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MESSENGER

Vol. 2 No. 9 May, 1896

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The S. Stephen's College Messenger.

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Vol. 2.

Annandale-on-Hudson, N. Y.

No. 9.

May, 1896.

Prospectus of The S. Stephen's College Messenger

This Magazine will be published every month from September to June inclusive, by the students of the College. Its character will be literary. A special feature during the present year will be an article in each number by a member of the Faculty, a prominent alumnus, or some noted friend of the college.

Subscriptions may commence with any number, and will always be for ten months, exclusive of vacation. Terms, \$1.00: single copies 10 cents.

All business communications and subscriptions should be addressed to the Business Manager.

While notes and items of interest about the Alumni and friends of the College are desired and requested, the chief purpose for which the paper is maintained is to exhibit the best literary work of the undergraduates.

A prize of \$10.00 will be given to that undergraduate whose contribution of essays, poems or stories, during the college year, judged in respect to excellence and number, shall be considered the most deserving.

No contributions will be published if written on both sides of the paper.

Contributions will be returned, if stamps are enclosed.

All contributions must be accompanied by the names of the authors, a publication under the full names or an initial of the names of the writers, desired rather than the use of pseudonyms.

Contributions to appear in any particular number must be received before the fifteenth day of the preceding month.

Address:

"EDITOR-IN-CHIEF,"

THE S. STEPHEN'S COLLEGE MESSENGER.

N.B. This space marked with a red cross denotes the expiration of your subscription.

The S. Stephen's College Messenger.

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BUSINESS MANAGER, H. A. FLINT, '97,

ASSOCIATE, C. L. WHEELER, '98.

VOL. II.

ANNANDALE, N. Y., MAY, 1896.

No. 9.

Night on the Campus.

IN this dear, dim, enchanted ground
By no rude round,
The hush is broken,
Save murmurs of the evening airs,
That seem like prayers,
In whispers spoken.

Till somewhere off among the trees
Old college glees
Are softly started,
And louder, following the strain,
The short refrain
Swells, happy hearted.

And here and there from out the dark
A pipe's red spark
Gleams forth to meet you,
And friends who idly pace the grass,
The while they pass
Low-laughing, greet you.

Borne lightly on the breast of gloom
A faint perfume
Of peach and apple,
Drifts from the stilly country dales
And orchard vales
Beyond the chapel.

The subtle languors of the spring
 Are on the wing,
 And toward you floating,
 Bring hints of sunlit summer days
 And water ways,
 For dreams and boating.

And brooding thus, you smile and sigh,
 Yet know not why
 Such thoughts come thronging,
 Nor why the careless student strain,
 So dimmed with pain
 And fraught with longing.

Dear night with mystic spells that teems,
 Dear secret dreams,
 Unbidden wringing,
 But dearer dream too soon to end,
 The passing friend
 And distant singing!
Guy Wetmore Carryl, In the "Bachelor of Arts."

Retrospect and Prospect.

A WISE man is he who, looking forward into the future from the standpoint of the present, is able to point out events, as yet unforeseen by other men, and tell his fellows the certain, or at least probable, outcome of a course of public habits or happenings. But little easier is the task of him who looks backward, and, from the panorama of past scenes and events, culls, from here and there, lessons which he lays before men, and admonition for the future. Realizing this, we hesitate at the beginning of such a task, when we sit down with closed eyes and try to recall the college year of '95 and '96. We hesitate, for this has not been a year of events so important that our task is an easy one. No, the lessons which we must draw are, to a greater or less degree, culled from the common place; but, perhaps, these are, after all, the most important lessons of any life. To search thoroughly the daily habit and manner of life and thereby to learn whither we are tending—this truly if it be honest, will not be useless.

There will be the one great question for us to answer: Have we at S. Stephen's grown any nearer the ideal college?

The number of students has, to be sure, been surpassed in other years

This need trouble us but little, however, when we recall the fact that this year was no exception to the ordinary in the number of applicants for scholarships, which had to be refused, for lack of funds. We are happy to say that we have learned more and more, as the months have passed, to appreciate the ingrafted stock which last September brought us. We have sadly missed the old faces which every year takes away, but find much that is consoling in the letters of those old men who cease not to yearn for the life and work here. For the one gone to his long Home there is a loneliness which has taught us much, and helped to bring us nearer to one another.

Athletics began early in the fall, and developed to such a gratifying extent that we tried our strength in reaching out for new laurels. What matters it that in some cases we gained them not? The spirit which prompted the trial was in itself a great matter for congratulation. We at least succeeded in correcting some erroneous conceptions, held by our contemporaries at Trinity; and have, we hope, laid a good foundation for a growth of mutual respect between the sister colleges.

The MESSENGER has struggled along in a way almost marvelous to behold when we look back at the crises. It has lived, however, by the support of a few; the student body at large have little reason for self-congratulations in this matter; the large majority, we fear, if they have read the paper at all, have stopped with the jokes and stories. Certain it is that they have put their intention to subscribe very far down toward the bottom of their list of possible expenditures, and too often that strata has remained unmined.

The alumni have been oftener reminded of their Alma Mater than in many other years. Some of them have been appealed to for aid in our athletic endeavors, and by the response of a loyal few, such endeavors were made possible. A few of them who have not "intended to subscribe for the MESSENGER, but put it off," have read monthly of the college life, and have learned to realize, we hope, how much the future of S. Stephen's, as a live college, depends upon them. College spirit among the undergraduates is the first desideratum, but is in itself very inefficient. If gratitude and loving memory do not keep alive in the hearts of her absent sons a love for S. Stephen's and a desire to "boom" her, she will never attain her rightful heritage among the Church colleges.

This year's Freshman class has set a good example in its class work; and several changes in the manner and methods of college work, not least of which are the new rules made by the faculty concerning "conditions"—and we catch the rumor that there are other stringent but healthful measures in consideration,—encourage us in the belief that we are more than holding our own in our curriculum work.

And now we come to the most encouraging part of our retrospect, the growth of "the S. Stephen's spirit." Some of us here now, and certainly the

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Alumni, can remember periods of internal rupture and warfare of words between different college factions, which, sad to relate, usually embraced the several societies. We need but to refer to that old state of affairs and then to consider the present and assure ourselves gladly that there has been a change for the better. Even in the trying "rushing" season we can pride ourselves that we oftener remembered, that before society, must be considered the college; and that the former depends for its very life upon the health of the latter. In athletics, in such social events as the Freshmen's Fancy Dress Ball (a custom which we are pleased to see perpetuating itself) these old factions lose themselves, and we look with more and more certain hope to the day when anything beside an honest spirit of charitable rivalry and competition will be extinct; when "Sigs" and Eulexians and "Kaps" can be relied upon to join hand and heart in all things for the peace and prosperity of S. Stephen's.

We dream, almost to waking, of our gymnasium, so earnestly desired, so much needed; and we build air castles which take the form of a "middle section" of recitation rooms.

And we have other hopes, many of them; hopes that the new MESSENGER Board will be loyally supported; that athletics will find and keep their rightful place in the college life; that the alumni will keep more in touch with us and do their part of the college duty, which we, with all our zeal, cannot do; that they will make an effort to show their interest by coming back at Commencement; that the trustees, who know so little about us and seem to find so little to claim their attention (which is because they do not seek it) will think of us oftener than at their meetings; and above all that each collegian will feel more and more that the college welfare depends in an important way upon him; that all he can think or say or do for S. Stephen's good must be accomplished; and lastly, that when we, the undergraduates, in reaching such a state of college spirit, express honestly and candidly our sentiments about college matters, and perchance make use of that much quoted phrase: "The Faculty for the Students; not the Students for The Faculty," our faculty will see that it is our love for S. Stephen's and her interest that prompts our words, and not a dictatorial spirit; and will pardon possible rashness and not regard us as a set of headstrong, presumptuous insubordinates.

Then when the undergraduates are united among themselves, are trusted by the faculty, are aided by the alumni, and approved by the trustees, we can shout with full throated enthusiasm the words of one of the newer college-yell words which while meaning nothing, yet mean so much:

"Ah —le, garoo—garoo—garoo! Wahoo—bahzoo—hi yix—hi yix—hic pica dominica. Holm palm, tippi tica. Ahleke bahleke bah! S. Stephen's S. Stephen's!—Rah! Rah! Rah!"

X.

A Lament in Prose.

ANNANDALE! What a dream of quiet and utter freedom from molestation does the very word bring! Far off in Scotland with its banks and braes is a town of the same musical name where Carlyle first saw the light of day. However quiet and sweet his early surroundings, no rival would they prove to the cathedral town of the diocese of *Duchess futurum esse*. As a swan sings before she dies, as the sky is radiant with most glorious hues just as the curtain of night is about to fall; yes, as in the autumn, nature shows us her loveliest dress when about to hand us over to chilly Arcturus; so now do we see rising in beautiful procession attraction after attraction, charm after charm, which only by her fascinating quiet has Annandale made ours. Alas! That awful spirit of progress which, forsooth, animated Columbus to become the forerunner of a multitude destined to infringe on the preserve of the noble Red Man, that same baneful spirit of progress, plus the American love for the mighty dollar, now stands upon our threshold. Would it were in our power to pull in the latch string and keep our sacred retirement. No, too late; already the plans are formulated, the sound of the hammer announces that our reign of peace is over and a factory is coming here. To be sure, the site is ten minutes away but what does that avail to us whose footsteps trace the fields and woods for miles, while oftentimes the head is still busy with college work. We feel not unlike a dweller on a prairie, as he espies a schooner pause, and a movement preparatory to a permanent abode within his own horizon.

Here our quiet was such that even the sound of paddle wheels on the Hudson has often entered our rooms, more than a mile away. Soon the bear and deer will leave us, the rattlesnake and chipmunk seek more congenial abodes; scarcely will the wild goose flying northward pause amid his former haunts. Sad indeed is the prospect for the lover of nature in the nude. Not the devastating hand of time nor the quicker stroke of war works this dread injury but rather the profanation of the rippling waters of Cedar Hill Creek.

In a few generations, gas or electricity may have replaced the pine torch and candle, a motor fill the bellows of the chapel organ, and tradition alone tell of the balmy days of Annandale's simplicity.

Ocenquog.

"I'm a merry buccaneer,
O'er the Spanish Main I steer"

he sang and then, suddenly, he pitched forward on to the floor. Myron was by his side in an instant and tenderly placed the senseless body on the bed, and chaffed the wrists; but life was already extinct. He had crossed three thousand miles of ocean, to be forgiven, and now his brother was dead in his arms.

In a little church in Cornwall, a slab in the floor bears the inscription:

HERE LIES YE MORTAL BODY
OF
BRIDE MARY MacDONOUGH,
DAUGHTER OF
ANDREW MacDONOUGH,
OF
KIRK KIRBY, SCOTLAND,
AND
AFFIANCED WIFE
OF
LAWRENCE VAUGHN,
OF YE
MARYLAND COLONY.

"And there was no more sea."

Watson Bartemus Selvage, '98.

Love's Benediction.

I NEVER kiss thee, love, but that I pray
That God will kiss thee, too.
First on thy forehead then, I'll tribute pay,
And pray that all things true
May dwell within thy mind.

On one eye next, and then the other, dear,
I'll kiss thee, with the prayer
That love may keep from thy dear eyes each tear,
Which selfish grief or care
May seek in them to find.

Then will I press my lips upon thine own,
The portals of thy soul,—
O, bless me with thy kiss; let love alone,
Enduring through the whole,
Our lives together bind.

So have I blessed thee with the Holy Sign,
And left upon thy face
His emblem—and I make it mine—
May He our love embrace
In His for all mankind.

H., '98.

FREE PRESS.

As this is the last number that the writer will edit, he desires to say a few words about Free Press, which has been the cause of some misunderstanding. Some how or other a few individuals have been pleased to make the writer responsible for all of the sentiments expressed in this column, whereas as its name implies, the greatest freedom and liberty have been granted to all who desired to write for it. If this part of the paper had been used for the purpose of ridiculing the Faculty or our Board of Trustees, objections might rightly, nay, indignantly be made, and Free Press be declared a nuisance; but as only differences of opinion have always been expressed (and as this is a free land we all have a right of freedom of speech), we think that these small minded individuals are very bigoted, and imagine no one has any right to hold any views contrary to their own. "Truth crushed to earth will rise;" so think not, dear reader, that any suppressed article in our free press is thereby killed. This paper is the paper of the students, and, as such, the writer has always felt, should be the organ and voice of the students. We hope this department, or one like it, will always live, and some opportunity given for free expression of ideas. Let us not be afraid of truth; but face and acknowledge it as men.

We beg to call the attention of our subscribers to the importance of renewing their subscriptions as soon as the red cross appears on the square, in order that they may be able to receive the succeeding number on time. This will be better for both the subscriber and the paper. Signed,

BUSINESS MANAGER.

The contest for the prize, noted during the year in the prospectus on page 2, ends with this number. The result will be published in the June edition.

We have heard to our great regret, albeit somewhat to our amusement that certain literarily inclined Preps decline all thought of gracing the pages of THE MESSENGER with the products of their pens, because their contribution must appear under that humiliating title "Preparatory Department." Alas that it should be so! Perhaps under the new board it will not be so. However, it is to be hoped that every Prep is planting the seeds of college spirit; and if they are, it might be well for them to realize that, that glorious plant will not grow in a soil which at the same time nourishes the spirit of the above stated complaint. If a man love S. Stephen's, and is blessed with a capable pen he will write regardless of head lines.

I dreamed the other night that we had a "common room." It was situated where "Battle Alley" is now and beside its main room there were little recesses or alcoves where the small rooms are now. Here I saw a piano, books and papers, easy chairs and divans, bathed all in a haze of tobacco smoke. Here the men gathered for afterdinner chats, or songs; and sometimes there was coffee. Wasn't that a jolly dream? I wakened all too soon.



A FAREWELL.

With this number of the MESSENGER our duties end; and the writer desires to personally thank all those who, by contributing or subscribing, have aided us in our work. The work, though a pleasure, has been naturally discouraging, many of our tasks being like those of pioneers. Our interest, however, has never flagged, and though many of those lofty ideals which we so fancifully pictured to ourselves last fall have never been realized, yet we feel that something has been accomplished in merely the continuance of the work considering the many difficulties which have continually confronted us.

THE NEW BOARD.

The new Board has our warmest sympathies, and the assurance of our heartiest support, as no set of men could possibly have been chosen who are more capable of carrying on the work of the MESSENGER, than the new Editor-in-chief and his worthy associates. Our new energetic Business Manager, too, has already commenced his work, and we feel certain that under his able charge, our debt will soon be liquidated and the MESSENGER placed high and dry upon the rock of prosperity. The college should not feel, however, that the paper can be run without support because it has a staff of editors and a managing board; every man should help, and take, at least, an interest in its welfare. The paper is yours and mine, as much as theirs, and you and I should feel as responsible for its welfare as they do. The MESSENGER needs only co-operation, nothing else (except money), and its future will be both glorious and certain.

SOC'S—NON-SOC'S, OR COLLEGE POLITICS.

As this will be the writer's last opportunity to express his opinion on any matter of vital concern to the college, he takes this advantage to write a few words upon college politics. Before entering upon the subject, however, should like to state that no petty party spirit has actuated my action, nor have I done so from any other motive than to point out a growing evil and to

suggest a remedy. We have here three secret bodies (two locals and one frat' chapter), and a non-soc' element. The catalogue tells us that "the meetings" of these secret organizations "are held Friday evening of each week. The exercises consist of declamation, composition and debate." Naturally, the writer does not claim to state in the least that this *is* so; only it is *supposed* to be so. Be the case as it may, the secret orders here were surely never started to run the politics of the college nor to destroy college spirit. In the past they have done both. A spirit of emulation and healthy rivalry is beneficial both for ourselves and the college as a whole, but mere bitter competition is a breeder of hate and jealousy and harms all. Now what is the result when societies as societies dabble in college politics? The result is about just the same as when the A. P. A. shows itself in government affairs. This spirit we know has come down to us, and is really ours by inheritance; but that is no reason why we should not abhor and renounce it, and let our more natural and brotherly feeling prevail. We are glad to see the right spirit exhibited in our foot-ball and base-ball teams, and hope it will pervade everywhere. Let a college man when he enters a college meeting, enter it as a member of S. Stephen's with his fellow students of S. Stephen's, and not as a member of a lit. clique. If he sees a man who deserves an office and is competent to fill it,—it is his duty as a college man, as one who loves his Alma Mater, to elect that man, matters not whether he is a soc' or non-soc',—and the organization (I hope we have none here) which binds its members to vote *only* for those of its own members for college officers, or for those of other cliques *only* when it has made a "deal," is a nuisance to any college and should be even as the A. P. A., driven out of existence. If the societies would confine themselves to their own sphere of usefulness, and that they are useful no one of common sense will deny, no harm would be done and harmony would prevail; but when men of naturally narrow dispositions are made more narrow by the cliques they join, all class and college spirit is necessarily crushed, and society despotism rules. The literary and social side of college life should be attended to by the societies; but the college as composed of all college men and recognizing no cliques should control the elections. A stranger once told the writer ten years ago that "a S. Stephen's could always be told by his narrowness; and by the lofty idea he generally has of his own importance." Six years residence here has convinced me that no one thing has been more instrumental in increasing this narrowness and self importance, than our secret organizations. Imagine the Baptists, Methodists, Romanists, etc., each putting up a candidate for every office in the land. What a farce our elections would be! The Baptists, filled with the true and loyal Baptist spirit, would naturally always have a candidate, whether he was competent or otherwise (more often in such cases it would be otherwise), for which they would vote and no other; the others would do

likewise. If such a thing was attempted in the land, what a storm of disapproval would rage! Yet we do that very thing here year after year and wonder why it is that men take interest in nothing, and become, literally fossils in college. Let all of our societies cultivate manliness, broad mindedness, and charity, and these evils will disappear like smoke; and life real college life, will be the outcome. I am not preaching the dissolution of secret organizations, far from it, but I do make a plea for liberalness, with which no organization, secret or otherwise, should be incompatible. The age of bigotry is over; darkness and superstition no longer reign. The days of the inquisition and stake-burning are past, and we are living in an era of civilization and progress. Twenty years ago such things as "lifting" were rife among the orders; to-day, if it is unknown, let the old inherited spirit of hate and jealousy go with it, and let us remember that no matter how closely we may be bound in a lit. clique, as members of our Alma Mater, we are brothers to all other of her sons, and we should act as brothers. She can live without our cliques, but not our cliques without her.

AN EXTRACT ON RUSHING.

A few days ago, a manuscript was received from a Mr. Mioa Kefozef Snohulity. Mr. Snohulity's views were quite lengthy as well as antiquated, but as he says a few good things about the evil of rushing I will quote the part of his voluminous article. After stating a few things about the men who left here during his day he says, "how many are the men who have told the writer how their happiness was blighted by that small, narrow, and contentious bitter spirit that has caused the S. Stephen's man to be known in all seminaries. Is there not something radically wrong? Is rushing a benefit? Does it make men more honorable, and truthful? Does it make a sensible new man respect a body of men more, who send one of their number to pretend that he loves him, is going to make him his dearest friend? Will he think more of the man who talks about and against his rivals, pictures them as a lot of black-legs, liars, block-heads, and drunkards, and pictures his own as the only decent crowd? Have not many good men remained non-soc's just because of this? If you desire to drive the best away from you; if you are anxious to kill your organization, the best way is to train a few of your members in the art of slandering, lying, and hating, and in this loving, virtuous spirit send them forth as first-class rushers. That this is true you cannot but admit; but why not crush and abolish it, and act as men, as Christian men. If an organization is full of 'bums,' that very fact will soon kill it without your aid. In fact you only aid it, and make it a martyr by your continual pounding; folks stop thinking that jealousy alone actuates your motives, not truth. Always leave the devil alone, he will come to his rope's end without your aid. In some college (a few I'll admit) all of the secret orders have signed a compact that they will

rush no man his first year. At the end of that time, congeniality sifts them into their respective places and unnecessary jarring is thus avoided. Why not adopt this at Annandale instead of wasting a man's valuable time, night after night, when he first comes? Many a man has made a bad impression on the minds of the faculty, because his time has been robbed by different societies' rushers. One poor fellow whom a friend was instrumental in sending, told me that from September to November he did not know what it was to retire before midnight. Mild and gentle, he had not force enough to tell them to leave him alone, and he confessed that rather than continue such a hounded existence, he rashly joined an organization which, he thought, he will always regret; and when I asked him if he intended to return, he bitterly asked me if I desired to see him insane. What an existence our friends the rushers must live, if there are many more cases like this! What scholars they must be! What examples of manhood! Rushing is a curse; and should be forbidden by the faculty. It is the cause not only of many of the failures in examinations, but also of a deep seated hatred at once. It tends not to unite all in bonds of friendship and love, but sets classmate against classmate, and has ruined character after character. It is a potent instrument of evil. It is devilish." Mr. Snohulity speaks of a man joining a society he regretted; the writer, too, has seen such individuals, but they were always men who seemed a little crazy anyway, and showed that they painfully lacked force of character. Otherwise his remarks are as applicable now as ten years ago, and I hope we all will try to see ourselves as others see us, and profit thereby accordingly.

College Notes.

—This Annandale Spring is no exception to those of past years. Certainly this is one of the paradises of God's earth.

—Tennis is very much in vogue.

—Base-ball practice is a part of the daily programme.

—A new athletic field has been opened on the Bartlett estate.

—A notice giving full particulars of the Field Day exercises to be held on June 9th, has been posted. It is too long to be reproduced here. Beside the awards in the form of medals, laurel wreaths will be bestowed. J. P. Gibson, '97, is chairman of the Committee of Arrangements.

—At a meeting of the class of '98 held in H. Potter Hall on April 28th, it was voted to organize a class base-ball team, and Mr. C. L. Wheeler was elected captain.

—At a meeting held in H. Potter Hall on April 28th for the purpose of organizing a 2d base-ball team to play against the Varsity, Mr. C. L. Wheeler '98 was elected captain. There will be as much hustling for positions on this second team as there was on the first, and already the captain has a long list of candidates.

—The Hare and Hound chase in the early morning of April 21st, was a great success. The Hares were given a five minutes start and pursuing a rugged course along the banks of the cove outstripped the Hounds by some fifteen minutes.

—Two short plays which will be given for the benefit of the Athletic Association are in process of rehearsal.

—The Thursday afternoon receptions at Ludlow Hall have been resumed.

—Miss Frances Andrews of Cleveland, O., was the guest of the Misses Malcom during April.

—Donald C. Ogden and Wm. W. Dyer have left college.

—Some gentlemen of the Junior Class are making arrangements for a ball at Commencement time.

—The lecture delivered before the college by Mr. John N. Lewis sometime ago on Reminiscences of Annandale has been published in pamphlet form and makes a very valuable and interesting record. It may be procured from A. L. Longley, '96, at ten cents a copy; proceeds to be devoted to the Missionary Society.

—Rev. W. Geo. W. Anthony M.A. '90, preached for the first time in the college chapel on the 3rd Sunday after Easter. Mr. Anthony is deacon in charge of Trinity Church, Madalin.

—Rev. J. Holmes McGinnis, deacon in charge at Tuxedo Park, N. Y. visited the college for a few days in April and occupied his old seat at the organ at several services.

—Dr. Olssen was confined to the house with a severe cold for several days during April.

—At a college meeting of April 20th the following officers for the ensuing year were elected on the MESSENGER Board: Editor-in-Chief, J. P. Gibson '97; Business Manager, H. A. Flint, '97; Ass't Bus. M'gr, C. L. Wheeler '98. W. B. Selva has been elected editor from '98, A. W. Porter from '99 and 1900 says that C. B. Dubell will represent them as Freshmen.

—Attention is called in another place to the establishment of a chocolate factory at "Cedar Hill." It will occupy the old mill under the hill near the dam. The work of remodeling the structure has already commenced and it is expected that they will be running in a few weeks.

Extract.

We quote the following from the April number of the "Bachelor of Arts:"—
 "The seniors want to have Commencement modernized at Amherst. The custom there has been to have the eight members of the graduating class who stand highest in scholarship deliver orations on Commencement Day. The eight men who would be speakers this year have joined their brethren in asking for the abatement of all undergraduate oratory at Commencement and for the substitution in place of it of an address by some professional orator of ability and standing. A change of this sort has lately been made at Yale, and it would seem likely to commend itself to most contemporary intelligences. The human heart is indeed hard, and affliction sometimes does it good, and no doubt this discipline of sitting under eight successive about-to-graduate speakers has been spiritually blessed to some of Amherst's backers. Still the opinion that Commencement Day is fitter for edification than for mortification and discipline has a good deal of basis, and it is not surprising that it gains favor with the rising generation."

**Note what Forsyth & Wilson, the Stationers, say
 In the issue of the Messenger, for May.**

In forwarding this ad. at your manager's suggestion,
 Will it pay? is only a fair business question.
 So we'll at once to the point, and give you our rate
 For Visiting Cards, including new plate.

For One Dollar and Ninety-five cents, no more,
 We furnish a plate and cards, five score.
 For a plate and fifty, One Forty-five,
 That we consider a Special Drive.

If you already a plate possess,
 The price will be ninety-five cents less,
 And your cards will cost you one cent each,
 Certainly that is within your reach.

Now we sincerely hope the few points we mention
 You will deem worthy your attention,
 And that we may be enabled to make many a sale
 To the faculty and students of Annandale.

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