

MESSENGER

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The S. Stephen's College Messenger.

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VOL. III.

ANNANDALE, N. Y., MAY, 1897.

No. 9.

His Favorite Pipe.

“YES, you have a fine collection, indeed. Ah, this looks interesting. What a beautiful case!”

As I spoke I picked up, from among Hal Owen's array of pipes, a leathern case, heavily mounted with silver. I expected to find within, a little gem of a pipe, and was disappointed when a rather commonplace briar with a curved mouth-piece of amber greeted my eyes. Owen saw my look of disappointment and anticipated the expression of my thought:

“No, it doesn't amount to much. In fact, the case is apparently more valuable than the pipe. The latter has its associations, however.”

“But it has evidently never been smoked much,” I said.

“Quite right;” he replied, but it was smoked once at least, and that is why I treasure it and have had that expensive case made for it. I never use it now:—ah, here she is! Mark, let me present my wife.”

Mrs. Owen proved to be a charming woman. I had not seen Hal since I graduated from college, and left him a Junior. I had heard of his marriage, soon after his graduation, to a woman from the neighborhood of the college, and remarked at the time, that it was strange that I could recall no associations with the name, when I supposed that I had known every one in that rural community.

Although our reminiscences of college days, throughout that evening, did not touch upon the matter; nevertheless I perceived that Mrs. Owen was acquainted with the college history of my time only by hearsay, and that she must have come into the neighborhood a little later.

Their children were bright, interesting and lovable; and the evening spent in that family circle before the library fire still lingers in my memory as an

ideal of domestic happiness. When the little eyes began to grow heavy and the little heads to nod, Mrs. Owen excused herself, and, leading the children off to bed, left Hal and me to finish the evening together.

We had been sitting for some time in silence, when he asked suddenly : "Do you smoke as much as you used to?" and after my affirmative reply ; "Come over here and choose a pipe then."

In looking over his smoking table, my eye again rested upon the beautiful case, which had attracted me in the afternoon, and, picking it up, I said : "Hal, you insinuated to-day that this pipe had a history, and I thought that you were going to tell it, just as your wife came in."

"Yes;" he said, "but pick out another, for I can't offer you that, and come over by the fire again." We puffed quietly, for a few minutes, and he held the rich little case in his hand, as he began to talk:

"You left college in '86, didn't you? Well, it happened the next fall. One chill October evening, several of us fellows were sitting in front of the fire, chatting and smoking, when a strange step sounded in the hall without, and a knock came at the door. I immediately called out: 'Come in!' and we were all rather startled to see a tramp push open the door and shuffle timidly in. He was a most wretched looking fellow; his clothes in tatters, his body thin and stooping; and his face, what little could be seen of it by the uncertain light of the fire, beneath the slouch hat, was begrimed and haggard. He seemed surprised at finding more than a single occupant, and hesitating, muttered something about being cold, and edged backward, toward the door. But we immediately made room for him next the fire, and almost forced him into a chair. He said not another word, but sat there shivering, his face in the shadow.

"We tried to go on with our conversation where we had dropped it, but the attempt was a failure; that motionless figure, such a picture of wretchedness, cast a gloom over our spirits. Finally one of the fellows, Ted Fuller, out of the goodness of his heart, said to the tramp: 'Won't you have a smoke?' at the same time handing over a pipe. It had been accepted and the poor fellow with trembling fingers was filling it, before I perceived that Ted had, probably by mistake, picked up my new pipe, the pride of my heart, and which I had declared that no one else should smoke. But, rather than hurt the poor unfortunate's feelings I let him go on. After this, another long pause between the attempts at conversation, and then the fellows left, with queer smiles, which seemed to say: 'What are you going to do with him? We wish you joy.'

"I sat for some time in silence, puzzling as to my course of action; then, suddenly, the figure in the chair opposite me swayed and slid, an insensible heap, to the floor. I jumped to catch him, and as I raised his head, the hat dropped off, and I saw the face of a mere youth; thin and wasted features, very dirty; but, even then, striking in their claims to beauty.

"I quickly procured water and stimulant, and, after a few minutes, the eyes opened and the breath came quickly. Then a long low sob, followed by a paroxysm of grief. I stood astounded. Could I be deceived? Surely no man or boy would cry like that. It was a woman's grief! To confirm my opinion I urged another drink, and, when the face was raised, the tell-tale eyes, so full of misery and shame, assured me that I had guessed aright. I have wondered since, that in my sudden surprise and embarrassment, there were no harsh sentiments, no feelings of revulsion or disgust at the trick. The poor young face with its pleading eyes mastered me, and I sat down beside the woman, and entreated her, in my most compassionate tones, to tell me her story.

"It came very slowly between her sobs, but, strange as it was I could not doubt it. All my interests and sympathies were aroused by the tale of a home, wrecked by a mother's death and a father's brutality, and the girl's escape under this guise.

"What was I to do? She begged me to befriend her; she refused to go back; and acknowledged the folly of trying to keep up the disguise. She had been tramping for nearly two weeks, and was exhausted and disheartened. For some time I sat dumbfounded, and trying to reason collectedly; while the poor girl at my feet sobbed softly, the sob of exhausted despair.

"You will of course, remember dear old Mrs. Durand, who lived on the estate adjoining the college property. She was always a good friend to all the students, and, I used to think, especially fond of me. So I turned to her in my perplexity. I knew, that, although the hour was late, I would find her in her library, reading; and, moreover, it had just occurred to me, that she had told me in the morning, that one of her servants intended to leave her, and that she must find another.

"So, under a promise of assistance, I persuaded the girl to accompany me, and together we went out into the night. We had not gone far, before strength failed her, and I was compelled to carry her in my arms to Mrs. Durand's door. As I had expected, Mrs. Durand, herself, answered my gentle knock. The girl had fainted again, and I had told her story and pleaded her cause, before she regained consciousness. I used all the eloquence at my command, in my plea, believing that women are always the severest judges of their own sex; but, when I stopped, Mrs. Durand looked around, from her ministrations to the sufferer, and said quietly: 'Leave her with me.' I thought then, and think now, that it was the truth and innocence in the young face, which won the elder woman's sympathies.

"The next day, Mrs. Durand sent for me and asked me, if I could get permission to go on a journey, to the distant town of X——. I easily got a leave of absence, and I was able, by investigation, to completely substantiate the girl's story, and to gain many additional facts. Circumstances in no just

sense demanded that she return to her father, a wealthy farmer of good family, but, for whom sordid and tyrannical are weak adjectives. He had said, in the community, that he had sent his daughter away to school.

"When I returned, the girl, by her natural sweetness of character, had so made a place for herself in Mrs. Durand's heart, that I doubt if my report materially affected her position. She was from that time more of a companion than maid to Mrs. Durand."

"H'm," I murmured reflectively, as Owen paused and seemed to have finished. Then I was silent for some time, meditating upon the romantic story. I was aroused by Owen's opening the case and fondling the little pipe.

"But the pipe;" I said. "You value it so highly, simply because of its connection with that incident?"

"Why yes," he replied; as if I should have known without being told. "If she had not attempted to carry out her disguise, by trying to smoke, she might not have fainted; and then I should never have known my wife."

Herbert Seymour Hastings, '98.

A Paraphrase on Pope.

LO, the poor Wheelman! whose perverted mind
Sees headlights in the clouds, and hears bells in the wind.
His simple soul was never taught to stray,
Far as a smooth and stoneless cycle way;
Yet kindly L. A. W. to his hope has given,
Beyond the Boulevard, a wheelsman's Heaven.
Some safer track in shady woods embraced,
Some happier spot, not in a Raines' law waste,
Where scorchers no pursuing cop behold,
No tires torment, no dealers thirst for gold.
To wheel is all the bliss he could desire,
He asks no crown, no harp, no glowing fire,
But thinks, that in that fair pneumatic sky,
His faithful bike shall bear him company.—*G. F. R.*

A Posy Ditty.

O DAFFODILS, Daffodils,
Stop, I pray, your dancing;
Cease your pretty courtesies
To Tulips, so entrancing!
Don't you see their pretty cheeks,
Soft and deeply blushing,
And their hearts, blown back and forth,
At your glances rushing?
Tell me, gallant Daffodils,
Why are you so gay?
Are you making love to them,
All the sunny day?
And, if I myself make love
To some other dear,
Will my heart be pure as yours,
Sweetening all things near?—*H. S. Hastings, '98.*

An Odd Blunder.

TOM BENTLEY was a fool. That is to say, he was generally accredited with having much less common sense, than his fellow men. Certainly he had abilities of a fair order, but they assuredly were not the kind adapted to carry him through the ordinary affairs of life, without some ridiculous blunder here and there.

Tom fell in love. Not that this might be considered as the natural result of his affliction; but it led him to the blunder here recorded.

When Tom first met Miss Amanda Smith, he was acting as private secretary to a wealthy, retired senator. Just about the time Tom's heart bade him unburden himself, at the feet of Miss Amanda; his employer went abroad, taking his secretary along.

If Tom had not been such a fool, it would never have occurred to him, that Miss Smith could do other than wait for him. It was patent to the most casual observer, that her's was an undying love. Yet, with a modesty quite amusing, he confessed to me his dread, lest the fates should permit another to take her from him. Why he did not propose to her by letter, I do not know; nor was it any of my business; I record simply the facts.

A year passed by, before Tom's employer was disposed to return, and then his return was unexpected, else Tom would hardly have had the chance to make this blunder.

It was a beautiful May morning, when this delicious bit of foolishness happened. After a good night's rest, Tom had strolled down town to attend to some business, in order that his mind might be freed from all cares, preliminary to a call upon Miss Smith. Toward noon, his business completed, he entered a fashionable café, which was, to him, replete with memories of happy visits, in company with her for whom he had been languishing a whole year. The seat he took gave him a position, whence he might admire his own attractions, in a full length of French plate, and also observe the other guests.

Before he was half way through lunch, the mirror made known to him the presence of a very striking couple. *She* was young, beautiful and—Miss Amanda Smith! He—well, Tom did not know him, but observed, with paling cheek, that the two were very much devoted to each other. The joy of seeing *her* was swallowed up in the pangs of jealousy. He watched the two as a cat its prey. They talked and laughed, in a manner seeming to indicate a close relationship; and Tom, prone to foolishness, grew more miserable. Finally he noticed a startling fact. Miss Smith, with feminine care, was just in the act of passing a beautiful white hand over her tresses. Tom watched it, in all the fascination of a lover; until suddenly his heart began to sink, with that sensation one experiences in a rapidly descending elevator. On the third finger of Miss Smith's left hand was a wedding ring!

"Great Scott! she's married," poor Tom moaned. The next minute he was off like a shot.

I knew nothing of all this, until some time after; in fact, not until I received a letter from Tom, in which he upbraided me for a lack of friendly interest, in not having acquainted him with the news of Miss Smith's marriage. He detailed the scene in the café, and told me that his life was ruined; that he never cared to return again to his native town. He was now holding a good position in New York, and would stay there.

I was a little perplexed by this turn of events, yet I correctly guessed the whole affair to be mixed up with his stupidity. At any rate, I resolved to see Miss Smith, and, if possible, ferret out the mystery. Accordingly, one fine afternoon, I called upon her, in the hope that circumstances would bring about some solution of Tom's troubles. I did not, for a moment, believe she was married, although I could not account for the fact that she wore the marriage symbol.

The first thing I observed, when we were seated for a chat, was her left hand. Neither there, nor on the other hand, could I see anything, in appearance approaching a wedding ring. Then I resolved upon a bold expedient.

"I miss the plain gold ring you sometimes wear," I said.

"Oh, yes," was her interested reply. "Excuse me for a moment, and I will get it. There is a very sad story connected with it."

She returned shortly, and handed to me what was unmistakably a wedding

ring. While I was examining it, she related to me the story of a dear cousin, who, after wearing it one short year, had died in far off India.

"But, Miss Smith," I asked, with the impudence of a friend, "are you not afraid to wear this in such a way, that it might mislead people?"

"I never do," she replied, in a surprised way. "Indeed, I make it a point of wearing it always on my right hand."

This was all the more perplexing. I knew her to be precise and careful; I knew Tom was not such a fool, that he could not tell the right hand from the left. It was certainly strange, and for a few minutes we dropped the matter. At last, an idea having struck me, I asked Miss Smith to put the ring where she usually wore it. That was on the third finger of the right hand. Then I gently turned her to a mirror, held up her arm, and asked what the mirror said. Astonishment spread over her face as she looked.

"Why, it seems to be on my left hand! I never thought of that."

I did not explain to her my interest, but that night I sat down and wrote a long letter to Tom, calling him by some choice names, and warning him that his foolishness would ultimately bring untold trouble upon himself, if he did not reform.

My harshness, however, did not prevent me from being, three months later, the best man at Tom's wedding. S. M. N., '99.

Man From a Dog's Standpoint.

A LITTLE dog, with red-brown eyes,
Sat looking upward to the skies,
And in his sadly muddled brain,
An endless, much entangled chain
Of thought ran, striving hard, perchance,
For power of speech and utterance.

"If," said the Doggie, seriously,

"I am what wise men say I be,
A link 'twixt nothingness and man,
Why, strive I as hard as ever I can,
I can not reach to Wisdom's state,
Nor Wisdom's ways investigate.

"This life, a dream of bones galore,
A fleeting vision, nothing more—
No hope of 'happy hunting ground,'
Where all dog comforts might be found:
For when a dog dies, wise men say,
'He's dead forever and a day.'

- "But, if I am what I think I be,
A dog of no mean destiny,
And if I think, as think I try,
That nothing, which has life, can die,
But all things, working good or ill,
Have each a mission to fulfill,
- "Then some night I may fall asleep,
And haply, if I slumber deep,
Some wandering soul, not of my race,
May seek in me a dwelling place;
Then in the morning I shall find
Myself a mortal, with a mind.
- "Supposing this should happen so,
That I should be a man, I know
There are some things I would not do,
I'll try to 'numerate a few,
Which seem so very wrong to me,
That, why they're done, I can not see.
- "I would not, if I were a man,
Scheme, and wrack my brains to plan
How I might get my brother's gold,
Nor would I pile up wealth untold,
And make, for show, a gorgeous spread;
While children cried aloud for bread.
- "I would not court a pretty girl,
And call her 'Rosebud,' 'Sweet,' and 'Pearl,'
Then, when the honeymoon was o'er,
Set her to mopping up the floor,
And say, with sneer upon my face,
'Beloved, this is woman's place.'
- "I would not, could not, think it right
To come oft so late at night;
I could not swear at my dear wife,
Nor make my house a den of strife;
I would not have my children say,
'Papa gets drunk 'most every day.'
- "I would not say, 'No, no, my dear,
You can't have one new dress this year:
For money's scarce, and times are hard,'

And then, an hour later, 'Pard,
Pass up the shekels, I command,
I have four aces in my hand.'

"If I were a man, as I wish I'd be,
And had a little dog like me,
I would not give him kicks and blows,
Nor throw a boot-jack at his nose,
And, though for learning I should strive,
I could not cut him up alive."

Thus spake the dog, with red-brown eyes,
Who wished so deeply to be wise,
And in his ignorance did prate
The weaknesses of man's estate.
Ah, Doggie! All you said was true,
And you were wiser than you knew.—*G. F. R.*

The New York Alumni.

THE New York Alumni Association of S. Stephen's College held their annual reunion dinner, at the Plaza Hotel, on the night of Monday, May third. The President, the Revd. Richard B. Post, B.A., '62, presided, with the Revd. Robert B. Fairbairn, D.D., LL.D., Warden of the college, on his right and the Revd. Geo. D. Silliman, M.A., D.D., '67, Alumni Trustee, on his left. An admirable dinner was enjoyed, after which, the President, with a few well chosen remarks, introduced our honored Warden. When the applause had subsided, Dr. Fairbairn spoke of the great progress of the college and its present position, and paid a fitting tribute to the memory of our great benefactor, the late Dr. Charles Frederick Hoffman. It is seldom that a college president sits down to dinner with gray-haired men, who have been collegians during his administration; and S. Stephen's sons were glad to pay honor to him.

The following toasts were responded to: "The Trustees," Revd. Geo. D. Silliman, M.A., D.D., '67; "The Alumni," Revd. Arthur C. Kimber, M.A., D.D., '66; "The Alumni in Orders," Revd. Geo. S. Bennitt, B.D.; "The Doctorate," Revd. Gilbert Henry Sterling, B.A., D.D., '71; "Law and Political Progress," Francis J. Hopson, M.A., LL.B., '85; "The Press," Revd. James B. Wasson, M.A., S.T.D., '74; "Music," Revd. Robert Mackeller, B.A., '82; "The Fountain of Youth," Frederick DuM. Devall.

At the business session the following officers were elected: President, Revd. Richard B. Post, '62; Vice-President, Revd. George S. Bennitt; Secretary and Treasurer, Frederick DuM. Devall; Executive Committee, F. J. Hopson, '85, Revd. Fred. S. Griffin, '87 and Rev. Frank B. Reazer, '79.

The Tandem.

I MET her at a swell affair,
 And fell in love at once.
 Her charming ways, her eyes and hair,
 Just made of me a dunce.
 She said she had no use for men—
 And mentioned some at random—
 Unless the cycle they could ride,
 A single, or a tandem.

The tandem idea stuck to me,
 Nor would I let it go;
 I thought, how lovely it would be
 To ride with her, you know.
 I bought her one, but, Caesar great!
 However did I stand 'em—
 The bloomers, that went out that day,
 With me, upon the tandem.

She steered the wheel all through the town,
 Met every one I knew;
 I had to sit there like a clown,
 For I was number two.
 My friends all saw the bloomers, and
 By Jove! how they did brand 'em;
 I cussed myself, the girl and all,
 My friends, the town and tandem.

That one adventure sickened me,
 We meet and simply bow,
 That I a bachelor will be,
 I've sworn a solemn vow.
 Give me the club and good cigars,
 As fast as you can hand 'em,
 And there's a vacant seat just now,
 For someone, on the tandem.—*Carl Reiland.*

Do we often speak of a child as a "tot," because one is usually *so many*?
 '98.

A Vernal Lay.

SING a song of Spring clothes,
 A pocket full of tin,
 Four-and-twenty golf-suits—
 See them coming in.
 When the season opens,
 How short trousers pass!
 Isn't that a pretty dress,
 For chapeland for class?

The golf-suit, now, at all times,
 How very nice it looks!
 So congruous, 'neath cap and gown,
 With dry and classic books!
 On Senior or on Freshman—
 It graces every man;
 When e'en a Doctor puts it on,
 Then censure, if you can.

The thin legg'd men and the bow-legg'd,
 In golf-suits now appear;
 And song of birds, and cropping grass
 Assure us: "Spring is here!"
 But times are changed, "the burnished dove"
 And "robin's breast" still glows,
 But now the young man's fancy
 Lightly turns to thoughts of clothes.—*H., '98.*

A PRIMER LESSON.

THIS is a man.
 Who is the man?
 The man is the Warden.
 What is the Warden doing?
 He is walking up the Campus.
 Who is that one at the other end of the Campus?
 He is a Sophomore.
 What is the Sophomore doing?
 He is going around the end of a building.
 Why is the Sophomore going around the end of the building?
 He has Chapel absences.
J. Paul Graham,



Editors' Corner

A STUDY IN COMPARATIVE LITERATURE.

On the Acropolis, overlooking the ancient city of Athens, stood the Parthenon, the crowning triumph of Grecian architecture. For this temple, Phydias sculptured a splendid frieze. Early in this century, an English nobleman obtained permission to remove this frieze, and to-day, the "Elgin Marbles," in the British Museum, are counted among the great art treasures of the world. In other words, the act of vandalism, which stripped these marbles from the walls of Athena's temple, has indirectly benefited the cause of art. So it is with the literary critic. He tears down only, that he may place the material before the student. This is an age of literary criticism. On every side the critics are at work; and they have done much, which, from sheer sentiment, we wish they had left undone and yet, sentiment must not influence the critic. He must state the facts as he finds them. He is, of necessity, something of a Vandal; but let us hope, that his vandalism, like that of Lord Elgin, may minister to the cause of art.

Probably few of the admirers of Longfellow's "King Robert of Sicily" are aware, that in the "Gesta Romanorum," there is a story of much the same character. In fact, "The Humbling of Jovinian" and "King Robert of Sicily" may be regarded as two forms of the same story; for there is a marked similarity of structure and plot and both point the same moral.

The proud sovereign of the older story is true to the spirit of his age, when he exclaims in his exultation of spirit "Is there any other god than me?" and King Robert, echoing the cry of Jovinian in the strain of his age—the Renaissance—sneers

"'Tis well that such seditious words are sung
Only by priests and in the Latin Tongue:
For unto priests and people be it known
There is no power can drag *me* from my throne."

Swift indeed is the punishment. The Emperor Jovinian—goodness only knows who he was—goes to bathe in a stream, and, in the meanwhile, a double

of the Emperor having appeared on the scene, arrays himself in the royal apparel and goes off with the imperial suite, leaving the unhappy Jovinian without any clothes. Successively he seeks aid of a knight, a duke, his wife and his confessor. None of these recognizes him, and he is even subjected on two occasions to the indignity of corporeal punishment; but, at last, he makes a confession of his sin. Immediately he is recognized and, having presented himself at the palace, he is reinstated by the usurper himself, who makes a little speech, in which he carefully points out the moral of the Emperor's experience.

Now mark the resemblance of Longfellow's story. Having uttered his boastful words, King Robert dozes off,

"Lulled by the chant monotonous and deep."

When he awakes he finds himself alone in the church. It is night. He knocks wildly at the door and when the startled sexton opens it, he rushes past him and never stops, until he is in the banqueting hall in the presence of the angel. He is not recognized; and for years leads the life of a jester. He meets his brothers the Emperor of Germany and the Pope; but neither of them recognize him in his strange disguise, altho' he boldly asserts his relationship. At length he acknowledges his fault, not to a priest as Jovinian did; but as he kneels in his cell on Easter morning. Having thus humbled himself, he is restored by the angel, and the courtiers, returning, find him kneeling in prayer.

Historically the two stories are about equally accurate. There never was an Emperor Jovinian any more than there was an Emperor Anselm. The author of the "Gesta Romanorum" lived in an age, when historical accuracy was not as carefully observed, as in these days, and, when he had a story to tell, he named his characters haphazard. Robert of Sicily has an historical existence, Robert being the name of the first Norman king of the island and Pope Urban II was contemporaneous with him; but was not his brother. Valmon, Emperor of Allemaine, can hardly have been the Emperor Henry IV, the Penitent of Carnossa, who, it is needless to say, was not a brother either of Pope Urban II or Robert of Sicily.

We have passed the Robinson Crusoe stage of literary appreciation, and in this nineteenth century such a story as "The Humbling of Jovinian" must have literary form, if it is to be popular. As for the literary form of "King Robert, of Sicily," no one pretends that it is the highest form of verse; but it is excellent work of its class.

The writer of the "Gesta Romanorum" seems to think, that he has made a humorous incident, by leaving the Emperor without clothes. The usurper might at least have left a few garments, however poor. Then again, he makes a mistake, in not letting Jovinian's wife recognize him, after his confession. The priest did. The point of the story—that the sin of pride had changed the man—is weakened and an unnecessary complication is created, by allowing

the Emperor and the usurper to stand face to face, before the whole court, with the bewildered Empress, unable to pick out her own husband. The only excuse we can imagine is, that it gave the usurper a chance to make some appropriate remarks on the sin of pride. The mediæval story-tellers all had a bad habit of preaching.

Longfellow's story is told with much more art. The opening scene is a vast improvement on the work of the earlier writer. The King is, of course,

"Despoiled of his magnificent attire;"

but even Longfellow could not withstand the temptation to leave him "half naked." Perhaps this may be forgiven more easily, when we remember, that in this instance the usurper was an angel, and that a pair of wings and a white robe would have been quite as out of place for King Robert, in his changed estate, as his kingly robes. The humiliation of the royal culprit is by a more refined cruelty than the lash. He is made court jester, to be laughed at, jeered at, despised.

The lines

"Days came and went, and now returned again
To Sicily the old Saturnian reign:
Under the Angel's governance benign,
The happy island danced with corn and wine,"

have always afforded us considerable amusement. It must, indeed, have been a fine thing for Sicily. What a field it would have offered for the studies of the Political Economist!

The last scene is perhaps the poorest from an artistic standpoint. It reminds us of the Dutchess' novels, where high tragedy goes on down stairs, while a young woman above stairs, plays "Sir Rodger de Coverley" on the piano. Story-tellers—even the best of them—sometimes fall into these mistakes and if they all did as well as Longfellow, we should have no cause for complaint. It seems quite probable, that Longfellow was acquainted with the "Gesta Romanorum"; and he may perhaps have borrowed the plot, as Shakespeare borrowed the plots of some of his best dramas, and we think that we may fairly say, that, like the great play-wright, he has transfigured it by his genius.

Watson Bartemus Selvage, '98.

ALIKE.

Why is the savage like the maid?
This may seem out of place,
But both are much addicted to
The painting of the face.—*Carl Reiland.*



IT would seem that the College papers, taken in the aggregate, were but a reflection of the great world, for May 1 seems to be Editorial moving day, with most of our contemporaries. It is quite proper that it should be so, for Seniors can generally find enough other things to occupy their time, when Commencement is drawing so near.

THE MESSENGER, however, does not elect a new Board of Editors until June 1. This then, being the final effort of the Board of '97, it devolves upon us to make our bow to the public, and retire gracefully from the Editorial arena. We commend THE MESSENGER to the tender care of our successors, and trust that they may derive as much pleasure and benefit from their labors, as we have. Truly the work has been one of pleasure and not of hardship, although there have been some drawbacks to it. A lack of sufficient material to work with, has been one quite serious hindrance, and a general lack of interest shown by the undergraduates, with the exception of a limited number. Gentlemen, where is your boasted "college spirit?" Cannot your college paper claim a share of it?

With this plea for an exhibition of greater interest on the part of the student-body, and with sincere gratitude to the faithful few, who have stood by us during the past year, we propose the health and success of the Board of '98.

BEFORE our next number goes to press, the Commencement of '97 will have passed into history. On behalf of the undergraduates, we urge the Alumni to come back to Annandale and join with us, in doing honor to Alma Mater. Surely you, who received your college training in these classic shades, need not be urged to seek them again, tho' for only a few days filled with the glamor of Commencement. The enthusiastic Alumnus is invariably the Alumnus, who comes back the oftenest, and it is the enthusiastic Alumnus who helps the college. Vast endowment, learned professors, splendid buildings and college spirit are fine things; but without the hearty support of the Alumni they are all but vain. COME BACK AND DO YOUR PART.

THE Senior Class, believing that few care to listen to graduating orations, inasmuch as in the limited time given—seven minutes—no subject can possibly be exhaustively treated, petitioned the Faculty to dispense with them this year, with the exception of the Valedictorian and the recipient of the Mc-Vickar prize, and, in their place, to invite some prominent public speaker to make an address.

The Faculty did not see fit to grant the petition, and the Seniors cannot help but feel flattered, that the members of the faculty should prefer to listen to them; but nevertheless they would gladly forego the honor, and postpone their first public address until some later day.

THERE is a tendency with some persons, to neglect what we call etiquette. They seem to think, that, because they are good friends with a man, they can omit all the formalities of society and say anything and everything. Now this is all wrong. No friendship can stand such a strain: for after all it is these little courtesies, formalities if you choose to call them such, which, as Kipling expresses it, "make life a little less nasty than it is." College men seem to be especial offenders in this respect, and some years ago a New England college president said—"Nine-tenths of all college men are simply educated boors." We believe he exaggerated. College men are not such a bad lot as that. Thoughtlessness is generally the greatest fault; but it should be remembered, that the truest etiquette is thoughtfulness.

THERE is a certain class of persons, who fondly imagine, that they have "a mission" in the world; and who seem to think, that they are chosen instruments, elect and precious, by which Providence wills to accomplish certain results. It is a notorious fact, that these persons are generally of low mentality and, that it would take *as much* as a providential interference to raise them above the common herd. Such persons generally talk a great deal and explain their "mission" to the long suffering public. It is about time, that we learned—one and all—that, in all human probability, we shall fill very small niches, and live and die, "unknown, unhonored and unsung." Moreover, people, who achieve preëminence in the world, have to begin by doing well the little every day duties of life,

College Notes.

—There will be a minstrel show, for the benefit of the Senior Class, on the evening of May 26.

—At a meeting of the College, held April 12, C. A. Roth, '98, was elected Marshal for the coming Commencement.

—A. I. Ernest Boss, Herbert S. Hastings and Watson Bartemus Salvage have been elected managers of the Junior Ball.

—The Class of '97 proposes to revive the old custom of Class-day at this Commencement. The last Class-day exercises were held by the Class of '92.

—Since our last issue the Glee Club has given two concerts. The first, at Red Hook on the evening of May 12, and the other at Rhinebeck on May 19. Both were successful.

—The Junior Class has elected the following officers for the Trinity term: President, Frank J. Knapp; Vice-President, Christian A. Roth; Secretary and Treasurer, Archibald M. Judd.

—The Rev. William W. Olssen, M.A., D.D., Professor of Mathematics, celebrated his seventieth birthday on May 11. In the evening the Glee Club serenaded him and paid their respects.

—The first base-ball game of the season was played May 8, with Peekskill. Our men showed a lack of team work, but, considering the very limited amount of practice the team has had, put up a very good game. The score was, Peekskill 15; S. S., 9.

—The contract for the new Gymnasium has been awarded, and work will be begun at once. The corner-stone will be laid on Commencement Day. The money is not all in; but the committee have decided to do what they can with the funds now on hand. The building will be situated between the end of the new buildings and the library, and sixty-five feet east of the east side of the proposed quadrangle.

—The following will be the programme for Commencement Week:

Sunday, June 13.—Baccalaureate Sermon, 4 P. M.

Monday, June 14.—Exhumation of Algebra; Class Supper, 9 P. M.

Tuesday, June 15.—Junior Ball, 9 P. M.

Wednesday, June 16.—Class-day exercises, 4 P. M.; Missionary Sermon, 8 P. M.; Warden's reception, 9 P. M.; Promenade, 9:30 P. M.; Society reunions, 11 P. M.

Thursday, June 17.—Annual meeting Alumni Association, 10 A. M.; Trustee meeting, 11 A. M.; Exercises of Commencement, 12 M.; Laying corner-stone of Gymnasium, 3 P. M.; Alumni Dinner, 4 P. M.