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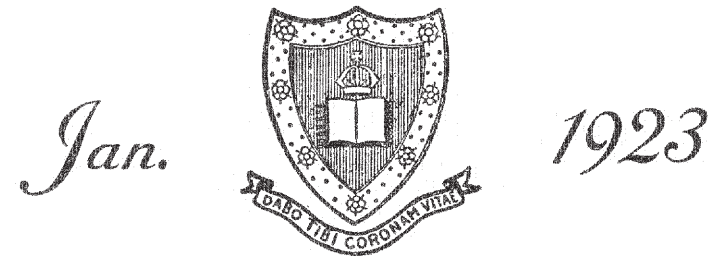
# MESSENGER

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# The MESSENGER

ST. STEPHEN'S COLLEGE



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WINTER NUMBER

For breakfast, eggs:

Soft-boiled eggs in shells so lily-white,

Toast from off the toaster, golden brown,

Slices of bacon, yellow, transparent, and crisp,

And coffee cream-laden, mellow and rich.

One morning there was honey in the comb.

Never did Olympus provide such food as this,

Ye gods, ambrosial fed!

—Contributed.

## Traditions and St. Stephen's

There are certain traditions which are an integral part of life at St. Stephen's. Of late there has been considerable discussion as to the meaning of these traditions and their value in student life. It is therefore my intention in this article to set them down in writing and to attempt to explain their origin and purpose. First, I might say that I believe in these traditions and feel that they are as important a part of the new St. Stephen's as they have been, in times past, of the old. They are essential in building up a decent student morale and in maintaining a proper feeling of love and respect for the college.

It has been said quite correctly that St. Stephen's has been built upon the rock of tradition. In fact, how could it be otherwise for a college of few in number, some sixty years old, and situated in such an historic atmosphere? The spirit of our founders has never left us. Their idea of a small select college for rearing Christian and cultured men is the dominant purpose of our present administration. St. Stephen's is built upon the tradition of sound scholarship based on Christian principles.

In the passing of the years, many traditions have been formulated by the students themselves. Some of these have perished, have been deemed unworthy; but others have withstood time and have been passed down to us as a sacred heritage. Some are of a lighter nature and perhaps a bit foolish but many are representative of the college itself and are essential forces in developing the greater St. Stephen's.

The outstanding purposes of freshman rules are to teach the new men discipline, to instil them with a proper respect for the ideals of the college, and to provide a healthy atmosphere on the campus. It is perhaps true that the means employed to bring about such lofty ends are not always of the highest type, but their constant usage by this college and countless others and the results obtained justify them.

The wearing of a pea-green skull cap with a large red button by all freshmen is rather a harmless thing in itself. Yet it is a most effective weapon in curbing the unnatural arrogance found in every incoming student. To prohibit cigarette smoking improves the general moral aspect of the campus and the welfare of the man himself. Similarly the demand that freshmen keep their hands out of their pockets aids considerably in breaking them of one of the most disgusting and common habits of man. To have always a ready supply of matches is a convenience to upper-classmen. The idea of wearing stiff collars and white ties on Sundays is indeed foolish and should be abolished. The average frosh does not need to have his greenness enhanced. Common courtesy demands at all times a proper amount of respect for the faculty and upperclassmen, and he who does not understand this should be taught. Every student should know thoroughly the songs and yells of his Alma Mater but, strange to say, the average freshman is lax in learning them until compelled to do so. To allow a new man to parade preparatory school insignia has several bad features. It is liable to give a man a false idea of his own importance and at the same time to weaken the value of college insignia. Thus, there is a reason for freshman rules, foolish as they may be.

Class rivalry is a good thing. It brings to any campus a spirit and a zest which otherwise cannot be maintained. Brotherly love is not the ideal creed of a freshman for a sophomore, nor vice-versa. A friendly but keen sense of competition is far preferable. But this must be overbalanced by the good judgment of the upperclassmen; otherwise disastrous results will be encountered.

The flag-scrap is, or rather was, the big physical fray of the two classes.

To steal a sophomore sheet, to paint class numerals on said sheet, to attach it to some pole or tree, and then to fight for fifteen minutes under proper supervision was all right in itself. But to engage in wholesale kidnapping, to do indiscriminate damage to college property, to wreck a Ford sedan, and to cause the suspension of practically all classes proved too much for the college authorities, and the 1922 flag-scrap was called off and all future ones abolished. However, it is to be hoped that this mandate may be lifted in the not too distant future when assurance can be given that proper supervision will be guaranteed.

The algebra tradition is of a less harmful nature, unless one fears the far-reaching grasp of Mr. Volstead. A few freshman are fortunate enough to pass college algebra. They must find an outlet for their exuberance. They invest heavily in the juice of the grape. In the middle of night they rush off to some unknown place and bury their algebra books and a portion of their liquid investment. Four years later, as proud seniors on class night, they disinter the remains and joyously toast everyone and everything.

The annual freshmen-sophomore tug-of-war comes in the latter part of May. The classes line up on opposite sides of Sawkill Creek and pull. The stake is whether or not the frosh may discard their hated green caps and never was a more valuable one. This event is one of the gala occasions of the year, and a source of much interest thruout the vicinity.

The wearing of caps and gowns by all undergraduates to chapel, classes, lectures, and examinations is distinctive of St. Stephen's. In fact, there is probably no other college in the United States that follows out this worthy tradition, borrowed from our English cousins. There is an unique academic atmosphere about the campus which every undergraduate soon learns to love. No one thing more truly represents this than the venerable cap and gown custom. The moment that St. Stephen's loses its individuality, it had indeed best cease to function.

Four years ago President Bell brought a new tradition to us, the Boar's head dinner. It is remarkable how much this has come to mean in so short a space of time. Each year, more and more, the students look forward to this festive occasion. A beautiful carol service in the chapel precedes the dinner. At no time during the year is the music better. It seems as though the spirit of Christmas seizes upon each undergraduate and transforms him for the evening. The dinner itself, held in the Commons which are especially decorated, has a decided medieval aspect. Father Christmas favors us with his attendance. Several court jesters provide adequate hilarity. The Boar's head, borne aloft in solemn procession, the flaming pudding, and the steaming wassail, are all important constituents of the evening. Both faculty and students forget the gulf which separates them, and join in having the time of their lives. It sends both home for the holidays with a good taste in their mouths.

Commencement week is the culmination of the college year. The old grads flock back, tell their stories (expecting you to believe them) and forget their cares and responsibilities. In Annandale they renew the scenes of their youth. They generally depart with but one idea implanted in their minds—to return next year at all costs.

Baccalaureate Sunday and the annual missionary sermon do not need to be emphasized. But class night, the night of all nights for the seniors, is saturated with tradition. The class history, the story of the algebra, the reminiscences of four years and the hopes for years to come are unfolded to the world. The mammoth barn fire and the burning of the algebra, the numerous toasts before the envious assemblage, all lend solemnity to the occasion. And the final procession with the rendition of

"Where, Oh where, are the grand old Seniors" in its St. Stephen's version sends all away sad at heart. However, the Commencement dance in the gymnasium immediately thereafter does much to mitigate this care.

The graduation exercises are held in the college chapel on the following day. A solemn procession of undergraduates and alumni winds its way slowly down the college hill, and the final moments in the undergraduate life of the senior come to pass in a manner symbolical of St. Stephen's. Probably at no other time does one so fully realize the great significance of the college. It is a sad day, and yet a happy one.

The honor system is the most sacred heritage of the undergraduates. A failure in many colleges, it has met with signal success here. St. Stephen's may well boast of the code of honor which she instills in the bosoms of her sons. The infractions of the honor system are as follows:

1. Giving or receiving aid in any examination, test, or quiz.
2. Use of translations when expressly forbidden by the instructor.
3. Use, in class, of aids not authorized by the instructor.
4. Use of prepared assignments of other students.
5. Giving misinformation before the Faculty or Student Council.

A pledge must be written on all semester examinations, and any others, upon the request of the instructor. Every student is in duty bound to report a violation to the Student Council. An offender is summarily dealt with; the interests of the majority must be served.

The government of the undergraduates rests in the hands of the students. A Student Council consists of the President of Convocation and one member from each of the recognized fraternities and non-fraternity group. A simple system of by-laws insures a fair government on the part of this body. Student opinion provides the whip handle for a proper functioning of their mandates.

It would be possible to continue almost indefinitely to elaborate upon these traditions, but such is not my purpose. I have intended to mention only those which are most important and distinctly a part of life at Annandale. He who believes in St. Stephen's believes in these traditions, and will not allow them to die.

—George D. Langdon.





# Two Adventures of an Exile

## I.

### THE GODS OF THE CONGO.

Dvolsky and I lay at ease on a carpet of fragrant pine needles, and watched the shifting glories of a Florida sunset. It was a stifling-hot Sunday evening late in May. Had we been directly on the equator we could not have found a more tropical scene. The lake was a flawless steel-grey mirror, in which were reflected ghostly spiderous shadows from the water-cypresses. In the great pine above our heads aigrettes were gathering for the night, flying up two by two until a hundred or more had assembled, and then skimming away over the lake in symmetrical V's, their brown and white plumes held proudly erect. A young negress, dressed in a single shapeless garment of white, came down to the spring at our side, filled her earthen water-jar, and bore it away upon her head. Somewhere a mellow whistle sounded, and she whistled softly in response. My companion gave a happy sigh, rose to his feet, and said,—

"When the war ended, and I was forced to leave Buda Pesth, I thought that meant the end of my anthropological research. But thanks to your undying institution of black slavery I am able to study here in my exile. Come with me tonight and see the Powers of Darkness, the spirit of Voodoo, confound two hundred years of Christian teaching. Hear the immortal *Salimba*, the magic ghost-talk of the African jungle, revive spontaneously with all its native suggestiveness. Last month they shed no blood, and Mumbo Jumbo is angry. There will be a killing tonight."

I was in a measure responsible for the preservation of order among the darkies on our property, and so it seemed best to fall in with Dvolsky's suggestion. Still fresh from the north, I had faith in the docility of the southern negro. Were there not in Brand New—the little village we had built to house our workers and their families—two preachers of two dissenting sects, whose flocks, between them, embraced everyone in the settlement? In another hour one parson would be holding revival in the little meeting house, and the other would be leading hymns about a fire in the clearing. I said this to my friend, but he only laughed at me.

"Last night they were all paid. The bootleggers will drop in, and when raw alcohol joins emotional religion there should be surprising results."

And so it came about that we went down a by-path to Brand New, and took our stand inside a small tool-house at the head of the one street.

All was quiet and orderly. The double row of frame houses was completely overhung by giant long-needle pines and the grey Spanish moss from the branches swayed gloomily to and fro within a foot of the gables. Across the other end of the street was built the meeting house, its three windows brightly lit, its tiny steeple silhouetted against the flat disk of a full moon. The ululations of the preacher's voice, answered by the shouts of the congregation, provided the only sound. Dvolsky smoked silently, and I began to drowse.

Nearly an hour passed before I awoke, to find that the character of the scene had undergone a complete transformation. A fire burned merrily in the center of the village street, and about it a circle of negroes wailed a dreary hymn, to the accompaniment of several banjos. My companion chuckled, and whispered in my ear,—*"Tom Silva isn't anywhere in sight. Watch for him, and when he arrives notice how things change."*

Another ten minutes passed. Then Dvolsky touched my hand, and

pointed to a bent figure sneaking from between two of the houses. It was Tom Silva, carrying on his back a bag that appeared to be full of something heavy. He began to go about the outskirts of the circle, and as he went his bag grew lighter. An immediate change was apparent in the music: the hymns became more cheerful, and of livelier cadence. From time to time one of the singers would withdraw from the light, gulp something out of a bottle, and then return to the circle shouting with renewed fervor. Silva crept down the street to the meeting house, and stole from window to window, passing bottles in to the congregation. Straightway religion there took on a happier tone, and the little building seemed to rock and swell from the volume of sound within it.

Suddenly one of the banjo players began to drum on the parchment of his instrument, and the hymn ceased abruptly. Joining hands the blacks danced about the fire, posturing, yelling drunkenly, and clapping their hands in rhythm. White teeth flashed from wide open mouths, and gindilated eyes rolled insanely from side to side. Tossing away his hymn book the preacher began to advance towards the meeting house. Behind him followed the banjos, the drum, and then the chorus of revellers. Before they could reach the end of the street all the rival congregation burst out into the open, headed by their spiritual leader. I expected to see them make some attempt to stop the advance of their drunken friends, but what they did was entirely different; the two preachers linked arms, and led the united band back to the fire. There followed more dancing, more shouts, and more gulping from bottles. The reek of vile gin drifted down to us, mixed with the odor of sweat and cheap perfumes.

There was an astounding lack of articulate speech. Guttural shouts and convulsive gestures conveyed all the commands that were necessary, as the dance passed thru a series of simple figures. Here and there shreds of clothing began to appear, torn off in the excitement. Hats, shirts, and shoes were thrown high in the air and allowed to fall where they might, to be trampled under foot or destroyed in the fire. Soon all were stark naked, their wet black bodies gleaming in the light of the flames. A wretched old negress tottered out from one of the houses, dragging a bag of flour. As the dancers reeled past her she dusted them from head to foot. The flour hung in their hair, and mixed with the sweat to form upon their bodies a paste of pale and unhealthy hue. Here and there someone escaped his share of the dusting and danced on, a black imp among ghostly white devils.

Up to this point I had been too astonished at the spectacle to think of trying to stop it, but now I started for the door of the shed. Dvolsky seized me by the arm, and jerked me back violently. "Let them be! Only a fool would try to go out there. They'd tear you limb for limb if the fancy struck them. And it's all material towards my thesis. Won't Ragor and Althaus and Stricker rave when they find how I've stolen a march on them! They'll never find anything even in darkest Africa to compare with this." He was right, and I had to admit it. Cold chills were running up and down my back, but I stayed where I was. The dancers began a choral chant,—

"M'lissa, M'lissa,  
ddo, ddo!  
M'lissa, M'lissa,  
ddo, ddo!"

Into the midst of the circle ran a woman in a blue velvet dress. She tore it off and threw it to the ground, and posed for a moment in the fire-light, exquisitely ebony. The snake dance and the shouting ceased; there were no sounds except the roar of the flames and the slow throbbing of the drum. Then M'lissa began to sway gently back and forth, her arms writhing like glistening snakes, her body quivering in time to the drum-taps.

She approached an imaginary partner, was repulsed by him, and fell back upon the ground, disheartened. One of the young negroes staggered out from the circle, trembling and grasping. As he lurched toward M'lissa a woman rushed from the outer shadows, struck him in the back of the head with a bottle and then fell upon her rival and slashed her face with a piece of broken glass. The two rolled about, screaming and clawing at each other; the onlookers laughed, and took up the dance which M'lissa had abandoned. They began to fall down before the fire in a delirium of animality. The air was split with the sound of convulsive breathing from a hundred fevered throats.

Little by little the noise ceased. The exhausted dancers slept where they lay; the murderess sobbed over her dead lover; and M'lissa stole away, cut and terrified. Only the old crone was left. She threw the empty flour sack into the dying fire, and, smacking her flabby lips, began to creep about in search of gin bottles.

Dvolsky and I made our way home down the moonlit path. The Count began to chatter about his academic prospects, but in no polite terms I told him to stop jabbering, and we parted without saying good-night.

## II.

### FISHERMAN'S LUCK.

Dvolsky crossed his legs, and watched with pleasure the drops of sweat which ran down the cheeks of the negro who rowed the battered scow. For a week past the deputy sheriff had been engaged in the first real work of his life, and had discovered reserves of strength such as he had never thought were at his command. Who, in all his native Buda Pesth, could ever be made to believe that the exquisite Dvolsky had let an entire week slip by without once having entered a barber shop, or that he had gone without sleep for three nights out of the seven? No man in Hungary would understand, for no one there would ever be able to comprehend the American sense of justice. What justice could there be in laws which forced a count of the oldest Magyar blood to ride on a wretched pony through more than one hundred and fifty miles of swamp, and for no more reason than to bring to light the body of a murdered negro!

The oarsman strained and grunted, and the low banks of the canal slipped steadily past, a blur of soothing green to the sight of the weary count. He was able to find pleasure in the mere presence of a black man hard to work. In his mind he composed a note to the officials at Aroca, to inform them that he had abandoned the search for the body of Cal Bartly, and had gone to spend perhaps one night at the fishing camp of Jean Trumbo. He would charge extra for overtime work, and put in a bill for expenses incurred in the pursuit of duty. He would not be able to charge over then five dollars for each day, but even at that rate the lump sum would amount to more ready money than he had owned for months. The task now before him was to rid his mind of the grisly details of the murder which had lately engaged all his attention, and also to forget the description of the body he had been told to seek. An hour of sport among the great red-mouthed bass would clear his head of the formula "skin dark brown, hair white, two fingers missing from left hand."

As the camp was neared the banks of the canal became lower, and miles of flat marshland appeared upon either side. The bright green of the young maidencane and wild water celery was dotted with black specks in rapid motion; coots and greater gallinules were feeding upon the tender growth, and the faint sound of their querulous cries filled the air. From time to time some clear pool of water would be marred by a stream of bubbles, where an alligator had been warming himself in the sun, until alarm-

ed by the sound of oars. Upon the surface of the canal floated countless snails, the long cilia of their suction tubes in rapid motion as they drew towards themselves the scum which contained their food. Dvolsky amused himself by an occasional quick prod at one of them with a three-pronged landing-gaff. Their shells were thin, and burst with sharp "pops" as they were punctured by the barbed iron. The count intended later to hammer them to a pulp, and use them for "chum" about his fishing boat.

The banks of the canal spread out to form a small lake. A sigh of relief from the weary negro announced that Trumbo's dock was in sight. It proved to be a peak-roofed shed built upon piles, and left open at one end for the admission of small boats. The rower drew in his oars, and let the scow drift through the door. Stiffly Dvolsky climbed to the narrow shelf which served as a landing-place, and stood there in admiration of the sight beneath him. Bright rays of sunlight shone at a slant between the piles, played over the clean yellow sand of the lake-bottom, and filled the water under the shed with clear golden light. In that space, as in the illuminated tank of an aquarium, swam schools of fish of every color and shape. Red and orange sunfish, long narrow pike divided into colored segments of black and yellow, young perch with battle-frayed fins,—all these rose and fell or darted swiftly about, together with many others whose names the count did not know. They were too small to be of any interest to a fisherman, but they gave promise that larger specimens, grown cautious with age, were lurking out of sight in the cool depths. The negro noticed his employer's wonder.

"Mist' Trumbo, suh, he's ain't got quite all his buttons, like. If he haid right good sense he'd put a advertisement into the Aroca paper, an' get fishin' parties out here from the hotels, same's Mist' Wright used to do what was here before him. They's no en' of fish about, but it's so far to any place that folks don't never hear of it. They do say, though, that him an' poor Cal Bartly what's gone used to clean up right smart with their gang hooks. Funny, ain't it, whot men'll do for even a little fish-money? I've heard tell as how the night Cal went he had all Mist' Trumbo's money onto him too, what he was takin' into town to put into the bank. One of these bad woods-niggers must've heerd about it, an' laid for him. I bin tol' Mist' Trumbo's 'bout ready to sell out cheap, now all his wad's got stole."

Before the negro could say more Trumbo himself entered the shed. He was a middle-aged French Canadian who had fallen upon evil days, and had decided to try his luck at the precarious business of selling fish to stray parties of picnickers. A perpetual diet of fish and navy beans had rid his cheeks of all color, and caused him to lose flesh until he seemed made of dry skin loosely draped over a bony framework. Swamp fever had robbed him of hair and teeth, and made his eyes sink into deep cavities beneath jutting but naked brows.

"M'sieu le depute, I haf loss all interes' in my's affair', an' am about to go to the town. Your man Sam, he know all my house an' goods, an' will show you roun'. I maybe not return before you go; but make yourself at ease, an' do what you will. Bonne chance, et adieu." He hobbled shoreward over the narrow plank bridge, and swung himself across the back of a half-starved marsh pony, which was already laden down with packs.

"Well suh," said Sam, "looks like we might as well get to fishin', an' have it over. Ifn we have luck, an' he's lef' the gang hooks out, we'll be able to fill the boat in a hour, an' row back them five miles before dark. Besides, I know a trick or two what may help us some. Jes' you wait here



"a little while, till I get somethin' from the tool house, an' then we'll be all sot."

The count nodded, and let him go. He would like, he thought, to know as much as he suspected Trumbo knew of the disappearance of Cal Bartly. But at that the Canadian might be as ignorant of the facts as everyone else, for, had he really possessed any information about the location of the corpse, he could have claimed the reward of fifty dollars offered by the state for the recovery of dead bodies. But the authorities had decided to drop all thought of the affair, and so why indulge in speculation?

An half-hour later he was kneeling on the floor of the scow, the better to take up Trumbo's gang hooks. These were strung at two-foot intervals along a master-line a hundred yards long. Every ten feet the master-line was looped through the handle of an empty gallon water bottle, which served as a check upon the struggles of the fish. Evidently Trumbo had not made his rounds for several days; most of the hooks had been cleared of bait by small minnows, while the few fish actually caught had been dead for hours, and had already started to decay. The count was in a very bad humor, but Sam remained cheerful.

"Never you mine, suh; never you mine. S'long's you're a member of the Police, an' give the word, I'll pull off a trick I don't dast to try much other times." He began to paw over a heap of tackle he had found in Trumbo's tool house, and drew out two cylinders wrapped in oiled paper, along with a coil of insulated wire and a small machine which looked like a bicycle pump. "This here's two sticks of damamite, an' a magneto for to set it off with. I always had the idea that Trumbo used it when times was slack, though it's clean against the law for to blow the fish. What say, suh? Do you want I should try it?"

Dvolsky gave his consent, and Sam set about his preparations. He strung the two sticks together, put a detonating-cap in each, fastened the wire to the caps, and dropped the dynamite over side. The count tugged at the master-line, and dragged the scow around a turn in the canal. More than a hundred feet of wire were played out, and then Sam decided that it was safe to try the blast.

"Jes' you go up onto the bank, suh, an' watch 'em rise after I shoots. It's a sight for to see the big boys come to the top, all pink an' white."

The deputy took his landing-gaff in hand, and stepped ashore. Sam pushed down upon the handle of the little magneto, and a column of bright spray, mixed with flecks of black mud, rose high into the air. There was almost no sound from the explosion, but for many feet on either side of the blast the surface of the canal rose and settled like a shaken blanket. The geyser gently subsided, and only a few muddy ripples remained to show that anything unusual had taken place. Then one by one the fish began to rise; the concussion had killed them. Their white bellies turned to the sky, and from their open mouths ran thin streams of blood. Dvolsky had counted twelve bass of more than five-pound size, when his attention was caught by a stream of bubbles which suddenly began to form and burst. In the midst of them appeared a white object that was not a fish,—a round object covered with wooly white curls, which were stained with ooze from the canal-bottom. For a moment the head bobbed about, and then sank once more into the slime, where Trumbo had hidden his victim a week before. The deputy slipped backward down the bank, and stumbled over the gunwale of the scow.

"Start for home, Sam," he said. "There weren't any fish I should care to take."

—G., '24.

## The Wanton.

The stinging cold Alaskan wind drove over the frozen wastes, bearing with it snow as hard as sand. It shrieked about the worn-out team of malemiutes dragging a sledge through the fury of the storm. Their heads low and tails drooping, they toiled along, exhausted but afraid to stop on account of the long whip in the hand of the man behind the sled. Another man broke trail ahead, exhausted like the dogs, but pushing on with his last ebbing strength. The lead dog, a huge powerful brute, strove to keep within the pitifully small shelter of the trail-breaker's legs; whimpering between gasps of air hard-drawn into aching lungs. Once he stepped on the tail of a snow-shoe and the man fell heavily. Furiously he rolled over to beat the dog with clubbed gun, but the vestiges of pity made him stop.

"Poor pup! Suppose you can't help it. God!" as he struggled to his feet, "Won't we ever get to the timber?" From behind came the crack of the whip and "hie, mush you!" the sounds instantly snatched away by the wind. The line wearily took up the march.

Two hours later they came to the comparative shelter of the timber and under the lee of a sloping bank they stopped. Tucker, the man behind the sled, tossed the dogs their ration of frozen salmon as soon as they were out of harness and they went to sleep in holes in the snow. Hitchcock, the other partner, was chopping wood with slow, terrible drives of the axe which ate deeply into the wood, despite the weakened condition of his tired muscles. The tent was pitched, the sheet-iron stove set up and, gradually turning a cherry-red, sent forth a heat which took much of the weariness out of the men. They had been pressing south at top speed since long before the sun had started the short day and now, after twelve hours on the trail, they had covered thirty-five miles. Hardened to out-door life as they were, lean and in perfect condition, they could not hope to hold the pace. They had come over a hundred miles from the scene of their summer's prospecting camp, where they had been surprised by the arrival of winter, and another two hundred and fifty miles separated them from the nearest post, shelter, friends and communication with the "outside."

The worst part of it all was that their food-supply was running low. They had just about enough to last the dogs for the six days remaining, but only four days' full rations for one man where they needed twelve. Now that they were in the timber there was a chance that they would run across caribou, but to-morrow would be their last hope; their last day in the timber. After that they would again be in the open. Having finished supper, Tucker brought in enough wood to keep them warm through the night and they turned in.

They were not of the common run of prospectors, these two. Unlike many of the gold-seekers who spent their lives in the north, they were young and had a purpose other than the spending of their findings. Hitchcock had left the States only two years ago, and Tucker had drifted to Alaska a year before that. A deep mutual liking had inspired their partnership, and now they were getting the results of two years' toil. It was the fact that they had struck a rich vein in the late summer that had delayed their start south. Anxious to take away as much gold as they could, they had put off their departure as long as possible until the condition of the larder had awakened them to their danger. Now the chance of their getting in at all were slim enough.

Sunrise saw them five miles from the night's camp, mushing steadily through a day bright but cold. Hitchcock as the better shot, continued to break trail, and carried the rifle. He kept to the ridges which gave them a



better chance of spotting game. He was preoccupied, and though his faculties were automatically alert and he unerringly picked the easiest path for the sledge, his thoughts were elsewhere. From a position in the offices of a railroad company he had come to Alaska as a last hope of gaining the money necessary to marrying the girl he loved. In two years, he had said, he would be back, win or lose, and she had said she would wait. He had not known then that two years would be merely an apprenticeship, that men had spent ten and fifteen years in the north, ever pursuing the "strike" that must so surely be theirs at the next venture; growing old, gnarled and warped; keeping only the increasing ability to withstand hardship, but approaching no nearer to the gold they sought. But he, after only two years, the longest he had dared ask her to wait, had found his way to the "pot of gold." He could go back now; his purpose was accomplished and all was well—if they could make it. Three days' food for a six days' run—that was where the rub came in.

Tucker too had a purpose in seeking gold; that much his partner knew, for although he had never heard Tucker say a word in regard to it, Hitchcock in mentioning his own hopes and aims, his ideal among women for whom he was striving, had often noticed a faraway look in his partner's eyes and a softening about his mouth. Then he would suddenly begin to puff furiously at his pipe and would scowl and frown prodigiously, even though his eyes did not grow stern. Hitchcock was the younger of the two and with this girl whom he had known less than six months before his departure on his quest he was very much in love. He never mentioned her name even to his partner in moods tending to confidences; it seemed as though he would be lowering this girl from her pedestal to discuss her with anyone. Unconscious though he was of the fact, there was only one person out of the many he had known on her plane, and that was Tucker. Tucker the silent, the resourceful, the cheerily patient and courageous man he looked up to and would die for were it necessary.

So the day passed, many things occupying the mind of the younger man, and a resolve growing in the back of his head as they found no tracks of game. One or other of the partners frequently descended into the valleys for traces of caribou but failed each time. At the midday stop for rest, Tucker, apparently tireless, hiked off with the rifle, but returned in an hour empty-handed, a grim look about his lips. The afternoon brought them no better success and when they stopped at the end of the timber after a forced march under the flare of the northern lights, they knew there was a very slim chance of either of them living through the days between them and the nearest town. For one of them it would have been comparatively easy, or if they could have spared the dogs, but the sled with its precious load of gold neither dreamed of leaving behind.

In the mind of Hitchcock there seemed to be but one way out. His resolve grew into a determination. He waited until his partner was lying in his sleeping-bag, and then, by the light of the stove he sat and wrote on some scraps of paper with an indelible pencil. His head was bent low and his mouth worked curiously. At times he paused to stare at Tucker, his partner Ted; the man for whom he had been thinking he would be willing to die.

"One of us might as well live" he argued with himself. "There is no use in the pair of us going under. Wonder what he will say when he finds me gone?" He put the letters in his pocket and got into his parka, and then, picking up the rifle, crept out of the tent. He hesitated for a moment outside, looking far away over the frozen wastes to the south. Behind him the little shelter which he had shared for so long with his partner stood outlined against the darkness of the woods, and the Aurora Borealis flickered

in the sky beyond. Ted was by far the better man of the two, he thought to himself, and his purpose, whatever it might be, would be much more worthy of fulfilment than Hitchcock's own. He couldn't leave Tucker to die. With a last look around he went on into the darkness under the trees. He paused when he came to one with a crotch growing at the bottom and set to work. He thrust a stick between the trigger and the trigger-guard of the rifle and placed it so that the stick would lie across the far side of the crotch. He then bent over so the gun was resting with the muzzle under his chin, beneath the heavy fur parka.

Ted Tucker awoke instantly at the sound of the shot, muffled as it was. Thinking his partner was after a caribou, he ran out without stopping for his furs. Pausing to locate the direction from which the sound had come, he raced among the trees. Some searching brought him to the dark figure in the snow, and as soon as he saw the letters and the rifle beside the dead man, he realized in full what it all meant.

"Oh God!" he cried: an exclamation from the depths of him, the expression of his agony at the loss of his best friend. From behind him came the long rising wail of the malemiutes, the howl of their ancestors at the presence of death. Tucker bowed his head on the chest of his partner gave way to his grief.

The realization that he was half frozen finally awoke Ted to the fact that there were things to be done. Pocketing the letters and slinging the rifle from his shoulder, he carried the body to the tent. It was with a very tight feeling in his throat that he started to read the paper on top of the pile, which seemed to be addressed to him.

"Dear old man,

You will think I am a fool, possibly, and maybe a coward. It wasn't that, believe me. It seemed the only way out. Ted, for only one of us was there a chance of making it. You being the far better man of the two of us, I figured the easiest thing was to give you every chance. My only plan in coming north was to get enough money so I could marry. You, I know, have some far better idea than that. Will you see that the letter and the picture are sent to her?

By this time I am musing my last trail. I wish to God I had half as good a partner with me as you have been these two years.

So long, Ted,

Larry."

Below were written a quit-claim, handing over his share of their gold-vein to Ted, and the address of the woman to whom the other letter was to be sent. When Tucker saw this last, a sudden oath cracked from his lips and he feverishly flipped over the last page. Beneath it was a leather case holding a small photograph of a woman with her hair drawn low over her forehead. Under finely pencilled eye-brows, eyes stared out that had about them a drawing and compelling power. The delicate oval of her face enhanced the smallness of her mouth and chin, but despite a certain weakness, there was to the whole an indefinable appeal, as though she were pleading with you for your liking. Grimly Tucker put it aside and took up the last letter. It was fairly short and had no formal opening.

"Dearest,

To-night I am going out. In a little while all the work I have done and was going to do will be a thing of the past. The thought of you, all you mean to me, and the realization that success was just about in my hands makes it doubly hard, but it is the only way out. My partner is the finest man on God's earth, just as you are the finest woman, and this course I am taking gives him his chance for life. We are out in the snows,

hundreds of miles from shelter and our food is about gone. Of the two of us, it is his right and due that he should survive.

These past two years without you have been hard, but thinking of you has kept me going. To some my life may seem to have been useless but at least I have known you and this partner of mine. God bless you, darling.

Larry."

When he had finished Tucker stood for a long time, his mouth a thin line and his eyes glinting dangerously from between narrowed lids. Quietly, almost coldly, he set about wrapping up the body. When he had taken it outside he bent two saplings and tied the corpse between them. He then stepped back and let the trees snap upright, so that they held the remains high above any danger of wolves or foxes reaching them.

When the team of dogs started the next morning, they surged into their collars as they had not pulled in a long time. Something in Tucker's voice and the vicious crack of his whip warned them that any shirking would earn them a painful reward. Five days later, though they had been well fed, they were more dead than alive when they raced into the mining camp. Ted at the gee-pole could hardly stand. Gaunt, spent with hunger and the incessant drive of the trail, he was still very much alive mentally. Having allowed three days for rest and conditioning, he and his team suddenly disappeared, which occasioned some comment among the old-timers who knew and liked him. They knew vaguely what had happened to his partner, but they shook their heads.

A month later, some of Tucker's friends thought they saw him on the streets of the town from which he had been absent three years. His appearance, however, had so changed that none were sure. He was lean and bronzed, he had broadened across the chest and there were fine wrinkles about his eyes. Moreover, upon inquiry, before they had fully realized his presence, he had again gone his way. In the meantime, utterly oblivious to the comment or recognition of his one-time associates, he had paid a call. He had gone to one of the largest houses in town and given his name, asking for the daughter of the house. She came running to meet him.

"Why Ted," she exclaimed, "how you've changed. You are healthier and"—as he did not proffer the greeting she seemed to expect—"and colder, somehow." The little photograph that had been Larry Hitchcock's could not do justice to this woman. There was something about her which appealed to the senses of men, and yet anyone looking at her with the critical gaze which Tucker's mood was inspiring could see that weakness at which the picture only hinted. She had an air of leaning on a man for protection yet demanding something more at the same time.

"You remember Larry Hitchcock?" Ted asked abruptly.

"Why yes," was the reply, wondering but not at all embarrassed.

"Did you love him?" Again came the sharp demand.

She laughed a little uneasily. "Oh he seemed to think so, but is wasn't very serious. Don't be a jealous boy, Ted: I've been waiting for you. Larry will never come back. He likely has some other—"

"Shut up!" barked the man. "Read this!" he thrust Larry's letter upon her, and when she had finished, "Can you understand the thing he did? He blew his brains out so I would have a chance to live: because I had a 'noble ideal.' He laughed bitterly. "You sent him out there and he's toiled like a slave for you. He gave up his life and his hopes of you because I had something even better to fight for—yet six months before he came along you had sent me on the same quest. Do you realize that you have been the death of the best pal I ever had, one of the whitest men going? Do you realize that it's only because of a streak of luck that two

lives weren't wrecked instead of one? You and your clinging ways—" he spat out disgustedly. "Now you have your choice." All his bitterness showed in the keen glance with which he appraised her. "You will either frame an elopement with me to-night or the whole story goes in the papers. Choose quick."

\* \* \* \* \*

Men of the north, when they are gathered in the mining-camps for the long winters, still speak of Tucker and his silent ways, of his brooding over the death of the only partner he ever had. But more often they speak of the wife he brought from the "outside," wondering how she ever survived so long. They speak of her white haunted face and of her fear of her husband. One half-breed said he had heard Ted's voice coming in a steady monotone from their cabin one night. He told how he had heard the sobs and hysterical screams of the woman, but when he had peered in at the window, Ted was sitting by the fire and his wife was huddled in a corner, trying to shut out the sound of his voice. Most of all the men of the frozen north, by the roaring fires in their mining-camps, wonder at the reason for this tragedy of which they saw but a small part when someone found Tucker with a bullet through the heart and his wife, locked in the cabin, dead from a bullet which had entered just under the chin and had passed out through the lower part of the brain, leaving the face unmarred, a mask of fear.

—C. M. A. '24.

### IRONY.

When Horace sat beneath the ilex trees

And sang of love and wine and song and ease,

Could he have known his work would, aftertime,  
Be such a very enemy of these?

"Not so!" I cry, "For Quintus was the friend  
Of youth, and would not have his words descend

A plague to youth unborn, a lame pretense  
For masters, who ask labor without end."

The song, which once was rhythm, lilt, and swing,  
Has now become a dull and lifeless thing

Which school-boys, droning over books, recite  
In broken words, and have no heart to sing.

—L. McC. M., '25.

### AMOUR SEULEMENT?

I burn for you, afire and tremulous.

Oh love me more! Compress your lips to mine;

So soon, alas! the end must be for us.

What moment of my life is so divine

As when you hold me tight against your breast,

And hold my mouth to yours, each grasping each,

Still clinging closer, dearest, but at rest;

In soul and body one. Nor is there speech

For lips close, passionate, and warm. Ah kiss

Me. In my mouth love thirsts. Thy very breath—

Consumes me. Yet command me this and this.

Tell me love will be thus until our death.

Ah! though my wits be weak, this is no shame.

Love, only, who enthralls me is to blame.

—Contributed.



## Some More New Library Books

In the October issue of the Messenger, I suggested twenty-five interesting books, lately added to our Library, for examination by the students and possibly by the alumni. This list created a gratifying interest; and I therefore venture to mention in this issue twenty-five more. It should be remembered that no books are included of a merely technical nature. Departmental heads normally draw attention to such volumes. The ones I mention have a more general appeal.

1. **Down the River** by Roscoe W. Brink, probably the most interesting volume of verse published in America this autumn; a series of poems in blank verse, narrating the life of a working-class woman from the time she marries "up-state," and goes down the Hudson to New York to the time when her dead body is brought back up the river for burial. It is a bitter comment on the modern city, and is almost uncanny in depth of insight into feminine psychology.

2. **Life and Letters of John Hay**, by Wm. Roscoe Thayer. Two volumes of most interesting and illuminating material about the man around whom American diplomacy centered from Lincoln to Roosevelt.

3. **Your Part in Poverty**. This is one of the best and most characteristic books of that leader of the Labor Opposition in the House of Commons, Mr. George Lansbury.

4. **The State and the Church**. This volume, by the Rev. John A. Ryan and the Rev. M. F. Millar, S. J., gives in a readable and concise manner the Roman Catholic theory of the state, especially as it relates to the Church. It is a good book wherewith to counteract the absurdities of Romans—phobia; sound and simple thinking.

5. **Watchers of the Sky** by Alfred Noves. This is a book about great astronomers, from Copernicus to Sir Wm. Herschel; narrative poems, interspersed with dramatic monologues in the Browning manner, and an occasional lyric; competently written, a sustained effort, of real beauty.

6. **Guild Socialism** by Niles Carpenter, Ph. D., of the Department of Social Ethics at Harvard, the best American treatise on a movement of great interest to those who despair of political action socialism and yet are sure that society cannot survive on its present basis. Dr. Carpenter deals with the subject historically, energetically and critically.

7. **Is America Safe for Democracy?** The author, Dr. Wm. McDougall, Professor of Psychology at Harvard, says that America is dancing, gaily and optimistically, down the road to destruction, and explains our decay by the fact that the upper classes do not have children while the masses do. There are two over-sweeping assumptions; one that environment has nothing to do with brains and the other that social security rests solely upon intelligence determined on the basis of Binet tests. A good book to show one how lopsided a psychologist can be.

8. **Fear God in Your Own Village**. Everyone except those purveyors of hokum, the scenario writers, knows that the little village is no replica of Heaven. In this book Richard Morse, a country parson, has some sensible things to say about possible betterment.

9. **The Shepherd**. A. E. Houseman, who wrote the "Shropshire Lad" told me that Edmund Blunden was the only younger Briton who could write English verse. That's a bit strong; but this second volume of his contains some charming things.

10. **The Divine Comedy of Dante**. Dr. Melville B. Anderson, Professor Emeritus at Leland Stamford, has published a new translation—line by line,—in *terza rima*. It seems a good translation, not of even worth from a literary point of view, with exceptionally helpful marginal notes.

11. **The Beginnings of Science**. This book, by Edward J. Menge, Ph. D., M.S., may well be read by the layman in science, for it gives, untechnically, information about the present state of opinion among scientists; who are authorities *now* and who have been superceded, etc.

12. **Sicily by Spencer Musson**. This "travel book" derives most of its value from reproductions in color of scores of paintings by Alberto Pisa. It is very moderate in cost.

13. **Longer Plays by Modern Authors**, completed by Helen L. Cohen, will while away some evenings happily, for those who miss the spoken drama. It contains four of our more deft American comedies of recent years; "Beau Brummel," "The Copperhead," "Dulcy," and "The Intimate Stranger."

14. **American Portraits: 1875-1900**. In this book Gamaliel Bradford has written enjoyable and urbane little essays on Mark Twain, James, Whistler, Blaine, Joseph Jefferson, Cleveland, Lanier, and Henry Adams.

15. If you wish to know who is writing things worth while today and what they are writing you will find invaluable two books by Manly and Rickert, **Contemporary British Literature** and **Contemporary American Literature**.

16. More and more is it clear that in the Balkans and in Asia Minor is the storm centre of world politics. For those who wish a readable and definite account of how things have developed there, from Constantine's time until now, an invaluable book is that by Dr. William S. Davis of the University of Minnesota entitled **A Short History of the Near East**.

17. **Maria Chapdelaine** by Louis Hemon. This delightfully simple romance of Canada, one of the best French novels of late years, has been published in an English translation almost as good literature as the original.

18. **Science and Life**. Under this title Dr. Frederick Soddy, the professor of Physical Chemistry at Oxford, has collected a number of papers of present interest, relating science to politics, education, religion, etc. The author is a very great scientist and the papers are both easy to read and profitable.

19. **In The Coming of Coal**, Mr. Robert W. Bruere, under the direction of the Federation of Churches, has made a book which combines competent economic knowledge with Christian ethics in a brief treatment of a vital American problem; and it is easy to read.

20. Raynold Nicholson, in his **Translations of Eastern Poetry and Verse**, has presented to us bits of the best of the earlier Mohammedan literature, revealing much of the attitude of Moslems to ethics, art, character, etc. It is well to remember, however, in reading it that this Persian and Arabic Islam is different from modern Turkish Islam. The Turks are not an artistic and cultured people. The Persians were.

21. In preparing his **Introduction to the Study of Labor Problems**, Dr. Gordon S. Watkins of the University of Illinois has benefited both class study and individual meditation. This is almost the only analysis of our present labor situation which is both readable and scholarly.



22. **Belief in Christ** follows the author's—Bishop Gore's—earlier volume, **Belief in God**, and gives a scholarly but popular discussion of contemporary Christological problems. Not a merely "parson's book." Laymen will find it not only readable but also interesting.

23. **Property: Its Duties and Rights** is by various Englishmen, who have written under the general superintendency of, and with an introduction by, Bishop Gore. This is one of the most searching books on this subject published for a number of years.

24. **The Bright Shawl** is by Mr. Hergesheimer and is in his earlier manner of colorful romance. One hopes that the **Cytharea** and **Linda Condon** mood is permanently passed. This book is not up to **Java Head**, however, or **Three Black Pennies**.

25. **Beyond the Horizon** still remains Eugene O'Neill's greatest play, in my opinion. It reads almost as well as it plays, which cannot be said of **Anna Christie** or the **Hairy Ape**. All three are in the library.

He was weary, unutterably weary from the strain and stress of long travel. Home again after a glorious hunt in the Maine woods, he hastened as fast as his tired legs would carry him to the old familiar room, scene of his daily travail for these many years, and once more took in hand his brush. For a whole week he had been parted from that brush; but now he realized, with an artist's joy, that he needed it, that he must have it, to keep him sane and happy. Even seven days absence from it had profoundly altered him. At the door his wife had greeted him with,—

"O Jack! what has happened? You look dreadful!"

With a sudden flood of penitence he realized the truth: upon the due exercise of this art depended happiness, self-respect, success. Never again must he neglect it, even for a single day. He picked up the brush, and straightway the old facility returned to his fingers. He smiled when he thought of the first time a brush like this had rested in his hands, more than a decade ago.

He threw off his coat, and feverishly dipped the brush. With long clean strokes, with short jabs, with a touch here and there, he rapidly blocked out the task which lay before him. Below-stairs a bell rang loud for dinner, and yet he labored on, deaf to all material things. But now a frown was on his earnest face. What was wrong? His eye roved about as though seeking something vitally important. Suddenly he ran from the room, and to the stair-head. With accent of anxiety mingled with indignation his irritated voice rang out,—

"Mary, what have you done with my razor?"

—S. O. S.

## The Last Page of All.

MORNING, NOON, AND NIGHT.

A one act tragedy in three scenes by Lord Yelgish.

Cast: First Student.  
Second Student.  
First Woman.  
Second Woman.

### Scene I.

Time 9:00 A. M.

Place, First Student's room.

Knocking is heard on door.

Female voice without: Come in?

Enter: First Woman: Awake?

First Student: No m'am.

First Woman: Any dishes?

First Student: No m'am.

First Woman: Beg your pardon!

Chorus in distance: Help! Help! Help!

Clashing of dishes. Exit woman.

Curtain.

### Scene II.

Time: 12:00 M.

Place: Campus.

Two students meet on way to commons.

Second Student: Hello Jim!

First Student: Right.

Second Student: Fine day.

First Student: Right.

Second Student: Take tea?

First Student: Right.

Chorus in distance R-I-G-H-T!

Flourish of tea pot. Exit.

Curtain.

### Scene III.

Time: 9:00 P. M.

Place: Library.

Woman standing in center of stage.

Enter student carrying books.

Second Woman: Did you get my notice?

First Student: Yes m'am.

Second Woman: (pointing) Are those the books?

First Student: Yes m'am.

Second Woman: Have you the money?

First Student: Yes m'am.

Chorus in distance: "That's where my money goes."

Rattle of coins. Transferant all.

Curtain.

## SEVERAL VARIETIES OF PROM GIRL.

1. The girl who has a pretty face, and a moron's mind.
  2. The girl who makes you the envied of all the fellows; until they dance with her.
  3. The girl who is a dream in a ball-gown and a nightmare in the togs she wears the next day.
  4. The girl who spills powder all over your diggings.
  5. The girl who—fondly—believes she has good shoulders.
  6. The girl who coos when you wish she wouldn't.
  7. The girl who doesn't coo when you'd rather like it.
  8. The girl who boasts of liking Rabelais and Boccaccio, whom she has never read.
  9. The girl who has read Rabelais and Boccaccio, and says nothing about it.
  10. The dearest girl in the world, who is usually wise enough to stay at home.
- Contributed.

## GLORIA.

A deathlike stillness settles o'er the plain,  
 And Bethlehem has long since gone to bed.  
 But in one humble dwelling on the road  
 That leads from Tekoa to Bethlehem,  
 A peasant rests content. For has he not  
 This night, made of his barn a shelter, where  
 A woman and a man might rest 'till morn?  
 And all is still. But hark! From yonder barn  
 It seems there comes the faintest human cry.  
 Perhaps,—But no!—Yet soft! It comes again  
 And this time it is answered by a croon  
 Of song as from a mother to her babe.  
 The night grows still again. And yet above,  
 Beneath, about, and all around, that cry,  
 In rising measures, yet unheard by ears,  
 Grows, swells and rolls, until among the stars,  
 It bursts in sudden climax through the night  
 And heavenly hosts take up that infant cry  
 And blend it in a wondrous symphony;  
 While heaven, alight with angel forms, resounds.  
 And then dull brooding silence settles down  
 And all that mistic night is still again  
 Save now and then from out yon shadowed close  
 A mother's voice croons softly to her babe.

—Heal '17.

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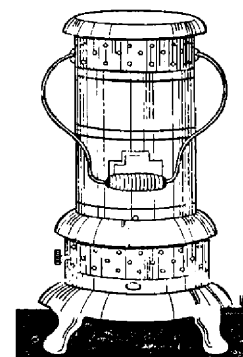
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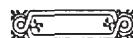
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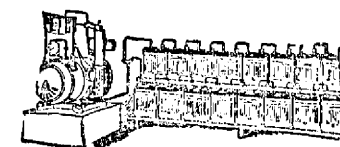
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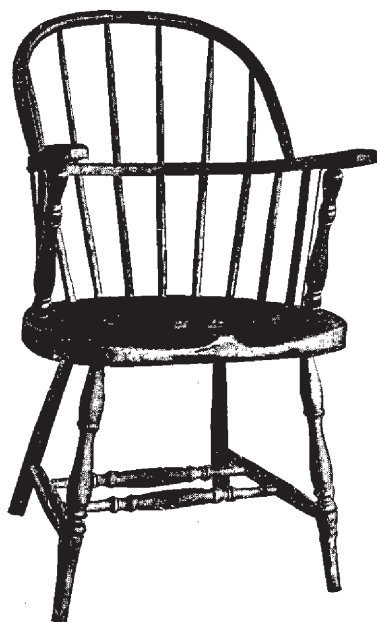
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