

MESSENGER

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The S. Stephen's College Messenger.

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VOL. IV.

ANNANDALE, N. Y., NOVEMBER, 1897.

No. 3.

Skeletons.

A Tragedy in Five Scenes.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

EDWARD IRVING, } *College chums.*
THOMAS BLACK, }

LANDERS, *Friend (?) to the above.*

THE REV'D DR. ACKLEY, *Irving's Rector.*

OTHER STUDENTS.

SCENE I.—*Number 8, Potter Hall. Time, 7 o'clock P. M.*

Curtain rising discovers Black standing helplessly in the centre; coat off, sleeves rolled up, and hammer in hand, looking undecidedly around the room. A knock is heard at the door.

Black. Come in!

(Enter Landers.)

L. Hello! What's up? Going to build an ark?

B. No. I'm going to unbuild one. Chum has asked me to take down some of these things, (*pointing to sundry and various mural ornaments: souvenirs unmentionable*).

L. Take 'em down! What for? Is Ed going to reform?

B. Well, yes; temporarily at least. You see he received a telegram this afternoon saying that his rector was coming—in fact he has gone down to the station now to meet him—and I have promised to make things as easy as possible for him. His closet is packed full of skeletons now; but I declare, I don't know where to begin in here. I musn't make it look too bare. I suppose those jugs can come down from the mantel. Here, help me! I'll hand them to you.

L. Hold on, old man; wait a jiffy! What kind of a duffer is this rector of Ed's?

B. Oh, I don't know. One of the dreadfully pious sort, I imagine. Any-

way, Chum seems afraid that he'll find out too much. Come on; they'll be back soon.

L. But hold on! I'm not at all sure but that you're making a mistake. Now, if it were *my* rector, I shouldn't change a thing. He doesn't think that I'm a tin angel, but I guess he must think there's enough metal in me to hope for wings some day. He was a college man himself once, and he hasn't forgotten it either. Now if Ed's rector is any kind of a man he is expecting to have some of his acute clerical sensibilities shocked, and he has undoubtedly been "padding" himself for the occasion. Ed always does make me mad with his beastly suspicious nature. This is his rector, isn't it? (*Looking at a photograph on the mantel.*) Pshaw! Afraid of that dear old man? Why, every line in his face is a kind one; and there's a sly twinkle in his eyes too. I'll trust *him*. Come sit down here—have a cigarette?—and let's think of an easy way to help Ed out.

B. Well, I wish you could have talked with Ed in this way. I told him he was foolish. But you'll have to admit that it might be unpleasant if the Reverend Dr. Ackley should take a sudden interest in ancient history and archaeological research.

L. Well, perhaps so: but don't try to make an Eden out of Purgatory. Set him to work on some rather harmless antiquities, and play off one against the other. Here's a scheme! (*They talk for some minutes in low tones, interspersed with frequent chuckles and bursts of laughter.*)

B. But what puzzles me is how we are going to convince Ed, afterward, that we didn't plan everything that is likely to happen; and how shall we persuade him that our way was best?

L. Oh, that's borrowing trouble. He probably *will* be ungrateful for a time; but the thought of getting even with him for cutting me out of going home with Miss Armitage after the Junior "shindig" the other night, takes all my attention at present. So long! You'll see me later. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II.—*The same.*

Irving (*ushering his guest into the room*). Here is where I live, Dr. Ackley, and this is my chum, Mr. Black. (*He looks despairingly around the room and sees that nothing has been altered. Then, with an angry look at Black, hurries to the door.*) If you'll excuse me a few minutes, I'll run over and see if the matron can give us some supper. [*Exit.*]

Dr. A. (*surveying the surroundings*). Typical college room! This is like getting back to my old days at *Trinity*.

B. So you *are* a college man, Dr. Ackley. I was hoping you were, for I wanted to ask a favor of you.

Dr. A. That's very nice; favors make friends, you know. What can I do for you?

B. (*drawing near and speaking hurriedly*). Well, the fellows have made me promise to help them play a joke on Irving. He is one of the most popular fellows, you know, but an awful tease; and he has made more than one poor fellow's life miserable by his wit and ingenuity. Now they know you are going to be here this evening, and they have made their plans to keep Ned in hot water by shocking you. What we want you to do is to be appropriately shocked. For example: look at this room; this was fitted up for your especial benefit, and it is only one of a series of surprises for Ed. Come, please say you'll help us. It will be such sport.

Dr. A. It seems a very supernumerary part that I am to play: just to sit still and be shocked. I had rather be more active. However, I'll help you.

B. You're a br— I beg pardon! Then you'll not be surprised at anything that may happen?

Dr. A. But I thought *that* was to be my part.

B. Oh, yes. But not really surprised.

(*Enter Irving.*)

I. Supper will be ready for us shortly.

Dr. A. Very well, my boy: I'll amuse myself looking around your room meanwhile. (*The old face apparently grows sadder and sadder, and Irving's longer and more dejected, as the tour is made from the mantel ornaments, past arrays of posters, stolen signs, and girls' pictures by the score, to that of Della Fox enshrined on the smoking table, in the drawer of which is visible a motley collection of college dishes, playing cards, ponies, etc. In the midst of this inspection a voice is heard under the window.*)

Voice. Oh — Irving, Irving!

I. (*at the window*). Yes, old man, what'll you have?

Voice. Say, come down to Jones' and push the balls awhile.

(*Irving answers inaudibly.*)

Voice. Great Scott! Why — (*then in changed voice and louder*). By the way, you're going to read service at the Mission on Sunday, ar'n't you? Good night.

SCENE III.—*On the campus, on the way to the dining hall.*

Voice in the darkness. Hello, Ed! Here's a letter from Johnson; another one of his duns. I have one too. They say he's getting impatient. How are you going to hush him up? Oh, I beg your pardon—

I. Mr. Whitney, this is my rector, Dr. Ackley.

W. Glad to know you, Dr. Ackley. I—I thought you were Ed's chum. By the way, Ed, you haven't that book of sermons with you have you? Well, never mind, I'll see you later. Good night.

SCENE IV.—*In the room again. Dr. A. in the bed-room, Black and Irving at the study table. Voices without singing.*

"Oh give us a drink, Bar-tender, Bar-tender!"

(A series of rapid knocks at the door, followed by the precipitous entrance of two of the fellows.)

Visitors. Say! Come up in Andy's room for a game of whist. Oh come on!

(Irving mutters something about college laws.)

Visitors. College laws! College laws! Well, well! When did you join the Sunday School? Anybody would think you were the Superintendent. (In lower tones.) What's that? What's that? Rector! Why didn't you tell us? [Exeunt, hastily.]

SCENE V.—The same. Time, 11:45. Rev'd Dr. A. about to retire, is bidding Irving a fatherly good-night, when the door softly opens and Landers enters, dressed as a girl. Dr. A. quickly retires into the bed-room and shuts the door; not before he has seen Irving sink dejectedly into a chair and bury his face in his arms on the table.

Landers (in a feminine voice, broken by sobs). Why didn't you come as you said you would? I had to steal out of the house by the back window. You said you would meet me; and I've been waiting down there in an angle of the chapel for over an hour; and I'm so cold—why don't you kiss me? Are you angry because I came to your room? Oh I wanted to see you so! I'm so unhappy! why didn't you come? You don't love me at all, or you would speak to me. Honestly, I wouldn't have come up here, but I thought you must be sick. Father would kill me if he knew—(Enter Black.) Oh, Mr. Black, you are my friend, I know! Please take me home! I can't understand Mr. Irving, at all; he is so strange tonight. Oh I'm so miserable! Good night, Eddie. [Exeunt Black and Landers.]

(Curtain falls to the music of Rev. Dr. A.'s sleepy chuckle, Lander's and Black's distant laughter, and Irving's despairing sobs.) M.

College Fraternities.

TOWARDS the end of the first quarter of the present century, the social life in our colleges had become very barren. Almost the only relaxation allowed the students was an open debating society, the meetings of which both professor and student alike might attend. From time immemorial students were wont to consider the professors as their natural enemies. Hence, their presence at the meetings did not make the society more popular. Here, then, was the chance for the modern fraternity. The first of these was the Phi Beta Kappa, which was founded at Williamsburg, Va., Dec. 5, 1776. Its formation was very simple. Six students at William and Mary college, at that time the most flourishing of American colleges, desiring a better student organization than the existing literary societies, and considering that one of their number was the best Greek student in the college, decided to form a new society, to be secret, and to be known by the name of the three Greek

letters that formed the initials of its motto Phi Beta Kappa. They called themselves a fraternity. To quote from its ritual—it was formed, "With friendship as its basis and benevolence and literature as its pillars." Their motive was to enjoy more thoroughly the society of congenial friends, and to promote good-fellowship.

This for a long time remained the only college fraternity, but some time later, having established chapters at Harvard and Yale, it died out. From the chapters at Harvard, the later chapters have descended. It is not definitely known which was the first to follow this fraternity. But to Kappa Alpha, founded at Union in 1825, is usually conceded, the prominence of having been the mother of living Greek-letter societies. For Phi Beta Kappa had long since become an honorary society as distinguished from an active one.

Another class of student societies is seen in such organizations as the Hasty Pudding Club, at Harvard, which is theatrical in nature. Still another in the Senior societies at Yale, which are, by the way, the most secret of all college societies. No outsider even enters their buildings and their comings and goings are so hidden, that one can only guess at their aims and motives. The most prominent of these societies are the Scroll and Key and the Skull and Bones. These differ greatly in the men selected, the former choosing students possessing social position and qualities of good-fellowship, the latter, those who are good students or prominent athletes.

Here then we have three classes of societies, the old literary societies, still flourishing in the older Southern colleges, the peculiar local institutions of Yale and Harvard, and finally the Greek letter fraternities, which to-day are the most prominent characteristic of an American undergraduate's social life.

The interval of thirty-five years from the founding of Kappa Alpha to the opening of the Civil War was the time of greatest prosperity for these fraternities. They were not confined to any one grade of colleges, or to any particular district, but sprang up every where and increased in number through almost every conceivable combination of Greek letters.

Though fraternities are organized less frequently than formerly, because of the difficulty of competing with those long established; yet, as the colleges themselves grow, the chapters grow with them, so that the increase is very considerable. At the time of the publishing of the last manual on fraternities there were enrolled among the thirty-two general fraternities of this country no less than sixty-seven thousand members, representing every possible profession and branch of business, and every state and territory in the United States. When to this number is added the names of the members of the various local societies and of those societies at Yale and Harvard and Princeton, it may easily be seen how great the growth has been.

There was a time, when the hands of men and of faculties were raised

against them. Because they met in secret and held themselves free from the intrusion of the faculty one night a week, they were considered guilty of all evils. Though their intentions were good, nevertheless, the stain of bad parentage still rests upon them which they have not been able to live down until the past few years. Whatever may have been the failings of the American college boy of twenty-five years ago, lack of energy was not one of them. When he wanted a society lodge he took off his coat and worked to build it. It was in this way that the famous log-cabin of *Δ.K.E.* at Kenyon College was built. The whole chapter worked earnestly and faithfully until they had completed it and thus they became owners of the first chapter house of an American college fraternity. This gave the impetus to the owning of society homes. Before this the various chapters were accustomed to meet in the college garret, at village hotels, or anywhere that it was convenient. But when they were assured that they might build and own their own homes, the whole system became firmly established and now at nearly every college there are chapter houses of the various fraternities represented there. Some of these houses are very fine and although not extravagant yet contain furniture, works of art, woodwork, etc., which would not be out-of-place in a well appointed city home.

Another matter of great interest is the fraternity literature. Nearly every fraternity publishes its own magazine, usually a quarterly, and while for the most part they deal with the affairs of their own fraternity yet they contain many worthy articles. Then they have published many catalogues and record books, giving the names of their members and a short biographical sketch of the prominent ones.

Until about fifteen years ago the fraternities were managed by the Grand Chapter system and by the rulings of the annual conventions. But this system proved inadequate and a regular system of government was introduced in which the management was put chiefly in the hands of the graduate members. Alumni chapters have been placed in the most important cities and these hold reunions and banquets, thus keeping up the fraternity spirit. Many fraternities now have regularly established club-houses in the large cities. The legislative powers of the fraternities still rest with the annual conventions, which are held with the different chapters in turn.

One significant phase of fraternity life is the support given it by law. Whenever faculties have called on its aid in driving out fraternities from their institutions, it has upheld the students in their right to join the fraternity provided they do not violate any of the college laws. The one notable exception to this is Princeton, where the faculty succeeded in expelling all fraternities. They therefore appear to rest on a solid basis and it is doubtful if even a crusade, headed by all the college presidents of United States and backed up by their faculties, could drive them in to a more than temporary

seclusion. But this becomes almost impossible when we consider that almost every college president is a member of one of these fraternities and sometimes actively associated with it. These fraternities have supplied forty governors of most of the largest states, five presidents of the United States, many members of the Supreme Court and about twenty-five bishops of the Episcopal church.

In nearly every college attempts have been made to carry on anti-secret societies but these for the most part have failed. In one case only have they been able to keep up with their rivals, that of Delta Upsilon. Even here this has only been accomplished by close adherence to the tactics of the secret societies. The shrewdest college presidents have long since discovered that the easiest way to control their students is to obtain the confidence and assistance of the fraternities at their institutions. Thus at Amherst and other colleges all matters relating to the privileges and penalties of the students are adjusted by a council of the undergraduates, representing the fraternities, and one or more members of the faculty. This has been followed with favorable results.

The leading fraternities are fond of stating the difference in their standard of qualifications for members. Some hold up scholarship, others aristocracy of birth or wealth, still others the claims of a heartier and more democratic spirit. Still in all there is enough good-fellowship to attract the cultured and enough culture to improve the sociable. Having outgrown their weaknesses and prejudices they may be expected to enjoy a career of prosperity.

Chas. B. McGuire, '99.

Fame.

DICK Boswick sat before the fire in his cosy study and gazed upward through the gathering gloom toward the earthenware Buddah on his mantel shelf. He was a senior and somewhat of a leader in several forms of college activity and although not popular, he certainly had the respect of his contemporaries. He was in one of his moods and was thinking of how much he loved his college and trying to realize the parting scenes—the parting with his classmates and those who had worn the same little jewel on their breasts and been nearer to him than any other men on earth. He was really waxing sentimental when some one bounded up the stairs and pounded vigorously on his door. His first impulse was to say “Engaged,” but while he was yet debating in his mind, the door opened and Tom Liscomb, 1901, entered the room.

“Well, I thought you must be out,” said Liscomb. “Why didn’t you answer? You’re a nice one, letting a fellow stand out in the cold hall and perhaps go away without seeing you.”

"You talk rather glibly for a freshman," responded Boswick quietly. "I had more respect for seniors, however"—

"Ruskin says," interrupted the freshman, "Youth never yet lost its modesty when old age had not lost its honor, nor did childhood ever refuse it reverence, except where old age had forgotten correction."

The senior bit his lips.

"Spare us from a freshman speaking between times" he said. "I suppose that is part of your declamation. Where have you been this dreary afternoon?"

"Calling on one of the college widows," responded Liscomb promptly. "I had lots of fun."

"Indeed"—this with a bored tone—"which one were you calling on?"

"I was down to the Edminson's. And say, she said she didn't know you."

The senior smiled. In his freshman days he had been a frequent visitor at the Edminson's, but the course of true love never did run smooth, and it was fully two years since he had called.

"I should hardly call Cora Edminson a college widow," said Boswick.

"Well, I was calling on a beautiful young lady—at least she isn't married, so I *suppose* she is young," said the freshman with a grimace.

"You are very charitable, I'm sure. What did she say about me? Did you do me the honor of discussing me?"

"O no! I was talking about foot-ball and told her about that beautiful tackle you made on the foot-ball field last Saturday, and she said 'Mr. Boswick, Mr. Boswick, who *is* Mr. Boswick,' and I told her you were the best player on the team and that you were president of your class and a member of the College Dramatic Society, and a soloist on the Glee Club, besides being the champion boxer of the college, a frequent contributor to the MESSENGER and a member of the fire department."

The senior thrust his hands into his trousers pockets and laughed till the tears rolled down his cheeks.

"And what did she say?" he queried when he had at last recovered his composure.

"She? O, she said 'O.'"

Dick Boswick knocked the ashes out of his pipe and filled it very deliberately before he resumed the conversation.

"Sic transit gloria mundi" he murmured.

"How do you explain her not knowing you?" enquired Liscomb.

"Very simple, freshy. Did you ever hear the story of the little boy who went round telling people that his father had a sister who was not his aunt?"

"No, I don't see how that could be so."

"Neither do I, and, in fact, it wasn't. The little boy lied."

Charles Carter Carlton, '98.

A Strange Meeting.

THE schoolmistress of the little Vermont district was strolling down the leaf strewn lane from the schoolhouse to her home. Doubtless the drear November day had much to do with her subdued mood; but, in addition to that, she was troubled by thoughts of unruly pupils and even now was formulating a scolding for one Joe Smith, the most manly and yet least studious of all the "big" boys in her school. Joe was a strapping farmer lad of eighteen, or thereabouts, and gave much trouble to this little woman, who, after all, liked him very much. She knew well enough, that she was little and that her stature was not calculated to inspire her pupils with the respect which stately people command.

From the farmer boy, her thoughts drifted away, over her past life, and the monotony of it made her feel all the more despondent as she reflected, that there was little else to hope for in the future. If only she had been the child of rich parents; for that matter, if only she *knew* her parents, but she did not. All she could say positively was, that she had been turned over to the county alms-house, years ago, a lost babe, and subsequently adopted by a farmer who educated and fitted her for this somewhat humdrum life of a school teacher. She was sure only of her name; the little child had been dressed in elegant clothing stamped "Margaret Mallon." There was at least comfort in having a name, she thought, in her optimistic little heart; she *might* be happy if only the children were good; if only handsome Joe Smith would be a help instead of—

"Hello! You hanging out in these parts, nowadays? It's a long while since I saw you last, Margaret, but I suppose I ought to be glad to run across you."

Miss Mallon started and looked up at the salutation, if the foregoing might be called such. Just rising from a fallen tree trunk at the roadside was an unkempt and dirty tramp. There was a sneering smile on his coarse face as he came near, and the suggestion of a past refinement made him doubly repulsive.

"I do not know you, sir," she faltered, when she had found her voice. "Please allow me to pass."

"You do not know me?" That trifling heart of yours forgets very easily, I think," was his scornful observation. "Why don't you put up a decent bluff while you're at it and say you are not Margaret Mallon? I used to know how to handle that name with a good deal of tenderness back in the old days before I found out what a heartless coquette you were. When you told me three years ago," he continued, coming a little closer to the trembling girl, "that you were *so* sorry you could not return my love, I might have lived on a better man for having known you; but your miserable, selfish little char-

acter made a cynic of me and brought me to this vile state, a dirty tramp, an outcast from society, the soiled plaything of a woman who knew nothing beyond amusing herself. You may well say 'I do not know you, sir'; but I am not a fool, if I have been fooled."

Miss Mallon's eyes were filling with tears and her heart with dread. The tramp did not seem like a maniac, though his eyes gleamed with a hatred that might have been mistaken for madness. It was all a mystery and one that frightened her. With a momentary resolution she turned to flee. The action angered the tramp so much, that he sprang to stop her; and had the lane been deserted as it seemed the consequences might have proved serious for the girl. There was an interested spectator, however; Joe Smith had slipped into the thicket just before Margaret met the tramp. The school mistress' unruly pupil was enjoying a day's hunting and did not care to look into the grieved eyes of his teacher. He had seen the tramp and an innate manliness made him watchful from a secure hiding place. When the two entered into conversation he edged closer and was quite near at hand when the tramp essayed to stop the girl. The dirty hand never reached Miss Mallon's shoulder; the sturdy youth was at her side in a moment and furnished plenty of work for the enraged tramp. A few minutes' struggle proved to the latter, that he was no match for the farmer; so, with a deft movement, he slipped out of his ragged coat and ran off like a deer, leaving the tattered garment in the hands of the boy; who would have been quickly in pursuit but for the restraining hand of his teacher. She feared to be left alone and tremblingly held him back. Abashed in her presence the boy mechanically ransacked the pockets of the coat. The first thing he drew out was a perfect likeness of Miss Mallon, tattered and soiled and tied, with a bit of coarse string, to a faded letter. Miss Mallon, too much astonished at the turn of affairs to think anything about fine points of humor, opened the letter and read it. Addressed to "Harold Arnold"—presumably the tramp—it proved to be a curt and heartless answer to an offer of marriage and was signed simply "Margaret Mallon." Wonderingly she turned over the picture and found on the back a few partly erased lines:

"The daughter of refined and amiable parents, hers is a despicable heart. Heaven only knows whither the hereditary goodness of the family has gone unless it is all in . . . she lost in infancy."

Perplexed and bewildered, Miss Mallon and her pupil made their way to the home of the farmer. Arriving there she told the story to her adopted father, who admitted the strangeness of the whole affair; but with characteristic energy immediately set about a systematic investigation. First he communicated with the police of the Wisconsin town in which the letter had been written. In the course of time an answer came to the effect that, a year previously, one Margaret Mallon had died there; she was of a good

family and had come to the United States from England with her parents, while an infant. She had been one of twins, the other having been kidnapped in England by a bitter enemy of the father. Nothing had ever been heard of the lost child.

There were, furthermore, no relatives of the family, so far as could be learned, the mother and father both having died after coming across the sea. Neither were there any effects to be turned over to heirs save the personal belongings of the dead girl.

It required little perception to work out the theory that the school teacher was the kidnapped sister. The erased lines on the back of the picture had been, evidently, "the twin sister." The confusion in names might be accounted for by the fact that a new maid would be careless about distinguishing between the clothes of the twins. At any rate there was now but the one Margaret Mallon; and as the police were quite satisfied that the two women were sisters, the effects of the dead girl were turned over to the sister.

Among these belongings was a small chest which was found to contain only letters. These were letters received from Harold Arnold and letters addressed to him, evidently returned by that unhappy lover. From a perusal of these Miss Mallon learned how her vain and capricious sister had trifled with a man whose letters showed only too clearly what a noble man he was. With a heart full of bitterness toward her dead sister and sympathy for that homeless and despondent tramp, she made every effort to find the latter. But he never returned to claim his poor keepsakes. He may have fallen into the clutches of the police, under an assumed name; or he may still be wandering throughout the length and breadth of the land, homeless, loveless—the scorn of the society that once he graced.

Potter Hall, '99.

WHERE IT ORIGINATED.

When Nero climbed upon the hill to see
All Rome ablaze with fire which he did light,
He tuned his violin and sang, "There'll be
A hot time in the old town to-night."

—*Ex.*

A HADES OF A TIME.

"Yes," said the shade of Palinurus to Aeneas, who was on his famous pleasure excursion through Hades, "I wandered for a long time on the other side of the Styx. We can't get across, you know, until our bodies are buried."

"Stuck on the Styx, as it were," warbled Aeneas.

"Yes," responded Palinurus, playfully tapping Aeneas on the solar plexus, "that Styx me; come in and have something."

J. Paul Graham, 1901.

ANNANDALE VERSE.

LUDLOW HALL.

TO A. F.

TRIPPING measure,
 Lightsome pleasure,
 Happy hearts and wreathing smiles—
 Sunshine flick'ring,
 Candles glitt'ring
 On thy polished floor the whiles.

Colors glancing,
 Maidens dancing,
 Jewels flash and eyes beguile;
 Music sounding,
 Joy abounding—
 Love makes use of many a wile.

Music ceases,
 Then sweet peace is
 Where before was life and light;
 Silence golden,
 Memories olden,
 Make each carven corner bright.

Phantoms festive,
 Spirits restive,
 Sporting there the long days through,
 From life's gleamings,
 Or its dreamings
 Call us back to dance with you.

Herbert Seymour Hastings, '98.

THE PROPHET.

THE cave was refuge. In its walls he knew
 A figure of stern duties downward thrust,
 Whose harsh returning echoes, as they flew,
 Changed each "I cannot!" to a hard "Thou must!"

Altars cast down where often he had bowed;
 Prophets of God all silent now, or slain;
 Only this narrow cave to him allowed,—
 His zeal, his toil, his message, all in vain!

At length thro' one pale dawn there sudden came:
 "What dost thou here?" The vaulted rocks were filled
 With echoed questions, ever but the same,
 Whose strong persistency might not be stilled

Till he replied. Then rocks and mountains rent
 Declared the bondage past. The prophets voice
 Must sound world-wide. He was God's angel, sent
 To rouse men with a message of His choice.

John Mills Gilbert.

MEDITATION.

T IRED and worn with life's weary burdens,
 Saddened in heart and weary of toil,
 The soul of the Christian as evening advances
 Longs for a rest from the busy turmoil.

The twilight, the birds, the stars in the heaven,
 Each gives to the heart its message sublime,
 While through the still air floats the sound of the angelus
 Bidding us look up to God, the Divine.

As each shining star gazes on us so brightly,
 And each drop of dew reflects its fair ray,
 So the shades of the evening, as day is departing,
 Bid us call to our mind all the deeds of the day.

Still was the hour and the shadows were falling,
 As sad and disconsolate I sat in dismay,
 Gazing up into the starry heaven,
 I bethought me of God and His wonderful way.

God's blessings are always best realized at evening,
 His wonders more simple when the day's toil is o'er;
 When the mind is free from its tiresome reflections
 He unfolds his treasures, score upon score.

I arose and my burden at once seemed lighter,
 I thought of the cross on the Nazarene's back,
 The wounds of the scourger, the weeping mother,
 The chaplet of thorns and Calvary's dark track.

ON A DAY.

ON a day I met my love,
 Met my love so true;
 Pure as moonlight from above,
 Pure as evening dew.
 Deeply looked I, in her eyes,
 Knew my soul its part.
 Love and trust that never dies,
 Spake from heart to heart.
 Thus I met my love, I say,
 On a day.

On a day we walked apace,
 Words of love spake I,
 Truest eyes and handsome face
 Gave me their reply—
 On her lips I pressed a kiss,
 Life began anew,
 All her being spoke in this,
 "I can love but you."
 Thus we walked another way
 On a day.

On a day, I bade my love
 "Come, dear heart with me.
 Leave me not till Heaven above
 Claimeth thee or me.
 Love so true and love so pure,
 Hearts so knit in one,
 Will forever more endure
 When all years are done."
 Thus I bade her come away
 On a day.

Carl Reiland.

THE EVENING STAR.

WHEN sunset light
 Gives place to night,
 On mountain tops afar,
 With light more soft,
 In heaven aloft,
 Appears the evening star.

Its beauty seems,
 As high it gleams,
 To lull the heart to rest.
 We mourn the day,
 But gladly say
 We love the starlight best.

When grieved in heart,
 Though 'tis our part
 To know more night than day,
 The star of hope
 Forbids us mope
 And cheers with soothing ray.

Potter Hall, '99.

Glee Club.

THE opening concert of the season by the S. Stephen's College Glee Club, on Thursday evening, Nov. 4th, was a gratifying success, both from an artistic and a financial standpoint. Historic Preston Hall, the scene of so many college musicals, held a large and appreciative audience, among which were many friends from surrounding towns.

Tropical plants in great variety were massed on either side of the stage and, with other decorations, formed a very effective setting for the singers. The number of new faces in the club was significant of the reorganization for the season of '97 and '98, and on account of a majority of the old members and the presence of last year's director, the audience, mindful of previous successes, felt prepared for enthusiastic appreciation as the old time favorites appeared before them again. Upon Reiland's return to college this fall he at once made selection of voices for the glee club and by faithful and earnest labor he soon wrought such a high degree of proficiency, that the club was prepared to sing in public in an incredibly short time. His plan this year is to have the repertoire embrace an array of new and original ideas in order to more truly present the typical and inspiring spirit of college life. In this endeavor he has admirably succeeded, as the initial concert testified.

A brace of jolly old college songs was the first number on the programme and furnished a happy vehicle for the display of the well trained and excellent chorus to the best advantage. An exquisite interpretation of Emerson's "Return, Soft, Gentle Evening" was given by the Fairbairn Quartette.

The Orpheus Octette was much appreciated and heartily encored. The club's rendition of Buck's inspiring "Huzza" and Sprague's "If You Love Me" was indeed admirable. Reiland's magnificent bass voice was shown to

great advantage in a song entitled "Thursday," and also in one of his own compositions, "Heresy," both of which were particularly well received and necessitated encores. The "Vesper Hymn," that masterpiece of Kratz, was sung with great effect. So continuous was the applause of the audience throughout the evening that the large list of encores was nearly exhausted in the effort to satisfy the demands of the song-loving folk.

The tone-coloring and perfect phrasing was a noteworthy feature of the concert, and the attack, finish and dash with which the various selections were rendered was a striking comment upon the careful training that the club has received.

The club this year is under the management of Oliphant, Sp. 1900, who is ably assisted by the executive committee. Already a number of engagements have been booked and the coming season promises to be the most successful that the club has ever known.

MUSICAL ORGANIZATIONS OF THE COLLEGE.

Carl Reiland, President and Leader; J. Will Jackson, Vice-President and Treasurer; F. D. H. Coerr, Secretary; John Oliphant, Manager.

Executive Committee.—John Oliphant, Chairman; Jackson, Lacey, Reiland.

Glee Club.—1st Tenor: Wells, Jenkins, Sidman, Kellemen, Knollmeyer; 2d Tenor: Jackson, Heady, Heald, McGuire, G. Lewis; 1st Bass: Roth, Lacey, Porter, Pease, Treder; 2d Bass: Hill, Coerr, A. Lewis, Carroll, Reiland.

Orpheus Octette.—Kellemen, Jenkins, Jackson, Heady, Porter, Treder, Carroll, Reiland.

Fairbairn Quartette.—Kellemen, Jackson, Carroll, Reiland.

C. A. Roth, Accompanist.

Foot-ball.

ON Saturday, November 13th, the foot-ball team met the team of Eastman Business College, Poughkeepsie, and defeated it in a hard fought, but one-sided game. The game was played on Bartlett Field, which was in an exceedingly boggy state, owing to the recent rain storms. A steady gale swept down the field during the whole afternoon, and afforded a decided advantage to the team having it at its back.

S. Stephen's, with her usual luck, won the toss, and chose to defend the northern goal, taking advantage of the wind. Eastman kicked off to S. Stephen's twenty-yard line. Knapp, right end, caught the ball, and by a series of clever dodges advanced it fifteen yards before he was downed. Eastman then made a determined stand, and held S. Stephen's for three downs. Eastman made a slight gain around our left end on their first play, but while attempting to get through our center, which held as firm as a rock, the ball was

fumbled, and Porter, our frisky full back, quickly gathered the pig-skin in, and had trotted merrily some twenty yards down the field towards Eastman's goal before those Titanic youths recovered from their stupor sufficiently to tackle him. S. Stephen's then made slight gains in the next two downs, but lacked two yards of the necessary five. The fake kick trick was resorted to and worked like a charm. The ball was passed to Carroll, left half back, who fairly flew down the field, dodging and interfering for himself in a way that must have sent the thrill of approaching doom through the hearts of the Eastman boys. Their full-back succeeded in putting an end to their agony by downing Carroll after he had gained some thirty-five yards.

The ball was pushed down the field from this point several yards further, but S. Stephen's here made an excusable fumble, owing to the slippery condition of the ball. Eastman, however, could do nothing, and also fumbled. Carroll captured the ball. Then followed steady sharp rushes at both right and left sides of the line, and the ball steadily advanced towards Eastman's goal. Popham, right half back, was sent through the right side of the line and scored the first touch-down. Carroll kicked a pretty goal. The ball was scarcely put in play again when time was called. The half ended with the score six to nothing in favor of S. Stephen's.

After an intermission of ten minutes play was resumed, S. Stephen's defending the southern goal. Bell, left tackle, made one of the longest kick-offs ever seen on our field, and that, too, in the very teeth of the stiff gale then blowing. Knapp downed the Eastman man on his fifteen-yard line. Eastman steadily advanced the ball by hard rushes, their superior weight telling, and also aided by the slippery ground, until the centre of the field was reached. Here, however, they were brought to a dead stand-still. Eastman tried in vain to push through our centre, and tackles by using the wedge interference, but a stone wall was not more firm than our line at this juncture of the game. Our active ends completely broke up their interference, Morang and Knapp each making some beautiful tackles. Carroll, unaided, forced two Eastman men, one of whom was running with the ball, to go out of bounds for no gain. Captain Judd also displayed his ability by rather forcibly persuading the Eastman backs that they were not allowed to play in "our yard."

The ball was given to S. Stephen's on downs on their fifty-yard line, and from this time on Eastman failed to regain the ball. Carroll was given the ball, and, aided by the beautiful interference of our whole team, made the finest run of the day, being downed on Eastman's twenty yard line. The ball was then passed to Morang, left end, who, being ably assisted by the interference, galloped down the field like a two year old mustang, and scored the second touch-down. Carroll tried for a hard goal, but, owing to the fierce gale, missed.

Eastman kicked to our twenty-yard line, Popham caught it, and advanced

the leather some fifteen yards. S. Stephen's advanced the ball by five and ten-yard rushes to Eastman's twenty-five yard line with ease. The ball was passed to Carroll, and when his course was spent and the mud cleared away, it was discovered that the ball was reposing gently on the debit side of Eastman's goal line. Goal was missed. Eastman kicked off, Carroll caught the ball, and made a gain of twenty yards. Popham was hurt in the scrimmage of the next play, and had to retire. Graham took his place, and receiving the ball made a substantial gain of fifteen yards just as time was called. Game ended with the ball in S. Stephen's possession on Eastman's fifty yard line. Score fourteen to nothing in favor of S. Stephen's.

The team should well feel proud of its magnificent victory over the strong Eastman team, which outweighed us twenty-five pounds to the man. Eastman played a plucky up-hill game, the work of her guards in running with the ball being worthy of especial commendation. The Eastman team is undoubtedly stronger than last year's team. Their work, however, was slow, and ragged at times. It is safe to say that had the field been in good condition S. Stephen's score would have been considerably larger. Our team work was superb. The interference was perfect. Despite the muddiness of the ball McGuire's passing of the ball was quick and sure and the game was particularly free from fumbles. The line held their opponents with a firmness that was surprising, when the weight is taken into consideration. The ends were quick in getting down the field on kicks, and tackled low and hard. The backs entered into the game with spirit, and there was a refreshing "dash and go" to the entire work of the team. The game was won entirely on its merits, and Eastman was outplayed at every point. The line up was as follows ;

EASTMAN B. C.		ST. STEPHEN'S.
Gheen,	l. e.	Morang.
House.	l. t.	Bell.
Deyo,	l. g.	O'Hanlon.
Anderson,	c.	Judd.
Kneve,	r. g.	Oliphant.
Ridley,	r. t.	Durell.
Lackey,	r. e.	Knapp.
Pratt,	q. b.	McGuire.
Gishom,	l. h.	Carroll.
Gillens,	r. h.	Popham (Graham).
Kain,	f. b.	Porter.

Touch-downs: St. Stephen's—Popham 1, Morang 1, Carroll 1; Goals from touch-downs: Carroll 1; Umpire, Reiland.

N. Y. U., 18; S. STEPHEN'S, 0.

On Saturday, Oct. 15, the S. S. foot-ball team played the N. Y. University team on Ohio Field at Morris Heights and were defeated by the above score.

S. S. obtained the ball on the kick-off and by quick, lively playing advanced it beyond the centre of the field, where they lost it by a fumble. N. Y. U. then bucked the S. S. line, which was unable to hold them, and in a short time obtained a touch-down, from which a goal was kicked. They secured one more touch-down and goal in the first half and another in the second. By fumbling at critical points S. S. lost the opportunity of scoring. The team was greatly weakened by injuries to its players, both half backs being laid up early in the first half. The team played well but were unable to withstand the fierce rushes of the N. Y. U. team.

Following is S. S. line up: Morang (Porter), left end; Bell, left tackle; Belsey, left guard; Judd, centre; Oliphant, right guard; Durell, right tackle; Knapp, right end; Popham (Lewis), right half back; Carroll (Graham), left half back; McGuire, quarter back; Coerr, full back; Sub.: White, Wheeler.

ST. LUKE'S A. C., 18; S. S., 6.

The second game with St. Luke's was played at Fishkill on Saturday, Oct. 23d. The game had been cancelled and our team was practically disbanded, but at their earnest request we decided at the last moment to go down. S. S. was in very bad shape, not having practiced for nearly two weeks. However, they played an excellent game, probably the best this year. It was lively and snappy from the beginning, free from all disputes and full of interest to the spectators.

S. S. obtained the ball on the kick-off, but lost it shortly afterwards on a fumble. St. Luke's immediately started their old tactics of line bucking and in a short while obtained a touch-down, but failed to kick the goal. A few minutes after S. S. obtained a touch-down on a criss-cross play between Graham and Carroll, the latter making a beautiful run of thirty yards. Goal was kicked. St. Luke's scored one more touch-down in the first half and two in the second. S. S. was unable to score again. The line up is as follows :

S. S., 6.		S. LUKE AL., 18.
Morang,	l. e.	N. Ormsbee.
Wheeler,	l. t.	Peattie.
Belsey,	l. g.	Weil.
Judd,	c.	Green.
Oliphant,	r. g.	Burgher.
Durell,	r. t.	Tillman.
Knapp,	r. e.	Norris.
McGuire,	q. b.	P. Ormsbee.
Graham,	r. h.	Bradley.
Carroll,	l. h.	F. Brinckerhoff.
Porter,	f. b.	D. Brinckerhoff.

Subs.: White, Lewis, O'Hanlon, Hill. Touch-downs: St. Luke, 4; S. S., 1. Goal: St. Luke, 1; S. S., 1. Time of halves, 20 minutes.



IT would seem, that it is necessary for the MESSENGER to call the attention of some of the new men to a few of our college customs, which we observe in chapel and in hall. To begin with, the chanting is antiphonal. Don't "break up" all the men on your side of the chapel by singing both the odd and even verses of the psalter. The south side sing the odd verses and the north the even verses. In hall it should be remembered that the dining room is in the charge of the senior professor present and in his absence of the President of the Convocation of the Undergraduates. When no member of the faculty is present, the President says the grace, after him the other members of the senior class; then the juniors and sophomores in order. If no one of the three upper classes is present no grace is said. Moreover no announcement is to be made in Preston Hall without permission from the professor in charge or from the President of the Convocation of the Undergraduates. These are not mere customs, but one and all have their reason and it is only just that they should be observed.

THERE is also a rule of the college which should be observed. It is the one which prescribes bounds as a radius of four miles on this side of the Hudson. In most colleges there is a rule forbidding men to leave town without the permission of the President. Our bounds are quite as extensive as the limits of most towns, and it has always seemed to us to be a thoroughly sensible rule. It is a protection to us as individuals and if observed will save us from any such mysterious disappearance as recently disturbed the serenity of Colby University. Accidents are liable to happen to all of us and it is only right that some responsible person should know our whereabouts.

THE Freshman Editor desires to call the attention of the MESSENGER's readers to a typographical error which occurred on the last page of last month's issue. The part beginning "kind reader, please peruse," etc., should have been separated from what went before, as it had no connection with it whatever. Those who criticised it are, perhaps, excusable, though it would

require no gigantic intellect, nor any extremely acute perception to discover that there was a mistake.

In this connection it might be well to suggest that a Chair of Instruction in Wit and Humor be established at this College for the benefit of those critics who couldn't see the points of some of the jokes published in the September issue. If this is not done, we may be compelled to *italicize* the points of our jokes, as some of the English papers do. We fear that many of our readers have been brought up on "Punch." We have also noticed that our most severe and chronic critics are those who never write, nor in any way give assistance to the MESSENGER.

Editor, 1901.

Correspondence.

THE editor of the "Outlook" department of the College MESSENGER, in the June number, did me the undeserved honor of attributing the "Report of the Thirtieth Commencement," 1891, to my authorship. In doing so he quoted an eloquent sentiment from it, of which neither the eloquence nor the sentiment were mine. No unkindliness was meant, nor was any offense taken. But as it touches upon a subject which elicited some discussion at the Alumni Convention, and was broached in the "Outlook from the Editor's Sanctum," I may possibly be allowed to take a small part in it. Is any change in the long established programme of the Wednesday of Commencement week desirable? Wednesday evening is meant. First comes the missionary service, then the Warden's reception, then the Fraternity re-unions. It is the general complaint of the Senior Class and of the older Alumni that the society banquets begin so late that the early dawn breaks before they are ended, and but few hours are left for needed rest before the Alumni Communion service at 7:30 on Thursday morning. This is, no doubt, especially hard on the Seniors, who are under a great strain that day. What can best be done to lighten this strain? The Warden's reception is a "fixed fact." To disturb or change that is out of the question altogether. The society re-unions cannot be held on any other night, for obvious reasons. The missionary service is left for consideration. Shall it be left out? I, for one, would be sorry to have it abolished. It makes no severe demand on the Seniors. They are not even obliged to attend it. It does afford the Alumni the pleasure of hearing the hearty singing of the chapel choir, and of listening to some distinguished preacher. If it begins promptly at 7:30 it is over by 9, so that the Warden's guests may have a full hour to pay their respects to him. Then if the undergraduate committees in charge of the several banquets will only have their tables in readiness at 10 sharp, four hours would be enough for the re-unions, and we might all be in bed by 2 A. M. for a five hours' sleep. I know of one society that did not sit down to its

supper until 11 o'clock, though the members were ready for a call at 10. This was a lost hour. And if it could be saved next year, I think that the present arrangements would meet with more favor, and silence all discussion about a change of programme. This is simply my own opinion, and I lay claim to no infallible wisdom in holding it. Let us hear from others on the subject.

Frederick S. Sill, '69.

College Notes.

—On Thursday, Oct. 21, the Junior class presented the play "My Awful Chum" and "Mrs. Jarley's Wax Works" before a large and appreciative audience, for the benefit of the foot-ball team. The parts were all so well rendered that special mention can be accorded no one.

MY AWFUL CHUM.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Ned Burley.....	Coerr, '99
Steve Hudson.....	Popham, '99
Jack Barlow.....	Jackson, '99
McShredy, the Pugilist.....	Porter, '99
Mrs. Hudson.....	Anderson, '01
Miss Hudson.....	Griffiths, '01

MRS. JARLEY'S WAX WORKS.

Mrs. Jarley.....	Champlin, '99
Susan B. Anthony {	
Baby.....	Lewis, '99
Napoleon.....	Popham, '99
Lady Macbeth.....	Anderson, '01
Signorina Squallina.....	Porter, '99
Cinderella.....	Jackson, '99
Mr. Jarley.....	Coerr, '99
Lord Byron.....	Carroll, '99
Ophelia.....	McGuire, '99
Mrs. Winslow.....	Kellemen, '99

—On the following Wednesday the class gave the same bill in Red Hook for the benefit of one of the guilds of Christ Church. The house was crowded and the audience enthusiastic. The cast was the same with the exception that Bispham took the part of Mr. Jarley in the Wax Works.

—Dr. Robertson and Popham, '99, camped on Goat Island from Friday, October 29, until the next Tuesday. Their visitors were Roth, '98; Belsey, '98, and Griffiths, '01. Though the weather was bad they report a pleasant time.

—The Rev. W. A. Masker, rector of St. Luke's church, Haverstraw, was the guest of Boss, '98, early in November.

—The Revs. Joseph H. Ivey, B. A., and Archibald R. Mansfield, B. A., both of the class of '92, visited college the first week in November.

—The German Club has been re-organized with the following executive committee: Dr. John C. Robertson, H. S. Hastings, C. A. Roth, C. S. Champlin; J. W. Jackson, Secretary. The dates for the series of 1897 and 1898 are: November 23, December 9, January 13, January 27, February 15, April 28, May 12, May 26.

EXCHANGES.

THE MESSENGER acknowledges the following exchanges: "The Campus" (Univ. of Rochester), "The Campus" (Allegheny College), "The Student Record" (Univ. of Nevada), "The Triangle" (N. Y. Univ.), "Stevens Life," "Dartmouth Literary Monthly," "Westminster Review," "Acta Diurna" (Uptown Trinity School), "University Herald" (Univ. of Syracuse), "University Forum" (Univ. of Syracuse), "College Mercury" (N. Y. Univ.), "Morningside" (Columbia Univ.), "Cynic" (Univ. of Vermont), "Madisonensis" (Colgate Univ.), "High School Record" (Amsterdam), "Otterbein Aegis," "Cadet Days" (Delerfield, Wis.), "Sybil" (Elmira College), "Hamilton Literary Magazine," "New Mexico Collegian" and "The Bachelor of Arts."

There are about fifty other publications which have asked us to exchange with them; but who for some time past have forgotten us.

We quote the following poem with commendation.

EVOLUTION.

The dull brute reveled in primeval slime;
Then to a naked soul the Lord said, "Go
Dwell yonder in that groveling flesh till time
O'er the sloped forehead make love's whiteness flow."

So to the beast went down the unclothed soul,
Abode in twilight, wallowed in the mire,
Writhed in the serpent, burrowed with the mole,
Till the dim eons waked it to aspire.

Then up through tortuous shapes it rudely grew,
Saw the long night expand into the day,
Found its own self, and round it slowly drew
A human vestment from the sullen clay.

And still it grows past what the eye can see;
Climbs austere peaks of hope to breathe Heaven's air
Above the refuse of mortality,
Nor frets to know what form it yet shall wear,

Jas. B. Kenyon in Univ. Forum.

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