

MESSENGER

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SAINT STEPHEN'S COLLEGE

THE MESSENGER

Vol. XXV.

ANNANDALE-ON-HUDSON, N. Y., MARCH, 1919

No. 4

In The Enemy's Country

WILSON '19 DESCRIBES THE OCCUPATION.

The following are extracts from a letter of Wilson, '19, which recently came to hand.

" * * * We have been on the road since November 15th, receiving little or no mail, and having very little time for writing. * * * "

We had been anxiously awaiting the good news, for we knew German envoys had passed through the lines. So, when on November 11th, word came that the armistice had been signed, you can imagine our joy. The night before, our batteries had sent over a hot but random barrage, just as a farewell to Fritz, and that morning we were relieved. Then began an exceedingly long hike.

When we were relieved, our advance batteries were several miles ahead of the Supply Company, which was a Dun-sur-Meuse. Dun is rather a pretty place. It is built on both sides of the Meuse, and on the right hand side, the town is on a high cliff directly overlooking the river. Right on top of the cliff is the Church of Dun-sur-Meuse, which, though badly battered, was very pretty inside. Among the pews, and almost in the center of the church, lay a large American shell-unexploded. From the front of the church one could look down upon the "Lower Dun" and the Meuse Valley—a wonderful sight to behold.

From Dun we hiked back to a wood near Bethlainville, where we stayed a couple of days. On the hike back, all that we could hear was "Fini la guerre." The "poilus" were tickled to death. From B. we consumed a couple of days, marching to Pont-sur-Meuse, where we were re-equipped, clothed and indulged in an unusual luxury—a bath. When you remember that the only time that we were not in action since August 7th was when we changed from the Chateau-Thierry front to the St. Mihiel front, and thence to the Argonne, you can see there was little time for making one's toilet. Truly we have had a busy time of it.

So, when we left Pont-sur-Meuse to begin our trip into Germany, we were spick and span, "G. I." soldiers. The trip consumed exactly a month so I shall not name every overnight stop, but rather just mention the most impressive views, and the most important towns we experienced en-route.

The first town of interest and importance, because of its extensive coal and ore mines, is Briey. We stopped there over night in a former German hospital. The main building of the hospital was a large cement building of three stories, surrounded by a cement wall about fifty feet high. Within that wall both Russian

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Alumni Attention!

COMMENCEMENT—JUNE 9th-11th

It is with pleasure that the Board announces to the Alumni that Commencement this year returns to its customary place in the calendar, and is set for June 9th-11th. Judging from the failure of many of the Alumni to return to Annandale last year (due to the early date of Commencement), a large majority of the "old boys" should grace the campus this June.

If ever a Commencement should be successful, if there ever was a time when St. Stephen's alumni ought to return to their Alma Mater, it is this June. The college lacks numbers, and there is a corresponding deficiency in optimism—a plight not her own fault nor entirely her own accomplishment. The presence of her former undergraduates will go far to help her take a cheerful outlook for the future, and their efforts will do much toward making that cheerful outlook, a satisfying reality. The future welfare or the future despair rests greatly with the Alumni. One wonders at times, whether the Alumni realize how much they can do for their college if they will but exert themselves. Surely, each Alumnus as an undergraduate, felt the desire to become a loyal and enthusiastic Alumnus—one who would do something for his college. Many, after they have gone out, find that they are not in a position to do anything big for the place, and consequently, they content themselves with doing nothing at all. Now almost every Alumnus finds it possible, in June, to get back to College, if he wishes very much to do so. In some cases, to be sure, it is an absolute impossibility, but these are comparatively rare instances. Our poor old Alma Mater might be disconcerted if too great an influx took place in June, so those who haven't an overpowering desire to get back, leave it for the other fellow to swell the ranks of Alumni representatives. And yet, what Alumnus is there who, as undergraduate did not take a subtle pleasure in disconcerting his dear old Alma Mater when he was in residence here? Might it not be a good plan to get back to old times and start out with the avowed purpose of so disconcerting our kindly Mother that she could never again return to a state of dejected neglect, but would take a new lease upon active life and blossom out to the full growth of her embryonic possibilities? Alumni, it rests with you. Think about it.

A college paper has been defined as a publication to the support of which 1 per cent of the college contributes and with which the other ninety and nine per cent. find fault.

Athletic Association Meets

PLANS BASEBALL FOR THE SPRING.

The first regular meeting of the Athletic Association was held on Tuesday evening, March 5th. The first business was the election of officers for the current year. The following men were elected:

President—Alex. N. Keedwell, '19.
Vice-Pres.—Cassius H. Hunt, '20.
Secretary—Otis L. Mason, '19.
Treasurer—Gordon L. Kidd, '21.

The matter of the disposition of the money procured from this year's campus taxes was taken up and thoroughly discussed. It was decided to spend the money in the replacing the baseball equipment which was seriously depleted by the Student's Army Training Corps. The possibility of a baseball team for inter-mural games or games with neighboring schools was gone over thoroughly. It was decided to foster the organization of a team and to that end a manager was elected, the choice falling upon Clarke '21.

PRESTON HALL SCENE OF SENSATIONAL TRIAL.

Potter Bulletin Loses Case Against Newton and Goodfellow.

The sensational trial of the Potter Bulletin vs. Messrs. Newton and Goodfellow was held in Preston Hall on Sunday evening, February 23. The court room was packed with spectators, and the bailiff had difficulty maintaining order during the proceedings. The accused entered the court room with their lawyers, Messrs. Stretch and Lange some minutes before the trial began. Mr. Newton was noticeably jovial and greeted his friends with a smile. Mr. Goodfellow, a trifle perturbed, nervously sought his place close beside that of his fellow-accused. Mr. Pfaffko, who represented the Potter Bulletin breezed in smoking a "44," and noisily set to work arranging his evidence. Mr. Turney-High was Clerk of the Court and His Honor Judge Keedwell, presided.

After the customary preliminary speeches had been made and the jury had been sworn in, the first witness was called, Mr. Chandley. His evidence was unsatisfactory, but he was noticeably disturbed at the proceedings and had much difficulty in evading the questions put to him. The second witness Mr. Dickerson had more difficulty, and finally confessed his guilt and that of Mr. Chandley, whereupon the case was thrown out of court and Messrs. Newton and Goodfellow publicly exonerated.

The trial centred about the disappearance of the Potter Bulletin Board and its subsequent destruction.

Freshmen Dance

1922 PROVES CAPABLE HOST

Hats were taken off to the Class of 1922 on the evening of February 28th, after they had very successfully entertained the college at the annual Freshman Dance. The affair was remarkable in many ways, but chiefly because it was the product of an overnight growth, as it were, for the organization of the Class had taken place but two weeks previously, and the resulting dance was a mark of good team-work and efficiency.

In accordance with tradition, the affair was held in Ludlow. The class had chosen as colors, blue and white, and the decorations were carried out on that scheme. In addition to blue and white streamers and paper decorations, fraternity and class banners were pressed into service, and the Freshmen succeeded in presenting the collegiate aspect of the event, while, at the same time retaining the individuality of 1922.

Music was furnished by Schontag, of Kingston. Refreshments were served during the intermission, and the reluctance with which the dancers retired at 2:30 was proof enough of success.

The patronesses were Miss Cruger, Mrs. Chipman, Mrs. Koch, Mrs. Upton, Mrs. Van Wagenen, Mrs. Fowler, Mrs. Kaltenbach, Mrs. Davidson and Mrs. Kidd.

HUNT RETURNS TO COLLEGE.

Ensign Koch also here to Complete his Course

Cassius H. Hunt, one of the first St. Stephen's undergraduates to enlist at the outbreak of the war, returned to college on February 26th. Considered as our first "hero," he was welcomed with fitting honors. Representatives of the undergraduates greeted him upon his arrival at the railroad station and the automobile which conveyed him and his escort to the campus was decorated with the flags of the Allies. Hunt was received with a "Long St. Stephen's" from the assembled undergraduate body and proceeded immediately to his quarters in Aspinwall Hall.

Joining the Presbyterian Hospital Unit within a few weeks after our declaration of war, Hunt went to France and later was transferred to a Mobile Hospital and saw service at Etretat, at Suippes on the Champagne front with the 42nd Division which was cited for bravery during this offensive, at the Chateau-Thierry sector, at the St. Mihiel drive and near Verdun in the Argonne offensive. He later went to Germany with the Army of Occupation, and sailed from Brest on January 26th.

Arthur E. Koch who also enlisted at the outbreak of the war, returned to College on March 6th and will finish

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THE MESSENGER

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With this issue of the Messenger the Editorial Board makes its last bow before the footlights and regretfully retires. The curtain falls upon the final scene of our journalistic life here and you are left with feeling of approval or disapproval—glad or sorry that we have appeared on the Editorial stage for the last time. Surely it is not necessary for us to assure you that we have done our best; that we have employed our every effort toward making the Messenger a comprehensive and impartial vehicle of college news. Can you but agree with us when we say that our road has not been a bed of roses; that our year has been fraught with problems and conditions (by-products of the war) which, we venture to say, no other Board has had to contend with, but we have tried to look at everything from the "silver lining" standpoint and if at times we have failed, we ask your indulgence.

We have tried to give you a paper, newsy and interesting, without being too serious. We have endeavored to show that there are real problems facing Saint Stephen's and that their solution lies almost entirely within our own hands, and in "our," we include Alumni, Former Students and Undergraduates. For the retiring Board of Editors feels that the importance of the Alumni cannot be too greatly stressed. They may not always have in their hands the key to the situation, but if they will only acquaint themselves with the conditions of the lock, they will soon be able to find a locksmith who can forge a key that will open the door to larger life for Saint Stephen's.

We want to thank all those who by criticisms or contributions have shown an interest in the publication. Naturally, we prefer the contributions, but the criticisms are not unwelcome if they are constructive. For the destructive critics and fault-

finders we have only the kindest sympathy. It must be distressing to have such a disgruntled disposition.

We regret to have had to reduce our publication to one issue per month. This has been due mainly to our small numbers and the greatly increased cost of printing. With the advent of a large class next year and the return of our men from service, the Messenger ought to become again a semi-monthly publication.

But even as we make our last bow and the curtain is being lowered upon our final appearance, it is only for a shifting of scenery for the new and younger editors who are to assume our roles and present to you their interpretation of what Saint Stephen's College paper ought to be. They have our hearty good will and sympathy. May their discouragements be few and may they find favor in your eyes. For the rest—the curtain has fallen. Plaudite.

NIGHT.

The purple robe of night so fringed with gold
Is lowered over France and me.
The brilliant roofs grow dim, and chalk-white roads
Which glared at noon,
Are softened by the gentle touch of night.

A twinkling star is pinned high in the sky—

A signal to dismiss the lingering light
So loath to part.

The peasant folk withdraw to peasant cots,
And lights grow dim in barnyard and in mart.

All France is dark. And quiet reigns supreme
For one brief spell.
The interval 'twixt heated strife of day
And night's clandestine toil—
At twilight bell.

Now comes the boom and roar of heavy guns
The French artillery up the road.
And great long transports rumble past
And creak and groan beneath their load.

Loose limbers rattle and the lorries shake
Upon the flinty street.

And men and horses stumble on
With dust and sparks 'neath hoofs and feet.

Then comes the long black line of troops,
Who trudge, weighed down with packs and guns.

Their heads are bowed beneath the weight,
And from their brows the hot sweat runs.

Night after night, these men march past

Night after night, the transports roll
Night after night, those big guns snarl,

Each night some valiant men pay toll.

Why think it strange that gentle lads
And valiant men can strife endure,
And suffer hardships, toil and pain
That loved ones may be safe and pure?

'Tis love of God and home and friends
That makes them "faithful unto

death"

'Tis when all hearts beat as one heart
That love is more than life or death.

So fret not then that war goes on,
From battle there is no release.
Keep up that love and trust and prayer—

Thus vict'ry comes with lasting peace.

—Lieut. Lester W. Kearns.
France, July 8, 1918.

This poem was written by Lieutenant Kearns about two months before he took up the post which resulted in his death. He had never intended it for publication in its present form but had expected to edit and revise it upon his return.

CAMPUS NOTES

The Dean announced in Commons the other evening that the scholastic standing on the basis of which scholarships would be awarded for next year, would be that of the Second Semester.

Ensign Arthur E. Koch who has been in Transport service, was recently discharged and has returned to College.

Alonzo Wood, '19 is with us again determined on a degree in June. "Splinter" is already much better and is rapidly improving.

Donnon Strong, '20 visited the Campus March 8th and 9th. Uncle Sam thinks him an indispensable asset to Camp Upton and "Don" does not expect to return to College until next Fall.

Herbert A. Donovan, Sp., spent the week-end of March 9th with Hunt and Mason. At present he is taking some work at the Virginia Theological Seminary, but expects to return to St. Stephen's next year.

Harold A. Clark, recently discharged from the Aviation Naval Reserve has entered St. Stephen's as a member of the Class of 1921. He spent his Freshman year at St. Lawrence University.

Mrs. Upton has recently recovered from a rather severe attack of pleurisy. She was taken ill while spending a week end on the campus and was confined to her room for a week.

DEATH OF REV. C. D. FAIRMAN.

The Rev. Charles David Fairman, rector of St. Mary's Church, Northfield, Vermont, died on February 28, after a few days illness of double pneumonia. Mr. Fairman was 34 years of age and had been in Holy Orders three and one half years. He was a Special student at St. Stephen's completing his course in 1912. He went to Northfield a little over a year ago. He leaves a widow and a step-child. Mr. Fairman had been very active in caring for the sick during the influenza epidemic.

ALUMNI NOTES

'14—Rev. Henry Glaeser is in Andandale recuperating from a severe attack of pleural pneumonia.

'15—Claud H. Humphreys has a position teaching in the Asheville High School, Asheville, N. C.

'16—Frank M. Heal is instructor in Civics and History at the Wilmington High School, Wilmington, N. C.

JUNIOR BANQUET.

Large Party Dines Alone.

After much heralding by the late Potter Bulletin and after great preparations by the "parties" concerned, there was, commanding the attention of all entering Preston Hall, on the evening of February 20th, the gorgeous red and white banner of 1920. Below the banner was a small table decorated with candles and flowers.

It was not a funeral, however, it was the convivial board of an extravagant banqueter for only one chair was placed there.

The first duty of the waiter was to turn on the bright lights—that is to light the candles. This seemed to foretell that the bridegroom was arriving, and sure enough into the spacious and temporarily hushed edifice of Preston Hall walked "Lord Would-be-if-he-could-be Pfaffko" dressed up even to the silk hat. The waiter who had meanwhile been snoozing somewhere by the costly table, suddenly realizing he must "be on the job" took the cloak, cane and hat, also the gloves—in a fashion which even the Biltmore or Commodore might envy.

The feaster being seated, the courses were one by one served to him, and July first being still some months distant the modern epicurean drank—well we'd rather not say how much. There was a silent toast drunk (very noisily), after which the wealthy diner handed out 44s (?) to the whole staff of the Potter Bulletin.

Whether the "class" went home in a taxi or not has been to some rather a doubt, but we feel we must congratulate the organization for its appearance en masse the following morning.

CHAPEL NOTES.

The Rev. P. McD. Bleecker, B. A., of Ashland, New York, preached in the College Chapel on March 13th. On Thursday, April 3rd the Rev. Leighton Williams, D. D. of St. John's Church, Kingston, N. Y., will preach in the College Chapel.

The Rev. Lawrence T. Cole, D. D. of Trinity School, New York, will give an address in the College Chapel on Thursday, April 10th.

On Ash Wednesday in addition to the 7:15 Eucharist there was a mid-day service in the Chapel, consisting of morning prayer, litany and penitential office. A short address was given by Fr. Kaltenbach.

ORGAN RECITAL.

Miss Sylva Jones of Philadelphia, and Miss Lenore Heilbut of New York both of whom are attending Columbia University gave a music recital on Saturday afternoon, March 8th at 2:30.

Miss Jones played the violin and Miss Heilbut was her accompanist. The music was excellent and the artists exhibited much skill in their playing.

On the following afternoon Miss Jones gave a recital in the chapel from 4:30 p. m. until 5:00, when she was accompanied on the organ by the Rev. Cuthbert Fowler.

Cuth must be working on a cash basis, it is awfully hard to get credit from him!

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GRADUATE DENTAL
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IN THE ENEMY'S COUNTRY.

(Continued from page 1)

and French prisoners suffered many tortures. * * * * From the Russian prisoners who were left there by the Germans, with nothing but what they had on, we learned of how the Hun soldiers evacuated about a week before our arrival. (I might say here, too, that there are many Russian soldiers wandering about France—men without a country.) On the night the Germans had chosen for evacuating B. the prisoners were ordered to bed early—nothing unusual. They complied with the order without confusion and without suspecting the impending event. The next morning, no harsh Hun sentinel awoke them, nor could they detect the usual machine-like goose-step beating the cell corridors. So, they immediately proceeded to make good their escape. They found that all the German soldiers had left the vicinity, leaving nothing at all for the prisoners to exist on. Of course the French, being near home, were not so badly off, but the poor Russians were stranded pretty badly.

From the French inhabitants we also learned that the Hun is a hard taskmaster. They had imposed many punishments upon the civilians and had not hesitated to violate the young women. One absurd demand that they made was that, among other things, the owners of chickens had to turn over to the German authorities each day a given number of eggs—regardless of whether chickens and conditions favored such a number.

After leaving Briey, we proceeded to Hayingen, in Lorraine, which has, naturally, been under German rule since 1871. We entered the town in the afternoon and the children of whom there were "beaucoup," ran hand in hand with dismounted men. They persistently asked for bread and tobacco. The youngsters over here smoke more than even our New York fiends. * * * There it was that we spent our Thanksgiving, and had our deep-sea-turkey (canned salmon). We really enjoyed the week's stop-over.

* * * We had been climbing steadily all day, when, at noon, we came practically to the top of a mountain, and received orders to stop for lunch. Just as that order came, we rounded a curve, and before us lay a huge valley. In the valley lay a quiet little German town, and for miles around the mountain sides were covered with vineyards. We were told that they were the famous Valenstein Vineyards.

However, that view was not our greatest surprise by any means, for when we had started out again, and had rounded the summit of the mountain, a view, past description, lay before us. The road wound round like a horseshoe, making the valley resemble the pit of a huge amphitheatre, the audience of which was made up of myriads of grape vines. Before us lay a beautiful river, flowing toward Coblenz and the Rhine. To our right, and far below, lay a city from which a bridge spanned the river. We beheld from the mountain-top, the Moselle River Valley, rich in wine and beauty. From the height, we slowly wound down into the narrow streets of the Luxemburg town, across

the Moselle, and soon turned off into the mountains again. * * * Triers is quite a large city, and is supposed to be the oldest in Europe. Its buildings date back two and three hundred years before Christ. One old amphitheatre has the record of being the slaughtering place of 40,000 Christians in the year 66 A. D. Just on the outskirts of the town is a large German barracks, now garrisoned by American troops. The only souvenirs I could obtain of Triers, were five or six pretty postal cards. I might say, too, that the cards over here are mighty pretty, especially those of the Moselle Valley.

So we travelled on, day after day, through town after town. Finally we reached Kaisersesch, a fair-sized town, forty kilometers from Coblenz. In K. we have been ever since, and goodness knows when we shall leave. How we long for the day when we shall sail for America!

* * * We had a very good Christmas dinner, with a side-line of a can of Tuxedo, a cigar, a package of cigarette papers, and some "Choi-men" beer. * * * So far the German people have treated us very well. Their hate is not so great for the Americans, as it is for the French and English. * * *

HUNT RETURNS TO COLLEGE

(Continued from page 1)

ish his work at St. Stephen's. He enlisted in the Navy in April, 1917, being assigned to the U. S. S. "Marietta" and in February of the following year entered the Ensign's School at Harvard University. Gaining his commission upon the completion of his course there, he went into Transport service, making five trips to the other side.

"Eo rus," wrote Voltaire one day, to notify Piron that he was going into the country; Piron, to surpass this epistle in brevity, replied by one letter, "I," which is, (needless to say), Latin for "go."

In a Chapter labelled "Pretension," in A. P. Russell's "In a Club Corner," appears the following anecdotes, which will be interesting to all newspaper men, including amateurs.

"Sitting one day in the family room, reading The Spectator, a young lady of the neighborhood came in unexpectedly. To have something to say, I remarked, after greeting, that I had just picked up the old Spectator, which was always new and interesting to me. 'Yes,' responded the miss, lispily; 'my father subscribed for a copy when it first came out.' Not knowing that the precious book was published in London a century before her father was born, and at the slow rate of a number a day."

S. A. E. INITIATION.

On Thursday evening, February 27th Langdon, '22, was initiated by the New York Sigma Phi Chapter of Sigma Alpha Epsilon. A banquet at Hoffman Inn, Red Hook, followed the initiation. The Rev. Frank H. Simmonds, '07, acted as Toastmaster at the banquet, and the following Alumni feasted with the chapter: Watson Selvage, '98, George Mullen, Gerald H. Lewis, '05, John Curtis, Chas. A. Moore, Ex-'19, and Frank H. Simmonds, '07.

The Mail Box

To the Editor of The Messenger:

Observing the fact that the Messenger is an organ through which all questions concerning the College may be discussed, may I be allowed to state a few words concerning the wearing of the gowns here at St. Stephen's?

In your last issue of the Messenger you published an article "selected" perhaps from the Springfield Republican. There are many statements in that column which I would like to answer but I presume if I point out a few, it will suffice to show how even the Springfield Republican may be wrong. One thing is that when Henry (whichever one it may be) was king of England it was the custom of the court and country to adopt the "flummery of caps and gowns." Even if the cap and gown "are simply relics of a time when education was monastic and its recipients were clerics" are we who are nearing the roof of the educational edifice to throw away the foundation on which we are built?

But let us, as our friend in "selected" suggests, look forward. Let us look forward to the future—of St. Stephen's. This college small as it may be, is a college; it is founded on the very principles on which other colleges have been founded. When the tidal wave of science washed the classics from many of the colleges in the country, its energy was spent before it undermined the classic foundations of St. Stephen's. Therefore, today we are an unique institution fostering under our roofs the study of the Humanities. If then this college is not so technically scientific as the majority of institutions of learning, is that any reason why it cannot still remain a college carrying out in the best possible way the aims for which it was founded?

Why should we throw away our traditions? Why just because there has been a war should we be renovated on an entirely, I say, **entirely** new basis?

Let us throw away those traditions which are harmful (if any are) to our advancement, but, may we not keep those which raise St. Stephen's on a plane higher than other colleges of her size and of which our gowns are a symbol?

This is the time for reconstruction. We want gradually to build up St. Stephen's and the way is not to turn ourselves into Bolsheviks, sweeping out all those things characteristic of St. Stephen's lest when we have our "rooms swept and garnished" we admit other elements which would leave us in a state "seven times worse than the first."

What is the use of trying to build castles in the air by seeing a far off vision of St. Stephen's future advancement? Consider whether there is anything half so attractive in little old St. Stephen's to the outside world as the wearing of the cap and gown. If there is a substitute equally as worthy, let the college adopt it after sufficient discussion.

—William A. M. Parker.

If the "Frosh" don't soon dig a hole, they will have to bury grape juice instead of champagne.

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St. Stephen's College,

*On Leave

ANNANDALE-ON-HUDSON, N. Y.

UNDER THE LYRE TREE

Judging from Father Mac's schedule we see "unto him that hath shall be given," put into effect.

I Wonder:

Where the "Potter Bull" can be! Why Bon moved from Potter, and why that building is now so quiet. When the first baseball game is coming off. What these men returning from service think of S. S. C. now. Why we can't make this Commencement the greatest ever at S. S. Why there are not more contributions to the Messenger.

The following clipping, taken from a western publication, voices the sentiments of many a student who endured the rigors of a college S. A. T. C.:

The S. A. T. C.

Students' Army Training Corps, You sure made us awful sorps; Clumsy, tiresome, hopeless borps. We were shot—but shed no gorps—Studied little, poked morps, Raked the campus, scrubbed the florps, Played the peeler, watched a storps Soaked up goulash, learned to snorps, Had experiences galorps 'Nough to make an angel rorps Now, imposter, all is orps; Fare you well—please shut the dorps, Students' Army Training Corps.

—Copied.

Fortune's Favorite.

First Broker: "Some people are born lucky."
Second Broker: "And the man who is born with plain common sense is one of them."

What Else Could Happen.

"This is a very sad case, very sad indeed," said the doctor. "I much regret to tell you that your wife's mind is gone—completely gone."
"I'm not a bit surprised," answered the husband. "She has been giving me a piece of it every day for the last fifteen years."

Easter Vacation Shortened

The faculty have diminished the spring vacation from the original ten days to include from Wednesday noon of April 16th to Tuesday morning April 22nd.



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