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# MESSENGER

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# S. Stephen's College Messenger.

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Vol. 11.

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## AT WATCH NIGHT.

O Janus, keeper of the gates and ways,  
Lord of past times and times that yet shall be,  
Thou two-faced god to whom the destiny  
Of men unborn is certain as the days—  
Past days of dead men—signify to me  
What seeth now thy forward-looking gaze?  
If there be life for this poor one who prays,  
What things lie wrapped in that futurity?

Foretell me that as life's thread doth unwind  
Not rich nor famed nor prospered I shall seem;  
But one whom God's sweet benison hath blessed,  
Who holdeth safe his heart's love and is kind  
And brave and pure. So on this night I dream.  
O Janus, make it true and I shall rest.

Jux, '04.

## VESPERS.

"Then you'll remember me!"

Softly, sweetly the words of the old song trembled on those lips, which, not even approaching age and the repression of those softer feelings, the very life of most women, had been able entirely to divest of their ripeness and perfect symmetry.

Was it the angels singing that last strain over and over again, ever softer and fainter, or was it only the

walls of the old convent which were allowing the sweet melody slowly to die away in oft repeated cadence?

The last rays of the sinking sun cast a halo about the upturned face which, amid the folds of the black veil seemed like purest marble.

Slowly, sadly the tired lids closed over the dark, blue eyes.

Ding, dong, ding!

Ding, dong, ding!

It was the Vesper bells!

Sister Miriam! Sister Miriam! Are you coming to Vespers?

The long, thin, white hand was tightly clasped about a small gold locket.

And the old convent walls echoed back: "Sister Miriam! Sister Miriam! Are you coming to Vespers? Vespers? Vespers?"

HUKK, '05.

### A PICTURE.

'Tis only a picture—a calendar—true;

But Oh, such a radiant face!

Her eyes, they are shining, of tenderest blue,

One could not but love such grace.

Her lips are the sweetest that ever asked kiss;

Her teeth are of purest pearl;

Her smile is a marvel of sweetness and bliss;

This sweet little picture girl.

About her fair head, golden-bright as the sheen

Of evening's western sun,

Is twined a gay wreathlet of mistletoe green,

That offers a kiss to one.

A picture of joy is this fair, little head;

A picture of life—no more.

She hangs on the wall, just over my bed;

This sweet little girl of four.

BUSTER.

### AL. JENKINS.

On Christmas Eve Al Jenkins was to take his trial trip as engineer of passenger No. 44. Success meant advancement on the New Year, and all his fellows hoped soon to see their favorite in charge of the express.

His little bride, who lay at home, ill, also waited anxiously the result of the test. "Christmas Eve," she thought, "and all the cars will be crowded. Al will have to make his train fly sometimes to make up the time lost at stations. I hope the switches are all safe."

Al had a headache this Christmas Eve, probably from over-worry. This was twenty years ago. Rail-roading at that time was a far less perfect system than it is to-day. And so the authorities found a ready excuse in Al's headache to put a substitute in his cab.

Being released from his labor Al purposed looking about town for some delicacy for the dear, little woman at home. He could then catch the next train after No. 44, which would get him home at about the same time as if he had performed his expected duty.

But what was this he heard as he passed out of the store. "No. 44 wrecked? Dashed through an open switch? Engineer and ten passengers—"

If ever he hurried, he did now. He must telegraph home at once: "Safe. Al."

"Why had he been so thoughtless? Why hadn't he sent notice of his release to Julia?"

As it was his message reached her too late. The shocking news of disaster came first and dealt her a fatal blow. Christmas was a sad day for Jenkins.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Want to buy a dog Missus? Nice little pug pup. Make a nice Christmas-present."

A tall fellow, not old but nevertheless gray, evidently a railroader, stood in the aisle addressing a stylish young woman. She, however, tried to turn him off by gazing absently out of the window.

He then turned to me with a good-natured smile. "You, sir? Got him here in my pocket. Good breed."

"No, Jack," said I, "I couldn't use him."

He turned and walked slowly up the aisle barking like a pup and looking for a customer. He really had

no dog but was merely furnishing amusement for his fellow passengers.

At the end of the car he sat down and sang some old carols. To be sure his voice was somewhat cracked, and it gave evidence of recent drinking, but when he passed the hat a goodly number of coins were dropped into it. He carried the lot to a wretched looking old man who was sitting near him. "Here, pop, this is for you, but you've got to sing for it."

Seated in the rear of the car, I learned his story from the conductor. It was Jenkins. Every Christmas Eve—commemorating the loss of twenty years ago—he thus spreads to the world that holiday cheer which he can no longer share with Julia.

F. B.



## EDITORIAL.

RESOLVED:—*Not to do anything on time, to get the paper out late every month, to cut as many recitations as possible, and for those we happen to attend, to take away a happy remembrance of a flunk, to cut chapel regularly and systematically and to spend all the money we can lay our hands on, to forget that there is such a thing as time and space and therefore to draw the happy conclusion that the ground does not need to be covered at all, (except with cold water or snow) and to recollect that a B. A. only stands for a bum attitude—(Anyway, that's the way you look at the world when you leave college at the end of your senior year and undertake to have a look at life, standing out in the rain without any umbrella, with that foolish piece of sheepskin clutched in the fingers of your left hand)—so we say: "What's the use?" and we don't find the answer.*

How's that for a resolution—New Year's resolution? I found it in the waste basket and took it out of its natural paternal kingdom and placed it above. Let us hope it will die the natural, speedy death which awaits and, *meinetwegen*, has awaited all New Year's resolutions from time out of mind. ¶In respect to the first clause in the above resolution, however, I find that we have managed to keep it so far. That is to say, vacation ran over into the ninth day of January and made us late again with our copy. We are sorry.

The alumni and faculty are going to give us copy for our Fairbairn number, which comes out next month, *D. v.* and promises kept. Copy from any alumnus which reaches us on or before the second of February will be very acceptable. Order your extra copies early.

## NOTICE.

The Business Manager will pay thirty cents apiece for Vol. X, Nos. 5 and 6, of the MESSENGER to any subscriber who will forward these copies at once.

**ALUMNI NOTES.**

—'61. On Nov. 27th the Rev. Dr. Joseph Carey celebrated the 30th anniversary of his rectorship of Bethesda Church, Saratoga, N. Y.

—'62. The Rev. Richard Bayley Post, former assistant rector of Christ Episcopal Church, Elizabeth, N. J., recently died at the Elizabeth General Hospital, from heart failure brought on by nervous prostration.

—'73. The address of the Rev. William White Hance is 117 West 93d St., New York City.

—'80. In last issue of the MESSENGER we made an error by placing the Rev. Chas. C. Quinn as a member of the class of '77.

—'86. On Dec. 4 the Rev. Dr. Chas. M. Niles was instituted to the rectorship of Trinity Church, Columbia, S. C., at which time he was presented with a handsome signet ring.

—'88. The Rev. Frederic W. Norris, of St. Matthews' Church, Brooklyn, N. Y., recently received a four month's leave of absence from his vestry. He will spend this time in Egypt and Syria, having left America Jan. 14th on the White Star Liner, Republic.

—'92. The Rev. C. M. Dunham, rector of St. Judes Church, Brooklyn N. Y., has begun the construction of a new church at a cost of \$25,000. During the rector's short charge of three years the number of parishioners has increased so rapidly that this new building has become very necessary.

—'98. The Rev. Herbert S. Hastings has recently been called from Harrisburg, to accept the rectorship of Christ Church, Stroudsburg, Pa.

**COLLEGE NOTES.**

I've been trying for some little time to think of a suitable excuse for the lateness of this issue of the MESSENGER. We have no "Devil" on whom to blame it and for the life of me I can't think of a single reason, except the fact that since our last issue, our Editor-in-Chief has had a birthday. He says he is twenty-seven years old, but of course, we all know that must be one of Willie's pipe-dreams, because we can prove by his own statements that he is much older than that. He himself has told us that he began at the tender age of fifteen to work in a printing office. After ten years experience in that occupation, he spent fifteen years at pile-driving, fifteen more on an oyster boat, five in Europe, and besides all this he has spent eight years, off and on, at College, between times. So you see he must be at least sixty-eight, and perhaps more; but modesty prevents him from giving us any further account of his experiences.

Well, however that may be, the birthday party was a great success. The only thing we were even a little disappointed about was that long expected barrel of oysters. You know one year it was sent to Annandale, New Jersey, by mistake. The next year it was put off at Tarrytown instead of Barrytown. Last year it came to Barrytown all right, but Thompson neglected so long to bring them up from the station that they spoiled and had to be thrown into the river. This year—Well he hasn't told us just why they didn't come, but we know there is some perfectly good reason.

Now I know it wasn't at all necessary to enter into this somewhat lengthy digression in order to explain to you why our paper is late this month, but we all feel proud of Willie and besides he has only one birthday a year, (It's a fact! Ipse dixit!) so pardon it if you can.

—A basket-ball team has been organized. The athletic association has appointed Schroeder as temporary captain.

—Hargrave, captain of the football team has appointed Weston sub-captain.

—Last time we made mention of the fine new lamps which had been placed in the Chapel. We now have the same song to sing about the dining-room, and I tell you it's a song of gladness, too!

—We were all mighty sorry to learn that Snell would not be back again this year.

—Billingsly, whose home is in Madalin, now lives in the College. Guess he thought "None of those cold rides for mine!"

—Say! what do you think? Rastus played Santa Claus for the village kids at their school entertainment. He will surely be lamented when he leaves here.

—The men who remained at College during the Christmas vacation, were very pleasantly entertained by Dr. Harris and his family on Christmas day.

—We are glad to say that Dr. Robertson has returned in very much improved health.

—A concert will be given by the Double Quartette at Cohoes, near Troy, on Feb. 23d. Several other concerts are being arranged for.

—Just a word about that Double Quartette! It is to be hoped that those men who belonged to the Glee Club as it existed before Christmas, and who have not been asked to sing in the present organization, will look on the matter in the right light. There were several reasons for the change, most important of which was the fact that expenses of carrying so large a crowd of men to the various places at which concerts are to be given, would prove a serious hindrance to the financial success of the organization. In picking eight men from the crowd, somebody, of course, had to be left out, and voices had to be chosen which blend.

—The date of the Freshman Ball has been fixed as the eve of Washington's birthday. Fellows, we'll soon have to start those dancing lessons in the dining-room again.

—We've missed Willie Simmons' pleasant face on the

campus probably a good deal more than he thinks, and are mighty glad his health is coming back to him again. That boy is a sure cure for the blues; and it's not because he's funny either. It's just the happiness and good cheer that beams out all over him. I know what I'm talking about because the cure has worked on me.

HUKE.



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