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SNOWBOUND

Heavy Blizzard Furnishes Excitement and Unique Situation

Sometimes early in the morning on Saturday the 16th of Feb., a snow storm which began about nine o'clock in the evening was turned into a terrible blizzard by a raging wind sweeping down from the north. The collegians and their guests were startled even to the Freshmen Dance beneath a cloudless sky were somewhat surprised to find a couple of inches of snow on the ground when they returned from the function, but it was nothing to their dismay when they awoke next morning and found that communication with the rest of the universe was practically impossible. During the morning of Saturday the storm continued to rage and it was not until late in the afternoon that it mercifully ceased amid a succession of diminishing squalls.

This storm although of short duration was by far the heaviest which has been experienced in Annandale for a number of years. The high wind drifted the snow terribly and continued on page 133

MANY CHANGES IN FOOTBALL SCHEDULE FOR 1914

New York University and Eastman Again on List Together with Hobart

Some very important alterations in the football schedule for the season of 1914 have been made recently, chief of which are the addition of these college teams, two of them being our greatest opponents in St. Stephen's. New York University and Eastman College, whom we last played in 1908, are again on the list. A date has been arranged with Hobart College who are new to us. The addition of these teams makes our schedule much heavier than last season and definitely places football on a sound basis at S. S. C.

Two more teams, neither of which we have never played before, are Pawling and New York Military Academy. Pawling has the reputation of being one of the strongest prep teams in the country. And in this regard we are glad to be able to point out that the number of our college op
SNEBOUND
Continued from page 131

made many sections of the roads impassable for the time being, while it was not without hard work that a rig managed to force its way up from the village to the College. In fact after the storm ceased, nobody was able to get to the railroad station at Barrytown until late Sunday morning, when the first of the dance guests departed. Even then they were forced to wait as the trains were not yet running on any sort of schedule.

For a time on Saturday it looked as though the situation would become serious if the storm did not soon stop, for a large consignment of food stuffs for the college had not arrived and in addition there was the entire drain on the kitchen department in the shape of twenty odd extra people. But there was nothing to be done except to hope for the best. The various “crowds” amused themselves as well as they could considering the limited means at their disposal and Saturday evening an informal dance was held in Ledlow and Willink Hall at which most of those who had attended the Freshman Dance were present.

The Freshman was certainly a success from whatever angle you choose to view it. Like the Junior Prom, it was held in Ledlow and Willink Hall, the reception beginning promptly at 8 P.M. After a prolonged overture the orchestra, Collins of Newburg, struck joy to

the hearts of the dancers with “The Honeymoon Express,” and for the next three hours the latter floated through a delightful, intoxicating dream waltzed along by the strains of “Adele,” “The Little Cafe,” and “Sympathy.” The supper dance over, the guests scattered to the various “corners” of the hall for refreshments. The brief rest was appreciated by all, and merriment ran high beneath the shaded lights. It being St. Valentine’s Eve, a goodly part of the decorations consisted of cupids and hearts tastefully grouped around the lights and in other appropriate places. The banners of all four classes were displayed over the door-ways and scores of many-hued pennants brightened the walls. Although the night was stormy, there was a real, live, active moon which was quite a feature. If it were exhibited in a frame behind glass it would probably be catalogued as “The Elise.”

The second half went all too quickly and the last dance, “Good Night, Dear,” was encored again and again. Reluctantly the guests departed and another of the long line of successful St. Stephen’s dances was a thing of the past.

Florest, 1927!

The patronesses for the dance were Mrs. Anthony, Mrs. Conger, Mrs. Chapman, Mrs. Ehrns, Mrs. Lewis, Mrs. Smith, Mrs. Davidson, Mrs. Rodgers, Miss Lewis, Mrs. Dean, Mrs. Brigham, Miss Gruger, Miss Kidd and Mrs. Keedwell.

Those present included Miss

Maryvina Keezwell of East Orange, N. J., Miss Carolyn Kidd of Tiverton, R. I., Miss Josephine Brasile of New York City, the Misses Ralley, Beardly, Keever and Charlotte of Vassar College, the Misses Kruger of Albany, Miss Katharine Adams of Red Hook, Miss Ann Rusta of New York City, Mr. E. C. Well of Buffalo with the Misses Thomas of Miss Beard’s School, Orange, N. J., Miss Phoebe Enapp of Poughkeepsie, Miss Helen Britt and the Misses Thomas of Kingsport, Miss Helen McLean of Rockville Center, Long Island, Miss Elizabeth Moore of Newport, R. I., and Miss Taylor of New York City.

MANY CHANGES IN FOOTBALL SCHEDULE FOR 1914
Continued from page 131

presents is steadily increasing and at the same time the prep. schools with whom we have dates are of a much better quality this season. Hamilton College, Middletown High and Webb A.C. are all of last year’s schedule with no introduction here.

It is extremely regretted by the whole College that Middletown will not play as this year. Although strenuous effort was made by the Managers to arrange a date, it was finally found to be impossible. However there are strong hopes for

baken field next year. For the same reason, St. Lawrence University will not make another new team on our list.

The schedule up to date is as follows:

Sept. 26 Hamilton College at Clinton, N. Y.
Oct. 3 New York University at New York City
10 New York University at Amherst, N. Y.
17 Middletown (H. H.) High School at Amherst, date, N. Y.
24 Pawling School at Pawling, N. Y.
31 Webb A.C. at Minas, date, N. Y.
Nov. 7 Hobart College at Geneva, N. Y.
14 Rock reported at Amherst, N. Y.

Spring football practice will probably start in a fairly short time in the gym. It is the purpose of Coach White to work with most individually and as the next time try several shifts in the line up. The tryouts of different men in various positions will continue until early in April or until the field is in shape for work out doors. The out door practice will not last much over two weeks.

Prospects are bright in regard to new material. There should be a goodly number of football men entering S. S. O. in the fall according to reports lately received.
COMMITTEE REPORTS ON NEW SYSTEM

A. A. BENEFIT

The cost of characters for the Athletic Association Play, "The Colonel’s Daughter," is as follows:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Player</th>
<th>Cost</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Colonel Robert</td>
<td>$200.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Robert Rudd</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>North Carolina</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Colonel Bob</td>
<td>$150.00</td>
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<tr>
<td>and Byrd</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Colonel Ruddie</td>
<td>$100.00</td>
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<tr>
<td>and Byrd</td>
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</tr>
<tr>
<td>South Carolina</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Marjorie</td>
<td>$75.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Byrd</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bob</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rudd</td>
<td>$50.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mrs. J. John</td>
<td>$25.00</td>
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<tr>
<td>Carroll</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>Colonel Ruddie’s</td>
<td>$20.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>sister-in-law</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>Gregory Prent</td>
<td>$15.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Julie Carroll</td>
<td>$10.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gardner P. Coflin</td>
<td>$5.00</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Ned Carlin, a young gentleman of exceedingly faulty memory...

Everett M. Whitcomb, ’16

Chung-ching, the Chinese cool, is bit important but by far the most important individual in the cast….

Charles S. Armstrong, ’16

Mr. James Backman, Colonel Rudd’s lawyer.

The play will be presented in Red Hook on April 24th, in Madison on April 25th, and in Rhinebeck on either the 1st or 5th of May.

APPRECIATION

Dr. Rodgers desires to announce that in response to his Christmas and New Year’s appeal to Alumni and Former Students, there has been subscribed about two hundred and fifty dollars. This has been paid to the organ builders, and, together with five hundred dollars promised by other friends of Mr. Bant and of the College, will come within the hundred and fifty dollars of paying for the whole work. It is hoped that this will be subscribed before Easter. Dr. Rodgers desires to thank those who have so generously responded. There have been altogether about forty subscribers.

HANDBALL TOURNAMENT

Mr. Whitman has arranged a handball tournament which is now being held in the gym. In the singles 15 men are registered and in the doubles 9 teams. There are 3 rounds to the semi-finals, the first of which has already been played. The first two rounds of the doubles will be completed by March 10th.

Leslie Wallace, ex ’14, has been elected Vice President of the Senior Class at Trinity College, Hartford, Conn.

On Feb. 21st, Dr. Robertson entertained some of the students at dinner in the college and later at the Collingwood Opera House, where the New York Philharmonic Society rendered a concert. The Rev. Lawrence F. Piper and Misses Glass and Farington joined Dr. Robertson’s party at the Opera House.

It has been announced that on Sunday evening March 8th, the St. Stephen’s Chapter of St. Andrew held an admissions service for nine men who have reached their six weeks of probation. The service, which was held directly after Evensong, was conducted by the Rev. E. B. Phoenix.

LIBRARY NOTE

The Hoffman Library has recently been augmented by the addition of the private library of the late Dr. J. B. Hallock, a former Worlde of St. Stephen’s.

On Saturday, Feb. 26th, the Rev. Herbert W. Clark, Professor of French and German, delivered a lecture upon the subject, “Berlin and Other German Cities,” at All Saints Parish House, Red Hook, N. Y.

Prof. W. H. Whittier was recently granted the degree of Master of Arts by Harvard University.
other guests included Messrs. Morse, Humphreys, Taber and Keedwell.

DRAGON CLUB LECTURE

On Saturday evening, Feb. 20th, the student body attended the second of the series of lectures being given under the auspices of the Dragon Club. Mr. W. A. Robertson of East Orange, N. J., alumnus and trustee of St. Stephen's talked on "The Rise and Development of Railroad Transportation in the United States."

Early in April Mr. Whitten hopes to stage an exhibition of gym work including, particularly, calisthenics and Indian club swinging.

The Rev. Herbert M. Clarke recently attended a lecture at Vassar College delivered by Dr. von der Leyer of the University of Munich. Dr. von der Leyer is an exchange professor at Yale. After the lecture, Dr. Clarke attended a reception tendered the lecturer by the members of the German department of Vassar College.

Bond, Deckenback, Prime, Geble and Bierck attended the Junior Prom at the New York State Normal College held on the evening of February 6th.
to put this matter up to you. If you don't like this new form of the Messenger, won't you write us just a card expressing your disapproval? If we do not hear from you, we will feel assured that the change meets your favor. Of course, if you care to express your approval, we will heartily appreciate your courtesy in writing to us.

It is the desire of the Board to put out the best paper we know how, and to do something worthy of the grand old name of "St. Stephen's." Won't you help us with your opinion?

When this number of the Messenger comes out, we will be in the very midst of the shut-in period which is such a delight to those who love to "rug the gladness" and discuss the feelings of their betters; all seasons are "open seasons" for adverse criticism, but no other offers quite such unmerited bliss to this conversationally inclined as does this period when the bad weather shuts us in somewhat and makes it easy for the critic to find an audience. Given an audience, the "chatty person" wanders through Elysian fields of fact (usually misrepresented) and fancy (usually morbid). Every person who is or ever has been a student at St. Stephen's knows what exciting and futile discussions are entered upon. Futility? No, they are worse than futile; they are poisonous. I think they do the College no harm, except indirectly; but they do seriously affect those who take part in them.

A certain psychologist has, within a few years, developed a theory that the emotions of the human mind are nothing but compounds of simple sensations; anger, for instance, is the sum of the sensations of set teeth, tense muscles, clenched fists, flushed face, and the like; we may say, then, not that our fists are clenched because we are angry, but that we are angry because our fists are clenched. A violent emotion does not sweep over us unless we allow it; we cannot become angry if we relax our muscles and keep our fists and jaws normal; on the other hand, if we try, we can get ourselves gloriously angry by a simple exercise in muscle-tensing. Now, to come back to the question of adverse criticism, just what effect on our minds will these discussions have? Quite naturally, the saying of bitter things brings about the bitterest emotions. Persisted in, adverse criticism will convince the critic that the College is "all to the bad" and that there is no hope, and when one gets hopeless, one very soon commences to have indigestion. So, for the sake of your own digestion and that of others, if for no other reason, do try to see a happy side; if there really isn't one, imagine it and talk about it, and you'll have your happiness to rejoice in at any rate. "Smile, danc ya smile."

Mr. Alumni, Attention! This is for you, and you alone! Have you ever read one of our editorials?

If not, read this; it is short, to the point, and it concerns you. Here are a few pertinent facts: First: the Messenger conducts a monthly column of alumni news for you. Second: you never read in any news for your column. Third: you are the only source of information in regard to your news, for the editors of the Messenger cannot be expected to scan all the papers of the country for news of St. Stephen's men. Fourth: as a consequence your department is usually small in quantity. Well, Mr. Alumnus, what are you going to do about it? There is but one course of action open to you: you must get on the job and stay there. Whatever you hear any news concerning a fellow alumnus, or have any show, yourself, send word of it to the Messenger at once. If you don't take such action, your column will always be inadequate and incomplete.

"The Alumni Editor St. Stephen's College, Amandale-on-Hudson, N. Y."

Alumni and Former Students

'00—The news of the Rev. Angus Mackay Porter's death was a hard blow to St. Stephen's and the Church. Words cannot express our deep sorrow. We extend our heartfelt sympathy to his dear ones in this their bereavement.

'05—Special—The Rev. Morgan Appelius Bames was recently installed rector of St. James' Church, Long Branch, N. J., the Bishop of the Diocese being the institution. A large delegation of Mr. Bames' former parishioners from Grace Church, Huron, was present. The keys of the parish were presented by Mr. Harry B. Sisson, Wadastown. The sermon was preached by the Rev. John H. Lewis Jr. of Waterbury, Conn.

'00—Special—The Rev. E. A. Smith, rector of St. Paul's Church, Tivoli, N. Y., has recently moved into his new Rectory. Mr. Smith has been very hospitable to the students in their cross-country games and has on several occasions, such as Commencement and other functions, kindly offered the services of his machine to conduct passengers and from the College when the local deliveries had been closed for vehicles. We appreciate this very much.

'07—The Rev. F. H. Sherman has accepted a call to Grace Church, White Plains, N. Y., as successor to the Rev. H. F. Van Klack, D.D. His address is 6 Washington Place, White Plains, N. Y.

'11—The engagement of William Tinsley Sherwood to Miss Francesce Steigwald has been announced. Mr. Sherwood is a student at the
Editor’s Letter Box

The last issue of the Messenger seemed almost humorous in its touching tribute to 1917 and the accompanying criticism of 1916, for changing an adequate sum for their Freshman dance. I am a member of that much criticized class and be assured I am proud of her stand in this matter. It took twenty years, you see, for a class to come here with enough sense of justice to weigh precedent before accepting it. If a precedent is bad do not follow it. “If thou eye offend thy pluck it out.” The precedent was bad and we threw it overboard. The precedent is as bad today as it was a year ago, for it necessitates a few giving a luxury to many. However, all this praise heaped upon 1917 for not breaking a precedent—which they did break in spirit—comes about in quite a laughable manner. Here it is:

Upperclassmen—“Push, come here and do as I say or I’ll tan your hide.”

Lowerclassmen—“Why, you dear boys, you don’t love your Alma Mater, do you?“ "Here’s a penny, run down to the village and get a stick of candy.” —Shhhhhhh.

“All for the dance follows.”

It’s a free lunch in this college. How much we admire the spirit of a man who was not born to twenty. How much we admire a class that is coerced by precedent and the upper classes to give a free dance, regardless of financial fitness. Remember the golden rule at home and don’t be mean-hearted. No progress was accomplished by sticking to precedent. For the love of all, 1917, show a little fight and when you sign something finish it.

Everett Newcomb Messenger '19

To the College, through the medium and courtesy of the Messenger Letter Box:

From the general tone of two editorials in the February issues of the Messenger, with regard to the Freshman Dance, anyone not conversant with the facts of the case might easily infer that the whole question is now a closed one, through unanimity of undergraduates thought upon the subject. Since such is not the case, I am making use of this space—supposedly representative—of students of St. Stephen’s College in order to represent the thought of at least a respectable minority of fellows who differ wholly or in part, with the editorial mind of the Messenger.

First of all, the question of proposing or advocating the asking of subscriptions to the Freshman Dance seems to depend solely upon the importance of the cases to precedents and traditions, regardless of their value of actually objectionable features involved in them. I, for one, do not oppose precedent for precedent’s sake, and should hesitate to assert that the
preservation of traditions has, of necessity, any connection with real college spirit, at all, "the spirit of Alma Mater." It is entirely the prerogative of August "Upper Classes" to arrogate to themselves the privilege of passing judgment upon precedents, and, in like manner, the right of anyone else to dissent. It is easy, in using such soul-stirring and abstract terms as "college spirit" and "Alma Mater," to let one's emotions bring forth a burst of literary twaddle, which, when dissected, fails to convince. Except by worshippers of Precedent as sufficient unto itself—and with these I have nothing in common—the Freshman Dance tradition, like everything else, is to be judged alone upon its right to exist as it has existed.

There are three dances held during the college year at St. Stephen's according to precedent of, I know not how many, years: the Junior Promenade, a reception and dance tendered the Senior class by the Juniors, for which any others desiring to attend are asked to subscribe—voluntary; the Fraternity Dance, given to the College by common consent and common sharing of expense—voluntary; the Freshman Dance, given to the College by the Freshman class, voluntarily or not as the case may be, in accordance with precedent—to all intents, obligatory. But please do not think that I am trying to oppose the placing of obligations of many kinds upon Freshmen, or all new men, for their own or the welfare of the College, but in this case the obligation confers a hardship, an unnecessary hardship. It is a fact, one of the very few facts in a discussion of this matter on either side, that a considerable number of St. Stephen's students, including Freshmen, are in such financial circumstances as do not justify the voluntary or obliged expenditure of money for dances, either for themselves or for others. And what shall I say of a system which obliges such prodigality? Let those who support it justify themselves on the ground of their steadfast faith in the godless precedent; on the ground of an enormously exaggerated idea of the quasi dignity of Upperclassmanship; on the ground of desiring to get back the value of money spent as Freshmen; or on the ground of the most ordinary kind of justice, never.

With regard to the breaking of precedents in St. Stephen's, I shall be very brief. The example of a very decided breach of our College traditions which comes into my mind is that of the comparatively recent change in the methods of fraternity rushing in College, which, I think, speaks for itself. I say nothing of the change except its slanders of precedent.

Now, to conclude, it is my private opinion that the highly commended "eleventh hour" "stand" of the class of 1917 was, in fact, the unwilling result of a most unwarranted campaign of moral coercion by the Senior class. It is a fact that the Freshmen intended to change the nominal subscription to the dance, on account of the real financial hardship entailed in invading the College grinds. In connection with the outcome, the "All out for the dance, fellows!" in the Rex Collegi of the Meshawork has a delightfully humorous touch to one who has any tendency to laugh at serious things. I too say, "Promenade—1917," and "Hall to her generosity!"—Donald Hartwell Morse, '10.

Editor's Letter Box

If there is any one word which is grossly and maladroitly overworked in our local diction, it is the crotchety "precedent." Every blooming thing we say or do is referred to precedent. The Freshman when he comes to college is given a set of rules to govern his behavior. Toward the second week of his residence, possibly he decides that perhaps he would be more comfortable here in the country if he went around in a soft shirt. Accordingly he consults his list of rules, finds nothing against it, and blossoms forth in sensible country attire. At dinner some senior or junior tells him with the words: "I see you, you can't wear that sort of shirt at dinner." "But I believe the proper youngster, there's nothing in the rules against it." "This may all be, but it's dead against precedent," is his answer. And the Freshman wearily climbs back to his room in exchange.

By the time he is a sophomore he is too busy picking on the incoming freshmen to bother with anything else, and when he has caught the dignity of an upholder, it is his duty to uphold precedents, and so we drift along, governing our lives, our words and actions by rules laid down by some chap who died twenty years ago.
AMERICAN NOTES
(Continued)

During one of my visits to New York, I was taken, in the kindest and most hospitable manner, to Boston, the City which perhaps appeals more than any other in the United States to any Englishman possessing the historic sense. Unluckily it rained gloriously during nearly the whole time of our three days' stay, but I managed despite this to see a great deal of a singularly interesting city, which is 250 miles from New York, a distance covered in exactly five hours by the admirable Merchants' Limited train, of which, and indeed of all the trains by which I travelled, I cannot speak too highly. Our hotel, which has a specialty in possessing "The Old English Dining-room," arranged in old-fashioned boxes, and decorated with copies of Ackerman's sporting prints, and indeed with all those things we are trying to get rid of, faced the celebrated Common, and the equally celebrated Beacon Street, the home of many celebrities, including Oliver Wendell Holmes. In many parts of Boston you might easily fancy yourself in Bath or the older parts of Kensington, and English is spoken with a much more English accent than, for instance, in New York, which is really hardly an American city at all, but a wonderfully cosmopolitan one, and at the same time it seemed to me curiously provincial, by which I mean that its own concerns appeared the only matter of interest. Boston is, of course, the center of American intellectual life, and is full of all sorts of literary and educational institutions, splendidly equipped and apparently without financial difficulties. Its Public Library is a dream of delight in its architecture and its contents. I recognize that it seems an absurd statement, but I say unreservedly that it is worth the journey across the Atlantic if made only to study Stirling's decorative paintings and marbles in the Library. When in addition to this unsurpassable work there is also to be found Abbey's most beautiful series of wall pictures, and Puvis de Chavannes' frescoes on the main staircase, it is easily understood what the great building means to those who care for painting, and what an educative factor it is to thousands of Americans.

I of course visited the "Cradle of Liberty," Faneuil Hall, still used for popular assemblages, though without seats. The upper floor is used by the Ancient Honourable Artillery Company, which is in full union with our own.

One Church has Communion plate and Service books given by George II., and from its steeple were displayed the lights giving warning of the movements of the British troops starting from Boston for Concord, and warning Paul Revere, who made his famous midnight ride to warn the country.

In what may be called a suburb, Charlestown, is the Bunker Hill monument, marking the position of the famous battle in 1775, before the revolution that ended in the proclamation of Independence of the United States. I could not find the slightest regret at the losing British control, but rather glory in the splendid expanding power of the descendants of Englandmen.

I had no time to go to Mount Auburn, the necropolis where lie Longfellow, Lowell, Holmes, Motley, Agassiz, and Prescott, but was very near it when we visited Cambridge, the home of Harvard University, founded by the Harvard who is buried in our own Southwark Cathedral. The soil was pitiful, and we were able to see very little of the University buildings except the great Hall, in which about 1,000 undergraduates dine. John Harvard had been at the Puritan College of Emmanuel in our Cambridge, and Harvard University in Cambridge, Massachusetts, was founded only ninety years later than Emmanuel, so that there is a real touch of age about his oldest and wealthiest of the many American Universities. I naturally infer that my own alma mater, but am inclined to think that a great deal more intellectual work is done in Harvard than in Cambridge. I greatly wonder some present undergraduates to show me about, so that I might make comparisons between their method of life, discipline, lectures, etc., and what I remember of my own University experience, but in that perfect rain one was gettable. However, I met some delightful in my Harvard men, among others Mr. Williams, one of the American champion lawn tennis players, and a good game of tennis is a delightful change from the work of Oxford. He always put the other one was not allowed to play as in the Oxford University. H. Aaron Bailey

**BILL STEEL'S LUCK**

Bill Steel, professional man, got the unenviable task of splitting the money with a real opponent with a real partner, the real partner of his choice. It was a seven session, so a good deal was at stake for him to try to come in two miles into town before breakfast, but this was possible, for he might get a "hand out" at the farm or even "throw his hat" under the kitchen table. By rights he should be in town now, but the rear (brakeman) had cold-bloodedly kicked him off the additional freight midway between R— and H— with practiced lips and cold, hard language. And Bill had luck at the "heading south" again, so that the resulting sentence of 183 days had been more enjoyable than even. Keeping a wary look out for days, Bill approached the farm and stated his wants to a woman in the kitchen. She smiled and told him to wait. Returning, she was her 
Bill taking in the familiar "tin star" and club obediently halted in the road.

"Where you goin'?" demanded the Constable.

"C'mon to R,—," answered Bill, wisely giving the name of the town next beyond his real destination.

"Do you ain't," asserted the sly Haynes, "You'reinin' to bum my town."

"Tell yuh I'm goin' to R,—," insisted Bill suddenly.

"Huh! Don't believe it. Well you can't go through this town anyway. If you're mimin' at R,—you'll have to go 'round outside the village limits. Ain't no tramps looked to go through there."

"Eh!" demanded the amazed Bill. "Can't go thru here? Why not?"

"Cause I say so. You can't 'n that's enough," sharply answered the Constable.

Bill glowered. This was too much. Even if he had not been going to "bum" the village to make him go three miles or so through woods and fields and then go 'round outside the village limits. This infringed on even the small number of rights and privileges which he, a tramp, possessed. "Say!" he started. "You can't stop me goin' there! I'm a bump and I don't do nothin'. You can't touch me if I don't have myself. Bein'"

"Oh, I can't, can't I?" shifted the Constable, angered by the tramp's front. "I'll show you! How you beat it right back in' way you come, 'n 'I ketch yuh mimin' to sneak through, I'll jar yuh sure! Go on, yuh're in the village now!"

Bill hesitated, and his hesitation was his undoing. Panting that the tramp was mistaking his sudden dash past him, Haynes grabbed him and started to push him back over the limit line. This was the last straw, and Bill, fielding out a handful of red but language closed with his escort. But the officer though rather stern and the advantage of holds and out brought the tramp to an end with his cuffs.

"There, yuh meany hodie," he growled, when Bill had finally become subservient, being somewhat dazed. "Try any of your petty tricks on me an' I'll fix yuh. How come along or I'll beat yuh up some more." So saying he grasped him by the collar and yanked him energetically in the direction of the village. But Bill had no desire to spend a week or even a night in the town calabash with a demonic wrench he tore himself from his escort's grasp. Scrambling over a fence he plunged into a sea of tall green corn-stalks and disappeared.

The Constable immediately gave chase, but Bill had too long a start, at he hastily reconvened his escort and reported for reinforcements in the shape of Office Stans to help in a later search.

Bill ran and dodged until disabled until he lost himself as well as his pursuer and after wandering aimlessly for some time came out of the woods on the edge of a broad field. Along the far side a dozen or
so cows were grazing, a horse and backboard stood in the shade of a tree and not far away a large pile of mud and the protruding end of a ladder marked an excavation of some sort. Bill was about to investigate when a man climbed out of the hole, drew up and emptied a bucket of mud, and then went over to the backboard. When he turned to retrace his steps Bill recognized him; it was farmer Precious, and immediately that weltered leg began to sting again. The digger let down his bucket and disappeared down the ladder, and Bill crouched forth from the woods, circling the hole to approach from the ladder side. Peeping over the edge he could see his enemy slowly spitting up the sticky clay fully fifteen feet below him. In a flash he conceived his plan of revenge—such a simple one, too. It was all over in a moment; a firm grip on the ladder, a heave—a lightning shift of hands, another heave—and Bill was master of the situation. He took his time, allowing the farmer to exhaust his vocabulary, and then in a few choice phrases told him exactly what he thought of him, and why; he conveyed his regrets at not being able to remain for the balance of the day's entertainment, and departed to look for possible food or drink in the backboard, leaving Precious to rage in his six foot prison.

Now the big farmer was farsighted as far as his own comfort was concerned, and in the backboard he posed a jug which gurgled enticingly when shaken. With this in his possession Bill leisurely retired into the brush in the general direction of the railroad. But the temptation to drink up his find immediately did not allow him to go far and, besides, the jug was fairly heavy, so he came to pass that inside of half an hour the diluted whiskey had put Bill to sleep under a large pine tree. A couple of hours later he dimly realized that somebody was talking near him and, then, suddenly remembering where he was, he carefully noted over behind a screen of bushes. Constable Hayes and Sands were slowly forcing a way toward him through the bushes. Bill covered down behind his shouter and lay holding his breath until the officers had passed. When they had gotten some distance ahead, he ventured to crawl out and cautiously followed the sound of their voices. At the edge of the brush they halted for consultation.

"This is a gun's got clear away, that's certain," remarked Sands, "unless you d'nt all that rigmarole."

"D'nt remit it?" snorted Hayes. "Does that spot on my stomach look like I d'nt remit it?"

"Well, I don't see — began his companion when a muffled roar cut off his words off short, and he stood with his mouth hanging open and his eyes slowly bulging out.

"Wh-what's that? Cap'n?" he quavered at last.

Before the startled Hayes could reply the noise broke out afresh.

It was terminated by a heavy blow for help. Both officers glanced healed around and noticed for the first time a horse and backboard standing in the shade of a tree and near by a large hole in the ground with a ladder lying beside it. Again came the racket, evidently from the hole.

"Hey there! Ha-a-a-a-y! Some-a-a-a-en-dal! M-mr-npuhnth—rumbulo—grunt—BEER!"

This last reached even Bill Sykes a hundred yards across the meadowbrush. Realizing what was happening he got his bearings and then crept up to the edge of the woods for a last look at his handiwork just as the two officers arrived at the well. A broad grin overspread his face as he heard Precious roar for the dumbfounded men to let down the ladder. They finally managed to do while numerous bellows of rage from the depths of the earth told that those attempts to plant the end besides instead of on the imprisoned farmer were not altogether successful. Stamping around and swearing loudly when he found his jug gone, Precious managed to gather a partial account of his misfortune to the constables. Sands coughed and quickly slipped behind the screen, giving away to his eighth5 espress, but Hayes was fortunate enough to let out a loud gruff which brought down all the big farmer's wrath upon his own head. Precious, slinging respect for the majority of the law to the winds, launched a terrific blow which caught the sliver on the side of his head, staggering him around like a top, but before he could realize what was happening he crashed with him; hitting or kicking him at every other step he dragged the bedchamber but widely resisting stage towards the open mouth of the well.

"Think it a joke, do yeh?" he grated. "Think his blessed face to be down in that there mud? Well, then, get down there!" and with a final volley of blous and abuse he pushed the desperate Hayes over the edge.

Twenty minutes later Bill Sykes wedged himself as comfortably as possible "on the road" of an express freight. He was hungry and thirsty, but as he shielded his face from the flying grit and stones a reminiscent grin threatened to put his ears and meet somebody at the back of his neck, and with his free hand he tenderly but respectfully rubbed a large red welt on our side.

C. P. S. "The

THE BEERDO COMES A DRILL.

It's with face that forth chill that I—

—here to a word—

Exalt to your prowess that mysterious bird.

Of a Christmas Eve, who with cheery and glad

Drove his best in the snow on the limb of your ears.

And fled to the emberlight.
Window-pane shattered, snow-flakes
on the floor
A dark silhouette outlined on the
door.
The students出して asleep, startled
arise:
And set on fingers to rub his eyes.
Behold the ominous fowl.

"I'm back again and I'm going to
climb
Right through this hole I've made.
I'm the "I'M."

With grumpy satire, in flattening
tones
First he thrust a wing then a claw
fell of bones.
Then balanced himself on the sill.

Awe-stricken and timid the half-
dressed lad
Put Lucifer's number ten shades to
the bed
In the quaking of his knees.

"Would that I were with Odysseus
long past,
Clearchus and Cyrus, yea, even
the last
Of those heroes of ages gone by.
I'd sail you," he said, "with a can
of cold cream,
And I'd powder and strip you until
you are clean
Of that crusty maliferous eye."

"Hat MUCH!" said the owl with
frowning ire;
That "beat it" in to the common-
room fire.

While pacing the hearth-stone he
fumbled awhile
Among his feathers; then jumped
to the pile
Of ashes that rolled from the grate.

"Here's a feather I've saved for you,
young man,
In spite of the fact that you're under
my arm.
I'll give it you with the power it
possesses,
And with it you'll learn of all that
discusses
The scribes for knowledge
About this college
Because they're marked on their
"rep."

"That's enough. I'm through.
May feather your nest.
With knowledge that's power. No
manner whose bower
Is feathered by a (pseudo) pseudo
infallible mind."

"Just dig it out by the sweat of your
brow,
And are you've paced half your dis-
tance. I know,
You'll hold your own with mankind."

"I'll say 'farewell', I might come
again.
But keep this locked in your new,
old man.
And when you've talked, 'tis, in
german, 'genug'.
In French 'c'est 'pas deli yer an ca
non'."

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NOTE:
"Wic" offers a prize of one package of Earl Durham to the man who will give this bird a decent burial. He suggests incineration.

REMEMBER—
That another blizzard may come almost any day, so do not get caught away from home without any money as H—did.

That, during Lent, "Sandy" will have always on hand a large supply of the new Incestros Cuba-cigars. Try it.

That Easter vacation is only 4 weeks off.

That some women have a vote. Treat them accordingly.

That, although it is pretty chilly work to get your feet out on the cold, cold floor, breakfast is served at 7:45 just the same.

That the Massmenas told us confidentially the other day that it is just dying to be read by about 300 more subscribers. Get busy!

That it is absolutely your duty as a "grad," to start something and then let us know about it, or the Alumni Editor will have nothing to do.

MISCELLAEOUS
Prof. (in Biology)—"Flame an oviparous quadruped?"
S-M—"Snake, sir."

The Massmenas is thinking of getting out a "dope sheet" and making "boos" on the basketball tournament.

"When a modern girl says she has nothing to wear, it is only a slight exaggeration." So says the Springfield Union. And we are compelled, when we read it, to wonder what the S. U. would think of Nancy and Fenta if it could but glimpse them in their new tangos suit.

(There goes an advertising boost for the Hale Clothing Co. Please collect, Sandy.)

Here is one which may not be new to you. It was to us and we liked it.

A lady who was employed in the office of a large concern, failed to give satisfaction, and after long suffering patience with his shortcomings, the manager saw no alternative but to discharge him. Accordingly on pay-day Sam was handed "the blue envelope." Several months later, to his great surprise, the manager entered to find Sam elegantly playing his brown and charcoal. The following ensued:

"Yes, Sam, didn't you notice your envelope last Saturday?"

"Yes, boss, Ah sho' did."

"Well, what are you doing here then?"

"Well, sir, inside was a slip what said each traveler was no longer required; an' outside was printed "Exitus in three days." So look ah in, right on the job."

A new course has been added to the science department. It is the newest science, 'Ecology,' and will

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be taught here by correspondence with its greatest exponents, T. R., Dr. Cooke, ex-Governor Saber and Mr. Bryan. Cage, Bessey, Richards and Sanford have elected it and expect to become most proficient in "throwing the bulls."

There was once a professor of Hist'ry Whose methods were queer but quite crisp By when exams came, "I flunked!" "That's a shame!" For his gradings were shredded in mystery.

We wish to concur heartily with Mr. Wilson in his recent rebuke of the officers who mocked the executive office (we don't see just how, but the President says so, therefore it must be so) and disacred the service by their dilatoriness. How dare they stand up and sing "Dawn, damn, damn, damn the Filipino," or even to sit down and do so? To be sure they fought him and ought to know him, but that makes it all the worse. For they are knowingly keeping

maledictions upon the head of as meek a little citizen as ever drove a two-foot knife between a man's ribs. Every time we think of this occurrence we feel like dropping a line to Mr. Kipling, asking him if he really meant that sentimental Dorothy wrote about Tommy Atkins. Yet we must not be too hard on Lennie, Mr. Wilson, is our greatest progressive. Therefore let us mend matters by seeking to show the offenders how harmless the little man whom they so fervently "damn" really is. We mustn't stop their singing altogether. An army officer deprived of his right to sing would be like a dancing master with a wooden leg, or an honest Tammany man. Let us rather change the trend of the song. We respectfully submit the following and trust it may meet with executive approval.

Bless the little Filipino Bless his gentle, little head He fixes your bloomin' shin Try to stifle his rage with hymns Don't fit his little frame with mal-

toned leg.

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