

MESSENGER

Vol. 14 No. 2 February, 1908

Page 1	[It isn't often that one meets a man. . .]
Page 4	Smokaiyat of a Junior Classman
Page 5	An Appreciation of Kipling's Barrack Room Ballads G. B. B.
Page 6	Childhood G. B. B.
Page 7	Beppo G. B. B.
Page 9	A Drinking Song "McVickar"
Page 10	Alumni Notes
Page 13	College Notes
Page 15	Exchanges

St. Stephen's Messenger.

Vol. xiv.

FEBRUARY, 1908.

No. 2.

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THE MESSENGER is published quarterly by the students of the College.

All literary contributions must be in the hands of the Editor-in-Chief by the fifteenth of the month of publication.

Subscriptions and other business communications should be addressed to the Business Manager.

All subscriptions more than one month over-due will be discontinued.

Price of subscription, in advance, 75 cents a year. Single Copies 20 cents.

Entered at the Post Office at Annandale, N. Y., as second-class mail matter.

It isn't often that one meets a man who has attained the three-score-and-ten mark, and who is still doing his accustomed work with his accustomed activity. To meet such a man is a distinction, and to own him as a member of one's Faculty, a high honor.

On Saturday, January the eighteenth, Dr. Hopson dined with us in Commons. It was a dual anniversary, marking the completion of the forty-fifth year of his life work at S. Stephen's, and the seventieth year of his life. We are proud to have this man with us, and glad he has the direction of our irresponsible years. The Messenger Board extends its sincere congratulations to Dr. Hopson.

The shift in the Board of Editors has lost to the MESSENGER the best man for the place—Mr. Jacob Henry Oehlhoff—who resigned from his position as Editor-in-Chief, that he might pay the better attention to his regular college duties. Our good wishes are with him in this as they will be with him in all things.

Of course we feel awed by our new position ; of course we feel the responsibility of stepping into shoes still warm from former use ; but you put us here and you will have to put up with us for some little while. The MESSENGER is yours ; we are your representatives, and we hope to receive your co-operation. But, failing your co-operation, the MESSENGER will manage to get along. Which thing will be the more to your shame ; so write and don't stop writing until, from sheer desperation, we shall accept what you have written.

It doesn't always become preachers to preach ; nevertheless, custom compels us to say something on this occasion—the beginning of the second semester. The wheel of college time has slipped around and once more registered its familiar click. The last half year some of us enjoyed life in ways that proved fatal to our marks ; and after all, marks and class standings judge us while in college. Providence did not act so meanly as to put any of us into life without the modicum of brains ; let us, therefore, put them to work. What if the text books are dry !—they are but the means to an end that we all want to attain. Get busy, then, and make dreams approach realisis.

Why, why is there in us deeply placed
Such thoughts, such words and things,
Of pictures that we'd like to paint,
Stories, also, new and quaint,
Which poets love to sing ?

Full many a time I've thought and thought
That it's a losing fight
To try and give to another heart
The things that keep your own apart
From those so weak and light.

Why is it not by far the best
To keep them to yourself?
You think them, and you have 'em still.
No other heart will *ever* thrill
As you do with yourself.

The outer world will only laugh,
And toss your passions by.

You never can have half a hope
To strike on it the self-same note
That made *your* heart soar high.

These lines were found on an S. S. man's table. We have taken the liberty of printing them because they illustrate a way of thinking that some of us give way to now and again, a way of thinking to which we should not give rein. There is an old tale that we all know—of the men with one, five, and ten talents. We have all been given something ; let us find out what it is, and use it. We have walked abroad with certain of you who have *seen* Nature—not Nature stark and grand as few of us *can* see her—but Nature through some hidden, stained-glass window of your soul. To see her thus is a talent that so few of you use.

“Of making books there is no end ;” yet we can never have too many *good* books. How could we have any, if all men who had in them

“ * * * deeply placed
Such thoughts, and words, and things,”

were to hug their fancies to the breast, pessimistically fearing that we should not be as deeply stirred as they. We shrewdly surmise that this thought of theirs is but an egotistic idea that we *cannot* be as good as they. To be sure, we *cannot* ; but, is appreciation to be acquired from blank pages ? Must not those pages first speak to us ?

Smokaiyat of a Junior Classman.



STRIKE, while yet I sit ensconced in morris chair ;
 And with the match light up this virgin fair,
 Whose lonely duty on this earth's to give
 A balm to worry, toil—oh hated pair.

And with a puff I light my cigarette,
 My love, my sweetheart, friend who never yet
 Has turned me down when most I needed her,
 And whose sweet solace I can not forget.

I sometimes think that never blows so blue
 The smoke, as when the soul is steeped in hue
 Of similar gloom. Then, then the cigarette
 Proves that its love is ever pure and true.

And if perchance the spark has burned quite low,
 And if perchance a single puff don't throw
 A ruby light around you all at once,
 Why—puff again and then the spark will grow.

If with your hands you've rolled the tiny elf,
 Or ready-made it came from shopman's shelf,
 It matters not, for both are just as good,
 For either one will drive away the thoughts of self.

So great a power has this small magic roll!
 A power that makes weak man to see his soul,
 Not fine and polished as the outside see,
 But chipped and cracked like broken china bowl.

Ah, it is but a short time here, and then
 Throughout all space I flit about, and wend
 My way as happy as a care-free boy,
 But I must vanish as smoke with air doth blend.

'09.

An Appreciation of Kipling's Barrack Room Ballads.



KIPLING—what a name to conjure with! Then ho for a window seat, your briar, your corn cob, or, happen you be wealthy, your meerschaum, and his Ballads. There never was such a man. You know how delightfully delicious his stories are—with their naive delineation of life as Kipling sees it; but don't his Barrack Room Ballads stir you more than they? I believe they do.

I once knew a man who had served in the Black Tyrone at a time when Kipling cultivated the company of that reprobate band. And the tales he would tell! The strangest thing to my mind was their essential similarity to what Kipling writes; this shows the point I would make. Many and many a writer has woven for us wonderful tales of the "somewheres east of Suez;" but so few are based on actual fact. "Fact is stranger than fiction," is fact, "There is nothing new under the sun," is fiction; that fact is stranger than fiction in this case is proved, because Kipling is new—wonderfully new, yet, paradoxically, oh, so old.

It is seldom we realize what his Ballads have done for the British Army; more often we read them for the swing of the verse and the wild tongue he employs, than to get that homely knowledge each one holds. Take his "Tommy" and see what I mean. The conditions he there portrays were those existing against the British soldier barracked in the home country. When his verses came out, the British papers stirred the pot of reform to such purpose that Parliament was compelled to take action. And when the reform movement ended in giving a new kind of cap to Thomas Atkins, how biting his verses were ridiculing that same reform movement. He is the one man of the British Empire who more than any other and more than any body of men understands and knows how to help the British soldier. Is that a slight thing? Do you think if "Tommy" had been written in faultless, slangless English such power would have been his? It hardly seems possible. And yet he has been belittled for his use of dialect.

We are too apt to conceive *army* as being one of two things; a sordid, common, cutthroat body, or a something for tradition, legend

and romance to reverence. "Oh no!" says Kipling, "You're both wrong." And he proceeds to give us the true picture—a golden mean between the two. There isn't much glamour about justice—is there? Go read "Danny Deever." We weep over the "poor men" in trenches and in battle; but, in our everyday life, do we realize that such a thing as "Snarleyow" tells of is possible? I'm afraid we do not. No more than we can imagine a "Tommy" having depth of feeling sufficient to make two such opposites as "Mandalay" and "The Ford O' Kabul River" true. So Kipling has taken up his pen and gone forth to do battle with our common, sordid conceptions. He has given us a peek through his soul-window at life as it should be—as it is. He gives us men, not all villain, not all hero; but the natural human blending of the two that we look for in everyday, but never in story-book life.

G. B. B.

Childhood.



O you know of that land where the moonbeams are
As soft as an April rain,
Where a fairy lad sings to a strnmning guitar
A song that is full of a tinkling war
Of harmonies of sweet pain—

And the fairy folk all are filled with joy
When he's finished his lilting refrain?
Little and eerie the fairy boy,
His pure notes falling without alloy
And giving a sweeter pain.

Then join they hands in a dancing ring,
A bonny and winsome crew,
Deliriously sweet is the song they sing
As dissolving in mist, from the faery ring
They fade to their dells from view.

And the haunting echo of song flows back
In a whisper that mellows and dies,
As waiting I watch by the faery track.
Ah me! Will they ever—no never!—come back
To the boy 'neath his childhood skies?

G. B. B.

Beppo.



BEPPO was king—king of the push-cart men in Water street. Not another man dared intrude his wares on Beppo's domains; for, from no other than Beppo would the denizens of Water street and its side alleys buy. On which account I suppose I made a mistake in calling Beppo king of the pushcart men; it should have been king of Water street's hearts. His shabby, old-world costume, his earrings, and his picturesquely broken English made everybody love him. Then too, he would often surreptitiously, as though afraid his kindness would be found out, give a specked orange or an over-ripe banana to the little Arabs who infested the street.

Deep down in its wild heart, Water street had a contempt for all aliens. But, *mirabile dictu*, Beppo was excepted from this, the exception that proved the rule. The shabby gentility of Water street's houses still bore evidence to the by-gone wealth that once had ruled there. On this account its inhabitants lorded it over the less favored. All of which is to prove that Water street had its proud beauties; and had anyone else than Beppo not paid court to them, Water street would have quickly and with scant ceremony resented his defection. But Beppo on his initial appearance had with childlike simplicity told all the world of his little Angelica, who but awaited his rapid ascent to wealth to join him in this new land. Such simplicity had gone to the child's heart of Water street; henceforth was Beppo an incorporate in this favored body.

Poor old Beppo! I suppose I should think of him as a criminal, but knowing his simple heart, to do so is impossible.

On lower Water street, where it abutted upon one of those crowded little ways in which usurers do business, was an Italian boarding house. From this one day came a soft spoken compatriot to barter with Beppo. He volunteered the information that the little wife was sick, was in fact about to become a mother.

Generous Beppo was immediately filled with joy in the other's happiness; showered a wealth of good wishes on his head and a store of good things in his hands. After that, every day Beppo would halt his cart before the boarding house, and become voluble with inquiries as to the little wife's health. The thought of Angelica was

very dear to him at that time, and in view of this, what came after seems exceedingly monstrous.

One day the stranger suffused with a rosy glow of gladness, stopped by Beppo's cart. A word—a happy laugh—and Beppo was sharer in his secret and his joy. The next day, Beppo was informed, the little wife would come out for a few minutes with her husband to take the air. Beppo, proud and happy in the other's happiness and pride, mentally resolved to be at hand.

The next day came—bright, sunny and joyous—it made even sorry Water street spruce up to look its best. All day the happy spirits went singing in Beppo's heart; leaving him utterly unconscious of coming trouble. All day his brain was busied with thoughts of Angelica. Had any one told him then that soon he would be in a position to take the advice of Job's comforters—to curse his God and die—Beppo would have laughed in his face; but no such wiseacre was at hand. At twilight Beppo, having done his best to appear festive, sauntered down the street on the side opposite the boarding house, and expectantly took his stand.

All in good time the door opened, and Beppo saw the stranger come forth with his wife, a little shawl about her head. At sight of her, Beppo's heart gave a great bound of joy, and then as he realized what it meant to see her in company with the stranger, it started off on a mad race that left him dazed and bewildered. Was not this his little Angelica whom he had dreamed of and worked for through the long dividing years!

The night was a fitting complement to the day—balmy and pleasant—but for Beppo it had lost its delight. As an animal sorely wounded hides itself, so Beppo stumbled to a deserted dock, to be alone with his misery. His brain was like a swirling whirlpool in which nothing held its place; but finally, as the tossing straws are drawn to the vortex, so Beppo's thoughts centralized, and fixed upon the grim idea—murder. The stranger must not be allowed to live with Angelica, what matter though she had proved faithless.

God alone knows what is in a man's heart. And when that man has not become too civilized, too far away from the starting point, his heart is apt to contain some very, very primal things. We would say his mentality was warped, was still in bondage; but, as God alone knows what is in a man's heart, God alone can judge that man.

When Beppo arose, he arose a changed being. His heart, which

had theretofore known nothing that was not sunny, was now filled with blackest hatred. His brain, before filled with visions of future happiness by Angelica's side, was now obsessed with one idea—that of killing his successful rival. Angelica, the false, the traitorous, had dropped from his reckoning. If he thought of her at all, it was savagely, that she should have no stay, no one to support her, if she would not have him—Beppo. And so he stole off into the night to execute his vengeance.

G. B. B.

A Drinking Song.



COME, fill the stony stein,
But don't let it flow over—
Yes, give ale for mine,
Don't lay the table cover—
A glass of ale, a piece of cheese,
With nothing but a cracker, please,
While smoke rings round me hover.

Ah, this is life indeed,
Don't talk or make a noise,
But drink and eat your feed,
And puff your pipes, my boys.
A glass of ale, a piece of cheese,
No, nothing but a cracker, please,
While smoke rings round me hover.

If we could go through life,
So happy, free from care—
No thoughts of gain or strife,
But plenty everywhere—
Then a glass of ale, a piece of cheese,
Don't spread the table cover,
And nothing but a cracker, please,
While smoke rings round me hover.

"McVICKAR"

Alumni Notes.

'61. The Rev. Dr. Joseph Carey, rector of the Bethesda Church, Saratoga Springs, N. Y., celebrated the thirty-fourth anniversary of his rectorship on Sunday, December 1.

'69. The Rev. John H. Houghton, after fifteen years of hard work as rector of St. Mark's Church, Denver, Col., has temporarily relinquished his duties, and will take an extended vacation trip to England and the Holy Land. During his absence the services in St. Mark's Church will be in charge of the curate, the Rev. Henry S. Foster.

'73. The Rev. Dr. William M. Jefferis, now canonically resident in the diocese of West Virginia, will hold parochial missions in the Church of the Good Shepherd, Parkersburgh, W. Va., beginning Jan. 19, and in St. John's, Charleston, W. Va., in April.

The Rev. Richard C. Searing presented his resignation as rector of Grace Church, Scottsville, N. Y., on Nov. 8, which the wardens and vestrymen of the parish unanimously declined to accept, requesting Mr. Searing to take a vacation of three months instead. Mr. Searing has decided to accept the generous offer of the vestry and, beginning Dec. 4, will visit Walton, Saratoga Springs, and other places during the next three months.

'74. Rev. C. O. Tillotson celebrated December 9 his silver jubilee as rector of Calvary Episcopal Church, Santa Cruz, Cal. The parishioners have made a great event of the celebration, and at the church that day at 7:30 there was an early celebration of the Holy Communion. At 10:30 Bishop Nichols preached. The augmented choir sang. In the afternoon a reception was held at Calvary Church rectory, at which time a large number of people called to pay their respects. As a token of esteem a substantial cash gift was presented to the rector.

'83. The Rev. William Holden, Archdeacon of Suffolk county (diocese of Long Island), is about to take a trip to Florida to recuperate from his recent severe illness.

The Rev. C. E. Freeman, having resigned the mission of the Good Shepherd, Barre, Vt., the Rev. W. J. M. Beattie has been transferred from the rectorship of Enosburgh and Enosburgh Falls to that cure, taking up the work March 1.

'84. On November 20, at St. Paul's Church, Muskegon, Mich., by

the Rev. William Gilpin, rector, the Rev. Philip Wheeler Mosher, rector of St. Peter's Church, Niagara Falls, N. Y., and Margaret Baile Hume, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Hume, Muskegon, Mich., were united in marriage.

The Rev. W. A. Swan has resigned the curacy of St. John's Church, St. John's place, Brooklyn, and accepted the rectorship of St. John's Church, Fort Hamilton, Brooklyn. He took charge Dec. 1.

'87. The Rev. John W. Gill, of the diocese of Long Island, has accepted an appointment as priest-in-charge of Middleham Chapel at St. Peter's Chapel, Solomon's, Calvert county, Md. He entered upon his duties on Dec. 10.

'93. The Rev. John Tilton Marley, formerly rector of Trinity Church, at Morgantown, W. Va., died at his home in Towson, Md., on Jan. 24. Mr. Marley had been in bad health for some time, and had visited Colorado and Jamaica in the hope of relief. He retired from the active work of the ministry last fall, and went to live in Towson, Md. Mr. Marley was thirty-eight years of age, and was born in Reisterstown. He received his collegiate education at St. Stephen's College, Annandale, and prepared for the ministry at the General Theological Seminary. After his ordination, in 1897, he was connected with churches in Philadelphia and New York. He then went to the diocese of West Virginia under Bishop Peterkin. His work at Morgantown was an important one, and he was very successful, especially among the students of the University of West Virginia, which is located at Morgantown.

'97. The Rev. Leopold Kroll, rector of St. Mark's Church, Hoosick Falls, N. Y., has resigned in order to engage in missionary work under Bishop Restarick, of Honolulu.

'98. The Rev. George Belsey, who for several years has been general missionary in the district of Salina, has become missionary-in-charge of Belleville and Formosa, in the same district with headquarters at Belleville, Kan.

The Rev. C. N. A. Pooley, rector of St. Mark's Church, Chatham, N. Y., has resigned.

'99. The Rev. Arthur S. Lewis, of St. Mark's Church, Johnstown, Penn. (diocese of Pittsburgh), has been called to the rectorship of Christ church, Greensburg, in the same diocese, and will assume charge on March 1. He will also have under his care the Church of the Advent, Jeannette.

'00. The Rev. Joseph R. Alten, rector of St. Paul's Church

Brainard, Minn., has been elected secretary of the Standing Committee of the diocese of Duluth, succeeding the Rev. F. M. Garland, who has been transferred to the diocese of Minnesota.

'01. Fire nearly destroyed the beautiful church and parish hall of St. George's mission, Sanford, Me., on Saturday, Feb. 1. The hall, a memorial building erected some six years ago, and called Elizabeth Hall, is a total wreck. The walls of the church are standing, and the pews uninjured, but the chancel will have to be rebuilt and the whole church roofed. The two-manual pipe organ, several sets of vestments, and all the music were destroyed. The Communion service and altar ornaments were saved. The church was considered one of the best small churches in the diocese, and the hall was doing a splendid social service in the town. The buildings were quite well insured, but this will fall considerably short of the damage. The Rev. Cuthbert Fowler, priest-in-charge, had some furniture, etc., in the attic of the hall and that is lost. Services are being held in the lodge room of the Order of the Sons of St. George.

John Graham Hargrave has received the John Hopkins scholarship for 1907 at John Hopkins University, Baltimore.

'04. The Rev. Robert Browning, secretary for Bishop Satterlee, of the Diocese of Washington, has accepted a call to succeed the late Rev. Arthur Mann, at the mission at Shanghai, China, but will not leave until next fall.

Spc. The Rev. Frank A. Sanborn, rector of St. Mark's Church, Oconto, Wis., has been elected by the chapter, canon of the Cathedral Church of St. Paul, Fond du Lac, Wis., and has begun his duties there.

The Rev. John C. White, rector of St. Paul's, East St. Louis, Ill., will spend the winter in southern Florida with his family. St. Paul's will be supplied in his absence by the Rev. Dr. F. M. S. Taylor, of Mt. Vernon, N. Y.

The Rev. Alleyne Carlton Howell, curate of St. John's Church, Yonkers, N. Y., has resigned and will go to Pinehurst, N. C.

The fourth anniversary of the rectorship of the Rev. James Sheerin, of the Church of the Good Shepherd, Clinton (Western Massachusetts), was recently observed by a supper and entertainment in the parish rooms, and by the presentation of \$126 in gold, given by the men of the parish.

The Rev. Karl Reiland, of the clergy staff of Grace Church, N. Y., has declined the call to the rectorship of St. John's Church, Yonkers, N. Y.

The Rev. Leonard W. S. Stryker, rector of St. John's Church, Passaic, N. J., has accepted the rectorship of St. Matthew's Church, Wheeling, W. Va.

The Rev. Joseph Sheerin, formerly of Dallas, Texas, has accepted a call to St. George's Church, Detroit, Mich., to succeed the late Rev. Charles H. Fraser.

The Rev. William Henry Morrison celebrated his tenth anniversary as rector of Trinity Church, Bristol, Conn., on Sunday, Nov. 17, with a retrospective sermon in the morning, and addresses in the evening from the Rev. H. I. Bodley, archdeacon of Hartford county, and the Rev. F. W. Harriman, D. D., a former archdeacon. The new vested choir rendered excellent music. A new organ in the Bristol Church and a new chapel in Forestville are among the evidences of good accomplished during the past decade.

College Notes.

Chapter Alpha of the Eulexian Fraternity held its forty-seventh annual initiation on Friday, November 15, 1907. The following men were admitted into the fraternity: Laurence F. Piper, John N. Borton, Edward Gabler, Clarence B. Riggs, Carl I. Shoemaker, and Francis H. Smith. The initiation was followed by a banquet in Preston Hall. The following Alumni were present: Brothers Bennett, Anthony, Mottram, Jessup, Gibson, Dean, Fr. Paul James Francis, Bullman, Agnew, Lovelee, and Fancher.

The Kappa Gamma Chi fraternity celebrated "Initiation Night" by administering a liberal dose of the "goat" to the following men: Chas. E. Eder, '11, Wm. T. Sherwood, '11, Joseph Boak, George S. Rathbun, and Leo C. Lewis. The fraternity Alumni were represented by Wm. A. Corton and Chas. E. McCoy. After the initiation the members, including the still dazed "Initiati Nuper", repaired to Ludlow and Willink Hall, and there did full justice to the initiation banquet.

On Saturday evening, November fifteenth, New York Sigma Phi of Sigma Alpha Epsilon celebrated the initiation of Gerald B. Breitigam, '09; Harold Holt, '11; Walfrid Johnson, '11 and Elwyn H. Spear; with a banquet at the Nelson House, Poughkeepsie. S. Guy Martin, '07 acted as toastmaster, and Professor E. C. Upton (Beta Theta Pi) was the guest of honor.

The special Lenten preachers are as follows: March 11, Rev. Francis B. Whitcome, Poughkeepsie; March 17, Rev. B. W. R. Taylor, D. D., Schenectady; March 25, Rev. Paul H. Birdsell, Albany; April 1, Archdeacon Ashton, Hyde Park; April 8, Canon Fulcher, Albany.

Three cheers for Naughty 'Leven! As ball-givers, they certainly shine *par excellence*. No one who caught even a glimpse of the Metamorphosed Preston Hall could have failed to be impressed. The spidery mazes of blue swastikas and red hearts, dangling in a most artistic chaos midway between ceiling and floor, might have been the product of either a disordered mind or a great genius—but it certainly was effective. From the sides of a great red and blue box-like affair, hung in the center of the Hall, blazed the numerals in red, and the Class's appropriate motto, "Virtus in actione consistit," in letters of blue; while three canopied cozy corners lured couples oh, so enticingly, to sit out the dance in their cozy depths. So much for the decorations—as for the rest, just ask anyone of the thirty-odd men who attended. The music was even better than usual—the refreshments were excellent—as for the girls, we can only say that the immense amount of hard work put into the hop was amply repaid by the fair visitors. Congratulations, Ninteen-Eleven.

One of the most exciting and dramatic events of the year happened during the first special Advent sermon, on Thursday evening, December 5, when Aspinwall caught fire. All was quiet in the chapel save, of course, the voice of the preacher as the students listened to his interesting sermon on missions. All at once there was the sound of hurried footsteps on the gravel walk outside and then a loud rapping on the sacristy door. Dr. Hopson answered the summons but in a minute returned and interrupting the preacher announced in calm tones that the college was on fire. Within the minute all the students filing out of chapel had dashed up the hill. In short order a bucket brigade was formed, and under the leadership of Professor Anthony, the fire was soon under control. That good old tin "vessel", so famous in all St. Stephens' history, which has won so many a hard-fought water fight, did its duty nobly and, in the hands of the student firemen, saved Aspinwall from becoming a raging furnace. Not much harm was caused by the fire and what little was done was fully covered by insurance.

On January 18, Dr. Hopson celebrated the seventieth anniversary of his birth and in honor of the occasion he was the guest of the

faculty at dinner in the refectory that evening. There was an immense birthday cake with seventy candles, all ablaze, and afterwards there was a great deal of speech-making, everyone overbubbling with good humor and good will. All united in congratulating the Doctor and wishing him many more happy years.

Now that the examinations are past' coffee busts at eleven and bed at three are no longer the orders of the day.

Festivity, and birthday cake!

He smote the teacher—great mistake.

The Rev. Mr. McNulty was in our midst Sunday, February 16.

Oh, how shocking, Johnny's stocking

Has a hole upon its sole!

Far more shocking than the stocking,

If the hole were in his soul!

Exchanges.

It may be that we haven't gotten far enough away from our prep-school days to present an unprejudiced view of prep. school papers; but, if that is so, let us pray we may never attain the far off state. There are certain magazines on our exchange list that merit praise. "The Blue and Brown" (The Yeates School), and "The Oracle" (Cheshire School) are the magazines to which we have reference. Both are full of good things; and full of healthy enthusiasm, as prep-school papers should be. May they live and flourish as the bay tree. "The last landmark has come and gone."—*Allisonia*.

The above is taken from an editorial of the *Allisonia's* Post-Commencement number.

Here we have more truth than poetry: "Be sure you haven't a wishbone where your backbone ought to be."—*Niagara Index*.

From the *Colgate Madisonensis* we learn that, in conjunction with students of Wesleyan, Amherst and other colleges, the non-fraternity men of Colgate are setting on foot a movement to organize into "Common Clubs."

We acknowledge with thanks the receipt of the following: *Colgate Madisonensis*, *The Campus*, *The Queen's University Journal*, *Mount Holyoke*, *The Alfred University Monthly*, *The Blue and Brown*, *The Oracle*.

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A. B. STOCKHOLM,

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