

The S. Stephen's College Messenger.

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VOL. III.

ANNANDALE, N. Y., JUNE, 1897.

NO. 10.

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

during the afternoon, the coffin was brought back to college; but it was not until just before supper time, that a notice of the fact was posted upon the bulletin board. In fact, we had decided, that like so many other classes they had lost their measurements. Promptly at eight o'clock the procession was formed in front of Hoffman Hall. The Marshal, Christian Andrew Roth, '98, led the way followed by the band playing the dead march. Then the Class of '98 with their banner, then the Seniors surrounding the bier on which rested the coffin containing the Algebra, followed by the Sophomore and Freshman classes. The procession marched southward, around the circle in front of Ludlow-Willink Hall, then northward again, till it reached the road down to the chapel, where it turned and finally brought up at the Kap. tennis court. Needless to say, no tears were shed, and as most of the participants were on the broad grin, their appearance belied the funeral tones of the music, and the dignity of the procession and produced a somewhat incongruous effect.

The Seniors gathered about the pyre and the other classes formed a hollow square around them. The president of the Senior Class then delivered a brief oration, after which the friends were given an opportunity to view the remains. The interment had apparently been made in a rather moist locality, and the coffin was about half full of mud. The Seniors finally succeeded in fishing out their trinkets—many of which were past all recognition—and then the Algebra was committed to the flames amid a chorus of class yells. At the conclusion of the ceremony the Juniors lined up and sang a stanza of their Algebra song,

" We wait, we wait,
For ninety-eight
And its resurrection day.
Lie still dear babe:
Grief shall not fade,
Till these years pass away,
Till these years pass away,"

after which they made a break for their rig and started for Rhinebeck, whither the Seniors soon followed them.

Promptly at ten o'clock the two upper classes sat down to their class suppers, in two different dining rooms of the Rhinebeck Hotel. The classes exchanged courtesies during the evening and both report a most enjoyable time. The Juniors held an important business meeting at the conclusion of their toasts, which were as follows:

"The Past Year," Archibald M. Judd; "The Ladies," A. I. Ernest Boss; "The Future," Watson Bartemus Selvage; "Those Who Have Dropped by the Way," Christian A. Roth; and "The Memory of the Departed," Herbert Seymour Hastings. The last was drunk according to the custom of the class of '98, kneeling and in silence. The retiring President, Frank J. Knapp, acted as toast-master.

TUESDAY.

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 thirty-seventh annual reunion banquet of the Eulexian Society took place in Preston Hall on the evening of Wednesday, June sixteenth. Covers were laid for forty-five, including honorary as well as alumni and undergraduate members. At the feast's end short business meetings, both of the undergraduate body and the Incorporated Society, preceded the toasts. The Rev. Pierre McD. Bleecker, M.A., '76, presided as toast-master. The Rev. Joseph D. Heron, M.A., B.D., '76, responded to the toast, "The Alumni." "The Chapter House," the Rev. T. S. Bennit. "The Honorary Members," the Rev. Wm. Brown-Lermon, B.D. "Fraternity Affiliation," the Rev. Frederick S. Sill, M.A., D.D., '69. "Seminarists," F. D'Montier Devall. "Our Dominies," the Rev. F. W. Norris, B.A., '88. "The Class of '97," George A. Green, B.A., '97. "The New and Old S. Stephens," the Rev. Chas. Pelletreau, B.D., L.H.D., '70. The morning light was dawning ere the festivities closed "with the usual demonstration."

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.

The following gentlemen responded to toasts: The Rev. A. H. Vinton, B.A., D.D., '73; the Rev. F. C. Steinmetz, M.A., '93; the Rev. A. R. B. Hegeman, M.A., '91; John Aspinwall, M.A., and F. J. Hopson, M.A., LL.B., '85. A most enjoyable evening was spent and the festivities lasted until after sunrise.

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.

Farewell—Edward Slater Dunlap, B.A., '97.

The College—J. William Jackson, '99.

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 William George Walter Anthony, M.A., '90, Epistoller.

The Convocation of the Alumni met in Bard Hall at ten o'clock, the President the Rev'd Arthur C. Kimber presiding. The following members responded to roll call. Richard B. Post, B.A., '62, Samuel Upjohn, M.A., D.D., '63, Arthur C. Kimber, M.A., D.D., '66, Eugene L. Toy, B.A., B.D., '68, Nelson R. Boss, M.A., B.D., '69, Frederick S. Sill, M.A., D.D., '69, John H. Weibel, M.A., '71, Thomas B. Fulture, M.A., B.D., '73, W. Weir Gilkeson, M.A., LL.B., '73, Alexander H. Vinton, B.A., D.D., '73, Joseph D. Herron, M.A., B.D., '76, Pierre McD. Bleecker, M.A., '76, George W. St. C. Ayres, B.A., '78, William J. C. Agnew, M.A., B.D., '84, Francis J. Hopson, M.A., LL.B., '85, George H. Young, B.A., '85, Arthur C. Clark, B.A., '86, Frederick W. Norris, B.A., '88, W. George W. Anthony, M.A., '90, James M. Blackwell, M.A., '92, Joseph H. Ivie, B.A., '92, Francis C. Steinmetz, M.A., '93, Albert L. Longley, B.A., '96.

The Necrologist, the Rev'd William J. C. Agnew, M.A., B.D., '84, reported that three members had died during the past year: The Rev'd George H. Wilson, M.A., Ph.D., S.T.B., '74, Henry S. Tracey, B.A., '70, Charles H. K. Farrar, B.A., M.D., '92.

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:

"The order of business at regular meetings shall be

1. Roll call.
2. Reading of Minutes.
3. Report of President.
4. Report of Secretary.
5. Report of Treasurer.
6. Report of Executive Committee.
7. Report of Necrologist.
8. Reports of Special Committees or Trustees.
9. Business growing out of above reports in their order.
10. Deferred business.
11. Nominations and elections.
12. New business.

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:

President—The Rev'd Arthur C. Kimber, M.A., D.D., '66.

Vice-President—The Rev'd Thomas B. Fulture, M.A., B.D., '73.

Treasurer—The Rev'd D. Russ Judd, B.A., '90.

Secretary—The Rev'd James M. Blackwell, M.A., '92.

Necrologist—The Rev'd Wm. J. C. Agnew, M.A., B.D., '84.

Executive Committee—The Rev'd Eugene L. Toy, B.A., B.D., '68, *Pres.*; The Rev'd Adrian R. B. Hegeman, M.A., '91, *Sec.*; The Rev'd P. McD. Bleecker, M.A., B.D., '76, The Rev'd William F. Bielby, M.A., '75, The Rev'd Arthur C. Kimber, M.A., D.D., '66, *ex-officio*.

Trustee Scholarship Fund—Rev'd Arthur C. Kimber, M.A., D.D., '66.

The term of office of the Rev'd Thos. B. Fulture, M.A., B.D., '73, *Vice-President*, and the Rev'd Eugene L. Toy, B.A., B.D., '68, of the *Executive Committee*, will expire next year.

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.

Long before twelve o'clock the campus was thronged with the guests and friends of the college. Little crowds gathered under the grand old trees or followed some polite undergraduate who led the way to the library, or the place where the foundations of the new gymnasium are being laid, and here and there a Doctor wearing his gown and scarlet hood gave an academic color to the scene.

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 Selvage, '98, the Choir, the Undergraduates, the Graduating Class, the Alumni, the Marshal, 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.

MUSIC.

Influence of the Novel, JOSEPH P. GIBSON.

Classics as an Instrument of Education with Valedictory,

HOMER A. FLINT.

MUSIC.

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

Rev'd George H. Kaltenbach, B.A., '94; and Leander Robert Sheffield, B.A., '93.

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 stageing, which surrounded the spot where the corner-stone 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:

ATHLETIC
ASSOCIATION
1897.
S. STEPHEN'S
COLLEGE.

On the south side:

BUILDING COMMITTEE.
A. M. JUDD, <i>Chairman.</i>
J. B. GREINER, H. H. PEASE,
C. W. POPHAM, REV. F. C. STEINMETZ.

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.

Song of the Bacchantes.

WITH shout and song,
 We reel along
 Through shaddowy woods advancing;
 Our song resounds
 And then with bounds,
 We wreath in mystic dancing.

 O love and wine!
 What more sublime
 To those who know earth's pleasures?
 We dance and sing
 While woodlands ring,
 With joyous Bacchic measures.

 With look insane,
 And eyes aflame,
 In mad debauches reeling,
 We fall and lie
 Till by and by,
 The rosy dawn comes stealing.

*W. B. S., '98.***A Hasty Conclusion.**

I AM passionately fond of odd bits of furniture and it was not at all strange, that on this particular day I should wander into a well-known shop and fall in love with a dainty little writing desk; nor was it strange that I should buy it after a short inspection. When it was delivered the next day, I examined it at my leisure. It was a small affair of mahogany, most beautifully constructed; evidently the old time pride of some charming young woman. I pulled out its drawers with all the pleasure of a child. One seemed to work rather awkwardly, so I took it quite out for an investigation. This action disclosed a small blank-book wedged in such a manner that it caused the drawer to bind. I took out the book, and sitting there on the floor, opened it. It proved to be the diary of a woman, one whom, as I found to my pleased surprise, I had once known quite well. The fly leaf bore simply the name and date: "Edith Harcourt, 1870." This name suggested to me not so much its owner, as it did a dear old friend of whom I had not heard anything definite for the past two years. I allowed the book to slip from my hand and lost myself in the recollection of by-gone days and my old friend.

Janson—Charlie Janson—when I knew him, here in Newton, was a young physician of decided ability. He had never lacked business, and even if he

had, 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 roses come back to the cheeks of his daughter. I do not say that she was mourning away her life; but, at least, I have a right to my opinion. After thinking thus for a long while, I finally turned to the diary again. Of course, I was quite aware, that I ought not to read it, but—well, I did not know where the owner lived 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

misunderstanding. At any rate I determined to work upon this theory with a view to finally unraveling the mystery.

I had a vague idea of Janson's being on the other side of the continent, in San Francisco. Without giving undue publicity to my inquiries, I finally located him there through a friend. Then I sent to him the diary, first taking the precaution to tear out the leaf bearing Miss Harcourt's name. I requested him to forward the book to its owner; or, if he should be unable to do so, to return it to me, I being, of course, for the time, a person quite unknown to him. It was my object to have him read the book through in the hope that he might learn the identity of the owner or the reason of its being sent to him. If, after reading it, he should return it saying, that he neither recognized the writing, nor knew the owner, it was my intention to send him the fly-leaf. At any rate, in some way or other, I was bound he should read what I had found.

I was in my study one day about a week later, when a visitor was announced and the next moment Janson and I were leaning over a hearty handshake. My old friend was now a melancholy looking man and one aged in appearance though still youthful in years. With his old time reserve he would say little about himself. He had come on from the West immediately upon the receipt of the book which, he said, he had no difficulty in identifying; and he was much relieved to find that none but an old friend had been concerned in this delicate and private matter.

I told him all there was to tell; but learned from him little beyond the fact that he was bound for Richmond the next day. I knew Judge Harcourt to be there and I was in hopes that he would readily straighten out his tangled fortunes when he found himself in the same city with Miss Harcourt.

A month later I received a letter post-marked Richmond. It explains itself and I give a portion of it below—the key for which I was seeking:

"RICHMOND, VA., March 7, 1872.

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.

"It seems that Miss Harcourt's brother (whom you will remember as a practical joker) knowing my regard for his sister, had planned to have a little fun at our expense. The evening on which Miss Harcourt sat in the seclusion of the darkening library she heard her brother tell Mrs. Harcourt how he had forged a proposal of marriage from myself to his sister. Naturally, Miss Harcourt instantly jumped to the conclusion that my letter was the one forged in jest. She did not wait to hear more; but fled at once to her room. If she had remained a moment or two longer, all our unhappiness might have been avoided. Her mother expostulated with the boy for his nonsense and he, to soothe her, admitted that he had not yet sent the letter; furthermore he promised to destroy it. When I received from Miss Harcourt no answer to my letter I followed out a previously formed plan and left Newton at once.

"Now, after all this time and solely through your cleverness, we have been brought together again. I leave you to understand how our troubles were cleared up.

"Thanking you my dear friend, for your loving help in this matter, I am, with regards from Miss Harcourt and myself—

Your Friend,

CHARLES JANSON."

Two months later, when Janson married Miss Harcourt, I presented the happy couple with a handsome mahogany writing desk, the drawer of which had held their happiness concealed for two long years.

J. Will Jackson.

A Sonnet.

SYMPATHY.

MY heart is troubled: grief, I may not tell,
 And sorrows surge; and self-control would fain
 Forget itself and own its master Pain.
 Should God look down, and in his love compel
 My weakling heart to trust, my fear repel,
 Then might I cease with my despair to strain,
 Then know and feel my disappointment vain.
 But now, my begging sorrow seeks to sell
 My trust in Him for something I can see:
 I long to rest my head upon some breast
 Where, though I speak not, sweet response will be
 Of throbbing love and tender words address'd.
 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" and "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 no-

tion, 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 varyingly 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 class 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 thing we call motif 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 "p'rade" 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 I. Batchelder, '96.

The Wellesley Magazine.



In reference to the attempted change of the long established programme of the Wednesday of Commencement week, the Editor begs to quote from the "Report of the Thirtieth Commencement of S. Stephen's College" written, we believe, by Dr. Sill.

"It is heedless to say, that the wee small hours were upon us, almost before their nearness was realized, and those who never witness it any other day in the year, were afforded an opportunity to see how the day breaks.

"And this was proper to the occasion. . . . Little or no sleep may be regarded as a draw-back, but is it? Is not the loss made good in gaining an opportunity of seeing and hearing youth at its best? Work is over for the time, restraints are removed, the summer is upon them—aye the summer and hey-day of life. For soon they will lose it all; 'carping care,' heavy responsibilities, and knowledge of the sin and misery with which they will have to deal, too quickly will chase the brightness and freshness from their faces and the laughter from their lips."

This is one side of the story. It should not be forgotten, however, that Wednesday is Class Day. Then comes the Missionary Sermon, the Warden's Reception and the Society Reunions, which, as a matter of fact, can not possibly begin before eleven or twelve o'clock. Of course these functions have been crowded together because the Alumni are not able to be back in any considerable numbers till Wednesday; but the tax is too much not only for Alumni, but Undergraduates. As far as the Editor can see, there is but one remedy, and he hesitates to make the suggestion. However, why can not the Missionary Sermon be preached at some other time? What earthly connection is there between a Missionary Sermon and the Commencement of S. Stephen's College? At least two hours could be saved in this way and we are sure, that the Missionary Preacher would have a more attentive congregation at another time. As it is now, it is an unbearable strain and many of the Alumni fail to come because they are getting old and as a private letter to the Editor only the other day expressed it, "I am no longer able to stand

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 Commencement 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 enwrapp'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-President, 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 addition 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.

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