

MESSENGER

Vol. 11 No. 2 + 3 October, 1904

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S. Stephen's College Messenger.

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Vol. 11.

OCTOBER, 1904.

Nos. 2 & 3.

THE RIGHT ONE.

Tall and slender,
Young and fair,
Loving, tender,
Golden hair.
Form like Venus,
Heavenly eyes;
Then between us
Paradise.

Yes, from out the world's cotillion,
Such a one my partner'll be:—
If she have a clear, cold million,
And a cottage by the sea.

2 POTTER HALL.

VAE VICTIS.

Time out! A sudden silence fell on the howling crowd and necks were craned to catch a glimpse of the inert form stretched on the damp and much plowed up earth of the field. The mass of panting and bedraggled humanity closed around, once and yet again. One or two of the mole-skinned forms ran clumsily across the field to meet the little man with the large eyes and the black leather case, who hurried down from the top row of one of the stands. Then the brown backed and red legged crowd swallowed them up. The black and white crowd piled on the bleachers began to be alarmed. Could it be Vance? If he ever sprained that old ankle of his, the game was lost; and this game of all games!

What if it were Carmichael "the Plunger"? Anyone rather than he. Were the chances of winning against the ancient foe so very strong anyway, with a man hurt in the first scrimmage? Here and there note-books fluttered and digits were held up significantly. The impatience grew.

Then people noticed that the men in the field were falling into place again, and that the little man with the big eyes, and the genial soph. (who acted as water boy on principle because he had promised his aunt not to play) were carrying some one towards the dressing quarters.

"Only Eldrige," called out the genial soph. But the little doctor squinted up his big eyes and winced at the sigh of relief that went through the grand stand crowd. Their attention was already fixed again on the densely, noisy line out on the field. But then the little doctor had only been a doctor since last commencement.

When they heard next day that he was dead, they half masted the flags they had raised the day before in their hour of victory. "The team" bore him to the train, after Prexy had prayed in the dim old chapel. Then the College went back to talk over "the way old Vance kicked that goal, just before the whistle went," and "that bully run of Carmichael's."

* * * * *

Up in the little Vermont village a woman who had been pretty before many cares and much sorrow had made her beautiful, listened to the words of the little doctor with the big eyes, and bowed her head over her clasped hands, there in the chill November twilight.

QUONDAM QUINDECIM.

THE SUICIDE.

Stands the high and long unbroken
Line of cliff, and on its face
Break the waves, in angry token
Of their hatred for the place.
See the lighthouse standing, standing,
Pointing skyward and demanding
Toll from every sailor landing
At its base.

Time was when no lighthouse beacon
Warned the sailor in the night;
Stood the high and long unshaken
Line of cliff, in all its might.
Once, a mother yearning, yearning
For her sailor boy's returning,
Stood and watched the red sun, burning,
Sink from sight.

Stood she praying, filled with sorrow,
—Hark the wild waves' restless groan!—
Will she see her boy to-morrow?
—Hark the wild winds' ceaseless moan!—
See! a light is seeming, seeming
Through the darkness to be gleaming;
Overhead—the seagull screaming:
"Lone alone."

Black dark deepens and the gloomy
Winds and waves cry "woe, ah! woe,"
Howling: "We are roomy, roomy,
There are sailors down below."
And the light that's burning, burning
On the sea, seems shoreward turning;
And the impatient waves wait, churning
To and fro.

In the dark her eyes are sightless,
Lightning flashes here and there,
By its light a ship, all lightless,
Now seems mounting through the air,
Pauses, turns, then sweeping, sweeping
Downwards—oh! the mother weeping,
Following where the waves lead, creeping
Everywhere.

Rudderless the wreck flies shoreward;
Helpless crouch the waiting men,
Huddled in a mass up foreward.
Will she see her boy again?
"When," the answer sighing, sighing,
Comes through winds o'er wild waves crying,
"Seas give up their dead and dying;
Not till then."

Darkness, heard as dragons' hisses,
 Closes round the mother heart;
 Hidden in the sea's abysses
 Wait the spectres. See! they start!
 For the wild wind lashing, lashing
 Seas to fury, still goes dashing
 'Gainst the ship which, crackling, crashing,
 Rends apart.

Oh the bitter, bitter morrow
 If she lived;—to start anew,
 Living life alone, in sorrow,
 —Oh! how fierce the stormwinds blew!
 Mother's heart kept throbbing, throbbing;
 Heard she then a child-voice sobbing,
 Crying, "Mother, they are robbing,
 Robbing you."

Darker grew the night around her,
 Colder seemed the wintry wind;
 Morning came and seamen found her,
 Found all that was left to find:
 For the stormwaves beating, beating
 On the rough rocks, seemed repeating:
 "Robbing you," and Reason, fleeting,
 Left her mind.

Through long years a mother, nightly,
 Walks all up and down the bluff,
 Hears the water leaping lightly
 'Gainst the rocky cliff and rough;
 Hears His voice a-calling, calling,
 Sees the vessels landward crawling,
 Hears their lazy cordage falling
 As they luff.

Once, while waves sprang ever higher,
 Leaped into her eyes a light,
 In her heart a firm desire,
 To her mind a thought of flight.
 Hark! the cordage creaking, creaking,
 Hark! the boy's voice softly speaking;—
 Hark! the laughing, screaming, shrieking
 In the night.

Quiet! quiet! winds blow only
 Softly, rock your cradle slow;
 Little lowly mother, lonely,
 Joins her sailor boy below.
 Still the seaman sailing, sailing,
 See, at night, her garments trailing
 Past them, and can hear her wailing
 In her woe.

2 POTTER HALL.

A TELEGRAM.

Eunice stood looking out across the waters, across the western waters, where rosy-red, the sun dipped itself into the sea and left golden streaks on the smooth surface where it had sunk to rest; and in the sky, long, slender golden fingers of cloud pointed at the coming night. All was fair, and Eunice, standing at the little gate at the foot of the garden walk, felt the warm blood of joy and youth throbbing in her veins. In her hair were the roses of June and on her cheeks, too, were roses—roses of love, new-born and very bright. There was no one with her, and yet she was not alone, for in her heart she had found a great love and Jim would return soon. He was across the sea, or perhaps even now returning. The burden of happiness burst its bonds, and out across the ocean her voice raised itself in beautiful song. The melody was as a tender lullaby and the sea-breeze took up the song and as an echo, sweetly and lovingly, wafted it back to her:

Low, low, waves rock low,
 For over the sea my love has gone;
 Go, go wind and blow
 My love to my Love in the morn.
 Sweet, sweet let the waves repeat
 The throb of my heart; 'tis swelling, swelling;
 Love, Love, let the Heavens above,
 My love to you be telling.
 True, true is my love for you,
 The sea and the sky and the wind shall tell it
 With every breath in life till death
 —Till death naught shall repel it.

Up the path, lightly and gaily tripped her dainty feet, when she had finished the song; up the path between the long lines of boxwood hedge to the little back porch with the clematis and eglantine climbing all over it, like fair children of an aged father.

At the other side of the house was a clean old gentleman in a smoking jacket and skull cap. He was sitting under a big oak tree, his cane between his knees and in his hands a piece of tawdry yellow paper spread out before him.

Eunice opened the front door and the clean old gentleman cleared his throat, nervously tucked away the yellow paper in his waistcoat pocket, and looked up quickly. "I've come to say good-night, father," she said. "Aren't you coming in. Really, I believe you're getting childish, sitting out here so late in the chill of the night." It was dark under the oak, and tears dry quickly on an old man's face, so Eunice kissed him and went into the house, humming softly to herself as she climbed the old staircase.

Two hours later the old man climbed the same staircase. The door to Eunice's room was open and he saw her, sleeping peacefully as a child. He turned and went softly down the stairs and into the library. The fire had gone out, but he could read it plainly without a light. Mechanically he spread it out on the table and sat down before it.

"What to do? what to do?" he repeated to himself, but an old man's experience has been too varied for him to decide a question quickly, and so, repeating "what to do?" he fell asleep, and in the morning Eunice found him there, his head drooped on his breast, the open paper before him.

It read: James Holloway fell in the fight to-day.

2 POTTER HALL.

THE WRITINGS OF DEAN SWIFT.

In October, 1745, there died in Dublin, Jonathan Dean Swift, probably, as Archbishop King said, "the most unhappy man in the world." Embittered at man and the entire world by the unsuccess of his every attempt to attain to the eminence to which his genius fitted him in both ecclesiastical and civil life, he seems to have raged and

railed, scorned and stormed, until at last, worn out by the very excess of his emotions and deserted by his reason, he died, as he had himself predicted, "in a rage, like a poisoned rat in a hole."

But all these passions and miseries were necessary for the production of the works which have rendered him immortal as a master of satire. In no other writer is the personal element so strong. In no other author does the style so body forth the man. No one but a man so embittered that he had long ago learned to despise both mankind and the world, could have proceeded with such calm deliberation to enrage and disregard the thoughts and feelings of all humanity. Such is preeminently his method in the "Modest Proposal." The most hideous and revolting plan is presented with such calm cold-bloodedness, that the reader, maddened by the very impassivity of the recital, turns with indignation to view the conditions which made the Proposal possible.

Still amidst all the calmness and impassivity of style, one cannot but hear the anguished cries of bitterness subdued. The calmness is but a mask by which a man of terrible pride covers up the disappointments which have smirched and scorched his being. It is the calmness of one who, with a grim smile, takes revenge upon his enemy, the world. All the bitterness of a disappointed life can be found in his "Argument Against the Abolishing of Christianity."

As well as the calm and superior censor of an inferior and degraded race, Swift could also play the advocate. Vehemence and invective could take the place of calm, unreason of proof. In the "Drapier Letters" especially, can be seen the success of this method. Swift plays at will with the passions of men and without the aid of proof or logic wins them over to his view.

In addition to this deliberativeness and calm, there is one point in his style which could not come from genius alone. No mere human suffering could beget such absolute clearness of style. In an age filled with French affectations and artificialities, Swift is lucid almost to a fault. He strives after no unusual words and the result is so natural and free that it is only by the most careful attention, that one remembers that there is a style. But this is the triumph of style. The art which conceals art is the great-

est of all arts, and this art was certainly the possession of Jonathan Swift. Such is the style which one finds in the "Conduct of the Allies." Pure, without a semblance of effort, it runs along like a clear running, crystal stream. The meaning is never doubtful. Language is made to serve its highest purpose, the explicit expression of thought.

In the "Battle of the Books" alone, has Swift seemed to strive after a special style. Here from the very nature of the article he imitates an ancient classic and does it well. The article reads throughout like a prose translation of the Iliad.

"The Journal to Stella" also, is in a slight measure a deviation from his usual style, and although that remarkable small talk in which he wrote to Stella, is sometimes complicated and involved, still we are not sorry to have it. It tells us much of an entirely hidden side of Swift. He may or may not have loved and married Esther Johnson, but we learn from these letters that he had at least a tender and a manly heart.

"The Tale of the Tub" and "Gulliver's Travels," the first, a satire on all religion and all science, the second, a satire on all mankind, are probably the writer's best works. In Gulliver especially does he unite all his talent to uncover the bitterness and the wretchedness of man. Besides his usual characteristics of calm and clearness, he adds the quality of realism. With mathematical accuracy he describes all his imaginings. No one but Defoe could equal him in this. With all this assembly of talent he moves to his attack upon mankind. How little is beauty when seen by the piercing eyes of the Lilliputians? How insignificant is human greatness when a pigmy secures homage because "he is taller by almost a breadth of a nail than any of his fellows?" How horrible are our customs and our manners when we find them in our kindred the Yahoos? "Three-fourths of our sentiments are follies and the weakness of our organs is the only cause of our veneration and respect."

Such is the dark and dreary picture which Swift gives us of man and the world. All our conventions are shams and we ourselves the lowest of God's creatures. He has taken away everything, Religion, Science and Society, and has left us nothing. With piercing eyes he has

shown us our faults, he cannot find our virtues. He is the great pessimist of English Letters. In his works one reads with detail and accuracy the autobiography of an unhappy man. X.



EDITORIAL.

Dear old Annandale with all its beautiful scenes and settings; the turning leaves, the falling chestnut burrs, barking red and gray squirrels, the late ivy on the old chapel turned to an ecclesiastical red, the blackbirds flying south in thick clouds, the juicy grapes, sleepy mornings and the midnight oil of dear old St. Stephen's. ¶The year has started! It may seem rather trite to say something which has been in the mouths of a few thousand students already, but it means something, to us. What is that something? Not so much, perhaps, that the year has started as that we have started on the course over the year, and a hard course, too, for some of us at any rate. ¶Yes, we have begun a *new* college year, and yet the petty round of duties of last year and the year before—and many years before that—creep athwart our path and urge themselves upon us again. How are we going to deal with them this year? ¶In the first place, comes our duty to ourselves; the striving after better things, to please God, our families at home, our Alma Mater, our alumni and our fellow undergrads. First, in our worldly duties, the curriculum comes leaping upon us, with its rounds of class-room lectures and laboratory and outside work. Let us cut less and do better work! ¶Next comes, both as an incentive to physical prowess and as a means of keeping our bodies in a healthy state, thereby bettering our minds, our duty to athletics. The football team demands our immediate attention—let the future athletics be what they may—and our hearty sympathy. Where we cannot play we can help out in other ways. Let us cut less and do better work! ¶Then, too, our musical talent must not be neglected. Our glee club must be started,

new voices tried, concerts given and the piano paid for. Also we owe it to society at large, especially that large part which comes to Holy Innocents' for Sunday service, to improve our choir. We have good material and a good trainer. Let us cut less and do better work! ¶Now we come to the MESSENGER. I have but little to say. I agree with Tony Lumpkin in, "She Stoops to Conquer." He says: "If I'm to have any good, let it come of itself then; not to keep dinging it, dinging it into one so." So I'm not going to keep "dinging" it into you the whole year, but I'm going to let the good come of itself. Let it come! that we may have to *cut* less, and do better work.

Dear Alumni:—My message to you concerning the new men this year I know will be welcome. Last year, you remember, we—to use the college vernacular—rubbed it into the new men pretty hard. This year we have nothing much to say except in praise of the new men. As a whole they show good bringing up and a hearty desire to conform to the rules of the college and to the precedents of undergraduate life. Now isn't that good? You remember when you first came here how, about three or four days after you arrived, you found your mattress and bedclothes under the old bowling alley, and your room in a condition such that no artist could have evolved *cosmos* from it. This old "setting up" business has been forgotten and hazing is no longer in vogue, yet this is not due to a fear of punishment on the part of the student body, but rather to the improved condition of affairs. To be sure, once in a while a man is found to whom a little judiciously-applied correction is a benefit, but such cases are rare. Only one man so far this year has shown anything like a turbulent spirit. ¶Now if any of the new men in college happen to read the above, (which is intended only for the eyes of the alumni), don't immediately get a case of "tight hatband" because there is a fixed method in college for the stretching of all leather bands, and like the antidote for poison, leather works against leather. ¶So, dear alumni, I have the honor to send to you, through the medium of the MESSENGER, this message: We are pleased with the new men; their brain and brawn, and their reasonable exhibition of that seldom-to-be-found quality, common sense.

The Warden of St. Stephen's has declared himself against hazing and has accepted the definition of the term, as given by another learned man, to be: "Any interference with the liberty of one student by other students." ¶This seems to be a declaration in favor of letting new men, *preps* or Freshmen, run away with the idea that they are so far protected by the faculty of St. Stephen's college, that they can do as they please, so far as college custom and precedent are concerned. ¶The Warden also stated that he held it as the fundamental law of all men in college that they should conduct themselves as gentlemen. Let us ask who is to enforce this law of gentlemanliness? Will the faculty do it? Undoubtedly they will so far as it comes to their knowledge that a man is acting otherwise. But how is this to come to their knowledge? Are we men supposed to give an account to the college authorities of the fractious actions of any one man? Indeed we are not. In the first place, I believe we would be turned out of doors if we made ourselves informers and went to the Warden with any complaints, and in the second place, few men in college would do that thing which is sneered at and scorned by the veriest school-boy. What are we to do? ¶For example: suppose there was a new man in college—and such is actually the case—who spoke to upperclassmen as *they* would not speak to each other, who denied, tacitly, the privileges, not only of the older men in the college, but of the faculty itself; who has not, and apparently will not, conform to such precedents as rising and tipping his hat when a professor passes him on the campus or as assisting in matters pertaining to college life, and not only not conforming with such customs, but absolutely and at point-blank telling a senior to his face that he will not conform to certain of such precedents, and knowing as he does the feeling of the faculty on hazing practically says: "Let's see what you are going to do about it." Well, what are we going to do, how are we going to get at the matter? Hazing has been defined as the interference of one student's liberty by another. What then shall we call the actions of this one man toward—not one man but—the whole college? Surely it is nothing less than the reduplication of hazing. He is interfering with the liberty of all of us. Our liberty consists at

least in having the established precedents of years respected. If these rights of ours are not respected we have no course left open to us that is gentlemanly. The only thing we may do, in conforming to the rules of the college concerning hazing as laid down by the Warden is to ostracize the man who shows no respect for the customs of the college, and this certainly is not the part of a gentleman. We are open to advice. What can we do? ED.

Perhaps it is only because the writer is just at present singularly content with the world in general and all things in it, or perhaps its something else, but anyway he can't help being pretty thoroughly satisfied with the present outlook at St. Stephen's, especially from an educational standpoint. It has been a long time indeed since St. Stephen's was as well prepared as at present to give to her students an education which would command respect and it is not too much to say that there is not a weak man on the faculty. The courses given mean something. The subjects are broader than ever before and are without exception well and conscientiously taught. The man who is looking for snaps ought to steer clear of St. Stephen's. Of course, as has been recited and repeated time out of mind, St. Stephen's is a small college, but if she keeps up to the present standard, she will always be a good college and that is something. X.



ALUMNI NOTES.

—'86. The Rev. Chas. M. Niles, D. D., has been assisted during the Summer by the Rev. C. H. H. Bloor of Alaska. Mr. Bloor has again returned to his station at Nome City.

—'98. Mr. W. B. Selvage visited the college during the opening days.

—'00. The Rev. Horace W. Stowell of Waynesboro, Pa., has been compelled to cease work for a time on account of ill health.

—'01. Mr. J. Paul Graham has been appointed principal of the Lawrenceville Public School, Pittsburg, Pa.

—'91. The Rev. Francis McFetrich has accepted a call to the rectorship of St. John's Church, Pequa, Delaware Co., Pa. His address is Compassville.

—'01. The Rev. O. F. R. Treder was married to Miss Lillian Eusebia Howe on Oct. 5, at St. Andrew's Church, Albany, N. Y.

—'01. Mr. John Hargrave has accepted a position as instructor in Latin and Greek at the Highfield School, Ontario, Canada.

—'01. The Rev. Cuthbert Fowler is assisting the Rev. Archdeacon Harte of Maine. During the summer he has had charge of the services in Exeter and Dexter.

—'04. Messrs. Ernest C. Tuthill and James F. Elton paid the college a visit this fall. During the summer, Elton and his brother won the championship cup of N. Dakota for doubles in tennis.



COLLEGE NOTES.

—I have received advice galore as to how I should write these College Notes and after chewing the end of my penholder for several days and a half in a vain endeavor to reconcile these bits of advice with my own ideas on the matter, I feel that the task is somewhat similiar to that which the philosophers of the middle ages set about to perform when they attempted to harmonize the then newly discovered facts of science with the principles of orthodox religion (I am studying Philosophy this year, you see!) and I've just been saying to myself: "Hook, I guess you'd better write them in your own way;" so here goes!

In the first place it might perhaps be well to state just what I believe College Notes should be. Many and earnest have been the exhortations I have received to "bump it into the new men." Now I don't believe that "bumping" is one of the functions of College Notes at all. I believe that the "bumping" should be done elsewhere. You may construe that as you please! No one can enjoy humor more than I but that's not "bumping!"

In a talk with the Editor-in-chief the other day we both agreed that the College Notes should be, really, letters to the Alumni and that the Alumni Notes should be replies to those letters. I heard only the other day, from an Alumnus who told me he was "So hungry for news of the old place." Now I tell you, fellows, this is no extraordinary state of mind for an Alumnus to be in. You know how much the interest of the Alumni means to the College. Doesn't it seem reasonable to think that a set of Notes each month, whose *chief* object would be to furnish them with news of doings here which ought to be of particular interest to them, would promote their interest in the College? Mind, I say *chief* object. I don't mean to limit the field too much. Well then! When you happen to think of some little item which might be of interest to some of the Alumni, just remember that the Editor has a few things to think about besides College Notes. Tell it to him and give him a chance to jot it down in his little book. He will not be a bit mad about it, even if he has already received the item from other sources.

—The St. Stephen's chapter of the C. S. M. A. has begun the year with an active membership of about eight students. A plan of work has been agreed upon by which the missionary field can be studied scientifically. It is proposed each month to have an open meeting to which all the students are invited. On these occasions carefully prepared addresses are to be made or papers read.

The chapter will make an effort from time to time to secure a priest or Bishop from the mission field to preach at the college. The regular meetings are held each week in the Missionary hall. Through weekly papers or addresses founded on the Spirit of Missions the chapter is kept informed concerning the lives of present-day apostles, and the progress or needs in whatever place the church is being extended.

—One of the new departures is the late dinner, with luncheon at midday. Of course, to please everybody it would be necessary to keep the dining room open all day and most of the night, but it may safely be said that, taking the students as a whole, the new order of things gives more satisfaction than the old.

—At last the regulation of the Chapel attendance seems to be on a true basis. The new rule has done away with the idea which used to be held by some, that it was an important part of their religious duties to be absent from Chapel prayers at least twice a week, by abolishing the "two-cuts-per-week" system, entirely. No specified penalty is attached to habitual non-attendance, which means, of course, that each case will have to be dealt with by "The powers that be," individually. The difficulty of framing a rule which could be applied to every case has been shown clearly enough in the past. The warden and faculty are men of sound judgment, together with consideration of the rights and feelings of men in general. This being so a man is likely to be dealt with far more justly after they have examined his case, than he could be, by rule. The great question, of course, is, whether Chapel attendance should be compulsory or not; and on this men will probably be divided in opinion as long as educational institutions last, in which religious services are held. It is sufficient to say that results, under the present system, have, so far, been better than they have been under any other system in St. Stephen's.

—It was a shame about that foot-ball game which was scheduled for Oct. 1st. Wonder why those Kingston fellows didn't show up! Our fellows were in excellent condition for playing and were just aching for a game. It was funny though to hear some of them who had never been in a game, giving vent just before the other team was expected to arrive to such expressions as "Oh, why did I ever come to College!" And then tell how disappointed they were after all hope of a game that day had to be given up.

—Somebody says Red Hook is good for heartburn. How about that, Tzwazo?

—Hinkel and Wells assisted Miss Platt in concerts which she gave in Red Hook and Upper Red Hook on the evenings of September 20th and 21st.

—On Tuesday evening, October 4th, we had another of those delightful little "affairs" over at the Warden's. There is no use in trying to tell what a fine time we had. The mere fact that we were the guests of Dr. and Mrs.

Harris comes nearer to expressing it than could any words of appreciation from us.

—The new men this year are trying hard to make the Chapel music what it ought to be, and under the able direction of Professor Anthony they are succeeding remarkably. Of course it is far from perfect and will always be so on account of the existing conditions, but they are doing mighty well and deserve credit, which I am sorry to say they don't always get. It certainly shows anything but a loyal College spirit for an old college man to come up the hill from Chapel describing the music as "pretty bum," or something similar. And such criticisms sound especially bad coming from men who have about as good a knowledge of music as a pig has about skating. A little encouragement now and then from the old men will go much farther than any such criticism towards making the music all that it ought to be.

—A new house has been built for the new well which was dug last year.

—Dr. Saunders, our chemistry professor, is not teaching this year, for which some of the Seniors are extremely sorry.

—Prof. I. F. Davidson is our new tutor. He is doing good work with the *specials* and *preps* and is well liked by all.

—Capt. Andrew C. Zabriskie has renewed his offer of the foot-ball field out back of the college barn, and the offer having been gratefully accepted, the gridiron has been marked out and numerous pantaloons have been sweeping it up ever since.

—There are several promising musicians among the new men, pianists, violinists and vocalists. More to be discovered.

—Messrs. Gardner, Grey and Silliman spent the summer at Seacliff, L. I.

—We welcome back with us this year, Bachman, in the class of '05.

—St. Peter's mission is running along finely under the tutelage of Smith, '05.

—The library this year is under the direct management of our new professor, Mr. I. F. Davidson.

—The astronomy class is very busy these nights looking through the big telescope up in the observatory; turning the roof around, etc.



EXCHANGES.

If there is one thing more than another which seems to be the mark particular of the Commencement number of a college paper it is that it generally fails to arrive, and although it is usually the best number of the year both from a literary standpoint and in the news department, still it is far too often doomed to waste its fragrance and to blush unseen. Despite the overwhelming difficulties, however, some few magazines have managed to reach the exchange table and most of these are in every way up to the usual Commencement standard.

As usual the *Hobart Herald* is full of good spicy news, but it seems somehow to fail just a trifle in the literary part. In a semi-Latin-English conglomeration entitled, "Carissima Conflagratio" we find under the "Ordo" of march, the following characterization of J. Preston Stoner a former St. Stephen's man: "J. Preston Rocks-er, unus ex Buttinskybus." Verily some achieve greatness and others are written up in college papers.

The Trinity Tablet also is rather stronger in the news department, although several little snatches of verse are not entirely bad. An interesting article is the sketch of Stephen Dale of the class of '83, who was killed in the Island of Samoa, March 15, 1889, but what struck our attention more than anything else was a clipping in the Exchange department to the effect that the Dartmouth college paper "is a production of the college body

and not merely of the editorial staff." Comment upon this statement belongs strictly to the editorial province, so we withhold remarks which might possibly be applicable to local conditions.

A new exchange is the *New England Conservatory Magazine* containing, among other articles, an interesting sketch of the "Early American Violin Makers" by William H. Howe, a topic which has hardly been touched upon in previous American musical literature. The entire magazine is nicely gotten up and seems to be unusually fully of news notes.

More than any other magazine the *Xavier* seems to carry with it an atmosphere of thought and thinking, and a series of fine articles under the general topic "Individualism vs. Socialism," keeps the July number at least up to the usual mark. The articles are all indicative of deep and careful thinking and are richly deserving of a thoughtful criticism.

We have purposely reserved to the last our criticism on the *Vassar Miscellany* which appears to us as being by far the best commencement magazine which we have seen. The number opens with a prize essay, "Shakespeare's Reading of History," by Nina Hart, '04, and is followed by a delicate little snatch of verse, the "Winds of Spring." "Mrs. Strange's Daughter" is perhaps the best attempt at a short story, and while it is rather crude in places, the elusiveness of the conclusion manages to redeem it. An interesting article is that written by Misses Botsford, Hubbel and Forbes, all of '04, on "Tramps." Just why these particular young ladies should be interested in tramps and why it should require three pens to write the article we don't even dare attempt to inquire but they have at least managed to get out a very eral catchy paragraphs and we should like very much to clip the little "Bit from Commencement." However, we will have to content ourselves with the following from the *Cornell Widow* with F. A. H.'s addition to the same, regretting most sincerely our inability to help the good work along still further:

What Hans' idea of Heaven is
We don't know very well,
For when he looks up in the sky
He says, "Der Himmel ist hell."
Cornell Widow.

And when I questioned him
He nearly had a fit.
"Ach! Wie" said he,
"There's nothing wrong *damit*."
F. A. H., 1905.

And so that's all till next time and then—Well maybe
we'll have more to say. X. '05.



Please Mention the "Messenger."

A. V. HAIGHT, President.

WM. T. WARD, Treasurer.

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The
A. V. Haight
Company,

Printers and Bookbinders.

10 and 12 Liberty Street,
Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

Hudson River Telephone 91-F.

Dutchess County Telephone 91

Peter B. Hoyt & Co.

*Merchant Tailors
and Men's Furnishers,
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Poughkeepsie, N. Y.