Commencement.

It is with mingled pleasure and regret, that we take up our pen to write the history of the Thirty-seventh Commencement. Pleasure, because each succeeding year, as it passes into history, crowned with success, gives surety of continued usefulness and future greatness to the College; regret, that those who we have known have passed out from these classic halls.

SUNDAY—BACCALAUREATE SERMON.

At four o'clock Sunday afternoon, June the thirteenth, the academic procession was formed by the Marshal and his assistants as follows: Assistant Marshal, Charles Lawrence Wheeler, '98; the Choir; Assistant Marshal, Watson Bartemus Selvage, '98; the Undergraduates; Marshal, Christian Andrew Roth, '98; the candidates for the Degree of B.A.; the Warden; the Faculty and visiting Clergy. The music was rendered by the College Choir with organ and cornet accompaniment. The first part of the service was taken by the Rev'd Francis C. Steinmetz, M.A., '93; the Rector of Barrytown read the lessons and the prayers were said by the Rev'd Albert J. Nock, M.A., Assistant Professor of Latin.

The Warden preached an excellent sermon on "Leadership." His text was Eph. vi., 10: "Finally my brethren, be strong." With his usual earnestness and force, he impressed upon his hearers, that the learning and wisdom and scholarship of a man became active agencies only when joined to the faculty of leadership. We regret, that we are compelled to add, that the Warden overtaxed himself preaching and was unable to take active part in affairs till Commencement Day.

MONDAY.

Monday was set apart for the ceremonies connected with the exhumation of the Algebra of the class of '97, and the Class Suppers. Some time
Tuesday the Alumni began to arrive in large numbers and they gathered under the old hemlock in front of Aspinwall Hall—which they persist in calling "Occident"—and recounted their undergraduate experience to all who had time to listen. The college has changed considerably in the past twenty or thirty years; but we seem to be repeating the same pranks as those who were "Annandale undergrads" in the sixties and seventies.

Nine P. M. had been set as the time for the opening of the Junior Ball of the Class of '98. It was held in Preston Hall and never has the old hall looked more beautiful than it did that night, with its decorations of bunting, greens and Chinese lanterns. Divans piled with pillows—such as delight college men—were ranged along the sides of the room and little tables with daintily shaded lamps were placed between them. The prevailing colors of the decorations were purple and scarlet, the colors of the Senior Class; but at the western end of the hall the decoration was of black and gold and the '98 banner was conspicuously displayed.

A large number of guests were present, many being from a considerable distance. Music was furnished by the College Orchestra and dancing continued till day-break. The Class of '98 and especially the Managers, A. I. Ernest Boss, Herbert Seymour Hastings and Watson Bartemus Selvage, are to be congratulated on the success of the ball; and we trust that the custom may long be continued at S. Stephens.

WEDNESDAY—CLASS-DAY.

At two-thirty the Glee Club rendered an excellent Concert in Preston Hall, after which the picture of the class of '97 was unveiled with appropriate ceremonies.

At four o'clock, the Senior and Junior classes formed in procession in front of Potter Hall, and were conducted by the Marshal, Christian Andrew Roth, to the platform on the campus where they took their seats, the Seniors on the right and the Juniors on the left. The President of the class of '97, Joseph Patterson Gibson, then delivered the Address of Welcome. Music was furnished by the Cornet Quartette. The Class Poet, Edward Slater Dunlap, then recited his composition and was followed by the Class Historian, Seth Wolcott Linsley, who read the annals of the class. After music by the quartette, the mementoes from the Senior Class were presented to the Juniors, by Homer A. Flint. Great merriment was excited, but we were all thoroughly sobered by the great and wonderful things which were predicted by the Class Prophet, George A. Green. The Juniors then presented their mementoes to the Seniors, the President, Christian A. Roth, making the speech. Edward Hudson Young then gave some healthful advice to the lower classmen. We trust it may be taken to heart. The retiring President of the Convocation of
the Undergraduates then presented his successor, Christian Andrew Roth, to the audience, and turned over "The Shovel" to the class of '98. It was received by Archibald M. Judd, who made a speech in which he eulogized the class of '97 and promised that '98 would uphold the traditions and honor of the College. The Keeper of the Pipe of Peace, Leopold Kroll, was then introduced, and after a few brief remarks, the huge brown earthenware pipe made the rounds, and the Class of '98 were hailed as Seniors. The corks popped and as the audience dispersed they saw the "old and the new Seniors" drink each other's health.

Promptly at seven-thirty the academic procession was formed for the Missionary Sermon. The Rev'd Charles T. Olmsted, B.A., D.D., of Utica, was the preacher. The story of the casting out of the demon from the sick child was the basis of his discourse, and he delivered an able and scholarly sermon.

The Warden's Reception to the Alumni and Graduating Class followed about nine o'clock. Owing to his illness, our beloved Warden was unable to be present. Miss Fairbairn received, assisted by her sister, Mrs. W. Weir Gilkeson and Mrs. Henry A. Fairbairn. Meanwhile many couples were promenading on the campus, which was brilliantly illuminated with Chinese lanterns.


The Twenty-eighth Annual Reunion of the Kappa Gamma Chi was held in Bard Hall. Eighteen Alumni were present, among whom were the Rev. Alex. H. Vinton, B.A., D.D., '73; Henry F. Auld, B.A., '77; Chas. C. Quin, B.A., '77 and John Aspinwall, M.A.


About ten thirty the Sigma Alpha Epsilon undergraduates and alumni gathered at the north end of the campus and, having given their yell, started for Rhinebeck in three large rigs. A few moments before midnight they were gathered around the festive board in the Rhinebeck Hotel, where after enjoying an excellent banquet the Symposiarch, the Rev'd Canon Thomas B. Fulture, M.A., B.D., '73, offered the following toasts:

Sigma Alpha Epsilon—Rev'd George H. Young, B.A., '85.
The Chapter—Rev'd Jacob Probst, '92.
The Alumni—Rev'd Charles E. Freeman, B.D., '83.
Our Future Policy—Watson Bartemus Selvage, '98.

Then just as the sun was rising they sang "Good night, brothers," and started back to college.

THURSDAY—COMMENCEMENT DAY.

At seven o'clock the Alumni assembled in the chapel for their annual Celebration of the Holy Communion. The President of the Convocation of the Alumni, the Rev'd Arthur C. Kimber, M.A., D.D., '66, was Celebrant; the Rev'd Joseph D. Herron, M.A., B.D., '76, Gospeller, and the Secretary, the Rev'd Willian George Walter Anthony, M.A., '90, Epistoller.


An attempt was made to pass a resolution urging the Warden, Trustees, Faculty and Undergraduates to make such changes in the programme of Wednesday in Commencement week as to allow the society reunions to begin not later than nine P.M., but was lost after some discussion.

An amendment to the By-Laws was made at this meeting, whereby by-law IV was repealed and by-law VIII was amended to read as follows:

A proposed amendment to Article II of the Constitution was read and filed with the Secretary in pursuance of the provisions of the Constitution, to be acted upon at the next meeting. By this proposed amendment Special Coursemen, who have received certificates, will be admitted to membership in the association.

The officers for the ensuing year are:

- Vice-President—The Rev'd Thomas B. Fultone, M. A., B. D., '73.
- Secretary—The Rev'd James M. Blackwell, M. A., '92.
- Necrologist—The Rev'd Wm. J. C. Agnew, M. A., B. D., '84.


The Board of Trustees held their annual meeting in Ludlow-Willink Hall at eleven o'clock. Routine business was transacted, including the granting of degrees and a petition and a resolution were received from the undergraduates.

Meanwhile the chapel was crowded, and the Assistant Marshals, having finished their task of seating our visitors, retired to take part in the academic procession, which was formed as follows: The Assistant Marshals, Charles Lawrence Wheeler, '98 and Watson Bartemus Selove, '98, the Choir, the Undergraduates, the Graduating Class, the Alumni, the Marshals, Christian Andrew Roth, '98, the Faculty and Trustees and lastly the Rev'd W. George W. Anthony, M. A., '90, who was to sing the Litany.

It was a few minutes past twelve, when the procession entered the chapel singing the hymn "Onward Christian Soldiers." They were supported by the organ with cornet accompaniment. Having taken their places, the Senior Professor, the Rev'd George B. Hopson, M. A., D. D. (the Warden being absent), read the Bidding Prayer, commemorating the Founders and Benefactors of the College, after which the Lord's Prayer and Litany was sung.

The service being concluded, the congregation adjourned to the campus, where the platform had been erected for the Commencement Exercises, the academic procession following in the same order as before.

It was a great joy to all of us, on coming within view of the platform, to see our honored Warden already seated in his chair. The Assistant Marshals, on arriving at the steps, bowed to the Warden and divided the procession to right and left, while the Marshal, Christian Andrew Roth, '98, led the Faculty and Trustees to the platform. The exercises of Commencement were as follows:

**MUSIC.**

True Partisanship, . . . . . . Edward S. Dunlap.

Literary Character of American Statesmen, Seth Wolcott Linsley.


Prizes were then awarded:—McVicar Prize, Edward Slater Dunlap, '97; Hellenistic Greek, Homer A. Flint, '97; Logic, Herbert Seymour Hastings, '98; Mathematics, Arthur Sanford Lewis, '99; Greek, James Robert Lacey, 1900; Latin, James Robert Lacey, 1900.

A certificate was granted to Adelbert McGinniss.

The degree of Bachelor of Arts was then conferred upon Edward Slater Dunlap, New York; Homer Abial Flint, Gouldsville, Vt.; Joseph Patterson Gibson, Baltimore, Md.; George Andrew Green, Oswego, N. Y.; Leopold Kroll, New York; Seth Wolcott Linsley, Huntington, Conn.; and Edward Hudson Young, Rock Island, Ill.

The following were advanced to the degree of Master of Arts: The Rev'd Arthur Q. Davis, B. A., '78; the Rev'd Charles H. Hannah, B. A., '93; the

One "Honoris Causa" degree was conferred B.D.—The Rev'd Richard B. Post, B.A., '62.

After the singing of the customary hymn, the Warden, the Rev'd Robert B. Fairbairn, D.D., LL.D., the Bishop being absent, pronounced the Benediction.

There was a delay of some moments before the College and guests were gathered around the stage, which surrounded the spot where the cornerstone of the new gymnasium was to be laid. After a song by the Glee Club, the orator of the occasion, the Rev'd Alexander H. Vinton, B.A., D.D., '73, of Worcester, Mass., delivered a scholarly and enthusiastic address, after which our faithful Treasurer, Col. S. VanR. Cruger, laid the corner-stone with due ceremony. The stone is a solid block of Ulster County blue stone, and is set at the southwest corner of the structure. On the west side it bears the inscription:

\[
\text{ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION 1897. S. STEPHEN'S COLLEGE.}
\]

On the south side:

\[
\begin{align*}
\text{BUILDING COMMITTEE.}
\text{A. M. JUDD, Chairman.}
\text{J. B. GREINNER, H. H. PEASE,}
\text{C. W. POPHAM, REV. F. C. STEINMETZ.}
\end{align*}
\]

The Alumni Dinner had been scheduled for four o'clock; but, of course, it did not begin on time. Between two and three hundred men were present, and when we were ready for the toasts, some of the ladies found standing room on the stairs, or on the platform outside the eastern door of Preston Hall. The Warden presided as toast-master in an unusually happy manner. When he rose, he was greeted with prolonged and repeated cheers, which told in some small degree how much S. Stephen's men love and honor him; and as he stood there, looking down the hall, and beaming upon us with his kindly smile, while Undergraduates and Alumni alike joined in the applause, we are sure that he was a proud and happy man; but no prouder nor happier than he deserves. When order was at last restored, the Warden spoke of Annandale scholarship and the recent triumphs of our graduates in schools where they have competed with graduates of other institutions and distanced them. He left no doubt in our minds that the real work is done by small colleges, and that S. Stephen's may well be proud of its academic standing.

The first speaker was Mr. John Bard, one of the founders of the College, who addressed his remarks almost entirely to the student body, and impressed upon us the fact that the Undergraduates are the College in the truest sense; and that by them and their action and attainments the institution is shown forth to the world. Col. S. VanR. Cruger, the Treasurer of the College, then spoke of our finances, and having assured us of the good condition of our money affairs, expressed the conviction, that the endowments and new buildings—especially that middle section—would all come in due time. The third speaker was Prof. W. A. Johnson of Berkeley, who, in a few well-chosen remarks expressed the opinion that the colleges which are separated from the turmoil and bustle of the noisy city and so enabled to form, as it were, their own atmosphere, are really the best calculated to advance careful, painstaking scholarship. The idea is not a new one to Annandale men; but we are always glad to be able to count one more convert. The Rev'd Samuel Upjohn, M.A., D.D., '63, was the next speaker. He told us of the Warden's untiring labors for the welfare of the College, how he worked for years in the face of the most violent opposition from certain neighboring colleges, and then he congratulated the Warden and the members of the College upon the success and progress of the thirty-four years since his graduation. The Rev'd Alexander H. Vinton, B.A., D.D., '73, spoke of the development of athletic interest among the students, and the Rev'd Joseph D. Herron, M.A., B.D., '76, regaled us with some accounts of his student days, after which the Rev'd Joseph Carey, M.A., D.D., LL.D., '61, told of his recent visit to some of the great universities of the old world.

The parting words were then said and soon the campus was almost deserted; for those of us who remained had retired to "sleep the clock round." The year has brought changes which are hard to realize and one face, dear to us all, was not there, and our good Bishop is attending the Lambeth Conference; but we venture to say, that the Commencement of '97 was one of the most thoroughly enjoyable and successful that the College has ever held.
work rather awkwardly, so a physician of decided ability. He had never lacked business, and even if he had not heard anything definite about him, it certainly was not his own wish that the fortune inherited from his father was more than sufficient to meet the wants of a man of his quiet tastes and unpretentious mode of life. He was handsome and cultured—in fact all one could desire in a man. He had never been, even with me, very confidential; my knowledge of his inner life, such as I had, was only what a legal instinct taught me. Yet I always felt sure of one thing, and that was his love for Edith Harcourt. When he suddenly disappeared, without a word to me regarding his plans, I was not only hurt as a friend, but as a lawyer, I felt mortified that I should have been so far wrong in my impressions. Still I was satisfied that he had not pressed his suit, for I was equally certain of her preference for him. Without so much as a good-bye, he left for parts unknown. Shortly afterward, Judge Harcourt went south with his family, in the hope of seeing the owner of the book, and perhaps a perusal of the book would help me. It was not only hurt as a friend, but as a lawyer, I felt mortified that I should have been so far wrong in my impressions. Still I was satisfied that he had not pressed his suit, for I was equally certain of her preference for him. Without so much as a good-bye, he left for parts unknown. Shortly afterward, Judge Harcourt went south with his family, in the hope of seeing the owner of the book, and perhaps a perusal of the book would help me.

Turning over the leaves reverently—I too, though a middle-aged man, had the greatest regard for this sweet woman—I merely scanned the pages until I came to the date of Janson's disappearance. After a little trouble I found all, and more than, I expected. For a week subsequent to Janson's leaving not a word had been written; the next entry being as follows:

"December 10th, 1870—I have been an unhappy woman these few short days. Last Monday when I received that fervent message from Charles, asking me to be his wife, the world seemed all I could wish—a perfect paradise! But it was doomed not to last—that blissful happiness and that belief in Charles's love for me. I shall never forget that evening, when I heard mother and John talking in the next room while I sat at the library window watching the beautiful sun go down, carrying with it every vestige of hope for me. With all of a sister's love for John, I shall never, never forgive him the unhappiness he caused me and which made me weep until my pillow was wet and I was trembling with exhaustion. I suppose it is my duty to go on living my life, bearing up under this bitter burden of misery with all possible patience. I shall try, and try hard, for the sake of the love which he may never know. If there were but a grain of hope; but he has gone, none knows whither. That is all the proof necessary to show how little he cares for me."

That was all I could find; and I am free to confess that I could not understand it. It was quite evident that Janson had proposed to her—and with every chance of being accepted. Why, then, did she talk of him as not caring for her? Undoubtedly the key lay in what her brother John had said on that day, the events of which she had recorded in the diary. In my own mind I felt positive that, at most, there was nothing more than a grievous
Dear Old Friend:

I know you have been expecting this letter, and now that I have found a little leisure, there is something to say which I feel will please you.

"To you—and to you alone—I owe it that a most unhappy misunderstanding has been cleared up and that I am happier now than I ever thought to be again in this world. You well know it is not my habit to talk much about myself, or my affairs, even to such a dear friend as yourself; but I think it is your undoubted privilege to know the rest of my love story. You are already acquainted with the fact, that two years ago I sent Miss Harcourt a letter asking her to be my wife. I should have received an answer to the letter within a day or so, had it not been for the incident referred to in the diary. That incomplete account perplexed you and certainly puzzled me.

For blind, I pray: Grant this, O Lord, to me:
To see Thy face in human sympathy.

Herbert Seymour Hastings, '98.
The Nature of the College Short Story.

I

HAVE been rummaging in the dark closet of Elocution Hall, looking over old files of the Magazine in search of an article with a long name, written for one of the earliest numbers. I found "The Joy of life in Wordsworth and Browning," "The Gospel of Repose Taught by Matthew Arnold," and "Forecasts of the Future in 'Paracelsus' and 'In Memoriam,'" but what I wanted was missing. It was something about the contribution of Napoleonic thought to the literature of the world. I fear it was in the corner where the dust lay too thick to penetrate. The change which a short five years has made in titles and subject matter suggested to me a line of thought already well worn, but none the less interesting for that.

We remember the general protest against the number of so-called " heavy articles" in our student periodicals, and the demand for something which should reflect college life and thought on its lighter side. The result of this has been that at the present day, college magazines abound in the short story, either with the direct college setting or with its interest centered in something aside from collegiate life, yet reflecting more or less successfully the student's point of view. Besides the change in the nature of the periodicals, has come the rapid increase in the books of college short stories, until, to-day, many of the Eastern colleges have their little volume of tales or collection of verses.

"Harvard Stories" was published in 1893, and since then have come "Princeton Stories," "Yale Yarns," "Cap and Gown," "Wellesley Girls," "At Wellesley," and others less widely known. At a time when the press is issuing so many periodicals of the nature of the "Blue Stocking" and the "Black Cat," we turn critically to the college story to see if there is anything vital and distinctive about it, and whether it is worth the time and pains often put upon it in the midst of the many interests of college life.

The criticism sometimes made upon these stories is, that they have good plots and are cleverly told, but that they seldom touch upon the deepest forces at work in college life. I would not like to be called pedantic, or to seem unappreciative of the books of fun and escapade we keep upon our shelves, but is there not justice in the criticism? It is not that we would leave the lighter side untold, but that we look for something else as well. We turn to the stories of Harvard, Princeton, and Yale, and we find the inevitable ball game and the race, the student in a scrape, the love tale, and the practical joke. In the stories of girls' colleges there is much evident love of the picturesque setting, seen in the frequent use of Founder's Day, Commencement, and Float, and we like it. There is no one of us who does not have a genuine little thrill of pleasure when we come upon "Where, oh where are the grand old seniors!" and a vivid description of one of Wellesley's most attractive days.

We like to have other people read it, too, and dispel the notion, not yet entirely passed away, that college life is a grind. But the question is, whether we are not leaving out something equally interesting. The sketches are few which let us into the inner life of things—the traditions, the college spirit which both shapes the student, and which the student himself helps to shape. There is an influence which we all recognize but perhaps cannot embody in written form, which works itself out varily in different types among us, smoothing off rough edges, bringing out new desires, aims, and ambitions, all of which mark the stages of individual development, which is the richest gift of college life. The true worth of the spirit of fellowship, the shoulder-to-shoulder sort of thing, in which the narrow, personal point of view is broadened, and becomes more nearly identified with the interests of others, is rarely emphasized in the popular college story. It lacks a certain humanness and sympathetic handling of every day things. It treats rather of the startling event, the exceptional days, and has its crisis in the incident rather than in the individual life. The classic book of Wellesley stories illustrates this: They have carefully worked out plots, and, as a rule, are based on some amusing or slightly unusual event. Nearly every one makes use of some outside material to determine the action of the plot. In six out of ten it is a man or a small boy. In the one or two sketches which touch upon the close bond of sympathy between the students and the more commonplace happenings, the workmanship is less strong. All this suggests the rather pessimistic question as to whether it is possible for the college student, living in the midst of the things he is trying to portray, to satisfactorily reflect the life about him without the advantage of a perspective. He can feel the influences which are shaping him and making life a more real and beautiful thing than it has been before, but can he at the same time reveal to others that which he feels, and which some one has called "the glorious thrill of the student in the presence-chamber of truth?"

There is, however, another and more hopeful side to the problem as to the value of the work we do in writing. Besides the college story, strictly speaking, the adequacy of which as a reflection of college life has been questioned, there is the story with its interest centered in something outside of collegiate life, still dealing with character or incident from the student point of view. The greater number of our magazine stories come under this broader classification. As to the worth of trying to express that which we see at a fair perspective and are more truly able to interpret, though it may be with many errors of vision, much may surely be said. There can be no doubt that it is good to struggle for strong workmanship and the best expression of thought. Moreover, there are certain qualities which it would seem possible to attain. We can learn how to tell a story in an interesting way, and work out a clear, direct style. We can be broad-minded enough in what we say to free our stories from a purely sectional interest, so that they will be as attractive to a
student of the University of California as to a student at Wellesley. It would seem possible, too, to put into our writing that which an editor of the Yale Literary Magazine calls “the spirit of energetic earnestness” which dominates other phases of our life, and should find expression in the world of letters as well. Above all, we can make the things we call motifs wholesome, natural and sympathetic. By that, I do not mean something vague or visionary. I have in mind, as I write, a story, which many of us remember, written for our own Magazine not long ago. It was perfectly simple, with no attempt at clever wording or psychological analysis. We liked it because it appealed to a common experience, and was human to the very core. It was the story of a small boy who longed to go to the circus, but could not, because his father had no money for him. He was brave about it, and sat cheerfully on the fence to watch the “prade” go by. When the man with the elephant saw him a beautiful thing happened, for the man promised him a ticket for the show, on condition that he would help care for the animals. So the little fellow, faithful to his bargain, worked all the hot forenoon, trudging back and forth with heavy pails of water. When the time for the performance came, and he stood at the door of the great tent with aching arms and shining eyes, the elephant man failed him, and the manager drove him sharply away when he begged to see “just one little side show.” As he walked slowly home, struggling to keep back the tears and swallow the lump in his throat, he said, brokenly, “I never even saw one little monkey, and me a’workin’ so hard all day.” It touched us, I suppose, because each one of us remembered times when we had seen no little monkey all day.

There is an old principle of the art of rhetoric which says that the first rule of good speaking is that the mind of the speaker should know the truth of what he is going to say. In that principle, which has equal significance in the case of the written word, lies much encouragement. If we can grasp a thought which has in it a bit of the truth, and can hold it steadily until the light falls clear upon it, there cannot help being honest value in our work, however far it may be from possessing high literary merit.

Josephine L. Batchelder, '96.
such a round of functions. 'The spirit is willing, but the flesh is weak.' It
is fun for you young fellows, but I am an old man.'

The MESSENGER invites suggestions from the Alumni.

Just one more suggestion for next year. Why can not the Alumni come
back with their caps, gowns and hoods? Our academic processions are
rendered unsightly by the motley garb of the Alumni, who present them­selves in every conceivable costume from the most correct clericals and full
dress to golf clothes. The large majority of those who come back at Com­
 mencement could easily provide themselves with cap, gown and hood, and
the clerical Alumni would be doing a service to Alma Mater if they would
wear their hoods in their parish churches.

To X.

THINE eyes, my love, in their gray depths
Contain both love and hate:
In love so true and soft they are,
I see my life's whole fate
With their soft mists enwrap'd around
In peace and loving trust—
I lose myself in love of thee,
I love thee, for I must.

But I have seen in eyes like thine
A swift and subtle flash,
A lightning's gleam in evening dusk
Portending thunder's crash.
Cruel and cold gray eyes may be,
A sharply cutting steel
To sever hopes and ruin joys
Which loving hearts would feel.

O wondrous eyes, I see in you
Warm summer's peaceful haze,
But they may hold an autumn chill
Or cause me winter days.
Love, let them work their varied spells
On other hearts than mine,
Reserve for me their tenderness;
Let summer in them shine.

H. S. H.

Notes and Comments.

ALL matter for the September "MESSENGER" should be forwarded direct
to the Editor-in-Chief at his summer address, Chautauqua, Chautauqua
County, N. Y., not later than August 5.

Rev'd and Mrs. Blackwell tendered to their friends the usual reception on
the night of Commencement Day.

The Warden, the Rev'd Robert B. Fairbairn, D.D., LL.D., celebrated his
seventy-ninth anniversary of his birth, on Ascension Day.

The Glee Club has elected the following officers for the season of 1897-'98:
Leader, Carl Rieland; Manager, J. B. Greiner; Secretary and Treasurer, J.
William Jackson. The Club has done excellent work during the past year
and the MESSENGER wishes it continued success under the new management.

The Athletic Association has elected Charles Lawrence Wheeler, '98,
President for the ensuing year. Now that the new Gymnasium is an assured
thing, we trust that the association may be encouraged to enter upon track
athletics. There must be some good runners and jumpers among us, and
with a reasonable amount of effort we might be able to have a good field day.
Moreover, track athletics should be encouraged not only for their own sake,
but because they are bound to help base-ball and foot-ball.

It is rumored, that the amount of Biology required for a degree is to be
doubled. This is a move in the right direction, and notwithstanding that it
means more work—of which Annandale undergraduates surely have enough—
we feel sure that the news will be received with pleasure by a large majority
of the students.

At a meeting held at Rhinebeck on the night of the class suppers, the Senior
Class elected the following officers: President, Christian A. Roth; Vice-Presi­
dent, Archibald M. Judd; Secretary and Treasurer, George Belsey.

A. I. Ernest Boss will spend his vacation in travel.

The Librarian, Charles Lawrence Wheeler, '98, will be at Annandale most
of the summer arranging the Library and cataloguing the books according to
the card system.

The Hoffman books have been put in place. There are over four thousand
volumes, many being editions de luxe. The collection is especially rich in the
departments of History and Belles-Lettres, and will be a most valuable addi­
tion to the library. Two items of the collection deserve especial mention:
"The Private Prayers of George Washington" (in his own handwriting), for
which Dr. Hoffman paid $1,500, and a set of books entitled "Typographical
Miscellanies," which cost $950.
Students and other subscribers are earnestly solicited to **Patronize the Advertisers**. Only the best is advertised in our columns. Please Mention the Messenger.

When in need of **VISITING CARDS**, try

**Forsyth & Wilson,**
KINGSTON, NEW YORK.

50 cards printed from plate, 80.50
100 " " " " " 1.00
50 cards and new plate, 1.45
100 " " " " " 1.85

All work promptly executed in best manner, and tastefully put up.

**F. S. MILLER,**
...Livery...

**HEAVY TRUCKING.**
EVERYTHING FIRST-CLASS.
Annandale, New York.

**WILLIAMS & TRAVER,**
Wholesale and Retail Dealers in
Groceries, Flour, Meal, Butter & Eggs
FANCY ARTICLES.
East Market Street, RHINEBECK, N.Y.

**BASE BALL**
Supplies, Spalding League Ball, Mts. Masks, etc. Managers should send for samples and special rates. Every requisite for Tennis, Golf, Cricket, Track and Field, Gymnasium Equipment and Outfits. Complete Catalogue of Spring and Summer Sports free. "The Name the Guarantee."

**REYNOLDS’ RESTAURANT,**
WALL ST., KINGSTON.
The only FIRST-CLASS RESTAURANT in Kingston.
**-FINEST QUALITY-**
Soda Water and Ice Cream.

Save Your Money on Books
In our department of second-hand books, we can often supply the books you are after at less than half the price. We also supply all new books at discount prices to students.

**James Pott & Co.,** Annandale, New York.

**THOMAS E. THOMPSON**
Livery and Teaming,
Annandale-on-Hudson, New York.
Dutchess County.

**Dr. W. E. TRAVER,**
GRADUATE
Dental Surgeon.
Dentistry in all Departments Skillfully Done.

**PRESERVATION OF THE NATURAL TEETH**
A SPECIALTY.
OFFICE AT RED HOOK, OVER E. W. PITCHER'S DRY GOODS STORE.