

# MESSENGER

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Vol. 10.

NOVEMBER, 1903.

No. 3

**I THANK THEE, LORD.**

For Dobbin Dun to draw the sleigh,  
For Grandpa's hands to guide the way,  
For his dear smile and laughter gay,  
I thank thee, Lord.

For Grandma's wrinkled cheek to press,  
For Grandpa's wrinkled hands that bless,  
For each sweet kiss and each caress,  
I thank thee, Lord.

For Grandma's good old kitchen stove,  
For wood cut from the chestnut grove,  
For draught from wind sent from above,  
I thank thee, Lord.

For homemade bread of wheat or rye,  
For cranb'y sauce and good mince pie,  
For turkey breast and turkey thigh,  
I thank thee, Lord.

For pleasure through Thanksgiving day.  
For girls to love and games to play,  
For power to help and need to pray,  
I thank thee, Lord.

2 POTTER HALL.

**THE "G" STRING.**

**A Thanksgiving Tale.**

The Bass Viol was doing miserably to-night. He had missed two important pizzicato notes in the intermezzo, and had bungled a little run in a comic song. Ferrari, the leader, scowled at him villianously out of the corners of his eyes, and when the tawdry farce on the other side of the footlights began again, bent over to the Oboe and muttered "Corpo di cristi! Vat you teenk a dat fellow Zhordan? He pla like he

hasa been dreenking, eh? I have a new basso nexta veek. Youra fren, you tell heem to come." The Oboe nodded thanks for the absent friend who was to come next week, and made a little wave of contempt in the direction of the offender.

Then the curtain banged down again, a good night wrinkle running over its impossible Alpine scene. The play goers rattled back their seats and crowded out, and the musicians slipped out under the stage with their instruments, leaving the Bass Viol alone. As he loosened his bow, he noticed with painful surety how frayed the G string had become. Tomorrow was Thanksgiving, and he and little Hester were going to have some music. Perhaps it would hold out.

He halted at the leader's room where his green baize cover was. As he felt for the door-knob a burst of coarse laughter sounded out. No; they were all in there; he wouldn't need the cover to-night, it wasn't damp outside. How fortunate he felt when he managed to find room on the platform of the fourth car that passed! He was jammed into a corner—what need was there to be so rough and ungracious, he wondered—but he would soon be home.

Home; how queer, he had almost forgotten! And he patted his overcoat pockets as if feeling for a bulkiness which ought to fill them out. Yes; there was the chicken—'twas a very small chicken, but then, there was also only he and Hester—and there was the pint of cranberries; and here in his numb fingers was the solitary nickel, saved over from the extravagance of the bulging pockets.

Just then the car went around a curve with a swing that sent everyone careening. The numb fingers twitched and the precious coin dropped out of sight amongst the crowded feet. The Bass Viol tried to stoop and find it, but that was impossible; and the conductor was already near him. Absentmindedly he unbuttoned his overcoat and reached into his pocket. How stupid; there was nothing there but a brass key and a lump of rosin! "Conductor, my money just slipped out of my fingers, and I haven't

any more with me. You'll find it when the platform is clear." The conductor gave the bell rope a savage jerk. "No, damn you! Yuh can't come that game with me! We ain't givin' no free rides to Dagos!" A blush came to the old man's face and words to his lips, and that was all. The wear of life had worn his spirit very frail. They crowded aside to let him out, and someone, comforting himself with the extra room said: "That's right, put the guy off."

Silas Jordan stood still in the street, and with a dumb stupor watched the bright car go humming away in the distance. The old pain was throbbing hard again behind his temples, and he felt tired; oh, so tired of it all. How hard was that world now, which fawned about him a few years ago! And where was John that he never came? He tightened the strap, and with a sob trudged along under the viol over the crisp snow. The cold wind pitilessly sported with his loose-flying overcoat, and hummed through the strings; but he did not notice it. He was thinking over the past years.

It seemed like a dream. To-night he was put off a car and mistaken for a vagabond; and twelve years ago he was Jordan of the Boston Chamber of Commerce; Jordan of the Jordans.

Then the crash had come, and in his pride he had staved and quitted all claims for a defaulting partner. When that was done, just enough remained to keep him in comfort. John had also been in the firm when the crash carried away everything. Three years before he had married the tender woman of his love, but she had died a short year after, leaving him little Hester to watch over. One day John came with little Hester in his arms and said, "Father, I can't stand it in this proud city any longer. I must go west and start again for us all. Take the little one and care for her until I can send for you both." And he had kissed the baby face, and gone. A few cheery notes had come from him, bearing post-marks ominously different.

Then like a hidden sore a forgotten creditor clamored at Silas Jordan, and in his old, proud way he

silenced the claim. He was still Jordan of the Jordans, with all the old honor, and all but penniless. Letter after letter was sent to John; there was a nervous wait; no answer came, and so one morning the same strong arms which thirty years before had dandled John in a Cambridge garden, carried little Hester down Broadway. How he lived all that time only the very poor know. He had done menial work for men his inferiors. He had even swept streets. For the past two years—and kindly he thought of it in his new way of thinking—the old viol on his back had kept the two alive.

But the old pain was coming back and stealing his strength; and Ferrari had scowled at him to-night. Why didn't John come? What would little Hester do if—, and he shook his head as though that thought could be shaken off.

Mechanically he turned into a quiet side street from the glaring Bowery. A roundsman passing the familiar figure bade him a cheery good night. The kindly tone waked the old man from his reverie. The strap cut his shoulder, and the old viol was growing heavy. He would set it down and rest a moment. Ah! This was Bond street already. It was only a little way now; another crossing and another turn and he would be in the warm. It was good of that policeman to speak to him every night; hardly anyone did that now. He drew a cold hand across his forehead to quiet the anguish within.

Another crossing—how the wind swept down Broadway!—and another turn, and he was fumbling with the brass key at a street door. He went upstairs very slowly; they were narrow and it was dark; he must take care of the G string.

Hester was listening for him, and brought down the lamp to light him up. Ah, but 'twas good to come in out of the cold world, even to this little place! He would eat just a little supper, and then go right to bed. He was tired, oh, so tired. Hester waited on him with tender solicitation, and saw him safely asleep. Through suffering, tenderlings have hearts of mothers.

She went to a drawer and took out a pair of mittens, in one of which the needles were yet sticking. There was just a little to do, and they would be ready to surprise him in the morning. In the morning, what a fine time they were going to have then! Chicken—which is almost as good as turkey—and cranberries and doughnuts! And then there was going to be music, and she smiled lovingly over her needles at the old viol in the corner.

The mittens had been tried on several times and were being wrapped up in pink tissue paper, when she heard the landlady outside the door say: "That's the door, sir," and then a man's voice said: "Alright my good woman," and the landlady answered: "Thank you sir, an' good night to you." Then someone tapped softly on the door. Hester opened it, and there stood a tall man in a great coat, with a satchel in his hand. "Is this Miss Hester Jordan?" he said, with a queer tremble in his voice. "Yes, sir," she answered, "Will you come in?"

As he closed the door behind him, she held up her finger warningly and glanced toward the bed. "Grandpa's very tired to-night, sir. If you've anything to tell him, I wish you'd write it in a note, so he could sleep on." The tall man shook his head, sat down very quietly and never stopped looking at the little mistress.

"You don't have many visitors, do you?" he said in a careful whisper, not inquiringly, but as if perplexed for speech. Hester shook her head more in answer to the mystery of this fine visitor, than to his question. "I've come to tell you something important. You won't cry if I tell you, will you?" and he nodded toward the bed. She shook her head and looked as if some new mischance was about to happen. "Is it from the Gaiety?" "Oh, no! Come close to me, little girl, and I'll tell you," and then there was a long whisper and much nodding, whereat Hester opened wide her mouth and eyes, wide as if ten live turkeys had come strutting into the room, each with a sugared doughnut for a collar; and she said "Oh!" and a great many other things out loud

and contrary to her own instructions, and then buried herself in under the tall man's overcoat.

How they tiptoed, hand in hand, about the room, with never a sound but the rustle of their whispers and the creak of the crazy floor! With what eagerness did he inspect the bow! How in confidence she unwrapped the pink tissue paper, and how he kissed her again for the fortieth time! How she spoke with dancing eyes of the chicken and cranberries and the doughnuts, and how he whispered to her to go right on, for she should have whatever she liked! How she sat on his knee with her arms around his neck and eyes fixed on his kind face, while he told her what years of seeking had ended in that very night.

Oh! It was almost too good and wonderful to be true! No, they wouldn't wake him; they'd wait till to-morrow, which was Thanksgiving. Then there would be the music, such happy music, and no more theater, or cold or poverty! Who, indeed, would have such a Thanksgiving as they?

At last they stopped by the bed, and the tall man bent over and kissed the brave, careworn face. The sleeper stirred a little, and smiled sweetly as at some fair dream picture. Presently he stirred and began to speak: "Ah! good night officer—Hester—John—that's a good boy—slipped out of my—" Then sank back into his dream, and smiled again.

The tall man's hand stole to the sleeper's wrist. Why did he start and turn away from the little girl's eyes? She crept over and took the passive hand. It was cold: colder than it had been hours ago when when he came in. As the two looked in each other's eyes the G string snapped in the corner and a sonorous moan echoed through the old viol. Then the tall man gathered her up in his arms, and as he kissed her she felt a scalding tear fall against her cheek.

SYMONS, '04.

## EXCHANGES.

In looking over the exchanges for this issue I miss the *Williams "Lit."* Now, seriously, I depend on that paper for a great deal. I hope it'll turn up soon.

I notice in the *Mt. Holyoke*, besides a very fine editorial on the character of a college girl as revealed in her everyday life, a little collection of lullabies, one of which I quote:

### BABY SLEEPS.

Little hammock lightly swinging,  
Tender mother softly singing,  
Playthings scattered far and wide,  
Cherished dolly by his side,—  
Baby sleeps.

Summer breezes fondly playing  
With the dampened ringlets straying,  
Dimpled cheek all slumber-flushed,  
Prattling tongue in dreamland hushed,—  
Baby sleeps.

Empty hammock slowly swaying,  
Lonely mother, silent praying,  
Playthings hid away forever,—  
Chubby hands will clasp them never,—  
Baby sleeps. MABEL EASTON, 1906.

Speaking of lullabies, here is another one I saw somewhere,—can't just place it now. It's so short it don't amount to much anyway:

Balow, Crooney! little moonie  
Climbs the Eastern hill;  
San'man's comin', softly hummin'—  
"Sleep, little one, still."

An essay on Beowulf in the *Vassar Miscellany* is one of the best of the month. It appeals to me more than to most, perhaps, because the writer draws a comparison to a distant cousin of mine, Walt Whitman.

The *Hobart Herald* contains a short sketch of the original cane-rush. It's pretty good, and was written by Stoner, ex-'06, of S. Stephens, now a Sophomore at Hobart. Good work, "Cow," keep it up.

"The Path in the Mountain" is a unique and wise editorial, and may be read in the October issue of the *Alfred Monthly*.

A good story with a good moral is that which appears in the *Bowdoin Quill* under the title of "Concealed Weapons."

The following is my choice from the poems:

HORAS NON NUMERO NISI SERENAS.

"I only count the sunny hours,"  
 O worn Sun Dial, thou dost state  
 The art of life; unmasked by thee  
 Are all life's tempests on thy slate.  
 Thou hast no count of listless days,  
 Of bitter winds and skies of lead,  
 When all the earth is wrapped in mist,  
 And young hearts cold, and young hopes dead.  
 Thou knowest only the sky-lark's song;  
 And the passionate kiss of a rose of gold,  
 The deep of the sky and the meadows' scent,  
 Are in thy grey heart shrined and told.

And I too wish in my untried heart,  
 O lover of sun, who know'st no tears!  
 That when I am old and my pulses calm  
 And memory walks through the garden of years,  
 She may gather only the fairest flowers—  
 The thoughts that still keep a sweet perfume,  
 The friends who were true, the melodies gay,  
 And give them to me in a mass of bloom.  
 I shall gather them fast in my trembling arms  
 And over them bend my silvery head;  
 My age shall be noble and fresh and sweet  
 With a fragrance of thoughts from a youth long dead.

FRANCES TOWERS, in *Vassar Miscellany*.

THE QUEST.

There's a dreamer abroad in the day's young dawning,  
 Slow-musing, he wanders wide;  
 The world calls cheerly, and life's in its morning,  
 A god is the Dreamer's guide.  
 The broad fields are green, and the gardens fair,  
 The Dreamer smiles as he goes;  
 And ever, above and about him, the air  
 Is sweet with the breath of the Rose.

There's a lover a-speed where the grasses are growing,  
 His heart will not let him bide;  
 He hastens afar where the pale buds are blowing,  
 A god is the Lover's guide.  
 Here flit dancers with silvery feet,—and there  
 Lurk the deep-laid snares of his foes;  
 But no toil is too strong for the lover to bear,  
 His quest is the heart of the Rose.

There's a Spirit a-seek in the world's young dawning,  
 Eager for things untried,  
 It dreams and loves through the long June morning,  
 And the god who is its guide  
 Points still to the faint blue distance, where,  
 Half hidden, the flower glows;  
 But no way is too rough for the Spirit to dare,  
 Its life is the quest of the Rose.

ENVOI.

Ye seekers, above you, beyond you, it blows,  
 By the side of your far, toilful pathway it grows;  
 Be true to the quest; the God who guides knows,  
 And Beauty lies hid in the heart of the Rose.

HELEN L. BUHLERT, '03, in the *Wellesley Magazine*.

Good-bye, friends. I hope I shall see some good old New England Thanksgiving stories in your November issues.

2 POTTER HALL.

THE HIAWATHA DRAMA.

Although it is perhaps not generally known, one of the most extraordinary and unique performances on the entire American continent is given daily, except Sunday, every summer at a little place called Desbarats, in Ontario, about forty miles south and east of Sault Ste. Marie. The performance is nothing less than a dramatization of Longfellow's famous poem, Hiawatha, and is presented by native Indians, in primitive costume, speaking the ancient language of their tribe. The place is reached by the special steamer Ojibway, which leaves the "Soo" every morning at 9.30. The trip itself is one of rare beauty. Throughout the entire forty miles the boat plies through magnificent waters, fringed on every side by virgin forests, which have changed but little since the times of Marquette and La Salle. The fore part of the trip lies along the beautiful but commerce-frequented St. Mary's. The latter part is cast amidst a wealth of natural beauty, almost bewildering. Innumerable islands dot the water on every side, some beautiful with a wealth of forest green, others, mere rocky cliffs, are rendered romantic by gloomy traditions of the past.

In the midst of such surroundings lies Desbarats and as one looks out over the waters at the surrounding islands it is not difficult to imagine that it is Hiawatha, chief of the Ojibways, who is sovereign of these lands and not Edward VII, "by the grace of God, King and Emperor." It is here that the Ojibways lived, and the production of the play at this particular place is especially fitting.

As has been said, the play is a dramatization of Longfellow's Hiawatha, and as all readers of that poem know, Hiawatha was the hero of a great number of mythical tales, which for many years had been handed down from father to son among the Ojibways. Longfellow went among the Ojibways and from them collected the greater portion of the data used in the construction of his famous poem; and now these same Indians are engaged in playing the Hiawatha Drama much in the same manner as the native Swiss present their great national play, the Tell Drama, or as the old Greeks might have staged the Alcestis or any other of the numerous dramas treating of the mythical doings of their gods and heroes.

Still it must not be imagined that these Indians are consummate actors. In fact they hardly "act" at all in the ordinary sense of the word, but they do something infinitely better, they carry themselves naturally. And the result is a clear and lucid presentation of their hero's feats and of village life as it existed among the Ojibways at the time of Hiawatha.

The stage machinery is particularly rude, the play being enacted on a platform built in the water a short distance from the shore. Under any other conditions the performance would be grotesque and laughable, but at Desbarats, primeval nature enters into the equation and renders the simple, unaffected acting of the Indians effective in the extreme, and one gets perhaps the real Hiawatha.

The opening scene of the play is an Ojibway Indian village. Hither the warriors of all the nations come, having been summoned to smoke together the pipe of peace, the Pukwana, by Gitche Manitou, the good spirit, who has lighted a fire on a neighboring cliff,

above which the dense signal smoke is seen to rise. Although summoned for a peaceful purpose, the warriors come not as friends, but as enemies, "Wildly glaring at each other, in their faces stern defiance, in their hearts the feuds of ages." Still they dare not give way to blows and are forced to content themselves with menacing gestures, while from the cliff comes the voice of the Great Spirit, "O my children, my poor children! \* \* \* \* I am weary of your quarrels, weary of your years of bloodshed, of your wranglings and dissensions. All your strength is in your union, all your danger is in discord, therefore be at peace henceforward and as brothers live together. I will send a prophet to you, a deliverer of the nations, who shall guide you and shall teach you who shall toil and suffer with you. \* \* \* \* Smoke the calumet together and as brothers live henceforward."

Obedient to the call of the great spirit the warriors put aside their ancient feuds and smoke together the pipe of peace.

The second scene portrays Hiawatha, the god sent deliverer, as a little babe in the wigwam of his grandmother Nokomis, who, when seen after the play, confessed to ninety-four years, although it is entirely possible that she may be older. Tenderly the old woman rocks the papoose in the linden cradle and crones in Ojibway the cradle song, "Hush, the Naked Bear will get Thee."

In the next scene Hiawatha is a lad of seven years, and appears in the person of a fine looking little Indian boy. He is now taught by Nokomis and Iagoo to manage the bow and arrow. He gives unmistakable signs of remarkable prowess and his signal skill is celebrated by a triumphal dance. Hiawatha is then taught another accomplishment essential to the education of an Indian chief, the art of dancing. In this he also excels, and gives the audience a pleasing exhibition of his skill.

Hiawatha has now grown to manhood and is impersonated by a young Indian who truly looks the part, although the residents of the vicinity impart the information that he spends his spare time selling



berries in the neighboring towns. At any rate the hero is now a man. He has performed many feats of valor and in many ways has wrought great benefits to his tribe, as he "lives among them, toils among them." Finally, however, he sets out for the realms of his father, Mudjekeewis, and tries in vain to kill him for the wrong he had done his mother, but Mudjekeewis is immortal, he loves his son, gives him matchless advice about his people, tells him to return and share his kingdom, and sends him homeward to live among his people, the Ojibways, doing good until his return to the kingdom of the West wind.

With the bitterness of anger gone and a noble resolve in his mind, Hiawatha hastens homeward. "Only once his pace he slackened. Only once he paused or halted, paused to purchase heads of arrows of the ancient arrow maker in the land of the Dacotahs." Here he meets the arrow maker's lovely daughter Minnehaha who in real life has become the wife of Hiawatha, the berry picker. After his return among his people, Hiawatha dwells continually on the charms of the lovely Dacotah, and finally, against the advice of his grandmother, the old Nokomis, leaves for the west to win Minnehaha for his bride. In the absence of the hero, village life proceeds very much as usual and one is given a very good representation of village life among the Ojibways. Finally Hiawatha returns with his beautiful bride, who in the play is arrayed in a gorgeous costume of her own making, and which is said to be one of the best specimens of Indian dress extant.

The happy couple are received right royally and a wedding feast is given in their honor. To aid in the merry-making Pau Puk Keewis, the medicine man, gives a series of remarkable dances, and in spite of the fact that he is fifty-four years old and, so he says, a "trifle used up with rheumatism," he does wonderfully well. The centenarian, Nokomis, also leads in a humorous dance and trips about as lightly as a girl in her teens. Finally comes one of the most remarkable occurrences in the entire drama—a song by Hiawatha's friend and boon companion, Chibiabos, whose

beautiful tenor voice is a revelation. Every day for nearly two hours Chibiabos sings in every kind of weather, but despite the fact that he has had no vocal training whatever, his voice is sound and clear and one can readily understand that he has scored great triumphs whenever he has appeared before the cultivated audiences of the east. The next scene is designed to show the red man's love for gambling. Pau Puk Keewis, the shrewd magician, cajoles the braves into a game much like our modern shell game, and wins everything in sight. He is charged with cheating, and after having taunted Minnehaha and Nakomis flies, with Hiawatha in pursuit. He is pursued to a lofty cliff, from which he plunges into the neighboring water, where he transforms himself into a beaver, only to be killed by Hiawatha, who afterwards takes pity upon him and restores him once more to human shape, although in Longfellow's version he becomes the eagle, the king of birds.

Now comes what is perhaps one of the most effective scenes in the entire drama. Hiawatha has ruled his people well and wisely. All is peaceful and in harmony. Iagoo, however, arrives from the east and tells of the white man's foot. The braves listen to the news in derision, but Hiawatha assures them that Iagoo is telling the truth. Scarcely has he stopped speaking when Mr. Burton, the only white man in the play, is seen approaching in a birch canoe in the guise of Father Marquette and, raising aloft his crucifix, he tells in broken Indian the message of his Master. Hearty is Hiawatha's welcome:

"Beautiful is the sun, O strangers,  
When you come so far to see us!  
All our town in peace awaits you,  
All our doors stand open for you;  
You shall enter all our wigwams,  
For the heart's right hand we give you."

Hiawatha's work is done. He has ruled well and wisely, and now that the Blackrobe has come with his message of Christ and the church Hiawatha calls his people about him and bids them adieu:

" I am going, O my people,  
 On a long and distant journey;  
 Many moons and many winters  
 Will have come and will have vanished,  
 Ere I come again to see you.  
 But my guests I leave behind me;  
 Listen to their words of wisdom,  
 Listen to the truth they tell you,  
 For the master of light has sent them,  
 From the land of light and morning."

Sad and pathetic is the parting. Mournfully Hiawatha, surrounded by his people, embarks alone for the realms of his father to reign over the west wind. But he goes not in the ordinary way. Motionless he stands upright in the little birch canoe, which seems to be impelled by the hand of an invisible deity. Not the slightest sound is heard, but noiselessly over the waters, rendered beautiful by the descending sun, he floats westward until he is lost to sight among the many islands which give to the place an almost overpowering charm.

The final scene is the great one. While the rest of the drama, although true to nature is in most instances rather crude the last scene is majestic and impressive. The departure of Hiawatha over the dimpling waters at Desbarats is a scene which will linger long in the memory of the most indifferent spectator.

M. WILFORD HICKS, '05.



## EDITORIAL.

A universal affair happened in Preston Hall on Monday evening, Nov. 2. We say *happened* because it seems very strange that anything so pleasing could take place except by chance; we call it an *affair* because it was something that was *done* and done well; we qualify affair by *universal* for this reason; universal seems to include the whole world; when we have ladies round about us we seem to have lack of nothing in the whole world; and according to an old self-evident truth which I can bring to mind, things equal to the same thing are equal to each other. Therefore we claim that the dance given by the Eulexians on the eve of election day was a universal affair,—aye, more, a universal success. There were ladies present from Poughkeepsie and vicinity, from up the river and from down the river. It was a good thing in a college way also, and the editor hopes it has paved the way for more dances of like nature. Hurray for the Eulexians, Hurray for the dance and Hurray for the 6th Extra. Really, there is a good deal more than just pleasure in this dance affair. When you come to think of it we men live up here on sand and bitters about eight months in the year, and we get that homesick feeling very often after awhile. It isn't the sick-for-home feeling, but just the plain homesick feeling. You know what it is. A sort of longing for something you haven't got, yet you don't know exactly what that something is, though, strange enough, when a dance comes along and you glide over a smooth floor under the bright lights, you forget that homesickness. It isn't the *bright lights* nor the music, nor the floor, nor anything in *particular*. 'Tis queer, isn't it. Well, let's hope for another dance.

W. W.

Perhaps some of our readers have wondered that no mention was made in our last issue of the prospects of the football team. We regret that this matter was not discussed last month, but we will do the next best thing, explain the case now. On returning to college this fall and looking over the available ma-

material for a team the coach and captain decided that the prospects of turning out even a fairly good team were very discouraging. The material was light and there was practically no substitutes to use in case of injuries to the regulars. To be sure there were several stars ready and anxious to begin training, but these few can not compose a football team. They must have others to support them. A team weak in a few positions is almost as easily defeated as a team weak throughout. The matter was brought before the student body and a majority agreed that the wisest thing under the existing conditions, would be to have no football team this year.

Now this does not mean, as some have already inferred, that S. Stephen's shall never again have a football team. That sort of talk is all nonsense. As soon as enough material of promise is at hand a team will be organized. A good team next year can wipe out the blot of having no team this fall, but it could never wipe out the disgraces a poor team would have had to suffer. There are some who say we should keep the team going at any cost; it keeps up interest and college spirit. We can't see it that way. Failure is always discouraging and very detrimental to interest; and the team we would have turned out this fall would have failed. Its aim would have been to win. Against any good team it could not have won.

Doubtless the men who the most regret our inability to turn out a good team this fall are the Seniors. This is our last chance to play on a college team, and we had been looking forward to playing on a good one this fall. We Seniors are a pretty good crowd, even if we must say it ourselves, and it hurts us to know that the college is not up to standard in every way during our last year. It doesn't seem right. During the summer months we were dreaming and planning how we would put life and "go" in every college activity this year, and now right at the beginning the football team is given up as a hopeless case. It's a hard blow, we admit, but we are not discouraged. What there is left for us to do we will do and do it as well as possible.

For last month's issue we wrote an editorial appealing to the students and Alumni to support the MESSENGER. This editorial was not published—we were ashamed to have to take such a step. It is not right that we should have to bend low and beg you to support your own paper. Some of our boards have urged and coaxed you to support the MESSENGER; have patted you on the back and told you that you were good fellows and that it would be a great favor if you would help out the board a little. We will not beg or coax you, but we shall make one final appeal to you, firstly because of the apparent disinterestedness of the students and Alumni of the college, and secondly, because if you students refuse to contribute the MESSENGER can not continue for more than another year. You all know, or should know, that certain requirements are necessary to be elected to the Board of Editors. At present we have but one student in college who has fulfilled the requirements for a place among the editors who is not on the staff. That student is our present Business Manager. We have no Sophomore editor this year simply because no Sophomore qualified. This, surely, is not a promising outlook. You see what a continuance of this difference, wilful or otherwise, will lead to. This is our first and last appeal. We expect you to have enough loyalty and pride in your college to support its only official organ. It seems that every student should be anxious to support the MESSENGER because it is his own, and he should be active in making it a success. The MESSENGER is a medium published by the student body and is their own property. Whatever success it gains belongs to them and if it fails the disgrace is theirs. Don't sit down and fold your arms. When you have elected an editorial board, your work has only begun. It is your part to aid and support that board in every possible way, and see that they make the MESSENGER a success. To you, who never trouble yourselves about helping us, we wish to say, don't kick. We never listen to kicks registered by drones. If, however, you show even a

little interest we will give strict attention to your smallest suggestion.

Again, this is the only organ by which our friends outside can judge our work, and it is our only means of communication as a student body with the outside world. We should make it a representative paper and not simply the work of possibly three or four men.



### ALUMNI NOTES.

—'96. The Rev. Thomas Paul Masten was ordained at Reno, Nev., by Bishop Moreland, of Sacramento, Cal., Sept. 16. Three days later he sailed for China, where he will take up missionary work at Hankow.

—'00. The Rev. Hubert Lockwood Stoddard was married in New York City on Oct. 25.

—Ex. '01. Harry Heald is pursuing graduate studies at Columbia.

—Among visitors during the past month were: The Rev. Arthur C. Kimber, '66; the Rev. Charles A. Jessup, '82; the Rev. Percival C. Pyle, '90; the Rev. Charles S. Champlin, '99; Angus M. Porter, '99; Francis J. Hopson, '85; Rev. A. R. B. Hageman, '91, Mr. John Aspinwall and C. G. Coffin, Esq., '76.

—'61. Among the new books in the college library is one entitled *By the Golden Gate*, by the Rev. Joseph Carey, D.D. Dr. Carey is a member of the Historical Association of America. He is also S. Stephen's oldest alumnus.

—Rev. Dr. and Mrs. S. De Lancey Townsend arrived from Europe Oct. 27 on the "Minnehaha." Dr. Townsend, while not a graduate of S. Stephen's, was one of her students, and is an earnest supporter of the College.

### COLLEGE NOTES.

—No track or trace is so far to be found of Bath-tub Hurley.

—M. G. Argus, Sp. 1900, has gone to Nashotah Seminary to take up some extra studies.

—It is reported that Eugene Pearce intends to complete his work at Roanoke College, Virginia.

—Those oysters of Willy Wells's are in the air again. It is that they're coming at Thanksgiving this time.

—J. R. Westcott, who is now taking the C. E. course at the R. I. P., paid us a short visit in the last of October.

—Several of the S. Stephen's men in the General Seminary acted as Voting Inspectors at the New York City elections.

—Browning as superior of the S. Peter's Brotherhood, with L. W. Smith, is doing faithful service at the Red Hook Mission.

—Word comes from Smart that he has played as substitute centre in six regular varsity games on the Trinity College team already.

—Tuthill was on the side lines at the recent N. Y. U.-Lafayette game. N. Y. U. played a fine game, being beaten only by a safety. Score 6-8.

—Gerald Lewis officiated as sub-deacon at the solemn high mass celebrated in the Church of the Holy Cross, Kingston, on All Saints' Day.

—It takes army men, sailors, and the students and F—, no, no, yes I mean, you know—, and students of S. Stephen's College to appreciate the ladies.

—It is very, very quiet over 10 McVickar this year. We notice in the Hobart *Herald* one of Jay's old-time Abdul Damit articles, and that he was in the Fresh-Soph tug-of-war.

—The Board has made a further appropriation of \$35 for each of the libraries of the several departments. This is welcomed by the German and Science professors especially.

—Hinkel's "kid brother," who played the violin so acceptably for us last spring, is doing well at Phillips Exeter Academy. He has "made" the orchestra, glee club, football team and other organizations:

—The Rev. L. T. Cole, Ph.D., late Warden of the College, while visiting Captain Zabriskie, dropped in to see how the old place was getting along. He gives a cheerful report of the progress of Trinity School.

—Charles E. McCoy has reported at last. He made up some conditions this summer, and is now a regular Sophomore at Cornell. *The McKean County Owlwell and Gaspipe* still comes, however, addressed now to Mr. J. F. Elton.

—Elton, '04, was in bed recently for five days. The exact nature of his ailment is not known. He showed great disinclination to swallow. He could eat very little. We are glad to report that he is up and around again. Red Hook papers please copy.

—It seems that Cleland went off with the undergraduate Constitution. If he doesn't answer soon they'll be moving and seconding that a "committee of—ah, ah—three, no make it five," proceed to construct a duplicate of that fearful document. That means woe for some of us.

—Coney smokes cigars now, sports a moustache—the watch-it-till-I-get-a-razor kind—wears a swallow tail coat, and is no less a personage than organist and choirmaster of S. Paul's, Tivoli, and organist and choirmaster of S. John's Barrytown. He also has piano pupils. The Red Hook and Tivoli papers refer to him nowadays as Prof. Brinkerhoff.

—I was passing by the Faculty Section when I heard Mr. Popham sort of say to himself: "Yes, anybody may use my wheel. There's no need even to ask for it; and as for a little mud, or a pedal gone here and there, why—" "You're very kind, sir," says I. "Oh, don't mention it," says he. But then I thought I would because perhaps—perhaps I say—there is still some one who has hesitated to take Professors' wheels out for a little endurance trial.

—Our friend and classmate, James Farmer Elton, believes in thorough preparation. His motto is: "Class work first and *then* the rest." For instance, after class work comes Thanksgiving and Christmas, with which is inseparably connected the concept Turkey. J. F. E. wants a 10 spot in Turkey, and I tell you what, he's been boning hard for it. First of all he carved the Kap turkey on Oct. 29. Then Mr. Prothero got one from home and he was called in on the strength of his skill to carve that one. Then James was invited out to turkey dinner "up the road"—very indefinite phrase that "up the road." Then there was a turkey social at one of the nearby churches. James had 50c., so he put on his blue necktie and went. But the fame of James had got there before he even started. The Goat had no sooner got into the vestibule and felt for his half dollar than some one said, "Oh, goody! There's Mr. Elting of Sen Stevn's College!" And before he knew it Jimmy was backed into a blind pew fighting for time. "Won't you play Shylock for us Mr. Elting?" "Well, then won't you speak something? Oh, we *know* you can." There was no way out of it. So James gets up and plays Heinrich and Rautendelein with the potted ferns on the platform. One pot got broken, but then nobody cared. All the girls said, "Isn't he just *too killing!*" and one stout, glowing and vociferous agriculturist shouted, "Hengcore, hengcore?" But there were seven kinds of pie, seven kinds of cake, and a great quantity of one kind of turkey—namely, roast, waiting down stairs; so James took a firm hold upon the half dollar and backed away protesting down the aisle before his fair besiegers. One of them seeing that words fell short besieged him with turkey, personally conducting seven helpings to the gentleman. It may be explained to the incredulous that on account of his attention to the seven helpings the Goat saw fit to forego any pleasure—or pain—the seven different kinds of pie and cake might be holding in store for him. When he rose from the table it was slowly and with caution. Inability was written large upon him,

so the encore party failed. But they wouldn't take his half dollar. The Goat wandered home gently, in the moonlight. He had to go into two farm-yards on the way home to get a drink, and once a dog got after him. He told me that he had been more comfortable earlier in the evening; that now he felt sort of "swelly." "That Mr. Elting of Sen Stevn's College was just lovely, wasn't he?" Yes, yes, I gave him quinine and listerine, and carried him toast and tea for one week after that.

—Hallowe'en is a weird season. This time two satyrs—one called Silenus, one called the Waldschratt—and a tambourine-playing dryad stole out of their sylvan retreat, under cover of the bright moonlight, and stationed themselves—middle voice—on the campus. Next morning—which was Sunday—everybody going to breakfast was very much surprised to see these queer creatures, and said, "Oh, look at there!" Will spanked the nymphs next day, took them back home and warned them never, never to come on the campus again.

—It is always more than a pleasure when one of the old boys comes back. It makes us feel like something. Mr. C. G. Coffin of Catskill was the guest of Gardner, '06, lately. Mr. Coffin's class is '76, but Mr. Coffin himself is a real boy still. He told us some great yarns of old times away back in the '70's, of old Orient Hall and the great glee club they had then. If the alumni only knew the real good they do us fellows they'd drop in oftener on their way up and down the river. We give them our gladdest hands, and few of them can get away without something done in their honor. Don't be backward. Drop in!

—Robert Browning is no poet, but he is an energetic, painstaking Business Manager, and that is a great deal to say of any man. The success of the MESSENGER will greatly depend upon him this year. There are several ways in which you can help him: 1st, pay up your dollar subscription; 2nd, when you purchase anything in the neighborhood let it be from our advertisers. Take trouble to look over our ads.

before you start, then look them up and tell them you are S. Stephen's men. They are good firms, in addition to the fact that they make the MESSENGER possible. Do this! Don't forget!! Help the Business Manager. His is a humdrum, thankless task.

—The well drillers have troubles of their own, but they're pegging away quite bravely. They have to haul their water all the way from the Creek; sometimes the rope breaks, or the rain and snow make the belt slip, or a lizard gets into the steam gauge and injures the delicate machinery. Twice, glucose soaked out of the barrels into the water, and turned the boiler into a sort of a candy factory. My, what a blowing off of steam and whistles and safety valves! What a re-packing of stuffing-boxes and steam-gauges! When she's going full tilt the Science classes catch every fifth word, if the professor is running on schedule. At this writing the drill is down 80 feet, with water ten feet below the level.

—The informal ball given on election eve to the College by the Eulexian Society was a most enjoyable affair. What's the use of talking about the decorations and the refreshments? It is the combination of good fellows, fair ladies and bewitching music that makes such a gathering so delightful, and all that we had; S. Stephen's men, Hudson valley girls and Scofield's orchestra. It's a cold blooded thing to sit here in a study corner confronted with dictionaries in five languages and have to chew the end of one's pen in the attempt to reproduce an idea of the charm of a college dance. It was sweet refreshment, a happy interruption in the dull work of the year. Goodness knows we need a little of that now and then. So the college thanks the Eulexian Society with a grateful heart.

—How the force of one man's character may benefit an institution is shown in the way the choir and organist of the college chapel are responding to Professor Anthony's leading. For ten men of ordinary, faulty voices to learn and sing nearly two hundred new chants in one month is no small thing. Professor

Anthony's leading is a good lesson in pedagogy. You can't get men to labor patiently and hopefully for an abstract principle anywhere as quickly as you can get them to respond to the demands of earnest, enthusiastic and able personalty.

—Mr. and Mrs. Angus Mackay Porter, whose marriage was announced in our October number, gave the college a day of their company on November 6. It is the same old story of the magic of personality. That day will always be beautiful to many of us, a day of sheer pleasure. Upon their long journey to the Pacific, Mr. and Mrs Porter will stop over at several Eastern cities to visit friends and relatives. There is a snug little parsonage waiting for them in Hollywood, California, eight miles from Los Angeles. We have nothing to wish them but good health; a long life in which to enjoy their certain happiness. Our wishes are all for ourselves; that we may see them again.

