

S. Stephen's College Messenger.

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Vol. 8.

OCTOBER, 1901.

No. 1.

A BORN GENERAL.

THEY stood beneath the arching trees of a driveway, within the grounds of a beautiful Maryland home—two children of the gods; one fair, one handsome; and both in keeping with all the suggestive romance and deep peace of this summer day in a land of love. One used to the moods of the dimpled little god of love might easily have surmised that they were having an interesting lovers' difference. He talked and walked with a masculine sulkiness, striving hard to steel himself against the patient sweetness of the woman who was trying equally as hard to show him that his troubles were little more than those of the imagination.

He had come down from the metropolis and the business of the law firm for an unexpected and much desired visit to the home of Colonel Tremont, the "much desired," referring rather to Colonel Tremont's daughter. They had understood each other long before; and he had no fault to find with the welcome she gave to "Garry," as his boyhood friends had revised his surname, Harris; but his vacation plans were intended to include her for all of the daylight in every twenty-four hours, and a part of the evenings. So he took it amiss that Miss Tremont was just at this time filling

the part of a good angel to a lonely widow, who was dependent, by reason of her blindness, upon others for her intellectual sustenance. It was for this that he was gently scolding his companion, even while her dainty fingers fastened to his coat a spray of blossom taken from her own fair person.

"You can't buy me off with apple blossoms," he was saying; "I'll get a writ of habeas corpus from the courts and—"

"Habeas kiss," she interrupted, lifting up a tempting pair of lips, and giving him a smile which was half a reproof, such as she might have meant for a wayward child.

"A woman of culture," she went on, after he had taken proper advantage of the invitation; "and stricken with blindness. Surely our love can spare her the poor privilege of my society for a little of the evenings while you are here. She is obliged to look after her school in the day time; she cannot afford to choose her leisure."

Miss Tremont glanced at him with a coaxing light in her eyes, in response to which he observed, rather ruefully, "Well, I suppose Heaven picked me out for an ideal martyr; at any rate," he added, with a praiseworthy effort to make the best of things, "martyrs are always great men."

"Come with me, dear, and make the acquaintance of the dreadful person who is making such havoc of our happiness," was her only answer. With the autocracy of love she slipped her hand through his arm and for the time at least ended his plaint.

Mrs. Brummel had enjoyed the advantage which fitted one for a successful teacher. Though but a poor blind widow, her sweetness and culture were a power for social enjoyment. Harris enjoyed the evening, which, with her help, he made such a delightful success. And yet he was not pre-

pared to give up the society of one surpassingly dear woman even for a philanthropic purpose, as this of relieving the loneliness of the widow; although, knowing full well what profound sense of the right that proud young woman possessed, he hardly knew how it was to be avoided. Various schemes flashed through his mind, but the few farewell moments later on were not to be desecrated by the making of sordid compacts; so it was not until the next day that he referred again to the matter. They were seated under the trees—she with a white forehead wrinkled in gentle annoyance that the vagueness of a vulgar cook-book should so threaten the Colonel's dinner; and he, in the intervals between tussels with a playful St. Bernard, trying to think which of his ancestors first evinced the cleverness which had won him such an adorable woman for his own.

"Dora," he broke out suddenly, tripping the dog over backward.

"Well," she asked, looking up to smile, as the big dog repaid his courtesy in kind, and sent him literally to her feet.

"I'll make a bargain with you?" he continued, after he had picked himself up. "I want the most of your time for myself while I am down here. Will you devote it to me as religiously as you do to the widow if I manage a scheme to relieve you from the present plan?"

She affected surprise and drew further away as he assayed to take a new seat nearer her, regardless of the dog's attempts to inveigle him into more sport.

"My present plan," she explained "is to fry them in butter and serve à la mode. Do you know any better way?"

"You won't have to cook for me," he commented, with equally apparent rele-

vancy, as he secured a strangling grip about the dog's neck. "I never feel hungry when I am with you. It's a good thing, too, I dare say, if you trifle with my digestion," he mused, watching the frantic efforts of the big animal, "the way you do with my heart, I couldn't eat anything less tender than yourself."

With which brilliant contradiction he returned to his sport and the dog, since her interest in the book indicated a disposition not to argue the subtle point.

The next evening, as she was on her way to the widow's he met her at the gate, with the information that Mrs. Brummel had excused her from attendance that evening.

Miss Tremont gave the bearer a searching look, and queried:

"Did you ask her to excuse me?"

"No'm," he replied, with a pretence of fright at her severe aspect. "While you were trying to fry things in butter yesterday, instead of using a frying-pan, I too had irons in the fire. I went into town on an errand and then called on Mrs. Brummel. After reading to her for an hour or so I left her with a new system for the blind. She is busy studying it now, and voluntarily excused you. I got the hardest system I could find, and I don't think she will have any more spare time for a month." He drew nearer to her as he went on more seriously, "I want your society now. Love is a little blind, too, and needs your guiding hand."

But the hand eluded his, and he found it the next moment engaged in a somewhat rash attempt to prevent his further speech. The satisfaction he manifested with that state of affairs was too evident; and the hand was almost immediately withdrawn.

"Well," he continued, when he realized

the futility of any further attempt to put his little speech into practice, "we are ours. We will just enjoy the balmy evening, take a nice walk, and plan for a good time to-morrow, you and I—"

"But, Garry?" she broke in, "I'm sorry. I promised to go out with Mrs. Brummel and her pupils to-morrow afternoon on a little excursion into the country."

"Garry's" eyes closed and his hands went up in protest.

"Yes, oh yes, of course; I was going on to say, 'you and I and Mrs. Brummel, the children and the old lady down the lane and—everybody and anybody else we can coax to go along—all in a buggy!' If the load is too much for the one horse, we can put another in front. It's to be a Sunday school picnic, you know, and—"

"Garry, behave yourself; I can postpone the walk if you wish."

And now she seemed a little bit hurt, even though she did slip her hand into his.

He dropped his bantering tone at once and said, "No, no; forgive me. Seriously, you would not be happy if we made the change; and my happiness is always measured exactly by yours. No, you follow out your original plan; and I"—he seemed thoughtful for a minute or two and then continued, "Well, I had been thinking of running up to New York for an hour or so. I shall return at once to-morrow evening—in time to meet you at Mrs. Brummel's. And now we will talk about other things," by which he meant, as the subsequent silence would seem to have indicated a sort of telepathic chat.

Miss Tremont was late the next evening, and walking hurriedly in the direction of the appointed meeting place, met Garry and a stranger, whom he introduced as Dr.

Wallace, from New York. They stood talking until the civilities would permit the Doctor to withdraw. He promised to meet Harris after a smoke, and Garry, waving a good-bye, turned to Miss Tremont and said, "Let us go back to Mrs. Brummel. I think she needs a little sympathy."

"Why, Garry, has she had some trouble since I left her this afternoon?" Miss Tremont asked, with evident concern.

"Trouble in a negative sense, perhaps," was his enigmatical response. He would say no more. The rest of the journey was taken up with matters which his companion did not fully appreciate in her worried frame of mind.

They opened the tiny gate and drew close to the open window. They could see Mrs. Brummel kneeling at her little desk in the front room of the cottage, and they could hear the tones of her voice. An intensity of feeling seemed to make her oblivious of their approach. Almost involuntarily they stopped and listened.

". . . . God bless their unselfish thought for me, and grant them a long life of unclouded happiness," was all they heard.

The two listeners turned softly away. In answer to the unspoken inquiry in his companion's eyes, Garry said, "Dr. Wallace is an eye specialist. He says it will not be a hard matter to restore her sight."

He said this as nonchalantly as possible under the circumstances. Then when he saw that she was waiting for more, he continued, "I invited him down to spend a week with me—he enjoys a vacation, you know, when he can find a little work to occupy the time, and I told him how my health was suffering for want of proper attention, so for a merely nominal consideration he came down to stay with me

and treat me after his own indirect fashion. You see, Helen, I could not spare all the time you gave to her."

She looked up with the happy tears in her eyes and kissed him as she said, "Great men do not always need to be martyrs."

His only answer was to give her back the kiss.

J. WILL JACKSON.

ON POWER.

EVERY man has power. We speak not of derived or conferred power, but of power that is innate and natural.

The average man, during those moments of introspection that overtake us all at times, is apt to compare himself with his fellows (a mistake, by the way, for a man's ideal should be his standard of comparison), and so his powers of thought and action exceed or fall below those of his compeers, he experiences sensations of self-satisfaction or the reverse.

Let us take a step nearer to Truth, and realize that the world needs *not power, but use of power.*

ARTHUR C. SAUNDERS, '01.

KICKERS.

THE kickers kick because they kick,
They kick, that's all they do.
They kick when other kickers kick,
Because they're kickers, too.

They kick about the magazine;
They kick, they kick; that's all.
They never kick about the field
The pigskin in the fall.

They kick about the college teams;
They kick about the crew;
They never kick themselves about
For kicking as they do.

They kick about the roast of beef;
 They kick about the steak;
 They kick about when they're asleep;
 They kick when they're awake.

They kick about the Faculty;
 They kick about the rules;
 They'd kick about if they were hanged,
 These ever-kicking fools.

E. D.

THE C. S. M. A. CONVENTION.

IN the latter part of February next, our college will have the honor of entertaining the Church Students' Missionary Association in convention.

Though the St. Stephen's Missionary Society has been a chapter of this association for several years, this will be her first opportunity to entertain her sister chapters and introduce them to her magnificent surroundings.

The C. S. M. A. now consists of thirty-eight chapters, in as many institutions, eight of this number being Theological Seminaries, nine Universities, and the rest church and other colleges and schools.

In this convention, therefore, will come representatives of our leading Seminaries, Universities and Colleges; and it rests with the undergraduate body whether the reputation, which St. Stephen's has always had for hospitality, shall continue.

While the convention will undoubtedly bring to us a missionary enthusiasm of which we are in sore need, on the other hand the delegates can scarcely pass a few days mid the environment of the place without feeling its subtle influence. Hence both will receive a benefit. The management of the convention and entertainment of the delegates are preëminently matters to be attended to by the men in college, and every one should feel it a matter of honor

as well as privilege to lend his most hearty assistance, financially, coöperatively and prayerfully. It is customary to entertain the delegates in the dormitories; it is earnestly desired that the undergraduates will discharge this duty with their usual heartiness.

As for the work which the C. S. M. A. accomplishes, the stipend of the Rev. D. T. Huntington, missionary in Hankow, China, is provided for; a traveling secretary, the Rev. Edmund J. Lee, spends most of the college year visiting our institutions of learning to arouse and keep alive an earnest missionary zeal and knowledge; and every intelligent effort is made to advance that great cause, which is the very life of the church missions.

In this, her first prominent part in the life of the C. S. M. A., we trust St. Stephen's, as is her right as a church college, is only foreshadowing the position she will assume in connection with this great movement in the future. May it not be a possibility of the future that, in consequence of this convention, many of our future alumni shall be found on that great frontier of the church, the Foreign Missionary Field!

The convention speakers usually include some of the most prominent Missionary Bishops and Priests, as well as those at home, together with eminent laymen.

Undoubtedly this assemblage, with its far reaching effects, will do more to place the college prominently before the public than any function heretofore held under her auspices.

The preparation for this event, as far as it pertains to us, will be in the hands of a committee of representative college men, with whom every one should heartily coöperate.

SAMUEL C. FISH, '03.

A FABLE.

THU SOPHOMORE, like Balaam's ass, suddenly becoming endowed with speech, said to an austere professor: "Doctor, you must be a mind reader, else why is it that when I am not prepared on the last part of a translation you call me up there, and when I am unprepared on the first part you call me up there?"

"Oh, my!" the professor replied, "when you're not prepared on the first part I suppose you are not prepared on any, and when you are not prepared on the last part, you have only a portion of your work done. I can't see any reason for your supposing that I am a mind reader, except that you're an—a Sophomore."

Work half done is like half ripe fruit; it is bound to give trouble to the one indulging therein.

E. D.

THE GROWTH OF FRIENDSHIP.

NOW strange, indeed, the ever varying moods of man;
 One day you see him cheerful, happy, gay and bright,
 Making the lives of others pleasant as he can;
 Yet on the next himself is plunged in gloom of night.
 He who erstwhile helped others to endure the strife,
 Doth need to-day a helper in the cares of life.

We change not only day by day, but hour by hour,
 Yet this same fitfulness to friendship birth doth give;
 For that one whom we hold by brightness in our power
 Hath not yet learned the test that makes true friendship live.
 To him who in our woe and gloom his aid doth lend,
 To him, and him alone, belongs the name of friend.

Yet if we friends in truth would be, each one must share

The other's joys, together with the other's sorrow and woe,

Content if he to us hath chance to give more care Than we on him have opportunity to bestow.

Thus helping it dependeth not on one, but both, To bring true friendship to the maturity of its growth.

WILLIAM HENRY DARBIE.

FOOT-BALL.

THE first game of the season here was played on the Zabriskie Field, Saturday afternoon, Sept. 28, when the Kingston Athletic Association met defeat at the hands of the S. Stephen's boys. The game was called promptly at 3:30. S. Stephen having won the toss defended the North goal. Kingston kicked the ball well into S. Stephen's territory and downed the man advancing it on the fifty-yard line. S. Stephen's quickly rushed it to Kingston's three-yard line by a series of spirited end plays and fierce line bucks, only to lose it on a fumble. Kingston kicked the ball off after a touch-back and again S. Stephen's steadily advanced to the opponents' three-yard line. McGay then carried the ball over for a touch-down; Frye kicked a pretty goal.

The remainder of the game was a plucky fight on the part of the Kingston men to keep the score as small as possible.

They failed to stop the repeated advances made through the centre, and the interference round the ends was too strong for them.

S. Stephen's played a better game than was expected; the interference was generally very good. There was no excuse for the fumbling, however, and the score was lessened materially because of the frequency of that error. On one occasion its quarterback, Elton, not only saved the ball but

made a thirty-five-yard dash for a touch-down. All the backs played well; McCoy at end, made several brilliant dashes, one gain was thirty yards advance.

The following is the line up:

KINGSTON.	S. STEPHEN.
Kingburg.....r. e.....	McCoy
Smith.....r. t.....	Hargrave
Gillet.....r. g.....	Silliman
Vanburen.....c.....	Frear
Chappelle.....l. g.....	Frye
Hickey.....l. t.....	{ Weston
	{ Beckett
	{ Taffe
O'Connell.....l. e.....	{ Ashton, F
	{ Rockstroh
Read.....r. h. b.....	McGay
Davis, Capt.....l. h. b.....	Wells
Carson.....q. b.....	Elton
Roos.....f. b.....	Tuthill, Capt
Dunwoody } Subs.	
McRoberts }	

Touchdowns, McGay, 1; Tuthill, 1; Wells, 1; McCoy, 1; Elton, 1. Goals made, 3. Score, 28. Referee, Durell. Umpire, Lord.

WHEN ALL THE BOYS COME TUMBLING IN

SEPTEMBER is a gladsome time,
With all its mickle fearful din;
With all its joys and welcome noise,
When all the boys come tumbling in.

No feeble handshake given then,
But "Hello, Jimmy, how've you been."
Ah! that's the kind of talk you'll find
When all the boys come tumbling in.

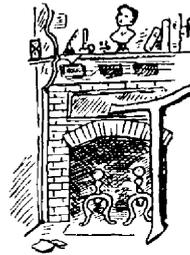
Then up and down from room to room,
The foot-ball men their work begin,
And furnish suits for new recruits
When all the boys come tumbling in.

The new men struggle 'gainst the bunch
That in their throat swells up like sin,
And cannot see the joys that be
When all the boys come tumbling in.

But next year they will say with us,
"Of all the joys of college kin
The best of joys is when the boys
Come

tumbling
in."

S. W. WELLS, '04.



The Editor's Corner.

THIS year marks the beginning of a new era for S. Stephen's; it remains to be seen how rapidly she will make history for herself. The Preparatory Department was closed when last year's Senior Preparatory Class passed the entrance examinations; now all the energy which, heretofore has been divided, is directed in the interest of the college alone. For two years past the Bishop, the Trustees, the Warden and Faculty have been working for the advancement of S. Stephen's with more than usual interest, and their labor has already born fruit. Many improvements have been made during that time, the most important of which have been those in the curriculum. Standards have been advanced in all departments, particularly in Philosophy, Psychology, Ethics, English Literature and Oratory. The course in English Literature, now in the hands of Prof. Yardley, promises to be very interesting and very wide in its scope.

The campus and building have been improved; the gymnasium has received its share of attention, and last, but not least, the refectory has been placed in charge of a new matron, with an entirely new staff. This last means more in the question of education than appears on the surface.

Altogether the outlook for S. Stephen's under the new conditions is very satisfactory. The Warden has brought the institution prominently before

the public, and intends to keep it there. The Church shall know exactly for what S. Stephen's stands, and we feel sure that when churchmen come to know her as they should, there will be no doubt about her quickly taking the place in their affections she so richly deserves.

THE new man is always a favorite subject for discussion.

The Professors look him over; the upper classmen at least are aware of this existence; the fraternities analyze him, and the Sophomores do the rest.

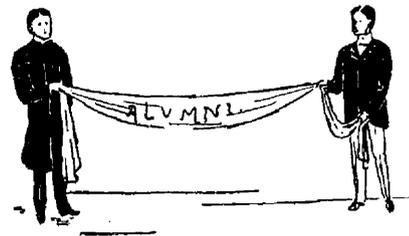
Perhaps the discussion he undergoes with the Sophomores is the most painful, but as long as discretion is exercised and only his feelings are hurt, the discussion amounts to a little more than fun, and healthy college spirit.

We do not approve of hazing as it is carried on in some institutions, but we do think that rightly used it is a very good instrument with which to regulate some affairs that rest altogether with the students.

The unpretentious youth who enters as a Freshman and is not fresh usually reaches his Sophomore year at S. Stephen's without accident; the occasional irregularities forced upon him are not worthy of mention. But woe to the Freshman who lacks seasoning; he unvariably is treated for his disease in heroic fashion until he loses his insipid taste and becomes a son worthy of Alma Mater. If the remedy fails to act successfully the first year, the patient is treated again the second year; this effects a permanent cure. When hazing is employed by students as a means for keeping up standards among themselves and not as an opportunity for working off superfluous ani-

mation, it ceases to be a shillalah in the hands of Sophomores and becomes an instrument in the hands of a vigilant committee.

There is less hazing done at S. Stephen's than at any other institution, but when it is done, discretion plays its proper part, and it is done with a purpose in view. We sincerely hope it will never degenerate into mere devilishness.



(We shall be glad to print in these columns any news whatever of interest concerning our Alumni. Please send notes addressed to the Editor-in-Chief.)

—The Rev. William White Hance, M.A., '73, priest in charge of Gloria Dei Church, Palenville, N. Y., has accepted an unanimous call to the rectorship of S. James' Memorial Church, Eatontown, N. J., and will enter upon his duties there on All Saints' Day.

—The address of the Rev. William Barden, M.A., B.D., '79, is now Warsaw, Ill.

—The Rev. J. Morris Coerr, Sp. C., '96, Rector of S. Paul's Church, Norwalk, Conn., and family, spent September at Nantucket, Mass. The Rev. Chas. T. Coerr, the Rectors father, had charge of the church for the month.

—The Rev. Father Paul James, M.A., B.D., '82, Superior of the Society of the Atonement, preached the opening sermon of the fall meeting of the Archdeaconry of Suffolk, Long Island, in the Church of the Holy Trinity, of which the Rev. C. A. Jesup, M.A., B.D., '82, is Rector.

—The Rev. C. M. Niles, D.D., '86, was selected by the Parochial Mission's Society to arrange a special service in San Francisco, at the meeting of the General Convention, with the view of furthering the efforts of the Society.

—The Rev. G. D. Silliman, D.D., '67, attended the General Convention as a delegate.

—Treder, '01, Anderson, Knollmeyer and Salvage spent a few days at S. Stephen's during September.

—Carroll, '99, and Porter, '99, returned to Alma Mater for a while in September to lend a hand in coaching the football team.

—Howell, '01, is at Cambridge Divinity School.

—Graham, '01, is teaching at Betts' Academy.

—Darbie, Sp. C., '01, has entered the Theological Seminary at Alexandria, Va.

—Fowler, '01, Treder, '01, and Peck, Sp. C., '01, are at the General Theological Seminary, New York.

—On Wednesday, Sept. 18, at St. Andrew's Church, Wilmington, the Rev. Charles Bratton Dubell was ordained priest by the Rt. Rev. the Bishop of Delaware. The sermon was preached by the Bishop. The Rev. Hubert W. Wells presented the candidate. The Rev. C. B. Dubell is Rector of St. Matthew's Church, Wilmington.

—The marriage of the Rev. A. M. Judd, '98, to Miss Madeline Ormsby was solemnized at the Church of the Holy Cross, Jersey City, on Tuesday morning at ten o'clock, July 30. The Rev. P. C. Pyle, '90, officiated, assisted by the Rev. Father Elmen-dorf. The Rev. J. P. Gibson, '97, was best man, and Miss Susie Ormsby, sister of the

REPORT OF THE WARDEN OF S. STEPHEN'S COLLEGE

To the Convention of the Diocese of New York, September, 1901.

During the past year the work of re-organizing and extending the curriculum of the College progressed steadily and as rapidly as circumstances would permit. As a result, we are now offering ninety-nine separate courses, aggregating two hundred and seventy-seven hours of work per week for a term, as compared with fifty-nine courses, aggregating one hundred and seventy-eight hours, advertised in the Catalogue of 1898-99. The character of the work in the various departments has been made distinctly more mature, and part of each of the last three years of the course has been made elective.

Dr. John C. Robertson, whose work last year was carried on with singular efficiency by Dr. Herbert B. Foster, has resumed his duties as Professor of Greek. The Rev. Thomas H. Yardley, M. A., has been appointed Professor of English and History, and has already begun a vigorous re-organization of that department.

In accordance with the plan set forth at the beginning of the present administration, we have now entirely discontinued the preparatory department. As this department constituted two years ago fifty per cent. of the total enrollment of the institution, we have not been able—nor did we hope—to make this rapid elimination of pre-College work without a slight reduction this year on the total number of students. However, the number of men taking distinctly College work has increased in two years about sixty per cent. Fourteen men who will be thoroughly prepared for the Freshman class have already definitely applied for admission in September, 1902.

But these are mere details. The real crux

of our problem at the present time lies in the relation of the College to the Diocese. Each year, as you know, the Warden of S. Stephen's College presents a report to the Convention of the Diocese of New York. The Diocese is represented on the Board of Trustees of the College by its Bishop and two of the members of the Standing Committee, and the Warden, personally, would welcome any further representation on the Board that the Diocese may desire. But, as there should be no taxation without representation, so there should be no representation without taxation of some kind. The Diocese has a weighty responsibility toward the College, which it cannot with justice ignore. We now feel, that, with the work we are actually accomplishing, we have the right to insist upon the fulfillment of that responsibility. We would gladly welcome a thorough and intelligent investigation into the quality of the distinctly College work that we are now doing, and are willing to stand or fall before the Convention, on the outcome of that examination. The Diocese of New York has now the opportunity to say clearly and definitely whether it wants to have and *maintain* a thoroughly efficient Church College, whose Baccalaureate degree shall represent all that the best degrees of that grade imply. I urge you, my brethren, throw aside indifference and apathy, and act promptly and vigorously in this matter, which, I am convinced, means much to the Church.

If we are to meet the needs of our expanding life efficiently, we must have very soon an addition of a quarter of a million dollars to our general endowment. In particular, we need immediately \$50,000 to establish a Chair of Science, and two professors' cottages to cost about \$3,500 each. We have done and are doing our part, will the Diocese of New York give us the equipment we shall soon be obliged to have, or must we ask the members of other Dioceses to do our work for us?

THE REV. LAWRENCE T. COLE, PH.D.,
Warden.

bride, was maid of honor. After the return from their wedding tour the Rev. and Mrs. Judd were tendered a reception by his congregation on Sept. 3, on which occasion they were presented with one hundred dollars in gold from the people and a handsome silver service from the Wardens and Vestrymen.

—When your paper comes in a pink wrapper your subscription has expired. You will find a subscription blank inside. THE MESSENGER needs all the subscribers it now has and a great many more. We trust that you will renew and thank you in advance for your kindness.

—Clum, '01, has taken charge of the Department of Mathematics in the Southern Military Academy at Savannah, Ga.

—Griffiths, '01, is teaching in St. Paul's Parish School, Baltimore, Md.

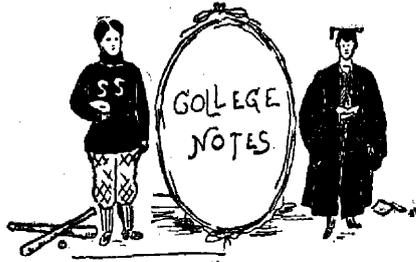
—White, '00, is Business Manager and English editor of the *El Pais*, the Republican newspaper of San Juan, Porto Rico.

—The Rev. Armond de R. Meares, '77, has recently taken charge of St. Joseph's Parish, Lenore, N. C.

—The Rev. Dr. Olmstead, Rector of St. Asaph's Church, Bala, Phila., has been elected Rector of Christ's Church, N. Y.

—The Rev. James Sheerin, Rector at Briar Cliff, N. Y., has accepted a call to Christ's Church, Cambridge, Mass., as Associate Rector.





—Herbert B. Foster, Ph. D., who was Acting Professor of Greek Language and Literature at S. Stephen's last year, is now in charge of the Department of Greek at the University of South Dakota.

—Tuthill, '04, has been elected Captain of the foot-ball team, Durell, '02, having resigned. Elton, '04, has been elected sub-captain.

—A number of valuable additions to the College Glee Club has been found among the new men. Director Hinkle is very encouraged by the outlook.

—The reception tendered the college by the Warden and his family on Monday evening, Sept. 23, was a very enjoyable affair. A number of the alumni and many other guests were present.

—The meeting of the Convocation of Undergraduates, Oct. 1, was very well attended. A lively interest in the affairs of the college was manifested. The remarks of the President of the Convocation in opening the meeting were a brief of existing conditions, and a call to the students to shoulder their part of responsibility in furthering the good work going on in all departments for the advancement of S. Stephen's.

—John C. Robertson, Ph. D., Hoffman, Professor of Greek Language and Literature, has returned to S. Stephen's after a year's leave of absence.

—The Convention of the Diocese of New York met at the Church of Zion and St. Timothy, the Rev. Dr. Lubeck, rector, on Wednesday morning, Sept. 25. Bishop Potter celebrated the Holy Eucharist and delivered his address.

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The report of S. Stephen's College was read by the Rev. Dr. Lawrence T. Cole. It stated that the curriculum of the college had been reorganized and extended so as to include 99 separate courses, aggregating 277 hours of work per week for a term, as compared with 59 courses and 178 hours in 1898-99. The Preparatory Department has been discontinued and the attendance of the college has increased sixty-six per cent. The report made a strong plea for help, and stated that \$50,000 for establishing the chair of science and \$7,000 for building purposes was needed. The following resolution was offered by Dr. Cole:

Resolved: That a committee of three be appointed by the Bishop to investigate the present conditions of S. Stephen's College, especially with regard to the changes and improvements lately made in the standards and work of the college, to report at the next convention on that subject, and also upon the relation and responsibility of the diocese of New York to the college."

—*Churchman.*

—The foot-ball team is gradually getting into form. Coaches Lord and Popham say that, while the line is not as heavy as it was last year, the team is capable of putting up a snappy game.

—The new floor in the gymnasium is another improvement in the right direction. Let the good work go on.

—The Rev. Thomas Henry Yardley has been elected to the chair of English, vice Horace N. Seaver, LL. B., resigned.

—The Rev. the Warden attended the General Convention at San Francisco. His report to the Convention will appear in a later issue of the MESSENGER.

—For outlines and material for essays and orations, address Colchester, Roberts and Company, Tiffin, Ohio.

—Captain Zabriskie, has given the Athletic Association the use of the Zabriskie Field for this season's foot-ball games. The field is in excellent condition.

—On Friday evening, October 4, the Eulexian Society initiated Frederick Turner Aston, '05. After the initiation a spread was served at No. 5 Potter Hall. Among those present were: Professors Anthony, Popham and Yardley; Stoddard, '00 and Peck Spc., '01.



Thirty little Freshmen
Going off to eat;
Thirty-seven Sophomores
Meet them on the street;

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Rah, rah, rah! Nineteen hundred and four.

Q.

