MESSENGER

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SNOWBOUND

Heavy Blizzard Furnishes Excitement and Unique Situation

Sometime early in the morning on Saturday the 16th of Feb., a snow storm which began about nine o'clock in the evening was turned into a terrible bizzard by a raging wind sweeping down from the north. The collegians and their guests who assembled at the Freshman Dance beneath a cloudless sky were somewhat surprised to find a couple of inches of snow on the ground when they recovered 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 momentarily ceased amid a succession of diminishing snowflakes.

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

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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 additions of these 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, with 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 prep Associated as page 132
SNOBBOUND
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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 Bartrytown 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 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 Ledlow and Wilftin 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 Ledlow and Wilftin 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 music 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 doorways and score of many-hand 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 Eiss."

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. Florent, 1927!

The patronesses for the dance were Mrs. Anthony, Mrs. Conger, Mrs. Chapman, Mrs. Kins, Mrs. Lewis, Mrs. Smith, Mrs. Davidson, Mrs. Rodger, Miss Lewis, Mrs. Dean, Mrs. Birmingham, Miss Cruger, Miss Kidd and Mrs. Keedwell.

Those present included Miss Marjorie Keewell of East Orange, N. J., Miss Carolyn Kidd of Triunon-Hudson, Miss Josephine Brous of New York City, the Misses Bal- yer, Beardsley, Koster and Chi of Vassar College, the Misses Kruger of Albany, Miss Katherine Adams of Red Hook, Miss Ruth B. of A. C. Well of Buffalo with the Misses Thomas of Miss Beard's School, Orange, N. J., Miss Phoebe Elsper of Poughkeepsie, Miss Helen Brief and the Misses Thomas of Kingston, Miss Helen McLean of Rockvill Center, Long Island, Miss Elizabeth Moore of Newport, R. I., and Miss Taylor of New York City.

MANY CHANGES IN FOOTBALL SCHEDULE FOR 1921
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presents is steadily increasing and at the same time the prep schools with whom we have dated are of a much better quality this season. Hamilton College, Middletown, High and Webb A.C., all of last year's schedule must be disposed of here.

It is extremely regretted by the whole College that Middletown will not play as this year. Although strenuous efforts were 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. 28 Hamilton College at Clinton, N. Y.
Oct. 8 New York University at New York City.
10 New York University A.C. at Annadale, N. Y.
17 Middletown (H. W.) High School at next date, N. Y.
24 Foundling School at Foundling, N. Y.
21 Webb A.C. at next date at Annadale, N. Y.
Nov. 7 Hobart College at Geneva, N. Y.
16 Reskau College at Annadale, N. Y.

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

Prospects are bright for the team to new material. There should be a goodly number of football men entering S. B. 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. Herefore 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, 6, a graduate of North Carolina
Colonel Bob and Byrd, 8, widower of South Carolina
Harry Byrd and Byrd, 8, widower of
Marjorie Byrd, 8
Mrs. J. John Carroll, a widow and
Colonel Rudd's sister-in-law
Charles R. McKeefer, 8
C. Gregory Proctor, 8
Julie Carroll, her daughter
Gardner P. Coffin, 8

The play will be presented in Red Hook April 24th, in Madison on April 28th, and in Rhinebeck either the 1st or 3rd of May.

APPROBATION

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. Whittington has arranged a handball tournament which is now being held in the gym.

The singles 15 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 12th.

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 during a tour of Poughkeepsie and later at the Collingwood Opera House, where the New York Philharmonic Society rendered a concert. The Rev. Lawrence F. Pfeiffer and Mass Mercer, Glenn and Ferring joined Dr. Robertson's party at the Opera House.

The dwellers in of woolly gave a farewell bust for 'Doc' Geha on Feb. 16, the eve of his departure from St. Stephen's. The participants in this round of good fellowship included: 'Ted' Childe, Charters, Gehr, Hissen and Waterman.

LIBRARY NOTE

The Hoffman Library has recently been augmented by the addition of the private library of the late Dr. F. B. Keedwell, a former Warden of St. Stephen's.
other guests included Messrs. Morse, Humphreys, Taber and Keedwell.

The Rev. Herbert M. Clarke recently attended a lecture at Vassar College delivered by Dr. von der Leyen of the University of Munich. Dr. von der Leyen 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, Gebie and Bierck attended the Junior Prom at the New York State Normal College held on the evening of February 6th.

DRAGON CLUB LECTURE

On Saturday evening, Feb. 26th, 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, H. J., alumni, 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, tracksmanship and student clubswinging.

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

It is our highest privilege to pledge our subscribers a step toward St. Stephen's College. Since therefor, a feeling has become apparent that the news feature of the paper should be emphasized, we are now taking, temporarily, at least, a section which is more like the college "hobby" idea, of which commercial exchanges, the "Hamilton Daily" "Robert Herald" and "Yale ypup" are worthy exponents.

The paper will still preserve its purpose of presenting as much of undergraduate life as possible. Our present arrangement simply means that the busy reader can, upon scanning the real College news at a glance and may return to read his literary, editorial, and humanist 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 are no other objections of which we are entirely aware.

Financially, it has a slight advantage for we cut away the space for printing at a cost, which is little higher than the "blue gray dress' used to cost.

Now, Mr. Subscripter, we are 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 "vag the gladsome jaw" and discuss the failings of their betters; all seasons are "open seasons" for adverse criticism, but no other offers quite such unloyal bliss as does this conversationally inclined as does the 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 fault discoveries are entered upon. "Fists? No, they are worse than fists; 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, daro you, smile."

Mr. Alumni, 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 read in any news for your column. Third: you are the only source of information in regard to your news, for the editor 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.

If you are going to do about it? There is but one course of action open to you: you must get on the job and stay there. Wherever you hear any news concerning a fellow alumnus, or have any show, youself, send word of it to the Messenger at once. If you don't take such action, your column will always be inadequate and incomplete.

"The Alumni Editor, St. Stephen's College, Amherst-on-Hudson, N. Y."

### Alumni and Former Students

"89 The news of the Rev. Angus Macdonald 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.

"89—Special—The Rev. Morgan Agnew James was recently installed rector of St. James' Church, Long Branch, N. J., the Bishop of the Diocese being the institution. A large congregation of Mr. James's former parishioners from Grace Church, Warwick was present. The keys of the parish were presented by Mr. Harry E. Seaman, Warden. The sermon was preached by the Rev. John H. Lewis Jr. of Waterbury, Conn.

"80—Special—The Rev. E. A. Smith, rector of St. Paul's Church, Tivoli, H. Y. has recently moved into his new Pastor, Miss Smith has been very hospitable to the students in their cross-country visits and has on several occasions, such as Commencement and other functions, kindly offered the use of his machine to conduct passengers into and from the College when the usual deliveries have been hard pressed for vehicles. We appreciate this very much.

"80 The Rev. E. H. Steigerwald has accepted a call to Grace Church, White Plains, H. Y. as successor to the Rev. E. B. Van Helten, D. D. His address is 6 Sussexington Place, White Plains, H. Y.

"11 The engagement of William Tinsley Sherwood to Miss Madeline Steigerwald has been announced. Mr. Sherwood is a student at the
DEATH OF THE REV. ANGUS M. PORTER,

Again St. Stephen's mourns the loss of one of her loyal sons by the death of the Rev. Angus M. Porter, rector of S. 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 18th, 1877, the son of William Mackay and Mary Moore Porter. He was graduated from St. Stephen's in 1899, and from the General Theological 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. Batterstaff of St. Peter's Church, Albany, N. Y. On December 10th, 1916, 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 inevitably lifts burdens of any kind from those in need and dispenses the spiritual life of all with whom he comes in contact.

On October 17th, 1923, he was married to Sophia Seymour Jewett, daughter of the Rev. E. H. Jewett, D. D., and Sophia Seymour Miller. She survives with two sons, Patger Bleecker, and Angus M. Porter, Jr.

The funeral services were held at St. Luke's Church on Tuesday, Feb. 10th by the Rev. C. T. Olmstead, 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. 2. C. Wharton. The remains were laid to rest in Forest Hill Cemetery.

The last issue of the Messenger seemed almost humorous in its touching tribute to 1917 and the accompanying criticism of 1916, for changing an adequate sum for their Freshman Dance. I am a member of that much criticized class and bear waste, 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 this eye offend thee pluck it out." The precedent was bad and we threw it overboard. The precedent is as bad today 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—"Push, come here and do as I say or I'll tan your hide!"

After the Dance—"Why, you dear boys, do you love your Alma Mater don't you?" "Sure, ma'am; run down to the village and get a stick of candy." "Oh, Bliss!"

"All for the dance follows." It's a free lunch in this college. How much we admire the spirit of a man who says up here to twenty, "How much to admire a class that is exceeded by precedent and the upper classes to give a free dance, regardless of financial fitness. Re-
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 carries 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 godless 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 spurious nature. 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 carries 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 godless 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.

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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 seems 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 recognize that it seems an absurd statement, but I say unreservedly that it is worth the journey across the Atlantic if made only to study Sangors' 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 Honorable Artillery Company, which is in full union with our own.

One Church has Communion plate and Service books given by George III., 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 the losing British control, but rather gladness 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 pointless, 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 its oldest and wealthiest of the many American Universities. I naturally infinitely prefer my own dear 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 mode of life, discipline, lectures, etc., and what I remember of my own University experience, but in that pleasing rain none was gettable. However, I met some delightful old Harvard men, among others Mr. Williams, one of the American champion lawn tennis players, and in his case was relieved by a delightfully funny piece of systematism, whereby at Oxford, the city of lost causes. He was a champion of all tennis, that, because he was a champion, was not allowed to play as at within the precincts of his University.

B. Oscar Fielder

Bill Sykes, professional man, visited the university with a lack of relief and cut across a field in the direction of a large white house. It was after seven, so he could not see the for him to try to come out of his two miles into town before breakfast time would be past, but he might get a "hand out" at the farm or even "throw his face under the kitchen table. By rights he should be in town now, finishing his rounds," but the rear finisher (brakeman) had cold-bloodedly kicked him off the additional freight midway between--and we H— with practiced hose and hard language. And Bill, with luck at "holding down" against had been so plummeted thereby that the resulting cold water might have been more pleasant than ever. Keeping a wery letter for days, Bill approached the house and stated his wants to a woman in the kitchen. She worked and told him to wait. Returning, she was let...
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 hulfe grab for the hand out and then, dodging the irate farmer, streaked around the other corner. Just as he disappeared the whiplash rolled 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 Prestise, betook himself off in a backroad to continue work on the well in one of his larger pastures.

Bill Sykes halted beyond the first bend in the road and after assuring himself that his enemy had turned back examined an angry red well 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, loping slightly.

At the same time that Bill Sykes was making his dash for safety urged on by former 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 flaming hue. The letter stated briefly that unless he could check the stream of tramps, who left the railroad for the interior of 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 there all day, 'n' if any deggoes bides git by us then, they'll be done without. 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 close, when Bill Sykes appeared on the scene trudging doggedly downward. As he crossed the "dead line" the Officer popped out from behind his tree and hailed him.

"Hey, that! Stop!"

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

"Where you goin'?" demanded the Constable.

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

"Do you ain't," asserted the sly Hayes, "You're amin' to bum my town."

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

"Uhuh! Don't believe it. Well you can't go through this town any- way. If you're amin' at R— you'll have to go'rund outside the village limits. Ain't no tramps leavin' to go through there." 

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

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

Bill groveled. 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 with which he, a tramp, possessed. "Say!" he started. "You can't stop me goin' the way of bug if I don't do what. You sure can't touch me if it's my own. See?"

"O, I can't, can't I?" shifted the Constable, angered by the tramp's front. "I'll show you. Now you turn it right back in' way you came, in 'f I ketch yuh nyin' to sneak through, I'll jug yuh sure! Go on, you're in the village now!"

Bill hesitated, and his hesitation was his undoing. Panting that the tramp was evading a sudden dash past him, Hayes grabbed him out started to pull him back over the limits line. This was the line, and Bill putting out a mouthful of red butt languaged closed with his forelock. But the officer, though rather stout, and the advantage of holds and set brought the forces to an end with his curb.

"There, yuh meany, holey," he gasped, when Bill had finally become submissive, being somewhat named, "Try enny of your low tricks on me an' I'll fix yuh. You come along or I'll beat yuh up some more." So saying he grabbed 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 demonic 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, as he had barely recovered his foot when he was expected for reinforcements in the shape of Office. Sandy to help in a later search.

Bill ran and dodged and dodged 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
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 retrieve his steps Bill recognized him; it was farmer Prentiss, and immediately that walked 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 spooking 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 entertainments, 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 far-sighted as far as his own comfort was concerned, and in the buckboard he posed a jug which gurgled enticingly 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 he came to pass that inside of half an hour the dilated 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, suddenly remembering where he was, he carefully rode over behind a screen of bushes. Constable Hayes and Sands were slowly forcing a way toward him through the bushes. Bill covered down behind his shoret 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's son o' a gun's got clear away, that's savings," remarked Sands, "unless you durn it all that rigmarole."

"Durn it!" snorted Hayes. "Does that spot on my stumpk look like I durn 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 harsch howl for help. Both officers glanced heavily around and noticed for the first time a horse and buckboard standing in the shade of a tree and near by a large hole in the ground with a ladder lying beside it. Again came the racket, evidently from the hole.

"Hey there! Ha-a-a-a-yo! S-sta-a-a-a-a-a-a-a-a-st! M-murphyh-rumble-grunt—Z-L-E-F!"

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 constables to let down the ladder. 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. Stampeding around and swearing loudly when he found his jug gone, Prentiss managed to stagger a partially account of his misfortune to the constables. Sands coughed and quickly slipped behind the strokes giving away to his ears unless, but Hayes was unfortunate enough to let out a loud gruff which brought down all the big farmer's wrath upon his own head. Prentiss, flinging respect for the majority of the law to the winds, launched a terrible blow which caught the air on the side of his head, striking him around his head, and before he could realize what was happening had climbed with him, hitting or kicking him on every other step he dragged the bewildered but wildly resisting Prentiss towards the open mouth of the well.

"Think it's a joke, do you?" he grunted. "Think his blessed fancy to be down in that horrid muck? Well, then, git down there!" And with a final volley of blows and abuse he pushed the defiant Hayes over the edge.

Twenty minutes later Bill Sykes seated himself as comfortably as possible "on the road" of an overlong freight. He was hungry, too thirsty, but as he shielded his face from the flying grit and stones a reminiscent grin threatened to put his ears and meet decorative in the back of his neck, and with his free hand he tenderly but furiously rubbed a large red welt on usually.

C. P. S., '05

THE HOLIDAY COMES TO A END

It's with face that delfy chill that I
—here to a worse—
Exulum to your nights that mysteri-

Of a Christmas eve, who with chertie and glass
Drove his beast in the snow on the limb of you next.
And fled to the emberlight.
He found it too,—as birdsies do all, A
daid a few words before he got
To a couple of "Studea, 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 fine people would call
indiscreet.
All frozen and stiff from the win-
ter's break,
Full of remorse as he thumbed his
book;
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-
dle sarcasm,
And got in return squawks that
curdle blood-plasma.
(7?well! that's out)
Now 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 crepted and creased with om-
inous care
Of ought that the sleeping knew.

Window-panes shattered, snow-flakes
on the floor
A dark silhouette outlined on the
door.
The students high asleep, startled
arise;
And out one fingers 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 I.M."
With grumpy salute, in fatter-
ing tones.
First he thrust a wing then a claw
fall of bones.
Then balanced himself on the sill.

Awe-stricken and timid the half-
dressed lad
Put leatherhacker ten shades to
the bed
In the quieting of his knees.

"Would that I were with Odysseus
long past,
Clearchus and Cyries, yea, even
the last
Of those heroes of ages gone by,
I'dswat you," he said, "with a can
of cold cream,
And I'dpowder and strip you until
you are clean
Of that crusty malodorous eye."

"Hat MUCH," said the owl with
frowning 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 grates.

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

"That's enough, I'm through."
Now 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 are you've paced half your dis-
tance. I know,
You'll hold your own with mankind."

"I'll say 'farewell,' I might come
again.
But keep this locked in your paw,
old man.
And when you've talked, 'tis, in
 German, 'gennig.'
In French 'tis 'par del yere an ca-
non!'"

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NOTE:
"Wic" offers a prize of one package of Earl 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 I—did.

That, during Lent, "Sandy" will have always on hand a large supply of the new Incorror Cubas-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 cut on the cold, cold floor, breakfast is served at 7:45 just the same.

That the Massachts told us confidentially the other day that it is just dying to be read by about 300 more subscribers. Get busy!

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

MISCELLANEOUS
Prof. (in Biology)—"Train an ophidian quadruped."
S—M—"Snake, sir."

The Massachts is thinking of getting out a "dope sheet" and making "boots" on the headball tournament.

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

(Turns 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 lady 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 elegantly ironing his brown and check pants. The following ensued:

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

"Yes, boss, Ah sho did."

"Well, what are you doing here?"

"Well, sir, inside was a slip which said now without was no longer required, and outside was printed ‘Return in three days.’ So here it’s, right on the job."

A new course has been added to the science department. It is the newest science, Odology, and will
be taught here by correspondence with its greatest exponent, T. R. Dr. Cooke, ex-Governor Sueter and Mr. Bryan. Cage, Bosley, Richards and Sanford have elected it and expect to become most proficient in "throwing the hull."

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

We wish to concord 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 discredited the service by their rambunctious. How dare they stand up and sing "Darn, darn, 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 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 rend 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 He takes your bloomin' shine Try to soothe his rage with hymns Don't fit his little frame with molten lead.
Bless bless the Filipino
He's quite sick 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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