

# MESSENGER

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# The S. Stephen's College Messenger.

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VOL. III.

ANNANDALE, N. Y., FEBRUARY, 1897.

No. 6.

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## Some Notes on the Growth of S. Stephen's.

THE following are a few notes and anecdotes, which, we trust, will be of interest to our readers; particularly as it is a matter of instruction, to learn some thing concerning the early history of our college. All large institutions must start from small beginnings. So our college, although not very large as yet, comparing it with some other institutions of learning, had its own rude beginnings. It was started in what was called "The house on the rock." This house was situated where is now the circle back of the chapel. It was built on a large rock, hence its name; but, whether the builders had in mind the parable of the two houses mentioned in the Bible, we do not know. It at length fell, not by wind and storm, but by the destructive hand of man. In this house lived the few students, who at that time were pursuing a course of study at this institution. They went for their meals to the house where the Rev. Dr. Hopson now resides, but then occupied by the Rev. Dr. Seymour, Warden of the college, now Bishop of Springfield. For some years the students had to put up with very close quarters, as "the house on the rock" was only about twenty-five feet square, and one and a half stories high. Ten or twelve men occupied this building. Some very amusing anecdotes are related of those times. One is, that the students, being obliged to sleep in the upper part of the house, found the air rather close, and the bright idea came to them of making an opening in the roof to admit more air, this they proceeded to do; but made no covering for the opening in case of stormy weather. As a consequence they soon repented them of their attempt at ventilation.

Another amusing incident occurred in this house, related somewhat in this manner;—one of the students had been out rather late at night and on re-

turning hastened to bed; which, by the way, was placed very near the stair way. He had not been long in bed before he was asleep, but it was a very restless sleep. Whether the cause was the partaking of too much welsh rare-bit, or because he had helped to make a "fowl-tackle" has never been revealed but, at any rate, he rolled out of bed and began a descent toward the ground floor at the rate of five centimeters for the first second, with an increasing velocity of ten centimeters for every additional second.\* This soon brought him to the foot of the stairs. The next night he exchanged beds with another student.

With the increasing number of students came the demand for more room, which was obtained by the building of Aspinwall Hall, in the year 1861, since which time the growth of the college has steadily continued. After Aspinwall Hall was erected, "the house on the rock" was used as the Annandale post-office; but, with the clearing up of the grounds, this old land-mark was removed, and in place of it we have the plot of ground north of the chapel, which has been laid out in geometrical designs.

For some time the Warden and one or two tutors carried on the work of instruction, the Warden residing where Mr. Henry Lewis now lives. In 1869 the beautiful edifice, known as Ludlow and Willink Hall, was erected, this has, since that time, been the home of the Warden. The Rev. Dr. Hopson came to S. Stephen's that fall and the Warden and he, with a tutor, divided the work of instructing the youthful minds.

The college chapel, one of the first of the college buildings, the gift of Mr. John Bard, was erected and given to the college about 1860. In the deed of presentation Mr. Bard reserved for himself the use of the chapel on All Saints' Day." So it was the custom, on the night before All Saints', to give the key of the chapel to Mr. Bard. This was done with great pomp and ceremony. The members of the Faculty and the students would form in line, somewhere on the campus, and march down to Mr. Bard's house, with the key, which was carried on a velvet cushion, and deliver up it, and the use of the chapel to Mr. Bard.

The service on All Saints' day was always more elaborate than any other of the year, and Mr. Bard would invite some prominent clergyman to come here and preach, besides inviting a host of his personal friends here, for the service, after which he would invite his friends, the members of the Faculty and the students, to his house, for a very sumptuous repast, where class distinction was forgotten amid all the merriment of the occasion, speeches were made by Mr. Bard and his friends, and probably the members of the Faculty discoursed upon the growth of the college, and upon its future prospects. The students also, the inner man being satisfied, sang the popular songs of the day. We

\*The Editors do not vouch for the scientific accuracy of this statement.

can almost hear some of our readers say "how I wish Mr. Bard were here now to take the use of the chapel on All Saints' day!"

The next we learn of Mr. Bard is, that he was directly responsible for the little paragraph in our college catalogue, viz. the one about the college campus being "beautifully diversified by wood and lawn"; for in the early days our beautiful college campus was in much the same condition as are the grounds beyond the Hoffman Library, but, owing to the exertions of Mr. Bard, the Warden and others, it has little by little been brought to its present state of perfection, and now more than justifies that little paragraph.

Among some of the old customs of the college was the detaining of the students until after Christmas, in order to have them here on S. Stephen's Day. This custom was continued for many years, but was finally abolished, as so many of the students wished to be at home for the festivities of Christmas. S. Stephen's Day was celebrated in much the same manner as All Saints'; a feast being held in the college dining room, accompanied by speeches, by prominent patrons of the college. The dining room in those days was not the spacious hall in which we now meet three times a day, but we were confined to much narrower quarters, which are now occupied by the servants.

Another day of festivities at this institution was on the second of February, the anniversary of the day on which the chapel was presented to the college. On this day another feast was spread in the dining room, and the poets of the college vied with each other, in writing odes for this occasion, some of which are still preserved and handed down to us.

In 1884 two sections of the new college building were erected and opened for the use of the students; in 1892 two more sections were erected through the munificence of the Rev. Chas. Frederick Hoffman, D.D., LL.D., D.C.L.

In 1895 the new Hoffman Library, another gift of the Rev. Dr. Hoffman, was built and is now being equipped with the latest design in the way of shelves.

We have tried to make a brief review of the growth of S. Stephen's College, as well as we could from the facts picked up here and there, but we can truthfully say that, any of our alumni who graduated in her early days, coming back now would hardly recognize in our present institution their Alma Mater.

*Charles Lawrence Wheeler, '98.*

Be loyal. A student who simply pores over his books, and takes no interest in college life, is a drawback to his college.—*Ex.*

**A Sonnet.**

TO '98.

While yet we wait within our college gate,  
 The future lies before our longing gaze,  
 All bathed in youth's voluptuous golden haze,  
 An ample field for deeds of prowess great  
 'Gainst that foul monster, whom the world calls Fate.  
 And, if we conquer, earth is sure to raise  
 Its voice in one long, loud acclaim of praise ;  
 But, if we fail, will rail at us in hate.  
 We conquer, or we fall, without redress ;  
 Ourselves to blame, or thank, for our success  
 In life. And tho' we fall, comrades may gain  
 The glorious prize of victory o'er the foe,  
 And, tho' our bodies on the heath lie low,  
 Our souls shall join the victor's proud refrain.

*Watson Bartemus Selvage, '98.***A Rogue's Requit.**

IT was a bitterly cold day and drawing well on toward sundown. Along the otherwise deserted streets of the town an occasional wayfarer, with tightly drawn wraps, was hurrying to a bright home fire and a pleasant evening. The sky had long been threatening a storm, and the temperature had gone far below the point where comfort was possible. Very much against my will, I happened, that evening, to be one of the few persons whom necessity compelled to be on the streets. Within a short distance of my home, I almost stumbled over a thinly clad and miserable little girl, who seemed to be wandering about in an aimless fashion. I felt called upon to inquire what kept her upon the dreary street at such a time. Bending down a little, I asked: "Why do you not go home, little one? You will freeze to death, if you remain out in this bitter cold."

She held up a sweet little face—sweet despite the fact that it was stained with tears, and dirty with the marks of her grimy hands.

"I'm so cold an' tired; can't walk any more," was her answer.

"Well child," I ejaculated, "you cannot stay here. Where do you live?"

From her rather vague reply, I gathered that she lived at least a mile distant, in one of the meanest sections of the town. The poor little soul was not a day over seven years, and seemed very slight and delicate even for that tender age. Without further ado I took her in my arms. The tiny hands were blue, and the childish form was chilled and shaking with the cold.

My wife met me at the door, and though somewhat astonished to see my charge, wisely refrained from asking many questions; but took the child with such an air of maternal pity and tenderness, that the little one went willingly to her arms.

By the time I had finished my supper, the child had been warmed and fed; then, after a bath, tucked in warm blankets on a couch, close by the fire place, she was left to lose her troubles in childish dreams. When the little guest had been thus disposed of, my wife and I discussed the affair. I felt that I ought to learn the exact locality of the little one's home and make known her whereabouts; but, overcome with sleep, she had been able to tell us nothing more than her christian name. That, she said, was Nelly.

It was late the next morning when she awoke, appearing to have enjoyed a refreshing sleep; her spirits seemed higher, and she was disposed to answer my questions as far as possible. It took me a long while to make an intelligible story out of her vague and uncertain answers. After a good deal of talking, I managed to locate her home, and learned that, in the absence of the father, she was left in the care of an old woman, who occupied the same tenement. But just where the father was, I could not tell; now and then he was at home, though not for long at a time. She said he was always good to her and loved her "a lot," but "Miss Smith" (whom I judged to be Mrs. Smith), made her cry sometimes. When I asked what had brought her so far from home, she told me of a whipping, received the previous afternoon, and said that, fearing further punishment, she had wandered around the streets, until so cold and hungry she could hardly walk. Her answers to my questions were so child-like, and withal so pathetic, that I could hardly refrain from tears. Then and there I determined to look well into the matter, and take care, that for the future, the child should have proper treatment. When I was through questioning, I left her with my wife and went down town.

As soon as I had the opportunity, I made it a point to call at the house, which I recognized, from the childish description, as a well known rookery. Then, although not without considerable trouble in making my wishes known, I finally succeeded in finding Mrs. Smith, a woman typical of the lower classes, and not much inclined to enter into conversation with me, even when I told her my errand.

"The little brat aint good for nothing," she asserted. "Been a mighty good thing 'f she had staid lost," she added, when I explained how I found little Nelly.

It did not take much intuition to understand what a reception awaited the girl should she return home; but that I was determined to prevent. While we were talking, or, at least, trying to talk, Mrs. Smith spied a rough looking fellow at the other end of the alley. Raising her voice she called, "Say, Jake, yer wanted;" then turning to me, "that's her old man; talk to him."

The fellow eyed me very sharply as he came up, appearing to distrust a well dressed stranger, so close to his haunts. I rehearsed the tale I had gone over for the benefit of Mrs. Smith. The recital of his little daughter's woes softened the hard and wicked lines of his face, and I saw a look of relief there.

"I just come home las' night an' I been looking fer the gal ever since. Much oblige to ye, mate, fer pickin' her up."

It was not much to say, but I felt that he had thanked me, from his heart, even while I knew I needed no thanks. He would tell me nothing about either himself or the girl. The moment I became inquisitive, his face assumed the hard expression, which made him look so much the rogue. He admitted, however, that he was away from home much of the time, and was obliged to leave his child with Mrs. Smith, who, he felt sure, did not treat his little girl as he could wish.

I confess, for my part, I did not much like the lay of the land. There seemed to me something decidedly "crooked," and for that very reason, I was the more anxious to keep the girl under my care. I could well afford it, and the night before had shown that my wife, as well as myself, was very much in love with the little girl. I represented this to "Jake" and pointed out the advantages accruing to his daughter, if he would give her over to me.

He seemed to think the plan well worth consideration and finally summed up as follows :

"I tell you what ! I'm goin' away agin fer a couple of weeks an' you kin keep her till then ; an' when I git back we'll 'range 'bout it fer sure."

So we left the matter. When I reached home that night, I told my wife of the agreement, and received her approval.

For the next few days all went well with us. Our little charge, tenderly cared for, repaid us with a full measure of childish affection. She was not very strong, a natural result of her hard life ; but she had a willing heart, and at no time gave us the least ground for regret, that we had given her a home.

One night, about ten days after my talk with "Jake" and just such a night as that on which I had found his little girl, I was detained at my office until a late hour. My way home led through several dark streets, up and down which the wind was howling with blustering strength. I was just about to turn the last corner, when I stepped upon an icy spot, covered by a sprinkling of deceitful snow. A slip hurled me against the building and I knew only that my head came with crushing force against the brick work.

When I was again conscious of my surroundings, I recognized my own room and my wife sitting at the side of the bed, on which I lay. She would not talk to me, except to say that I was not badly hurt and that I had been found and brought home by two officers. I knew what had happened to me, and there seemed nothing strange in being found unconscious by an officer ; so I did my best to forget the aching head in fitful snatches of sleep.

The next day I was much better, and after breakfast my wife brought in the morning paper, with considerable excitement, apparent in her manner. Arranging my pillows comfortably, she took a seat close beside me and read the report of the accident, with which I had met, and which was so strangely interwoven with another report. Divested of sensational headlines it was as follows :

"Last night, a few minutes before twelve o'clock, Detectives Marsh and Weston captured the noted "crook" Tiller, *alias* Johnson. Tiller's confederate escaped, as he himself might have done, had it not been for an act of humanity on his part, strangely out of keeping with his character.

"The detectives have been watching the two for the past week or so, having had good reason to suspect an intention on their part, to 'crack' the Filbert Bank. The officers were not mistaken in their suspicions. The bank was also watched carefully, and last night Tiller, with his pal, were discovered in the act of entering the building. A moment before the detectives were ready to make an arrest, something occurred to frighten the burglars and they fled with the officers in hot pursuit. Tiller's pal ran in one direction, with Weston following ; while Tiller himself was chased uptown by Marsh.

"After a short time, Tiller distanced his pursuer and Marsh gave up the chase, turning off the line of pursuit and shortly afterward meeting Weston, likewise unsuccessful.

"These two disgusted representatives of the law, a half hour later, were standing in the shadow of a building, conning over the situation, when they descried someone dodging along the dark street and apparently carrying a heavy burden. In a few minutes they discovered the person to be Tiller, weighted down with the body of a man. Stealthily approaching, and taking advantage of their opportunity, the officers closed in and captured the burglar. His burden was the unconscious form of Dr. Sercy, whom he had found, according to his own story, insensible from a fall and freezing to death.

"Whatever induced the rascal to give way to such a humane feeling is not known, but, if his story is correct, it is quite certain that Dr. Sercy would have frozen to death before any other help came.

"The Doctor was taken home and properly attended to, Tiller being lodged in a cell, until justice sees fit to deal with him."

I did not know what to understand from this report ; nor was I any the wiser, until, a day or two later, my condition was such as to permit a visit to the jail, that I might see the strange criminal, who had walked into the hands of the police in an effort to save my life.

When I came face to face with a sinister looking prisoner, I recognized "Jake." He was in a surly mood and I found it a difficult matter to make him speak. Finally he related how he had outwitted the police, and while sneaking along the street, in which I had fallen, had come upon me almost

stark from the intense cold. He was just able to distinguish my features in the darkness and he knew my life depended upon him; so he lifted me from the ground and directed his way to a safe little "den," as he expressed it, where I could be attended to. The result I already knew from the paper. He would say little more; but I understood that it was my reward for what I had done him, in the person of his little girl, a few days before.

To bring the story to a conclusion, it is only necessary to say that "Jake" Tiller was sentenced, for his many wrongdoings, to fifteen years in prison. Before he was taken away, I brought his daughter to him. When I saw him fold the dear little one in his arms, his face wet with tears, I felt a rush of pity for this poor mortal, whom wrongdoing had driven from the only being he truly loved, to fret away his life, hemmed in by the staring walls of a gloomy penitentiary, until he should have satisfied justice.

Before we saw the last of him, his daughter had been legally entrusted to my care.

Ten years have elapsed since then, and though Nelly is now a winsome maid of seventeen, she still retains a measure of affection for the convict father, who cannot live to claim the fair daughter he loves so well. Some of the clever and learned medical men at the prison say, he is dying from the effects of a dissipated life; but, if *my* opinion were asked, I could only point to a charming girl, in all the grace of womanhood, and say that ten years of separation from her has broken his heart. He loves her better than anybody, or anything in the wide world—and it is his only redeeming trait. She too, understands, and an ever-present gravity in her manner, making her all the more lovable, bears witness to the unhappiness, with which a daughter's mourning fills so many otherwise happy hours.

*J. William Jackson, '99.*

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THE DIFFERENCE.

Some men like strong and flattering puffs,  
All set in heavy type;  
But I like best the puffs one gets  
From a business' end of a pipe.

—*Reiland.*

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SAD.

A weeping willow you often see,  
And read of its tears in line;  
But tell me, did you ever hear of a tree,  
That would stand on a bank and pine?

—*Reiland.*

### The Village Parson.

HE was the parson of the town,  
A right good fellow too;  
But those that cared a whit for him,  
Indeed were far and few.

Although he was a Godly man,  
He never shook the hand,  
His preaching was so eloquent,  
They could not understand.

It chanced one day, this pious man  
Received another call,  
And started out accordingly,  
To bid good-bye to all.

He visited, from early morn  
Till late in afternoon,  
And did not see a single tear,  
That he should go so soon.

And as he made his farewell calls,  
A compliment he sought;  
There could no such for him be found,  
Nor could there one be bought.

At length a lady of the fold,  
Quite well along in years,  
Said she indeed felt "mortal sad,"  
And spoke with many tears.

The parson, when he thus perceived  
This good old lady cry,  
And these the first tears on the trip,—  
Asked her the reason why.

"Well," answered she still weeping loud,  
"For thirty years and ten,  
We've had you parsons comin' here,  
Then movin' off again.

"And as ye came, year in year out,  
These forty years or more,  
Each one, I vow, hath seemed to be  
Worse than the one before."

"And now," said she, "when you are gone,  
I fear the next will be  
None other than Old Nick himself,  
And that's what saddens me."—*Reiland, 1900.*

### Glee Club Concert.

THE first concert of the Glee Club and Fairbairn Quartette was given at Annandale, January 21, before a large and appreciative audience.

The entire programme of fourteen numbers was well chosen and well rendered, nearly every number receiving one or more encores.

"The Watch on the Rhine,"—*Wilhelm*; "The Marseillaise Hymn,"—*De Lisle*, and "Upidee,"—*C. S., arranged by Reiland*, by the Glee Club; and "Return, Soft, Gentle Evening,"—*Emerson*, and a parody on "The Old Oaken Bucket," by the Fairbairn Quartette, deserve special mention.

Mr. Reiland is to be congratulated on his success in training the club, and the members for their faithfulness in attending rehearsals.

The Fairbairn Quartette sing well and their voices harmonize well, but at times the bass is rather too heavy.

The College Orchestra, while small in numbers produced some excellent music.

The following is the membership of these organizations:

#### GLEE CLUB.

Carl Reiland, 1900, Leader.

Chas. S. Champlin, '99, Manager.

#### 1ST TENOR.

E. A. Sidman, '99, R. F. Kellemen, '99, L. Kroll, '97.

#### 2ND TENOR.

J. W. Jackson, '99, F. H. Staples, '97, Sp. C. C. E. Barnard, '97, Sp. C.  
J. B. McGuire, '99, H. L. Hannah, '99.

#### 1ST BASS.

H. H. Pease, G. A. Green, '97, A. W. Hind, '97, Sp. C.,  
J. R. Lacey, 1900, A. McK. Porter, '99, D. H. Coerr, '98, A. S. Lewis, '99,  
C. W. Popham, '99, A. E. Carroll, '99, C. Reiland, 1900.

#### 2ND BASS.

#### ORCHESTRA.

E. A. Sidman, '99, Leader.

A. W. Hind, '97, Sp. C., C. W. Popham, '99.

#### FAIRBAIRN QUARTETTE.

R. F. Kellemen, '99, 1st Tenor. A. E. Carroll, '99, 1st Bass.  
J. W. Jackson, '99, 2nd Tenor. C. Reiland, 1900, 2nd Bass.

### A Letter (?).

I HAD written to her, with the request that she would look up and analyze a polysyllabic word, which recently appeared in the "MESSENGER." Her answer came in due time and ever since, I have been wondering whether it is the analysis I wished, or an essay on comparative philology. In the hope of receiving some assistance from the public, I append the obscure portion of her letter:—

January Tenth,  
Ninety-seven.

*My dear Mr. —*: Your extremely welcome letter came to hand quite opportunely, and its contents were perused with unlimited pleasure.

In reference to the word, which you sent me to analyze, I found, after careful research, that it is a substantiation of hyperbolism, requiring an accurate knowledge of the rules of etymology, and the construction of vocabularic phantasy.

In promulgating esoteric cogitations, or articulating superficial sentimentalities, or philosophically psychological observations; beware of platitudenous ponderosity. Let your statements possess a clarified conciseness, compactness, comprehensiveness, coalescence, consistency and a concentrated cogency. Eschew all conglomerations of flatulent garrulity. Let your extemporaneous descantings, and unpremeditated expatiations have intelligibility, and veracious veracity without bombast. Sedulously avoid all polysyllabic profundity, psittaceous vacuity and verbosity.

I sincerely trust you may find my letter interesting. . . .

Sincerely your friend,

The author of this letter, despite appearances, is not a native of Boston.  
———, '99.

"These college men are very slow,  
They seem to take their ease;  
For even when they graduate,  
They do it by degrees."—*Ex.*

I change my boarding house in vain;  
I change the place, but not the pain;  
I've yet to learn from one of Eve's fair daughters  
That better halves alone make better quarters.

—*Bachelor of Arts.*

**Base-ball.**

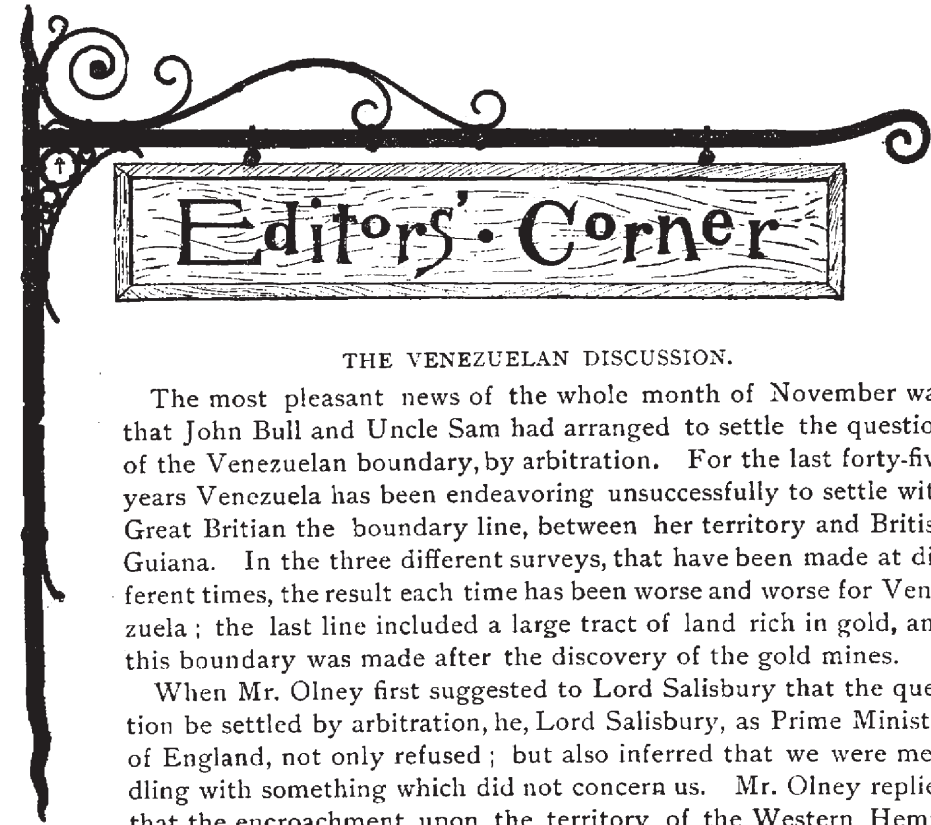
"I DON'T play, so it has no interest for me," is a remark which I have heard several times since I was so recently elected manager of the base-ball team. Now I ask, is this the College Spirit that we hear talked about? Surely you cannot expect the athletic teams to pay their own expenses, nor yet be supported on nothing. I want every man in college, and our friends as well, to be interested in all our athletics, particularly just now, in our base-ball team. A man ought to tingle at the mere mention of the name of his college, and the sight of her representatives, contending on the athletic field with other institutions, should rouse him to enthusiasm. But, in order to have this sight, we must have money for the support of our teams. I want a hundred dollars from the undergraduates for base-ball, and surely, I am not asking too much. I appeal to our alumni and friends also. We have a good captain, and the prospects for a good team are equally favorable. Do not say "money, always money is their cry" and keeping your purse under a bushel, condemn S. Stephen's, for not doing more in the athletic line.

THE MANAGER.

Subscriptions sent to A. M. Judd, Box 30, Annandale, N. Y., will be gratefully acknowledged.

There's meter, spondaic, dactylic,  
 There's meter for style and for tone,  
 But the meter that's far more idylic  
 Is the meter by moonlight alone.—*Ex.*

The law of flunks has been derived as follows: The time necessary to set a flunk in motion, varies directly as one's knowledge, and inversely as the quantity of bluff.—*Ex.*



THE VENEZUELAN DISCUSSION.

The most pleasant news of the whole month of November was that John Bull and Uncle Sam had arranged to settle the question of the Venezuelan boundary, by arbitration. For the last forty-five years Venezuela has been endeavoring unsuccessfully to settle with Great Britain the boundary line, between her territory and British Guiana. In the three different surveys, that have been made at different times, the result each time has been worse and worse for Venezuela; the last line included a large tract of land rich in gold, and this boundary was made after the discovery of the gold mines.

When Mr. Olney first suggested to Lord Salisbury that the question be settled by arbitration, he, Lord Salisbury, as Prime Minister of England, not only refused; but also inferred that we were meddling with something which did not concern us. Mr. Olney replied that the encroachment upon the territory of the Western Hemisphere, by European powers, was considered a very weighty matter by the United States; and he proceeded to insist upon the Monroe doctrine. Lord Salisbury retorted that the Monroe doctrine was not international law, and that he did not consider that the determination of a boundary in South America concerned the United States in any way.

Therefore President Cleveland in his famous message to Congress, asked that illustrious body to empower him to appoint a commission, which should study the facts and ascertain the true boundary line. This was granted, Congress also appropriating money for its necessary expenses.

Vast amounts of English money, which was invested in American enterprises were withdrawn, as this act of the President was considered, in England, no less than a declaration of war. In consequence of the withdrawal of these large amounts the Government was compelled to issue bonds to refill the Treasury. The commission, being appointed, set to work in January of last year, and by its scholarly and thorough methods convinced the world of its impartiality.

In the interim great pressure was brought to bear on Lord Salisbury, to make him see how much better it would be to accept some plan of arbitration,



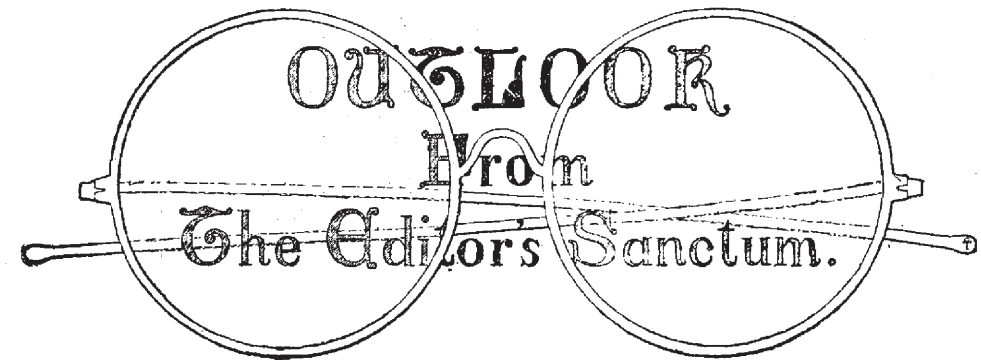
than to await the decision of the American Commission, which all the world acknowledged would be a just one. As has already been said, Lord Salisbury finally agreed to settle the question, in the manner suggested by Mr. Olney.

By the agreement England is to select two arbitrators, and the United States two, and these four are to select a fifth. In case they are unable to agree upon the fifth arbitrator, King Oscar, of Sweden and Norway, is to select some man competent to fill the office.

Upon the proposal of Lord Salisbury to Venezuela, that the boundary line should be determined by a board of arbitration, Venezuela, upon learning that two of the five members were to be Americans, immediately accepted, at the same time agreeing, that land held by British subjects, showing sufficient proofs, that the land had been in their possession for fifty years, should continue to belong to them.

Venezuela might have justly demanded, that the boundary line be determined first, before she agree to any thing else; but, by acting as she has, she has shown her extreme desire for a termination of the dispute.

*Talcott O. Vanamee, 1900.*



WITH this number begins the third year of the life of THE MESSENGER, the first number having been issued in February, '95. In spite of many prophecies to the contrary, the paper has continued to exist, and from a financial standpoint the outlook is brighter now than at any previous time. True we are still in debt, but the debt has not increased during the present year, and it is hoped that it may be liquidated at an early date.

From a literary standpoint, however, the support, which should rightly be expected from students to their college paper, has not been accorded.

There may be some excuse for this during the season, when foot-ball and base-ball and other outdoor sports occupy the time. But, during the winter, when there is little opportunity for out-door exercise, we certainly should look for a greater attention to literary work. On the contrary, it is even more difficult to secure contributions. A number of men are ready enough to promise something, but in a majority of cases, these promises are never fulfilled. To what shall we attribute this apathy? It must be due to indifference on the part of the men. It seems to us, that anyone, who is possessed of the least literary ability and had the welfare of his college at heart, could manage to contribute something each month. A few hours work is all that is necessary, and we venture to say that there are few who cannot find the time, if they have the inclination.

The corps of contributors is limited to a faithful few, who come forward regularly and show an improvement in their work by continued exercise.

May we not ask others to learn a lesson from these few, and enlarge the number, who wish to make THE MESSENGER truly representative of *S. Stephen's College*?