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# MESSENGER

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# The S. Stephen's College Messenger.

Board of Editors:

WATSON BARTEMUS SELVAGE, '98, EDITOR-IN-CHIEF.

CHARLES B. MCGUIRE, '99.

JAMES ROBERT LACEY, 1900.

J. PAUL GRAHAM, 1901.

BUSINESS MANAGER, ARCHIBALD M. JUDD, '98.

ASSOCIATE, ARTHUR S. LEWIS, '99.

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VOL. IV.

ANNANDALE, N. Y., SEPTEMBER, 1897.

NO. 1.

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## Alone.

IN penitence and dumb despair,—  
Alone—  
Upon the altar's marble stair,  
Enwrapped in agony of prayer,  
The human soul with toil and pain  
Must crave its Eden back again.

Halting between the right and wrong,—  
Alone—  
And jeered at by the ribald throng,  
Who hiss and shout their vulgar song,  
The human soul must choose its course;  
And bend its shoulders to the cross.

*Watson Bartemus Selvage, '98.*

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## The Chief Mourner.

“CHARLES Arthur Breckton, Playwright!” said a tall young man as he leaned against the mantel in the little drawing-room of his apartment in the Waldorf. He whistled for a few moments, and then remarked, “That sounds pretty well. If ‘The Peri’ is a success, I suppose it means fame for me. Bah! Fame!”

It was Saturday night, or rather Sunday morning, and he had been giving a supper to the principal actors who were to take part in the first production of “The Peri,” which was to take place at Daly's Theatre on Monday night. The women actors had insisted on coming in stage costume; so when the dress-rehearsal was over they had trooped into his apartments and sung and

danced and eaten and guzzled liquor to their hearts' content, while he had surveyed them with an indulgent smile, feeling all the time very much as if he were entertaining a lot of wild beasts. Romeo Coranado, the famous baritone, the "Peri," was a cultivated man; but the women were a graceless crew. Yvette Caville, who was to lead the ballet, danced with the grace and vivacity of a butterfly; but she smoked cigarettes and sprawled on divans in her violet silk tights and drank herself stupid, and Flossie Odell—well, he had chosen her because her voice was fine. This was her second engagement. Two years before she had waited on table in a Bowery restaurant, and naturally her culture, such as it was, did not show to advantage in a drawing-room, and her theatrical jewelry only made her appear more vulgar. The stage manager said, that she was better fitted to compile a slang dictionary than any one else in New York, and he added, naïvely, she would not need to consult any one. Angelica Rodman and two Italian tenors had completed the part, and Breckton was heartily glad when they were gone.

He opened the door and entered the dining-room. The candles were flickering in their sockets, and the perfume of violets filled the apartment. The odor was rich and stifling. He stood for a moment, like a person trying to remember something, and then threw himself into a chair and buried his face in his hands. It is said, that the sense of smell impresses itself more strongly upon the memory than any other sensation, and the odor of the violets had turned back Charles Breckton's thoughts to the days when he was a collegian, and he thought of his first and only love affair. Since then, he had simulated love with half a dozen women, and lived the wild Bohemian life of the literary and artistic dilantantes of New York or Paris. There was nothing bourgeois about him. He hated vulgarity, and his vices were the vices of a gentleman.

He thought of that day ten years before, when he had asked Edith Ames to be his wife; and then, he saw the church and the bridal procession,—Edith holding the bunch of violets he had sent her, leaning on her brother's arm, and glancing to right and left with a pretty smile of recognition; and he heard the "so long as ye both shall live," and saw the priest's hand uplifted in blessing, and heard the wedding march as the young bride came down from the altar steps on her husband's arm, the bunch of violets held close to her heart. In the vestibule she had stopped for a few moments to say good-bye to the ushers and friends who thronged about her. Then he heard the click of the carriage door and the cheer of the street-urchins who stood around the awning. He remembered how Percy Van Aitkn had touched him on the arm, and he heard the familiar voice say, "You here! In what capacity, may I ask?" And he heard his own voice—and it sounded strange and hollow—"Chief mourner." "Yes," he said, "chief mourner. That's it. If—but what's the use?—I might have been a better man."

He did not blame her, however. Love always forgives; always must forgive. What had he then to give her? What had he now? She had made a great match. He had only seen her once, and that was four years since in Paris as she was driven along the Boulevard Malesherbes in her carriage, and he had stared after her till a policeman had volunteered the information, that she was the Princess Edith of Hess-Gabelstine-Vosburg.

Presently the waiter entered with a lot of letters and papers, and he suddenly remembered that he had not attended to his mail for two days, he had been so busy with his opera. "Your mail, sir," said the waiter, laying the papers and letters beside his elbow. He glanced at the envelopes of the letters, and then began opening the papers. *The Dramatic Mirror*, *The St. Louis Chronicle*, the *Paris Figaro* with a marked article and the initials "P. C. Van A." in blue pencil. In flaring head-lines he read, "Prince Ernest of Hess-Gabelstine-Vosburg killed at Monaco." The details were vulgar—disgusting. A drunken brawl over a game of cards. He shuffled over the letters. One bore a German post-stamp. It was from Edith. Twice he read the letter over without moving a muscle of his face. Then he got up and looked at his watch. Five fifty-five. He looked at his reflection in the glass over the mantel, and said, "By Jove, I'll do it."

Monday night "The Peri" was presented for the first time, and it was a great success; but although the people cheered and cheered and shouted "Breckton! Breckton! Breckton!" till they were hoarse, the author did not appear. At length the stage manager stepped to the front of the curtain, and said, "Ladies and gentlemen"—but that was as far as he got. "Breckton! Breckton!" shouted the crowd. "Three cheers for The Peri," shouted some one in the top gallery, and they were given with a rousing "Tiger" on the end, and then the abashed stage manager was allowed to say, "Ladies and gentlemen, Mr. Breckton sailed for Europe this afternoon."

*Harold Bedford, '98.*

### An Opinion of Stephen Crane.

WERE there more intimate and friendly relations between the cranes and the storks, we might imagine, that the latter brought Stephen, and that, under this sacred protectorate, he had been marvelously preserved, yea, even fostered. It certainly is difficult to account for his existence, we mean his existence in the realm of paper, boards and printers' ink.

Notice, we did not say the realm of letters; for even with the aid of the Sacred White Elephant of Siam or the Tammany Tiger he could never reach that kingdom where live *literary* men and women.

We are not unconscious that we are flatly disagreeing with the "*The New York Mail and Express*" when it says: "By writing 'Maggie' Mr. Crane has

made for himself a permanent place in literature." We are charitable enough to believe that the "*Mail and Express*" may have changed its mind by this time; for "Maggie" was Crane's first book; and that remark was probably penned some years ago. However he is still posing as the Infant Prodigy in the bookish side show; from which gaudily decorated tent, where the brass-bands play so loudly as to almost deaden thought and judgment, you may carry away as souvenirs "The Red Badge of Courage," "The Little Regiment" and "The Third Violet."

Banter, however, will not convince our readers that Stephen Crane has as yet no place in literature. Let us open some of his works. We will begin with "Maggie, a Girl of the Streets." First, are we sure that there are no ladies present? For we would no sooner think of reading it to them than we would lead them through the Bowery haunts at midnight. Ah, here are highly interesting descriptions of drunken brawls. What a benefactor of mankind we have here! How he enlightens us with the knowledge of how to quarrel with a woman when we are both in liquor! How do we thank him that he has not dealt briefly with this subject, but that nearly a half of this precious volume is filled therewith!

Bah! Foul gutter-mud! It is only that. Had Crane chosen, he could have given us a view, at least a hint, of the better nature of his men and women. But no; that would have been following, poorly to be sure, but following a model; Brander Matthews, perhaps. No, we follow Crane through the concert halls of New York, with their vile liquors and their lewd women, seeing only the sickening outside of things; for if we would see with his eyes we must forget that these miserable wretches have souls. And *this* is literature!

Ah, but the reader says, "Its merit is in his style, his treatment." Well, examine it. You will be fortunate if you do not find bad grammar. Attempt to read it aloud. Is there any harmony of words, any cadence of sentences? No. Having finished it, or any of his books, we feel confident that you will not care to hobble through them again.

We read "The Red Badge of Courage"—a quickly moving panorama whose pictures are those of the psychological struggles in the callow mind—and we are told that our impressions are those of a soldier in battle. We are *told* so; and we must believe it; for Mr. Crane's idea of bloodshed and courage were gained from foot-ball at college—he is only twenty-seven and never saw any other warfare. Convincing proof! His mental appetite for color has already been over discussed. What a splendid advertising agent he would make for some dye company! What scope for his "*red* roars" and "*yellow* dins!"

And now for his "Third Violet." We can grant, if you will have us, that he is improving; but there are plenty of worlds yet for our would-be Alexander to conquer. "The Third Violet" purports to be a love story; but the

heroine and hero are apparently culled from the pages of "*Life*" not from life. We believe that Mr. Crane has confused the two. The men and women in "*Life*" are clever and say "smart" things; so do those in life; but the latter are widely different, for they are furnished with human hearts.

We will commend Mr. Crane, however, in that, since he wrote "Maggie," he has gained enough sense to write out his curses and not to puzzle good people with the abbreviation d——n and h——l. It must have taken him more time, however, for his characters in "The Third Violet" have occasion to use such words very frequently.

If we had gained anything but contempt for Hawlser and Miss Fanhall, we might be unsatisfied with the ending; as it is, however, this is quite enough for us:

*"It seemed that some tumult was in her mind, for she cried out to him at last in sudden tearfulness: 'Oh, do go! Go! Please! I want you to go!'"*

*Under this swift change Hawlser appeared as a man struck from the sky. He sprang to his feet, took two steps forward, and spoke a word which was an explosion of delight and amazement. He said, 'What?'"*

*With heroic effort she slowly raised her eyes until, alight with anger, defiance unhappiness, they met his eyes.*

*Later, she told that he was perfectly ridiculous.*

*The end."*

When the phonograph shall have superseded the orchestra, and the kinoscope the Louvre, then we will confess that Stephen Crane deserves a place in literature, not before.

*Herbert Seymour Hastings, '98.*

### An October Violet.

UNDER October skies,  
Found at my feet,  
One tiny blossom lies  
Smiling at my surprise,  
Piquant and sweet.

"Violet, whence are you,  
Here in the grass?  
Love's service must you do,  
Waiting, as token true,  
Some one to pass?"



"Is not Love meant for Spring?  
 Why do you stay?  
 Who keeps you lingering  
 Through all this blustering  
 Autumnal day?"

"'Tis for you that I wait and I smile;  
 Far away I could hear as you came,  
 And the wind, as it rested awhile,  
 Has whispered me more than your name.

"'Tis for you I am waiting just here,  
 I have something to tell you—stoop down,  
 I would murmur it into your ear—  
 Break my stem—I am your's now—your own.

"For your questions I have a reply.  
 No, I say, Love is not for the Spring;  
 Though its objects may alter or die  
 Love itself is more stable a thing.

"Love is strong and endures, so I wait  
 Till my message you hear and accept.  
 'Tis God's Love that prevails, and not Fate,  
 Though Its reasons are secrets long kept.

"Love is not for the Spring, tho' new-born  
 In the mingling of sunshine and rain,  
 It lives on through the Autumn of scorn  
 Where its violets greet you again."

Under October skies  
 Low at my feet,  
 Bidding my heart arise  
 Brave to its destinies,  
 Hope did I meet.

In that Heart's centre deep  
 Treasured secure,  
 Flower and lesson keep  
 Watch o'er my Love asleep—  
 Love to endure.

*John Mills Gilbert, '90.*

### **A Maryland Ghost Story.**

IT was a rainy evening, late in September, at an old plantation house. Without, a storm was raging, and the roar of the waves sweeping over the salt marshes was mingled with the howl of the storm; but the inhabitants of the house sat about the hall fire-place and told stories. The house was just the place for such a recreation: it had been built in colonial times and added to by almost every successive owner, till it stands to-day, a great rambling story-book house, with quaint gables and dormers, bay-windows and porches.

There were about a dozen persons gathered around the blazing hearth, and each had told a story in turn, weird, ghostly or romantic. Now all were silent, and in the intervals of the storm, the tall clock on the stair landing could be heard counting the seconds as they flew. Presently, our host threw open the door of his study, where he had been busy writing, and came and seated himself among us. Immediately he was besieged with demands for a story. He consented quite willingly, asking in his quiet way, "Shall it be gay or ghostly?"

"Ghostly, of course, uncle," responded his niece, a golden-haired girl with a white and rose complexion and luminous gray eyes.

"Well," he said, "I have not had a very extensive acquaintance with ghost stories since I left college, and that was more than forty years ago. Nevertheless, I do know one, and that one is true."

A faint exclamation of surprise escaped from all of us.

"In fact," he continued, "it occurred in this very house, where I was born, and where I have lived all my life."

"As perhaps you know, some Maryland and Virginia families have, or had, a strange superstition, that if a man lost his wife and it was in his heart to marry again he must ride home from the funeral with his dead wife's ghost. Many years ago, one of my ancestors, Nathaniel Dinsmore by name, had the misfortune to lose his wife. The night before the funeral he sat beside the couch where she lay in her shroud, her hands folded over her breast. A single candle lighted the apartment, and through the closed shutters came the wailing and lamentation of the negroes. The neighbors who were to watch with the corpse during the night had not yet arrived and the grief stricken man lay back in his haircloth covered arm chair, and tried to snatch a few moments of rest.

"Suddenly he heard a voice outside the nearest window. He listened intently; but the speakers—two negroes—did not raise their voices much above a whisper: so he could only catch a word here and a word there; but he caught just enough to know what they were talking about. It was this strange superstition. An hour later, the watchers came and he retired to his room where he spent the night pacing the floor.

"The day of the funeral came and with it relatives and friends from far and near; the parson at length arrived attended by the parish clerk. To the

mourners the Church's beautiful office seemed like the words of ministering angels and after the blessing had been said the funeral cortege drove slowly over the hills to the church-yard, where they committed dust to dust, and ashes to ashes. The last solemn words were said and the mourners entered their carriages. The parson had ridden over with Nathaniel Dinsmore to the grave; but as he was not to return, the coachman was about to close the door upon his master, when a black robed figure approached and made as if to enter the carriage. The poor negro trembled like an aspen leaf; but bowed low as the sable figure mounted, unassisted into the coach. The solitary occupant raised his eyes in mingled curiosity and horror; but dropped them again and sank into a sort of stupor.

"At last the carriage rolled up the long avenue of oaks and the hall door opened to receive the master of the house, who ascended the steps, leaning heavily on the arm of the coachman. In the hall Nathaniel Dinsmore sank down on a sofa and the slaves gathered around him in silent pity. Presently a black robed figure was seen to glide along the hall, up the stairs, and into the dead woman's room.

"From that day on a ghostly presence seemed to haunt the house. The servants avoided the corridor on which their dead mistress' room was situated, and when forced to go it was with bated breath and quickened step that they passed it by: nor was this dread limited to the servants. The master himself seldom visited the room and even then he did not enter; but stood on the threshold and looked in sorrowfully. The room remained as she had left it. The high mahogany bedstead with its white curtains and crimson canopy, the dressing table with the toilet articles still upon it and even the easy-chair by the fire-place and her slippers on the footstool remained undisturbed. No one had even seen anything of the ghostly inhabitant of this apartment, nor of the little sitting-room beyond and this for the very good and sufficient reason, that for years the only person who passed the threshold was a young negress whose duty it was to take care of the rooms in that part of the house

"Three years had passed, when one chilly November afternoon the family coach rolled up the long avenue of oaks leading to the house. The hall doors flew open and the household ranged themselves on either side. A tall young man leaped out of the carriage and Nathaniel Dinsmore came forward to meet him. The two met on the veranda and embraced each other while the tears streamed down the old man's face as he repeated over and over again, 'My boy! My boy!' They were a striking contrast: the one old and bent with age, bearing in his face many lines which told of care and sorrow: the other young, erect and handsome.

"Then the servants one by one kissed his hand and the two men walked slowly into the library, the old man leaning on his son's arm.

"The young man had come home, after years spent abroad with a tutor; and now came fresh from the scholastic halls of Oxford. The years of waiting were past and the whole plantation, aye the whole country round about, joined in a welcome to 'Marse Edward.'

"Soon after supper, which was served about eight o'clock, the old man went to his room. The young man sat in the library while thoughts of his boyhood flitted through his memory and intoxicated every sense as he recalled those happy days. His old companions, where were they? All were scattered now; one—how his soul thrilled when he thought of her!—was married. He had loved her dearly and he sighed as he said musingly, 'It was not to be.' And then his mother! Ah, how he had looked forward to this day! How often he had dreamed of her and wakened, thinking he felt her kiss upon his forehead! A tear rolled down his cheek. He had come home; but Mother was not there. At length he called for his candle and went up stairs. As he passed the corridor leading to his mother's room, he turned back and entered. The moon was shining brightly and filled the apartment with a soft, uncertain light. A thousand memories flashed through his brain as he crossed the threshold. He looked about the room and having placed his candle on the table threw himself on the sofa.

\* \* \* \* \*

"He had been asleep. His candle had burned out and the room was dark. As he lay there half awake, he saw a figure standing in the doorway of the little sitting room beyond. He did not believe in ghosts, or perhaps he might have been frightened; but thinking it was one of the slaves he sat up and said, 'Bring me a candle; I will go to my room.' The figure remained motionless, much to his surprise, and he was about to speak again, when with a shrill scream the apparition rushed forward and embraced his knees. He sprang to his feet; but fell fainting on the floor.

"When he came to himself, the sun was just rising over the salt marshes. For a moment he was not clear in his mind where he was; but presently the scene of the night before came back to him. He dismissed the whole thing, however, as the result of fatigue and the excitement attendant upon his return. Then he got up and went to his room. At breakfast he sat at a little round table with his father and neither by look, word nor action betrayed that anything peculiar had happened during the night.

"As Christmas approached, preparations for a great house party became apparent, and at last all was in readiness, and none too soon: for it was now Christmas eve, and guests began to arrive. There were beautiful women and courtly southern gentlemen: but Edward Dinsmore had eyes for but one in that company."

Rising from his chair, our host stepped into his study, and presently returned with an ivory miniature, exquisitely set in rubies. We crowded around

it, full of expectancy, and I assure you we were not disappointed. There was nothing of the classical about it: a sweet, lovable, childlike face, with a rare fascination which bound the beholder as by a spell.

"It is unnecessary," our host continued, "to tell the details of that evening. Suffice it to say, that before the merry-makers separated for the night, it was known that Margret Clayton was to be Edward's wife. Long after midnight the young man sat by his fire, in his dressing gown and slippers, and as he gazed at the burning logs, he mused of his future happiness and remembered how his mother had petted 'his Margret,' as he found himself calling her. Little had he cared then for the frail, golden-haired child; but now he loved her devotedly. Suddenly he was seized by a desire to go to his mother's room, and taking his candle he went out into the hall, and arriving at the door threw it open. The draft extinguished the flickering flame, and at the same moment he heard a groan as of a person in great pain. He listened. Yes, there it was again. Without a moment's hesitation he traversed the room and entered the little sitting-room beyond.

"Every object in the room was clearly visible, and there on a couch lay an old negress. At a glance he recognized her as his old nurse. An exclamation of surprise escaped him and she woke with a start. She recognized him and in a moment he was kneeling at her side and her old withered arms were around his neck. Then the arms relaxed their hold and she fell back. Never before had he seen Death claim his own, but he knew instinctively that his old nurse was dying.

"'Help! Help!' he shouted. A woman appeared dressed in a long wrapper with her hair streaming down her back. It was Mary Wiberton, a distant connection of the family and a spinster. 'Quick!' he said, 'bring some brandy; she is dying.' It was scarcely a minute before he held the flask to her lips; but it seemed a whole æon to him. The liquor revived her and by the time she had come to, Mary Wiberton had relighted the taper. The head on the pillow turned wearily and then, for the first time the old slave spoke. She told how she had been sold to a neighboring planter, how she had longed to die on the old plantation where she had been born. When her old mistress died she had dressed herself in black and taken this extraordinary way of escaping from her new master and gaining admission to the plantation house. Once within, she knew all would be well: for her daughter Nancy had charge of that side of the house where the dead woman's room was situated. For three long years she had lived thus. It was she whom he had seen on the night of his return and she was so happy in 'de Lord' and ready to die, she said. Then a palor overcast the dusky countenance and in a few moments she was dead.

"Edward Dinsmore stood for a moment gazing at the calm dead face and then taking the candle walked out of the room, followed by his still wonder-

ing companion. The strain had been too great, however, and just as he was going into the hall, he fainted away. It was now Mary Wiberton's turn to call for help, and this time several persons responded, old Nathaniel Dinsmore among them.

"The young man was carried to his room, and for months his life hung in the balance. The house-party broke up; but Mary Wiberton stayed and nursed him. When the warm spring days came he began to rally and soon was restored to health.

"One bright sunshiny morning in early June the house was filled with a throng of relations, friends and neighbors. Then there was a stir as Nathaniel Dinsmore came down the stairs with Mary Wiberton leaning on his arm and after them Young Marse Edward and Margret Clayton, arm in arm. What did it mean? Why it was a double wedding, father and son."

N. S. E.

### Summer Echoes.

FROM N. E. S. W.

WHEELER, Belsey and Howell have been making researches in antediluvian strata. It is rumored that occasional contradictions were discovered such as "Trilby" and "The Suicide Club;" but generally the fossils were of the orthodox P. E. variety.

Lewis, we learn, has been a missionary of that gospel akin to godliness. We trust that requirements did not necessitate a "terrible example."

We hope that our Jack-of-all-trades has continued his *talering* business and that his barrel is full.

Coerr stayed in the vicinity of the college until his nose was broken in Tivoli.

Porter and Belsey stayed on "Goat Island" until there was imminent danger of *Crusoe* and his man *Friday* turning cannibal; then they returned to civilization leaving the others living on Greek roots and German stems.

We learn with great regret that Moore has been inoculated with Herbert Spencerianism. What may we look for now?

An ode of welcome has been composed for one of our number, by an adaptation from mother Goose. It's close reads:

Leave them alone,  
And they'll come home,  
Dragging their Yales behind them.

We are never so pleased as when a man finds his element: Greiner's letters this summer bore the heading, "Liquid Gas Company."

Reports are rife of remarkable shooting done in this vicinity by the "young idea" under Staples and Stengle as gunners.

We were much puzzled to read in the public press notices of Mary Anderson's movements, seriously conflicting with reports received in personal letters. Can it be possible that there is more than one?



Evidently "Chip" found New Englanders sufficiently civilized: for he soon came back to this region, and continued to soothe the savage breast.

Knapp says that the weeks rolled 'round in Kingston. May we be pardoned if we suggest that it may have been Frank instead of the weeks?

Love of country is one of the most commendable of human traits, and Boss exhibited it to a laudable degree. He is not a *native* of Upper Red Hook either.

Saunders kept an eye on Annandale to see what he could do toward the perfection of his "Improved System for Running the Universe."

Noble has been riding a real horse. We hope that his hobbies have thereby gained a much needed rest.

We have been wondering all summer if the effects of a broken collar-bone will be noticeable in the form of broken spirits. If not we shall petition the Faculty to provide a straight jacket, as well as dark closets, for obstreperous Freshmen.

If any one wonders why Kelly wanted to take up his abode in Potter Hall we can give the explanation. It was his fondness for Porter.

### Ann Abel(?) (G)lee.

NOTE.—By slight, very slight alterations, we have combined for the delectation of G. A. G., '97, "one of the most beautiful poems" (a favorite of his) and the praise of his accustomed luxury. Considering the worthiness of our purpose, we feel that we need offer no apologies to Mr. Edgar Allen Poe.

NOT many and many a year ago  
Near a lake, not by the sea,  
There lived a youth, whom you may know,  
Who doted on drinking green tea;  
And this was the chiefest of all his joys—  
A secret 'tween you and me.

He was a child, yes, only a child,  
Near that lake, and not the sea,  
When he loved with a love that was more than love,  
He loved his sickly green tea—  
With a love like that of winged seraphs of heaven,  
(Excelling you and me).

The angels, not so happy in heaven  
(Not envying you and me),  
Yet, they have reason as all men know,  
By the lake, and not the sea,  
To watch him from out of the clouds at night,  
'Stillling and swilling his ever-green tea.

—Etc.

Q., '98.

### A Sonnet.

TO ELIZABETH.

Born June 30th, 1897.

THE spring-time lingered, dear, to welcome thee;  
The roses, hanging sweet, have waited, too;  
And we have waited, counting moments few  
In which our thoughts have not run lovingly  
To plan a life which full of joy should be  
For thee and thine. And you have come to view  
Our work. All that we did, or hope to do  
Is yours, and more; for love works willingly.

Our hearts are opened to thee, little one,  
Elizabeth, to God devoted, dearest, best;  
In other lands than this thy feet have run,  
And we receive thee as a heavenly guest.  
June at thy coming, and there shall be none  
But June days now for us till life is done.

Herbert Seymour Hastings, '98.

The train was about to leave the station, and a young man leaned over the seat, shook hands with the middle-aged gentleman, and said:

"Good-bye, professor."

A man with wide stripes in his shirt-bosom looked at him narrowly, and after the train started, said:

"Kin ye do any tricks with cards?"

"No; I never touched a card."

"Mebbe ye play the pianny?"

"I know nothing of music, excepting as a mathematical science."

"Well, ye ain't no boxer, I kin see by yer build. Mebbe ye play pool?"

"No."

"Er shuffleboard?"

"I never heard of the game before."

"Well, say, I've guessed ye this time. It's funny I didn't think of it before. You're a mesmeric."

"I'm nothing of the kind."

"Well, I'll give up. What is yer line? I know ye're in the biz, 'cause I heerd that young feller call ye 'perfesser.'"

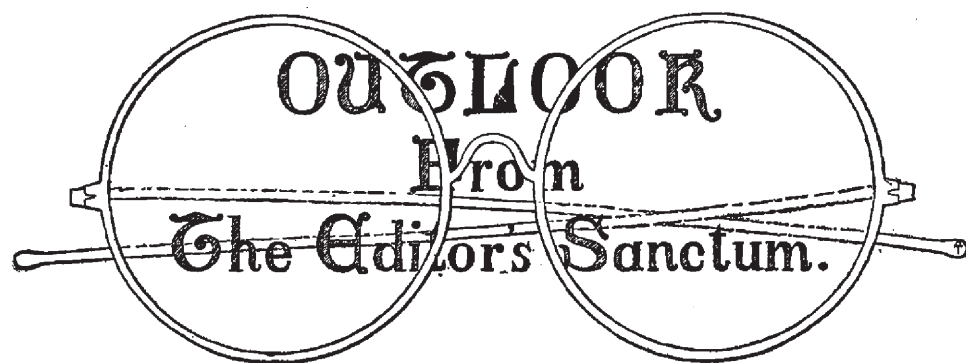
"I'm an instructor in English Language, History and Political Economy."

"An' yer can't do no tricks, ner play music, ner hypnotize?"

"Of course not."

The man turned and gazed out of the window on the opposite side of the car.

"An' he calls hisself perfessor," he said to himself.—*Philadelphia Record*.



THE MESSENGER greets the new men, with the hope, that they may worthily follow in the steps of those who have gone before—those who have in their time been “new” men and then, at last, gone out into the world as alumni, and those who still linger as grave or reverend Seniors, and even festive, careless Juniors. Of course Sophs don’t count. At this writing they are hardly better than Freshmen, although THE MESSENGER still hopes to see them grow up into Seniors. THE MESSENGER—the incarnate editorial WE of the College—could, no doubt, give lots of good advice to new men; but for the present it will content itself with this: Never forget for one single instant that you are a college-man, a member of a corporate body and by your very membership therein, you are bound to uphold its traditions and its honor. You are bound to work for your college, not only as a student; but as an athlete and in all other lines of activity. The man who helps his college most is not the man who makes the biggest marks—they generally do little or nothing for their college, and in the world are hopelessly distanced by men of affairs,—but he who busies himself in all those enterprises which bring the institution into public notice. If anyone questions this, let him note the enormous growth of Yale University, which is directly, and we believe acknowledgedly, due to its athletic record, or let him note the increased size of Cornell Freshman Class of 1901. A good foot-ball team or a good glee club is one of the best advertisements which a college can have; we know of but one better, and that is a good college paper. We say *better*; but it is only better because it is evidence of mental rather than muscular or artistic powers; not, we regret to say, as an advertisement.

We are proud of the standard of Annandale scholarship, and we expect you to uphold it; but no college can be made up wholly of scholars, and there are many who can do nothing in that way who can do good literary work, make a good tackle on the foot-ball field, play base-ball or sing creditably, and it is to these men that we appeal. Time alone can reveal those who are to stand highest on the mount of fame; but we venture to predict, that it will

not be the “plug.” It will be the all round collegian who was active in college organizations and took a medium standing in his class.

WE note with gratification, that Williams College is turning away students, so that the institution shall not become unduly large. All honor to the trustees and faculty who refuse to allow their institution to be glutted with students! It is a hopeful sign. Scholarship and *real usefulness* are due in a great measure to the personal contact of the student with his professor, and it is worthy of note that many successful men both in letters and science have gratefully acknowledged, that it was this close relation with able teachers, which contributed the most to their advancement.

THE newspapers and reviews seem to have been greatly interested in the break between Pres. Andrews and Brown University. There can be no doubt that Pres. Andrews’ outspoken “Popularism” and “free-silverism” have seriously injured his University and we consider, that he has only done what he was morally bound to do when he resigned. He has not been persecuted for his opinions. It is not a matter of opinion; but of fact, and when a college president gives it out, that he believes that the mint dies can increase the market value of a piece of silver or pig-iron it is time that he be consigned to an asylum for the insane. Level headed parents, who will consign their sons to his teaching, will be few and far between.

THE attention of both the graduate and under-graduate members of the college is called to the Commencement Sermon preached before the University of the South, by the Right Rev. Thos. F. Gaylor, M.A., D.D., Bishop Coadjutor of Tennessee, and published in the *Churchman*. It is a scholarly discourse and will amply repay study. The Bishop’s remarks about the inexpediency—or wickedness—of attempting to tie a professor of biology down to the “Thirty-nine Articles,” and his definition of a church university mark an epoch; not because the ideas are new; but because most of us are afraid to say what we think, much less put it in print. Our conception of a Christian college or university has always been an institution of collegiate or university rank which officially participates in the worship of Christ as God. The Christian religion has its verities, and so has science, and we, for our part, are quite willing to abide the consequences of any conflict which may ensue. The truth of the matter is, that theologians in all ages have been too prone to teach their own personal notions as dogma, and it is this pseudo-dogma which clashes with modern scientific discoveries.

**College Notes.**

—The Class of 1901 is the largest which has entered S. Stephen's for several years; being a little more than three times the size of the Class of 1900. The geographical distribution of the members of the class is also interesting. Less than half are from New York. The states represented are Maine, New Hampshire, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New York, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Florida, Ohio and Washington State.

—Prof. Malcolm and family spent the summer at their cottage in Newport, R. I.

—The Rev. J. Morris Coerr, '94 Sp., of Pittston, Pa.; Homer A. Flint, B. A. '97, formerly Business Manager of the MESSENGER; Thomas P. Maslin, B. A. '96; Joseph Patterson Gibson, B. A. '97, formerly our Editor-in-Chief, and George A. Green, B. A. '97, visited Annandale at the beginning of Christmas Term.

—A meeting of the Glee Club was called on Saturday, September 11, for the purpose of discussing the prospects for the coming year. Owing to his withdrawal from college, Mr. Greiner tendered his resignation as manager, and Messrs. Champlin, Lacey and Jackson were appointed Board of Managers. The report of the treasurer being read, the club was found to be badly in debt, and it was decided to call on the student body to help liquidate the debt. Prof. Nock has kindly consented to act as leader temporarily.

—The Junior Class will give a benefit for the foot-ball team on, or near, October fifth. The entertainment promises to be especially good, in view of the fact that this class has secured the services of Mrs. Jarley, a woman of some repute, who will exhibit for the first time her stupendous collection of wax works, which is said to be the finest collection of figures ever exhibited. The programme will consist of three parts, namely, the wax works, followed by a very short and witty farce, concluding with a cake walk. Specialties will be introduced during evening. After the cake walk there will be an informal dance, consisting of six numbers, ending with the Virginia reel. It is hoped that every student will consider the motive for which the class gives the entertainment, and that he will give his hearty support.

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Mrs. Fosdick—"Did you enjoy the Commencement exercises, Mr. Perkassie?"

Mr. P.—"Very much—very much, indeed, with the exception of the bacchanalian sermon."—*Harper's Bazaar*, July 31st.