DEARIE.

I'm thinking of days of old, dearie,
And I miss you and yearn for you so,
That my life seems as empty and cold, dearie,
As the shadows upon the snow.

How I long for your gentle voice, dearie,
And your laugh, that dispeller of gloom,
Would burst on my grief-burdened soul, dearie,
Like the sun on a darkened room!

Your heart, I know, is as true, dearie,
As the rivers are true to the sea;
And to-night as I'm thinking of you, dearie,
I know that you're thinking of me;
And I feel that in God's good time, dearie,
Our loving will not be in vain,
So I pray that the time soon may come, dearie,
When we never shall part again.

Mac.

THE WARDEN OF S. STEPHEN'S COLLEGE.

The Rev. Dr. Thomas R. Harris is the Warden of S. Stephen's. That is a glad statement for the Messenger to make: first, because the College once more has a Head, and next because we believe that Head to be ready, fit and consecrated to the work that lies before him. As Secretary of the diocese of New York and of the General Seminary, Dr. Harris has been long introduced to the Church at large. His introduction to S. Stephen's College occurred on Septuagesima, in the Chapel of the Holy Innocents, when he celebrated Communion and preached at Morning Prayer. His text was Saint Paul's word to the Corinthians, "So run that ye may obtain." His sermon was not inaugural or prospective, but that
simple, clear Gospel of Jesus Christ which all men always need. It appealed to us that our Warden's first official act was well done; not because of his commanding presence or his eloquence, though neither of these were lacking, but because he struck into the core of all hope and success; the individual's relation to God our Father.

On Monday afternoon the doors of Ludlow and Willink Hall were thrown open that the new Warden might meet his Faculty and Undergraduates. Dr. Hopson, who for forty-one years has been more than faithful to S. Stephen's, introduced the new Warden; Dr. Silliman, as a member of the Board of Trustees, welcomed him; Professor Anthony assured Dr. Harris the co-operation and support of the Faculty and Alumni, and James F. Elton, '04, extended a sincere welcome in the name of the Undergraduate Body. To these addresses Dr. Harris replied simply and earnestly. His task is hard. As auspices are generally reckoned, there are not many to be descried. Success will come only with time and patience and devotion. God grant all these. God grant our Warden to find, in school and out, wherever he turns, Christian hearts and tongues and hands to help him in his great work.

OUR CHURCH COLLEGES.

It is a fact much to be deplored, and yet quite true, that the Church's educational institutions are not, helped in a degree at all commensurate with the ample resources of our Churchmen. The Church can name over its millionaires and multi-millionaires who are giving largely of their wealth to sectarian institutions of learning, but seldom do we hear of any real substantial gifts to the institutions of learning of the Church. There must be some reason for this condition of affairs. Why is it? Do our wealthy Churchmen disapprove of the Church's institution of learning in themselves, or do they consider the work of such institutions too insignificant to warrant attention? Or does it rise from the fact that these institutions, being necessarily smaller and less widely known, than the sectarian colleges, do not afford the same opportunity for that eclat which invariably accompanies gifts and bequests to those larger institutions?

Why are they not in favor of the existence of Church institutions of learning as such? Do not the Roman Catholics and the various denominations each have their separate schools and colleges for training their men, and has not the plan been working for a sufficiently long time with all of them to warrant the belief that this has been found a more satisfactory one than any other? Certainly there is no reason why it should not hold true with the Church. It cannot be disputed that life in an institution where one breathes continually of the spirit of the Church and is surrounded on all sides by her healthful influences is far more charming and beneficial than one where the student is groping about in a heterogenous mass of creeds of every character. Deprived of enjoying the true dignity and beauty of the Church's spiritual life, he enters the Seminary, feeling as though he had lost a pearl of priceless value.

If, on the other hand, the Church's institutions of learning are not approved of because the results of their work do not warrant their existence, then it behooves us to look into the matter of what these institutions are doing for the Church and, for the sake of convenience, let us choose an example near at home, in the case of our own S. Stephen's College, being, as no one can deny, one of the most representative of Church colleges.

To begin with, an array of cold, solid facts present themselves. A careful review of diocesan statistics reveals the fact that in the Diocese of Albany one out of every six of those who are doing active parochial work is a graduate of S. Stephen's. In the Diocese of New York, with its 398 clergy, there is one S. Stephen's man to every thirteen; in the Diocese of Newark one to every seven, in the Diocese of Long Island one to every ten, and in the Diocese of Pittsburgh one to every eight. These have been chosen as representative cases, though in various other dio-
ceses nearly as large a proportion of S. Stephen's men prevails. It is quite possible also, and indeed true, that there are many clergymen in these various dioceses who, while not graduates of the College, yet can thank S. Stephen's for all the training they ever received. S. Stephen's has missionaries in the foreign fields, in China, Africa and far away Alaska, as well as a large number of zealous, hard-working missionaries in the western states. The College has its graduates scattered everywhere throughout the country. There is scarcely a diocese in which S. Stephen's is not represented. These sentiments are not expressed in a spirit of exploitation of S. Stephen's, but we know her merits and we know, too, that every Alumnus is proud of her. The efforts of a college sending forth men who are doing such a noble and necessary work in the Church's ministry cannot, therefore, be disparaged. S. Stephen's has created a distinct need for herself, and that need she is fulfilling in a most creditable manner. Or, as one of our Bishops told a prominent Alumnus of the College recently, that it would not be wise or economical to allow S. Stephen's to die out, for another college would have to be established to take her place and do the work that she is doing. What has been said about S. Stephen's holds true to a more or less degree with the other Church colleges. They all give that distinctive Churchly training which is not to be found in the sectarian institutions.

In view of these facts then and of the excellent work which these colleges do, why is it that they do not receive more substantial recognition from our rich Churchmen? As far as efficient work and results are concerned there could be no better investment for our rich men than the entrusting of some of their surplus wealth to the care of the Church's institutions of learning. It would be laying up for themselves treasures in Heaven.

But there is another way in which these colleges can be helped, and I am now speaking more especially of S. Stephen's, and that is, through the Alumni of the College. Wait, dear brother, don't run away. I am not going to mention a word about money, for we all know, and have been told many times, that the Alumni of the College are not rich men, but is the giving of money the only channel through which the College can be benefited? By no means. There is another way, which may be called the substratum of the one mentioned above—a way which every Alumnus and friend of the College has within his power to avail himself of, if he only would, and thanks be to God that many have done so, but there are many more who have not. That way is the sending of men to the College. Send us more men is the appeal which we would sound far and wide. What avails the money without the men? Give us the men, and, as has often been said, the money will follow. What Alumnus has not some young man whom he is training up for the Master's service, and is he going to forget his Alma Mater so far as to send him to some sectarian college? I shall never forget the thrill of joy I felt, and I am sure others present at the time experienced the same feeling, when, several years ago, on the occasion of the commencement dinner in the Dining Hall, one of the old Alumni of the College, in speaking of this very subject, told with pardonable pride how in his life time he had sent six men to S. Stephen's to be trained for the Mother Church. What a noble work was this! He gave not money, but that which was infinitely more precious in the sight of God and more acceptable to the College; he gave men. Had the College been endowed with the faculty of speech, she would have exclaimed to that son: "Well done, thou good and faithful servant," and to the others she would have added: "Go and do thou likewise."

There is no surer way for the Alumnus to assert his assurance in the efficiency of the College than by sending men here to receive the same training which he himself received. Grounded on a brilliant past, equipped with a strong and useful curriculum, blessed with an excellent faculty of self-sacrificing and soul-stirring men, and with all the elements of a hopeful future in her path as she steps forth under the wise
and faithful guardianship of our new Warden, S. Stephen's College Messenger. and faithful guardianship of our new Warden, S. Stephen's College Messenger.

and faithful guardianship of our new Warden, S. Stephens commends herself most favorably to each and every Alumnus of the College as the most logical place for the training of their young men for the ministry. The College is and has always been proud of her sons. And she is likewise proud of those whom she has now under her care. They are marked by that same definiteness of purpose which has ever characterized S. Stephen's men. An evidence of this may be found in the fervent missionary spirit among the students. Several of our men are pledged to foreign fields, to Japan and Brazil, one as a medical missionary, while many others have signified their intention of laboring in the western field. Such signs are hopeful, though our numbers are not great. But it is to be hoped that with the new regime and with such bright prospects for the future that every Alumnus will strive faithfully, as a loyal son of the College, to increase those numbers.

ROBERT BROWNING, '04.

THE TRUE SAINT VALENTINE.

'Tis not for the sake of an ancient Saint
Grave and austere and gray,
Who for his church a martyr died,
That we celebrate this day.

But to Dan Cupid, Venus' son,
We offer incense rare;
And from our hearts with thoughts of love
We think of a maiden fair.

She takes the place of the ancient monk
In the calendar of saints.
She takes the heart of a devotee,
But he utters no complaints.

He only kneels in worship deep
At the feet of the maid divine;
And offers the love of a manly heart
To his own Saint Valentine.

H. I. X.

THE TEARS OF TITA.

"Thank God, bless God all ye who suffer not more grief than ye
can weep for."

Tita passed before the swinging doors, loath to enter, yet determined to do so. "Perhaps the associations will bring tears," she thought. She pushed in defiantly and making a languid reverence, threw herself on her knees almost under the choir loft. Mechanically she muttered her In nomine Patris, etc., feeling for her rosary as she did so. She smiled bitterly, remembering that it lay in a little neglected heap on the dresser, just as she had dropped it in that first moment of her agony. She had loved her husband. Childless and herself an orphan, she had thrown all the energy of her life into her love for him. The blow had fallen, bringing with it a grief that bordered almost on apathy. The incense oppressed her. It took her back to her own great hall—yes, her's now—as it was on That Day, the air heavy with many flowers and that odor so peculiar to the house of death. She tried to Pray, but could not. The vision of that long, sombre procession rose continually before her tightly closed eyes. She heard again the monotonous chanting, the broken shuffle of sandaled feet, the sputtering tapers. "There is no God," she murmured, "else he would let me weep." Gradually she became conscious that the cathedral was filled with soft music. The first notes of a song floated out on the heavy air. It was a child's voice, thin, timid, glorious in pathos and simple feeling. "Sancta, Sancta Maria, ora, ora, pro nobis!" Tita listened spell bound. Her bosom swelled as wave after wave burst through her heart. The song went on and on, echoing in mellow tones through the silent, empty church. As the last tones died away Tita wept, eagerly, aye joyfully. All that emotion, for weeks pent up by bitterest anguish, surged to her eyes in thankful tears. Anon she ceased and went her way out into the world, once more a woman.

MAC.
DAILY JOURNALISM.

How many of the people who will read this article have been fired with a desire to write; to put their thoughts and fancies before men in black and white, to sway public opinion through the mighty but ungauged influence of the press, to see, perhaps, their own name stand out before the world, to be pronounced by thousands of unknown people? 'Tis a stirring ambition that seems to come to nearly everyone, man or woman, at some period of their lives, only to be thrust aside as impossible. For some people this is true, but for the majority of those who have enjoyed any educational advantages it is not.

"Poets," we are told, "are born, not made." Far different is the writer. He, of all men, is self-made. He studies the use of language, he practises with his pen as a musician does with his instrument, and his success lies in his perseverance. Just as most men could become doctors, or lawyers if they set their minds to it, so could most become writers—not literary lights, or famous authors, but writers whose endeavors would yield as fair an income as does the average profession.

For such men newspaper work is the apprenticeship. They receive daily practise in writing, they receive curt, heartless instruction and criticism, and they are surrounded by an atmosphere of rivalry and work that will bring something out of a man, if there is anything in him. The work is interesting, sometimes fascinating, and usually discouraging. But the writer, like every other man, must perform his drudgery.

Of course, some men make a mistake in entering the work. The groans and curses that issue daily from the bowels of every metropolitan newspaper office make this very evident. But of what work cannot the same thing be said? How rare is the man, who, having once chosen his path in life, sets his face forward, and shuts out futile might-have-beens from his mind! Such an one is indeed facing toward the goal of success.

It is not long since all good people looked upon newspaper men with suspicion, branding them as drinkers, gamblers, and habitues of the green-rooms of theaters. The idea is a mistaken one, and the public is beginning to learn differently. Some newspapers are indeed a public injury, but why, pray, do they live? Blame rather the public that demands such sheets, than the journalist who hates them. There are panderers among every class of men, even among doctors, and lawyers.

Some men spend their lives in newspaper offices, others become magazine writers, or authors, while many shift into politics, or other work. Most men have outlived their usefulness as reporters by the time they are thirty, for the life is a fast one in a clean sense of the word, and demands an output of nervous energy that only a capital of youth and health can supply.

Like every occupation, be it business or profession, newspaper work has its drawbacks, but it also offers many advantages, not the least of them being the fact that if a man dislikes the work, he can still enter other fields of endeavor, feeling that the time spent in journalism was not lost, but advantageously employed. So much can be said for few other occupations.

ARTHUR C. SAUNDERS, '01.

ROYALTY'S WOE AND LOVERS' WEAL.

The sun was near its setting, and cast long shadows that swayed and flickered on the ground. Beneath the trees of a little grove stood the Lady Beatrix. Sweet and fair she was, as the morning light, but a deep sorrow brooded over her and in her eyes dwelt a sadness too deep for words. The sunlight just tipped her hair like the artist's master stroke that makes his picture immortal.

Close to her stood a Knight in full armor. The faint breeze just moved the plume on his helmet and stirred it lazily about his strong handsome face. His face too, told of sorrow. He was speaking in low tense tones that told of passion strongly repressed. And he had need to repress his passion, for though he loved the Lady Beatrix with all his passionate Norman fervor,
and knew that she loved him, he also knew that her father, the stern dark-browed Lord of Ravensbrook was liege lord of the usurper King Stephen, while he himself would claim no sovereign but the Empress Maud. For this reason had Lord Ravensbrook forbidden his daughter to look with love upon Sir Castygne.

Lover's wits are sharp and when news had come that King Stephen was marching upon the last stronghold of the Empress, this last meeting had been arranged between the lovers.

Sir Castygne pleaded with her that she should flee with him now, 'ere he went to the wars, but tho' he pleaded with his whole heart, he could not win her consent. She would remain at home and wait for him, but would not go with him now. At last he turned to go, but when she saw his knightly form passing among the trees, tears filled her eyes and she ran to him and touched his arm. He turned and gathering her in his arms, pressed a kiss upon her lips, then turned and hurried away.

The sun had risen hours ago, over the crest upon which rested the army of King Stephen. Far down the hill were the troops of Empress Maud, and back of the centre rested Sir Castygne with his command held in reserve. The sun was high in the heavens before the King's troops marched to the attack, but near noon, Sir Castygne saw the shining lines of King Stephen get into motion. The noise of an army moving to attack came to him like the noise of a mighty ocean, save now and then he caught the sound of some solitary, high pitched voice screaming above the rest. On they came, the knights in gleaming armor and streaming plumes, the spearmen and bowmen all rushing forward with the battle cry “King Stephen and England forever!” Soon he could see the white strained faces, the maddened eyes and heaving breasts of men sunk deep in the battle fever. Then came the clash—a muffled roar, deep and low, that seemed to fill the air with the palpitating clash of steel on steel, of pike glancing from shield, of sword meeting sword; and then came the awful response—the screams of horses, the wild cries of men wounded and falling to be trampled by the maddened steeds.

All this Lord Castygne heard, yet sat his horse quiet and still. His vizer was up and the wind toyed idly with his long dark hair and trailing plume. For some minutes the fight seemed doubtful then a troop of knights broke thro' the line and rushing back a few hundred yards turned to pierce the rear of the line at another place. They had come but a little way, however, when they found themselves confronted by the picked troop of Sir Castygne. Pausing a moment, the two troops rushed together. Sir Castygne spurred like an eagle on his prey, hewing a bloody path as he went, or hard pressed by enemies, stood like a rock beaten by waves, as his foes pressed thick around him. It was at such a moment that he saw the blood red crest and black armor of the Lord of Ravensbrook. He was fighting desperately, set upon on all sides by enemies. Suddenly his arm seemed to weaken. His enemies drew closer, no longer fearing the dreadful back arm stroke. Lord Castygne saw his danger, and with one desperate swing cleared a way thro' the circle round him, then rushed to Ravensbrook's side. He saw his armor gaping wide on the side and a little stream of red trickling thro'. Lord Castygne caught him in his arm and raising his sword on high cried in a voice like thunder “Back!” Then before his sword had time to fall, all grew black before him and he knew no more.

Through the tiny window of a little store-room, the setting sun was shining. In one corner was a cot on which rested the strong form of a man. By his side sat a woman—young and fair. She held one of the man's hands in hers, and gazed sorrowfully in his face—pale as death. Suddenly a little color seemed to come into his cheeks. The woman started, wide eyed, then bent closer. Surely she saw his eyelids flutter. Ah yes, and now they open, and Lady Beatrix fell on her knees and threw her arms around her knight, while she rained kisses on his brow, and face and lips.
Bye and bye she ceased and raising herself, saw that Lord Castygne was looking with wondering, troubled eyes. She seated herself and holding both his hands told how her father had surely been killed but for the timely aid of Castygne. Then she told how he himself in the very moment of rescue had been struck from behind and fallen to the ground, and how when Empress Maud’s troops had retreated in defeat, both her father and Castygne had been brought here to the strong castle of Ravensbrook. Then she told him that Empress Maud had decreed Lord Castygne a traitor and bade all loyal subjects kill him where ever found, but that her father had secreted him here, and now that Maud had left the country and her armies scattered he was safe once more. Then she fell to her knees and buried her face upon his breast. He rested his hand upon her head, and kissed her hair again and again. Lord Ravensbrook passing by the open door, looked in and saw them so. His face only softened and a smile came to his lips, as he murmured, “Love must have its day.”

Dr. Otto Fielder, City Chemist of Milwaukee, has been counting the microbes that inhabit old paper money. On one very much worn $1 bill he found more than 96,000,000 bacteria, an another 34,000, on another 6,000 and on a new bill, which had been little used, 600 were found. It is to be regretted that the
doctor should have confined his experiments to one dollar bills, for bills of larger denomination might have been found even more thickly populated. As a source of peril the possession of such bills can not be overestimated. It is easily probable that there are hundreds of men hereabouts who are risking their precious lives by carrying in their pockets one dollar bills containing the full number of microbes, when by sending one of these bills to our Business Manager they could not only secure a year's subscription to a lively college paper but also could rid themselves of a whole herd of microbes. It's worth trying. We might also mention that Mr. Browning is proof against these microbes and takes great pleasure in studying their habits and manner of life.

DEATH OF MRS. OLSSEN.

The Students, Alumni and friends of St. Stephen's were much grieved to learn of the sudden death on January 13th, at Bloomfield, N. J., of Mrs. Olssen, wife of Rev. William W. Olssen, D.D., who for more than thirty years served as an able and loyal Professor on the Faculty of this College and who at present is Alumni Professor Emeritus of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy. Mrs. Olssen was known for her generous and loving nature and made for herself many warm friendships among the Alumni of the College who became acquainted with her while here as students. She was remarkably well read and possessed a thorough knowledge of many of the ancient and modern languages.

At a meeting of the Undergraduate Body on January 16th, a resolution was unanimously passed expressing the sympathy of the students with the bereaved family of Mrs. Olssen and instructing the secretary to write a letter of condolence to Dr. Olssen in the name of the student body. The following letter was written and sent to Dr. Olssen:

Death of Mrs. Olssen.

S. STEPHEN'S COLLEGE,
January 16th, '04.

Rev. William W. Olssen, D.D.,
Bloomfield, N. J.

DEAR DR. OLSSEN:

The entire Under Graduate Body of St. Stephen's College in accordance with an unanimous resolution passed at its meeting to-day desires to express to you its deep sympathy in the recent bereavement which has overtaken you in the death of Mrs. Olssen. So great a personal loss to one who was so long and intimately associated with the life and welfare of St. College becomes in no less degree a loss to us, who are the members of the members of the College body at present and likewise to all the Sons of the College.

That God may grant you strength to bear up under so sad an affliction is the earnest prayer of us all.

Faithfully Yours,

JAMES F. ELTON,
President.

ROBT. E. BROWNING,
Secretary.

The following letter was received from Dr. Olssen:

BLOOMFIELD, N. J.,
January 18th, 1904.

The Undergraduate body of S. Stephen's College.
Mr. James F. Elton, Pres.

MY DEAR FRIENDS:

It was very gratifying to me to receive the united expression of your sympathy, through your President. It is indeed a comfort in the hour of sadness to find that you are kindly remembered by those with whom you have been long associated.

I have many pleasant recollections of my connection with the College and especially of the regards, and I may say affection, of the undergraduates. For the last crowning token of esteem I most heartily thank you.

With kindest wishes for your happiness and prosperity in life, I am,

Very truly your friend,

WM. W. OLSSEN.
ALUMNI NOTES.
—'69. On Feb. 4 the Rev. Frederick Shroeder Sill, D.D., celebrated the 25th anniversary of his marriage and the 20th anniversary of his rectorship of St. John's, Cohoes.

—'82. Rev. C. A. Jessup was a recent visitor at the College.


—'86. Rev. Charles M. Niles, D.D., Rector of St. Paul's Church, Ossining, conducted a mission at St. Thomas's Church, Thomasville, Ga., Jan. 31st to Feb. 7th.

—'92. Twice during the past month has fire visited the parish of Old Trinity, Albany, of which the Rev. F. St. George McLean, '92, is rector. On Jan. 10 a defective heating apparatus caused a fire in the church, destroying a pipe organ and doing other damage to the amount of $10,000, of which only $6,000 was covered by insurance. The beautiful communion service was only saved by efforts of the rector himself. Ten days later a careless cook and a lighted candle nearly destroyed the rectory. The cook's clothing was ignited and it was only by the coolness of the rector that she was saved from death. The damage at the rectory was fully covered by insurance.

—'99. Charles Whitney Popham, who for the past five years has been Instructor in French and German in S. Stephen's, was recently made Professor of those chairs.

EXCHANGES.
In the N. Y. U. Triangle I saw recently an editorial on the advisability of confining the college "yell," in point of time, to just those occasions when it is needed or advisable to give it. This is one of the best college editorials I have seen in a long time, and as respects the promiscuous giving of college "yells" I may say right here that "Them's my sentiments."

Another editorial of note was in the Mount Holyoke, and taking as its basis the making of New Year resolutions, it worked its way to a good point, namely: to leave off from worry and hurry, to forget the future, not to remember the past except for the good we get out of it, and to work along quietly in our own little sphere, doing our work to the best of our ability. I consider it an article of worth.

According to the Barnard Bulletin, a new club has been started for the promulgation of better college spirit and more of it. It is called the "Whittier Hall Club."

There were some very good Christmas numbers of college magazines, but I think of them all, the Sibyl excelled. Its best features, it seems to me, were the distribution throughout its pages of little pieces of poetry from the great artists of former years, and the insertion of one or two very fine old carols.

The Monthly Maroon contains a cleverly written football story entitled "B. Munchausen Binkley." It is what I should be pleased to call mixtsatire. The following is also taken from that paper:

A Chinaman braiding his queue
Said "My hairs are becoming too fueue.
I'll paste some black thread
On the top of my head,
Where people will think it has gruee.

"Latinocky," in the Trinity Tablet, is a witty little piece of verse well written.
A prose article in the Xavier might be taken for an allegory treating of the shortness of life and our inability to accomplish but little in the space of time allotted us. It is entitled “An Interview Between the Old Year and the New.” I wonder if the writer has as many conditions as I have.

“The Legend of the Great Stone Face” is one of the good stories of the month. It is published in the Bowdoin Quill. The following bit of verse is also printed in the same paper:

**BY BOWDOIN'S WOODS.**

Apart from stress of life and strenuous crowd,
Rapt with the stillness of the winter night,
Down the long forest aisle, through pine and fir,
I pass in solitude

Snow-draped and pure, in humble whiteness bowed,
Touched by the low moon's sacramental light,
Each grove breathes music, and each aperture
A sacred interlude.

Sainted by long communion with their God
These trees historic sanctify the night;
And in their midst I feel the thrill and stir
Of their beatitude.

Charles P. Cleaves, '05.

A first-class story, in an altogether new mood, is the “Romance,” by Ralph C. Erskine. in the William's Lit.

The following poem is from the Mount Holyoke:

**THEY SAY.**

They say that in the dim green woods
Many a sprite and fairy dwells;
Their homes are tender blades of grass,
And little nodding lily bells.
And oh, I wonder if it's true!
I wish I knew, don't you?

They say that underneath the hills
There lives a strange, small folk called gnomes,
That far, far down beneath the rocks
Those flame-clad goblins make their homes.
And oh, I wonder if it's true!
I wish I knew, don't you?

---

Hazel H. Straight wrote “Love Never Faileth” for the Vassar Miscellany. It is a very excellent poem. Also in the same paper is contained, to my mind, the best story of the month. It is called “The Honor of a Samurai.” I cannot express my complete regard for it, so will say with the hero of the piece—sayonara.

Dorothy Firman, '06.

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