

# MESSENGER

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# The S. Stephen's College Messenger.

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VOL. IV.

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No. 5.

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## A Sonnet.

TO OUR YEAR.

NOW have you come at last, Oh wondrous year,  
Oh Ninety-eight, a something more than name,  
A fact, which seemeth blessing and a bane,  
We welcome thee, our own, with smile and tear—  
Thy foot-steps ushered in with hope and fear.  
Thy praises have we sung—Oh were they vain?  
We hailed thee from afar in joyous strain ;  
But now thou art not future, thou art here.

Thou hast come all too quickly. All too late  
To greet thy coming fruit the flowers of hope ;  
Our faults, our errors in the web of fate  
Entangle us: with old foes still we cope.  
Thine own we are. Oh, take us with our weight  
Of fears, and give us courage, Ninety-eight.

*Herbert Seymour Hastings, '98.*

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## A Man With a Double Life.

FRANK Albert Stevens was a marked man; marked by fate to be continually annoyed, as he thought. He had the misfortune to have many doubles. The familiar greeting by which his sensibilities had been calloused, through their frequent bruising, had not grown any more flattering by its respectable antiquity. "O, Mr. Stevens, I am so glad to know you, for you are the very image of a friend of mine in Cleveland," or "in Washington," or "in Richmond," and, in fact, almost everywhere else. Frank's face was

the index of a deep and sincere heart, which, together with his erect, manly bearing, gained him universal respect and love; but, for some strange reason, the blonde type seems to vary less than the opposite, and to be more productive of striking resemblances. Frank Stevens felt the full effect of this law in his own life, much to his regret.

"Aunt Jennie" Deming was spending her usual protracted visit at the Stevens' home. Since the death of her sister, it had been her practice to yearly leave her own home in Richmond, and come up among the vineyards of Delaware to preside over this motherless family, in accordance with the promise she had made her dying sister. Despite her faithful and loving sacrifice, Frank had just one grudge against her. From time immemorial she had held up as a pattern of virtue, a nephew of her husband's, Albert Lockwood by name, who lived next door to her. With the perfection of his character and every detail of his life, the whole household were quite conversant, especially concerning his approaching marriage with Miss Grace Delafield, also of Richmond. Of course, the effect was that, although he had never seen this model young man, Frank heartily detested him. Besides, Aunt Jennie persistently maintained that there was a striking similarity between her two nephews, and Frank felt, that he suffered in the comparison, morally, mentally, and physically.

It was very fortunate, however, that Aunt Jennie postponed her return for the occasion of Albert's wedding for a week longer, as her patient services were soon to be taxed to their utmost. The whole community was plunged into mourning by a dangerous attack of scarlet fever, which tossed Frank upon his burning bed of sickness for many weeks. In his delirium he seemed to live, in one moment, a life of years. He was transformed into various characters, experiencing their feelings, and living their lives in the minutest detail, without the slightest feeling of strangeness or surprise. The character of Albert Lockwood was one of those assumed. Knowing so much about him from his aunt, his fevered imagination the more readily incorporated these reminiscences into the other life this wild fancy induced him to assume.

At length the sense of returning reason relieved his tired brain, and he gradually became his old self. During Frank's convalescence it was proposed that he should visit his aunt in Richmond, stopping, on his way, to visit his native city of Washington, during that most delightful of seasons, the month of May. Eager to see the changes a few years' absence had brought about, he set out to revisit the familiar scenes. As with slow steps he was supporting his enfeebled body with a cane in each hand and was passing along a well-known street, he observed a familiar figure approaching him, in whom he recognised his friend Ruth Welland, despite the added graces which years had bestowed upon her; for she was no longer the child with whom he used to play.

They met at the gate of her home, and exchanged hearty greetings.

"Albert, come in immediately, and let us talk over old times," she eagerly said. It sounded strange to him to be called Albert, for although it was his middle name, it had never been used. But, thinking it some pleasant affectation on his friend's part, he soon forgot it in the conversation which followed. They plunged at once into reminiscences of former days. Frank's mind began to grow confused. The persons, places and incidents Ruth was recalling were strangely familiar, but surely they had not occurred during his life. A terrible fear entered his mind, that the dread fever through which he had passed had left its mark upon him, as is often the case with this disease, and that the record of the past had been blotted from his memory. "But Albert," she said, rousing him from his hallucination, "You have left out the most important thing of all. When will your marriage with Grace Delafield take place? You wouldn't mind telling an old friend, even if it is not announced?"

The last part of this question was lost to Frank. He had swooned to the floor. In the mad whirl of his brain he doubted his own identity. The delusion of impersonating Albert Lockwood, which had possessed him in his sickness, returned in overpowering force upon his mind, and his weakened system could not sustain the shock of these conflicting emotions. As Ruth bent over his prostrate form, in the effort to resuscitate him, the door bell suddenly rang, and in rushed an old school friend of Ruth's, whom she had hitherto known and loved as Grace Delafield, and who had but a few hours before become Mrs. Albert Lockwood. She now stood beside her husband, in the doorway, no less amazed than Ruth herself. Thus the two counterparts Albert Lockwood and Frank Albert Stevens met for the first time. The close resemblance was very remarkable, and upon Frank's return to consciousness profuse amends were made by Ruth for her mistake. But she will never forgive those who played this practical joke on her.

Aunt Jennie was the chief conspirator, but events took a somewhat different turn from what she had planned. Ruth and Grace had first met at boarding school. The friendship then formed had strengthened through college life at Vassar, and they had been frequent visitors at each other's homes, so that Grace's friends in Richmond were well known to Ruth, among whom Albert was conspicuous. The marriage had been private, and a very quiet one, and Aunt Jennie had proposed that the bridal couple should pass through Washington and surprise Ruth by an unexpected call. Thus Grace had been induced to keep her first secret from her dearest friend. Frank's recovery was quite rapid and he soon became his old self again. He found, upon closer acquaintance, that his "twin" as he called him, was the prince of good fellows after all. There was another honeymoon spent in Richmond, the following October.

*John Henry Heady, 1901.*

## Crossed.

I.

TO MR. RENWICK GRAHAME,  
Bay Ridge Hotel, Bay Ridge, N. J.:

NEW YORK CITY, June 23rd.

MY DEAR SON—Yours of the 25th inst. rec'd, and I regret that you have altered your plans, and will not join me in the city on the 1st. Disregarding the thought of your business interests, which, I fear, are not improved by your prolonged stay at Bay Ridge, I have another matter of importance to communicate. I say "importance," for, although it cannot interest you as much now as it would have earlier in life, I think you should know of my intended marriage.

In this, as always, I expect to find you your father's son, showing that spirit of good sense which allows every man to follow his own best judgment.

I again regret that we are not to meet soon; but I shall endeavor to make it possible for you to meet *her* at your first convenient opportunity.

Your affectionate father,

ROBERT J. GRAHAME.

II.

TO MRS. FLORENCE C. BROOKS,  
Bay Ridge Hotel, Bay Ridge, N. J.:

NEW YORK, June 23rd.

MY DEAREST OF MOTHERS—I cannot wait until you come home to tell you all that has been happening to me of late. Your last letters have been so cheery and encouraging that I have less fear now than before of writing the truth.

Oh, *so* much has taken place I am fairly bursting with having kept it back from you so long; even Aunt Jane has allowed me to tell you, fearing nervous prostration for *me* if I should keep my secret any longer.

Honey, you have often heard me speak of Judge Grahame, haven't you? Perhaps I used to say, "Old Judge Grahame," but I do not any more, for he is very young at heart, and, mother, *I love him*. Don't expect me to tell you how it all came about. I suppose I pitied him at first. His wife died a long time ago, but he has never seemed to settle down to be a widower—I mean, he is one of that kind of men who were made for women to love and cherish, and I seemed to be drawn to him from the first time that he came into the office. He has been at the house a great deal since you have been away, and has captivated Aunt Jane, who says that he is a gentleman of the old school.

Of course, I have not decided upon a time for my wedding without you; but you must hurry and get well and come home to me, my little mother. I

want to put my head in your lap and tell you all, and I want you to know my Robert.

With love and love and love,

Your happy daughter,

JOSEY.

III.

TO MISS JOSEPHINE BROOKS,  
New York City:

BAY RIDGE HOTEL, BAY RIDGE, N. J., June 23rd.

MY DARLING DAUGHTER—Oh, that you were here with me now, for I so need you, my brave and patient comforter! You have made yourself so necessary to me in the past few years that I have learned to lean upon you more than I have realized, and these weeks of separation have been harder than you can know. Away from you, I think I have missed your father more than at any time since his death. You are so much like him, that without you I cannot imagine what I would have done. This enforced absence from you has impressed upon me more and more the dependency of my nature. Oh, Josey, you are more of a woman at eighteen than your mother is at thirty-six. Dearie, dearie, I want you here; it is so hard to write; I am almost afraid of my womanly little girl. I want to bury my face on your shoulder and tell you something. Darling, I have promised to marry Renwick Grahame.

I know I have written much of him of late, for I see now how he has grown into my life, and I feel that I can be perfectly happy with him. I have tried to think of you and not be selfish, my dear one; but I have drifted into his arms like a wandering ship into port, and I am very, very happy.

I am growing stronger now each day—how could I help it?—and it will not be long before I can come back to you. I dare not hope that you can get away from the office to come to us, but Mr. Grahame expects to come up to the city soon, and I shall send him to you. Oh, Josey, I know you will like him; I love him so.

I am almost insanely happy at times; only one thing is lacking, and that, a sight of your face to assure me that I have your sympathy. God bless you, my dear child,

Your devoted mother,

FLORENCE CUSHMAN BROOKS.

P. S. Of course, he is younger than I in years, but he is *such* a man, and I trust him, and look up to him *so* in everything.

IV.

TO ROBERT J. GRAHAME,  
New York City:

BAY RIDGE HOTEL, BAY RIDGE, N. J., June 23rd.

MY DEAR FATHER—With no notion of asking your consent—your trust of me in the past has made that unnecessary—I write for your approval (I

hope) and your blessing. I have found the woman of all others who can make me happy, and she has consented to marry me. If you cannot come down to us, say, for Sunday, I will try to make it possible to meet you in the city early in the week.

I await your early reply,

Faithfully your son,

RENWICK GRAHAME.

V, POST SCRIPTUM.

TO RENWICK GRAHAME,

Bay Ridge Hotel, Bay Ridge, N. J.:

NEW YORK CITY, June 24th.

MY DEAR SON AND FATHER-IN-LAW (FUTURUS ESSE)—Yours just rec'd. Your step-mother—step-daughter (f. e.)—and I will be with you and your wife—step-grandmother (f. e.)—by Saturday's 3:10 P. M. train.

Your bewildered parent and step-son-in-law (f. e.),

ROBERT J. GRAHAME.

T. R. S., '98.

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### Fate vs. Love.

REGINALD Fitzmaurice Spade and James Henry Diamond, two festive youths, were rivals for the affections of one and the same collection of femininity, who rejoiced in the name of Alfreda Hart. Now, be it known to whom it may concern, that Freda was the fairest of a family of six. She was what the modern writers would term a "peach," but at the time of our story she was appropriately nicknamed the "Queen of H(e)arts," by reason of the many suitors who worshipped at her shrine.

Freda, like a great many other girls in similar positions, was unable to decide between the two. When Spade was present he was trump, but as soon as he had departed, and Diamond made his appearance and occupied the same chair in the parlor that had been vacated by his rival, it was plain to be seen that Diamond was like to euchre Spade. So it went on for some time, the maiden vacillating first one way and then another, unable to decide in her own mind which one of the two she preferred. Where one would lack some good quality the other would possess it, and vice versa.

The position of the youths was anything but enviable. Reggy would leave the home of his inamorita with his mind made up to purchase an engagement ring, and present it to the Queen at his next visit, but on reaching the home of the fair Freda he would find that in his absence his rival had complicated affairs in such a manner that he deemed it advisable to postpone his neat little presentation speech until some more favorable time. Thus it went on,

until the position of the young men became unbearable, and the attitude of the Queen interesting, to say the least. Each youth pressed his suit with all the ardor and intensity of which he was capable. One took to writing poetry, and would place it in a box of Huyler's; the other would indulge in beautiful bouquets, in which deftly concealed was a carefully penned billet-doux, both of which Freda would enjoy and admire in her complacent way. Now, Freda was naturally a very romantic girl; she had read all the popular novels of the day, and, as was to be expected, had imbibed a great deal of their principles. So, one day, she invited Reggy and Jamie to her home. She stood before them arrayed in one of her most fetching gowns; she deplored her inability to decide between them, but she had had a happy inspiration, she said, and thought she saw a way out of the difficulty; therefore, had she summoned them. "Since my natural feelings will not permit me to decide, let the Fates declare their will, and I will obey," said Freda, her dark eyes snapping fire, and her rosy lips compressed. "You are both equally good looking, of equal means, and I believe of equal courage. You shall both take an equal sum of money; Reggy Spade will go to the Klondyke and dig gold, which I hear is so plentiful there, and, Jamie Diamond, you will away to the glittering diamond fields of South Africa. Two years shall you be gone. at the expiration of which time the one of you whom the Fates and the Goddess of Love prospers most I shall devote myself 'until death do us part,'" quoted Freda, in order to lend an air of solemnity to the occasion.

The rivals looked at each other aghast for a moment. They reflected a second. The perils to be endured were great, but had she not said she believed they were courageous? The work would be hard, and the outcome dubious; but, on the other hand, was not the prize of inestimable value? Therefore, they both assented to the terms, and left the Queen of Hearts, each vowing to remove mountains for her sake and to gain her much-sought hand, or miserably expire in the attempt. Anything was preferable to the present awful uncertainty each youth thought, as he began his long journey, the one to the freezing North, the other to the scorching South.

Months flew by. Reggy Spade, in the frigid regions of the Klondyke, was digging nuggets to which the largest of those found in California during the craze of '49 were mere pebbles. Jimmy Diamond was unearthing the precious sparklers in the burning South African fields, every one of which eclipsed the Koh-i-noor in value.

Meanwhile Freda Hart was moping at home for a whole month. She was disconsolate; she regarded herself in the light of a martyr to Fate. She would mingle in no social gayeties nor receive any gentlemen callers, many of whom now flocked, with renewed hopes, to her home. She would watch her sisters preparing to go to balls and parties, and would then shut herself up, and take out her two photographs and compare them. They were the

parting gifts of Spade and Diamond. Another month passed by, during which the novelty of being a martyr wearing off, Freda deigned to attend a few teas and receptions. Another month found Freda once more the "Queen of Hearts" in the social world in which she moved. But Freda ever kept before her the photographs of her two far-distant lovers. She had forbidden either of them to write, in order that she would know absolutely nothing of their success until the eventful night now but slightly over one year distant. This she considered would be more romantically up to date. Meanwhile Freda had met at a ball a certain dashing youth, Jack Ophir Klub by name. This youth soon outdistanced all of her other admirers in the affections of the lovely Freda. He was a clerk in a large dry goods house, and measured cloth at nine dollars per week; but this fact, when it became known to Freda, only made him seem more delightful to her. Freda certainly did seem to take more interest in him than in any of her former conquests.

\* \* \* \* \*

The eventful evening arrived. The parlors of the "Hart homestead" were all ablaze with light to welcome the returned fortune seekers. Reggy had been very successful, and had worked doubly hard with each new discovery; but James had labored with like success, and had been steadily at it. Each had sold all their findings to the best advantage, and each had a check for the full amount in his inside pocket as he entered the parlor, and each smiled exultingly in his rival's face, and felt a secret pity at the other's anticipated discomfiture.

The beautiful Freda entered the room, becomingly attired, but, strange to say, there was a suspicion of tears lurking in her eyes. But, was she not a Hart? She would keep her word, cost what it would. If Reggy had accomplished the greater results, she would marry him; if Jamie, then *he* would be the lucky man! She ought to have been happy whichever Fate allotted her, but, oh, strange perverseness! she was not. She greeted each formally, and expressed pleasure at seeing them back safe in a tone which belied the wish. Each placed his check in her hands. One million, two hundred and fifty thousand dollars. Signed, Reginald Fitzmaurice Spade. Reginald looked his exultation, and moved a step forward. One million, two hundred and fifty thousand dollars, signed James Henry Diamond, read the other check. James took a step forward. "You have neither gained my hand," said Freda triumphantly, as she stepped backward and summoned some one. Allow me to present the winner, Mr. Jack Ophir Klub. The rivals looked at each other a moment askance, and then compared checks. They left the room together without a word.

The next week two drowned men, locked in each other's arms, were found floating in the channel and picked up by a passing tug. Owing to the time they had been in the water it was impossible to identify them. Both ap-

peared to be young, and their faces were tanned as if by exposure to the weather. The Queen of Hearts saw this notice in the newspaper, shrugged her shoulders, and turning to Jack Klub at her side, said, heartlessly: "For once Love overcame Fate."

*Linden Harris White, 1900.*

### The Scorcher.

A SCORCHER 'gainst a wagon ran,  
He saw the truck too late,  
He smashed his bike, indeed the man  
Did also smash his pate.

He died within an hour or so,  
His spirit took it's flight  
And to St. Peter did it go  
To get directions right.

St. Peter asked, "What was your trade?"  
"A scorcher, sir," he said,  
"I broke the greatest records made  
And lastly broke my head."

St. Peter firmly, "You can go,"  
He handed him a torch,  
"Conduct yourself way down below,  
That's where the scorchers scorch."

*Carl Reiland.*

### FREE LUNCH.

Free Porter, Pop-ham and eggs,  
Choice sweet Pease and prim frog legs,  
Fowl-er Teal or choicest steak,  
Graham bread and ginger cake.

*E. D.*

—"A small college which turns out big men is better than a big college which turns out small men, and while at Harvard and Yale a man goes through more college, at Hamilton more college goes through a man."—(*Pres. Stryker, of Hamilton.*)

**The Difference.**

THE Prof's. delight,  
 A fire bright,  
 A glass of wine or two.  
 The Senior grave  
 Doth whiskey crave  
 As bees the honey-dew.

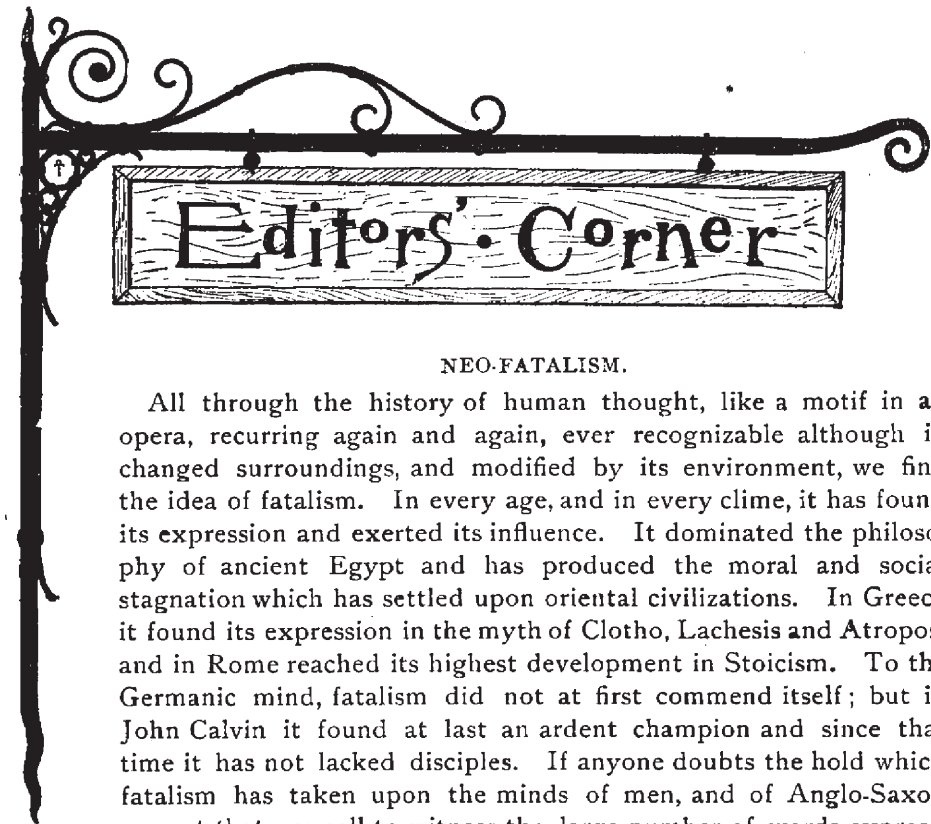
The Junior bold,  
 Not quite so old,  
 Likes beer and whiskey too.  
 The wearied Sop?  
 Likes ginger pop,  
 Milk punches just a few.

But children dear,  
 Too young for beer,  
 Or ginger pop so good,  
 They raise on high  
 The Freshman cry  
 For milk and Mellin's Food.

*E. D.*

—Governor Hastings, of Pennsylvania, has signed the bill which prevents the wearing of any badge of any fraternal organization without right to do so by membership. The act provides that any person who shall do so shall be fined \$100. There is a similar law in this state.

—Twelve prizes of \$250 each, three a year for four years, are to be offered by the Century Magazine, to college graduates receiving the degree of bachelor of arts, for the best poem, the best essay, and the best short story. Those who came out of college in June, 1897, are to have first chance at the prizes.

**NEO-FATALISM.**

All through the history of human thought, like a motif in an opera, recurring again and again, ever recognizable although in changed surroundings, and modified by its environment, we find the idea of fatalism. In every age, and in every clime, it has found its expression and exerted its influence. It dominated the philosophy of ancient Egypt and has produced the moral and social stagnation which has settled upon oriental civilizations. In Greece it found its expression in the myth of Clotho, Lachesis and Atropos, and in Rome reached its highest development in Stoicism. To the Germanic mind, fatalism did not at first commend itself; but in John Calvin it found at last an ardent champion and since that time it has not lacked disciples. If anyone doubts the hold which fatalism has taken upon the minds of men, and of Anglo-Saxon men at that, we call to witness the large number of words expressing this idea of fate and destiny. They never were pleasant words to think about; but in these closing years of the nineteenth century they have all acquired a new and awful meaning, beside which the Egyptian's idea of inexorable fate and Calvin's vulgar familiarity with divine predestination sink into insignificance.

When at last science had rid men of the notion that the Creator ruled the world by a series of divine interpositions, such as Homer attributed to his gods, and demonstrated that everything was the result of a regular and orderly development, it was supposed that fatalism would find a place in that vast attic where humanity keeps its discarded toys—heathen gods, witches, goblins, magic, astrology and a thousand others—; but farther research and investigation, conducted largely by members of the faculty of the University of Turin, headed by Prof. Caesar Lombroso, showed otherwise.

These savants have developed a whole group of sciences, which may be classed under the general head of Sociology, and which prove conclusively that, to a large degree at least, every human being is literally predestined by the physical formation of his brain to certain modes of thought, to certain

vices, and to certain lines of action, to which he conforms, and must conform, by reason of the physical formation of his brain. In other words, moral actions and mental aptitude have a biological basis. We say the words glibly enough; but it is hard to realize what this implies. At first it is impossible. It is only after mature thought, having considered it in all its relations, that the tremendous consequences of this fact can be appreciated; but gradually we come to see that, admitting the premises of these sciences, the ethics and basis of moral judgment common among us are, to say the least, very faulty. The murderer, the libertine, the thief, the liar, are such simply as a result of the physical formation of the brain; and, by the immutable law of nature, this formation of the brain must, as a biological necessity, be transmitted to the offspring, subject, of course, to certain modifications; but, nevertheless, an awful and blighting inheritance. We remember that among the Jews certain crimes were punished by the death, not only of the offender, but of his wife and family; and, in the light of the modern science of criminology, and from a biological standpoint, this ruthless punishment is justifiable.

The statistics which have been gathered are enough to startle and discourage the most sanguine optimist; and, were it not that Sociology points out a remedy for the evil, and that there is also an upward as well as a downward tendency, the outlook would be indeed discouraging. Special attention has been given to the study of the problem of degeneracy, and the long series of the manias and phobias to which these unfortunates are subject have been carefully classified and investigated, so that as a result we have a regular programme for the amelioration of these evils. The best known of these is the reformatory, which is already firmly established in every civilized country. The reformatory deals with criminals, but these form only a small part of the class of degenerates.

Right here it is desirable to understand what we mean by the term degenerate. Briefly, a degenerate is any person who, as a result of physical, mental (or moral) short-comings, is unfitted for competitive life; that is, they are unable by their own exertions to get a living. The class of degenerates includes, not only criminals and feeble-minded persons, but lunatics, deaf-mutes, blind persons and, if we accept the classification of some of the more advanced sociologists, a large number of artists, musicians and literary men. Nordau, one of the most extreme, regards such men as Wagner, Ibsen, Tolstoi, Villers de l' Isle Adam, and the whole school of Pre-Raphaelites both in painting and literature as belonging to this class. These last, however, do not specially interest the sociologist. It is the feeble-minded, with all their latent tendencies to crime and license, who are in need of the most careful care and restraint; and the exigencies of their necessity are best met by the colony, where these unfortunates are restrained and provided with all creature comforts, furnished, so far as possible by their own efforts, and

where they are prevented from propagating their predestinatedly degenerate offspring.

Indeed, these persons—and all of us for that matter—are fated to be what we are, and if this science accomplishes nothing else, it may teach a censorious age some little charity. The man who, as we sometimes say, has no fundamental idea of right and wrong, deserves our sympathy; and, however harshly it may be necessary to treat him for the good of society at large, still, before the Great Judge at least, he is not altogether responsible. Truly, this fatalism is more awful than any previous form. The fatalism of the ancients was only for this life; predestination was only for the hereafter; but this new fatalism, embracing the present and all eternity, both of the individual and his descendants, in one overwhelming ruin and damnation, is indeed appalling; the human intellect, replete with inherent optimism and altruism, recoils from the idea, and comforts itself with the hope that the upward tendency may be as constant, and the scientific assurance that degeneracy has barrenness as one of its stigmata.

A century ago fatalism found few champions, and those mostly Presbyterian theologians; but to-day the new fatalism is dominant in the minds of men. It differs from the old fatalism in that it regards fate as the *result*, rather than the cause, of phenomena; and so, instead of being an evil genius to humanity, it is a moral teacher, which gives assurance of a higher biological development as far above and beyond what we now dream of, as our present state is above that of the anthropoidal ape. The process is slow and tedious, and every act of ours either hinders or accelerates the progress of the race.

*W. B. S., 98.*

### Notes and Comments.

—The Mask and Gown Club intends to present a play, "The Bachelor of Arts," before Lent. The characters have not yet been selected.

—The Freshman Class has elected the following officers for this term: Buddington, President; Treder, Vice-President; ———, Secretary; ———, Treasurer; Graham, Executive Committee of Athletic Association.

—The Freshman Class has received an addition in the person of Myron G. Argus of Buffalo.

—At a meeting of the Foot-ball team Eugene Durell was elected captain for next year, and Amos Carroll, sub-captain.

—The Rev. Stuart Crockett, Ph.D., D.D., '83, has resigned the assistant rectorship of St. Luke's, Baltimore, Md.

—Breckenridge Stuyvesant Gibson, M.A., '93, is cashier for Bidwell, Spaulding & Co., New York.

—Homer A. Flint, B.A., '97, visited College for a few days the first of the term.



—Rev. John Chandler White, '89, has left the diocese of Springfield, where he has been Bishop's Chaplain, and entered on his duties as rector of Holy Trinity Church, Hartwell, Ohio.

—Reginald H. Coe, M.A., '80, is teaching in Oxford, N. Y.

—The Warden's portrait is being painted by Huntington, the New York artist.

—Selvage, '98, has been elected president of the Mask and Gown Club and Wheeler, '98, manager.

MARRIED.

Bleecker—Prout.—At St. James Church, Bozeman, Mont., January 6, 1898, by the Rev. Frank B. Lewis, Phoebe, daughter of Mrs. Maria and the late Rev. Henry H. Prout, to the Rev. Pierre McDonald Bleecker, rector of Christ Church, Schenectady, N. Y.

Sleep where you are comfortable—not in chapel.  
 Use cast-iron letters for bulletin notices; they can't be doctored.  
 Grin whenever a Senior tries to crack a joke.  
 Grind before examinations; grieve after.  
 Eat what is set before you and starve.  
 Sweep out your room monthly, even if it doesn't need it.  
 Tragedy in high life, or the fellow who ate "college biscuits," is very readable.  
 Is flunking a disease? Anyway don't do it.  
 Overlook your friend's fault, such as loafing.  
 Never advertise for lost laundry; some one else may need it.  
 Swindle Gedney, if you think it can be done.  
 Fork over your debts when you are dunned.  
 Order around underclassmen a little more.  
 Ring in no dented or antiquated puns.  
 Notice the brand before you open it.  
 Imitate those who have gone before you.  
 Notify the matron in case of a set-up.  
 Enthusiasm for college, for class, for paper, is needed.  
 They say Beta was assassinated; don't become prominent.  
 Yes, we have no policemen, but tell your troubles to Harris.  
 Eating a second piece of pie is unhealthful—besides, you can't have it.  
 In Red Hook there is a barber shop; take a day off.  
 Give a part of each day for athletics—masticate the meat.  
 Hyperboreanism is unallowable in Freshmen.  
 The most recent school of philosophy is the Turcraniberian. The summum bonum is turkey and cranberries, while the sumnum malum is fish-balls.  
 See that you become a member and your coming year will be happy.

*A. R. H., '01.*