurable, or something of the kind."

"Oh," murmured Kessler in the dawning of many things. "Then I must have dreamed—but, I say, isn’t there a Standard extra out by the grate?"

"There is," Pharis informed him. "Very thrilling, too. All about a row off Port Arthur. 'Care to see it?"

"No, thanks. There isn’t a letter to—to Denise Fitz-Martin —" Pharis choked — "on my table, is there?"

"'Didn’t see one, but if you'd care to dictate —" Kessler stuck a knee from under the covers.

"Thump that reflex, will you?" he requested. Pharis thumped—the foot kicked of itself in a most satisfactory manner. A great glad sigh broke from Kessler’s tortured soul.

"Then it is not locomotor atax—" he explained, half to himself.

Pharis roared.

"Why, you poor devil," he blurted, at last. "So that’s what’s been having you, is it? Well, it’s enough to funk anyone, old chap—don’t bear malice. Neuralgia, probably—and fidgets from overwork. Lay up a bit, and you’re fit in no time. Now let us forth to lunch.

"Right O!" whooped Kessler, boyishly, with the springtide singing in his heart. But first he despatched his scandalized retainer with three messages—the wire to Padgett, an order for a florist, and—most vitally important—a note, entirely inconsequential, to Mrs. FitzMartin.

_Harry Esty Dounce, 1910._

167
THE angels played a game of cards
All on a Summer's day:
Michael and Raphael partners were,
Abdiel did with Gabriel play.

Michael led the deuce of spades,
Abdiel pondered slow and long;
At last he threw the ten and said:
"My spade suit isn't very strong."

Raphael out with the ace of spades,
Which made his partner jump,
But Gabriel playing fourth hand thought
It best to play his trump.

P. F. B., '09.
A Close Game.

Our boys traveled to Hamilton last Saturday where, by a little of the adverse fortune which has enveloped the football team all fall, they were beaten in a close and exciting contest by a score of 23-18. The 8 points were made by "Hod" Holley who, from the 120 yard and 130, respectively, at excruciatingly difficult angles, booted the pigskin spheroid between the white bars. The first goal "Hod" kicked with Castleman on his neck. It was a difficult feat but, as "Hod" afterward modestly confided, the word "Oswego" flashed through his mind at the vital moment, and Castleman from then on seemed as a "consumptive gnat" to employ Horace's picturesque phraseology. The second goal was very simple. He was about to make one of his brilliant and unfailingly substantial quarter-back runs when he slipped and fell in the mud. The corners of his lips never moved. With his accustomed superb coolness from his recumbent position he booted the ball. It flew unerringly through the air amidst cries of "bravo" from the multitude of fair Clinton damsels in the stand. That was all of Hamilton's scoring, though it does not tell the tale. "Hod" got loose time and again and would have made a touchdown had it not been that he was tackled before he reached the line of scrimmage.

"Occie" Kuolt, too, seemed good for a touchdown several times. He ran up to the line on his centre plays like a football player but when he reached it he invariably stopped and asked Fat Williams about the basketball schedule.

The fellows played in true Hamilton style, and the game reflected much credit on Holley and the team stars. Why were we beaten? one asks: Was it because the field was so smooth that the fellows could not get used to it? Was it because of the extreme style of the new suits that "Reggie" Pratt had gotten them? Was it because our rivals outweighed us 60 pounds to the man? No—we were beaten by a pimple!

"Bill" Carey Cody, of Vernon, the man who did Thompson of Cornell out of his chances of making the "All-American," was laid up with a pimple on his neck and could not play. It was pathetic. Think of Carey up there in little old Carnegie, reading the Salvation Army War Cry, while down the little valley, through which the silvery Oriakany wends its idle way, his team was being beaten badly just because his ingrowing hair kept him out of the game. They played gamely but the big red team, by sheer beef, ripped up our plucky line for three more heart-breaking touch-downs. The boys left the field at the last whistle, all in tears—all except "Hoddy." He, with inexorable and stoical face, rolled a "Bull Durham" and consoled his team. "Fat" Williams was too tired to walk off the field, so he ducked his head and rolled down the hill into the gymnasium.

Welch, the star athlete whom Prexie bought from Yale, and who had played his usual spectacular and featureless game, went over and chatted with the ladies.

THE GAME IN RETAIL.

Holley kicked off to Houseman who ran the ball through Williams (a very long run) for a touch-down. Runge kicked the goal.

"Hod" kicked off to Ryan who was downed in his tracks, after having run 56 yards, by White (Ryan went to the hospital). O'Connell tried a forward pass to Runge which "Hod" with the agility of a mountain lion intercepted. "Hoot" McLean smashed through the line for two feet. White tried his "tie-the-shoe-lace-around-right-end" but failed to gain. "Hod" punt ed the ball 76 yards to Castleman whom "Hod" tackled before the spheroid had arrived. Runge found a hole through Sweetman for 60 yards, Holley preventing a touch-down by a splendid flying-tackle which brought the buff-and-blue bleachers to their feet as one man. Castleman ran 25 yards for a touch-down. Runge tried to kick the goal and would have done it had
HAMiLTON LIFE.

Hamilton Life.
DUMPED EVERY SATURDAY
ON THE STUDENT’S BODY.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 32, 1906.

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Contributions and expressions of opinions about Prex are solicited from the student body.

We have not had an editorial on class spirit for several issues, so here goes. Class spirit is a mighty good thing and helps toward college spirit. If you don’t believe it, just look up back issues of Life, and see what Drummond said. That’s what we do when we want to write an editorial. There has been a lamentable lack of this self-same spirit and we think this dear old College is going to the dogs — the deminition bow-wows. To be sure, there have been nineteen Jim-Shows already this week and five or six rows, but then, if we didn’t talk about Class spirit, how could we fill this page? Answer us that! Oh yes — the trees.

It’s high time that the men of this glorious institution rose and told Prex what we think about his cutting down the trees. There are now only seven scrubby poplars left on the quadrangle. There is but one course left — to get out, men of Hamilton, and protect this poor remnant of our glorious Campus. If the College would lynch the wood-cutters to the trees that are left, and duck Dr. Stryker in the fountain, it would at least be a vent to our feelings. You just ought to hear Square talk about Prex and the trees.

And then there is another matter — this entering Class is just about the freshest bunch of muts that ever invaded these classic halls, (copyright by Drummond, ’06.) They seem to have no idea of respect for their elders. Nor is this attitude of disrespect confined to 1910. If a Professor speaks to you on the Campus, acknowledge it with a bow. And it certainly was very rude of a certain rather pretty, pink-faced, self-satisfied and notoriously ostentatious Junior to swipe dear, sleepy old Bib’s hat.

Let us be respectful to the Professors, even to Hank, and try to carry this kindly attitude toward all on this dear hill-top. For instance, don’t tell “Ravvy” Truax he looks like an old lady. It isn’t kind. Don’t tell F. Hastings Smyth that he’s pretty. He is — he thinks so — he knows it, but don’t tell him. It isn’t kind. Don’t make fun of Harold White, because he’s shy and modest and retiring. It is not kind and, what is more, it isn’t true. And fellows, if you have any of the milk of human kindness coursing through your veins, don’t, we urge, conjure, insist, exhort, scurf Mr. Riggs of the Cabbage Head.

“The Lit. Scurt.”

The appearance of the September “Lit.” three whole weeks before Thanksgiving, is a departure from the customs of the staid old publication which we can but admire. It’s a great old sheet, and you really ought to read it once in a while.

The issue opens with a perfectly sweet little New England story by Peck, ’07, to which he has given the title, “The Heart of Hannah Jane or the Romance of the Quilting Party.” It is a quiet tale and not at all interesting, but has a lovely moral ending. Dounce then follows with a clever, facetious romance entitled “The Buzzard,” the most artistic feature of the Lit. Simmonds, “Mystery of the Generator or Why ‘Sink’ Left Home” is a capital story of fumes and fun which is not worth reading.

Dounce’s poem on “Marie Correlli” follows. That boy certainly can write. He might just as well have used for “Life,” where quantity is appreciated. There are also several verses by Coupe, ex-’08, and Baum has a fierce poem, each line having six hob-nailed feet.

There is another story by Dounce, and one by Woollcott, ’09. Any details concerning the latter are suppressed by a Christian editor as too indecent to print. Trippe’s serial story, “The Scalp of Skunk-kunk, the Seminole Scout,” is begun in
Continued from p. 1.

not Holley, with the leap of a pole-vaulter, mounted 10 feet in the air and caught the ball just as it was about to cross the bar. Holley kicked off to Colgate but the ball went over the line, necessitating his kicking once more. Hennessy caught it and ran around right end (knowing that Holley was playing near the left end) for a touch-down and Runge kicked high this time and the goal was scored.

Holley kicked off and, imitating Runge, kicked it high, then with one eye on the ball as it soared through mid-air, with the other eye dodging the maroon giants, he ran down the field, leaped into the air and seized the ball. It was a great play and "Keck" curled his moustache and omitted one of his genteel exclamations. The stands went wild. "Hod," cool and unhurried, got up and in frapped tones gave the signals. He crouched to get the ball. He stopped, "8-9-10," he said, looking around and counting. His penetrating perspicacity had discerned that a tackle was missing. Wilson came lethargically walking down the field and smiled. "Hod" flashed his steel eyes, gave the line men some exhortive slaps on the back and took the ball. Like the wind he ran around White's end but his old-time tendency to hurdle got the best of him. He leaped over Linn's (the seven footer's) head and was penalized 20 yards. To see this sure touch-down float away into vapor took the heart out of the team. Colgate made 2 touch-downs in succession, the score of the first half being kept down to 16 points only through the exertions of Holley, '08.

Holley gave his men a few forcible words between the halves. Hamilton started the second half off in her usual whirlwind style. Harper lost 20 yards—ran the wrong way. Harper was not to blame for this though, as one of the nasty Colgate brutes chased him. White made this up though by an end back run. He ran 35 yards and was tackled by Dugan. Dugan went to the hospital. It was at this point that Holley made his drop-kicks. Every paper in the country has described them, so we won't try to. The football annals of the country contain nothing more brilliant. About this time the weight of Colgate began to tell on our fellows.

H. KING HOLLEY.

Continued from p. 2.

this number. It made a hit in Clinton, and the "Lit" subscription at the C. P. S. has doubled. A. F. Osborn has no story this month, but when in N' Yawk this Thanksgiving he will visit the Bronx Zoo and expects to return with a lot of local color for a new series.

The number closes with three stories by Dounce and seven poems signed H. E. D., '10. We were sorry that Barrows, '07, had nothing in, for, while his stuff don't amount to much, it's fun to scarf in, get the author hot, see him call out the Life Board, punch Soakes' face and retort in verbose, flowery wrath from the "Lit."

The Faculty Show.

The Majestic was packed to the doors on Thursday by an enthusiastic crowd of students and plebeians, who enjoyed immensely the "Vaudeville" bill rendered by the Faculty.

The performance, under the tasteful management of Prof. Joseph Googoo Ibbotson, was produced in place of a Gym. Show, and the proceeds are to go to certain William Mahady, in token of the College's appreciation and as a slight repayment for the yearly loss which he so quietly undergoes—Scat!

The bill opened with the balcony scene from Romeo and Juliet, which met with unbounded hilarity. Prof. Shepard as Juliet was too sweet for anything, while Little Freak made a handsome and sensuous Romeo. Another feature of Shakespearean nature, (you see Bib put his sizable foot in this), was the "Death of Desdemona, and the vast audience was moved to tears when Othello, (Prof. Ebeling) gave the stirring soliloquy, after having rudely handled his lovely wife (Prof. Morrill). A very pretty number was his dance and duet, given in ballet costume by Prof. Squires and Prex, but the hit of the evening was Marguerite Clark's Song, "Wat makes de differunce," given in costume by Dr. Grove. When his body swayed voluptuously with the music, and gradually his hair slipped mutinously from its moorings and began to come down, the audience rose as one man and the singer fled.

Curtain speeches were numerous. When Dr. Stryker responded to a demand, Square rushed up in the gallery and started hissing and stamping. This caused a slight halt, and before Prex, somewhat flushed, could
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College Notes

—New South is progressing rapidly.
—Blue Books won't be out Monday.
—Gilbert, '07, has resigned from the Cheer Leadership.
—Barrows, '06, and Westcott, ex-'01, were on the Hill Tuesday.
—What about the sidewalk below the arbor? Coasting is near.
—Mann, '06, was not on the Hill Monday, owing to two excellent reasons.
—Advance cards for Sophomore Hop will be out on Tuesday. No, they won! Yes, they will.
—The 1910 Life Competition stands Harper, Brasted, Lloyd, Enns—Glover and Titus have dropped out having only a little over a million words to their credit, which shows they have no real literary ability.
—H. W. Smith, '08, will speak at 12 in the Chapel, explaining the steps on his road to Track Captainscy, and the various freaks of chance which kept him from winning his various races.

—The gentlemen who remain seated during the Chapel singing are Messrs. Day, Lovenguth and Truax. But the greatest of these is Ravvy.

—Shortly to be published in pamphlet form—"The Sayings of Burr Riggs." Edition exhausted before publication. Readers exhausted after publication.

—The siege in the hospital is giving "Kek" Holley time to get up his back work. He took with him a fountain pen, three pounds of paper, one two-cent stamp, twenty-seven five-cent stamps—and a photograph.

—"Little Greek" cut the Freshmen Wednesday. A special issue of Life with a photograph of Prof. Fitch will appear next week. Wednesday night a special meeting was held in the Chapel and the bell was tolled for one hour.

—It is whispered on the Hill that Freddy Smyth's new overcoat is not lined with silk. Inasmuch as our reporters were unable to get a hearing at the Smyth home in Utica, we cannot take a definite position. Hastings simply refuses to talk about it. New York papers please copy.

—The issue of "Handsome Herkimer's Friends" which appeared in the 1907 Hamiltonian, is to be published in pamphlet form. It will be on sale at the Junior Prom, and if the edition is not exhausted, they may then be purchased direct from Henderson. Seven sepia prints of the hero in various poses.

—We are very sorry that we have not space in this issue to print the '91 Manuscript Prize article. Of course no issue of Life is complete without it but what can we do? We just had to print those remarks about "Smith and Herkimer Henderson or they would have withdrawn their subscriptions.

Continued from p. 3 1/2.

resumes, Chub Ward had seized the floor. He said in part—"I am glad to see before me the men I meet every day in my classes, and speaking of classes in a larger sense, they are a wicked institution. Down with class distinction; we are all free and equal." But the audience had started to leave.
Conflict of the Powers

DIRECTORY

CHIEF OF THE BRIGANDS, "Woody"
ANTONIO, "Bill" SQUIRES
THEODORUM ROSPHALTUM, "Prex"
(The man who can do no'wrong)

"Twas a dark and dismal evening. Around Prof. Rice's chess table in the Y. M. C. A. were gathered brigands large and brigands small (commonly called captains, managers, ass. managers, etc., etc., ad nauseam). The chief of the brigands said to his trusty lieutenant, "Antonio, tell me the story of your life to explain this august gathering." And Antonio began as follows: (Here T. R. made the second mistake of his life and "butted in." He was promptly squelched).

"The object of this prolonged, senseless and equivocating, yes, I may even say incriminating discussion is What? This relates to What? and is concerned with What? Merely to decide whether it is advisable for us to withdraw from the Intercollegiate Athletic Union. Preposterous, incredible (puts on tremulo stop). Never did I expect to see men, sane, thinking men, men in possession of all of their faculties—barring that of the College (a sample of the faculty's jokes), Hamilton College men descend to, or, even for a moment, condescend to consider such a proposition. For a moment think of what this Union has done for us. Compare the sallow-faced, thin-chested men of the past generation with the clean-limbed, broad-shouldered young giants of whom you are samples. This stupendous transformation was wrought by What? By this beneficent organization which you now seek to destroy. All this harvest of benefits has been to you free. It never cost any of you a cent." (Turmoil in T. R.'s stall.) Presently he begins:

"I hesitate to intrude, but as President of the College I feel that I ought to explain the Trustees' views on this matter. To use a useful saying, this Union has outlived its usefulness. That is, like some of its supporters, it is now in its second childhood. The splendid specimens of stalwart manhood which we see here, are not due to its benign being, but to the constant use,
under competent instruction, of the gymnasium and apparatus furnished by the College. The argument that it has cost nothing is, *a priori*, fallacious and viewed from the wrong parallax. Why, personally, I can remember one team from a certain college which absolutely refused to pay a guarantee due us. Yet the Union took no action on the matter. This Union was an alleged protection against fraud and unfairness in ——

AN.: Mr. President, if any person has any claims against this Union, or any charges to prefer, let him present them with proper proofs and they will be considered. But all these must be specific.

T. R.: Well, let me see, it was about ten years ago, but I don't remember exactly. However, it was a matter of general knowledge about College. Not being the treasurer, I don't know about the payment, but it was always commonly supposed ——

AN.: Proof. I say. We want proof.

T. R.: As I was saying ——

AN.: It must be definite. $100 is to be divided February 29th, and we can get ——

T. R.: It was about ——

AN.: Anything which may be due ——

C. O. T. B.: Dr. Stryker has the floor.

T. R.: Move we adjourn.

* * * *

"Prex" and "Bill" bolt for the door and glare pleasantly at each other as they squeeze through, "Bill" leading by a nose. The groundlings are seen in the background faintly smiling.
Trials of a Freshman

May 23, 1905.

DEAR SIR:

I regret to inform you that at the middle of the term your grade in trignometry was below 5.

There must be improvement if you wish to enter the examination.

Yours,

OREN ROOT.

March 10, 1905.

DEAR SIR:

About the 4th inst. I mailed to you a bill for board at Commons Hall. Having heard nothing from it I fear the bill may not have reached you.

These bills are payable in advance and I am required to report any delinquency in payment.

I enclose duplicate bill. Please bring it with you when making payment.

Very truly yours,

C. H. STANTON,
Bursar.

DEAR SIR:

I fear that your standing will be such that you will not be admitted to the examination at the end of the term.

T. F. NICHOLS.

HAMILTON COLLEGE, March 28, 1905.

DEAR SIR:

You are reported as being below five in your term grade in Latin.

Under the rules you are excluded from the regular term examination in that subject, and referred to the delinquent examination which occurs on the day before the opening of next term.

Respectfully yours,

E. S. BABCOCK,
Clerk.
THE time is about 3 p.m. almost any day in Winter term; the scene is Woodie's history room; the dramatis personae, Woodie and thirty-odd members of the Class of 1908.

A moment of deathly silence, broken only by the noise of a frantic attempt on the part of every member of the Class to adjust himself to a more comfortable position. Woodie moves twice in his chair, straightens his notes and begins: "I was wondering the other day whether you men had ever really considered why you study history—what the real reason for doing it is." (An expression of blank amazement on every face. "Saw" Fitch tries to look interested and intelligent. Impossible.) "That question is worth thinking about." A few moments for this to sink well in. "I confess that I don't know."

"Well, to go on with the assigned work: Mr. Smith, Mr. H. W. Smith: What are your ideas on the subject of Human Institutions in General? Now, I don't know that I have made my question quite definite enough but—" (Smith interrupting)—"Well, judged from the philosophical, ethical and aesthetic point of view, I—" Here Holley objects to everything that has been said—ten minutes of Holley. Woodie succeeds in getting the floor again on the nineteenth attempt. "Yes, Mr. Holley, I can see your point,—that, when Napoleon was sent to St. Helena, he was obliged to leave France and, that if Wellington had lived in
the sixteenth century, he would not have won the Battle
of Waterloo, but, to get on with our work,—Mr. White:
Who discovered America?” Mr. White: “I don’t know.”
“Now, Mr. White, I am sure you must know.” White
monotonously repeats, “I don’t know.” “Well, Mr. Green-
gard—” Greengard, with an air of decision,—“A man—
I don’t just remember his name, who lived in Europe, that
is, not in America, some time between the years 618 or 619
A. D., and the present time.” Woodie: “Yes, Mr. Green-
gard, you are right, but I wish that you would be a little
more definite. Can anyone tell the name of the discoverer
of America?” Holley and Smith, apparently in unison:
“Columbus!” (Intense excitement prevails. The Class is
divided, some believing that Holley has won, some fol-
lowing Smith. Laird backs Holley, openly congratulating him;
but Pratt, who has held the watch, declares that Smith won
by a fifth of a second. Holley asserts that he will contest
the decision.) Woodie—“That is right. Now, Mr. Pratt,
please recite the Charters of Massachusetts and Virginia, and
tell wherein they are alike.” (Pratt and Morgan have just
had a whispered consultation, in which Pratt says that he
has read the lesson out; while Morgan swears that he has
not looked in a history book since taking up the course.)
Pratt answers, “unprepared.” Woodie calls on Morgan.
Morgan gets up and gives a detailed account of the rise of
English Liberties, recites the Charters and shows their effect
upon the Constitution of the United States and starts to
show their influence in modern politics. Woodie here stops
him, and asks Allen why the price of tobacco fell in Virginia
in 1758. Allen answers that he thought that the Calverts
were Catholics. (He afterward explains that this was the
only thing that he knew about history, so he thought he
would tell it.) Woodie repeats the question, in a new form,
five times with gestures of historic ecstasy, and looks pained

177
when Allen repeats his answer. He is interrupted by a satisfied snore from Holmes. Woodie apologizes for awakening him, explaining that, while attention is not necessary, it still facilitates matters. He then dismisses the Class. Kitson and Fitch make a rush for the desk. Fitch wins on account of a superior start.

The curtain falls with Fitch in possession of the floor, and “Freddy” impotently knowing his mustache.

A youth went singing o’er the lawn
Bright with dew-diamonds of dawn.
“I drink,” he said, “my crystal wine
’To thee, O Life, for thou art mine.”

When day was done he homeward went;
“My wine is drunk, my life is spent,”
He said, “and even’s chilly breath
Calls me to thee — I come — O Death!”

P. F. B.

Epitaph for a Young Poet

Here lies one whose name was whispered to the wind:
The breeze is blown away: he too: but never mind.
Walter Butler

SHAKESPEARE has told us that the world is a stage where every man must play his part, and some are sad ones. The lives of most men are a series of social comedies, more or less interesting, but some few become prominent as the great tragic actors; these appear but once upon life's stage and when they depart the onlooker is seized with an involuntary feeling of awe and wonderment.

Such a man was Walter Butler, the scourge of the New York frontier during our American Revolution. His character was a peculiar one, combining the most elegant graces with the most degraded lust for blood. In the drawing-room Butler was known as the most polished and scholarly gentleman in the Mohawk Valley, and this was no small thing, for many a gay company assembled at Johnson Hall where the aged Sir William Johnson, the King's Indian Agent, held open house for the dignitaries of His Majesty's American Colonies. Butler possessed a fine voice and considerable musical ability, accomplishments always an aid in society and in his case joined to a profound and romantic melancholy which made him even more popular with the ladies. He appeared to be a man with a mysterious past, sovereign specific with women, especially when joined to a fine figure and a handsome face. To a few careful obser-
vers, however, there appeared at times a hard, cruel glint in his sombre black eyes that boded ill for anyone who should cross him.

At the time when trouble between England and her colonies seemed inevitable, Butler was the confidential secretary of Sir William Johnson. The baronet, failing in years, had left more and more to his secretary the management of Indian affairs until Walter Butler was as well known to the Sachems of the Six Nations as Sir William had been. He gained great influence over the red men, was adopted into one of their clans and sat at many a momentous council fire. Simple natures, whether red or white, seemed drawn to Butler by a powerful and insidious charm and were blind to the unscrupulous villainy which lurked in his inner nature.

Sir William Johnson desired to keep the Iroquois neutral in the coming struggle, for he knew the useless horrors of Indian warfare and wished to spare the settlers the miseries of border raids. Walter Butler had no such scruples. Cruelty to him was a matter of course, soon to become a source of fiendish pleasure. Just what caused it no one knows but there was a quarrel and Johnson dismissed his secretary. This was the first step in the metamorphosis of Butler. His pride was injured, his passionate nature yearned to retaliate and this longing more than zeal for his king led him to work against his old superior by every means in his power. Death, which does and undoes the work of all men, seemed now to be on his side for, at the critical moment, Sir William Johnson passed to the reward his long and illustrious services so richly merited. Upon which side of the Revolutionary struggle he would have stood is an open question, but his untimely death left in the hands of his profligate son, Sir John, together with Colonel Guy Johnson, the conduct of Indian affairs, and behind them, humili-
ated, angry, vengeful on account of the persecution he received from his Whig neighbors, stood Walter Butler with the Six Nations at his back. Forced to flee to Canada along with his friends, Sir John and Colonel Guy, all the energy of his fiery nature was exerted to recruit a band of Tory refugees as cruel and relentless as himself, which later earned undying dishonor under the name of Butler’s Rangers.

The British plan of campaign for the year 1777 must have delighted Butler’s heart, for it assigned him to the force of Colonel Barry St. Leger which was to ascend the St. Lawrence, and landing at Oswego to sweep the patriots from the Mohawk Valley, finally affecting a junction with Burgoyne at Albany. Here was an opportunity to be grandly revenged upon his erstwhile neighbors.

Oriskany would have broken a less indomitable man than Walter Butler. The complete wrecking of his Indian allies and the shattered condition of his own forces after the terrific encounter, neighbor against neighbor, in the fatal swamp, were enough to discourage any but a superior man. And it must be admitted that Butler was such a man, however much his perserverance and energy were misdirected by the extreme violence of his passions. He returned to Canada, reorganized his command, and during the next four years, with the aid of his Indian ally, Joseph Brant or Thayendena, he richly earned for himself the sinister name of “Red Beast.” At the end of that time he could look back upon a career of carnage that would have sated the vengeance of an Oriental despot. He could see the blackened and charred ruins of homes, men tortured and mutilated, women and little children ruthlessly scalped by men with blue eyes and fair hair in the war paint of savages, but perpetrating cruelties at which even the hardened Mohawks balked. He could point to bounties paid for exterminating human beings like ravenous beasts. The
Inquisition was the work of men animated by a lofty, if misdirected, religious zeal. Cherry Valley crowned a reign of terror, conducted by a man whose motive was a desire for bestial revenge. Nor can the fiendish work be laid at the door of the savages. Thayendena did his best to prevent outrages, but Butler's uncanny influence over the Indians was too strong even for the greatest man of the red race.

But Walter Butler returned once too often to the work of desolation, and at the Battle of Johnstown in 1781, the death blow was dealt to the border raiders. When he reached the West Canada Creek in his retreat he could again look back upon a long line of corpses marking his path, but this time they were the bodies of his own men and behind him pressed the tireless militia of Willett. Before him lay the swollen waters of the West Canada. He plunged in and as he reached the farther shore turned and shook his fist at his foes. Fatal move! A rifle rings out from the eastern bank! Butler reels in his saddle—falls. An Oneida Indian crosses the stream and Walter Butler dies by the hatchet he has wielded so pitilessly; dies pleading, begging for the mercy he has never given, and as the Americans come up and behold the mutilated hulk of what had once been a man, not one removes his hat.

Thus died Walter Butler, gentleman, scholar, politician and brute. Call him what you will, you cannot increase the weight of the judgment he must bear upon the Day when humanity faces its Maker. Tragedy never had a greater figure. In peace he would have been a popular and keen diplomat; war made him a demon at whose ruin none felt regret.
IN THE WORDS OF THE ENGLISH POET—
We Are Seven
A MASQUE

Francois Villon
Savinien de Cyrano
Robert Burns
Gordon, Lord Byron
Edgar Poe
Charles Baudelaire
Paul Verlaine

Kindred Spirits

Two Spirits.
Phantoms, who are invoked.

SCENE I.

An uncertain location in mid-air. The two Spirits.

FIRST SPIRIT: Where wert thou Sister, where wert thou last night?

SECOND SPIRIT: I walked on Earth just at the close of day
And there I saw a strange and eerie thing,
As though that Nature wandering o'er the land
Had lost herself, and knowing not went backwards.

FIRST SPIRIT: Why Sister, what so strange hast seen? Tell!

SECOND SPIRIT: The sun did set in the East, or so it seemed,
For all the West was filled with dull gray clouds
And sombre dark, while in the East the veil
Was lifted, and there showed the sky in tender
Tints of gray and palest blue. It was
A melancholy and an ominous sight.

FIRST SPIRIT: In truth, so melancholy and ominous
A thing I saw, for yesternight I went
And visited a land that was not Earth,
Nor Heaven, and methought could not be Hell.
I saw strange beings, men that were of Earth
Once, who breathing though they did the air

183
Of Heaven, oftentimes, yet seemed to be
Of Hell, and cheerful serfs of Hell's dominion.

SECOND SPIRIT: Who were these men, and where was it thou saw'st them?
FIRST SPIRIT: I'll tell thee, Sister: nay I'll show thee them.

Come, and my song will take us where they are. [Sings]

Phantom of the things of Earth,
Elf of plenty, ghoul of dearth:
Phantom of the air of Heaven,
Swinger of the scourging leaven:
Phantom of the surging water,
Sister of the god of slaughter:
Phantom of Hell's burning fire,
Thou that workest torments dire:
Phantoms, come! I bid ye come!
Come, phantoms, come ye, come!
Come and bear us where we will,
Come! Come! Come!

[Spirits disappear]

SCENE II.

Seven men, talking, drinking, gaming, making merry. They are shades,
yet they appear as men.

[Enter the two spirits.]

FIRST SPIRIT: Sister, see him yonder clad in rags—
'Tis Master Francis and those are the rags he wore
When wearily he trudged to Roussillon
From Paris—blackguard poet—as he said
Leaving a rag of his tails on every bush.
He came here first: the next—

SECOND SPIRIT: Who is that man,
Or shade, or what was once a man, who wears
Upon his face a tavern sign, bright red,
Where he should have a nose?

FIRST SPIRIT: 'Tis Cyrano.

That harbinger of his approach, forerunner
Of his coming—hush, speak not of it!
The fury of his sword and of his pen

184
Explodes upon the slightest touch of that.

SECOND SPIRIT: And others still I see; who may they be?

FIRST SPIRIT: They are the later sprouting of the seed
   That grew in Francis and Savinien.
   I'll name them to thee. He that sitteth furthest,
   He lives among them only half the time,
   His name, Verlaine: these three are Paris' sons.
   He, Paul, he was the last to come. The rest—
   One other is of Paris; he that plucked
   The Flowers of Evil. One by England sired,
   And Scotland one, and one sprung desolate
   Up from the greedy soil of America.

SECOND SPIRIT: I hear them talking. 'Tis a merry crew.
   How did they meet? What brought them to this place?

FIRST SPIRIT: They met as mountain brooklets meet in the valley;
   They met as dim hopes often meet and join
   And grow into a purpose.

SECOND SPIRIT: Purposeless
   Are these, they seem. They have wandered within sight
   Of Heaven, and in the toils of Hell are held.

FIRST SPIRIT: O, they have hung between the heights of Heaven and
   depths of Hell
   And if they fell they rose, and if they rose they fell.

SECOND SPIRIT: Truly, Sister, a strange brotherhood!

   [Spirits vanish]

SCENE III.

The same company is seen, appearing nearer—Villon, Cyrano, Burns,
   Byron, Poe, Baudelaire, Verlaine.

BYRON: What were those viewless forms which seemed to haunt this place
   a moment since?

 Cyrano: They were of Earth, doubtless.

POE: Ah. Earth: that was a cheerless place.

VILLON: You would have said so had you spent a weary summer in Thi-
   bault D'Hussigny's pit devouring your anger and a few dry crusts.
   [mocking] His Eminence, Bishop Thibault! Damn!

185
VERLAINE: Ah, our friend, Master Francis, has visited the Pit. The air was warm no doubt. [Seriously] But tell me honestly, does the devil wear two horns or one?

BURNS: Why friends, here is opportunity for a good argument; let us debate the question in a merry and proper manner.

BAUDELAIRE: What? a debate? Debate a question in a formal manner, as I hear they do sometimes in colleges? It always delights me to see a man get up on his feet and work himself into a tea-pot passion, swinging his arms in routine duty, and mocking each one of Hamlet's instructions.

BYRON: Our friend is bitter. But bitterness maketh a misanthrope; and a misanthrope maketh the women wonder.

CYRANO: And debate banisheth the immemorial step, and uniteth in one the sublime and the ridiculous. Let us have a real college debate. Master Francis, you have been longest from Earth, you will make our most impartial judge. [Bowing] Le Sieur François Villon, Mr. Chairman!

VILLON: My dear journeyer to the Moon, before your boldness and your wit and your insolence I yield. [Pointing his finger at Cyrano] Hail, Chairman, and Critic, and Judge!

CYRANO: [With bow and wave of hand] Gentlemen and Fellow Spirits, I accept. The honor that you do me is appreciated, as I assure you it is well deserved.

BURNS: [aside] How superbly he bows his nose.

VERLAINE: [Aside to Burns] I love him for his nose. [To Baudelaire] What say'st thou, brother?

BAUDELAIRE: [same play] Hush! It is wrong to make fun of them that are great, you know.

CYRANO: [severely] Paul and Bobbie and Charlie—come to order! What will the Honored Sirs debate?

BYRON: Let me suggest this: Resolved, That women fall in love easier than men.

POE: At least, you must not state it in that way; for I hear some of the college presidents object to the word resolved at the beginning end. But how is this subject? That sorrow is more pleasurable than joy.

BURNS: No, my comrades, take this: That a trustful man is always a trusty man and a trustee.

VILLON: Brothers, you jest: It is unfair to carp at a good man because of
one tender failing. As Eldest, let me ask you to consider this question: That cremation should be substituted for earth burial. If anyone objects let him be silent.

Cyrano: Good! You, Villian, and Poe, and Bobbie, whose very name burns, take the affirmative and uphold cremation. Gordon, Verlaine and Baudelaire will stand by Mother Earth. On your marks! Ready! Begin, Villon.

Villon: Mr. Chairman. In opening this debate this evening let me remark that I believe, being all of us no longer liable to either alternative, we can discuss this question with all due impartiality. Gentlemen, let me state the question fully to you. Shall cremation be substituted for earth burial: that is, when Death puts his icy fingers upon us, do we enter the Fiery Furnace or do we lie in cold storage until Gabriel plays his last trump? You will readily observe, gentlemen, that this question has a religious as well as a mercantile side. But the point which I wish chiefly to make is this. I appeal to you personally, would you like to have any of your friends or relatives buried in the ground, perhaps buried alive? No, gentlemen; to be wrapped in a clean white sheet, and then in bright flames; what more fitting—

Cyrano: [rapping with his gavel] Next! The noble Lord Byron has the floor.

Byron: Mr. Chairman. As I take the floor let me briefly state the ground I wish to take in this matter. My most worthy opponent asks you to believe that cremation is a matter of Hell-fire, and earth burial is a matter of cold-storage—two most absurd misunderstandings. I appeal to your better senses, gentlemen: is not this a question of natural philosophy? Is it not merely a question of the elements of nature: whether air and fire are to be held better than water and earth? And, gentlemen, my point is this: water and earth are better than fire and air; for in the first place, without earth and water how could you grow potatoes or make mud pies? While on the other hand air and fire are unstable vapors, and he who defends them is handing out to you only hot air. Dixi, Mr. Chairman.

Cyrano: Mr. Burns.

Burns: Mr. Chairman. Now I think the last speaker has overlooked a little point in his zeal for water and earth: for if he should try to breathe without warm air, with only earth and water, his breathing apparatus would soon be clogged and he would need a dredge and a stomach pump.
for his bellows. Moreover, Mr. Chairman, if the last speaker had lived on earth in the climate I endured, and waded through cold water with just his kilties on and had chilblains in his hopes, like me, he would welcome the warmth that cremation would afford him after life. This much by way of rebuttal to my honored opponent's argument; and now the point which I wish to present to you, the only real argument that has been or will be offered this evening, is just this. Now the categorical theory of dioramic and phantasmagoric spectacles —

CYRANO: Time! Nose-glasses are more stylish than spectacles. Monsieur Verlaine.

VERLAINE: Mr. Chairman. Throughout this learned and charming debate I have been wondering, perhaps dreaming, what all this was leading to. For when in the last act of that strange play of life men go down to the ships, embark, and in early daylight cast off the moorings and put out to sea, it appears to me they are still true to their Mother Earth and long to return to her close embrace of silent sympathy. What care they for the fiery chariot of Elijah? Such translations of fire as Elijah's are as naught compared with a good prose one of Hinds & Noble's. And when at Lisbon the earth smiled and opened her mouth and men, even against their wills, rushed into a burial of earth,—what more simple and direct argument can be adduced in favor of our side. Mr. Chairman.

BAUDELAIRE: [aside to Poe while Verlaine is speaking] This thing has been too tedious: will you answer "unprepared" if I do?

POE: [same play] Sure. I'm game.

CYRANO: The next speaker. Mr. Poe has the floor.

POE: I feel unworthy to place myself beside these most excellent debaters, especially alongside Burns. I—


CYRANO: [sternly] Gentlemen, order!

POE: Mr. Chairman. I'll take a flunk.

CYRANO: [puts down a big zero after Poe's name] Monsieur Baudelaire.

BAUDELAIRE: Mr. Chairman. Since it would be unfair for one side to have three debaters and the other side only two, in the interests of equality and justice, I withdraw.

CYRANO: [to Baudelaire] A flunk for yours, too. [Turning to the rest] Gentlemen, allow me to criticise.

188
ALL [rising together] We will not allow you to criticise.

VILLON: Fellows, let's give a yell. All ready: one—two—

[A sudden strange noise is heard, as of the beating of great wings and murmurings of rough but distant voices. The Two Spirits appear and instantly Villon, Cyrano, Burns, Byron, Poe, Baudelaire and Verlaine vanish. The Spirits disappear. Voices are heard again. Then silence.]

A PENSI VE STRAIN

"O for a pen," cried the poet,
"To write the Song of the Whigs;"

AND

"O for a pen," cried the farmer,
"To hold those blasted pigs."

A raspberry bush, beside the summer sea,
Waved its ebon black-caps in the breeze;
And then the waves in subtle mockery
Began to wave the white-caps of the seas.

Polish is what we call a Pole,
Finnish a Finn;
And we cannot abolish
The difference wide;
Yet in art, on the whole,
Finish is almost the same as Polish.
To the alumnus of Hamilton, the name of "Old Greek" recalls the golden days, now fast disappearing, when the study of the Classics was considered necessary to a good education. He remembers a grand old gray-haired man whose presence was a joy and benediction and whose absence is an irreparable loss. Anything that was Dr. North's arouses instant interest. The accompanying pen-drawings of trees on and about our far-famed Campus were made for him; the musical words are his own. It seems particularly fitting, therefore, in these days of the new regime of axe and saw, to set forth this memorial to our departing trees, written by the foremost figure of the old days, who now repose beneath their shade.
Talking Trees

A

A mad the ruin wrought by wasting years. a few of the stately, historic trees of Clinton still remain, each of them decorated with jewels of precious memory. A few of the trees that gladdened fresh man eyes fifty-four years ago are still a gladness and glory to the academic village.

The returning graduate, forgetful that he is but a relic of his own youth, sees strange faces on the streets, strange modern dwellings where he looked for grass-grown vacancies. He hears strange voices in places that would know him no longer were it not for the remembered trees that give him a familiar welcome with their winking leaves. There are favorite veteran trees, standing as memorials of a sturdy pioneer generation, that seem to offer a special greeting.
Among these favorite veterans—some of them with a hundred inside rings—

are the elms that droop so hospitably and caressingly over the village walks;
the towering Clark Wood sycamore, self-planted eighty years ago, with its white elbows warning the Sophomore to beware the Oriskany’s “bridge of sighs;”
the Kirkland elms whispering a benison on the hill-ward way;
the Hopkins linden. That makes a graceful bend in the Bristol road, under which Mark Hopkins rehearsed his Latin and Greek paradigms seventy-five years ago;
the spreading Farmington chestnut which the good Dr. Norton planted on his broad lawn eighty-five years ago;
the buttressed poplars,
shiverings in their old age, and
still pining for the softer airs of Lombardy:
the Harding's hemlock,
looking down serenely from its Wissah summit;
forever thrive the blessed historic trees of
Clinton, and eternal suspension to the wicked
axe that would harm them!
The Dream

LIFE, I dreamed, was a railroad train
And when we to a station came,
Conductors cried in accents strange —
"Station is Earth — all change."

And with these good old pros of ours I took another train;
We journeyed towards a warmer clime, and as a station came
In sight the conductors began to shout —
"Station is Hell — all out."

O, Muses, Muses, leave your sacred springs,
And wildly discord on your lyre strings,
For bright Apollo's steeds are backward hitched,
The world goes wrong, his flaming car is ditched.
Who would have thought, who would have ever thought
That all these mighty men could come to naught;
That death would overtake our learned pros,
Rude death, that always and at all things scoffs.
Who would have dreamed, e'en in Welsh-rarebit dream,
That all things are so little as they seem.
And sorry the task with fingers forced and rude
To pluck these gloomy berries harsh and crude
Of bitter sorrow and untimely grief.—
Composing these sad elegies be some relief!

O my — O Muse — alas! Great Jove! — O Muse
Approach thou reverently in cushioned shoes,
And while we sit in sombre thought our heads bowed low
Let our sad songs like echo-music flow.

The enraptured Bard and the Muse sit on a bench facing the westering sun. Burdocks,
skunk-cabbage, stink-weed and lilies-of-the-valley are blowing lovelily about their
feet. From the hill behind a soft draft is also blowing. The Muse has on a pale silk gown set off by a brilliant green and azure girdle. The Bard wears rich violet socks to match his lavender breeches. Sitting thus, he and the Faun One sing ecstatically in beautiful antiphones. Most of the songs were carried away by Mlle. le Sunset in her red-and-yellow apron. But a common man chanced to pass by, and straining his ear caught a few strains, which being run through the strainer of emotionless words may seem a trifle strained: yet are here set down.

THE BARD

Methought I heard a voice cry, "Pun no more!
For Prex hath murdered puns," the deadly puns,
Puns that do even on Sunday make us laugh;
Jewels of every sermon, electric sparks,
Delight of children, jingling empty sounds,
Diamonds of shining glass—

THE MUSE

What do you mean?

THE BARD

Still it cried, "Pun no more," to all the world;
Prexie hath murdered puns and therefore fellows
Shall pun no more; mankind shall pun no more.

THE MUSE

Do not forget,
Old Schnitzie smoked cigars for many a year,
And now I fear
He's smoking yet.

THE BARD

Here's to thy memory, Little Greek,
Thy dancing eye, thy wing-like ear,
Thy gestures and thy ways antique,
These all are still to us full dear.

Slender and small and dear thou wert,
A rare old jewel, a relic gem;
In thee Time took a backward spurt
Thou metamorphosed Themistoclem.
THE MUSE
O what are so rare as the words you use?

THE BARD
But here is a simple song, O Muse.
[ Strikes his breast and his harp and sings ]
Knock, knock, knock,
On our soft young heads, O Bill,
But we know that those days are over,
We know that thy tongue is still.

O, well for the gay Junior boy,
That he's up against thee no more;
O, well for the Senior man,
That his days with thee are all over.

Knock, knock, knock,
On the walls of thy grave, O Bill,
But the days of thy horsing at college are done,
Predestined at last to be still.

THE MUSE
Ah, there was Bib:— he never seemed
A very original man
And yet in a sense he was very like —

THE BARD

THE MUSE
[ Continuing ] To the early original man!

THE BARD
Methought meheard the Angel of Resurrection say,
He wished that Bill Shep's joints had been made in a
different way,
Complaining how he had had to work through all
kinds of weather,
When Gabriel blew the trump, to get old Bill's bones
together.
THE MUSE

"I am a-weary, the day is hard," he said.
He said, "I am a-weary, a-weary,
Please someone hold my head."

THE BARD

Who said so, dearie?

THE MUSE

Why that's what Wardie said.

THE BARD

Lo! Babbie! Rubbing still his hands,
Amidst his dusty shelves and books,
How silent and how still he stands!
How thinly pale his dark face looks!
O, still the same; unchanged almost;
He was and now he is a Ghost.

THE MUSE

Oh, poor old Drib, he met his death
Because he forgot to draw his breath.
While pondering on a Greek saí γάπ
He lost himself and went too far:
His senses gone beyond recall,
He shrivelled up and that was all.

THE BARD

He was in truth a little dry,
And almost too far gone to die;
His dry brains rattled in his head;
But hush—why speak of that—he's dead!

THE MUSE AND THE BARD

[ In unison ]
His passing saddened not a few,
But all now say: "That—that will do!"

[It becomes very dark. The Muse vanishes and the Bard sits alone shivering a little.
Finally the red moon sets and all is quite still.]
The Fulfillment of a Prophecy

ACK sat at his desk contentedly puffing on his favorite meerschaum. Graham, his room-mate, otherwise known as "Doc," was standing before a mirror at the other side of the room vainly endeavoring to adjust a balky tie. "Say Doc, old man," piped up Jack, "where in the name of Cæsar are you bound for tonight and why all this 'fussin' up'?" "Keep it dark," and Doc tiptoed over to the desk and whispered in Jack's ear. "What again?" yelled Jack, "I thought you visited the 'Little Church Around the Corner' last Sunday night, and here it is only Wednesday. Do they hold service twice a week? I have it, this must be prayer meeting."

"No, this is to be devotional service at the feet of the Goddess of Love. But here is a tip—if this little ribbon around my neck doesn't behave better I will need to take confession."

"I'll wager the Goddess will forgive you all right. It seems to me though, Doc, that these confessionals, or whatever you call them, are becoming too frequent. Take my advice and become a staid old bachelor like myself. You'll enjoy life much better."

"Back to your den, tempter, and just to please your room-mate lock up that apartment in your kopf that has to do with bachelors. Here is a proposition. Hustle up and get dressed. Fix up as prettily as you can, come along with me"
and I will usher you to a seat in my church beside as neat a package of joy as you ever beheld with those brown eyes of yours. The Goddess has a sister who—say Jack, she is a bunch of peaches with a covering of cream that will make your mouth water. Come along and I will break you in. Let's see if you and I can't work together in harness. Is it a go?"

"Not tonight, Doc, I prefer to stay here with my old friend 'meerschly,'" replied Jack, giving his pipe a loving tap.

"Well, then, stay here. Smoke your dear little meerschaum and read your Shakespeare, but me for a course in the art of sofa-manipulation. Good-night. Hope you have a pleasant evening," and Doc left the room with a bang.

This was the second year that Jack and Doc had roomed together. Good friends they had been through thick and thin, but as different as black from white. Jack was indeed a staid old bachelor, slow and easy-going. He was perfectly at home in the company of the other sex, a fine dancer and generally agreeable wherever he happened to be, but cared nothing for society, preferring rather to smoke his pipe and read good literature. Doc was in some respects like his chum, always agreeable, an excellent tripper of the light fantastic, but on the other hand, of a very enthusiastic nature. To the fellows—"an awful fussser;" to the girls—"perfectly lovely." As to smoking a pipe—a cigarette was good enough for him; and as for literature—he called it rubbish. Doc was devoted to his room-mate but did not share his views concerning the girls. Jack had often been told by Doc that some day he would fall in line and join the "Ladies' Club" and when he did, "Oh my! What a headache." But, thus far Cupid had not been able to find an arrow in his quiver strong enough to pierce Jack's heart.

"Holy Smoke! Jack," said Doc, as he and his chum

204
were standing on the steps of an Adirondack hotel on one of the hottest days of the Summer vacation, "if this keeps up, I'll pass away. You'll find money in my room to pay funeral expenses. We've been hanging our hats in this hotel for three weeks and not the sight of a 'fem' yet. If my memory holds good, you said this was an ideal place to spend a vacation—but you must have been having a good one. Someone ought to have pinched you before you finished. What brand of tobacco do you smoke in that pipe of yours, anyway?"

"Come, come, Doc; do you mean to say that you haven't enjoyed yourself? I have been having the time of my life. We have fished and tramped, rowed all over the lake and been in it every day and still you say that you haven't enjoyed it. What is your idea of enjoyment?"

"Well, I see your beautiful face enough at College. I want a change, and if some female doesn't show up before very long, Doc packs his trunk and back he goes to the gay, hilarious city. There is the hash-hammer—say we eat. That is my one enjoyment."

The meal finished, Jack and Doc sat in the office adjoining the hotel parlors. The evening boat had arrived and as the regular season was just commencing, a goodly sized crowd entered the office and registered. Doc pricked up his ears when he saw this, especially when he noticed that there were some good-looking "skirt-displayers," as he termed them, in the party. Jack sat unaware of the commotion, deeply absorbed in the latest magazine.

The new arrivals proved to be a lively crowd, and their first meal at an end, they at once began to set things in motion. The rugs in the parlor were rolled back and the furniture removed. One of the guests sat down at the piano and rag-time began to float out on the evening air. Soon, there were three or four couples dancing.

205
Jack by this time had become interested and stood watching the proceedings from the office door. His gaze seemed to be fastened upon a sofa opposite him, where two of Doc's "fems" were sitting. He began to edge slowly away from the door and as Doc noticed him going up to his room, he turned and winked at the clerk.

Jack up in his room was changing his knock-about clothes for his "Sunday-go-to-meetin's" and at the same time thinking of one whom he had just seen. It was hard for him to believe it—what eyes she had; Pretty? Handsome? No, he could find no words to express his thoughts. At last he had seen the girl for whom he really cared, and worst of all, upon first sight, without an introduction. He hated to have Doc laugh at him but he resolved to brave it out, so with a determined air he left his room to join in the gaieties below.

Doc in the meantime had been introduced around and when Jack entered the room was dancing with the owner of those sparkling black eyes. Jack's heart was beating a tattoo against his breast for he knew that he would be in for it as soon as the dance stopped—and he was. Doc, all wreathed in smiles, accompanied by his dance-partner, walked over to where Jack was sitting. Jack arose. He was delighted to meet Miss Gilman and would she be so kind as to favor him with the next dance. Jack thought the dance was the very best one he had ever had. Then they walked on the hotel porch for a long, long time. Doc, noticing the absence of these two, smiled, and his eyes seemed to say: "I told you so."

"You have been here three weeks, Mr. Rogers?" It was Miss Gilman speaking. "Yes, we have been enjoying the simple life for three weeks and now, just as there is a prospect of good times, we are obliged to leave. We return home day after tomorrow," replied Jack. "That's a shame,
can't you possibly stay longer? I know we would have fine
times together. I have only known you a short half-hour
but I know I will miss you. You must stay."

"No one would like to better than I, but it is impossible.
It will be hard for me to go now, but go I must. We will
make the best of it, though, and plan a good time for
tomorrow."

"We must go in the parlor and dance or they will think
we are lost. I much prefer this bracing evening air but you
know what the others will say if we stay here much longer."

"As you wish, if I may be honored with another dance."

"Certainly you may have a dance but I am afraid it isn't
much of an honor. Is it?" and Miss Gilman looked at
Jack out of the corners of those eyes until Jack was sorely
tempted to take her in his arms then and there, but thinking
discretion to be the better part of valor, he contented him-
self by giving her hand a gentle squeeze and they entered
the hotel.

That night Jack tossed and tumbled in his bed until he
rocked himself to sleep. Doc recognized the symptoms and
said not a word. He expected that he would have to row
his own boat on the morrow and he was not disappointed.

Doc awoke with a start. It was morning and eight
o'clock. "Funny I should over-sleep," he murmured as he
hurriedly commenced to dress. "Jack isn't here. It's a pity
he wouldn't wake a fellow up." A smile passed over Doc's
face as he called to mind the happenings of the night before,
and his look plainly showed that he understood the cause of
Jack's early start. He was on the right trail, for at that very
moment Jack was sitting quietly in one end of a rowboat,
far back in a small bay, out of sight of all eyes except those
of Miss Gilman, or Ethel, as he had learned to call her.

True to appointment, Ethel and Jack met on the dock
at seven o'clock and soon Jack, with a long, sweeping stroke,
was sending a rowboat swiftly over the glistening lake. About a mile up the lake they entered a secluded bay and stopped near the shore under some trees which hung far out over the quiet waters. Jack still had the latest magazine with him but now he was using it to better advantage, for he was reading stories to Ethel while she occupied herself with fancy-work.

"Well," said Jack, laying down the magazine, "that story is finished and it is the last one."

"Are you sure it is the last one?" replied Ethel. "That is a shame. But wasn't it a cute story? I wish I had a brother like the one in the story."

Jack thought a long time and then, in a confused tone, blurted out: "Haven't you a brother?" Ethel's answer was in the negative and Jack relapsed into reverie as if trying to gather courage for a bold stroke. Then he straightened up and said, "I haven't a sister, either. Let's you and I form a compact. I will be your brother and you be my sister."

"That will be fine. We will be make-believe brother and sister. You shall be Brother Jack and I will be Sister Ethel. But, brother, it is time we were returning to the hotel."

"The morning has slipped by as though it had been greased and I hate to have this pleasant time come to an end, but you are right, we must retrace our steps or rather re-row our course."

Doc was sitting on the hotel porch, chewing on a cigar, when Ethel and Jack returned. As Jack, with a sort of sheepish look mounted the steps, Doc gave vent to his feelings.

"Where have you been, Jack, old man? I have been rushing around the vicinity for three hours trying to learn if anyone had seen a fellow with a straw hat and red necktie. Thought you were drowned or had packed up and left. I
see you have been in good company, so you have my forgiveness. Good Morning, Miss Gilman, delightful day, isn’t it?"

"Just the best ever. Mr. Rogers and I have been enjoying a short row."

"Short," said Doc, laughing? "Yes, so I should judge."

Jack edged close to Ethel and whispered, "Shall I see you after lunch?" Receiving an affirmative reply, he left Ethel with Doc and entered the hotel to prepare for lunch.

After lunch, a party was organized to take a tramp through the woods and Jack and Ethel willingly joined. Doc was present, causing much laughter with his witticisms and the whole party voted him a jolly good fellow. Jack had eyes for no one but Ethel and Doc seizing the opportunity made this pair a laughing-stock.

The tramping party was declared a success, but Jack was having an attack of melancholia for he realized that in a few short hours he would be far away and he did not know how he was ever going to exist without Ethel. However he looked forward with pleasure to the last evening at the hotel and firmly resolved to make every minute count.

The evening came and passed all too quickly for Jack. The guests were playing bridge and Doc had joined in. Jack and Ethel preferred to walk on the porch. They stopped before one of the large windows to watch the game going on inside but the game had very little interest for either. Jack could not tell the next morning whether it had been a game of bridge or euchre. But he did know that Ethel was the "dearest little girl in all the world" and that she had asked him to write to her often and had promised to write in return. He was happy.

Morning came, and along with it the boat which was to carry Doc and Jack to the train. Ethel was at the dock to bid them good-bye. She hoped to see Mr. Graham again
but in saying good-bye to Jack, she gave his hand a pressure that showed her feelings more than all the words she could utter. Jack lingered until the gang-plank was pulled in and then jumped aboard and out of sight.

Doc, as usual, was happy and smiling but Jack was morose and gloomy. Try his best, Doc could not draw him into conversation, not even when they had boarded the train. Doc went into the smoker and left Jack to his own thoughts. Jack was thinking of that pressure of the hand and the look in Ethel's eyes as he jumped aboard the boat. He realized at last that he was no longer a staid old bachelor but instead a love-sick youth.

* * * * *

It was their Senior year at college. Doc and Jack had received their degrees and were prepared to enter the cold, cold world. The last dance—Senior Ball—was over. Doc sat in his room awaiting the return of Jack. He fell asleep in his chair and dreamed of his college life now at an end and of the responsibilities which from now on would rest upon his shoulders. A pillow landed squarely on his head and he awoke to find Jack beaming down upon him.

"I can't keep it up any longer, Doc, I must tell someone," yelled Jack with excited voice.

"Well, go ahead. My ears are open and I am always willing to hear news. What is it?"

"Listen—Ethel and I are engaged. We have set the wedding for a year from today."

"Oh, tell us some news. I have guessed it for many moons."

"Doc, I want you to be my best man. Will you?"

"I am too tired to decide at present. I'll tell you tomorrow. Let's go to bed."

210
Ye Tale of ye Classe of Chaucer

WHAN that Novembre with his windes colde
Had mak ye English classe over-bolde;
Ye stoute Bib ne realized hir mood
And starten fort to maken jokes wood.
Alas! Alack ! As from his silvre tongue
Ye sickly pummes fell, the students yonge;
Gan maken suche noise and groaning loud
That even dense Bibbe was y-cowed,
The cherub smile fadeth fro his face,
He looketh at hem with dire menace;
"Forsooth," quod he, "Cease ye this foolishnesse,
Sir Holmes, yow lack much of gentilesse
When you receiven wi so muckle paine
Jokes which dim the wit of Marke Twaine;
And now that memory recalleth me
Thy stand, sir dolt, is somdel less than three
And soothly if you lacken curtesye
Ere Christes Mass you will y-plucked be."
"Ah me," quod Joe Weekes "we bohnen thisse
Ontlil that we be sick wi wearinesse,
Two fulle houres I last nighte spente
And have not half of the assignemente."
For Joey was a rascal sooth to say
Albeit he was of Y. M. C. A.
A stoute pillar, e'en an officer.
Than short'neth Bib ye lecoun for ye morwe
Full fifty verses altho with gret sorwe
And as from off his bok he lifts his glance
He sees Bill Simmons reading a romance,
And straightway ire riseth in his soule
His temper getteh beyound al controule;
"Now harken rascal," quod he wrathfullee
"Sin that ye will not listen unto me
I marke you a cutte for the nones,
For in this room wher everichon bohnes
Ye do me sore by inatencioun."
Sir Bill waxed wroth at this repelicoun
Of wordes hot and straightway left ye room
While Bibbe calleth upon Roseboom.
Now Benny rises withe somdel grouche
For he was dreuming of his softe couche
And flunketh of ye questions everichoon
At which ye wrathful Bibbe sits him doon
And calleth upon Pratt, his last resource.
But thisse wight wold nat to kill the course
And flunketh flatte. Bib is in despaire
His eagle ye round him everywhere
He casteth and ne on man is awake
But natheles he wol his notes take
And reden hem a wondrous dry lecture
Upon Chaucerian literature
Ne moves a pencil in al ye roome
And sondry snores com from Rosebroome.
The while Pratt and eek Morgan also
On parchment white as is ye driven snow
Gan maken pictures to pass ye houre.
But look! Bib stoppeth in his bad lecture
And madlee moppeth he his lerned brow
What dred compleynyt seizeth upon him now?
A look of agonee sits on his face
Ful soon upriseth he from out his place.
Quod he "Ye classe shall dismissed be
For trewley now it cometh upon me
I must y-see a man ere it is noon
Now reden ye ful well ye next lecon
And com prepared for to taken notes
As for myself, I must work fast my footes."
Straightforth went he from out the noble halle
Right down ye staires cam he neer to falle
Ful actively openeth he ye doore
And sprinteth as he ne had nat before.
He seeth in his flight ne elm ne oak
But maketh verily ye path to smok
So speedy is his course to his goal.
A' many smiles gan his class to smol
To see his haste as he dasheth forth
Ontil at last he cometh unto North
Ful rapid runneth he in thro ye doore
And by his anxious class is seen namore.
Explicit fabula Classi Chaucerii.

212
Commencement Week

Sunday, June 24th

BACCALAUREATE SERMON, to the Class of 1906, by President Melancthon Woolsey Stryker, at 11 a. m., in the Stone Church.
ADDRESS before the Y. M. C. A., in the Chapel, at 4:30 p. m.

Monday

EXERCISES ON THE CAMPUS, at 3 p. m.
McKINNEY PRIZE DECLAMATION CONTEST, in the Stone Church, at 8 p. m.

Tuesday

ANNUAL MEETING OF THE TRUSTEES, in Truax Hall, at 2 p. m.
CLASS DAY EXERCISES, in the Chapel, at 3 p. m.
McKINNEY PRIZE DEBATE, in the Stone Church at 8 p. m.

Wednesday

ANNUAL MEETING OF THE GENERAL ALUMNI ASSOCIATION in the Chapel, at 10 a. m.
PRESIDENT'S RECEPTION from 4 to 6 p. m.

Thursday

NINETY-FOURTH COMMENCEMENT EXERCISES, in the Chapel, at 10 a. m.
ALUMNI DINNER in Commons, at 2 p. m.
SENIOR BALL in Soper Gymnasium, at 9 p. m.
Campus Day

President : GROSVENOR WALTER HEACOCK
Orator : ARTHUR BENNETT MAYNARD
Poet : SELDEN TALCOTT KINNEY
Jay Orator : WILLIAM THOMAS PURDY
Response from 1907 : WILLIAM FREDERICK GROSSMEYER
Response from 1908 : PAUL BENJAMIN WILLIAMS
Response from 1909 : CHARLES MOSSMAN McLEAN

Class Day

President : HENRY ROBBINS BARROWS
Orator : LLOYD PAUL STRYKER
Poet : ALEXANDER M. DRUMMOND
Historian : MERWYN HUMPHREY NELLISS
Prophet : JAMES ALBERT MELROSE

Presentation Committee

JOHN DURANT CLARK,
COLIN MACDONALD,
JAMES FRANK CRAWFORD,
GEORGE HALLAM SICARD.

Executive Committee

HOWARD WRIGHT BENEDICT,
JOHN DURANT CLARK,
MARTIN AMBROSE DRISCOIL, JR.,
COLIN MACDONALD,
GEORGE HALLAM SICARD.
Thirty-eighth
McKinney Prize Declamation

Monday Evening, June 25th

From each of the three lower Classes, and upon the basis of work done in the weekly College exercise, an annual appointment is made of four prize contestants in Declamation.

1909

CLARENCE ELDREDGE LEAVENWORTH, Cleveland, O.
CHARLES MOSSMAN MCLEAN, Binghamton
RAVAUD HAWLEY TRUAX, New York
RICHARD JOHN WILLIAMS, Rome

1908

WILLIAM KENT DUNWELL, Southampton, L. I.
WILLIAM BUSH SIMMONS, Chicago, Ill.
ERNEST JOSEPH WEEKES, Watertown
HAROLD OTIS WHITE, Skaneateles

1907

CADY HAYS ALLEN, Holland Patent
EDWARD CARROLL DAY, San Anselmo, Cal.
WILLIAM FREDERICK GROSSMEYER, Utica
EDMAN MUNGER MASSEE, Herkimer
Thirty-Eighth McKinney Prize Debate

Tuesday Evening, June 26th

From the members of the Senior Class who have excelled during its six allotted terms in extemporaneous argument, not to exceed six debaters are appointed by the Faculty. This appointment is announced in third term, when the proposition of the debate is given and the affirmative or negative station of each contestant is determined by lot. The order of appearance is decided by lot, publicly drawn at the time of the debate. Each disputant may speak upon the first call eight minutes and upon the second call seven minutes. No notes or books may be carried into the debate, nor any memorandum used in speaking.

The Proposition: That United States Senators should be Elected by Direct Vote of the People.

Affirmative:

Alexander Magnus Drummond . . . Auburn
Robert Norris McLean . . . San Juan, Porto Rico
Merwyn Humphrey Nellis . . . Johnstown

Negative:

Ernest Kruse Edie . . . . . Springville
James Albert Melrose . . . . . Rossie
William Thomas Purdy . . . . Auburn

219
Fifty-First
Clark Prize Exhibition in Oratory

Wednesday Evening, June 6th

The men eligible to write in a given class are all who have had appointment as prize speakers, together with the additional one-fifth of the class who have the next best standing in the record of noon chapel work subsequent to the beginning of Junior year. The best six orations are selected by the Faculty, and are delivered on the ninth Wednesday evening of the third term.

Henry Robbins Barrows . . . . . . . Clinton
Ernest Kruse Edie . . . . . . . Springville
Louis Edward Haven . . . . . . . Sauquoit
Robert Norris McLean . . . . . . . San Juan, Porto Rico
William Thomas Purdy . . . . . . . Auburn
Lloyd Paul Stryker . . . . . . . Clinton

220
Ninety-Fourth Commencement

Thursday, June 28th

College Procession enters the Chapel at 10 A. M.

Prayer —

Music

Latin Salutatory, with High Honor, Head Prize Oration —

The Opponents of Alexander Hamilton

Robert Norris McLean

Oration —

The Mohawk Valley

Henry Robbins Barrows

Honor Oration —

The Stupidity of War

Walter Merritt Brokaw

Honor Oration —

Louis Pasteur — Benefactor of Humanity

Clifford Penny Fitch

Music

Oration —

John Milton’s Republicanism

Harry Miles Garvey

Honor Oration —

The Vandalism of Trade

George Franklin Gentes

Pruyn Medal Oration —

The Young Man and the Political Caucus

Allen Robert Hallock

The Root Fellow, with High Honor —

The Theoretical Scientist Unappreciated

Clayton Louis Jenks

Music

Honor Oration —

The West and Democracy

James Wilford Kellogg

221
Kirkland Prize Oration —
*From Malachi to Christ*
Arthur Bennett Maynard

Honor Oration —
*The Panama Affair*
*Walter Gray Miller*

The Clark Prize Orator —
*Amusement a Popular Passion*
William Thomas Purdy

Honor Oration —
*Money and Man*
George Hallam Sicard

Honor Oration —
*The Germans in the American Revolution*
Chester Arthur Sittig

Oration —
*Liberty the Objectification of Freedom*
*John Ludden Tanner*

Oration —
*The Supernatural Elements of Life*
Alexander Thompson, Jr.

Honor Oration —
*The Ethics of Force*
*William Herbert Watson*

INTERMISSION

The Masters' Oration: In representation of those taking the Second Degree:
*The Desire to Know*
Stuart Banyer Blakely, A. B., '03

The Valedictory, with High Honor —
Martin Ambrose Driscoll, Jr.

PRIZES AND DEGREES CONFERRED

Benediction

*Excused*
Prize Awards in 1906

Root Fellowship — CLAYTON LOUIS JENKS, Waterville
Fifty-first Clark Prize in Original Oratory — The Assimilation of Races in America WILLIAM THOMAS PURDY, Auburn
Forty-fourth Pruyn Medal Oration — The Young Man and the Political Caucus ALLEN ROBERT HALLOCK, Clinton
Forty-third Head Prize Oration — The Opponents of Alexander Hamilton ROBERT NORRIS McLEAN, San Juan, Porto Rico
Thirty-fourth Kirkland Prize Oration — From Malachi to Christ ARTHUR BENNETT MAYNARD, Frankfort
Thirty-eighth McKinney Debate —
1st. MERWYN HUMPHREY NELLIS, Johnstown.
2nd. JAMES ALBERT MELROSE, Rossie.
Underwood Prize in Chemistry — CLAYTON LOUIS JENKS, Waterville
Munson Prizes in German —
1st. CHESTER ARTHUR SITTIG, Utica.
2nd. ERNEST KRUSE EDIE, Springville.
Southworth Prize in Physics — CLAYTON LOUIS JENKS, Waterville
Thirteenth Soper Thesis Prize — NO AWARD
Darling Prize in American History — WALTER GRAY MILLER, Dolgeville
Munson Prizes in French —
1st. MARTIN AMBROSE DRISCOLL, Jr., Haverstraw.
2nd. GEORGE HALLAM SICARD, Buffalo.
Tompkins Mathematical Prizes —
1st. CADY HEWS ALLEN, Holland Patent.
2nd. KENNETH APPLEY SPRAGUE, Roscoe.
Medals — EDWARD CARROLLI DAY, San Anselmo, Cal.
WILLIAM EUGENE MANSFIELD, Cayuga.
Baldwin Entrance Prize —
CLARENCE ELDREDGE LEAVENWORTH, Cleveland, O.
Brockway Entrance Prize — PAULI FRANKLIN BAUM, Herkimer
Curran Medals in Greek and Latin —
GOLD. GROVER CLEVELAND CLARK, Utica.
SILVER. EARL LLEWELLYN MONTGOMERY, Waddington.
Hawley Classical Medal — ARCHIBALD LONGWORTH LOVE, Albany
Edward Huntington Mathematical Scholar —
                               C ADY HEWS ALLEN, Holland Patent
Chauncey S. Truax Greek Scholar —
                        ARCHIBALD LONGWORTH LOVE, Albany
Munson German Scholar — EDWARD CARROLL DAY, San Anselmo, Cal.
Soper Latin Scholar —
                      GROVER CLEVELAND CLARK, Utica
Kellogg English Prize Essays —

JUNIORS, CLASS OF 1907

Plato Against the Sophists

Prize. EARL LLEWELLYN MONTGOMERY, Waddington
Mention. RAYMOND FRANKLIN DUNHAM, Utica

The Cartoon: Its Mission and Power

Prize. EDMAN MUNGER MASSEE, Herkimer
Mention. C ADY HEWS ALLEN, Holland Patent

SOPHOMORES, CLASS OF 1908

Rudyard Kipling's Realism

Prize. FRANK TOWNSEND LAIRD, Utica
Mention. PAUL BENJAMIN WILLIAMS, Albion

The Making of a Journalist, [Cobb Essay]

Prize. EARL WARNER ANIBAL, Gloversville
Mention. SALMON SHELTON JUDSON, Jr., Vernon

FRESHMEN, CLASS OF 1909

The Suez Canal

Prize. PAULL FRANKLIN BAUM, Herkimer
Mention. WILLIAM DeLOSS LOVE, Albany

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224
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