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MESSENGER

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Page 85	Ode to Christ School Arden, North Carolina By An Old Student
Page 86	The Awakening Allen Dunning Jennings
Page 90	Let Omar Sound His Praise Arthur C. Saunders
Page 91	Abraham Lincoln, The Man William Johnson Gage
Page 93	St. Stephen's Hail! William Henry Bond, Sr.
Page 93	Dr. Hopson's Birthday
Page 95	[Editorial]
Page 96	Res Collegii First Semester Examinations
Page 98	A Communication
Page 99	Under the Lyre Tree
Page 101	Alumni and Former Students' Notes
Page 101	Exchanges

The Messenger.

VOL. XIX.

FEBRUARY 1913.

No. 5.

ODE TO CHRIST SCHOOL,

ARDEN, NORTH CAROLINA.

BY AN OLD STUDENT.

It is the rustic life we fain would praise,
And each good thing pertaining thereunto,
But most of all we would extol and raise
Thy name in Christian hearts, the brave and true.
So kind thou art and only known to few
That we would spread thy goodness far and wide
To show the sons of men what love is due
To one so strong and firm to Christ allied
And called by name of Him who has all sin defied.

Thou art, O great and youth ennobling School,
Within the "Sapphire Land", the "Land of Sky",
Where river, lake and brook with sparkling pool,
With woods so fresh and sweet that grow nearby,
Adorn the hills and mountains where they lie;
And where from hosts of fragrant flowers wild
The pleasant breezes cause perfumes to fly
To every dweller of that country mild,—
To father, mother and the healthy mountain child.

We herald it with joy that thou dost stand
For love and service of the Church of God.—
Thou teachest us to help our fellowman,
Since we have through thy learned gardens trod.
To thee the country folk send sons from sod
Of valley farms which they were wont to till,
Or from the mountain-side abodes, so odd,
Surrounded by the mystic woods that fill
Them full of bubbling life and Nature's thrill.

Thou callest them to be to thee most dear,
 To teach them how to run life's dreadful race
 And give them to freely drink, each year
 From thy sweet fountain, knowledge, love and grace,
 That they may live the Christian life and trace
 Their progress through the path, once jagged, dark;
 Now thou dost point to them the loving Face
 Of Him ahead from Whom the hope they mark
 That feeds and kindles the soul's bright, tiny spark.

But as we call to mind thy gracious deeds,
 We turn with praise to thy dear loving friends
 Who by their work and gifts are sowing seeds
 Of knowledge, truth and strength that sprout and grow
 To fruitful trees of learning; and each sends
 Like spreading branches, golden fruit of mind
 To all of those to whom thy blessings flow.
 Keep strong thy force with faithful soldiers lined
 United with the bonds of love that ever bind.

Sewell Medford, '14.

THE AWAKENING.

ALLEN DUNNING JENNINGS, '13.

THE snow had fallen a foot deep on the road running north from Hampton, but the traveller leaving the village did not seem to heed the driving storm. All that could be seen of him against the dull whiteness of the snow was a tall black muffled figure striding along energetically.

In the distance there was a jingle of sleighbells and presently a covered sleigh drew up almost beside the traveller. He did not halt his pace although the driver shouted to him, trying to make himself heard above the noise of the wind. Evidently the traveller did not wish a lift, and the driver muttering to himself whipped up his horse and passed on into the darkness.

On this road a mile north of the village is the "Old Iron Bridge" covering a gap about thirty feet deep. The iron trestle-work is covered with blistered red paint, and the road planks are furrowed by hoof-beats and wagon wheels. Now, it was blanketed with snow which blotted out its much worn appearance. The snow in the roadway was perfectly smooth save for slight indications here and there that a team had passed over it and, at the right, footprints which the fast falling and the wind-

drifted snow had all but obliterated. Yes, there was still another break in the smooth surface of the roadway. At one end of the bridge, on the same side on which the footsteps showed, the snow formed an undulation which could hardly have been caused by the wind.

The traveller had started out from Hampton just for a walk in the open country, to think over a business problem which must be settled by the time his office opened the day following, and he could think more clearly when in action. There was no such thing as a holiday for him. He had commenced in boyhood to struggle for a living and now that he was a prosperous business man, by force of habit, he continued to struggle, yet with larger aims in view. Finance completely absorbed his mental energy; walking was his only recreation.

By the time he reached the bridge he was flushed with the exertion of the hard tramp from the village and he felt happy with the thought that he had made considerable progress toward the solution of his problem.

"Strange," he said to himself, "the snow certainly has sunk a bit there. It must be that a plank has given way. Why, what is that?" Immediately he hastened on toward something black lying on the other side of the rift in the snow. As he drew near, he found it to be a bundle of sticks.

"Some one must have dropped it," he thought, and he stepped out to cross the hollow but his foot sank into the snow; at first it held, then it gave way completely, throwing him forward across the bundle of sticks and bringing him into contact with another body half buried in the drift.

"Poor beggar," he thought, as he scrambled to his feet. "He should be in the poorhouse on a night like this." Then he stood over the figure contemplating what he should do. "I must, at least, get him out of the way of teams," and he looked around to see if any aid was near. Nothing but a spark of light beyond the farther end of the bridge showed through the snowflaked air. Being a man of action, he made his determination quickly. Stooping, he picked up the huddled figure in his arms and strode toward the light.

Apparently the figure was lifeless, but he could not with decency let it remain on the road. It was the body of an old man, poorly clad. Destitution had set her mark upon him firmly. He wore an old shabby, threadbare overcoat with the collar fastened about his throat by a large rusty safety pin.

The traveller had reached the house from whence the light showed and was rapping on the door but with no effect. Then he shifted his burden more to one side, giving freer play to his arm and he tried to open the door. It was locked, without a doubt. He must get the poor wretch under shelter, at any cost.

"I'll try the window," he thought turning away from the door. Just then he felt his burden give a twitch causing him to look down at the face upon which the light from the window fell. He saw the eyes open and the thin colorless lips move, but no words issued from them. The body moved again; the old man was trying to get his hand into his trouser's pocket. Then the traveller understood, and putting his hand into the pocket he drew out a key.

"Why, this must be the old fellow's house," he thought and tried the key in the lock, which sprang back. The opened door showed a room as destitute as its owner.

A dirty, torn rag carpet partially covered the floor in the center of which was a bare discolored pine table. Two rickety chairs and a dilapidated couch heaped up with a bundle of rags, which no doubt served for bed clothes, constituted the rest of the room's furniture. In the wall facing the only door was a large open fireplace in which there was a kettle hanging with but a heap of ashes under it. Neglect and squalor pervaded the place.

The traveller entered and placed his burden upon the couch, covering the old man with the dirty bedding, and turned away to look for wood with which to rekindle the fire. Finding none he immediately remembered the bundle of sticks and set out to fetch it. When the traveller re-entered the room, and was stamping the snow from his shoes, he found the old man turned on his side staring at him with wide open eyes. It was a pitiful childlike look which expressed gratitude far more than words could have done, and it arrested the traveller's attention for a while. His former indifference had entirely disappeared, he felt a flush of enjoyment in what he was doing and his attitude toward this destitute and enfeebled creature was changed completely. He had forgotten the purpose of his walk which was to plan to meet the greatest crisis he had had as yet in his business career. All of it was forgotten in this new sense of enjoyment in helping the poor unfortunate.

He busied himself with the unaccustomed task of making a fire, getting down on his knees and blowing hard and long until finally a brisk blaze kindled the sticks. Looking around to find food, he located only a half eaten loaf of stale bread and a little coffee. Meanwhile, the eyes of the old man had been fastened on him continually, following him around the room. The traveller felt them even when his back was turned. While waiting for the kettle to boil, he drew up a chair beside the couch and sat down. He felt the thin hand of the old man pull at his sleeve and he bent over him to hear what he wished to say.

"I had a son like you—," the old man said with difficulty, and his speech was interrupted by a fit of coughing, the intensity of which alarmed

the traveller. He arose and set about making some coffee and toasted the bread which, when ready, the old man seemed to relish although he could not eat much. During this time, the traveller had made up his mind that the thing most needed was medical attendance. Accordingly, after making the old man as comfortable as possible, he started back to the village. In an hour's time, he drove back and, while the doctor was examining his patient, he transferred blankets, food, wood and other articles of comfort, which he had brought with him, into the house. He met the doctor at the door, after the examination, and he knew by the expression on the doctor's face that there was small hope for the old man.

"It is merely a case of a day or so," he said quietly. "It may come tonight, or tomorrow even."

"Do what you can for him," answered the traveller; and, after making arrangements for sending back the medicine, he turned back into the house.

The traveller stored away the supplies he had brought and tried to make the barren looking room as comfortable as possible. When the medicine arrived he gave some to the patient who fell into a deep sleep a short time afterwards. He then sat down in front of the fire and commenced to think, for the first time, of his own loneliness which he had so successfully hidden from himself by his energetic business activity. If his business life was taken away from him through illness, he reflected, he would indeed be lonely for he had no kith or kin; absolutely no other interest in life. This feeling of sympathy which he felt for the aged man was a thing entirely new to him and he did not quite understand it.—He yawned and stretched his arms, feeling tired from his exertions.—Then he began to think of the problem facing him, but his thoughts wandered, and finally his head nodded and a sense of peace and rest stole over him.

Off somewhere, he knew not where, a great light appeared like the rising sun. From red to rose, from rose to white the light seemed to intensify, driving back the blackness around it; and out of the blackness appeared vague gigantic forms of men toiling, ever toiling, with their backs to the light. He himself felt gigantic and he had some tool in his hand, he knew not what it was for the dazzling light fixed his gaze and his eyes ached with the intensity of it. There appeared a spot in the center of the light and it grew and took form, that of a man bent with age, and the shadow of the form fell on the traveller and relieved his eyes of the strain of the light, enabling him to see the smiling features of the old man. They were the same as those of his patients. Then the form changed to that of a child who reached out a hand to him and said.

"In as much as you have done it to the least of these, your brethren, you have done it to me." Gradually the light disappeared in the blackness—and he awoke with a start.

He found that the old man was in a state of delirium and that he was calling constantly for his son. The traveller went over to the couch and knelt down trying to soothe him by saying repeatedly that he was his son. Little by little the old man grew calmed, and keeping fast hold of the traveller's hand he seemed quite contented.

The poor watery eyes looked up and the thin voice said: "You are quite changed, son."

"Yes, father," the traveller answered, "I have grown since I've been away."

"But you are the same little boy to me, that I——," and a great coughing checked further utterance. When the old man recovered, he whispered with difficulty, "Son, I've had a hard life, but I've not much further to travel—God bless you,—boy,—on your travel—in this——life." And when he had said this he was too weak to speak and closed his eyes to rest. After a while the traveller thought he was asleep, and started to arise but the grip of the old man's hand tightened a little and so the traveller remained where he was. Gradually but surely the breath of the old man grew feebler; then, for a moment it seemed to strengthen and the patient opened his eyes and a smile spread over his face. Feebly he whispered, "My son——My son!——!"

The traveller unclasped his hand from that of the old man's and arose in the dead silence. He went over to the fire and sat down. He felt awed by the experience he had just passed through. There he sat until the first streaks of dawn lightened the sky. Then arising, he put on his hat and coat, tiptoed to the door which he locked after him with as little noise as possible, and turned toward the road, sadder but freer at heart.

LET OMAR SOUND HIS PRAISE.

Let Omar sound his praise of revelry,
Of wanton, wine-flushed youth and wasted days
That stir the mirth of Hell in brutish glee:
We sing of Life, of Truth and higher ways.

Delight that passeth in a fleeting breath,
And leaves a soulless husk where was a man,
May this support a sinner at his death,
Or save him from a just God's awful ban?

The pride of place and pomp of empty power,
(Ill-fitting clothes of this world's littleness)
The reeking breath of reckless passion's bower,
The cringing, slinking shame of wickedness,

The eager lust that comes of foul desire,
The hollow, joyless mirth that wine begets,
The heedless, vaunting curse that courts Hell's fire,
And God's deserved punishment forgets,

These surely brand the soul and sear the heart
Of him whom God Most High made clean and pure:
By such accursed wiles Satanic art
Weak, struggling man from lasting bliss would lure.

The face of vice is hideous in the sight
Even of him who is her abject slave.
The children of desire yearn for light
While writhing in the darkness of the grave.

Omar, poor fool, was blinded by the call
Of that which seemed to him most worth his day.
We doubt not but that he, and I, and all
Will meet in God some time beyond this clay.

Arthur C. Saunders, '01.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN, THE MAN.

WILLIAM JOHNSON GAGE, '14.

ALMOST every great man, or national hero, has some personal characteristic which differentiates him from others of his kind. Lincoln is no exception to this. In him we find more than the great politician, the undaunted leader, the cold calculating statesman. Americans delight in preserving the memory of this great national idol not alone because he was cautious, brave, or just, but because he was a man—a man filled with compassion and sympathy for the sufferings of his countrymen. His deeds, his noble work will always awaken a strong patriotism in all as long as history shall last, but the remembrance of his kindly nature will live in the hearts of posterity, though future years may obscure the glory of his achievements.

To find the source of such kindness, one must turn back to the youth of this great man: to the time when he was in close contact with Nature. He was born in the backwoods, and, in fact, spent most of his youth there. It was his privilege to see the wonderful processes of Nature: to hear the songs of the wild birds; to watch the development of the flowers; and from a communion with these to realize the beneficence of a kind Provi-

dence. Among such surroundings Lincoln lived the simple and hardy life of the American frontiersman, and when he was called to assume the duty as leader of the Nation, he did not forget the noble lesson which Nature had taught him. With all truth it can be said of him that "his was the head of Nature framed to wear the crown, his hand to wield the scepter."

But Nature was not alone in her work of fashioning the kindness of Lincoln. She was assisted by the influence of a good home. Educated at the family hearth, instructed in the precepts of love and gentleness, guided by a kind and tender hand, taught to revere God and humanity, Lincoln grew to be the great, generous, compassionate man so dear to all true Americans. Nor did he forget the value of his early training in later years. He always tried to act the lessons which he had learned; and that he succeeded is witnessed by the fact that the common heart trusted in him, and all hearts loved him.

Because of this the men of his time felt that in Lincoln they had a friend who could sympathize with them in time of trouble. Many stories are told of distracted wives and mothers who rushed to him and begged for the life of a condemned soldier. Such pleas were not unnoticed by him. No prayer for mercy ever fell on a deaf ear, and many were the pardons which he generously granted. And again at the close of the war we hear of him, turning from the calls of many men, from the cares of busy hours, to write a letter of sympathy to a widow who had lost all of her sons in the war. That letter stands today as an everlasting monument to the kind nature of a truly great man.

Long years before this, however, he had stood at the foot of a platform in New Orleans upon which human beings were offered for sale; moved by an intense feeling of compassion and kindness, he had remarked, "if I ever get a chance to hit slavery, I will hit it hard." He did strike hard, but with kindness; and as a result, this nation exists today as a free land, and Lincoln is loved by every American. It was such a sentiment as this which carried him to the National Capitol, helped him over those tumultuous years, and brought him in triumph to a martyr's grave.

Lincoln's mission was one of kindness and love for mankind. His cause was the cause of humanity. Though he fought, he fought for a principle. His kindly nature taught him that it was wrong to enslave a human being and subject him to cruelties. The principles upon which he acted, were that, all men are equal before God, and all men have a right to freedom.

As a result he has come to be loved by friend and foe alike. The story of his life is being told in every civilized country of the world, and school children are being taught to honor his name. Lincoln, the states-

man, is dead; but Lincoln, the man, is still alive and being loved by all.

We Americans may be justly proud of this, our greatest hero, for he was the truest representative American of us all. His glory will ever be an inspiration to the youth, his deeds will be a model for great statesmen, and his life will be an example for all men who desire to be remembered with gratitude by those who are to follow them.

ST. STEPHEN'S, HAIL!

Come, let us proudly sing,
And let our voices ring
With truth and love;
Loudly our voices raise
Our Alma Mater's praise;
May you through endless days
In glory move.

We praise the wondrous power,
That you exert each hour
As our life's guide;
And your great influence we
In after life shall see
And ever thankful be
To you, our pride.

So, now, and till we die,
Raise we your praises high,
St. Stephen's, Hail!
And when our lives are gone
May others join the throng
And greatly swell the song,
St. Stephen's, Hail!

William Henry Bond, Sp.

DR. HOPSON'S BIRTHDAY.

ON SATURDAY evening, January Eighteenth, the student body entertained Dr. Hopson at dinner in honor of his seventy-fifth birthday. Other guests of the evening were Dr. and Mrs. Rodgers, Dr. and Mrs. Upton, and the Misses Benedict, Holmes, Joyce and Lewis. After an excellent chicken dinner had been served, a huge birthday cake was brought in and placed before Dr. Hopson. Dr. Rodgers then called

upon John Borton, President of Convocation, to voice the sentiments of the student body. Mr. Borton responded with a few well chosen words of congratulation and hearty good wishes from the students to their honored guest.

Dr. Rodgers then invited Dr. Hopson to respond and he did so in his usual interesting manner. He began by saying that he did not know whether he had come to a triumph or an ovation. The difference between these, as he explained, was that at a triumph a bull was sacrificed, and at an ovation, a sheep. He said that if beef or mutton had been served for dinner, he would have known which it was; but that chicken upset his calculations. This practical application of the classics to every day life was greeted with hearty applause. The Doctor then continued by extolling the beautiful situation of St. Stephen's, and told how the students forty-five years ago complained of the food because the victuals did not correspond to the scenery. He told us that he expected great things of us and hoped that we would not disappoint him. He also expressed the hope that he would be able to visit us in our homes and become acquainted with our families.

When Dr. Hopson had concluded his remarks, the students sang a number of popular songs. Pieces of the birthday cake were passed around during this singing, and the President of the College and the President of Convocation were seen in consultation. The result of their conference became known shortly afterwards when Dr. Rodgers arose to announce a toast to the ladies.

After looking around the room for several seconds in order to frighten all timid students, Dr. Rodgers called upon Mr. Day, President of the Senior Class. The shock to Mr. Day was quite a severe one. Nevertheless, he struggled to his feet and likewise struggled through his speech. The presence of the fair sex must have embarrassed him, for he got exquisitely mixed up in his toast, much to the amusement of the entire gathering (himself excluded). He finally sat down without drinking a toast to the ladies because, as he remarked to the President, he saw nothing on the table but water.

After the laughter and applause had died away, all arose to join in singing the Alma Mater and the Doxology, silently invoking the Father in Heaven to bless him whom we are thankful to have had with us for so long and whom we hope to have with us many more years still.



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Dr. Hopson's birthday has come to be an annual College celebration. The fact is we should have it in the catalogue. For once (not to insinuate, of course, that they don't always) the victuals (chicken! think

of it) corresponded to the scenery, and perhaps, some one might add, to the company. In order to make the succeeding, for there are to be many, celebrations as impressive and appropriate as possible, the Editorial Board vouchsafes a suggestion. Our dignified discussion of "ovations" and "triumphs" and "Dr. Hopson in the Psalms, I guess it was," did not have the proper atmosphere. For the decorations of the Freshman "Hop" hadn't been removed, and just behind Dr. Hopson stood a gigantic reproduction, in blue breeches, a long, green overcoat, moth-eaten eyebrows, and a "variegated" waistcoat, of "Nick Bygobson," the Swede comedian who was playing in "Marguerite, the piano-teacher," in the Altoona Lyceum. Our eyes like our knowledge, do not extend to the back of our heads, so many were spared a view of the discrepancy.

In order to apologize to our guests, for the very bad taste in the decorations, the board has the following in mind. To make the "atrium" really Roman, the heads of several Freshmen, having been done over (cut off in the first place of course) are to be stuck promiscuously around the walls. These will be the sacred likenesses of our collegiate ancestors.

The tables will be three-sided,

and Dr. Hopson and the invited guests, including the President, the Faculty, the students (only those above sophomore rank are students) and their friends, are to occupy the higher seats. On those benches of inferior degree, extending in large part under the tables, we will endure such Freshmen as are still in possession of their heads; and in order to prevent their being mistaken for the details of our "ox-tail stew," it be hereby resolved that any Freshman who appears

without his toga will be liable to "serious consequences." The toga incidentally to be of green material of the most vivid hue. On their sandals the Freshmen will wear an interwoven interrogation point. Having attended to this matter carefully, we feel that, if the Freshmen could be prevailed on to remember their place through the dinner, Dr. Hopson will be induced to pardon the "unfit" decorations that were carelessly thrown around Commons on his last birthday.

Res Collegii.

FIRST SEMESTER EXAMINATIONS*

College reopened on January Seventh after a delightful recess of seventeen days. The feelings of the returning students were various, a fact which was apparent from the times at which they arrived. A few daring ones returned on Saturday, but the "multitude" did not get back until Monday evening on the very last trains.

On Saturday, January Eleventh, the Convocation held a meeting which was a happy mixture of the serious and jocose. During the first part of the evening a life insurance proposition was presented by Mr. W. B. Severe representing the Equitable Life Assurance Society of the United States. The

plan was for about fifty students to take out policies for one thousand dollars each, five hundred dollars to be assigned to the College and five hundred to the student's relatives, the premiums on these policies to be paid by the Trustees of the College during the student's College and Seminary courses. The plan has not yet been approved by the Board of Trustees but will be presented for their consideration. After listening to this proposition the rest of the meeting was spent chiefly in bantering the Freshmen about their "benefit" dance. "Vic" Richards also made an eloquent appeal for the building of a handball court. His eloquence was far overbalanced by the uneloquent report from the financial department

*Especially History.

which showed about a dollar in the treasury.

St. Stephen's dance-luck characterized January Seventeenth, the day on which 1916 gave its Freshman Ball. Clouds and rain were the program, making the day unpleasant for the reception of visitors, and hiding a delightful moon. But these disappointments caused by the weather were only minor points after all. The enthusiasm ran just as high as though the sun had been shining in the afternoon and the moon at night, and everyone had a right merry time.

The ball may be described with one word—bizarre; for bizarre it certainly was in more ways than one. In the first place, the decorations were very odd, a mixture of Christmas greens and huge theatre posters. It was original in so far as the billboard effect was concerned, but the two parts of the scheme did not harmonize. In the second place, the dancing was very bizarre. At times the view from one of the cozy corners was decidedly amusing. One couple would be doing the good old-fashioned two-step, another the Boston hop, another the grapevine, another the Spanish, another the Boston dip, and even some the turkey-trot, and so on down through an apparently interminable list of new fangled novelties.

But even though the Ball was bizarre it was very enjoyable. Despite the inharmoniousness of

the decorations as a whole the Freshmen are to be complimented upon several features which were tasty. The heavy archway of cedars over the stairs, the inviting cosy corners, and the attractive chaperons' corner, deserve warm praise. Here's to 1916's Ball! A very pleasant memory!

The young ladies at the dance were Miss Lewis of Annandale, Miss Bridgeman of Rhinebeck, Miss Delaney of Hudson, Miss Hallock of Milton, the Misses Bogardus and Knapp of Poughkeepsie, Miss Bennett of Albany Normal College, Miss Clemens of New York, and the Misses Chambers, Clark, West, Cook, Faylor, Faulkner, Ralyea, Holmes and Koster of Vassar College, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.; Miss Evans of Ansonia, and Miss Benedict of St. Margaret's School, Waterbury, Conn.; Miss Deckenback of Orange, Miss Manning of Jersey City, and Miss Joyce of New Brunswick, N. J.; Miss Day of Boston, and Miss Nunn of Salem, Mass.; and the Misses Stenholm of Newport, R. I.

The patronesses were Mrs. Aldrich, Mrs. Bridgeman, Mrs. Chapman, Mrs. Davidson, Miss Doré, Mrs. Ely, Mrs. Hallock, Mrs. Judson, Mrs. Kidd, Mrs. Lewis, Miss Lewis, Mrs. Rodgers, Mrs. Upton, and Mrs. Zabriskie.

On Saturday, the Eighteenth, Dr. Hopson's seventy-fifth birthday was observed in a fitting man-

ner. An account of the celebration will be found in another section.

Several times since the Christmas recess the fellows have enjoyed skating on the newly-made hockey pond. One splendid advantage of the little sheet of water is that it freezes up before the other bodies of water in the vicinity of the College do.

Examination week—Jan. 27th to Jan. 31st—was observed with the usual St. Stephen's mixture of hard work and jocularly. It is nothing unusual to step into the dining-room a few minutes before an examination and find one of the students pounding the dear old College piano while the other students are hilariously turkey-trotting or bunny-hugging around the

tables. This is our safety valve for letting off our surplus energy.

But the results!!!

For the protection of the students a fire-alarm system has been installed throughout the dormitories. A fire brigade has also been organized to perform certain duties at fire drills and at an actual fire if one should occur. John Borton is fire marshal and Edwin Ely is his assistant. A number of deputy marshals have been appointed for each dormitory, some of whom are to take care of the chemical extinguishers, and others are to see that all the fellows within a certain radius get out of the building safely. At the first fire drill, held one evening between the first and second chapel bells, all the dormitories were emptied in three-quarters of a minute.

A Communication.

To the College Editor:

Tradition and precedent were discussed quite freely by some members of Convocation at the last meeting. Several were greatly chagrined because the Class of 1916 did not have enough "filthy lucre" to pay for a dance and to give a banquet to the Class of 1914. The only argument set forth to change the determination of the Freshmen to charge for their dance was that of tradition and precedent. Granting that the exalted (!) members of the opposition were right, let me

ask them how the Freshmen were to know the College tradition. No doubt the answer will be, "why did they not ask an upper-classman."

This is just where the trouble lies. Each new man goes to a different older man and consequently the ideas of precedent and tradition are various and conflicting. This condition is not caused by a lack of knowledge on the part of the older men but by the fact that the traditions have never been very clearly defined.

I believe that this difficulty

would be removed if the poor, misguided youths who enter St. Stephen's in the future were to be led into the right paths by the President of the Junior Class. I have enrolled with one Freshman Class, and I have seen another. Both of these ignorant groups have stumbled around in the dark trying to do the right things and both have been

accused of relentlessly destroying tradition and precedent.

The question in my mind is whether it is better to allow the incoming classes to guess at the right things, as in the past, or to teach them the customs of the College so that they can feel that they are upholding tradition and not destroying it.

Leonard R. Middleton, Sp.

Under the Lyre Tree.

Said a she to a he, with a pout,
"There's too many by one, without
doubt!"

As the lamp was the third,
They hoped that it heard;
And it did, for it straightway went
out.

ON BOARD.

Rich man, poor man, magnate,
peerage;
First class, second class, third class,
steerage.

HEARD IN GREEK.

Prof.:—Why does Homer apply
the epithet white to milk?

Alexander:—Because milk really
isn't white.

(Oh!!! Will the Freshmen ever
learn?)

Any time after Wednesday.
Good morning, have you flunked
in History?

WANTED

BY McVICKAR HEIGHTS:—

Trots for the mid-year exams.
One large and unbreakable tea-
pot.

A dumbwaiter to bring up coal.
A calliope to play "The Wayside
Chapel."

An experienced bouncer to get
Mahaffey out of bed in the morning.

A pair of boxing gloves to take a
round or two out of the chairs.

An amoeba to make beds, set
alarum clocks, do the studying,
build fires, make tea, write philos-
ophy papers, put the cat out and
wind the clock.

Four dollars to pay for the Fresh-
man Dance.

An endowment fund to keep Ma-
haffey in food.

A pug dog for Nichols and Bessey
to play with.

A pilot's license and a chart of
the Heavens for Nason.

An expert in psychology to stop all brain storms in top floor, left, Hoffman.

A rich aunt with a bad cough.

A nurse for Mahaffey.

For Ned Ely, a demure young maiden who will give satisfactory proofs of her constancy.

A college widow to make candy at all times.

For Thorley Bridgeman, a voice cultivator—a plough suggested.

Jobs in the Swiss navy.

A select class of young ladies for instruction in the higher arts.

To know what chance we have of passing all the mid-year exams.

A fire insurance policy for our protection in the future life.

A picture of bad luck.

To know what was the first word the U—'s baby uttered.

A Maxim silencer for Joe Goos-tray's violin.

A blind man to pitch pennies with.

One million dollars in pennies.

A settlement worker for the slums of Aspinwall.

A hat for Professor D—.

A "bolt" in Latin from the "Grand Old Man".

An expert accountant to report on the granite crop of New Hampshire.

OTHER WANTS.

A cross-eyed monkey wrench to wind Child's clock.

A special edition of the MESSEN-

GER, telling about the Freshman Dance which cost the specials and others a dollar.

A trained pugilist to keep McAllister in his chair during Convocation.

Dinner menus, to be used for evidence by the coroner.

By Mr. Day, of the Boston Conservatory of Music, pupils to be instructed in piano playing (Wayside Chapel and Star of the East, specialties).

A health officer to inspect shoes. Ice for the hockey team.

A hand-ball court, by "Vic" Richards.

By the "Roast Beef Circle," a couple of blood hounds and a detective.

The library heated.

A step ladder for the back transom of the library.

A new oar for Charon's boat.

A gargle of wet ashes for the feet.

A box of blacking, by Whitney Hale.

By McAllister, a marriage license, a million dollars and a girl (preference given to Vassar maids).

By everyone, a dance to be given by the Specials.

Jobs by "Queenie" Macquire, Justice of the Peace—anything from marriages (matinee prices) to catering (making tea). Office hours; 2—4 A. M. Address, "Nigger Heaven", McVickar.

Wine and speech—for toasting, by "Priscilla" Day.

Alumni and Former Students' Notes.

'78—The Rev. Arthur Quincy Davis has taken charge at Ascension Church, Ontonagon, Michigan.

'80—The Rev. Henry Chamberlaine has taken charge of the work at the Mission of the Incarnation, Ampere, East Orange, New Jersey.

'84—The Rev. Philip W. Mosher, rector of St. Peter's Church, Niagara Falls, New York, had been appointed lecturer in New Testament Studies in the DeLancey Divinity School, *vice* the Rev. E. M. Duff.

'90—The Rev. Allen K. Smith, rector of St. John's Church, Butte, Montana, died on January, Thirteenth, after having undergone a very serious operation at Murray Hospital, Butte.

'91—The Rev. A. R. B. Hageman, rector of Trinity Church, Binghamton, New York, has been called to the rectorship of St. Paul's Church, Des Moines, Iowa.

'93—The Rev. Charles L. Biggs, rector of St. Paul's Church, Henderson, Kentucky, has become an assistant at the Church of St. Luke and the Epiphany, Philadelphia.

'99—The Rev. George E. Knowlmeier, Sp., '99, of Milford, Conn., spent a few days at College during Examination week with his cousin, Frank H. Frisbie, a special student

The Rev. Robert M. Beckett of Wyoming has become assistant at the Church of St. Simeon, Philadelphia. His address is No. 2659 North Hutchinson street.

Exchanges.

The Hobart Herald.

Williams Literary Monthly.

Cadet Days.

The Campus of the University of Rochester.

The Monthly of Alfred University.

The Magpie.

The Raysonian.

The *Williams Literary Monthly* is to be commended for its well balanced contents. It is almost re-

markable to find a collegiate publication which does not overemphasize either the frivolous, on the one hand, or the serious on the other.

The New Year's resolutions of the *Alfred Monthly* would undoubtedly improve the standard of the paper, if carried out.

The Athletic Notes in the *Magpie* attracted attention.

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