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DR. W. E. TRAVER
GRADUATE
DENTAL SURGEON
OFFICE AT RHINEBECK

THE MESSENGER
Vol. XXVI.
DECEMBER, 1919
No. 3

Reading The Newspaper
(By Harry H. Turner-High, '22)

CAST OF CHARACTERS:
Judge R. E. Trenholme ............ Circuit Judge
Erskine Trenholme .................. His Son
Mrs. Trenholme .................. Judge Trenholme's Wife
Martina Trenholme .............. His Daughter
Sims ....................... A Negro Butler
Place....................... A Small Southern City
Time ..................... Present

SCENE I
At the head of an old fashioned hallway is seen a large door, through whose panes the early morning sun is streaming. The walls of the hall are enameled white, the floor of polished hard wood with a few rugs well arranged over its surface. A wide staircase leads from an upper story and a broad door opens to the rest of the house.

[Enter Sims, yawning.]
SIMS: Well, if there ain't another day. I reckon it'll be just like the others here lately. Law, just trouble evah day, evah day, evah day. [Goes to the door, opens it, and steps out on the gallery.]
JUDGE TRENHOLME: Good Morning, Sims. [Goes out and gathers the scattered newspapers, and bringing it slowly inside, rearranges it, still grumbling.]

[Steps out on the gallery.]
Now I do declare, if dat impudent paper boy ain't threw the paper out in the grass again after all the times I done told him to put it on the gallery. Just look at it, all blew to pieces and wet with dew. Old Jedge will raise the devil like as usual. I is goin' to swat some of these impudent young town niggers some one of these days, and that lazy paper-boy in particular. Reckon there ain't no hope for the African race seem' the way the present passel is behaving. Hahd times, hahd times, niggers gettin' sassy and do-less and white folks expecting more and more. [Goes out and gathers the scattered newspapers, and bringing it slowly inside, rearranges it, still grumbling.]

At this point Judge Trenholme comes down the stairs. He is a gentleman considerably past middle age with white hair and closely clipped white mustaches and goatee, dressed in a neat gray suit. He comes down the stairs polishing his nose glasses with his handkerchief. Upon reaching the ground floor he notices Sims.
JUDGE TRENHOLME: Good Morning, Sims, that's the Morning Jeffersonian you have?
SIMS: Yas suh, Jedge, but i' is feared it is wet on account of the worthless nigger
which delivers it throwin' it on the grass. I's sorry.

TRENHOLME: Oh, that's all right, Sims. Impudent young people again?

SIMS: Yas suh, Judge, shore is. Many a time have I told that yellah boy to put it on the gallery where it would keep dry, and I axed him yesterday. "Now lookee here, you, is you going to put that where I say or is you ain't? Is you going to throw that paper on the lawn again? Answer quick, because I is shorely going to smack you." And he said he was ain't but these town niggers——

TRENHOLME: Well, that's all right, Sims, is any of the rest of the family up?

SIMS: Miss Martha is in the garden, suh.

Miss Trenholme runs lightly up the gallery steps at this juncture, carrying an armful of roses. She is a young girl of about twenty, with dark hair and eyes, slightly olive complexion with a great deal of natural color. She is dressed in filmy white, arms and neck bare. She runs up and kisses her father.

MARTHA: Good morning, Daddy dear.

TRENHOLME: Good morning, sweet little child, you don't give those roses a fair show by holding them so close to your face.

MARTHA: Now, Daddy, please.

TRENHOLME: Now Robert, be serious. I do not approve of young Bascombe at all. He is absolutely a nobody. Who ever heard of a Bascombe in Macon? If he were worth anything he would not be connected with the Morning Jeffersonian. I have seen his editorials and I don't think they speak well either for the Jeffersonian or Bascombe.

TRENHOLME: Mrs. Trenholme, the Jeffersonian is the acknowledged leading journal of this state. It supported my election.

MARTHA: Erskine, you can say the meaneast things!

TRENHOLME: If you don't mind, I'll look over the newspaper while Sims brings my coffee.

ERSKINE: But, Martha, just between brother and sister, when did Tom Bascombe leave last night? He must have got enough material to supply Jeffersonian "Advice to the Lovelorn" columns for a month.

TRENHOLME: Now, Erskine, you have gone far enough, you shouldn't talk to your sister that way.—Oh, by the way, isn't it quite unusual to see you down for breakfast these mornings,—you're not ill, are you?

ERSKINE: Feeling quite fit, thank you sir.

TRENHOLME: Well, you will be ill if you stay up as late as you do and then get up for breakfast, too.

ERSKINE: To be truthful, father, I have been in bed by eleven o'clock for the last three nights.

TRENHOLME: Then if you are going to be early you must either be sick or need money.

ERSKINE: But, sir, if you really wish to know, I arose early this morning in order to motor out to Colonel Morgan's plantation to see his filly "One-step." He expects to put her on the central circuit this fall and for her to run away with everything.

TRENHOLME: Knowing old Morgan's propensities for choosing a bad thing, I suspect that all that horse will run away with will be the profits of his cotton this year. Don't think so much about horses, son, it doesn't pay. Let your father advise you.

ERSKINE: Well, sir, from what Colonel Morgan says you did when you were young, you should be a fit person to give advice about losing money on horses!
ERSKINE: Well, then, father. I would be very grateful to have you give me an explanation of the workings of the proposed League of Nations. I haven't been quite able to get it entirely clear.

TRENHOLME: Er, but—oh why don't you get something for yourself, Erskine? You shouldn't lean on me for all of your ideas. Here, take a piece of the paper.

[Judge Trenholme gives Erskine a sheet of the paper, retaining the rest. Erskine gives Martha a sly wink from behind his sheet, which causes her to giggle. The judge, unconscious of the pantomime, looks dignified and reads on. Erskine turns over the page and evidently finds something of interest which he reads intently.]

ERSKINE: Speaking of the excellence of the Jeffersonian, father, did you happen to see this comment on your last decision? [Hands the Judge his paper.]

TRENHOLME: Have, what is this? [Read] "AN INSULT TO JUSTICE! Judge R. E. Trenholme Hands Down Decision in People vs. Railway Company. Probably the greatest hoax of jurisprudence the people of Georgia have had visited on them was the decision of R. E. Trenholme sitting in the circuit court at Macon yesterday in the case of the railroad. There was no doubt in the minds of the most prominent legal authority in court yesterday but that the decision would be against the railroad. The way in which Judge Trenholme disregarded the most convincing evidence, the way that the best established legal precedent was set aside was a source of astonishment to many of the learned counsel present in the court room. The Jeffersonian is not exactly sure what Judge Trenholme's motive was in this black perversion of law and justice, but we are informed by Major Eustis, Independent Democrat candidate for the state legislature, that—"

[Judge Trenholme slams the paper on the table, and proceeds to work himself into a rage.]

TRENHOLME: Why the unprincipled lusies! How can they dare to make such an attack as this? What can be their grounds for such an article? Why the evidence was so strong in favor of the railroad company that no unprejudiced magistrate could decide otherwise. That article is a blank falsehood and I shall have the Jeffersonian arraigned for contempt of court as surely as my name is Trenholme. I'll teach them to soil the judicial ermine with their smear! I always have known the Jeffersonian to an unreliable sheet! Who ever subscribed to it in this house? It is a shame that newspapers should be allowed to pervert public opinion as they do! I tell you, I will not stand for it! And to throw that shyster (Eustis) in my face—!

[The telephone rings in another room which Sims goes to answer. Re-enter Sims.]

Sims: Mr. Bascombe would like to speak to you, Mr. Trenholme.

TRENHOLME: Why the nerve of the impudent young uppie! Martha, I positively forbid that young jackass upon my house! I'll not have him here and I'll not stand for you having anything to do with him! Is that clear? You should exercise some care in choosing your friends! Remember that you owe something to your family when you wish to take up with some young idiot whose name no one ever heard before.

MRS. TRENHOLME: Now, Robert, keep cool. Remember what you said to the child a few moments ago about your Bascombe being a progressive young chap and that you would allow her to choose her own friends, and even her own husband.

TRENHOLME: Madame, understand that I will not be brooked and bayed in my own household. And while I think of it, I wish you would discharge that black of yours and get a nigger that can make a decent cup of coffee. The breakfast this morning was particularly poor. Good morning!

MRS. TRENHOLME: Children, don't mind your father.

END.

The Messenger

Thanksgiving

FROM noon until two o'clock on Wednesday, November 26th, excitement reigned supreme on the campus for the Thanksgiving recess had begun—four days removed from Socialism and Greek! Most of the members of the college community, from noisy Freshmen to solemn (?) Seniors and necessarily sober faculty were madly dashing hither and thither grabbing suitcases and bags and parcels and raincoats, for Miller and his able assistants were impatiently waiting to take them to the 1:29 "going south." Then talk once more descended, and we who were left behind were given over to the melancholy influence of the drizzling afternoon.

Thanksgiving Day dawned cold and dismal. After a Thanksgiving sermon in the Chapel by Dr. Edwards, we wandered to the refectory where the festive board awaited us, and in spite of the sermon warning us against such things, we were open and unashamed in our thanks for the material things before us; and it is our opinion that even the preacher himself could not have failed to be thankful. Miss Southern and her worthy coadjutors are to be highly praised for the fine dinner we had. As the meal progressed, jollity became contagious; what matter if the blight of July 1st was upon us? Certainly no one felt a loss, as joke and song, encouraged by our democratic President, spread from one end of the table to the other. In the evening there was an informal dance in Ludlow, seductive music being furnished through the harmonious music of the "T. K. B." Society.

Friday evening between nine and ten, the casual passer-by might perchance have been alarmed by the shrieks and moans coming from Ludlow—blood-curdling yells and hair-raising groans. Upon investigation, one would have found Fr. McDonald in a darkened room before a flickering fire telling a ghost story to an appreciative audience; and it is safe to say that a peaceful night was disturbed for many by howling visions of gory horror,—daggers dripping with blood, and bloody faces.

Altogether Thanksgiving was a happy time for us who were unable to go away. We had considered ourselves more or less unfortunate, but in the end we found that we had about as good a time as the others; and we thank all those who in any way contributed to our pleasure and excitement during those few days.

Pigs is Pigs

Of all the fights and rough houses, and scraps and turmoils, bumptious and bumptious, which have been waged and waged in "boil polly" of Aspinwall, the most unseemly perhaps was the episode of the pigs. Pigs have places, some places have pigs, but Aspinwall—the name which whispers to Alumni stories and tales of by-gone conflicts and water fights—is not a place for pigs, only for Freshmen. Alumni tell us that they used, in olden times, to have animals indoors, but that was before the renovation of Aspinwall and our age of sanitation. It was the poor misdirected Freshmen who thought great pleasure could be gotten from carrying poor, unfortunate quadrupeds from their comfortable styes where they had retired for the night, to the criticizing optics of those who inhabit Aspinwall. The frightened porkers never before knew the luxury of white linen sheets as they experienced in Wellford's "couche du nuit" when carefully tuck in by the militant 'frosh.' However, not long since there could the huddled grummers remain in peace, for, like a bird coming back to roost, the owner of the bed came back to bed, and soon the swine were ousted into the hall, where they remained until other philanthropic Freshmen dragged the squealing hogs back to their proper places. The next day, however, was the day of reckoning, and for an account of this ask any of the 'frosh' involved.

Roommate: Why did you stay up so late last night arguing with that fellow? Other Roommate: I was trying to convince him that Socialism is not the same as Arachism.
S. STEPHEN'S "is a true Mother to all her Sons—both graduate and Alumni—and she expects them to be equally as true to her. The Undergraduate is distant from the college only in the material matter of years. But, both have one call in common, her. The Undergraduate is distant from the St. Stephen's name. She expects them to be equally as true to her. The Undergraduate is distant from the world of inter-collegiate athletics which in these times plays such an important part in the material welfare of any institution of learning. For a football team of a small college, more or less unheard of except in certain circles, to break off an engagement at the eleventh hour, smacks too much of either athletic cowardice or a shameful waning of college spirit. It is under such threatened circumstances that a virile, red-blooded college man writhe in mental pain. The victory may have been denied us, but we would have been proudly conscious of the fact that we had met our obligations bravely and manfully, and could still hold our heads up.

Men of the football team, you of necessity feel this more keenly than others, although every true son of St. Stephen's is disappointed as you are. You have done nobly during the season just closed. You have worked untiringly and have given abundantly of your spirit. Many of you have had little or no experience in football and you have shown yourselves to be full of "pep" by facing in combat such a heavy and experienced team as Eastman—such commendable spirit that it drew words of honest praise and admiration from their players.

St. Stephen's is proud of you—your Alma Mater glories in you; and she hopes that your true spirit may not die in the face of discouragement, but that it will live and grow and finally come to its just reward.

Fraternity Notes

KAPPA GAMMA CHI

Alex. N. Keedwell, '19 visited the campus November 8th and 9th.

Mr. James Blackwell and Mr. Kirtley Lewis were guests November 24th.

Alonzo L. Wood, '19 and Alex. N. Keedwell, '19, attended the Junior Prom and spent the week-end at College.

SIGMA ALPHA EPSILON

On November 24th, the following men were pledged to S. E.: Saxer, Sp., VanNix, Sp., Cleveland, '22; Turney-High, '22, Cowling, '23,

Paul Harttell, ’15, and Harry J. Stretch, ’19, of the General Theological Seminary, were guests at the Junior Prom.

EULEXIAN

The formal opening of the Chapter House was held on November 8th. Among those present were: President and Mrs. Bell, Dean Davidson, Doctor and Mrs. Upton, Professor McDonald, Professor Fowler, Professor and Mrs. Kaltenbach, Professor Cook, Doctor and Mrs. Williams, Miss Southern and Mrs. Daniels. During the summer, the “Bungalow” was renovated and improved. The building was painted without and within, a spacious fireplace was constructed, adding greatly to the attractiveness of the living-room, electric lights were installed, and a number of other minor changes were made. Some new draperies have effected a marked change in the appearance of the interior of the building.

Leonard, ’23, was initiated into the rites and mysteries of Eulexian on Friday, November 15th. The following men were pledged to Eulexian: Blecker ’26, Pooley ’98, Stoddard 1900, Wilson ’14, and Leonard ’14.

The following men were pledged to Eulexian on November 24th: Anderson, ’26, Pyke ’23, Golding ’24, Howes ’23, Hubs ’23, and Libby ’23.

Junior Prom.

The first formal dance of the year, the Junior Prom., was given to the Seniors on the evening of Friday, November 21st, in Ludlow-Willink Hall by the Class of ’23. This occasion, holding usually in the past a minor place in the social functions here at St. Stephen’s, was conducted so efficiently and so thoughtfully, and so in attendance so large and enthusiastic a gathering, that it is rather difficult to express the appreciation of the Undergraduate Body in terms strictly complimentary. It is true to note doubt existed whether or not the Juniors have lived up to their motto, “Carpe Occasimon,” it should be cleared now that they have positively seized the occasion in their contribution of one of the prettiest and best dances here in recent years.

Time abundantly spent in the Hall at the expense of Greek, perhaps, during the days prior to the dance, and labour diligently applied probably paying heed to the exhortation prevalent on the Campus last year, “Labor vincit omnia,” proved of spacious Ludlow Hall picturesque in appearance, dignified and home-like in aspect, artistically decorated in various colors, with the Class colors maroon and grey in predominance.

The pretty music, the atmosphere of sociability, the delightful intermission for refreshments, altogether characterized the event pre-eminently exquisite to a remarkable degree of fascination. The first public display of the Class Coat-of-arms proved to be quite an attraction on the south wall of the Hall.

The patronesses were: Mrs. Bell, Mrs. Kaltenbach, Miss Southern, Mrs. Williams, Mrs. Daniels, Mrs. Kidd, Miss Croger, Mrs. Aldrich, Mrs. Lewis, Mr. Miles, Mrs. Davison and Mrs. Upton. The following were the guests of students: Misses Henrietta Rowe, Julia Decker, and Helen Smillie of Rhinebeck, N. Y.; Misses Marion Barritt and Violet Hartzell, ’15, and Harry J. Stretch, ’23. The following were the guests of students: Misses Henrietta Rowe, Julia Decker, and Helen Smillie of Rhinebeck, N. Y.; Misses Marion Barritt and Violet Hartzell, ’15, and Harry J. Stretch, ’23.

In Other Colleges

The Freshman Class at Hobart does not appear to be very slow for it has as members Speed, Swift, Fast and Legge.

Thirty members of the football squad of the University of California are “toting” a football wherever they go. The coach gave each man on the squad a pigskin, with orders to keep it with him all the time, under penalty of being barred from the squad. At meals, at classes, at parties, on the streets, every place, even in bed at night, the men keep the football tucked under their arms.

Rochester’s radio-telegraph installation is going forward steadily, and the University will soon be able to receive messages from the high power stations in France, Italy, Germany and England.

Oratorical Contest

On Saturday evening, November 15th, 1919, there was an oratorical contest held in the Reading Room of Ludlow and Willink Halls. The oratorical contest was the first of its kind for a great while in St. Stephen’s College and as the first it was exceptionally good. Six Freshmen entered for the finals and though the first prize was almost unanimously it was quite difficult for the judges to decide the second place. The judges were Professors Davidson, McDonald and Kaltenbach, and they were very just in their decisions. Brown, Sp., was awarded the first prize of twenty dollars in cash, and Leonard ’23 won the second prize of five dollars. It was a very interesting contest and the audience, enjoying it immensely, regretted that all the competitors could not each have received a prize.

Alumni

Gardiner P. Coffin, ’16 and Miss Margaret Ire Young were married on December 2nd, at Flushing, L. I.

George E. Spitral, ’17 has returned from France after serving in the A. E. F. for over fourteen months, and is now tutoring at Buck Hill, Pa.

William Edward Berger, ’17 and Arthur Bryant Dimmick, ’17 were ordained Deacons on the Wednesday before Advent, in the Chapel of St. Mary the Virgin at Nashotah, by the Bishop of Fond du Lac, acting for the Bishop of Milwaukee.

The Rev. Frank J. Knapp, ’98, is now Chaplain of the Cathedral School of St. Paul (for boys) and St. Mary (for girls), at Garden City, L. I.


Chapel Notes

Special Preachers for the month of November:

Nov. 2.—The Rev. John M. S. McDonald, Professor of Philosophy.

Nov. 9.—The Rev. Theodore R. Ludlow, Boone University, China.

Nov. 16.—The Very Rev. A. C. Larned, Dean, All Saints’ Cathedral, Albany.


Nov. 30.—The Rev. Lyford P. Edwards, Ph. D., Professor of Sociology and Economics, during the month of November at Even-song on Tuesdays and Thursdays, the Rev. President has been giving short instructions on the “Art of Worship.” On Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, there were student addresses in the interest of the Nation-Wide Campaign.
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JOHN C. ROBERTSON, M. A. (University of Virginia); Ph. D. (Johns Hopkins). Hoffman Professor of Greek Language and Literature.

The REV. LYFORD P. EDWARDS, B. A., M. A., Ph. D. (Chicago). Professor of Sociology and Economics.

EDWIN C. UPTON, B. S. (University of Maine); M. A. (Columbia); Litt. D. (St. Stephen's). Professor of the English Language and Literature.


The charges for Tuition, Furnished Room, Board, Heat, Light, is $450.00 a year. The College is easily reached from New York, C. & O. Railroad Station at Barrytown. For further information address The Rev. President,

St. Stephen's College, ANNANDALE-ON-HUDSON, N. Y.

Campus Notes

The “Annandale Reds,” an unrecognized basketball team from this college, were defeated by the Red Hook players on Dec. 2nd, at Red Hook, their loss being due to the combination of lack of practice and the poor court.

Miss Mary Fowler, of New York City, spent the Thanksgiving recess here with her brother, the Rev. Cuthbert Fowler.

Miss Ruth Wilson, of Richmond, Virginia, spent Thanksgiving as a guest of Miss Mary Fowler.

Mr. Joseph C. Wilson, of Garden City, L. I., visited his son, Wilson, for several days.

Mr. E. L. Delaney, of Lynn, Mass., spent part of the Thanksgiving vacation with Lyte '23 and Craig '23.

Under the Lyre Tree

The Green Book—Freshmen.
Life—Clarke.
The Call—Hubbs.
The Menace—Rules.
Populor Mechanic—Bucky.
The Spirit of Missions—Paffko.
Judge—The Student Council.
America—Howell.
Vanity Fair—Welford.

New Version of the Litany at St. John's.
Sayre: Eliminate all Bishops, Priests and Deacons, etc.
Congregation: “We beseech thee to hear us Good Lord.”

Of course miracles happen some times for when the power was off in chapel the President said “Lighten our Darkness we beseech thee O Lord” and the lights immediately came on again.

Of course the joke of the T. K. B.'s, who put the lights out at the dance, went flat for who wants all the lights on at a dance anyway?

Dr. Strong, '21 and Donovan, Sp., have been elected delegates to represent the college at the international Student Volunteer Convention at Des Moines, Iowa, Dec. 31st-Jan. 4th.

“Hoffman, '20, has been appointed by the Rev. President to take charge of Athletics during the absence of Mr. Daniels.

Hallowe'en

It was a dark and stormy night
But just for those outside
For Preston Hall was full of light
At Holy Hallow tide.

The President in pirate's suit
Was just one huge success
While others took their parts along
Just wonderfully I guess.

There was the pirates' dazzling knife
The Philosopher's long beard
The Chinaman's rig out was fine
And Bishop's were revered.

There were jockeys, tailors farmers, chefs, labor and capatast
Convict old lady debutante
Saint Nellie still un Kissed.

The jailer and hun soldier
Also the red cross nurse
While the bishop and his acolyte
The ritual did rehearse.

There were the Palm Beach folks to kill
Also the robe du mint
The lady with her dazzling pearls
The little girl so cute to see.

Then over there to Babylon
When Darius was its king
But Cicero the orator
Was just one huge success.

There was the pirates' dazzling knife
The Philosopher's long beard
The Chinaman's rig out was fine
And Bishop's were revered.

The ritual did rehearse.

This was a glorious Hallowe'en
With colored minstrels' jess
We're looking for another soon
To make the next the best.

Pianos

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All College Men and Students
LIKE TO BE WELL DRESSED
Shwartz Quality Clothes
Are famous for their correct style and the neat dressy appearance they give to the wearer—what's more they are fully guaranteed by us to give satisfaction.
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