MESSENGER

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Alone.

In penitence and dumb despair,—
   Alone—
Upon the altar's marble stair,
   Enwreapped in agony of prayer,
   The human soul with toil and pain
   Must crave its Eden back again.

Halting between the right and wrong,—
   Alone—
And jeered at by the ribald throng,
   Who hiss and shout their vulgar song,
   The human soul must choose its course;
   And bend its shoulders to the cross.

Watson Bartemus Selvage, "98.

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The Chief Mourner.

"CHARLES Arthur Breckton, Playwright!" said a tall young man as he leaned against the mantel in the little drawing-room of his apartment in the Waldorf. He whistled for a few moments, and then remarked, "That sounds pretty well. If 'The Peri' is a success, I suppose it means fame for me. Bah! Fame!"

It was Saturday night, or rather Sunday morning, and he had been giving a supper to the principal actors who were to take part in the first production of "The Peri," which was to take place at Daly's Theatre on Monday night. The women actors had insisted on coming in stage costume; so when the dress-rehearsal was over they had trooped into his apartments and sung and
danced and eaten and guzzled liquor to their hearts' content, while he had surveyed them with an indulgent smile, feeling all the time very much as if he were entertaining a lot of wild beasts. Romeo Coranado, the famous baritone, the "Peri," was a cultivated man; but the women were a graceless crew. Yvette Caville, who was to lead the ballet, danced with the grace and vivacity of a butterfly; but she smoked cigarettes and sprawled on divans in her violet silk tights and drank herself stupid, and Flossie Odell—well, he had chosen her because her voice was fine. This was her second engagement. Two years before she had waited on table in a Bowery restaurant, and were entertaining a lot of wild beasts. Romeo Coranado, the famous baritone, had chosen her because her voice was fine. This was her second engagement.

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The odor was rich and stifling. He stood for a moment, like a person trying to remember something, and then threw himself into a chair and buried his face in his hands. It is said, that the sense of smell impresses itself more strongly upon the memory than any other sensation, and the odor of the violets had turned back Charles Breckton's thoughts to the days when he was a collegian, and he thought of his first and only love affair. Since then, he had simulated love with half a dozen women, and lived the wild Bohemian life of the literary and artistic dilantantes of New York or Paris. There was nothing bourgeois about him. He hated vulgarity, and his vices were the vices of a gentleman.

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To his surprise, there was a familiar voice in the room, and his heart beat fast. It was the voice of Angélica Rodman, and he knew it at once. She was the Princess Edith of Hess-Gabelstine-Vosburg.

Presently the waiter entered with a lot of letters and papers, and he suddenly remembered that he had not attended to his mail for two days, he had been so busy with his opera. "Your mail, sir," said the waiter, laying the papers and letters beside his elbow. He glanced at the envelopes of the letters, and then began opening the papers. The Dramatic Mirror, The St. Louis Chronicle, the Paris Figaro with a marked article and the initials "P. C. Van A." in blue pencil. In flaring head-lines he read, "Prince Ernest of Hess-Gabelstine-Vosburg killed at Monaco." The details were vulgar—disgusting. A drunken brawl over a game of cards. He shuffled over the letters. One bore a German post-stamp. It was from Edith. Twice he read the letter over without moving a muscle of his face. Then he got up and looked at his watch. Fifty-five. He looked at his reflection in the glass over the mantel, and said, "By Jove, I'll do it."

Monday night "The Peri" was presented for the first time, and it was a great success; but although the people cheered and cheered and shouted "Breckton! Breckton! Breckton!" till they were hoarse, the author did not appear. At length the stage manager stepped to the front of the curtain, and said, "Ladies and gentlemen—but that was as far as he got. "Breckton! Breckton!" shouted the crowd. "Three cheers for The Peri," shouted some one in the top gallery, and they were given with a rousing "Tiger" on the end, and then the abashed stage manager was allowed to say, "Ladies and gentlemen, Mr. Breckton sailed for Europe this afternoon."

Harold Bedford, '98.
made for himself a permanent place in literature." We are charitable enough
to believe that the "Mail and Express" may have changed its mind by this
time; for "Maggie" was Crane's first book; and that remark was probably
timed some years ago. However he is still posing as the Infant Prodigy in
the bookish side show; from which gaudily decorated tent, where the brass-
band play so loudy as to almost deaden thought and judgment, you may
carry away as souvenirs "The Red Badge of Courage," "The Little Regi-
ment" and "The Third Violet."

Banter, however, will not convince our readers that Stephen Crane has as
yet no place in literature. Let us open some of his works. We will begin
with "Maggie, a Girl of the Streets." First, are we sure that there are no
ladies present? For we would no sooner think of reading it to them than we
would lead them through the Bowery haunts at midnight. Ah, here are
highly interesting descriptions of drunken brawls. What a benefactor of
mankind we have here! How he enlightens us with the knowledge of how to
quarrel with a woman when we are both in liquor! How do we thank him
that he has not dealt briefly with this subject, but that nearly a half of this
precious volume is filled therewith!

Bah! Foul gutter-mud! It is only that. Had Crane chosen, he could
have given us a view, at least a hint, of the better nature of his men and
women. But no; that would have been following, poorly to be sure, but fol-
lowing a model; Brander Matthews, perhaps. No, we follow Crane through
the concert halls of New York, with their vile liquors and their lewd women,
sheering only the sickening outside of things: for if we would see with his eyes
we must forget that these miserable wretches have souls. And this is liter-
ature!

Ah, but the reader says, "Its merit is in his style, his treatment." Well,
examine it. You will be fortunate if you do not find bad grammar. Attempt
to read it aloud. Is there any harmony of words, any cadence of sentences?
No. Having finished it, or any of his books, we feel confident that you will
not care to hobble through them again.

We read "The Red Badge of Courage"—a quickly moving panorama whose
pictures are those of the psychological struggles in the callow mind—and we
are told that our impressions are those of a soldier in battle. We are told so;
and we must believe it; for Mr. Crane's idea of bloodshed and courage were
gained from foot-ball at college—he is only twenty-seven and never saw any
other warfare. Convincing proof! His mental appetite for color has already
been over discussed. What a splendid advertising agent he would make for
some dya company! What scope for his "red roars" and "yellow dins!"

And now for his "Third Violet." We can grant, if you will have us, that
he is improving; but there are plenty of worlds yet for our would-be Alexan-
der to conquer. "The Third Violet" purports to be a love story; but the
heroine and hero are apparently culled from the pages of "Life" not from
life. We believe that Mr. Crane has confused the two. The men and women
in "Life" are clever and say "smart" things; so do those in life; but the
latter are widely different, for they are furnished with human hearts.

We will commend Mr. Crane, however, in that, since he wrote "Maggie," he
has gained enough sense to write out his curses and not to puzzle good people
with the abbreviation d—— and h——. It must have taken him more time,
however, for his characters in "The Third Violet" have occasion to use such
words very frequently.

If we had gained anything but contempt for Haulser and Miss Fanhall, we
might be unsatisfied with the ending; as it is, however, this is quite enough
for us:

"It seemed that some tumult was in her mind, for she cried out to him at last
in sudden tearfulness: 'Oh, do go! Go! Please! I want you to go!'

Under this swift change Haulser appeared as a man struck from the sky.
He sprang to his feet, took two steps forward, and spoke a word which was an
explosion of delight and amazement. He said, 'What?'

With heroic effort she slowly raised her eyes until, alight with anger, defiance
unhappiness, they met his eyes.

Later, she told that he was perfectly ridiculous.

The end."

When the phonograph shall have superseded the orchestra, and the kine-
toscope the Louvre, then we will confess that Stephen Crane deserves a place
in literature, not before.

Herbert Seymour Hastings, '98.

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An October Violet.

U
nder October skies,

Found at my feet,

One tiny blossom lies

Smiling at my surprise,

Piquant and sweet.

"Violet, whence are you,

Here in the grass?

Love's service must you do,

Waiting, as token true,

Some one to pass?"
A Maryland Ghost Story.

It was a rainy evening, late in September, at an old plantation house. Without, a storm was raging, and the roar of the waves sweeping over the salt marshes mingled with the howl of the storm: but the inhabitants of the house sat about the hall fire-place and told stories. The house was just the place for such a recreation: it had been built in colonial times and added to by almost every successive owner, till it stands to-day, a great rambling story-book house, with quaint gables and dormers, bay-windows and porches.

There were about a dozen persons gathered around the blazing hearth, and each had told a story in turn, weird, ghostly or romantic. Now all were silent, and in the intervals of the storm, the tall clock on the stair landing could be heard counting the seconds as they flew. Presently, our host threw open the door of his study, where he had been busy writing, and came and seated himself among us. Immediately he was besieged with demands for a story. He consented quite willingly, asking in his quiet way, "Shall it be gay or ghostly?"

"Ghostly, of course, uncle," responded his niece, a golden-haired girl with a white and rose complexion and luminous gray eyes.

"Well," he said, "I have not had a very extensive acquaintance with ghost stories since I left college, and that was more than forty years ago. Nevertheless, I do know one, and that one is true."

A faint exclamation of surprise escaped from all of us.

"In fact," he continued, "it occurred in this very house, where I was born, and where I have lived all my life."

"As perhaps you know, some Maryland and Virginia families have, or had, a strange superstition, that if a man lost his wife and it was in his heart to marry again he must ride home from the funeral with his dead wife's ghost. Many years ago, one of my ancestors, Nathaniel Dinsmore by name, had the misfortune to lose his wife. The night before the funeral he sat beside the couch where she lay in her shroud, her hands folded over her breast. A single candle lighted the apartment, and through the closed shutters came the wailing and lamentation of the negroes. The neighbors who were to watch with the corpse during the night had not yet arrived and the grief stricken man lay back in his haircloth covered arm chair, and tried to snatch a few moments of rest.

"Suddenly he heard a voice outside the nearest window. He listened intently; but the speakers—two negroes—did not raise their voices much above a whisper: so he could only catch a word here and a word there; but he caught just enough to know what they were talking about. It was this strange superstition. An hour later, the watchers came and he retired to his room where he spent the night pacing the floor.

"The day of the funeral came and with it relatives and friends from far and near; the parson at length arrived attended by the parish clerk. To the
mourners the Church's beautiful office seemed like the words of ministering angels and after the blessing had been said the funeral cortège drove slowly over the hills to the church-yard, where they committed dust to dust, and ashes to ashes. The last solemn words were said and the mourners entered their carriages. The parson had ridden over with Nathaniel Dinsmore to the grave; but as he was not to return, the coachman was about to close the door upon his master, when a black robed figure approached and made as if to enter the carriage. The poor negro trembled like an aspen leaf; but bowed low as the sable figure mounted, unassisted into the coach. The solitary occupant raised his eyes in mingled curiosity and horror; but dropped them again and sank into a sort of stupor.

"At last the carriage rolled up the long avenue of oaks and the hall door opened to receive the master of the house, who ascended the steps, leaning heavily on the arm of the coachman. In the hall Nathaniel Dinsmore sank down on a sofa and the slaves gathered around him in silent pity. Presently a black robed figure was seen to glide along the hall, up the stairs, and into the dead woman's room.

"From that day on a ghostly presence seemed to haunt the house. The servants avoided the corridor on which their dead mistress' room was situated, and when forced to go there it was with bated breath and quickened step that they passed it by; nor was this dread limited to the servants. The master himself seldom visited the room and even then he did not enter; but stood on the threshold and looked in sorrowfully. The room remained as she had left it. The high mahogany bedstead with its white curtains and crimson canopy, the dressing table with the toilet articles still upon it and even the easy-chair by the fire-place and her slippers on the footstool remained undisturbed. No one had even seen anything of the ghostly inhabitant of this apartment, nor of the little sitting-room beyond and this for the very good and sufficient reason, that for years the only person who passed the threshold was a young negro whose duty it was to take care of the rooms in that part of the house.

"Three years had passed, when one chilly November afternoon the family coach rolled up the long avenue of oaks leading to the house. The hall doors flew open and the household ranged themselves on either side. A tall young man leaped out of the carriage and Nathaniel Dinsmore came forward to meet him. The two met on the veranda and embraced each other while the tears streamed down the old man's face as he repeated over and over again, 'My boy! My boy!' They were a striking contrast: the one old and bent with age, bearing in his face many lines which told of care and sorrow: the other young, erect and handsome.

"Then the servants one by one kissed his hand and the two men walked slowly into the library, the old man leaning on his son's arm.
it, full of expectancy, and I assure you we were not disappointed. There was nothing of the classical about it: a sweet, lovable, childlike face, with a rare fascination which bound the beholder as by a spell.

"It is unnecessary," our host continued, "to tell the details of that evening. Suffice it to say, that before the merry-makers separated for the night, it was known that Margret Clayton was to be Edward's wife. Long after midnight the young man sat by his fire, in his dressing gown and slippers, and as he gazed at the burning logs, he mused of his future happiness and remembered how his mother had petted 'his Margret,' as he found himself calling her. Little had he cared then for the frail, golden-haired child; but now he loved her devotedly. Suddenly he was seized by a desire to go to his mother's room, and taking his candle he went out into the little sitting-room beyond.

"Every object in the room was clearly visible, and there on a couch lay an old negress. At a glance he recognized her as his old nurse. An exclamation of surprise escaped him and she woke with a start. She recognized him and in a moment he was kneeling at her side and her old withered arms were around his neck. Then the arms relaxed their hold and she fell back. Never before had he seen Death claim his own, but he knew instinctively that his old nurse was dying.

"Help! Help!" he shouted. A woman appeared dressed in a long wrapper with her hair streaming down her back. It was Mary Wiberton, a distant relative of the family and a spinster. "Quick!" he said, "bring some brandy; she is dying." It was scarcely a minute before he held the flask to her lips; but it seemed a whole year to him. The liquor revived her and by the time she had come to, Mary Wiberton had relighted the taper. The head on the pillow turned wearily and then, for the first time, the old slave spoke. She told how she had been sold to a neighboring planter, how she had longed to escape him and she woke with a start. Never before had he seen Death claim his own, but he knew instinctively that his old nurse was dying.

"The young man was carried to his room, and for months his life hung in the balance. The house-party broke up; but Mary Wiberton stayed and nursed him. When the warm spring days came he began to rally and soon was restored to health.

"One bright sunshiny morning in early June the house was filled with a throng of relations, friends and neighbors. Then there was a stir as Nathaniel Dinsmore came down the stairs with Mary Wiberton leaning on his arm and after them Young Marse Edward and Margret Clayton, arm in arm. What did it mean? Why it was a double wedding, father and son."

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**Summer Echoes.**

FROM N. E. S. W.

WHEELER, Belsey and Howell have been making researches in antediluvian strata. It is rumored that occasional contradictions were discovered such as "Trilby" and "The Suicide Club;" but generally the fossils were of the orthodox P. E. variety.

Lewis, we learn, has been a missionary of that gospel akin to godliness. We trust that requirements did not necessitate a "terrible example."

We hope that our Jack-of-all-trades has continued his "tauteling" business and that his barrel is full.

Coer stayed in the vicinity of the college until his nose was broken in Tivoli. Porter and Belsey stayed on "Goat Island" until there was imminent danger of Crusoe and his man Friday turning cannibal; then they returned to civilization leaving the others living on Greek roots and German stems.

We learn with great regret that Moore has been inoculated with Herbert Spencerianism. What may we look for now?

An ode of welcome has been composed for one of our number, by an adaptation from mother Goose. It's close reads:

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Leave them alone,
And they'll come home,
Dragging their Yales behind them.
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We are never so pleased as when a man finds his element: Greiner's letters this summer bore the heading, "Liquid Gas Company."

Reports are rife of remarkable shooting done in this vicinity by the "young idea" under Staples and Stengle as gunners.

We were much puzzled to read in the public press notices of Mary Anderson's movements, seriously conflicting with reports received in personal letters. Can it be possible that there is more than one?
Evidently "Chip" found New Englanders sufficiently civilized; for he soon came back to this region, and continued to soothe the savage breast.

Knapp says that the weeks rolled 'round in Kingston. May we be pardoned if we suggest that it may have been Frank instead of the weeks?

Love of country is one of the most commendable of human traits, and Boss exhibited it to a laudable degree. He is not a native of Upper Red Hook either.

Saunders kept an eye on Annandale to see what he could do toward the perfection of his "Improved System for Running the Universe."

Noble has been riding a real horse. We hope that his hobbies have thereby gained a much needed rest.

If any one wonders why Kelly wanted to take up his abode in Potter Hall we can give the explanation. It was his fondness for Porter.

Ann Abel(?) (G)ilee.

Note.—By slight, very slight alterations, we have combined for the delectation of G. A. G., '97, "one of the most beautiful poems" (a favorite of his) and the praise of his accustomed luxury. Considering the worthiness of our purpose, we feel that we need offer no apologies to Mr. Edgar Allen Poe.

NOT many and many a year ago
Near a lake, not by the sea,
There lived a youth, whom you may know,
Who doted on drinking green tea;
And this was the chiefest of all his joys—
A secret 'tween you and me.

He was a child, yes, only a child,
Near that lake, and not the sea,
When he loved with a love that was more than love,
He loved his sickly green tea—
With a love like that of winged seraphs of heaven,
(Excelling you and me).

The angels, not so happy in heaven
(Not envying you and me),
Yet, they have reason as all men know,
By the lake, and not the sea,
To watch him from out of the clouds at night,
'Stilling and swilling his ever-green tea.

Herbert Seymour Hastings, '98.
The Messenger greets the new men, with the hope, that they may worthily follow in the steps of those who have gone before—those who have in their time been "new" men and then, at last, gone out into the world as alumni, and those who still linger as grave or reverend Seniors, and even festive, careless Juniors. Of course Sophs don't count. At this writing they are hardly better than Freshmen, although THE MESSSENGER still hopes to see them grow up into Seniors. THE MESSSENGER—the incarnate editorial WE of the College—could, no doubt, give lots of good advice to new men; but for the present it will content itself with this: Never forget for one single instant that you are a college-man, a member of a corporate body and by your very membership therein, you are bound to uphold its traditions and its honor. You are bound to work for your college, not only as a student; but as an athlete and in all other lines of activity. The man who helps his college most is not the man who makes the biggest marks—they generally do little or nothing for their college, and in the world are hopelessly distanced by men of affairs,—but he who busies himself in all those enterprises which bring the institution into public notice. If anyone questions this, let him note the enormous growth of Yale University, which is directly, and we believe acknowledgedly, due to its athletic record, or let him note the increased size of Cornell Freshman Class of 1901. A good foot-ball team or a good glee club is one of the best advertisements which a college can have; we know of but one better, and that is a good college paper. We say better; but it is only better because it is evidence of mental rather than muscular or artistic powers; not, we regret to say, as an advertisement.

We are proud of the standard of Annandale scholarship, and we expect you to uphold it; but no college can be made up wholly of scholars, and there are many who can do nothing in that way who can do good literary work, make a good tackle on the foot-ball field, play base-ball or sing creditably, and it is to these men that we appeal. Time alone can reveal those who are to stand highest on the mount of fame; but we venture to predict, that it will not be the "plug." It will be the all round collegian who was active in college organizations and took a medium standing in his class.

We note with gratification, that Williams College is turning away students, so that the institution shall not become unduly large. All honor to the trustees and faculty who refuse to allow their institution to be glutted with students! It is a hopeful sign. Scholarship and real usefulness are due in a great measure to the personal contact of the student with his professor, and it is worthy of note that many successful men both in letters and science have greatly acknowledged, that it was this close relation with able teachers, which contributed the most to their advancement.

The newspapers and reviews seem to have been greatly interested in the break between Pres. Andrews and Brown University. There can be no doubt that Pres. Andrews' outspoken "Popularism" and "free-silverism" have seriously injured his University and we consider, that he has only done what he was morally bound to do when he resigned. He has not been persecuted for his opinions. It is not a matter of opinion; but of fact, and when a college president gives it out, that he believes that the mint dies can increase the market value of a piece of silver or pig-iron it is time that he be consigned to an asylum for the insane. Level headed parents, who will consign their sons to his teaching, will be few and far between.

The attention of both the graduate and under-graduate members of the college is called to the Commencement Sermon preached before the University of the South, by the Right Rev. Thos. F. Gaylor, M.A., D.D., Bishop Coadjutor of Tennessee, and published in the Churchman. It is a scholarly discourse and will amply repay study. The Bishop's remarks about the inexpediency—or wickedness—of attempting to tie a professor of biology down to the "Thirty-nine Articles," and his definition of a church university mark an epoch; not because the ideas are new; but because most of us are afraid to say what we think, much less put it in print. Our conception of a Christian college or university has always been an institution of collegiate or university rank which officially participates in the worship of Christ as God. The Christian religion has its verities, and so has science, and we, for our part, are quite willing to abide the consequences of any conflict which may ensue. The truth of the matter is, that theologians in all ages have been too prone to teach their own personal notions as dogma, and it is this pseudo-dogma which clashes with modern scientific discoveries.
College Notes.

—The Class of 1901 is the largest which has entered S. Stephen’s for several years; being a little more than three times the size of the Class of 1900. The geographical distribution of the members of the class is also interesting. Less than half are from New York. The states represented are Maine, New Hampshire, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New York, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Florida, Ohio and Washington State.

—Prof. Malcolm and family spent the summer at their cottage in Newport, R. I.


—A meeting of the Glee Club was called on Saturday, September 11, for the purpose of discussing the prospects for the coming year. Owing to his withdrawal from college, Mr. Greiner tendered his resignation as manager, and Messrs. Champlin, Lacey and Jackson were appointed Board of Managers. The report of the treasurer being read, the club was found to be badly in debt, and it was decided to call on the student body to help liquidate the debt. Prof. Nock has kindly consented to act as leader temporarily.

—The Junior Class will give a benefit for the football team on, or near, October fifth. The entertainment promises to be especially good, in view of the fact that this class has secured the services of Mrs. Jarley, a woman of some repute, who will exhibit for the first time her stupendous collection of wax works, which is said to be the finest collection of figures ever exhibited. The programme will consist of three parts, namely, the wax works, followed by a very short and witty farce, concluding with a cake walk. Specialties will be introduced during evening. After the cake walk there will be an informal dance, consisting of six numbers, ending with the Virginia reel. It is hoped that every student will consider the motive for which the class gives the entertainment, and that he will give his hearty support.

Mrs. Fosdick—“Did you enjoy the Commencement exercises, Mr. Perkasie?”

Mr. P.—“Very much—very much, indeed, with the exception of the bacchanalian sermon.”—Harper’s Bazaar, July 31st.