

MESSENGER

Vol. 9 No. 4 December, 1903

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S. Stephen's College Messenger.

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Vol. 9.

DECEMBER, 1902.

No. 4

NUNC DIMITTIS.

LORD, let me now depart in peace,
Thy Peace, O Lord, above all human knowing,
In whose sweet calm all tumults cease,
Thy Peace, O Lord, not of the world's bestowing.

O take me now unto Thy rest.
That I, Dear Lord, may leave Thee never;
Show me the calm of Heaven the Blest,
Where I may praise Thee, Lord, forever.

S. A. C.

TOMMIE'S CHRISTMAS.

TOMMIE lived in a small town indigenous to the great Northwest and was, in his boyish heart, just like all other lads of his age. He was looking forward to Christmas Day, as the day on which Santa Claus ought to come and leave him something or other that he desired. During the middle of December, Tommie first began to talk to his mother about his Christmas presents, and asked her if Santa would bring him a new red sled like Willie Atkinses and a pair of skates like Freddie Williamses. Tommie being her only child, Mrs. Stillwater would have given him anything he wanted, but in her circumstances she was unable to give him all the necessities of life, to say nothing of Christmas presents. Her

husband had been sent to prison a few years before on the charge of horse-stealing, the evidence, however, being entirely circumstantial; on account of this she had her ability taxed to the utmost to provide food and warmth during the long winter months. What should she say to Tommie? This question was a source of anxiety to her, for she had not the heart to tell her boy that she could not give him anything, and that there was no such person as Santa Claus.

She at last decided to tell Tommy to write a letter to Santa Claus, telling him just what he wanted, and to mail the letter at the Post Office. Tommie did as directed and then went daily to the office to see if Santa had answered his letter, but each day the genial postman told him that there was as yet no reply, though it might come any day.

There were only three days left before Christmas and no word had reached Tommie from Santa Claus, so he made up his mind that, if it did not come that day, it would not come at all, so with anxious face he trudged along through the crisp, crunching snow until he reached the office, then in quavering voice asked: "Is there anything for me?" Upon being answered in the negative, he turned away with a sob, unmindful of the strange gentleman in the fur coat who had been an interested spectator.

He was no other than the Governor of the territory, to whom the postmaster related the story of Tommie's father. The Governor remembered the man as prisoner number 863, one of the most tractable in prison.

Tommy brought back recollections to the Governor of his own bygone days when he used to support himself by the sale of newspapers in New York. Yes, he had once been a poor, ragged urchin and did not know

what it was to receive gifts from Santa Claus, so he sympathized at once with Tommy, and, with a benign smile on his face, resolved to do something for the boy.

He had the power in his hands and the circumstances would certainly warrant his action, so he took the first train for B—k in order to make out an official pardon for Number 863.

He also bought a red sled and a pair of skates for Tommie, some nuts, raisins, oranges, and a large turkey; these he packed in a box which he fastened to the top of the sled.

Christmas Day burst forth in all its glory. The crisp snow in its dazzling purity, lay over everything, but there was nothing in the Stillwater home to brighten it.

Tommy sat gazing sadly out of the frost decorated window when he noticed a man coming towards the house, dragging behind him a box upon a sled such as he had played with in his dreams. The man, so altered that no one knew him, came to the door and handed to Mrs. Stillwater, who failed to recognize her husband, a letter which read as follows:


To Tommie Stillwater I present this sled and box, to his mother I present the bearer with best wishes for a Merry, Merry Xmas from
SANTA CLAUS.

There was great rejoicing in the Stillwater home that Christmas Day, and the brightness without was eclipsed by the radiance within.

A. C. E. '03.



CHRISTMAS EVE.

 IS midnight's hour beneath the southern sky
 And glows a fiery star bright in the east.
 Low in the west the moon's soft beams now die,
 Yet fainter grow the sounds, and now have ceased
 All save the shepherd's calls and now both beast
 And bird murmur no longer. For now all lie
 As deep in sleep, all mortal men at least
 Yet angels wait above the cloudless sky
 To hymn our Saviour's birth in sweetest melody.


'Tis midnight's hour beneath that southern sky
 As slowly an angel wings to earth his flight.
 The shepherds prostrate on the ground do lie,
 Their eyes bedazzled with the wondrous sight,
 When lo, he speaks. A voice so full of might,
 Yet gentle. "Fear not, for unto you is born
 A Child, the Lord of Glory and of Light,
 Who shall revive the weary and forlorn.
 The Prince of Peace, your Saviour, has come to earth
 this morn."

'Tis midnight's hour beneath the southern sky.
 A land lies wasted, ravaged, scarred by war;
 The fields lie desolate. Nothing save the sigh
 Of the night wind disturbs the silence or
 Moves the leaves. Homes, once the fondest care
 Of peaceful farmers, are become the den
 Of beasts or stand completely bare.
 Is this peace upon earth, good-will toward men?
 O Prince of Peace, our Saviour descend to earth
 again.

'Tis midnight's hour beneath the starry skies.
 Without the church a busy, countless throng,
 Within, the Mass. The fumes of incense rise,
 The priest's voice stops; the music swells. How long,
 O Lord? For in the city's streets, what wrong,
 What shame, what crime belie thy sacred name
 'Mong those who bear it! That angel song
 No more we hear. O thou for e'er the same,
 O Prince of Peace, our Saviour, preserve thy church's
 fame.

WALTER SCOTT CLELAND, '03.

A STRANGE CHRISTMAS.

 O those of the North the thoughts of
 Christmas go hand in hand with the
 idea, that with Christmas Day skating
 or sleighing, tobogganning or some other

winter pastime is associated. Let us imagine
 ourselves spending our Christmas in making
 a trip up the world-famed Ocklawaha river,
 of Florida. The Ocklawaha has its source
 at Silver Springs and flows after a winding
 course of sixty-five miles into the St. John's
 river, about sixty miles from where the
 latter empties into the Atlantic. The Ock-
 lawaha river is so narrow that the boat by
 which we go is only a little over twenty feet
 wide, flat-bottomed, drawing about three
 feet of water and propelled by a stern-wheel.

The staterooms are no larger than piano-
 packing boxes and in fact the boat is very
 Lilliputian in size. We leave Palatka in the
 afternoon and crossing the St. John's, enter
 the Ocklawaha and until dark the river is
 comparatively wide but then becomes so
 narrow that it seems as if the little steamer can
 hardly proceed. Although there is so little
 room on board, the table service is excellent.
 After supper a three-sided arrangement full
 of blazing pine knots which cast a strange
 unearthly light upon the moss-covered trees
 on either side, is placed just in front of the
 pilot-house. Then the negro deck hands as-
 semble on the lower deck and treat the
 passengers to their singing and banjo-pick-
 ing, in which they are naturally skilled.

Most of the passengers are up early next
 morning and then comes the surprise. Here
 is an unbroken wilderness all around, just as
 when the Seminole Indians owned the land.
 Sharp eyes can observe several different
 species of poisonous snakes lying, coiled on
 logs or tree stumps, while many noisy peli-
 cans wage war upon fish who are unlucky
 enough to swim within their reach, and
 herons and cranes, with wide-spreading
 wings, fly about. Here a huge alligator
 hearing the boat's approach, dives almost
 without a sound, from a log on which he

has been sunning himself. Now we near the end of our journey, passing through Silver Spring Run. The spring water is so clear that we can easily see to the bottom, where turtles of all sizes are swimming about and many kinds of fish, and here is a grim looking 'gator resting on the bottom.

At Silver Springs we leave our odd little boat and are rowed about. Although this spring is from sixty to one hundred feet deep, the water is so clear that a ten-cent piece can be seen lying at the bottom.

After a two hour's wait the boat's whistle summons us to prepare for our return and we have made a trip unsurpassed by any of its kind anywhere in the world.

JAY PRESTON STONER, '06.



THE BROOK.

RIPPLING, dancing, filled with laughter,
Smiling at the sun so brightly,
The brook in spring time rolleth on
'Till the autumn frost appeareth.

Moaning, sighing, ever crying,
Autumn leaves its sad face covers,
Pure its waters are no longer;
Still it rolleth sadly on.

Freezing, snowing, fiercely blowing,
Cometh on the barren winter;
Sings or moans the brook no longer,
Under snow drifts rolling on.

Thus it is with us poor mortals;
In the spring—our youth—we frolic;
But when manhood's cares o'ertakes us,
Mournfully our lives roll on.

'Till when wintry blasts o'er come us,
And the frost our poor lives endeth;
Though the years as snow flakes hide us,
Still in death our souls roll on.

TUTHILL, 1904.

DR. OLSSSEN.

ALTHOUGH the familiar face and reverend form of Dr. Olssen, for so many years Alumni Professor of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy, are very much missed from college, we cannot but feel that the Board of Trustees acted very wisely in retiring him and making him Professor Emeritus. Dr. Olssen has been connected with St. Stephen's College a great many years, in which he served the college faithfully and well, endearing himself to the hearts of all who came in contact with him. It is but proper, then, that the undergraduate body should show him some mark of appreciation, now that he has left active service. The following resolution, therefore, is most-fitting :

Be it resolved that, whereas the connection of the Rev. Wm. W. Olssen, D. D., Alumni Professor of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy, with St. Stephen's College has been severed and whereas so many of the best years of his life have been devoted to the service and interests of the college, we, the Undergraduate Body, with deep appreciation of his devotion to the institution, hereby extend to him our heartfelt gratitude and wish for him many happy years, and be it further resolved that a copy of these resolutions be forwarded to him and that they be published in the St. Stephen's College MESSENGER.

SAMUEL C. FISH,
President of the Convocation of Under-
graduates.

WALTER SCOTT CLELAND,
Secretary.



ALUMNI BANQUET, DIOCESE OF ALBANY.

THE Albany Alumni of Saint Stephen's College, held their annual reunion and banquet Tuesday evening, Nov. 11th, at the Stanwix. Those present were the Rev. Joseph Carey, the Rev. George Dent Silliman, the Rev. Frederick Schroeder Sill, the Rev. Thomas Benjamin Fulcher, the Rev. Pierre McDonald Bleecker, Charles Gardner Coffin, the Rev. David Lewis Sanford, the Rev. Walter Haskins Larom, the Rev. Charles Brassington Mee, the Rev. Alexander Augustus Cairns, Frances Johnston Hopson, the Rev. William Francis Parsons, the Rev. Percival Cook Pyle, the Rev. Adrian Randolph Bennet Hegemen, the Rev. George B. Hopson and Clinton Durant Drumm, Class of 1903.

Charles Gardner Coffin presided as toastmaster and called upon the following:

The College by the Rev. George B. Hopson, Our Sister Church Colleges by the Rev. David Lewis Sanford, the Alumni Association by Francis Johnston Hopson, The Undergraduate by Clinton Durant Drumm, The Clergy by the Rev. Joseph Carey, The New York Association by the Rev. Percival Cook Pyle.

CLINTON DURANT DRUMM, 1903.

COGITATA TRISTIA.

WISH I were a bird, away to fly
O'er hill and dale beneath the joyous sky,
To cast all sorrow, fear and gloom away,
And live in peace and quiet thro'out the day.

'Tis mortal's lot combined with earth's sad weal
Which makes me thus in bitter anguish feel.
To cast such thoughts away I know were best
And bear the lot, upon man's shoulders pressed.

As sons of toil by Heaven's law divine,
To this we ought with humble mind incline,
Within our hearts a conscious love infuse
Of Him who deigned for us a life to lose.

R. E. B., '04.



he Editor's Corner.

WITH this issue of the MESSENGER, as has probably been noticed, a new editorial board has taken the helm, a fact which requires some explanation.

It is the duty of the editorial board soon after its organization to elect an Associate Editor, the Editor-in-Chief, a Senior having been elected by the undergraduate body, and the other editors by their respective classes. Moreover, it has been a recognized custom to choose, for the Associate Editorship an upper classman.

The late board, however, quite contrary to college precedent, elected as Associate Editor a Freshman, who, through no fault of his own, but because of considerable serious difficulty with his eyes, has not risen above that class, although he has been in college for a few months at a time during the past three years. Meanwhile, however, his interest in the MESSENGER has never failed, as his frequent contributions show. Nevertheless, the election of a Freshman to such a position was hardly pleasing to the majority of the undergraduate body. Hence the editorial board was censured and instructed to elect an upper classman in his stead. Declining to do this, the board was discharged and a new one elected, one member of the old board being re-elected by his class, inasmuch as he presented a minority objection to the action of his co-editors.

The present editorial board bespeaks the

co-operation of the Alumni and Students in the effort to make the MESSENGER a thoroughly representative college paper.

THIS has indeed been a year of casualties in the foot-ball world, and, while St. Stephen's has been entirely free from any of a serious nature, nevertheless her team has suffered considerably. So much so, in fact, that the last few games had to be cancelled.

The team never showed such encouraging signs as it did at the beginning of the season and the quick, snappy work that was done on the practice field made one feel that against those of its class, it was well nigh invincible.

The first few games were very successful in their results, but later the men incurred so many accidents that the team was well nigh incapacitated. We were indeed sorry to be obliged to cancel the last few games, but, in view of the condition of the men it seemed the only wise course.

It is difficult to estimate the value of Prof. Popham's assistance as coach. Under his systematic training the team developed rapidly and great credit and appreciation are due him.

In connection with athletics we are glad to notice a strong agitation for a track team, with the idea of entering the Intercollegiate contests at Berkeley Oval next Spring.

There is some splendid material among the men here and, with hard work and good training St. Stephen's ought to enter a team that would reflect great credit upon the college. By all means make the track team a reality by beginning work at once.

IT is but just to the alumni, to whom the Professorship is due, that they should learn through the college paper of the amplification and change of method in the departments of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy.

With the advent of Professor Geo. B. Pfeiffer, M.S., the inductive method of instruction was inaugurated in these branches with the usual result of offering to the student a greater opportunity for original thought and research. Moreover the laboratory work in Physics and Biology, which it has been the tendency hitherto to minimize, has received a new stimulus. Heretofore, the Biological course has been entirely a lecture course, but now considerable necessary equipment has been secured and practical laboratory work is being done.

In the Physical laboratory, too, some equipment has been added, but there is still a crying need for more complete apparatus.

While our language departments, both ancient and modern, as well as the departments of Philosophy and English can scarcely be surpassed and surely by none of the smaller colleges, we must admit that in the Scientific departments, St. Stephen's is *sorely deficient, not in respect to the Professors, for the members of the Faculty in charge of Chemistry, Mathematics and Natural Philosophy are splendidly trained men, but on account of the great need for proper apparatus for demonstration and experiment.*

The department of chemistry received a great impetus a few years ago, through the personal efforts of Professor Saunders and the kindness of Mr. John Jacob Astor and now the same encouragement should be given to Professor Pfeiffer, who is giving his best efforts to place these departments on a

par with the leading colleges in the country.

Moreover as this is peculiarly the Alumni Professorship, it would seem but natural that the college should look to them for encouragement and support. Among the pieces of apparatus most especially needed are the following: in Physics, two storage batteries, Rhumkorff coils, set of Geisler tubes, a large table dynamo, a voltameter, an ampere meter, a galvanometer astetic and a horizontal galvanometer, a table engine and boiler, a set of Crooke's tubes, an Atwood machine, a still and a barometer; in Biology, a sterilizer, an incubator, a waterbath, a balance and a microtome, and in Mathematics, a transit and level.

It has been suggested that the Alumni might most advantageously aid in the effort to improve the laboratory equipment in these branches by presenting to the college some of these pieces of apparatus. These would then be suitably inscribed thereby making an Alumni memorial. In such a movement we feel sure Professor Pfeiffer would most heartily co-operate and we bespeak through these columns the assistance of the alumni in this most commendable effort.

EXCHANGES.

The November exchanges have been coming in rather slowly this month. Up to the time of writing we have heard from about half of our exchange list. In this instance, however, the quality of a few more than makes up for the lack of quantity. Indeed, there is enough good material in the November issues received to fill twice the space allotted to this column.

What a difference in character there is among college papers! From the *Barnard*

Bulletin, devoted exclusively to college news, to the *Williams Literary Monthly*, perhaps the best example of a purely literary publication, with those half way between, how marked the diversity of type. The November *Kenyon Collegian* is practically a memorial of the late James N. Stephens of Trenton, N. J., an alumnus and benefactor of the college. The *Trinity Tablet* must gladden the heart of every alumnus, so well does it reveal the life of the institution.

An editorial in the *Hobart Herald* seems worthy of consideration in every college. The editor has been speaking of the lack of distinctly college stories. He then goes on to say:

"Occasionally there have been published in the *Herald* college stories, but most of them had nothing to do with our own college or its peculiar life; they had no Hobart local color. There is as much material and as great a field for Hobart stories as for any others. We have a long history of banner scraps, Freshmen banquets, interclass scraps, etc., to draw from, and any such incident, if cleverly treated and elaborated into a story, would beyond question be gratefully received by the students, and be the means of stimulating among them a greater interest in the *Herald*."

Is not this true of ST. STEPHEN'S? Would not such stories arouse not only interest among the students, but increase the MESSENGER'S circulation among the alumni and promote the interests of our college among the readers of the MESSENGER.

Shortly after reading the above editorial, we received the *Bowdoin Quill*. This is one of our best exchanges, and the application of the principal of local color is especially commendable. Two stories by alumni, a poem on a college subject and "Gray Goose Tracks" all reflect the life of the institution and make very interesting reading.

Some of the humorous stories of this month are very good, especially "A Crisis at the Blake's," in the *Vassar Miscellany*. "The Conversion of Medill," in the *Williams Literary Monthly* is full of surprises, leading up through a blood-curdling scene to a very humorous denouement. Of the same type is "An Uncanny Adventure" in the same paper. Of the serious stories undoubtedly the gem is "A First-day Hymn," from the *Vassar Miscellany*. "A Question of Color," in the *Mount Holyoke* is interesting as a study in child life and color prejudices. "A Ghost With a Purpose" from the *Trinity Tablet* shows a good artistic treatment of an old theme.

In prose articles, exclusive of stories, three are worthy of especial mention, "A Corner of Fife," from the *Mount Holyoke*; a description of a week in the village of Culross, Scotland, and "Camping in the Greenwood," in the *Williams Literary Monthly* with its suggestive quotation,

"Now, my co-mates and brothers in exile,
Hath not old custom made this life more sweet
Than that of painted pomp?"—*As You Like It*.

are well worth reading. Of literary interest on a new theme is "The Note of Hope in Matthew Arnold's Poetry," in the *Mount Holyoke*.

Some very good verse has appeared in recent issues, of which we mention "The Lonely Child," in the *Mount Holyoke* "Awa Syne" and "The Messenger," in the *Williams Literary Monthly*, "My Lady O' Dreams," in the *Vassar Miscellany*, is notable for its dainty versification, its suggestive use of epithet and adjective and its exquisite harmony of theme and expression, its only fault is, it is too long to quote. We clip the following:

THE BUTTERFLY.

Ah, butterfly, from flower to flower
You seek for love's variety;
Now the rose-fragrance holds an hour,
And now the lily's purity.
And now you plunge your changeful lips
Deep in the tulip's crimson wine,
Another moment brings you sips
Of honey from the trailing vine.
I, too, have known you for a space
Because it chanced that floating down the lea,
A vivid spot of gold, you found some grace
In me, the pale, the frail anemone.
I dwelt among the meadow weeds
Beneath a sky of warm delight,
The sun shone down upon my needs
And filled them with its light.
Its glories and its glimmerings
Reflected in my face serene;
And then your tinsel flash of wings
Came fluttering in between.
Upon my heart those wings so fold,
And the sweet warmth your breathing caused.
Alas the sun grows cold!

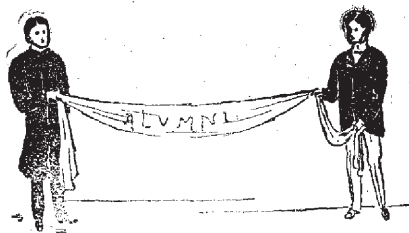
INCONNU in *The Morningside*.

A NORTHERN GRAVE.

Sigh softly through the pines thou northern wind,
Thou art the breath of One who did but now
From its imprisonment a soul unbind,
More fragrant than thy forest-scent, to be
Again with Him, we know not how,
In warm and golden immortality.
Float gently down, O flakes of silent snow
And hide in mantle white the fresh-cut sod—
Ye cannot hide the ardent life, for lo,
'Tis gone! Up through the heavens whence ye come
Ascending to the Heaven of heavens—to God,
Life everlasting, universal home.
MADISON CLAIR BATES in *Williams Literary Monthly*.

We acknowledge the receipt of the following November issues: *The Morningside*, *Williams Literary Monthly*, *The Chicago Maroon*, *The Bowdoin Quill*, *The Mount Holyoke*, *The Vassar Miscellany*, *The Trinity Tablet*, *The Kenyon Collegian*, *The Hobart Herald*, *The Alfred University Monthly*, *The Triangle*, vol. IX, Nos. 3 and 4; *The Barnard Bulletin*, vol. IV, Nos. 6 and 7.

WALTER SCOTT CLELAND, '03.



—'69. At the evening service following the archdeaconry meeting of Queen's and Nassau, held in St George's Church, Hempstead, L. I., on Oct. 29, the Rev. W. R. Thomas, D.D., arch-deacon of Orange, delivered a splendid address, in which he spoke on the missionary work of the priests and laity.

—Ex. '70. The Rev. G. W. West has resigned Holy Trinity parish, Carroll Co., Md., and expects to engage in literary work, tutoring, and Sunday supply. His present address is 1621 Chestnut St., Phil., Pa.

—'80. Mr. F. E. Shober of New York City, has been elected to the United States Congress, as senator from the state of New York.

—'85. The Rev. H. H. P. Roche of Long Branch, N. J., has accepted a call to the rectorship of the Church of the Transfiguration, Phil., Pa. He has resigned his present rectorship at St. James, and will begin work in his new parish on Nov. 30.

—'88. The Rev. F. W. Norris, rector of St. Matthew's Church, Brooklyn, and his wife, recently gave a very enjoyable reading of selections from Dickens' works, at the home of the Trained Christian Helpers, for the benefit of the sick poor of Brooklyn. The Rev. Norris spent a few days early in November, at his Alma Mater.

—'90. The Rev. W. J. D. Thomas has begun active work as vicar of Tentley, D. C., in the parish of St. Albans. His address is Tentleytown, W., D. C.

—'90. The Rev. P. C. Pyle was among those present at the K. T. X., initiation banquet.

—'92. The Rev. Clarence M. Dunham, rector of St. Jude's Church, Brooklyn, N. Y., has almost secured the necessary funds for the building of his new church in Borough Park. Most of these funds have been contributed by the members of his congregation. The feast of St. Simon and St. Jude was celebrated with special services in his parish. The preacher at the evening service, was the Rev. Canon H. B. Bryan.

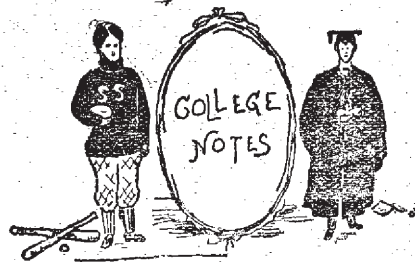
—Ex. '92. Dr. George Francis MacCutch-eon Lamont of Newark, N. J., was married to Miss Ethel Ackerson Wilkinson in St. Stephen's Episcopal Church, Newark, Nov. 26, 1902. The wedding was a very pretty one, and many distinguished guests were present.

—'93. The Rev. F. C. Steinmetz, rector of Christ Church, Ridley Park, Pa., has just added a new chancel, transepts, and other improvements to his church. These were consecrated on Tuesday, Nov. 4, by Bishop Mackay-Smith.

—Ex. '98. The Rev. George Herbert Troop, curate at Yonkers, N. Y., was married to Miss Thompson, of Red Hook, N. Y., on Dec. 1, 1902, in the college chapel, at Annandale, N. Y.

—'01. Messrs. J. P. Graham, C. Fowler, and O. F. R. Treder were among those who returned to Alma Mater, to the initiation banquets.

—'02. At a banquet of the Junior Class of the General Theological Seminary, held at the Hotel Hungaria on the evening of Nov. 25th, O'Hanlon, was toast-master, and Durrell responded to the toast "Athletics." All of the St. Stephen's men in the class, played an important part in the entertainment, which followed the banquet.



—Wells has returned to college.

—Brinckerhoff, '05, has been appointed organist at St. Paul's, Tivoli.

—It is rumored that the Mask-and-Gown Club has resumed operations.

—We are all glad to learn that Hicks, '04, will return to College after Christmas.

—Tommy Hackett is busily (?) engaged removing the surplus leaves from the campus.

—Frear, '05, was called to Homestead, Pa., by the serious illness of his brother-in-law.

—Tuthill, '04 and Rockstroh, '04, attended the Philaethean dance at Vassar, Friday evening, Nov. 28th.

—Prof. Geo. B. Pfeiffer, Alumni Professor of Mathematics, has assumed charge of Trinity Church, Madalin, New York.

—We are glad to note the arrival of some valuable books in the College Library on Philosophical and various other subjects.

—Cleland, '03 and Hinkel, '05, gave musical selections on the piano and violin at an entertainment in Upper Red Hook, Tuesday evening, November 18th.

—Fish, '03, visited Lafayette and Lehigh Universities, Nov. 18 and 19, investigating the conditions of local societies desiring charters from Sigma Alpha Epsilon Fraternity.

—Mr. Gilbert Prower Symons, '04, was initiated into the Kappa Gamma Chi Society on Friday evening, November 21st. After the initiation there was a modest and daintily served collation in No. 4 Potter Hall. The Alumni present were: The Rev. Mr. Pyle, J. Paul Graham, '01 and Cuthbert Fowler, '01.

—The Rev. H. P. Scratchley, instructor in the Stevens School, Hoboken, N. J., is scheduled to deliver a series of lectures to the undergraduate body during the month of February, his subjects being: "Bishop Grosstete, his life and works;" "Life and Customs of the Mediæval Student;" and "Religious life of the 13th Century."

—Messrs. S. A. Chapman and W. J. Gardner were initiated into the mysteries of the Sigma Alpha Epsilon Fraternity on Thursday evening, November 20th. After the usual fun and the regular initiation rites, the initiates were ushered in the banquet hall of the Morgan House, where a delightful banquet awaited them. Mr. Charles G. Coffin, '76, acted as toast-master, and Mr. O. F. R. Treder, '01, responded for the alumni.

—On Saturday afternoon, Nov. 22d, the Freshmen and Sophomore classes contended for mastery in several field sports. The Faculty were interested spectators, and on the whole the affair was a great success. The Sophomores in general proved themselves the more skillful athletes, save in the football match, which resulted in a tie of 10-10 after a well fought game on both sides. Saunders for the Sophomores came off victorious in the 100 yard dash.

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