

MESSENGER

Vol. 20 No. 6 March, 1914

131	Snowbound Heavy Blizzard Furnishes Excitement and Unique Situation
131	Many Changes in Football Schedule for 1914 New York University and Eastman Again on List Together with Hobart
134	Committee Reports on New System A. A. Benefit Appreciation Handball Tournament
135	Library Note B. S. A.
136	Dragon Club Lecture
137	Editorial
139	Alumni and Former Students
141	Editor's Letter Box
144	American Notes H. Baron Dickinson
145	Bill Syke's Luck G. P. C.
149	The Birdie Comes Again By a Grouch

The Messenger

St. Stephen's College

Vol. XX.

March, 1914.

No. 6

SNOWBOUND

Heavy Blizzard Furnishes Excitement and Unique Situation

Sometime early in the morning on Saturday the 14th of Feb., a snow storm which began about nine o'clock in the evening was turned into a veritable blizzard by a raging wind sweeping down from the north. The collegians and their guests who strolled over to the Freshman Dance beneath a cloudless sky were somewhat surprised to find a couple of inches of snow on the ground when they returned from the function, but it was nothing to their dismay when they awoke next morning and found that communication with the rest of the universe was practically impossible. During the morning of Saturday the storm continued to rage and it was not until late in the afternoon that it reluctantly ceased amid a succession of diminishing squalls.

This storm although of short duration was by far the heaviest which has been experienced in Annandale for a number of years. The high wind drifted the snow terribly and

Continued on page 132

MANY CHANGES IN FOOTBALL SCHEDULE FOR 1914

New York University and Eastman Again on List Together with Hobart

Some very important alterations in the football schedule for the season of 1914 have been made recently, chief of which are the addition of three college teams, two of them being old gridiron opponents of St. Stephen's. New York University and Eastman College, whom we last played in 1908, are again on the list. A date has been arranged with Hobart College who are new to us. The addition of these teams makes our schedule much heavier than last season, and definitely places football on a solid basis at S. S. C.

Two more teams, which we have never played before, are Pawling and New York Military Academy. Pawling has the reputation of being one of the strongest prep. teams in the country. And in this regard we are glad to be able to point out that the number of our college op-

Continued on page 133

SNOWBOUND

Continued from page 131

made many sections of the roads impassable for the time being, while it was not without hard work that a rig managed to force its way up from the village to the College. In fact after the storm ceased, nobody was able to get to the railroad station at Barrytown until late Sunday morning, when the first of the dance guests departed. Even then they were forced to wait as the trains were not yet running on any sort of schedule.

For a time on Saturday it looked as though the situation would become serious if the storm did not soon stop, for a large consignment of food stuffs for the college had not arrived and in addition there was the extra drain on the kitchen department in the shape of twenty odd extra people. But there was nothing to be done except to hope for the best. The various "crowds" amused themselves as well as they could considering the limited means at their disposal and Saturday evening an informal dance was held in Ludlow and Willink Hall at which most of those who had attended the Freshman Dance were present.

The Freshman was certainly a success from whatever angle you choose to view it. Like the Junior Prom, it was held in Ludlow and Willink Hall, the reception beginning promptly at 8 P. M. After a prolonged overture the orchestra, Collins of Newburg, struck joy to

the hearts of the dancers with "The Honeymoon Express," and for the next three hours the latter floated through a delightful, intoxicating dream wafted along by the strains of "Adele," "The Little Cafe" and "Sympathy." The supper dance over, the guests scattered to the various "corners" of the hall for refreshments. The brief rest was appreciated by all, and merriment ran high beneath the shaded lights. It being St. Valentine's Eve, a goodly part of the decorations consisted of cupids and hearts tastefully grouped around the lights and in other appropriate places. The banners of all four classes were displayed over the door-ways and scores of many-hued pennants brightened the walls. Although the night was stormy, there was a real, live, active moon which was quite a feature. If it were exhibited in a frame behind glass it would probably be catalogued as "The Miss."

The second half went all too quickly and the last dance, "Good Night, Dear," was encored again and again. Reluctantly the guests departed and another of the long line of successful St. Stephen's dances was a thing of the past. Floreat, 1917!

The patronesses for the dance were Mrs. Anthony, Mrs. Conger, Mrs. Chapman, Mrs. Kitts, Mrs. Lewis, Mrs. Smith, Mrs. Davidson, Mrs. Rodgers, Miss Lewis, Mrs. Dean, Mrs. Brigham, Miss Cruger, Mrs. Kidd and Mrs. Keedwell.

Those present included Miss

Marjorie Keedwell of East Orange, N. J., Miss Carolyn Kidd of Tivoli-on-Hudson, Miss Josephine Brusie of New York City, the Misses Ral-yea, Beardsley, Koster and Clark of Vassar College, the Misses Krueger of Albany, Miss Katherine Adams of Red Hook, Miss Edna Russel of New York City, Mr. M. C. Wall of Buffalo with the Misses Thomas of Miss Beard's School, Orange, N. J., Miss Phebe Knapp of Poughkeepsie, Miss Helen Britt and the Misses Thomas of Kingston, Miss Helen McLean of Rockville Center, Long Island, Miss Elizabeth Moore of Newport, R. I., and Miss Taylor of New York City.

MANY CHANGES IN FOOTBALL SCHEDULE FOR 1914

Continued from page 131

ponents is steadily increasing and at the same time the prep. schools with whom we have dates are of a much better quality this season. Hamilton College, Middletown High and Webb Aca., all of last year's schedule need no introduction here.

It is extremely regretted by the whole College that Middlebury will not play us this year. Although strenuous effort was made by the Managers to arrange a date, it was finally found to be impossible. However there are strong hopes for

better luck next year. For the same reason, St. Lawrence University will not make another new team on our list.

The schedule up to date is as follows:

Sept.	26	Hamilton College at Clinton, N. Y.
Oct.	8	New York University at New York City.
	10	New York Military Aca. at Annandale, N. Y.
	17	Middletown (N. Y.) High School at Annandale, N. Y.
	24	Pawling School at Pawling, N. Y.
	31	Webb Aca. Marine Bldg. at Annandale, N. Y.
Nov.	7	Hobart College at Geneva, N. Y.
	14	Eastman College at Annandale, N. Y.

Spring football practice will probably start in a fairly short time in the gym. It is the purpose of Coach Whitten to work with his men individually and at the same time to try several shifts in the line up. The tryouts of different men in various positions will continue until early in April or until the field is in shape for work out at doors. The out door practice will not last much over two weeks.

Prospects are bright in regard to new material. There should be a goodly number of "football" men entering S. S. C. in the fall according to reports lately received.

**COMMITTEE REPORTS
ON NEW SYSTEM**

A committee has drafted a report to present to the Athletic Association, which, if adopted, will make a radical change in the method of electing assistant Managers of the various teams. Heretofore the men have simply been nominated, usually by the retiring Manager. The new system requires a call for candidates to be issued, and an efficiency report to be kept on the men who respond and who will "go into training" as it were, under the manager and his assistant.

A. A. BENEFIT

The cast of characters for the Athletic Association Play, "The Colonel's Daughter," is as follows:

Colonel Robert Rudd, a widower of North Carolina	} Mortally antagonistic	Donald H. Morse, '16
Colonel Richard Byrd, a widower of South Carolina		David R. Johns, '15
Marjorie Byrd, Bob Rudd	} Not so antagonistic as their respective fathers	Charles E. McAllister, '14
		L. L. Rose, '15
Mrs. J. John Carroll, a widow and Colonel Rudd's sister-in-law		C. Gregory Prout, '14
Julia Carroll, her daughter		Gardner P. Coffin, '16

Ned Graydon, a young gentleman of exceedingly faulty memory. Everett N. Whitcomb, '16
Ching-ah-ling, the Chinese cook, a bit impertinent but by far the most important individual in the cast. Charles S. Armstrong, '14
Mr. James Baskom, Colonel Rudd's lawyer.

The play will be presented in Red Hook on April 24th, in Madalin on April 25th, and in Rhinebeck on either the 1st or 3th of May.

APPRECIATION

Dr. Rodgers desires to announce that in response to his Christmas and New Year's appeal to Alumni and Former Students, there has been subscribed about two hundred and fifty dollars. This has been paid to the organ builders, and, together with five hundred dollars promised by other friends of Mr. Bard and of the College, will come within one hundred and fifty dollars of paying for the whole work. It is hoped that this will be subscribed before Easter. Dr. Rodgers desires to thank those who have so generously responded. There have been altogether about forty subscribers.

HANDBALL TOURNAMENT

Mr. Whitten has arranged a handball tournament which is now being held in the gym. In the

singles 19 men are registered and in the doubles 9 teams. There are 3 rounds to the semi-finals, the first of which has already been played. The first two rounds of the doubles will be completed by March 7th.

Leslie Wallace, ex '14, has been elected Vice President of the Senior Class at Trinity College, Hartford, Conn.

On Feb. 21st, Dr. Robertson entertained some of the students at dinner in Foughkeepsie and later at the Collingwood Opera House, where the New York Philharmonic Society rendered a concert. The Rev. Laurence F. Piper and Messrs. Glaser and Feringa joined Dr. Robertson's party at the Opera House.

The dwellers in *oi pollot* gave a farewell bust for 'Doc' Gehle on Feb. 18, the eve of his departure from St. Stephen's. The participants in this round of good fellowship included 'Jud' Chiids, Charters, Spitzli, Hissen and Wetterhahn.

LIBRARY NOTE

The Hoffman Library has recently been augmented by the addition of the private library of the late Dr. F. B. Fairbairn, a former Warden of St. Stephen's.

On Saturday, Feb. 22nd the Rev. Herbert M. Clark, Professor of French and German, delivered a lecture upon the subject, "Berlin and Other German Cities" at All Saints Parish House, Red Hook, N. Y.

Prof. E. S. Whitten was recently granted the degree of Master of Arts by Harvard University.

It has been announced that on Sunday evening March 2th the St. Stephen's Chapter of the Brotherhood of St. Andrew held an admittance service for six men who have finished their six weeks of probation. The service, which was held directly after Evensong, was conducted by the director, Rev. A. D. Phoenix.

On Feb. 22nd five members of the St. Stephen's chapter of the Brotherhood of St. Andrew attended the annual Washington's Birthday massmeeting of the B. C. A. held in the New Synod Hall of the Cathedral of St. John the Divine. Those who attended were Hoffman, Charters, Gehle, Hissen and Spitzli.

On the afternoon of February 14, Dr. John C. Robertson entertained Mrs. A. C. and Miss Marjorie Keedwell at a tea in his parlor. This

other guests included Messrs. Morse, Humphreys, Taber and Keedwell.

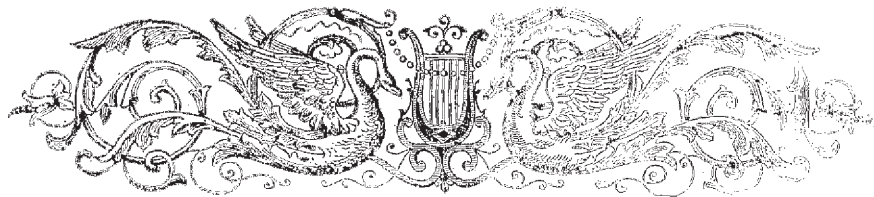
DRAGON CLUB LECTURE

On Saturday evening, Feb. 23th, the student body attended the second of the series of lectures being given under the auspices of the Dragon Club. Mr. W. A. Robertson of East Orange, N. J., alumnus and trustee of St. Stephen's talked on "The Rise and Development of Railroad Transportation in the United States."

Early in April Mr. Whitten hopes to stage an exhibition of gym work including, particularly, calisthenics and Indian club swinging.

The Rev. Herbert M. Clarke recently attended a lecture at Vassar College delivered by Dr. von der Leyer of the University of Munich. Dr. von der Leyer is an exchange professor at Yale. After the lecture, Dr. Clarke attended a reception tendered the lecturer by the members of the German department of Vassar College.

Bond, Deckenback, Prime, Gehle and Bierck attended the Junior Prom at the New York State Normal College held on the evening of February 6th.



The St. Stephen's College Messenger.

VOL. XX.

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No. 5

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Editorial.

With this issue, the MESSENGER takes on a slightly new appearance. Whether the paper will retain its present form will be determined by its readers.

In the first number of the paper this year, we announced that we were "going to try to make the MESSENGER a magazine of fiction,

fact and fancy, that appeals to St. Stephen's men." To attempt to combine the work of news sheet, "funny paper," and literary monthly is a difficult task, as you may or may not have observed.

It is our highest desire to please our subscribers in a way worthy of St. Stephen's College. Since therefore, a feeling has become common that the news feature of the paper should be emphasized, we are adopting, temporarily, at least, a form which is more like the college newspaper idea, of which our valued exchanges, the "Hamilton Life," "Robert Herald" and "Trinity Triplet" are worthy exponents.

The paper will still preserve its purpose of presenting as much of undergraduate life as possible. This present arrangement simply means that the busy reader can rapidly scan the real College news at that glance and may return to read the literary, editorial, and humorous pages at a more leisure time.

To the man who feels that the paper should be primarily a literary journal, this form may prove disagreeable. There may be other objections of which we are entirely unaware.

Financially, it has a slight advantage for we can utilize the cover space for printing at a rate only a little higher than our "dark gray dress" used to cost.

Now, Mr. Subscriber, were going

to put this matter up to you. If you don't like this new form of the MESSENGER, won't you write us just a card expressing your disapproval? *If we do not hear from you, we will feel assured that the change meets your favor.* Of course, if you care to express your approval, we will heartily appreciate your courtesy in writing to us.

It is the desire of the Board to put out the best paper we know how, and to do something worthy of the grand old name of "St. Stephen's." Won't you help us with your opinion?

When this number of the MESSENGER comes out, we will be in the very midst of the shut-in period which is such a delight to those who like to "wag the gladsome jaw" and discuss the failings of their betters; all seasons are "open seasons" for adverse criticism, but no other offers quite such unalloyed bliss to the conversationally inclined as does this period when the bad weather shuts us in somewhat and makes it easy for the critic to find an audience. Given an audience, the "chatty person" wanders through Elysian fields of fact (usually misrepresented) and fancy (usually morbid). Every person who is or ever has been a student at St. Stephen's knows what exciting and futile discussions are entered upon. Futile? No, they are worse than futile; they are poisonous. I think that they do the College no harm, except indirectly; but they do serious-

ly affect those who take part in them. A certain psychologist has, within a few years, developed a theory that the emotions of the human mind are nothing but compounds of simple sensations; anger, for instance, is the sum of the sensations of set teeth, tense muscles, clenched fists, flushed face, and the like; we may say, then, not that our fists are clenched because we are angry, but that we are angry because our fists are clenched. A violent emotion does not sweep over us unless we allow it; we cannot become angry if we relax our muscles and keep our fists and jaws normal; on the other hand, if we try, we can get ourselves gloriously angry by a simple exercise in muscle-tensing. Now, to come back to the question of adverse criticism, just what effect on our minds will these discussions have? Quite naturally, the saying of bitter things will bring about the bitterest emotions. Persisted in, adverse criticism will convince the critic that the College is "all to the bad" and that there is no hope, and when one gets hopeless, one very soon commences to have indigestion. So, for the sake of your own digestion and that of others, if for no other reason, do try to see a happy side; if there really isn't one, imagine it and talk about it, and you'll have your happiness to rejoice in at any rate. "Smile, darn you, smile."

MR. ALUMNUS, ATTENTION!
This is for *you*, and you alone! Have you ever read one of our editorials?

If not, read this; it is short, to the point, and it concerns you. Here are a few pertinent facts. First: the MESSENGER conducts a monthly column of alumni news for *you*. Second: you never send in any news for *your* column. Third: you are the only source of information in regard to *your* news, for the editors of the MESSENGER cannot be expected to scan all the papers of the country for news of St. Stephen's men. Fourth: as a consequence your department is usually small in quantity.

Well, Mr. Alumnus, what are you going to do about it? There is but one course of action open to you: you must get on the job and stay there. Whenever you hear any news concerning a fellow alumnus, or have any about yourself, send word of it to the MESSENGER at once. If you don't take such action, *your* column will always be inadequate and incomplete. Address "The Alumni Editor, St. Stephen's College, Annandale-on-Hudson, N. Y."

Alumni and Former Students

'99 The news of the Rev. Angus Mackay Porter's death was a hard blow to St. Stephen's and the Church. Words cannot express our deep sorrow. We extend our heartfelt sympathy for his dear ones in this, their bereavement.

'98—Special—The Rev. Morton Apollis Barnes was recently instituted rector of St. James' Church, Long Branch, N. J., the Bishop of the Diocese being the institutor. A large delegation of Mr. Barnes' former parishioners from Grace Church, Newark was present. The keys of the parish were presented by Mr. Harry B. Sherman, Warden. The sermon was preached by the Rev. John N. Lewis Jr. of Waterbury, Conn.

'60—Special—The Rev. E. A. Smith, rector of St. Paul's Church,

Tivoli, N. Y. has recently moved to his new Rectory. Mr. Smith has been very hospitable to the students in their cross-country hires and has on several occasions, such as Commencement and other functions, kindly offered the services of his machine to conduct passengers to and from the College when the local deliveries have been hard pressed for vehicles. We appreciate this very much.

'07 The Rev. D. H. Shramond's has accepted a call to Grace Church, White Plains, N. Y. as curate to the Rev. F. B. Van Kleeck, D. D. His address is 6 Deussenbury Place, White Plains, N. Y.

'11 The engagement of William Tinsley Sherwood to Miss Theodora Steigewald has been announced. Mr. Sherwood is a student at the

General Theological Seminary. A number of the students here at St. Stephen's recall the pleasure we had of meeting Miss Steigewald on the occasion of one of the dances some months ago.

'05 The Rev. W. Fenwick Backman curate of the Church of the Ascension, Atlantic City visited the College recently.

The Rev. Albert E. Bowles, formerly rector of Epiphany Church, Newport, N. H. has accepted the call to St. Matthews' Church, Goffstown, N. H.

The Rev. John N. Lewis Jr. of Waterbury, Conn., visited his father in Amundale during the early part of February.

DEATH OF THE REV. ANGUS M. PORTER, '99

Again St. Stephen's mourns the loss of one of her loyal sons by the death of the Rev. Angus M. Porter, rector of St. Luke's Church, Utica, N. Y.

Mr. Porter was taken ill with pneumonia on Friday, Feb. 5th and was making fair progress toward recovery, when he suffered a relapse on Sunday, the 8th. The unexpected end came as a great shock to all who knew him. He was born in Washington, D. C., January 13th, 1877, the son of William Mackay and Mary Moore Porter. He was graduated from St. Stephen's in 1899, and from the General Theolog-

ical Seminary in 1902, as President of his class. He was ordained Deacon the following May, and was advanced to the Priesthood by Bishop Johnson of Los Angeles. St. Stephen's Church at Hollywood, California, where his first work as priest began, was built in large part by his efforts. For five years he was rector of Trinity Church, Redlands, from which position he was called to assist the Rev. Dr. Battershall of St. Peter's Church, Albany, N. Y. On December 10th 1910, he became rector of St. Luke's Church, Utica, N. Y.

By consecration to his work and untiring energy and enthusiasm, he won the hearty cooperation of his congregation and the citizens' highest respect wherever he labored. Such a man invariably lifts burdens of any kind from those in need and deepens the spiritual life of all with whom he comes in contact.

On October 17th, 1903, he was married to Sophia Seymour Jowett, daughter of the Rev. E. H. Jowett, D. D., and Sophia Seymour Miller. She survives with two sons, Rutger Bleecker, and Angus M. Porter, Jr.

The funeral services were held at St. Luke's Church on Tuesday, Feb. 10th by the Rt. Rev. C. T. Oimstead D. D., Bishop of the diocese assisted by the Rev. Octavius Applegate D. D., Arch-Deacon William Cooke, The Rev. F. J. Knapp and the Rev. P. C. Whedon. The remains were laid to rest in Forest Hill Cemetery.

Editor's Letter Box

The last issue of the MESSENGER seemed almost humorous in its touching tribute to 1917 and the accompanying criticism of 1916, for charging an adequate sum for their Freshman dance. I am a member of that much criticised class and be assured I am proud of her stand in this matter. It took twenty years, you see, for a class to come here with enough sense of justice to weigh precedent before accepting it. If a precedent is bad do not follow it. "If thine eye offend thee pluck it out." The precedent was bad and we threw it overboard. The precedent is as bad to-day as it was a year ago, for it necessitates a few giving a luxury to many. However, all this praise heaped upon 1917 for not breaking a precedent—which they did break in spirit—came about in quite a laughable manner. Here it is:

Upperclassmen—"Frosh, come here and do as I say or I'll tan your hide."

After the Dance—"Why, you dear boys, you do love your Alma Mater don't you!" "Here's a penny; run down to the village and get a stick of candy." Oh! Slush.

"All out for the dance fellows." Its a free lunch in this college. How much we admire the spirit of a man who sets up beer to twenty. How much we admire a class that is coerced by precedent and the upper classes, to give a free dance, regardless of financial fitness. Re-

member the grain crib at Rome and don't be narrow-backed hogs. No progress was ever made by sticking to precedent. For the love of Mike, 1917, show a little fight and when you start something finish it.

Everett Newcomb Whitehead '18

To the College, through the medium and courtesy of the Editor's Letter Box:

From the general tone of two articles in the February issue of the Messenger with regard to the Freshman Dance, anyone not conversant with the facts of the case might easily infer that the whole question is now a closed one, through unanimity of undergraduate thought upon the subject. Since such is not the case, I am making use of that organ—supposedly representative—of the "students of Saint Stephen's College" in order to represent the thought of at least a respectable minority of fellows who differ wholly, on this part, with the editorial mind of the MESSENGER.

First of all, the question of proposing or advocating the asking of subscriptions to the Freshman Dance seems to depend solely upon the importance which one attaches to precedents and traditions, regardless of their value or of similarly objectionable features involved in them. I, for one, do not appreciate precedent for precedent's sake, and should hesitate to assert that the

preservation of traditions has, of necessity, any connection with real college spirit, at all, "the spirit of Alma Mater." It is entirely the prerogative of august "Upper Classes" to arrogate to themselves the privilege of passing judgment upon precedents, and, in like manner, the right of anyone else to dissent. It is easy, in using such soul-stirring and abstract terms as "college spirit" and "Alma Mater," to let one's emotions bring forth a burst of literary twaddle, which, when dissected, fails to convince. Except by worshippers of Precedent as sufficient unto Itself—and with these I have nothing in common—the Freshman Dance tradition, like everything else, is to be judged alone upon its right to exist as it has existed.

There are three dances held during the college year at St. Stephen's according to precedent of, I know not how many, years: the Junior Promenade, a reception and dance tendered the Senior class by the Juniors, for which any others desiring to attend are asked to subscribe—voluntary; the Fraternity Dance, given to the College by common consent and common sharing of expense—voluntary; the Freshman Dance, given to the College by the Freshman class, voluntarily or not as the case may be, in accordance with precedent—to all intents, obligatory. But please do not think that I am trying to oppose the placing of obligations of many kinds upon Freshmen, or all new

men, for their own or the welfare of the College, but in this case the obligation confers a hardship, an unnecessary hardship. It is a *fact*, one of the very few facts in a discussion of this matter on either side, that a considerable number of St. Stephen's students, including Freshmen, are in such financial circumstances as do not justify the voluntary or obliged expenditure of money for dances, either for themselves or for others. And what shall I say of a system which obliges such prodigality? Let those who support it justify themselves on the ground of their steadfast faith in the goddess Precedent; on the ground of an enormously exaggerated idea of the quasi dignity of Upperclassmanship; on the ground of desiring to get back the value of money spent as Freshmen; but on the ground of the most ordinary kind of justice, never.

With regard to the breaking of precedents in St. Stephen's, I shall be very brief. The example of a very decided breach of our College traditions which comes into my mind is that of the comparatively recent change in the methods of fraternity rushing in College, which, I think, speaks for itself. I say nothing of the change except its slaughter of precedent.

Now, to conclude, it is my private opinion that the highly commended "eleventh hour" "stand" of the class of 1917 was, in fact, the unwilling result of a most unwarranted campaign of moral coercion

by the Senior class? It is a *fact* that the Freshmen intended to charge a nominal subscription to the dance, on account of the real financial hardship entailed in inviting the College gratis. In connection with the outcome, the "All out for the dance, fellows" in the Res Collegii of the MESSENGER has a delightfully humorous touch to one who has any tendency to laugh at serious things. I too say, "Floreat—1917!" and "Hail to her generosity!"

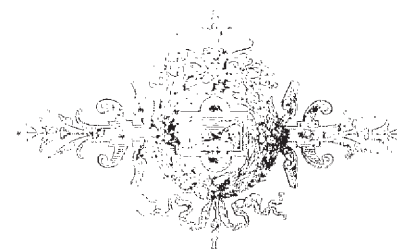
Ronald Hartwell Morse, '16

Editor's Letter Box:-

If there is any one word which is grossly and malignity overworked in our local diction, it is the trisyllable "precedent." Every blooming thing we say or do is referred to precedent. The freshman when he comes to college is given a set of rules to govern his behavior. Toward the second week of his residence, possibly he decides that

perhaps he would be more comfortable here in the country if he went around in a soft shirt. Accordingly he consults his list of rules, finds nothing against it, and blossoms forth in sensible country attire. At dinner some senior or junior halts him with the words: "Here you, you can't wear that sort of shirt at dinner." "But," protests the poor youngster, "there's nothing in the rules against it." "That may all be, but it's dead against precedent," is his answer. And the freshman wearily climbs back to his room to change.

By the time he is a sophomore he is too busy picking on the incoming freshman to bother with anything else, and when he has reached the dignity of an upperclassman, it is *his* duty to uphold precedents, and so we drift along, governing our lives, our words and actions by rules laid down by some chump who died twenty years ago.



AMERICAN NOTES

(Continued)

During one of my visits to New York, I was taken, in the kindest and most hospitable manner, to Boston, the City which perhaps appeals more than any other in the United States to any Englishman possessing the historic sense. Unfortunately it rained grievously during nearly the whole time of our three days' stay, but I managed despite this to see a great deal of a *singularly interesting city*, which is 250 miles from New York, a distance covered in exactly five hours by the admirable Merchants' Limited train, of which, and indeed of all the trains by which I travelled, I cannot speak too highly. Our hotel, which has a specialty in possessing "The Old English Dining-room," arranged in old-fashioned boxes, and decorated with copies of Ackerman's sporting prints, and indeed with all those things we are trying to get rid of, faced the celebrated Common, and the equally celebrated Beacon Street, the home of many celebrities, including Oliver Wendell Holmes. In many parts of Boston you might easily fancy yourself in Bath or the older parts of Kensington, and English is spoken with a much more English accent than, for instance, in New York, which is really hardly an American city at all, but a wonderfully cosmopolitan one, and at the same time it seemed to me curiously provincial, by which I mean that its own concerns appeared the only

matter of interest. Boston is, of course, the centre of American intellectual life, and is full of all sorts of literary and educational institutions, splendidly equipped and apparently without financial difficulties. Its Public Library is a dream of delight in its architecture and its contents. I recognise that it seems an absurd statement, but I say unreservedly that it is worth the journey across the Atlantic if made only to study Sargent's decorative paintings and mouldings in the Public Library. When in addition to this unsurpassable work there is also to be found Abbey's most beautiful series of wall pictures, and Puvis de Chavannes' frescoes on the chief staircase, it is easily understood what the great building means to those who care for painting, and what an educative factor it is to thousands of Americans.

Of course I visited the "Cradle of Liberty," Faneuil Hall, still used for popular assemblages, though without seats. The upper floor is used by the Ancient Honourable Artillery Company, which is in full union with our own.

One Church has Communion plate and Service books given by George II., and from its steeple were displayed the lights giving warning of the movements of the British troops starting from Boston for Concord, and warning Paul Revere, who made his famous midnight ride to warn the country.

In what may be called a suburb, Charlestown, is the Bunker Hill

monument, marking the position of the famous battle in 1775, which began the revolution that ended in the proclamation of Independence of the United States. I could not find the slightest regret at our losing British control, but rather gloried in the splendid expanding power of the descendants of Englishmen. I had no time to go to Mount Auburn, the cemetery where lie Longfellow, Lowell, Holmes, Motley, Agassiz and Prescott, but was very near it when we visited Cambridge, the home of Harvard University, founded by the Harvard who is buried in our own Southwark Cathedral. The rain was pitiless, and we were able to see very little of the University buildings except the great Hall, in which about 1,000 undergraduates dine. John Harvard had been at the Puritan College of Emmanuel in our Cambridge, and Harvard University in Cambridge, Massachusetts, was founded only ninety years later than Emmanuel, so that there is a real touch of age about this oldest and wealthiest of the many American Universities. I naturally infinitely prefer my own Alma Mater, but am inclined to think that a great deal more intellectual work is done in Harvard than in Cambridge. I greatly wanted some present undergraduate to show me about, so that I might make comparisons between their method of life, discipline, lectures, &c., and what I remember of my own University experience, but in that pelting rain none was getatable. How-

ever, I met some delightful young Harvard men, among others W. M. Williams, one of the American champion lawn tennis players, and in his case was evident a delightfully funny piece of conservatism, worthy of Oxford, the city of lost causes. He was a champion of all America, but, because he was a freshman, was not allowed to play at all within the precincts of his University!

H. Baron Dicksen

BILL SYKES' LUCK

Bill Sykes, professional hero, quitted the uncoven ties with a sigh of relief and cut across a field in the direction of a large white farmhouse. It was after seven, so it would be useless for him to try to cover the two miles into town before breakfast time would be past, but he might get a "hand out" at the farm or even "throw his feet" under the kitchen table. By rights he should be in town now, "making the rounds," but the rear "stater" (brakeman) had cold-bloodedly kicked him off the northbound freight midway between O— and H— with practiced foot and much hard language. And Bill Sykes' luck at "holding down" Angus had been so phenomenal lately, that the resulting four mile jaunt had been more distasteful than even.

Keeping a wary lookout for dogs, Bill approached the back door and stated his wants to a woman in the kitchen. She nodded and told him to wait. Returning, she was just

about to deliver into his eager hands a large paper bag when a gaunt, lean-faced, lantern-jawed farmer appeared around the corner of the house carrying a long blacksnake whip. Taking in the situation at a glance he let out a bellow of rage and started for Bill. That astute individual, trained to such emergencies, made a futile grab for the hand out and then, dodging the irate farmer, streaked around the other corner. Just as he disappeared the whiplash coiled around one leg bringing a startled yell from him and lending wings to his flying feet. A couple of hundred feet up the road his pursuer slowed up, and after shaking his fist at the rapidly disappearing dust which enveloped Bill, retraced his steps to the house. After lecturing his wife about being chicken hearted and an easy mark for tramps, the farmer, whose name was Prentiss, betook himself off in a buckboard to continue work on a well in one of his larger pasture lots.

Bill Sykes halted beyond the first bend in the road and after assuring himself that his enemy had turned back examined an angry red welt around one leg. His luck had deserted him and no mistake and in face of the last two immediate proofs of this his usual optimism forsook him. There being nothing to be gained, however, by standing in the dusty highway and swearing, he set out toward the town, limping slightly.

At the same time that Bill Sykes was making his dash for safety

urged on by farmer Prentiss' blacksnake whip, Constable Jim Hayes sat in his tiny cubby-hole of an office reading a letter from the county sheriff. As he read a deep flush crept over his face until even his bald spot took on a pinkish tinge. The letter stated briefly that unless he could check the stream of tramps, who left the railroad for the interior at his village, he could come over and surrender his star at the end of the month. Officer Hayes sat for fully ten minutes without moving and then called to his lieutenant and co-worker, Officer Henry Sands, who sat outside half asleep in the warm sunlight. He was enlightened as to the state of affairs, and his superior wound up with, "You go up 'long th' north road an' hide near th' village limits line; I'll take th' south road, an' we'll both stay thar all day, in 't enny doggone hobos git by us *then*, they'll be doin' suthin'. Now stay put, mind, or *you'll* be out of a job too!" So saying he picked up his coat, hat and club and started down the street toward the south road.

Safely hidden behind a huge tree, Constable Hayes stretched out in the shade and proceeded to light his pipe. He had spent an uneventful but comfortable half hour and was just beginning to doze, when Bill Sykes appeared on the scene trudging doggedly toward. As he crossed the "dead line" the Officer popped out from behind his tree and hailed him.

"Hey, thar! Stop!"

Bill taking in the familiar "tin star" and club obediently halted in the road.

"Where you goin'?" demanded the Constable.

"Goin' to R—," answered Bill, wisely giving the name of the town next beyond his real destination.

"He you ain't," asserted the wily Hayes, "You're aimin' to bum *my* town."

"Tell yuh I'm goin' to R—," insisted Bill sullenly.

"Euh! Don't believe it. Well you can't go through this town anyway. If you're aimin' at R— you'll have to go 'round outside the village limits. Ain't no tramps 'lowed to go through here."

"Eh?" demanded the amazed Bill. "Can't go t'ru here? Why not?"

"'Cause I say so. You can't in that's enough," sharply answered the Constable.

Bill glowered. This was too much. Even if he had *not* been going to "bum" the village to make him go three miles or so through woods and fields was nothing short of tyranny. This infringed on even the small number of rights and privileges which he, a tramp, possessed.

"Say!" he snarled. "Youse can't stop me goin' t'ru yer ol' burg 'f I don't do nothin'. Youse can't touch me 'f I b'have m'self. See?"

"O, I can't, can't I!" shrilled the Constable, angered by the tramp's front. "I'll show you! Now you beat it right back th' way you come, 'n 'f I ketch yuh tryin' to sneak

through, I'll jug yuh sure! Go on, you're in the village now!"

Bill hesitated, and his hesitation was his undoing. Thinking that the tramp was meditating a sudden dash past him, Hayes grabbed him and started to "truss" him back over the limit line. This was the last straw, and Bill spitting out a mouthful of red hot language closed with his escort. But the officer, though rather stout, had the advantage of holds and soon brought the fracas to an end with his club.

"There, yuh measly hobo," he gasped, when Bill had finally become submissive, being somewhat dazed, "Try enny o' your little tricks on *me* an' I'll fix yuh. Now come along or I'll beat yuh up some more." So saying he grasped him by the collar and yanked him energetically in the direction of the village. But Bill had no desire to spend a week or even a night in the town calabos and with a desperate wrench he tore himself from his captor's grasp. Scrambling over a fence he plunged into a sea of tall green corn-stalks and disappeared. The Constable immediately gave chase, but Bill had too long a start, so he hastily recovered his coat and departed for reinforcements in the shape of Officer Sands to help in a later search.

Bill ran and dodged and doubled until he lost himself as well as his pursuer and after wandering around aimlessly for some time came out of the woods on the edge of a broad field. Along the far side a dozen or

so cows were grazing, a horse and buckboard stood in the shade of a tree and not far away a large pile of mud and the protruding end of a ladder marked an excavation of some sort. Bill was about to investigate when a man climbed out of the hole, drew up and emptied a bucket of mud, and then went over to the buckboard. When he turned to retrace his steps Bill recognized him; it was farmer Prentiss, and immediately that welter leg began to sting again. The digger let down his bucket and disappeared down the ladder, and Bill crept forth from the woods, circling the hole to approach from the ladder side. Peeping over the edge he could see his enemy slowly spading up the sticky clay fully fifteen feet below him. In a flash he conceived his plan of revenge—such a simple one, too. It was all over in a moment; a firm grip on the ladder, a heave—a lightning shift of holds, another heave—and Bill was master of the situation. He took his time, allowing the farmer to exhaust his vocabulary, and then in a few choice phrases told him exactly what he thought of him, and why; he conveyed his regrets at not being able to remain for the balance of the day's entertainment, and departed to look for possible food or drink in the buckboard, leaving Prentiss to rage in his six foot prison.

Now the big farmer was farsighted as far as his own comfort was concerned, and in the buckboard reposed a jug which gurgled enticing-

ly when shaken. With this in his possession Bill leisurely retired into the brush in the general direction of the railroad. But the temptation to drink up his find immediately did not allow him to go far, and besides, the jug was fairly heavy, so it came to pass that inside of half an hour the diluted whiskey had put Bill to sleep under a large pine tree. A couple of hours later he dimly realized that somebody was talking near him and then, suddenly remembering where he was, he carefully rolled over behind a screen of bushes. Constable Hayes and Sands were slowly forcing a way toward him through the bushes. Bill cowered down behind his shelter and lay holding his breath until the officers had passed. When they had gotten some distance ahead he ventured to crawl out and cautiously followed the sound of their voices. At the edge of the brush they halted for consultation.

"Th' son of a gun's got clear away, that's sartin," remarked Sands, "unless you drempt all that rigmarole."

"Drempt it!" snorted Hayes, "Does that spot on my stummik look like I drempt it?"

"Well, I don't see —" began his companion when a muffled roar cut his words off short, and he stood with his mouth hanging open and his eyes slowly bulging out.

"W-what's that, Cap'n?" he quavered at last.

Before the startled Hayes could reply the noise broke out afresh.

It was terminated by a hoarse howl for help. Both officers glanced hastily around and noticed for the first time a horse and buckboard standing in the shade of a tree and nearby a large hole in the ground with a ladder lying beside it. Again came the racket, evidently from the hole.

"Hey that! Ha-a-a-ayes! Sa-a-a-a-ands! M-mupruh-rumble-grunt-HELP!"

This last reached even Bill Sykes a hundred yards back among the underbrush. Realizing what was happening he got his bearings and then crept up to the edge of the woods for a last look at his handiwork just as the two officers arrived at the well. A broad grin overspread his face as he heard Prentiss roar for the dumbfounded men to let down the ladder. This they finally managed to do while numerous bellows of rage from the depths of the earth told that their attempts to plant the end beside instead of on the imprisoned farmer were not altogether successful. Stamping around and swearing lustily when he found his jug gone, Prentiss managed to stutter a partial account of his misfortune to the constables. Sands coughed and quickly slipped behind the horse, giving away to his mirth unseen, but Hayes was unfortunate enough to let out a loud guffaw which brought down all the big farmer's wrath upon his own head. Prentiss, flinging respect for the majesty of the law to the winds, launched a

terrific blow which caught the officer on the side of the head, spinning him around like a top, and before he could realize what was happening had clinched with him; hitting or kicking him at every other step he dragged the bewildered but wildly resisting Hayes towards the open mouth of the well.

"Think its a joke, do you?" he grated. "Think its bleedin' funny to be down in that that muck, eh? Well, then, git down that!" and with a final volley of blows and abuse he pushed the desperate Hayes over the edge.

Twenty minutes later Bill Sykes scolded himself as comfortably as possible "on the rods" of an outboard freight. He was hungry and thirsty, but as he shielded his face from the flying grit and stones a reminiscent grin threatened to pass his ears and meet somewhere on the back of his neck, and with his free hand he tenderly but reflectively rubbed a large red welt on one leg.

G. P. C., '18

THE BIRDIE COMES AGAIN

It's with fear that doth chill that I
—here in a word—
Recall to your minds that mysterious bird
Of a Christmas ago, who with
chortle and glee
Drove his beak in the snow on one
limb of yon tree,
And fled to the amber light.

He found it too,—as birdies all do,—
And said a few words before he got
through
To a couple of "Studes," who in
spirits bold
Put a crimp in his leer at the very
threshold
When he made his adventurous
flight.

'Tis true his selection of words, at
least,
Were what pious people would call
indiscreet.
All frozen and stiff from the win-
ter's bleak,
Full of remorse as he thumbed his
beak,
When he baked his back at the fire.

You know the rest of the story once
told;
How he answered the questions of
students bold,
Which smacked on occasion of sub-
tle sarcasm,
And got in return squawks that
curdle blood-plasm.
(*Whew!* that's out)
How listen to the crash that came.

It came with a swish and a break of
glass,
On a Winter's morn; when ice in a
mass
Lay bulging and spreading the por-
celain ware
That crackled and creaked with om-
inous care
Of ought that the sleeping knew.

Window-pane shattered, snow-flakes
on the floor
A dark silhouette outlined on the
door.
The students nigh asleep, startled
arise;
And ere one lingers to rub his eyes
Behold the ominous fowl.

"I'm back again and I'm going to
climb
Right through this hole I've made.
I'm the P.M."
With grumpy salute, in faltering
tones.
First he thrust a wing then a claw
full of bones.
Then balanced himself on the sill.

Awe-stricken and timid the half-
dressed lad
Put Hebechadnezzar ten shades to
the bad
In the quaking of his knees.

"Would that I were with Odysseus
long past,
Clearchus and Cyrus, y-e-a, even
the fast
Of those heroes of ages gone by.
I'd swat you," he said, "with a can
of cold cream,
And I'd powder and strip you until
you are clean
Of that crusty maliferous eye."

"Hot MUCH!" said the owl with
flaming ire;
Then "beat it" in to the common-
room fire.

While pacing the hearth-stone he
fumbled awhile
Among his feathers; then jumped
to the pile
Of ashes that rolled from the grate.

"Here's a feather I've saved for you,
young man,
In spite of the fact that you're under
my ban.
I'll give it you with the power it
possesses,
And with it you'll learn of all that
distresses
The seekers for knowledge
About this college
Because they're marked on their
'rep'."

"That's enough. I'm through.
How feather *your* nest
With *knowledge that's power*. No
matter whose bower
Is feathered by a (pause!) pseudo
infallible mind."

"Just dig it out by the sweat of your
brow,
And ere you've paced half your dis-
tance, I trow,
You'll hold your own with mankind."

"I'll say 'farewell', I *might* come
again.
But keep this locked in your beak,
old man,
And when you've talked, 'tis, in
german, 'genug'.
In french 'tis 'pas del yer on ca-
nous'."

By a Grouch

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NOTE:

"Vic" offers a prize of one package of Eull Durham to the man who will give this bird a decent burial. He suggests incineration.

REMEMBER.—

That another blizzard may come almost any time, so do not get caught away from home without any money as E—1 did.

That, during Lent, "Sandy" will have always on hand a large supply of the new Incensor Cube-cut. Try it.

That Easter vacation is only 4 weeks off.

That some women have a vote. Treat them accordingly.

That, although it is pretty chilly work to get your feet out on the cold, cold floor, breakfast is served at 7:45 just the same.

That the MESSENGER told us confidentially the other day that it is just dying to be read by about 200 more subscribers. Get busy!

That, it is absolutely your duty as a "grad." to start something and then let us know about it, or the Alumni Editor will have nothing to do.

MISCELLANEOUS

Prof. (in Biology)—"Name an oviparous quadraped."
S—M—"Snake, sir."

The MESSENGER is thinking of getting out a "dope sheet" and making "books" on the handball tournament.

"When a modern girl says she has nothing to wear, it is only a slight exaggeration." So says the Springfield Union. And we are compelled, when we read it, to wonder what the S. U. would think of Nason and Feringa if it could but glimpse them in their new tango suits.

(There goes an advertising boost for the Hale Clothing Co. Please collect, Sandy.)

Here is one which may not be new to you. It was to us and we liked it.

A dandy who was employed in the office of a large concern, failed to give satisfaction, and after long suffering patience with his shortcomings, the manager saw no alternative but to discharge him. Accordingly on pay-day Sam was handed "the blue envelope." Several mornings later, to his great surprise, the manager entered to find Sam diligently plying his broom and dust pan. The following ensued:

"Well, Sam, didn't you notice your envelope last Saturday?"

"Yessah boss, Ah sho' did."

"Well, what are you doing here then?"

"Well sah, inside was a slip what said mah services was no longer requiahed, an' outside was printed 'Return in three days.' So heah ah is, right on the job."

A new course has been added to the science department. It is the newest science, Zoology, and will

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be taught here by correspondence with its greatest exponents, T. R., Dr. Cocke, ex-Governor Sulzer and Mr. Bryan. Gage, Bessey, Richards and Sanford have elected it and expect to become most proficient in "throwing the bull."

There was once a professor of Hist'ry Whose methods were queer but quite crispy
But when exams came,
"I flunked!" "What a shame!"
For his gradings were shrouded in myst'ry.

We wish to concur heartily with Mr. Wilson in his recent rebuke of the officers who mocked the executive office (we don't see just how, but the President says so, therefore it *must* be so) and disgraced the service by their ribaldry. How dare they stand up and sing "Damn, damn, damn the Filipino," or even to sit down and do so? To be sure they fought him and ought to know him, but that makes it all the worse. For they are knowingly heaping

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- March 14—(Matinee) Williams College, "Cap and Balls"

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maledictions upon the head of as meek a little citizen as ever drove a two-foot knife between a man's ribs. Every time we think of this occurrence we feel like dropping a line to Mr. Kipling, asking him if he really meant that sentimental drool he wrote about Tommy Atkins.

Yet we must not be too harsh. Leniency, Mr. Wilson, is our greatest prerogative. Therefore let us mend matters by seeking to show the offenders how harmless the little man whom they so fervently "damn" really is. We mustn't stop their singing altogether. An army officer deprived of his right to sing would be like a dancing master with a wooden leg, or an honest Tammany man. Let us rather change the trend of the song. We respectfully submit the following and trust it may meet with executive approval.

Bless the little Filipino
Bless his gentle, little head
If he kicks your bloomin' shins
Try to soothe his rage with hymns.
Don't fill his little frame with molten lead.

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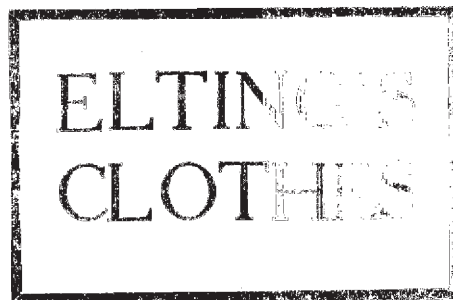
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Bless oh bless the Filipino
He's quite meek if treated right
If he goes and steals your wife,
Just be thankful for your life
And forgive him, sure the loss is very slight.

Bless the gentle Filipino
He's so mischievous, he just can't settle down
If he sticks you with his knife
Just be patient, all his life
He'll regret his hasty action, I'll be bound..



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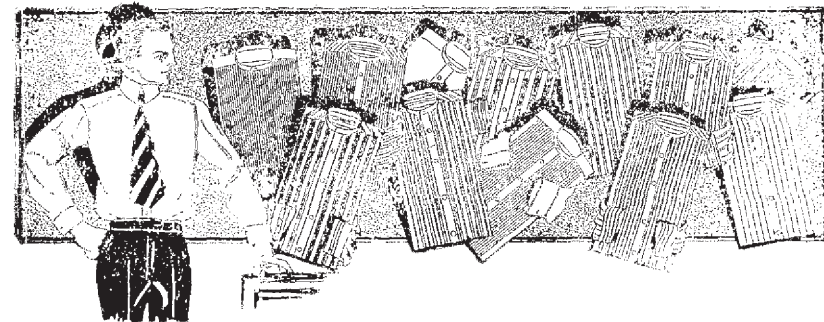
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