

# MESSENGER

Vol. 4      No. 2      October, 1897

17	His Heaven H., '98
19	"One Man's Commencement" George Crafton Stanhope, '99
22	Redivivus Watson Bartemus Selvage, '98
24	Annandale Verse [poems]
25	Wedding Bells
27	Exchanges
28	Editor's Corner W.B.S., '98
30	Outlook From the Editor's Sanctum
32	College and Alumni Notes
33	Football
34	In a Lighter Vein Human Nature for Primary Students J. Paul Graham, 1901

# The S. Stephen's College Messenger.

Board of Editors:

WATSON BARTEMUS SELVAGE, '68, EDITOR-IN-CHIEF.

CHARLES B. MCGUIRE, '99.      JAMES ROBERT LACEY, 1900.      J. PAUL GRAHAM, 1907.  
BUSINESS MANAGER, ARCHIBALD M. JUDD, '98.      ASSOCIATE, ARTHUR S. LEWIS, '99.

---

VOL. IV.

ANNANDALE, N. Y., OCTOBER, 1897.

No. 2.

---

## His Heaven.

"Surely there is somewhere an Author's Heaven, where the true lovers of their creation may, if they have been very loyal and have a great deal of faith, meet the Beloved Shades, whose counterfeit presentments have stolen, warm and living, into their heart of hearts."  
*Bachelor of Arts.*

HE had not been great; not even remarkable—save in the eyes of his sweet-heart and mother; and they were both dead when he came to lie down for the last time. He had had aspirations, to be sure; but he had never dared to express them save in his letters to that girl and woman; and these I never read. I burned them after his death.

He had a little room next to mine in the rather humble lodging house where I lived during my first days as reporter on the *Evening Star*; and I but barely knew his name, and had talked with him only as we met in the hall on the way to and from our rooms.

One night I was aroused from sleep by a dull sound as of one knocking, and rousing sufficiently, I discovered that it was he, my neighbor, pounding upon the partitioning wall. I immediately surmised that he was ill, and going in, I found him in the midst of a severe chill. It was the beginning of his brief illness.

It was necessary for me to leave him in the landlady's care during the day, but in the evening I hurried back to find him little if any better. He was nervous and talkative; and as I sat there by his bed-side, where the electric light from the corner shone in through the window on his wan face, I realized that I was taking an unfair advantage of a sick man, to let him talk, and thus disclose secrets which, in health, he would undoubtedly have guarded jealously. However, he would talk, and of himself, in spite of my efforts to change the subject; and thus I learned of his ambitions and of their literary character.

He was still a young man, not more than thirty-two, and the fire of his aspirations had not yet burned out. I could easily see and appreciate his delicate taste. In many of his ideas he was unique and refreshing; but their expression was crude, and he confessed that he had never been able to impart his thoughts satisfactorily. He had almost feared to desecrate them by the rudeness of his pen. So he had read and reread his favorite models, drinking in with eager delight their stores of richness, and hoarding it—a talent in the earth.

Toward morning he slept, but fitfully; and I determined not to leave him. He was quiet, more or less, all day, and I had much time to think over what he had told me, and to study him in this light, shed by himself. I pitied him deeply; I could even have reproached myself for not having known him before, for I felt that here was much of that stuff from which friends are made; and I had often been lonely.

As he slept throughout the day, I found another source of knowledge of him in his books. They were not many, but they were evidently all favorites, and well read. The marked passages in them were many, but there were almost no notes or marginal comments. In fact as I looked them over and recalled his talk of the night before, I reached the conclusion that he was, unconsciously no doubt, a consummate plagiarist. His books were not deep ones; fiction, of a good sort, to be sure, made up a large part of his little library, and poetry another large share. I could see how he had imbibed many, very many, of his ideas from these books of other men, and so thoroughly that he thought them his own. He had crept into the hearts of these books, or they into his, if you choose, and he had made his life from their lives.

Nor was I surprised to find many of them showing life in its sombre shades. There was *The Mill on the Floss* and *The Tale of Two Cities*. *Evangeline* had evidently dwelt long in his pocket; and I doubted not that he knew much of it by heart. I smiled at the correctness of my guess when I found *Locksley Hall* and *Maud* well marked, and there were indications of honest ignorance of the obscure passages, shown by interrogation marks on the margin. *Ships That Pass in the Night* and *Trilby* were examples of the more modern fiction, and I began to feel myself growing better and better acquainted with him through these mutual friends.

He grew perceptibly worse as the day passed, and at nightfall the physician looked very serious and told me to send for his friends. There were none. At least, none that I needed to send for. He had almost convinced me that, those two women of his little life were there; for as his delirium increased he talked to them and they seemed to answer.

The night wore on. The doctor had told me to expect death at any moment, and I waited, feeling very deeply the solemnity; for I was young

then and death was not so concrete a reality as it is now. His talk wandered from his mother and that other woman of his love to people whom, I thought, must be strangers to me. He seemed to believe himself in a crowd of friends, and was very happy. He asked many questions, and his greetings were hearty at times, and at others almost worshipful. If it was not the names "Tom" and "Maggie" that caught my ear, it was the glad cry: "Carton, Sydney Carton!"

Then I knew that he was talking with his beloved book-friends, and as I waited and listened for the words, which sometimes were very faint, I caught the names of those other heroes and heroines, who had been so real to him. I think he heard *Trilby* sing, for he had been talking to Taffy and the Laird, when he suddenly grew quiet as if listening intently, then he relaxed with a long sigh of deepest pleasure which ended in a sob.

I cannot now recall all the names he spoke; the conversation was in scraps and often I could not catch whole sentences. Moreover, if I should attempt to give you my impressions, I should have to put down *their* words also, for I have the most vivid recollection of other voices than his; so completely did he carry me with him in his joyous enthusiasm. I was caught up, as it were, into Heaven, his Heaven, where were the souls of those whom he had loved in books.

He wakened, I trust, into another and much more blessed place of rest; and I—I into this life again, which has ever since been richer in its book realities; and I hope that at its close I may be granted a vision like unto his.

H., '98.

---

### "One Man's Commencement."

NED paused at the door and looked toward the window. "Not going to chapel to-night, John? Well, I suppose you have some grounds for giving yourself airs; for who is of more importance than a man who has passed his final college examinations?"

John Kenyon looked up from the book he was reading to reply to his chum's remark. "I know you intended to be sarcastic," he laughed, "but really, Ned, I think you are right, besides I wanted to think over something. It is very easy to think of—well almost anything when I can sit by the window and hear the fellows chant service; on a still evening it seems to sound better at a distance, kind of dreamy and far off you know."

"All right, you stay and dream. I think I shall enjoy the reality. So long!"

John heard his chum run gaily down stairs, bawling one of the Glee Club songs. Ned really shouldn't be so loud he thought. Then he laughed. How

odd that he, John Wentworth Kenyon, should consider anyone noisy. But then, he was about to graduate; while his chum was only a sophomore, and probably, time would change Ned as much as it had him.

Wherever we find a body of men gathered together, we must find all sorts and conditions. There are those, who have always lived far from the life of the world, until suddenly it is forced upon them in all its glamour. Their condition changes, and they make mistakes. John Kenyon was one of this class. He had made mistakes. He thought he realized it now, as he sat looking out of his study window. The chapel bell had ceased tolling some time before; and, through the open windows of the chapel, the men's voices floated up to him. How sweet they sounded; but it was all over for him now. Four years before he had left home and come to college. He didn't realize it then; but now, as he looked back over his past, he remembered what manner of man he had been, when he entered. There had been many rough edges to be worn off and the process had not been pleasant, even if it had been beneficial. As he thought of his past four years, John endeavored to blot out all unpleasant experiences and only to consider his own advancement. Perhaps this gave him conceit, at least, he found himself amused to think of those who had once been his closest friends. Then there had been a girl. Now there were two. That afternoon among his several acceptances, he had received one which had given him much pleasure and incidentally increased his conceit. This was from a girl who had recently caused him to forget the girl at home,—the girl who thought more of him than his own mother, if that were possible,—and during the years which John had spent at college, she had studied and read, so that he might never need to be ashamed of her. When he had sent these two invitations to Commencement, he had feared that the new girl wouldn't accept and that the old one would, and now both acceptances lay on his table.

The warm June air felt very pleasant as he sat looking out, over the green campus, shaded by its stately oaks, and then farther on to the chapel. He could see, through a break in the foliage, a silver glimmer, which showed where the river was flowing, and far beyond the river, the mountains rose peaceful and dim against the summer sky. John watched the sun sink lower and lower until, at last, it disappeared. Then the bright afterglow faded and the darkness hid the mountains from his sight. Still John sat and thought. His chum found him thus when he returned from chapel. "Why so pensive, John?" he laughed. "Come down to grub."

"I was thinking," John answered as he followed his chum down the stairs, "that a fellow's last days at College, when he has past his final exams., are very much like the afterglow on the mountains and," he went on, "I am afraid it will soon be dark!"

One Commencement is much like another. Early in the forenoon the car

riages bring the guests from the station, until soon the campus is thronged with professors, gay students, and brightly dressed girls.

John's two friends came upon different trains. The girl from home came first; he told her something about the other, because,—well—he couldn't help himself. He didn't care to tell the new girl about the other; but he supposed it would be necessary. Of course John explained, that he thought just as much of the home girl as he ever had; but he went on lamely, "you see Nellie, she has been very kind to me this past winter and helped me on in society and, of course, she will expect me to devote some of my time to her." Nellie didn't see, but she said she did, and tried to be very nice to John's chum when he carried her off to see the decorations in the Preston-Hall and in the Chapel. She felt strangely unhappy, although she tried to force herself to think, that John cared as much for her as ever, or even if he didn't he would soon grow tired of this new girl and come back to her. She felt a great lump rise in her throat and she turned her head around to look for something that wasn't there. Later in the day, Nellie saw John with several other fellows talking to a girl, and Nellie thought that she seemed equally interested in each one's remarks. Perhaps this was only good form.

The crowd of people around the platform was so dense that Nellie easily managed to leave her escort and wandered off by herself. On she went, past the college buildings and library, until presently she found herself in the necropolis. It was very peaceful and quiet there in "the city of the dead." Nell sat down under the shade of a great oak and leaned up against its weather stained trunk. She found her thoughts wandering back over her past life; every remembrance was vivid with pictures of John Kenyon. She thought of her work, her hopes, her future: and then all seemed so blank and dreary, that she covered her face with her hands and cried softly. What right had this girl to spoil her life? *She* couldn't care as much for John as she did. It might be better for her to go away before she saw John again. And then a hand was laid upon her head, and she heard John's voice say, "Why, Nell, dear, what is the matter? I've been hunting for you everywhere!" Nell raised her head and tried to smile through her tears.

"Then you haven't grown tired of me and you don't love that—that other girl?" she asked.

"No!" John said, "I don't, but," he went on, "I've been a fool Nell, and I did not realize it until now. Why, you are worth a dozen of her!" Then John knelt down by her side and kissed her.

"I don't know about that," Nellie said, and there was a note of contentment in her voice, "but I love you as much as a dozen of her could."

Well, perhaps she did.

*George Crafton Stanhope, '99.*



**Redivivus.**

ONE warm night not long since, Jack Barlow and his friend Norton Dale had lounged about the campus for over an hour, disputing as was their custom about some psychological question. It is one of the peculiarities of seniors, that they will talk about psychology. Various theories have been propounded by under-classmen to account for this phenomenon; but they have all proved too profound. The truth is that it is about the only thing concerning which seniors can talk with reasonable certainty of not being contradicted. Another possible explanation is, that it takes as much as four years for a healthy college-man to develop indigestion acute enough to be mistaken for soul. At last the two disputants knocked the ashes out of their pipes—desecrating a class stone by the act—and stood up and stretched their arms.

"Well, I guess I'll go in and go to bed" said Dale.

"Come down and have a drink on Mag" responded Barlow, "we will not have many more chances."

"There's some more of your nonsense! You'll walk all the way down that hill for a drink of water, just because you can have the pleasure of pulling it up out of the well in a bucket. It's all sentiment I tell you."

Jack laughed merrily and with a short, "Good night, old man" strolled down the hill.

The sky was somewhat cloudy and a thin mist seemed to wreath beneath the great pine trees beyond the chapel. Instead of cutting across the lawn, he followed the path, and arriving at the well emptied the bucket which stood on the ledge and let it down slowly into the water. Then he drew it up again and took a long drink. As he turned away, he noticed that there was some one sitting on the steps of Bard Hall. It was evidently a man dressed in white duck and Barlow settled it mentally, that it was one of his class-men, who was reported to be engaged and who was accused of having sent a love poem to the college paper. Jack began whistling "The girl I left behind me" and walked over toward his supposed class-mate.

"What are you doing here at this time of night?" inquired Barlow.

"I'm waiting for Dr. B——."

"O, I beg your pardon," said Barlow quickly, "I thought you were Swift."

"No," came the ready response, "I'm—ah—I haven't a card with me. My name is Decimus Junius Juvenalis."

This astonishing statement was acknowledged by a low whistle.

"I've been expelled from the 'Limbo Authors' Club' on account of a quarrel with Dr. Anthon and am—ah—I'm traveling for my health."

"You had a quarrel with Dr. Anthon? Why, I thought he was one of the best of men," said Barlow seating himself.

"That's just the trouble. He has done me the honor to edit my works and has left out certain passages, because he thought them immoral. I told him that he was like Anthony Comstock and he brought the matter up before the directors and I was expelled."

The explanation ended, conversation lagged very decidedly and Barlow was racking his brain for some good excuse for leaving, when Juvenal continued.

"Horace had been telling me that he intended to revise his odes, and I chanced to remark that I thought of writing some more satires, one of football, another on cigarettes and other modern vices and a third on bicycle-riding—I could put Horace's 'Journey to Brunducium' way in the shade. Well, Dr. Anthon happened to be present and of course *he* had to get into the conversation. He actually had the face to tell me, that he thought I had better spend my time revising those I had written and make them fit to be read by Christian young men. I told him that when I wrote my satires there were not any 'mama's boys' in Rome and he got red in the face and asked me if I insinuated that he was one. O no, I answered, you are a poor imitation of Athony Comstock. You ought to have seen him rave! He went straight to the house-committee, which, unfortunately for me, consisted of John Bunyan, Charles Kingsley and Jane Austin. They made short work of me. Jane Austin wept, and said I wasn't a fit person to have in the same club with ladies; and Bunyan proceeded to preach me a sermon, so I was really relieved when I got out of the place."

"Indeed," remarked Barlow encouragingly, "What are you doing round here?"

"I'm gathering material for a book on 'Latin as She is Spoke,' and am making a special study of the diacritical marks in the front of Webster's Dictionary. I find it very difficult; but am trying to drown my troubles in hard work."

"Well," said Barlow, "I'm getting my death, sitting out here in the cold, so I'll bid you good night. So long."

Barlow stuck his hands in his pockets and walked off up the hill; with a sense of gratification that Juvenal was dead, "for," he said to himself, "there would be just three more satires, if Juvenal could get them published. Thank goodness, posthumous Latin Satires are not in demand."

*Watson Bartemus Selvage, '98.*

## ANNANDALE VERSE.

## A MOUNTAIN LAKE.

THE mirror of the sky! Where bending trees  
 May learn their grace in one glance downward thrown,  
 And frame the heaven's beauty with their own,  
 Limned with deft touch, in leafy traceries.

Like sweet stars set adrift amid the blue,  
 Their lotus-charm the floating lilies keep;—  
 Fresh constellations, of whose secrets deep  
 Astrologers or magi never knew.

Then, at a breath, the mirror broken lies!  
 The fragments sparkling, but the image lost—  
 The shifted stars on dancing ripples tossed.

\* \* \* \* \*  
 The breeze sweeps on, and laughs at the surprise.

*John Mills Gilbert, '90.*

## MICHAELMAS DAISIES.

MY love and I, one golden autumn afternoon,  
 Walked arm in arm, a winding path along,  
 Where asters grew,  
 Those daisies for the feast of Michael and his hosts.  
 So thickly bloomed those clustering flowers,  
 Of Heavenly blue  
 They seemed a part, and we to tread among the clouds.  
 "See, Love, the heavens blooming on the earth  
 For me and you!"  
 So paused we there to drink our fill of Beauty's cup;  
 And leaned, my love, her head upon my breast.  
 Her eyes so true  
 Turned upward to my face; their tender gaze met mine;  
 I looked into their trustful depths and there  
 Was Heaven, too;  
 And it was nearer than the sky above  
 Or azure flowerets. There I sank my soul—  
 And so would you.

*Herbert Seymour Hastings, '98.*

## SUMMER HAS GONE.

'TIS told by the leaves all tinted and gay,  
 'Tis told by the birds as they leave day by day,  
 'Tis told by the soft, gentle murmuring breeze  
 As it sighs to the bushes and moans to the trees;  
 Summer has gone.

'Tis told by the goldenrod faded and old,  
 'Tis told by the woodbine and lark-spur bold,  
 'Tis told by the acorns that fall one by one,  
 And the mists which arise with the low setting sun,  
 Summer has gone.

*S. S. N., '99.*

---

 Wedding Bells.

IT was a beautiful June day and two people were walking down the sunny street in the direction of All Saints Church. There was an exquisite charm about the woman that had first captivated and then baffled the man at her side. From the day when he first met her, he counted himself her lover; and surely, no woman could ask a more devoted and tender admirer. He was not afraid to tell her how much she was to him; but she never gave him the chance. He had been admitted to a friendship, that was deep and true; he had found her a sympathetic second in all that concerned him and his; yet she would always gently, playfully turn him into safer channels when he broached that all important question. She had long since granted him the privilege of using her christian name. Sometimes she even used his; and he felt that, given an opportunity where her quick wit could not foil him, she would surely be his. While they were walking down the street toward the new church he was vainly trying to lead up to the subject nearest his heart.

"There is to be a wedding in the church to-day, Ethel," he ventured.  
 "That means at least two happy people in the world."

"Do you think wedding bells the sesame to happiness, Mr. Farrell? It seems to me, that men might turn their attention to something less sentimental. For my part I like practical men."

He saw that she would have no love-making and contented himself with saying, "You're welcome to your cynical mood; but I believe wedding bells always mean happiness, however brief, for some one."

"That reminds me," she broke in, ignoring his petulance, "I want first to see the big bell in the church tower; it is almost four o'clock and if we hurry we can be in the bell room when the hour strikes."

He obeyed as he had ever done, following her into the building with a species of resigned sulkiness. They climbed the many steps until, from sheer exhaustion, Miss Martel would have stopped, but that she feared lest Farrell should instantly proffer his aid. That did not suit her teasing mood. At last, they reached the bell floor, and Miss Martel stood gazing in admiration at the great mass of metal before her. Mounted on frames of heavy timber, and flanked by an immense wheel, it looked like some huge monster ready to bellow with wrath at the least provocation.

While they stood contemplating it, there was a low whirring from the clock work. Then the clock hammer suddenly rose up and came down on the resounding metal with a stoke that made the chamber fairly roar. Miss Martel was a little startled by the intensity of the sound and involuntarily raised her hands to cover her ears. Farrell noticed the action and drew closer; but at that she recovered herself, drawing away with a smile. When the four strokes were finished the room echoed and reëchoed the tone in a bewildering fashion and the tower windows seemed to throw back all the sound.

A moment after the last stroke, Farrell heard a peculiar sound in the direction of the stairway. He turned quickly, just in time to see the trap door close. The situation was plain. He knew that the tower was always closed when the bell was ringing in order that no one might have access while it swung back and forth over the trap door. It was now, he remembered, time for the wedding, and the trap had been closed from below preparatory to ringing the bell. No wonder he was startled; that tremendous mass of metal clanging within two or three feet of one's ear, in a confined space, would almost produce madness. He looked toward the bell. It was already in motion; the wheel was slowly bringing it to an inverted position. Miss Martel appreciated the situation in a measure, and her brown eyes opened wide with dismay. When the great, creaking thing was bottom up, they both instinctively shrank back; covering their ears. The next instant the bell toppled and swung down with irresistible force. They were somewhat prepared for the result, but when the brazen clapper struck the side of the swinging bell Miss Martel trembled from head to foot and with a quick cry of fright sank into Farrell's arms. He saw from her pale face that she had fainted; so he gently laid her on the floor, throwing his coat over her head, to shut out as much as possible of the roar.

After a few strokes the misery of his now aching head became so intense that he cast about for some relief. The bell made several trips back and forth before he could collect his senses sufficiently to reason coolly. The limp charge, lying on the floor in a swoon, spurred him to do something; and a glance around the room revealed to him an iron bar in the corner. It was evidently used as a lever to work the bell when the rope was off the wheel. It was an easy matter to grasp this and insert it between the rope and the

pulley. A quick turn on the next roll was all that he needed; the rope went squirming to the floor. The momentum of the bell sufficed for a couple more strokes and then the clamor ceased, save for the vibrating echo. Going back to Miss Martel, Farrell carried her to the window, where the cool air of the high tower quickly brought her to consciousness. The ringing in her ears still numbed the faculties and she was a little hysterical; but when she opened her eyes and saw Farrell she reached up her arms. In all eagerness he bent down and raised her, just as the sexton's head appeared above the trap door.

Miss Martel was soon at home, with the assistance of Farrell, who staid with her until she was quite herself. The shock, however, had left her much subdued, unequal to fencing with her persistent lover. For a great part of that pleasant evening he found that it soothed her—or him—to hold her close; and there must have been an understanding, for when he said a last good night he even dared to kiss her and say:—"The wedding bells did bring happiness to someone, did they not, dear?"

"Well," she answered, meekly, "if you think so, Tom—yes!"

*Potter Hall, '99.*

---

## EXCHANGES.

THE MESSENGER will cease to exchange with any magazine which is not sent regularly. We shall keep a record and the delinquents will be stricken from the list of exchanges. BRACE UP, NOW.





## Editors' Corner

### THE PRAISES OF WAR.

There is something inherent in the human mind, which teaches us that strife is nobler than repose. We recognize it in our use of the word coward; and, if there were no other proof, sufficient might be drawn from the great epics of the world. When Homer tuned his lyre and struck those cords of sublimest majesty and ecstatic beauty, it was in praise of the "hero enobling fight;" Virgil sang of "men and arms;" the "Song of Roland," and the "Adventures of the Cid" tell of the conflict of the Christians with the Moslems of Spain, and even our own Anglo-Saxon "Beowulf" is a song of warriors. Notwithstanding all this, there are certain persons who persist in crying Peace! Peace!! It is needless to say that they are not thinkers; but a mongrel crowd of rattle brained theologians, quack political economists and professional reformers.

They forget—if they ever knew—that the vice and injustice of the world is constantly spring-afresh and are only to be subdued by battle, and that the keepers of law and order always have been and always must be soldiers. Moreover, "War is the foundation of all the arts and sciences and the foundation of all the high virtues and faculties of mankind. All the pure and noble arts of peace are founded on war; no great art ever yet rose on earth, but among a nation of soldiers. There is no art among a shepherd people if they remain at peace. There is no art among an agricultural people if they remain at peace. Commerce is barely consistent with fine art but cannot produce it; manufacture not only is unable to produce it but, invariably kills whatever seeds of it exist, and no great art is possible to a nation except that which is based on battle."

Look at the history of the past and see the proof! Greece hurled back the barbarian hordes of Asia and achieved the highest civilization of the ancient world; Rome with the gates of the temple of Janus closed but twice in her long history, ruled the world from her seven hills, and became the conservator of that civilization to the Germanic races. Italy, the battle ground of the middle ages, produced the great merchant commonwealths of Venice,

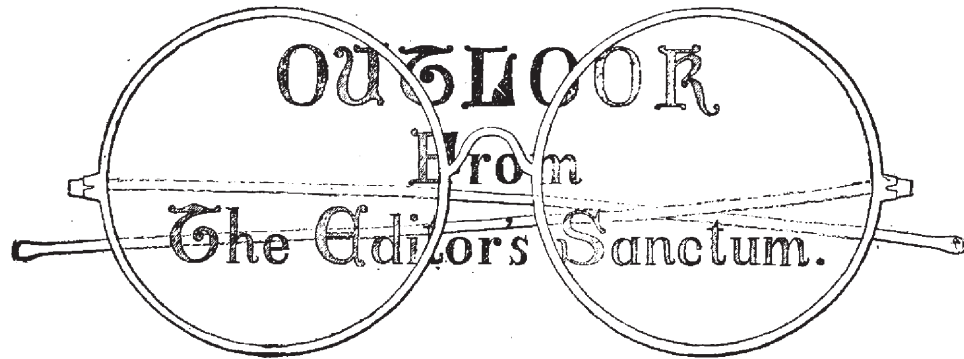
Genoa and Florence and gave birth to the Renaissance; Spain whose early history was one long struggle with the Moors, barely missed being a world-empire. (Only her inability to govern prevented.) Russia, against which the successive waves of Tartar invasion broke so disastrously, is stretching out its influence and seems now to have established by consummate diplomacy that preponderance of power, of which united Europe robbed her at the end of the Krim War; and our own mother England, conquered successively by Romans, Jutes, Danes, Angles, Saxons and Normans, has already set her seal more firmly on the world than even imperial Rome itself.

War is also the great elucidator of social and economic problems, and "it alone can determine who is the best man, who is the best bred, the most self-denying, the most fearless, the coolest of nerve and the quickest of eye and hand;" in a word it alone can determine the survival of the fittest. Congested cities, overstocked markets and starvation wages, are due to the long continued peace. The common notion, that peace and the virtues of civil life flourish together, is wholly untenable. "Peace and the *vices* of civil life flourish together. We talk of peace and learning, peace and plenty, peace and civilization; but these are not the words which the Muse of History has coupled together. In her mouth the words are peace and *sensuality*, peace and *selfishness*, peace and *corruption*, peace and *death*."

We can not hope for any civilization except that which is built on ground plowed by the surge of battle and drenched with the blood of heroes. Arbitration is a will-o'-the-wisp. It has already created more complications than it has settled; and it would seem that anyone might know, that from its very nature—in that is a compromise,—representing more often the united folly than the united wisdom of its authors and determined by caprice and selfishness, rather than the all-powerful logic of war, it always is and always must be a failure. Civilization has always followed in the path of war and it must still be the ultimate arbitrator, though diplomats and statesmen seek to be wiser than history. Let us hear no more of the brutality of war. War is ennobling. Our Lord himself distinctly said, "I came not to send peace on earth but a sword," and God himself is the God of Sabbaoth, the God of Hosts, the God of Battles.

W. B. S., '98.





THE College has at last acquired the Bard estate. The property, which comprises about 400 acres, was sold to the Treasurer of the Corporation Col. S. Van R. Cruger, for \$38,440. It is needless to say, that the news was received here with great satisfaction and when the present occupant vacates the premises on October 17, we shall begin to enjoy our new domain. For some years past the Trustees have been anxious to enlarge the landed property of the college, so that we might have a good river frontage and suitable property on which to build professor's houses. The MESSENGER desires to congratulate Col. Cruger on the successful issue of the negotiations and we take the opportunity to thank him in the name of the undergraduates.

¶ The latest educational venture is the "Cosmopolitan University," and we are informed, that the Rev. Eliphaeth N. Potter, D.D., LL.D., L.H.D., lately President of Hobart College and formerly President of Union College, has entered upon his duties as President of this new enterprise. As we gather from its printed advertisements and circulars, it is to be conducted on what is called the correspondence system; and it aims to bring about that rather doubtful blessing of an educational millenium, when mechanics shall discourse learnedly on palaeontology, when hod-carriers shall be adepts in political and social science and when shop-girls shall read Ibsen and the Tenebrae in the original with keen delight. Now there probably are certain persons still outside of the insane asylums, who are hoping for such a millenium; but we are optimistic enough to believe, that the vast majority of sober-minded educators are convinced that what we need is not more superficiality, but more sound scholarship. Correspondence schools are in their very nature bound to be superficial; and we trust, that this new fad may live its life and die, having done the least possible harm.

We regret exceedingly, that we are forced to notice editorially, the rowdyism of the members of a neighboring institution which recently came to Annan-

dale to play the S. S. foot-ball team. In the past, we have always looked forward to the game with P. M. A. They have played a clean, gentlemanly game, and we have been glad to have them with us; but this year, the P. M. A. team came up here in a frightful condition. Fully half of them were "fighting drunk" and at least one of the players was actually paralyzed. They slugged right and left, disputed every decision and made themselves so thoroughly obnoxious, that we were heartily glad when the commandant who accompanied them, insisted that they should return to Peekskill on the first train without waiting for supper. We trust, that the P. M. A. foot-ball team will stay at home, until they are able to go abroad without disgracing their institution.

**College and Alumni Notes.**

—Carroll, '99, has resigned his position as captain of the foot ball team and Judd, '98, has been elected to that office. The team will start for New York Friday, October 15. On the next day it will play the New York University team. Mr. Patterson, of the Crescent Athletic Club, has been coaching our team during the past few weeks, and has effected quite an improvement.

—Kunkell, '96, Worrall, '95, and Greiner visited Annandale for a few days in the first and second weeks of October.

—On Friday night, October 1, the Sigma Alpha Epsilon Fraternity initiated Almon Clark Stengle, '98, Sp., of Buffalo, N. Y., and Horace Wood Stowell, 1901, of Wellsboro, Pa.

—The College has purchased the Bard estate and will take possession on October 17.

—Mr. John Bard, one of the founders of the College, visited Annandale on October 6.

—Glee club, Orpheus octette, Fairbarin quartette are organized and will be known jointly as "The Musical Organization of S. S. C." Carl Reiland, President and Leader; J. Wm. Jackson, '99, Vice-President and Treasurer; F. D. H. Coen, '99, Secretary. Board of Managers: John Oliphant, 1900, Sp., Chairman; J. Wm. Jackson, '99; Jas. Robert Lacey, 1900; Carl Reiland, '98, Sp. The club numbers 20 men besides the leader and the voices have been carefully selected and placed. The club will be in every way superior to the club of last year. The first concert will be given in the large music hall at Tarrytown, N. Y., about November 10.

—The engagement of Carl Reiland, '98, Sp., to Miss Elizabeth Louise, daughter of Mr. J. Clinton Burwell, of Winsted, Ct., was announced during the summer. Miss Burwell is at Vassar, Class of '99.

—Prof. Malcon has leased the Sands place for another year.

—Mayers, '98, is at the Virginia Theological Seminary.

—The Rev. Pierre McD. Bleecker, M. A., '76, has resigned from the rectorship of S. Margaret's Church, Stattsburg, and entered upon his duties as rector of Christ Church, Schenectady, N. Y.

—William S. Parkerson, B.A., LL.B., '79, of New Orleans, La., is at the Bemis Sanitarium, Glens Falls, N. Y., where he is undergoing an operation upon his eyes.

—Keble Dean, B.A., '89, has been spending his vacation at Annandale.

—Rev. C. H. H. Bloor, '94, Sp., has been spending the summer in Europe.

—Charles Foster, M.A., M.D., '69, who has been ill for some time, is reported to be much better.

—Reginald H. Coe, M.A., '80, has resigned from the presidency of DeVeaux College.

**Foot-ball.**

ON Saturday, Sept. 25, the foot-ball team played an eleven composed of the best players from Kingston and Saugerties, at Saugerties Athletic Park. After about fifteen minutes of play, Graham went through the line for a touchdown. Goal was kicked by Carroll. There was no more scoring in the first half, but in the second Carroll went around right end for 20 yards, making the second touchdown. A difficult goal was kicked by Coerr.

Near the end of the game Herbert of Kingston secured the ball on a fluke and scored Kingston's only touchdown. Goal was missed.

The final score was S. S., 12; Kingston, 4.

S. S. lined up as follows:—Judd, center; Belsey, left guard; O'Hanion, right guard; Bell, left tackle; Wheeler, right tackle; White, left end; Knapp, right end; McGuire, quarter back; Carroll, left half back; Graham, right half back; Porter and Coerr, full back.

Summary:—Touchdowns, Herbert 1, Graham 1, Carroll 1; goals kicked, Carroll 1, Coerr 1.

The second game of the season was played with P. M. A. on Saturday, Oct. 2, at Bartlett Field.

In direct contrast to the first game, it was the roughest game ever seen here. The visitors came with the apparent intention of killing us, and they started early and slugged often. There was no score in the first half. In the second half Peekskill had the ball on our 15 yard line, but they couldn't move it forward an inch and S. Stephen's secured the ball on downs. Then S. S. pushed it down the field until Peekskill again secured it on downs. On a fumble by the visitors Judd secured the ball and ran 80 yards, making the only touchdown of the game.

In the second half McGuire exhibited great pluck by playing quarter back, though he had a badly sprained ankle which he received in the game with Kingston.

S. S. line up: Judd, center; Belsey, left guard; Oliphant, right guard; Bell, left tackle; Wheeler, right tackle; Porter, left end; Knapp, right end; White and McGuire, quarter back; Carroll, left half back; Popham, right half back; Coerr, full back. Substitutes: Graham, Lewis, Hill, Saunders. Summary: Touchdown, Judd 1. Score: S. S., 4; Peekskill, 0.

ST. LUKE'S AL., 22; S. STEPHEN'S, 0.

A fiercely contested game of foot-ball was played on Saturday, October 9, on Bartlett field between St. Luke's Al., of Fishkill, and S. Stephen's, in which the latter were beaten by a score of 22-0. The visiting team was much heavier than S. Stephen's and broke through their line at will. The home team played a plucky up hill game, but were clearly outplayed. The tackling of Morang, Knapp and Coerr of the home team deserves special mention.

For the visiting team the Brinckerhoff brothers, left half and full back, did the best work. The game was remarkably free from any rough playing on either side. Following was the line up :

ST. LUKE.		S. STEPHENS.
Norris,	Left End.	Morang,
Tillman,	Left Tackle.	Bell,
Berger,	Left Guard.	Belsey,
Green,	Centre.	Judd,
Hyle,	Right Guard.	Oliphant,
DeGarmo,	Right Tackle.	Wheeler,
Challen,	Right End.	Knapp,
Ormsby,	Quarter Back.	White (Lewis),
Bradley,	Right Half Back.	Popham,
Brinckerhoff,	Left Half Back.	Carroll,
E. Brinckerhoff,	Full Back.	(Coerr) Porter.

Umpire, Burgess; Referee, Patterson; Linesmen, Sidman and Waldon.  
Time of halves 20 and 25 minutes. Touchdowns, 5; goals, 1.

### In a Lighter Vein.

HUMAN NATURE—FOR PRIMARY STUDENTS.

See the pretty fence!  
The fence has a sign on it.  
There is a word on the sign.  
What is the word on the sign?  
The word is "paint."  
See the man!  
Will the man put his hand on the fence?  
O, yes, the man will put his hand on the fence.  
Why will the man put his hand on the fence?  
The man will put his hand on the fence to see if the sign is true.  
Will the man get paint on his hand?  
O, yes, the man will get paint on his hand.  
What will the man say?  
You must not listen to what the man will say, but perhaps he will make a remark about the weather.

Kind reader, please peruse these lines; from them extract some mental food. Then read the moral carefully; I'm sure that it will do you good. Moral: I put it this way for a joke. It is not prose, it's verse you see. Remember this throughout your life, : "Things are not what they seem to be."

*J. Paul Graham, 1901.*