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MESSENGER

Vol. 10 No. 1 June, 1903

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Commencement Number ^{V. 10} *Compl.*



College MESSENGER



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S. Stephen's College Messenger.

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Vol. 10. JUNE, 1903. No. 1

TO A BELOVED MUSICIAN.

WHENAS this night was three hours nearer
 young
 And vespers done, with gloom around, I
 sate
 Still in my oaken pew, disconsolate,
 My soul uncomforted, with doubtings wrung—
 A voice stole to me there, as though the tongue
 Of seraph angel bade my fears abate;
 And loosed from off my eyes the obscure of fate;
 And joy and peace in accents lovely sung.
 No more the burden weighted down my soul:
 Therefor rejoicing, like some heavenly choir,
 Outburst a thousand voices. There I found
 The key that made my cell gates backward roll.
 O master in the dim loft, with what fire
 Hath God illumined thee, thou lord of sound?
 S. P. S.

COMMENCEMENT WEEK.

COMMENCEMENT has passed; the
 fellows have left old S. Stephen's
 for the summer. The halls and the
 campus which for the past week have
 echoed and re-echoed the joyous shouts and
 laughter of S. Stephen's sons from the
 grave, gray-haired alumnus to the fresh-
 men, trying hard to conceal his greenness
 and cover himself with the dignity which
 he thinks befits a Sophomore, has died
 away. Only here and there a few heavy-
 eyed, sleepy-looking individuals wander
 aimlessly about as if seeking inspiration

and determination enough to buckle down to the hard, stern reality of packing up and getting out. In this atmosphere the little bunch of editors who have remained behind sit down to write up the Commencement number.

BACCALAUREATE SERMON.

At Evening Prayer on Trinity Sunday Dr. Cole preached the Baccalaureate Sermon in the Chapel, there being present with him in the chancel the Revs. Dr. Hopson, Prof. Anthony, Prof. Yardley, F. J. Knapp, '98, and R. J. Kellemen, '99.

The Warden took his text from 1 John, 5:4: "And this is the victory that overcometh the world; even our faith." The graduate in leaving his Alma Mater goes out from her sheltering walls to face the world. Life with all its problem, its troubles, its evil, is no longer a mere concept, a theory of the books, a something off in the perspective, but a most present and inexorable reality. Which shall conquer, the man, or the world? We may search in vain to find the old world-principle by the characteristics which marked it in S. John's day; nevertheless it is working amongst us every whit the same, only under new disguises. To overcome this old world-principle we must have faith in the constancy of the world's actions; faith in the invariableness of human nature; and above all, and always, faith that God reigneth in the heavens; that the world is His by right of creation, maintenance and direction; and that He surely will bring His great final victory to pass. And so, though a man has suffered all physical oppression, woe and defeat, if he has kept his faith in God, and worked to the last he has not failed, but most gloriously triumphed.

Let us then look the world in the face, and with the sound of God's sure promises in our ears, keep fighting on.

JUNIOR BALL.

The Junior Ball given on Monday evening proved a grand success. The decorations were not as handsome nor as neatly executed as at some former dances, but it is safe to say the ball was one of the most enjoyable ever held here. "Battle Alley," as usual, was neatly fitted up as a lounging room. The young ladies present were handsome and good dancers, and the beauty of their gowns would have put far in the background the finest decorations the class could have provided. Schofield's orchestra furnished exceptionally fine music.

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

(By the Class of 1904.)

In the open air, in the shadow of the overhanging branches of oak and hemlock, on a raised platform, behind footlights of candles, a crowd of six hundred people or more on Tuesday evening of Commencement week, witnessed one of Shakespeare's well-known plays, the Merchant of Venice.

We cannot say too much in appreciation of this performance rendered by the members of the class of 1904. Had we the space, ten pages would be all too brief an account of individual acting. The scenery was improvised by the class, and was made as nearly as possible like to that which was used in the days of the great Bard of Avon, a part of the costumes were hired for the occasion and the rest were made.

The men had worked hard on the play and had gotten well into the spirit of Shakespeare long before the eventful night of presentation. They showed a careful study of the play and a delicate appreciation of the little intricacies of expression.

James Farmer Elton, as Shylock, the Jew, played his part so well that we hardly dare mention the countless compliments and rounds of applause which were tendered him. William Ernest Hyde Neiler next deserves mention for his rendition of Portia, a rich heiress. When we consider how difficult it must be for a strapping, husky fellow to play the part of a woman we are filled with admiration for the man who could play this part so well. Antonio, the Merchant of Venice, as played by G. P. Symons, and Frederick U. Rockstroh, as Bassanio, his friend, were certainly aware of what was required of them and they did not disappoint us one whit. Ernest C. Tuthill, as Gratiano, was applauded time after time; in fact not a man in the whole cast failed to perform his part well. The songs were sung behind the scenes by Messrs. Symons, Eneboe, McCoy and Wells, assisted by the Rev. Mr. Kellemen, who was spending Commencement week at his Alma Mater.

However much we have said about the labor and perseverance of the men, we might as well forget there was a performance of the Merchant of Venice, or even that it had ever been written, as to forget that almost the entire success of the play is due to the untiring efforts of the Rev. Thomas H. Yardley, professor of the English Language, and the Rev. W. George W. Anthony, professor of Philosophy and Eloquence. These men worked day and night, but we feel that although the college still owes them much interest, the principal has been paid. They have earned a well-deserved reward.

The program which was gotten out by the class is here given :

THE EXCELLENT HISTORIE OF THE MERCHANT OF VENICE

With the extreme cruelty of Shylocke the Jew towards the said Merchant, in cutting a just Pound of his Flesh. And the obtaining of Portia by the Choyce of three Caskets.

WRITTEN BY W. SHAKESPEARE.

PRESENTED BY

The Students of S. Stephen's College in the Class of 1904,
on the College Campus on the

Evening of Tuesday, the Ninth Day of June, 1903.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

DUKE OF VENICE.....	ROBERT EVANS BROWNING
PRINCE OF MOROCCO.....	GEORGE S. SILLIMAN
PRINCE OF ARRAGON.....	W. FENWICK BACHMAN
ANTONIO, the Merchant of Venice.....	GILBERT PROWER SYMONS
BASSANIO, his friend.....	FREDERICK U. ROCKSTROH
SALANIO.....	GEORGE S. MOORE
SALERINO.....	CHARLES EDWARD LEWIS
GRATIANO.....	ERNEST C. TUTHILL
SHYLOCKE, a Jew.....	JAMES FARMER ELTON
TUBAL, his friend.....	ROBERT E. BROWNING
BALTHAZAR, Servant to Portia.....	S. W. WELLS
PORTIA, a rich Heiress.....	WILLIAM ERNEST HYDE NEILER
NERISSA, her waiting Maid.....	MORTIMER STACY ASHTON

Magnificoes of Venice, Officers of the Court, Gaoler,
Servants and Attendants.

SCENE:—Partly at Venice, and partly at Belmont, the Seat
of Portia, on the Continent.

During the play there will be sung these songs as follow from the writings
of W. Shakespeare, Gent.

Sigh no more Ladies, Sigh no more,
Men were Deceivers ever—

Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
Thou art not so unkind
As man's Ingratitude.—

Tell me where is Fancy bred.

Who is Portia? What is she?

and the Epilogue :

When that I was and a tiny little boy,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain.

There is no price for Admission.

In the case of bad weather the Merchant of Venice will be presented in
—PRESTON HALL.—

The acting will begin at eight of the clock.

ANNUAL MISSIONARY SERMON.

At the sound of the Evensong bell on Wednesday of Commencement week the marshals arranged the 160 S. Stephen's men present on the campus into procession in the order of undergraduates, Alumni and Faculty. With a couple of exceptions there was someone to represent each class, from the veteran Rev. Dr. Joseph Carey, '61, S. Stephen's first alumnus, to the freshest member of the Freshman class, (no name given).

Out of courtesy to the alumni the plain-song tones were put aside at this service in favor of the old Anglican chants of "Fairbairn Days." The alumni were most creditably represented at the organ by Mr. Arthur Rose, '83, of New York City, who, we are proud to note, is soon to receive the degree of Mus. Bac. from Oxford.

The preacher of the evening, the Rev. Chas. Augustus Jessup, '82, M.A., B.D., took as his theme the important truth that punishment is quite compatible with the great love of God our Father. Mr. Jessup said that too often in these later times even our greatest preachers forget that the doctrine of punishment is an element in the gospel of forgiveness; that this omission, this ignorance of a great necessary fact in the Christian's knowledge of spiritual things was warping the will and weakening the moral stamina of our lives. It is not a comfortable doctrine to preach. It smacks of Calvinism. It seems a stern, hard thing. Nevertheless, how often it was upon the lips of that tenderest, most sensitive of all preachers, our Lord Jesus Christ Himself! "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." Punishment is one of the covenanted promises of God; we have no right to presume outside of them. And besides,

who shall say that punishment is all austerity and painfulness? Who can measure the peace and blessing and love that accompanies it?

Mr. Jessup is a strong, forceful speaker. We heard him with interest.

FRATERNITY REUNIONS.

The annual reunion and banquet of the Eulexian Society was held in the refectory at 8 o'clock Wednesday evening. An unusually large number of alumni were present, and all spent a most enjoyable time. The Rev. R. Mackeller, '82, acted most happily as toastmaster. The following toasts were responded to: "The College," Rev. Geo. B. Hopson; "The Foundation of Eulexian," Rev. Joseph Carey, '61; "The Ultimate Goal of Eulexian," Rev. Irving McElroy, '70; "Eulexian Fellowship," Rev. F. S. Sill, '69; "The Future of Eulexian," Rev. Charles A. Jessup, '82; "The Alumnus and the Active Body," Rev. F. W. Norris, '88; "Active Members," Elbert C. Addison, '03; "Eulexian as a Fraternity," Rev. Homer A. Flint, '97.

The Kappa Gamma Chi reunion and banquet was held in Bard Hall. The Rt. Rev. Alexander H. Vinton, '73, presided as toastmaster, and the following men responded to toasts: Rev. Geo. W. West, Chas. A. Kafka, Rev. Frederick C. Jewell, '81; John Aspinwall, Esq., J. Paul Graham, '01; Ernest C. Tuthill, '04.

The Sigma Alpha Epsilon held their reunion banquet in Prof. Yardley's lecture room. Archdeacon William Holden, '82, was toastmaster, and the following toasts were responded to: "Sigma Phi," Rev. Jacob Probst; "The Founders," Rev. Canon Fulcher, '73; "The Undergraduate Sigma Alpha," Frederick U. Rockstroh,

'04; "Memories," Arthur Rose, '83; "Loyalty to College and Fraternity," Wm. E. Hyde Neiler, '04; "Personal Element in the Fraternity," Oscar F. R. Treder, '01; "Annandale Ideals," Watson B. Selvage; "Fraternity Life," Samuel A. Chapman. '06, and "The Ladies," H. E. A. Durell, '02.

ALUMNI MEETING.

The Corporate Celebration of the Holy Communion was held Thursday morning at 7.30, the Vice-President of the Association the Rev. T. B. Fulcher, B.D., acting as Celebrant.

The 38th annual meeting of the Association was held in Bard Hall at 9.30. The President, Mr. F. J. Hopson presided. Forty-four members answered to their names at roll call.

The Treasurer, Rev. Dr. Sill, reported that he had received from dues during the year the sum of \$27.10 and the balance in the Treasury amounted to \$1530.

The Trustee of the Scholarship Fund, Rev. Dr. Kimber, reported \$711.14 in his hands.

The Necrologist, Rev. H. H. P. Roche, reported the deaths of four members of the Association during the year: Revs. John Beach Betts, John W. H. Weibel, Victor C. Smith and William F. Bielby.

The Committee appointed to draft a new Constitution and By-Laws presented its report with a proposed Constitution and By-Laws which were read, and will be acted upon at the next annual meeting.

The following were nominated and elected as the Board of Directors for the ensuing year: Messrs F. J. Hopson, LL.B., C. G. Coffin, LL.B., and Rev. Messrs F. S. Sill, D.D., Wm. Holden, B.A., C. A. Jessup, B.D., T. B. Fulcher, B.D., F. W. Norris,

B.A., J. M. Blackwell, M.A., and F. C. Steinmetz, M.A.

The election for officers resulted as follows:

President,	Rev. C. A. Jessup, B.D.
Vice-President,	Rev. Wm. Holden, B.A.
Secretary,	Rev. J. M. Blackwell, M.A.
Treasurer,	Rev. F. S. Sill, D.D.
Necrologist,	Rev. H. H. P. Roche, M.A.
Executive Committee,	Rev. C. A. Jessup, B.D., <i>ex-officio</i> , Rev. T. B. Fulcher, B.D., Rev. F. W. Norris, B.A., Rev. J. M. Blackwell, M.A., Rev. F. C. Steinmetz, M.A.

By a rising vote the congratulations of the Association were extended to Dr. Hopson upon the completion of forty years of faithful service to the college.

COMMENCEMENT EXERCISES.

At seven o'clock on Thursday morning the bell in the old tower ceased its ringing and the alumni were assembled in the chapel of Holy Innocent's for their corporate alumni communion, which was celebrated by Canon Fulcher, Vice-President of the Association. A greater number of alumni were back this year than at any time in the history of S. Stephen's College, and it is a noteworthy fact that three bishops—Bishops Potter, of New York; Burgess, of Long Island, and Vinton, of Western Massachusetts—were present.

After the communion there was a short respite, during which time breakfast was served in the refectory.

The alumni gathered in Bard Hall at 9.30 o'clock and held a long business session, which was presided over by the president, Mr. Francis J. Hopson, M.A., LL. B.

Immediately after the alumni meeting the long procession formed at the top of the hill and led by Peabody's 21st Regiment Band of Poughkeepsie marched down

to the chapel to the tune of "Onward Christian Soldiers," where a Te Deum praise service was conducted by the Warden, Dr. Lawrence T. Cole, after which the procession again formed and proceeded to the raised platform on the campus, where the open-air exercises were held. Following is the program:

Oration:—"Habits," Clinton Durant Drumm.

Oration:—"Ueber allen Gipfeln ist Ruh," Walter Scott Cleland.

Valedictorian—George Seymour West.

Conferring of Degrees:

Candidates for the Degree of Bachelor of Arts:

Elbert Coleman Addison, Spokane, Wash.

Walter Scott Cleland, Frankfort, N. Y.

Clinton Durant Drumm, Albany, N. Y.

George Seymour West, Riverhead, N. Y.

Candidates for the degree of Master of Arts:

Louis A. Harris, B.A., '84, M.D.

The Rev. James Odgers McIlhenny, B.A., '93.

The Rev. Charles Silas Champlin, B.A., '99.

Degrees honoris causa; Master of Arts:

The Rev. Charles Mercer Hall.

Doctor of Civil Law:

The Rev. George Bailey Hopson, M.A., D.D.

Announcement of prizes:

Latin, L. W. Smith, '05.

Greek, L. W. Smith, '05.

Logic, G. P. Symons, '04.

Physics, G. P. Symons, '04.

English Literature, G. P. Symons, '04.

Ethics, G. S. West, '03.

History of Philosophy, C. D. Drumm, '03.

Poetry, W. S. Cleland, '03.

McVicar Oratory Prize, W. S. Cleland, '03.

Bishop Potter here came forward and announced that Dr. Lawrence T. Cole had resigned as Warden of S. Stephen's to accept a similar position in Trinity School, New York, and that the Trustees had appointed Dr. Geo. B. Hopson, Sub-Warden.

The candidates for degrees were, with the exception of Dr. Hopson, presented by the Professor of Latin, the Rev. George Bailey Hopson. Dr. Hopson was presented by the Professor of Philosophy, the Rev. W. George W. Anthony.

Incidental to the program, one of the alumni members of the Board of Trustees, Rev. Dr. Samuel Upjohn, delivered an address appreciative of the excellent work of the Rev. George B. Hopson, A.M., D.D., D.C.L., and in behalf of the alumni of the college presented a handsome gold watch bearing this inscription:

Presented to the
REV. GEORGE BAILEY HOPSON, D.D.,
Professor of Latin in S. Stephen's College,
Annandale,
BY THE ALUMNI.
1863—1903.

In presenting it, the alumni hoped that it would remain with the Doctor as a faithful token of their love and veneration until he should need such a timepiece no longer.

Dr. Hopson responded that he had done nothing but his duty; had only performed that which any other man in a like position should have done. He spoke very feelingly of our old Warden, Dr. Fairbairn, and at the end of his response was greeted with such a burst of applause as the old library building has not had to re-echo for years.

After the singing of the hymn "Now thank we all our God," the assemblage received benediction from Bishop Burgess.

Following the open air exercises the com-

mencement dinner was served in Preston Hall. Never shall we forget the excellent speeches which were made during the two short hours we were in that place. The Rev. Dr. George D. Silliman, at the request of the Warden, presided over the banquet. Here, the acceptance of the resignation of Dr. Lawrence T. Cole, as Warden of S. Stephen's College, and the election of Rev. Dr. George B. Hopson to the position of acting-Warden were announced.

Dr. Silliman called on Dr. Carey, Rev. Mr. Hegeman, Dr. Sill and Bishop Burgess, all of whom responded in the same general tone: that although the college needed more money, more men rather than money, is the paramount need of the college.

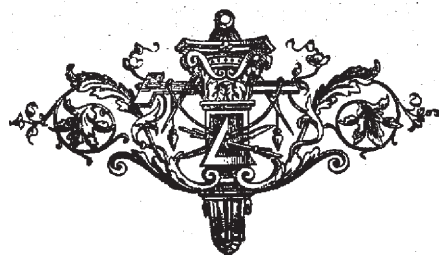
Cheers and stamping of feet which endangered the solid foundations of Preston Hall, greeted the address of Dr. Hopson, who spoke with his customary dignity and force. He said he considered his duty lay within the boundaries of S. Stephen's College, and that with the assistance of such a working mate as he had in the Rev. W. George W. Anthony, he would perform them as well as he could. We cannot repeat his words but they were Dr. Hopson's, which is all that need be said.

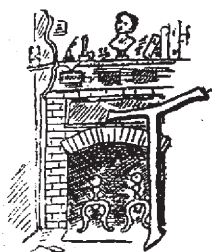
Prof. Anthony's address was full of genuine good sense and feeling. In conclusion he said that so long as Dr. Hopson was acting-Warden, no bettered position in another college, no rich parish, no Bishopric itself could tempt him to leave the place and his duty.

Then the final toast of "The Ladies" was pledged, and the hurried farewells and calls of stage drivers announced the departure of a great many of the men.

To the mind of the writer, the weather on this day, could not have been more

poetically ideal for a Commencement. The early morning sun stole up very softly, as if it disliked to break in upon the quiet thoughts of darkness and of sleep. When the open-air exercises were over the heavens were still benignly smiling. Fair weather escorted the eight score guests to their commencement dinner, and it was not until the speech making had been unduly prolonged that the patient skies could wait no longer. With the footfalls of the first retiring guest came the pattering of rain on the old tin roof, slowly at first as if to let the old fellows get out, and then in sheets as if in fun to drench the audacious youngsters who just would not leave that inspired gathering.





he Editor's Corner.

WITH this number a new volume of the MESSENGER begins; and to begin it there have been appointed a half-dozen of us young shavers, whose names the interested may know by turning to the directory, top of page one. Volume 10! Somehow or other we Aryans have a fondness for proceeding decimally. 3 may be the magic number, and 7 the sacred one; but 10, X, TEN—take it how you please—is certainly a mile stone of progress. But after all, this talk about number 10 is only our way of making use of a convenient coincidence. If it had been volume 13 we should have led up to the same thing, which is this: We half-dozen—in particular—are heart and soul in love with that precious thing which goes by the name of S. Stephen's College. The stones that made Saint Stephen a holy martyr helped make the Apostle Paul and many an other of God's men. The stones that have made S. Stephen's a college—ay, the bones, blood, brain and love that have gone into her—have made and will still be making Apostles of God to the New Gentiles. That is so. We believe it with all our hearts. It is a great truth.

Now, men can't be possessed of great truths without some result; and the result in us is that we want to DO something for S. Stephen's College. The privilege of editing the MESSENGER is ours for a year. It is a very powerful privilege, and we are go-

ing to do all we can with it. Our first stroke will be to make public part of a letter that came to us a while ago. By the way, it is a jewel of a letter; plain, to the point, on one side of the paper, and loving. Here it is:

— CHURCH RECTORY,
NEW YORK, May 20, '03.

EDITORS "MESSENGER,"

Dear Sirs: In the midst of a very busy week, and in receipt of a large mail, I found myself this morning taking a quarter of an hour, *before reading my letters*, to glance over the MESSENGER which came in this morning's mail. That was because I had become interested in the monthly visit of the MESSENGER. If one hundred non-subscribers could be interested in the monthly visit of the MESSENGER they would insist upon having it, and they would pay for it. Why cannot you follow the custom of the Church papers and offer a trial trip of one year to a limited number of the Alumni (say 100) at the nominal price of fifty cents for the year? Some paying members of the Alumni might be willing to pay the balance (50c.) on each subscription so that the MESSENGER would lose nothing in the venture and might reap an advantage in new subscribers, and, incidentally, a favorable standing in the Advertiser's eyes. I will gladly lend a helping hand on forty subscriptions, paying 50c. on each—or if preferred, will subscribe for twenty copies at full price, to be sent gratuitously. I like the former method because every one who pays something becomes interested. * * *

How's that for a letter? We're going to frame it for the Sanctum: the plan we're going to push for all we're worth. We take our friend up, loving interest and \$20, and, by the way, his loving interest counts for more than the \$20. What we want now, is a few more like him in the money line, and about a hundred others to balance his proposition.

We take him up. You non-subscriber, take him up too. His is a good business scheme born of an unselfish spirit.

One hundred of you send in 50c. and get Volume 10 for a year. We'll do our best to make Volume 10 worth thrice the money

And that we may afford to do so let the less indigent pay for the more, whether one subscription or twenty.

You might have noticed that our paper is not called the "S. Stephen's Literary Monthly," but THE MESSENGER.

A messenger we will have it be: not merely a magazine of undergraduate effort. Those stars which close our friend's letter stand for interesting Alumni notes, which will be found in Vol. 10. That's what we want. This friend of ours is one of our busiest Alumni, Bishops included. If he can do this, you can. Drop us a line on a postal about any thing that happens to or on account of you or any other S. Stephen's man. Send in your postals.

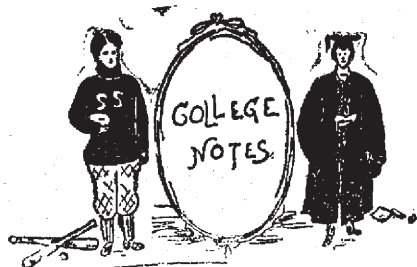
You can't flood us. Moreover, we expect to have a live article in every issue by an Alumnus. During this summer a half-dozen of you will receive an assignment—topic and space limit. If you don't get an assignment, don't be impatient, you are in line. If you *are* impatient, send us 1,000 words on a live topic, if possible of interest to S. Stephen's men and their work. Then we'll have a MESSENGER, and you will, too.

Address until Sept. 16, G. P. Symons, Annandale, N. Y.

ANOTHER commencement has come and gone, and brought with it its joys and sorrows. Dr. Cole, who for the past four years has served so faithfully as Warden of S. Stephen's, has left us to work in another field. Next fall when we again return to dear old S. Stephen's we shall miss his ever warm and cordial welcome, but we shall know his heart will ever throb lovingly for S. Stephen's; that he will weep and pray for her when in dis-

tress and rejoice with her in her prosperity; for who can stay at S. Stephen's for four years and not be bound to her by the strongest bands of love and veneration. We wish Dr. Cole all success in his new work.

Once again the true and tried old pilot stands at the helm and once again he will guide the ship through the troubled waters. Though the storm may rage furiously and the croaker croak tumultuously, we have no fears for the future of the college. Dr. Hopson does not understand failure, and we know that he will not learn it now. Five years ago when S. Stephen's was in perhaps the poorest and most discouraging state of her existence Dr. Hopson was called upon to save the ship and he saved it. Again by Dr. Hopson's side stands one of the noblest of S. Stephen's sons; one whom every Alumnus and student must needs respect and love, who, like the acting-Warden, is giving himself heart and hand to maintain, build up and ennoble the college we all love so well. Should the old man's hands grow tired and heavy the young man will hold them up until the forces brought against us are dispersed. Times may be troublesome; the battle will be a hard one; but fear not for the college. Let us all buckle down and work for her, knowing that with such a pair as now stand at our head working hand in hand the success of S. Stephen's is the only possible outcome.



—Here it is ten days after Commencement and there are eleven men still around the College. And the rain it raineth every day.

—Poor orphan children they are most of them. How they subsist Goodness knows. Goodness this time took the form of Grandma Tator.

—The fellow who was appointed to write up that algebra cremation is still wondering whether to consider the appointment as a joke or an insult.

—Wells is organist now, and we still muster a pretty good choir. It is said that we shall no doubt use the Anglican chants in Chapel next year.

—Some of our Juniors have certainly got Venice on the brain. You can't bring up a single subject nowadays but some fledgling actor will bowl you over with a string of heroic lines. "Cass" Lewis is the least offensive; he just strikes an attitude, looks reminiscent and says, "And yet, and yet, and yet."

—This may not be a very fine number of the MESSENGER; but it was gotten out under heroic conditions. Three members of the board stayed behind to do the work, and about all the sustenance they've had is what they could pick up: old sandwiches from the banquets, bits of broken cheese, soggy crackers, an occasional egg and a kind of inconsistent fluid which Tuthill makes

and says, "There, boys, there's what I call coffee."

—Professor Anthony said no light thing at the Commencement dinner when he promised to stand by the acting-Warden. That will doubtless add many a hard hour to his already heavy schedule. The undergraduates when they heard his reassurance sighed a huge sigh of relief and thunderously applauded. We don't want to lose Prof. Anthony. S. Stephens wants to keep him for a long, long time: even until he shall be a gray-haired Emeritus in his own mansion on the Campus.

—We part from three of our Faculty this year. We more than regret to lose them. They have endeared themselves to us in many ways. Dr. Cole goes to a most difficult and honorable task as Rector of Trinity School. He will there have under his charge some score of instructors and about five hundred pupils. Prof. Yardley goes back to his Alma Mater Trinity College to assist Prof. Johnson in the department of English. Prof. Pfeiffer goes as a happy Benedick to his little home in Philadelphia. He has been appointed adjunct professor of chemistry in S. Thomas College, University of Pennsylvania. Our God-speeds go with them all.

—On the evening of Ascension Day occurred the time-honored Soph-Freshman Wrestling Bee. There—you can see that the writer is no Queensberry sport or he wouldn't be calling it a Bee. What is the word? Bee—Set-to—Game—Bout—Contest—Match? Match, that's it. Match, Wrestling Match. Oh, it was a most blood-curdling affair, the Wrestling part of it. There were Lightweights, Middleweights and Heavyweights; but the writer got all

mixed up about them because some of the Lightweights seemed very heavy; some of the Heavyweights very light; and the middleweights—well they were the lightest of all. Gee! Never'd get me into one of those Bees. I'd sooner go into the arena and fight with a hippogriff! The first bout started in the right place under 14 Chinese lanterns with the distinguished spectators sitting alongside on benches. The bouters looked at each other like two bantams and then all at once they had hold of each other! Goodness me! What a tugging, what puffing, what grunting, and flopping and wolopping? Away went one of the 14 lanterns into an excited blaze! Everybody got worked up in a moment! The bouters were flopping all over in the wrong places like a pair of beheaded and entangled chickens. Everyone began to crowd forward and cry "Give 'em room, give 'em room!" The torches went out! The distinguished spectators were crowded upon and brushed away! There were cries of "Water, water; now you got 'im, strangle hold, Belle of Nelson hold, go it, go it, shame, shame, good, good, he's winded, he ain't!" The referee called for silence. The Junior Band consisting of two lusty fifers, one muscular drummer, one ditto gong-banger, mistook it for an order to strike up and strike up they did. They had played twice through "Off she goes to marry M'Shea," and were just starting in on "Garry Owen," before they were stopped. There were only two little men that kept their heads, Mr. Popham, the referee, and Knapp, '98, who dodged after him with a village boy's lantern. Oh it was horrible! The bouters acted awfully. Some bled at the nose, some were sick at the stomach and some were laid in bath robes upon the

spectators' benches, as if they were dead, and one poor middler who was very light, got light also in his head, and having lost, thought he had won and was going through the motion of refusing the laurels. After it was all over and everybody had gone away bearing bouters the writer came along and caught several unprincipled youths in the act of stealing the 13 remaining Chinese lanterns. Mr. Wells has handed us the following table; make what you can of it:

(1) McCoy—Saunders.

(2) Smart—Eneboe.

(3) Hargrave—Wells.

1st BOUT.

(1) Won by McCoy.

(2) " " Smart.

(3) " " Hargrave.

2nd BOUT.

(1) — tie.

(2) Won by Smart.

(3) Wells, lay down and was counted out.

3rd BOUT.

(1) Saunders defaulted to McCoy.

(2) Eneboe " " Smart.

N. B. Mr. Wells says that anyone who knows anything about wrestling will understand the above.

EDITOR'S POSTSCRIPT TO ALUMNI.

At the last moment, just as we are going to press, the MESSENGER's friend in New York sends us word that he will change the figure of his offer from \$20 to \$30! How's that? A few more back him up now in the name of S. Stephen's.

Please Mention the "Messenger."

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