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MESSENGER

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The S. Stephen's College Messenger.

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VOL. III.

ANNANDALE, N. Y., DECEMBER, 1896.

NO. 4.

The Last Night of Christmas Term.

IT was the last night of Christmas term. Examinations were over, and many of the men had gone home for the holidays. Four men were sitting in a cosy study and talking over their plans. The soft yellow glow from the lamps lighted the room, a wood fire was burning in the fireplace, and two of the men had drawn their chairs up to the blaze. Another sat on the divan smoking his pipe, and the fourth sprawled at full length on the window-seat.

"Christmas is a dull time for me, now that mother is dead," said Arthur Dunsworth. "Down on the plantation we used to make a mighty jolly party at holiday times; but it isn't like home any more. Sis tries to be a mother to us boys; but, you know, she is two years younger than I am. However, she gets along pretty well. She stopped going to school when mother died, and has kept house for father ever since. You'd laugh to hear her call us 'the children.'"

"Yes," said Ed. MacGregor, "Arthur's sister is a mighty pretty girl. I have a soft place in my heart for Virginia. I have known her ever since I was a little fellow, and by Jove, I don't know a nicer girl in all the Old Dominion. I'm going home with Artie again this year, and I expect to have a fine time. I love plantation life, and am awfully sorry that my father came north after the war: tho' after all there wasn't much choice about the matter. It is very funny how the old families have abandoned their ancestral acres. Now all this land round here belonged to the Van Benthisen estate, but you will not find that name round here now. No one knows what has become of them."

"Can't say that I care much," said Harold Vernon as he pushed back his chair from the fire. Suppose we have a little bust to-night. I have a can of strawberries and some cider. If one of you will walk down to Cedar Hill

with me; I'll get some crackers, and a pot of ham, and we will eat and be merry."

"I'll go with you Harry," responded Frank Eaton. "I hate to get up from this window seat and go out into the cold; but I'm always ready to sacrifice myself for the good of others."

The others laughed.

"Well, Ed, you have the water boiling when we get back." Said Harold Vernon. "You'll find some beef-extract in my closet on the top shelf. Also the cocoa and the condensed milk. Don't let the oil-stove smoke. Good bye."

The door slammed behind them; and the two men who remained began to make preparations for the bust. The books and papers were cleared off the study table and two clean napkins spread over it. MacGregor got out some dishes and glasses, and then went down to the refectory to borrow spoons, knives and forks. Presently he returned with a tray-full of things, which he placed on the table, and then proceeded to fill the kettle with water and lighted the oil-stove. It was not many minutes before the beef-extract and cocoa were ready for the boiling water, and the preserves were in the dishes, and four chairs placed around the table.

In the meanwhile, Vernon and Eaton had walked to the village and made their purchases. As they reached the foot of the college hill, they saw a coach and were much surprised when the door opened, and a man inside addressed them.

"Good evening. Can you tell me where the old cemetery is?"

Vernon was the first to recover from his surprise and answered, "The only cemetery round here is upon the hill there, just north of the college."

"I don't mean that, responded the stranger. "This one is on Cruger's Lane."

"There is no cemetery on Cruger's Lane," said Eaton. "I know the country round here perfectly."

"Yes there is," answered the stranger in an annoyed tone. "It is opposite Miss Van Benthisen's house. You must have heard of her! She married one of the students after she was sixty."

"Well, if there ever was a grave yard there, it is all plowed over now," said Vernon.

"I'm from the West, I am," said the stranger "and I must find that cemetery. I came all the way from Montana and I *must* find it. Where can I sleep to-night? I'm almost froze and so is this lawyer fellow"—pointing to his companion—"it's a bitter cold night, by gad it is."

Matters were becoming interesting. "Can't we put them up for the night?" suggested Eaton.

Vernon gave a grunt, which might have been yes or no, and then after a moment's thought said: "If you can send your horses down to Cedar Hill

and put the driver up there, we can take care of you to-night up to the college. The town's folk are mostly asleep by now."

"All right," said the stranger, "you boys hop in here. Drive up this road; shall he?"

"Yes," answered Eaton.

The two "boys" got in and a moment later the carriage stood before their section door. They jumped out and, as soon as the stranger had given his orders to the driver, they led the way up stairs.

"This is my room," said Vernon as he threw open the door. The two westerners went in and gazed around the room in a dazed sort of way, and bowed stiffly to Dunsworth and MacGregor.

"I must ask your name," said Vernon with a bow.

"My name's Van Benthisen," said the stranger, "Peter Van Benthisen, and this is my lawyer, Richard Arnold, of Helena, Montana."

Vernon introduced them and took their hats and coats and placed them on the bed in his room. The two westerners surveyed the room with considerable interest, walking around and examining the pictures, bric-a-brac, and trophies of initiations, ball-games and class rushes, with a minuteness and interest which would have done credit to the proverbial Miss Nancy.

"I dare say you will be willing to eat something with us, will you not?" said MacGregor. "We were just going to have a little bust when you arrived."

They needed no urging; for, as it afterwards appeared, they had had no dinner.

When they had finished, Mr. Van Benthisen tipped back his chair, and volunteered an explanation of his presence in the east.

"Margeret Van Benthisen was my sister and was several years older than I was. When I was quite a kid, I went west to grow up with the country. I was a kind o' ne'er do well and father cut me off without a cent; so I made up my mind to make my own fortune and"—spreading his shirt front—"I've done it. I'm the richest man in the state of Montana to-day, and I've come back here to hunt up some of my old friends, and see about the old estate my folks used to own round these parts. I heard about this college and the student what married Mag, when she was old and simple; but she was a woman and they never can withstand flattery. Flatter a woman and bulldoze a man and you'll get along in this world."

"My folks used to own all this land round here; but they lost it, bit by bit, and then that rascally student married Margeret and she gave all she had to him, and when she died he sold it and went away. Now I'm come back to see the old home, and you tell me there's only a hole in the ground to show where it stood, and the new comers have plowed over the very graves, where my folks was buried. I always thought that if I ever come back I should want

to kill every student I met; but you young fellows have treated me just splendid. I never supposed that students lived so nice, or was such darned fine fellows. I'm glad I stopped you on the road. 'Deed I am; and now I'm going to settle down here and spend the rest of my life in peace. I've been a miner, and a cow boy, and in the regular army, and kept a supply store in Leadville; but I'm tired of all that, and, by gad, I'm coming back to civilization. The west is good enough to make your money in; but I won't live there no more."

"I'm sure I am glad that we have so materially changed your ideas concerning our college and the students here," said Dunsworth. "We are not *quite* such fiends as is commonly supposed."

"Darned if you are," grunted the westerner.

"I'm sure it was very kind of you," added the lawyer. "I've enjoyed myself very much. I'm a college man myself and it seems quite like old times. I went to Northwestern. You have entertained us royally."

"That you have! That you have!" said Mr. Van Benthisen.

"Well, now you will want to go to bed I suppose," said Vernon. "One of you can sleep in my room, and the other in my chum's, and we will bunk out here."

The travelers were exhausted and soon retired, and having said good-night, Dunsworth and Eaton went to their room.

"Well," said MacGregor as he was undressing. "I only wish we could have a chance to convert some of the other people, who think college men are all fiends. We are a jolly set and mischievous and noisy too, sometimes; but not half bad after all."

It must have been about six o'clock when Harold Vernon became aware that he was being violently shaken, and he sat up and rubbed his eyes.

"What's the row?" he asked sleepily. "It isn't time to get up is it?"

"Yes, man! Get up! Get *up*!" said the young lawyer. "I heard a noise in the other bed-room awhile ago, and so I got up to see what the matter was; but when I got there he was gone."

MacGregor opened his eyes wearily and asked what it was all about.

"Mr. Van Benthisen has gone out in this storm, and he is an old man and not strong."

The two room-mates dressed hurriedly, and started out with Mr. Arnold. Just outside the section door they found half obliterated tracks, and they followed these along the front of the dormitories, past the library, along the Warden's walk, through the college cemetery and down into the field beyond. At the first stile, however, the tracks seemed to end, and it was some time before they were able to find them again. The first pink flush was just appearing over Whale's Back, when Vernon, who had crossed the stile into the other field, called out. "Here they are again."

The others followed him, and the tracks lead them to the highway, and then westward along the road and down Cruger's Lane. The snow was deep and their progress necessarily slow; but half way down the lane they found Mr. Van Benthisen lying on his face. They knelt around him in the snow, and chafed his wrists; but the lawyer shook his head, and said: "He has been dead some time. Perhaps an hour."

For some minutes the three men looked at each other. Vernon was the first to speak.

"The next thing to do is to get the body under shelter."

"The *first* thing to do is to get a coroner," said the lawyer with professional positiveness. "I'll do that. You two stay here till I get back."

The two students sat down, in the snow in the shelter of a steep bank, and waited his return.

"Well," said MacGregor, "I always said that experiences were nice things to talk about, when they were all over; but not nice to go through."

"This certainly is not nice," said Vernon with a far away look. "It is cold as Greenland here and I shall get my death. I wish he would hurry up and get back."

It was a full hour before the coroner came, and after that, Mr. Arnold and the students returned to the college. They were late for breakfast; but so were several others. As they entered the refectory, several students greeted them, and enquired where they got so much snow on their coats and shoes; and in answer, the lawyer told the whole story, from the beginning, as they stood around the fire in Preston Hall.

When he had finished, MacGregor remarked, "And he was a convert too. Only just found out what college men *really* were. That's why he died I suppose. Great shock don't you know." *Watson Bartemus Selvage, '98.*

Christmas Salutation.

A MERRY Christmas to all, Amen,
A worthy salutation of the mirth,
That this appointed season brings again,
Of lofty heaven reconciled to earth.

The wind gives music through each swaying limb,
An obligato to the sweet refrain,
The ling'ring fragment of the ancient hymn
Intoned by angels on Judæa's plain.

The Anthem of the choir echoes still,
It is a music that can never cease,
Declaring to the earth, to all good-will,
And the assurance of a lasting peace.

Reiland, 1900.

The Wrong Card.

THE attorney was in a reflective mood, as he walked from the office to his home. The afternoon had developed business of great importance, which would take him a thousand miles away during the next six months. The lawyer, however, was in love, and dreaded to leave the field free to his many rivals.

As he walked along, he pictured himself in a certain pretty home up-town, laying his love and lucre at the feet of a charming woman, who, long, long ago had come to be an essential part of his existence.

Whilst he was thinking over the situation and hurrying homeward, he was hailed with a business-like "Ho, Farr, I want to speak to you a moment!" Turning about he faced the speaker, a friend of his junior partner, and in a few minutes they were deeply engaged in a discussion of some abstruse question, concerning a case which was then interesting a great many lawyers.

When the two parted, the one who had hailed Farr handed the latter a card with a request that he would give it to Somerton, the junior partner of the firm of "Farr and Somerton." In the hurry of parting Farr took the card without looking at it and only after he had reached his residence, his mind still full of the matter they had discussed, did he think to glance at the bit of pasteboard. It should have borne certain memoranda which Somerton desired; but was, however, quite blank, save for the engraved name of the owner. With a slight smile at the other's carelessness he tucked the card in his pocket.

Supper over, he betook himself to pipe and slippers. Then, lounging comfortably in a big arm-chair before the study fire, he gave himself up to the interrupted reflections of the afternoon. As a result of his cogitations, before he retired, a letter had been written, addressed to "Miss Margaret Lamore." In it, Miss Lamore was informed that he would call the following evening on an urgent matter. The letter, perhaps, was a trifle stiff and businesslike, but surely could not help being clear to a woman. So, at least, thought Farr and he went to sleep that night to dream of a gracious woman and a successful suit.

The business of the next day put an end to any further air castles for the time being, but when evening came he lost no time in hurrying whither the letter had gone. Arriving there, a ring brought the maid to the door—a new maid, Farr noticed. With his thoughts on the coming interview, it was only in a mechanical way that he gave her his card and asked to see Miss Lamore. A few moments waiting, and then the girl returned to say, in a well bred voice, that Miss Lamore had an immediate engagement and begged to be excused.

Somewhat dazed by what he considered a rude rebuff, Farr left the house. Once more in his own rooms he contrived, within an hour or two, by the aid of his pipe, to put himself in a mood which played havoc with sentiment.

An early train the next day carried him rapidly away from his home and the woman who, a few hours earlier, had been all in all to him. Now, however, he thought he had convinced himself that she was not worth the wooing. Yet every single day of the next half year had its full measure of bitterness, souring even the great successes he met with. Not a single night but found him wearily praying for sleep, to drive away the vision of a proud sweet woman, who so persistently haunted him. Sometimes he wearied of both himself and the world; but he was obliged to live and meet his fellow men, even if a woman had scorned his love.

Time passed and the conclusion of his mission allowed him to return home. But little more than six months from the day, when Margaret Lamore had made life seem so gloomy to him, he was once again in his native town. On the day of his return Somerton insisted that he should dine with him at the earliest possible opportunity and, of course, tired though he was and desirous of nothing beyond peace and melancholy quiet, he was compelled to accept the invitation so warmly pressed upon him. Accordingly that evening found him on the way to the Somerton home.

He must have forgotten that Mrs. Somerton and Miss Lamore were the most intimate friends; or perhaps it was natural to start when he found himself face to face with the latter in the Somerton parlor. That he did start was a fact quickly detected by Miss Lamore—a fact, also, which materially increased her embarrassment.

"Judging from your appearance, Mr. Farr," said she, "your health has not been much benefited by the western trip."

"I am afraid not," was his answer, "the work was hard and I did not go to it in the best of spirits."—this last with a glance intended to be full of meaning.

She saw the look, and wondering at it, colored.

"You look so worn and ill," she continued, "that I have not the heart to scold as you deserve; yet you must have known how much I should regret not seeing you before the trip."

The seeming effrontery of this took the power of speech from Farr, and the astonishment depicted in his countenance brought a flush once more to the face of his fair companion. Seeing that he was not disposed to speak, she resumed: "You promised to call and then left without a word. I certainly did not expect it of you."

Recovering himself a little at this; Farr told her, with as much dignity as possible, that she must have been deeply engrossed that summer day, to have forgotten the card he had sent up to her, and the fact that she had pleaded an immediate engagement as an excuse for not seeing him.

Then followed a period of polite and gentle contradiction. Miss Lamore firmly insisted that he had not sent up his card, and Farr as obstinately persisted

in saying that he had. When, for several minutes, they had accused and counter-accused each other of forgetfulness, Farr took matters into his own hands by breaking out vehemently with: "Do you know why I wanted so much to see you that day? Do you imagine that I could be, for a moment, forgetful of the most trifling incident that happened then, when I thought you had treated me with such crushing indifference?"

They were now seated on a couch, and he, with a bitterness born of the unhappiness he had experienced, told her his whole story from that day to this present time when she saw him so ill and worn—worn, not with toil, but with the hopelessness of his life. He had no new phrases in which to frame his thoughts; but the old, old words seemed to satisfy her; for when dinner was announced, there were at least two people supremely happy among those who went arm in arm to the dining room.

Somerton's friend, Barton, with whom Farr had held such a profound discussion on the day when the story opens, arrived in time to join the party at dinner. When the meal was well under way, Barton, suddenly recollecting, desired to know why and wherefore Farr had so carelessly neglected to give his partner the card, which had been entrusted to his care. Farr, in his new found happiness, had little memory for such trifles and forthwith Barton rehearsed the affair. Then, recalling the incident, Farr said, "You are the one guilty of carelessness, in giving me the wrong card. The one I did receive from you bore no memoranda whatever; when I discovered that fact I put the card in my pocket, and have not seen it since."

"I have," interposed Miss Lamore; "the idea of your calling upon me and sending up Mr. Barton's card!"

A gleam of intelligence came into Farr's eyes, and a quick smile passed between him and the charming woman beside him. Then, with almost unseemly haste, they turned the conversation into safer channels. *S. M. N., '99.*

FLIRTATION.

A GENTLEMAN fell in love with the sea,
He could flirt, but he could not swim,
So he waved his hand, as he stood on the lea,
And the sea waved back to him.

Reiland.

The editor sat in his sanctum,
Penning a beautiful thought;
Next day came his compensation—
The Professor recorded a naught.

Exch.

Thoughts.

DEARER to me, than all the glare
Of noonday's glitt'ring sun,
Dearer than all that's bright and fair,
In morning's garment spun,
Are twilight hours,
In quiet bow'rs.

'Tis then in thought I drift away,
Far from the pleasant scene,
Forget the dismal, lonely day,
And think "What might have been,"
Wert thou with me,
Or I with thee.

I think of all the happy days,
That were, when thou wert here;
For not to me are happy days,
Unless thou, too, art near,
Released from cares,
And Fortune's snares.

I wish, I long, I yearn to be
With thee just once again,
As happy as that day when we
Walked through the shady lane.
O happy me,
When I'm with thee!

When I recall those happy days,
They seem so long ago,
I long to see thy loving eyes
With happiness aglow,
As when we meet,
In converse sweet.

I wait until the stars appear
From out the darkest sky,
For they have been with thee, my dear,
And heard thee laugh and sigh;
Would I were they,
To guide thy way!

The twilight gone, the night begun,
 A while I linger yet,
 To muse, the gath'ring shades among,
 To think—I can't forget,—
 Why must thou be
 So far from me?

A. H.

On the Wabash.

JUST as old Sol began to tip the rippling waves of the Wau-bish-kau with a delicate coloring, gleaming and glaring over the moving swells, which in response seems to dance and laugh incessantly with a friendly breeze, a canoeing crank packed into the canoe "Spray," the last blanket and tin plate.

Pulling the canoe over the bar into the water, soon dipping the maple blade into the laughing waves, there commenced a two days' cruise on the old Indiana river "Wabash."

Ah, my dear reader, have you ever felt the exultation and joy occasioned by the merry dip, dip, dip, of the canoe blade, as you rapidly skim along over the waves of a bright sparkling stream?

As you move along, the high bluffs menace you on the one side, with their dark banks, and on the other side, the corn fields, for which the Wabash Valley is noted, spread out for many miles.

Three hours paddling brings the first camping place, and landing, the canoe is pulled over the same bar that Tecumseh and his dusky Indian followers trampled, when they landed their forces, to give battle to William Henry Harrison, at Tippecanoe, November 5th, 1811.

The "Spray" was soon resting upon a grassy plot, a table thrown together, the canoe unloaded, the tent pitched.

How proud the "Spray" seemed of her striped tent, a red beauty, fitting her closely, buttoned down around the cock-pit, a small door on each side.

Blankets are spread on the bottom, and there is a bed high and dry, suitable for all weather.

Now the stove, a portable one, is up, a fire lighted, and soon is heard the cry of "fresh corn," and "strong coffee," and the delicious odor of a "Wabash omelet." Have you ever indulged in this delicacy? If not you have a future bright and happy. Try one.

After the meal, a copious use of Sapolio and river water brightens everything.

Now through the smoke of the "old corncob" are seen events, interesting and perhaps weird, memories of past cruises, ghosts of missing chickens, the steady tramp of Harrison's sturdy pioneers, as they drove the red men back into the water, and then comes sleep, a delicious balm to the camper.

But, during the wee sma' hours of the night, there comes an intruder, a noise is heard, a low mumbling, getting nearer and nearer, a shock, a blow, and another mosquito has gone to join the ranks, deserving death, for nowhere is there an insect of any race, color or description, that hits as suddenly or strikes as hard as a Wabash mosquito.

After a rest of a few more hours, the sun awakes the admiral, then the plunge and he is ready for a day's sail.

A neighboring house furnishes the fresh milk and a chicken, a whole broiled chicken, food fit for a canoeist, for who should have better?

Then comes the "tug of war," washing the dishes and packing the luggage, after which "Spray" is launched.

The soothing influence of a northwester clips the "Spray" along at a lively gait, the seventy foot sail filling evenly enough for a splendid race.

Four hours of sailing and paddling brings the "Spray" to the boat landing at Logansport, where the cruise ends, to be recorded in the log of the "Spray," among many other delightful sprees upon the historic Wabash.

J. B. Greiner, '98 Sp. C.

WHO?

WHO is it, carries down our mark,
 Sits down upon each little lark,
 And paints our conduct very dark?
 The Professor.

Who is it, comes before our eyes,
 Bespectacled and wondrous wise,
 But whom we ne'ertheless despise?
 The Senior.

Who is it, the Soph'mores curse,
 Who gives in accents clear and terse,
 Free tips for running the Universe?
 The Junior.

Who tries to prove his knowledge great,
 But only shows an empty pate
 And lands way down the marking slate?
 The Sophomore.

Who is it, that's too green to burn,
 And thinks our kind advice to spurn,
 Who's forgotten more than he'll ever learn?
 The Freshman.

Exch.

Fulfilled Boast of Horace.

BOOK III, ODE XXX.

MORE lasting than the long, enduring brass,
 More grand than all the pyramids of kings,
 I raise a monument, which shall surpass
 The flight of ages, borne on outstretched wings.

The wasting showers, the unavailing wind,
 The flight of seasons through long lapse of years,
 Shall not destroy the triumphs of my mind,
 My monument of genius, free from fears.

I shall not wholly die; but at the last,
 When I with joy my earthly course have run,
 And with the blest Elysian souls am class'd,—
 A part of me Libitina shall shun.

Long as the priest and vestal wend their way
 To yonder capitol upon the height,
 Long as proud Rome shall hold her mighty sway,—
 Posterity shall praise me with delight.

Where rapid Aufidus doth loudly rage,
 As, over rocks, it rushes to the sea,
 Where Daunus rules as king supreme, and sage,
 Amid a rustic people, glad and free.

From low degree, shall I exalted be.
 From the obscurity of stream and pines,
 Where in Lucania I wandered free,
 Or, in the valleys of the Appenines

Have fed my soul with Nature's choice delights,
 When Torquatus and Cotta reigned supreme,
 I shall be raised to grand exalted heights,
 More dizzy, than I dared soar in my dreams.

Because Italian verse I first allied,
 To measures of the sweet Æolic rhyme,
 Melpomene assume your rightful pride,
 And in my hair, the Delphic laurel twine.

*Herbert L. Hannah, '99.***Foot-Ball, '96.**

THE canvas jacket has been discarded, the trousers packed away in the back room, and the season ended for S. Stephen's foot-ball team. Last year under the captainship of Moore, foot-ball took a decided step for the better, and this season was looked forward to, with great expectations, and under Rieland these have arrived, been fully realized, and foot-ball put upon a solid basis.

The daily practice has been faithfully attended to, training constantly improved, and much better discipline exhibited on the field. The "Varsity" has done better team work, the interference and handling the ball has been strengthened, and foot-ball spirit thoroughly aroused. The year's record has been one to be proud of, and "foot-ball cranks" fully persuaded that '97 will turn out a winning team.

Judd as center holds well and has the weight for his position. Rieland and VanAmees as guards fully convince their friends as to their ability to play their positions, and do much aggressive work. This could be fully realized in the St. Luke's Ath. Ass'n game, when a team outweighing the "Varsity" by fifteen pounds, found it almost impossible to make gains through our center. As tackles, Moore and Greiner played up to their old standard, although they were both somewhat reluctant about playing, this season, on account of studies. The ends, Flint and Knapp, were both '95 men, the latter greatly improved in all his work, and by all means, the surest and swiftest runner and tackler on the Varsity. The backs, with the exception of Carroll, all new men, did good work considering this, and the fact that they had less to contend with, than the backs of '95, who had poorer interference to protect them. Toop runs well, but lacks somewhat in "good solid" charging, and fails at times to follow his interference. Popham, the surest of the backs, but handicapped by weight, generally made good gains. McGuire, as quarter, was reliable in passing the ball, but failed to get into his interference. Carroll, as full back, plays his old reliable game, always in the interference, tackling well and gaining ground either through the line or on end plays, but at times failing to hold his temper. Reiland, as coach and captain, has given us foot-ball spirit as it has never before existed here, and the team will for years feel the impetus given it, by this season of work, under his coaching.

Men full of energy and executive ability, men who realized his faithfulness, were always ready to endeavor to follow his example, which resulted in splendid team work and interference. As substitutes, Porter and Belsey did good work, followed by Morang, Argus, Chas. Wheeler and O'Hanlon.

It is only fair, to mention the faithful and good work done by the Consolidated, under the captainship of Chas. Wheeler, and the members of this second team are to be sincerely thanked for the interest shown.



Editors' Corner

THE INFLUENCE OF THE STAGE.

There are many people in the world who condemn the stage and all that pertains to it, as having an immoral tendency. Many would as soon see their children enter a gambling den, or an opium joint, as to set foot within a theatre. They seem to think that there is a tainted atmosphere within the walls of a play-house, which must infect all who enter.

This is usually the result of ignorance and prejudice. Many condemn that, of which they know nothing, except what they have heard from others, as prejudiced as themselves.

True, we hear of a great deal of immorality among players, but does that prove that the profession as a whole is more immoral than any other? Actors, by the very nature of their work, are constantly before the public, and every action and event of their lives is seized upon by the gossip-loving world and spread broadcast. While another man whose actions may be much worse is able to conceal his evil habits, or at least they are known only in his immediate neighborhood.

It is conceded, too, that there are many performances which have a decidedly immoral tendency, but these are confined almost entirely to the lower class of theatres, and should not be classed with the higher forms of dramatic art.

The influence of the legitimate drama upon the minds of the spectators is certainly great. All will agree that it is beneficial to read the biographies of noted men and women, whose lives have been conspicuous, because of some elements of their character having been developed beyond the average. To go a step farther, few will deny the good influence of the novel, whose characters, though fictitious, vividly portray both the good and bad qualities of human nature. As a general thing the hero of a novel is presented to us as an ideal character, whom we would fain imitate in our own lives.

If a story in cold type will produce such a powerful effect upon the mind, how much greater must be the effect produced by the same story dramatized,

and presented to the mind, with all the realistic accessories of the modern stage. Instead of having to picture to the imagination, the scenes depicted in the biography or novel, they are presented directly to our senses in a manner so life-like, that we can scarcely realize that we are gazing upon art and not nature.

Who can witness the performance of Shakespeare's immortal tragedies or comedies, presented by a company able to correctly interpret that great master of the drama; or who can listen to the strains of a grand opera, composed by Gounod, Verdi or Wagner, without feeling better, both mentally and morally, for the experience?

If anyone can confess to an immoral influence from such a source, it must be because his mind is so corrupt, that he is unable to perceive anything but evil. Let us then encourage the noble art of the dramatist and actor, and only censure whatever may tend to lower and debase the stage.

Jos. P. Gibson, '97.

BAGGAGE-CHECKED.

AN elephant left his home and bunk
 Another planet to seek,
 But a man with a bullet checked his trunk,
 So he landed in less than a week.

Reiland.

A STUDENT'S READY WIT.—Mr. P. was translating a passage from one of the ancient writers, when the professor suddenly stopped him and said: "What lexicon has such a meaning for that word?" Without hesitating a minute, he answered, "Hind's Handy."



AT a meeting of the New York State Intercollegiate Press Association, held in Syracuse, November 20, with the *Syracuse University Forum*, THE MESSENGER was unanimously elected to membership in the Association. We extend cordial greeting to the other papers connected with it, and trust that it may be a source of mutual benefit to us all.

We hear that the Warden has received one thousand dollars, through an Alumnus of the College, five hundred of which, with his approval, is to be given to the Gymnasium Fund. We hope that the need of a gymnasium will appeal to the Warden, and that this money, which will materially increase the fund, may be devoted to that purpose. The Building Committee hope that by next Spring matters may be in such shape, that the building can be begun and finished by Commencement.

The custom of wearing the cap and gown is of such long standing, here at S. Stephen's, that we were quite surprised early this term, to see undergraduates masquerading in B.A. gowns. Now the cut of a sleeve is not a very important matter, nor are we anxious to magnify a small thing; but it does seem that the new men should conform to our college *law* on this matter, and that, too, without the intervention of the faculty. When you are B.A.'s we hope you will wear the gown of your degree—and your hood, too—on all proper occasions. Till then, however, be content with a straight sleeve. It is simply a matter of uniform. "A word to the wise is sufficient."

College Notes.

—As we are about to go to press, comes the news that The College is closed for the remainder of the term, on account of diphtheria. W. D. Silliman, 1900, was taken ill December 5, and the Board of Health having been notified, immediately ordered that the College be closed. Most of the men left immediately for their homes. The Easter Term will begin January 4, 1897, and the Christmas Examinations will be held January 4 and 5.

—Contributions for the January number may be sent to the Class Editors, or to the Editor-in-Chief, 1723 Edmondson avenue, Baltimore, Md.

—The members of the Glee Club will meet in Troy, December 29, for the Christmas trip.

—The Glee Club Concert, to have been given in Rhinebeck, December 8, will be postponed until January.

—Miss Frances Andrews, of Cleveland, who has been visiting the family of Dr. Malcom, has returned to her home.

—The "Gym." Committee are receiving bids on the building, and as soon as Spring opens, work on the excavating will be commenced.

—The Rev. ——— Brown, rector of St. Paul's Church, Tivoli, preached an excellent sermon in the College chapel, Sunday afternoon, November 22.

—The Rev. Isaac Van Winkle, M.A., Columbia, of New York, formerly Professor of Mathematics in this College, visited Dr. Fairbairn on November 17.

—The Kappa Gamma Chi, on Friday evening, November 20, initiated Myron G. Argus. After the initiation, a banquet was served in Room 6, H. Potter Hall. There were present Passed Members Rev. J. M. Blackwell, M. A., '92; S. H. Brown, B.A., M.D., '81; H. P. Seymour, B.L., *Hobart*, '94; A. L. Longley, B.A., '96.

—The Honorary Society of C. O. E. Q. held its annual meeting on Thursday evening, November 5, and Mr. Frank Hay Staples was elected and duly initiated. A banquet followed, and a very enjoyable night is reported. The active membership is limited to six undergraduates, and its object is the cultivation of college spirit.

—The Thirty-sixth Annual Banquet of the Eulexian Society was held in Preston Hall, on the evening of November 20th. The alumni present were: Rev. Geo. D. Silliman, D.D., '67; Rev. P. McD. Bleecker, M.A., '76; Rev. G. W. G. Anthony, M.A., '90; R. H. Mize, '94; W. W. Jennings, '95; F. Du Montier Devall, '96. At the initiation, before the banquet, W. D. Silliman, G. A. Griffiths and A. C. Saunders were made members of the society.

—The Sigma Alpha Epsilon Fraternity held its initiation at the Masonic Hall, Rhinebeck, on the evening of November 12. The initiates were Charles E. Barnard, Portland, Me.; George E. Knollmeyer, New Haven, Ct.; Percy N. Coupland, Troy, N. Y.; Ernest G. Budington, Brooklyn, N. Y., and Gus. H. Anderson, Providence, R. I. After the initiation a banquet was served at the hotel. Tutor Nock acted as toastmaster and an enjoyable evening was spent, listening to various toasts and singing fraternity songs. Besides several of the Alumni, the Chapter had as its guests Mr. Silas Hinckley, '95, of the Harvard Chapter, Dr. Robertson (Sigma Chi), and Mr. Eugene Wells (Chi Phi).

—The social season for the college year opened in all its glory, when Dr. John C. Robertson gave a delightful dance to his friends, in Preston Hall on the evening of November 10th. The decorations were under the charge of Messrs. Champlin and Hastings. Among the guests from out of town were Misses Sowers, of Stamford; Wilson and Griffiths, of Kingston; Andrews, of Cleveland; Hitchcock, of Poughkeepsie; Messers. Hopson, of New York; Goodwin, of Barrytown; Feroe, of Madalin. Delightful refreshments were served.

Wants.

(10 cents per line for each insertion.)

Wanted: A definition for angloproantitransconsubstantiationalisticalizationificationally.

Wanted: Ponies and horses that are suited for college work.

Wanted: Prize-fighters to help do up the Editors of the MESSENGER who criticize poems too promiscuously.

Wanted: A plank walk from the college to the P. O.

Wanted: A large well stocked (——) village in the neighborhood.

Wanted: Some one to talk bicycle to those who have lately invested in wheels, around here.

Wanted: Mowing machines for the members of the foot-ball team.

Wanted: Subscribers for the MESSENGER.

Wanted: Everything.

Wanted: "Good old souls."

Wanted: "Any old thing."