

MESSENGER

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St. Stephen's Messenger.

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No. 1.

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Our Indian Predecessors

So occupied are we with the affairs of the present day that we rarely think of the people who for hundreds of years inhabited the country where we now live, with little thought that before long they would be forced to make way for men of another race and to seek new homes. Yet a little over two centuries ago Annandale and the surrounding country was still an unbroken forest, the hunting-ground of the Indians.

There does not seem to have been any tribe that was distinctly located in this neighborhood when it first became known to the white man, but it was probably a part of the land then occupied by the Mohicans, whose territory extended north and east of here. The territory lying south of this was occupied by the Wappingers, and as there were, of course, no distinct boundaries between tribes, they too probably roamed over this region. Across the river to the south were the Esopus Indians, while the land north

of them was claimed by the Mohawks.

There is a tradition that on Cruger's Island, then known as Magdalen, was fought the battle for supremacy over the Iroquois Indians or Six Nations, a confederation composed of the Mohawk, Seneca, Oneida, Cayuga, Onondaga and Tuscarora tribes. Early in the eighteenth century, shortly after the admission of the Tuscaroras into the confederation, the question came up of which tribe should hold the supremacy.

It was decided to settle the matter by a battle in which fifty picked braves from each tribe should take part, with the understanding that the supremacy should go to whichever tribe was victorious, and Magdalen Island was selected as the place for the battle. The condition was made that only one warrior from each tribe should take part in the fight at a time, and that as soon as one man fell another should take his place. In this manner the battle was carried on until all were killed except a few Mohawks and Tuscaroras.

The Tuscaroras were in the majority, and the Mohawks realizing, that they would soon be overpowered, took to their canoes and paddled up to the island which lies north of Cruger's, now known as Goat Island. Here, having built fires, they concealed themselves in the woods and waited until their opponents should land. The Tuscaroras soon appeared and prepared to annihilate the Mohawks, whom they supposed to be sitting at their campfires, when the latter sprang out from their hiding places and overcame them. Thus the Mohawks became the leaders of the Six Nations.

The first settlement made in this region by white men was about 1614, when a trading-post was established at Rondout. Before long other settlements were made at Esopus and Saugerties, but for many years they had a struggling existence and at times had to be abandoned on account of the depredations of Indians. The beginning of the settlement of the surrounding country on the east of the river, and the crowding out of the Indians from this neighborhood took place in 1680, when Colonel Philip Schuyler bought from the Indians a tract of land which embraced the northern half of the present Township of Red Hook. Here the settlers seem to have had much less trouble with the Indians than did their neighbors on the opposite side of the river, and the settlement of the region was carried on with very little hindrance.

About the year 1700 a band of Indians was very troublesome to the people living in and about Esopus, and they appealed to the governor of the

colony for help. The Indian heard of this, and, leaving the place, came up the river as far as Magdalen Island. Rounding the north end of the island, they entered the north cove, then called De Koven's Bay, and landed. Here they established themselves on the land lying between the road leading to the island and a point a little north of Tivoli. This territory which they occupied was shaped somewhat like a hook, and it is said that this, together with the fact that the red men lived on it, gave rise to the name "Red Hook." Here these Indians lived for many years until, as the settlements increased and white men became more numerous, their number gradually decreased, and at last they disappeared.

The last two survivors of this tribe of whom we have any knowledge were two squaws. These two women were servants of the writer's great-grandfather, who gave them the names Charity and Nellie. They had a wigwam by a spring in the center of the field east of where the College cemetery now is, and there they lived, spending most of their time making baskets. They are said to have been kind, pleasant old women, and very much liked by the children of the neighborhood. They died within a few months of each other, and were buried somewhere in the field where they had spent a large part of their lives. Their death marked the end of the Indians' occupation of the Town of Red Hook, and it was not long before it was forgotten that the red men had ever possessed the land and used it as their hunting ground. KIRTLEY B. LEWIS.

Unuttered Thoughts



ANY words remain unuttered, which nor lips nor ears concern,
Deep engraved within the bosom that no eye may 'ere discern;
O'er whose deep foreboding silence seems to brood a magic spell,
That no power of mind can loosen or no human might dispel.

Like a lurid summer evening—who such ominous tho'ts do bear—
When no rolling peal of thunder follows on the lightning's glare
Which illumes the far horizon with its wavering cloud of light.
None can tell, tho', how it's vanished in the dawning after night.

And like those mysterious flowers which beneath the sea abound,
O'er whose heads, by them unheeded, waves may on the calm redound.
Upward, toward the world's bright sunlight, ever strive the smothered words.
Storm may rage and calm may follow; nothing there their sleep disturbs.

Like the last despairing effort, 'ere grim Death on Life lays hold,
Or the last faint rosy glimmer, 'ere the blackening ash grows cold;
They arouse the soul that's longing, *seeking* but to be at rest,
And these tho'ts, by tongue imprisoned, will be heard within the breast.

Then the mind with brooding wearied, from itself to get release
Struggles 'till the heart must sever, slowly, slowly, piece from piece;
Throbbing still, but ever fainter, loth to feel its life depart,
'Till the unuttered words are silent,—and the heart.

HOFFMAN, '07.

Translated from the German of Georg Edward.

My Dream Ship



DEATH the trees I lay,
While the winds at play,
Through the lapping leaves
Opened vistas of sunset seas.

Sail-set, pilotless, across the sky,
Slowly a cloud-ship drifted by,
Bearing afar on the boundless deep.
To the land of dreams it bore me asleep.

18 HOFFMAN.

St. Stephen's Messenger.

THE MESSENGER is published quarterly by the students of the College.

All literary contributions must be in the hands of the Editor-in-Chief by the fifteenth of the month of publication.

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It is with the greatest pleasure, no less than with that satisfaction which comes from the fulfilment of duty, that in this issue of the MESSENGER we are able to restore to our alumni and friends this means of keeping in touch with affairs at St. Stephen's. The temporary suspension of the publication of the MESSENGER was, it is almost needless to state, the inevitable result of existing conditions. For that we should maintain some college paper has never been doubted; but the exact ideal which it should set, and which it could reasonably hope to realize in such a way as to reflect credit on itself and our College, has been the subject of long discussion. This fall we have returned to College to find our numbers somewhat increased—largely, we believe, through the faithful efforts of our alumni—and the question of the MESSENGER again confronts us. The promising outlook seems to warrant its revival, thus rewarding in its humble way all those who have co-operated in bringing about the conditions of its possibility. But the satisfaction which is now prevalent may be transformed into dis-

appointment and failure unless its enervating effects be industriously guarded against. The election of a board of editors is not such a finality, as, for example, the completion of a new machine by its inventor, in which to sit down calmly and with critical eye "watch it work." The editors do not, nay *cannot*, make the MESSENGER. Its character and general tone depend ultimately on the student body; *theirs* is the duty—or rather the privilege—of *making* the MESSENGER. And to this end, every man ought to direct a portion of his energies.

THE MESSENGER cannot be called either a literary magazine or a news sheet, but rather sets itself the difficult task of combining the two. Perhaps, in the not remote future there may be a division of labor, which is now quite impossible, and we may then have both a news sheet and a periodical devoted to purely literary interests. The plan for the present volume, however, is to make as complete and attractive as possible our news columns, and in this again we are in a large measure dependent on our alumni, who in most cases are in positions to send us notes of happenings among their own ranks. In other words, our aim is to increase the interest and sense of fellowship among both graduates and undergraduates; and in our endeavor, we ask your sound and frank criticism, no less than your hearty co-operation.

WE scarcely need call attention to the fact that the MESSENGER is wearing a new dress. So striking is it, in-

deed, that we have decided to offer a good St. Stephen's pipe as a prize for the best and most complete interpretation of the symbolism involved in the cover-design. Even "Foxy-Grandpa," with angry countenance, is to be found; and tho' your imagination does not grant you success in the search, you will be amply rewarded by the wealth of other suggestions formed by the graceful curves. Most significant and pleasing of all, perhaps, is the fact that in the process of securing a cover-design artists were discovered in our very midst, whose presence we might not otherwise have suspected. The design is the happy conception of J. Henry Oehlhoff, '09, Second Assistant Editor; while for its skillful execution the credit falls to Kirtley B. Lewis, '09, Assistant Business Manager. Alas! that such genius should still be hampered by the soph-

omore's fetters—dictionary, grammar and tr——!

When ambition succeeds, 'tis art;
When it fails, 'tis hobby.

We have to notice this year only one change on the faculty. Mr. T. McN. Simpson, B. A., last year Professor of Mathematics and Physics—giving instruction *incidentally* in astronomy and the biological sciences as well—has been recalled to the University of Virginia where he is Assistant in the Department of Mathematics. In his future work he will be followed by the good wishes of all those who ever came under his thorough and effective instruction. His successor is Mr. James H. Willock, Litt. B. (Rutgers), who comes from the research laboratory of the General Electric Co., Schenectady, N. Y., to take up the work of this arduous and complex department.

A Nightmare

THE student, wearied with his books,
Had piled them in a heap.
And then reclining on his couch,
He soon fell fast asleep.

He dreamed some one was calling him—
Dreams sometimes warn the wise.
His dream *was* true. He woke from sleep,
Got up, and rubbed his eyes.

He saw the "Board of Editors,"
Who told him he must write
A poem for the "Messenger."
He slept no more that night.

The Legend of Saint Margaret

Far away in the north, on the border of the Scotch country, stands the ruins of the once most famous convent in all England, the Convent of Saint Alban. The few vine covered buttresses which still stand cover the much simpler structure raised by the early Roman missionaries. Here many a wayfarer bound for the "North Countree," found refuge for the night from the driving snow and treacherous land-slide; and proceeding the next day on his journey, left his blessing to the good inmates.

The early life of the Abbess Margaret was an enigma to most of her sisters. Years ago, so it was said, she had come with a party of marauding Saxons. Defeated in their endeavor for plunder, the Saxons retreated to their pirate ships; but the fair young girl was snatched away by the Britons.

* * * *

Eighteen summers, Margaret had played upon the sandy beaches of Saxony. As long as she could remember, she had loved two things, the roaring breakers, as they beat angrily against the sand-bars; and Eric, the bright-eyed son of Fied, commander of the pirate ship in which her father sailed over the restless seas in quest of war and spoil. And as each year passed she loved the waves less and Eric more.

Eric had proudly told her, "Some day I shall go to Britain, and will bring thee back a necklace, and I will tell thee many things of the Britons." Thus boastfully he spoke, but she an-

icipated him. Her father's invitation, her willing acceptance; and laughing to herself she murmured as she sailed away, "I will tell Eric these things myself, and because of my adventures he shall see that I am a true daughter of the North." So with the crew of sturdy Saxons, in the keeping of her father, Margaret came to Britain.

* * * *

It was Christmas Eve at Saint Alban's. The snow fell thick and fast. The wind shrieked angrily around the convent towers and icicles hung from the eaves.

Inside—what a change! All was silent and peaceful. As the sand in the glass ceased to flow downward, the great bell in the tower sent its reverberations far out over hill and dale. "Clang,—clang, clang," it rang, again and again, as if it had some new story which it was anxious to tell to the world.

Slowly the sisters of the Convent left their cells and filed to the Chapel. The Abbess Margaret took her seat upon the dais, from which she could see the novices waiting for Matins to begin. At last the bell ceased its wild clanging, and the antiphon slowly sounded through the chapel, "Behold I bring you good tidings of great joy, Alleluia."

But Margaret's thoughts were far away. Forty years this night had she lived a nun, never impatient, never complaining, but this most holy of nights she could not concentrate her mind on the solemn Christmas service.

As the sweet chant rose and fell, her thoughts fled far away to Saxony, to the old worship of the winds, to her family, to the day of her frolicsome exploits, to Eric, whom she had never entirely forgotten, and then to her novitiate at Saint Alban's. Sternly she reproached herself for her wandering thoughts on such an eve.

The last antiphon, "Blessed is He that cometh in the name of the Lord," was being sung, when a scuffling of feet was heard outside the door. Crash! The oaken door of the chapel shivered. Crash! crash! The heavy beams splintered. Crash! The great sash fell to the floor. Dumb with terror, the nuns crossed themselves, and waited they knew not what. The terrible Danes had come!

In they poured, fierce, horrible men. One, a handsome and stalwart leader, sprang towards the altar, his axe raised over his head. Like a flash, Margaret sprang from her dais and stood before him. "Cease, man!

Kill me if you will, but spare the temple of God!"

Standing as if struck dumb, the huge prince trembled like a child, then letting his axe fall to the floor, he put out his hands before him as if groping in the dark, exclaiming, "Margaret, Margaret."

The Abbess looked him full in the face for a moment, and as she fell to the floor she whispered, "Eric."

* * * *

The winter sun was breaking over the cheerless hill, when Eric and his followers took leave of Margaret, that they might gain shelter in the neighboring village.

As she joyfully went to her cell, Margaret stopped a moment in the corridor and listened. The Sisters were singing Lauds in the chapel below; and the sweet chant fell on her ear, "Behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy. Alleluia."

HAROLD LINWOOD BOWEN.

Alumni Notes

At the annual meeting of the Alumni Association, held on Commencement Day, June 14, 1906, the following officers were elected: The Rev. Frederick W. Norris, B. A., President; Charles G. Coffin, B. A., L. L. B., Vice-President; The Rev. Frederick C. Jewell, B. A., S. T. B., Secretary; The Rev. Frederick S. Sill, D. D., Treasurer.

'73. The Rev. William Jefferis, M. A., B. D., D. D., formerly a Trustee

of the College, will deliver lectures on his recent trip around the world.

'80. The Rev. Walter H. Larom, B. A., rector of St. Luke's Church, Saranac Lake, Diocese of Albany, has been chosen Archdeacon of Ogdensburgh.

'84. The Rev. William J. C. Agnew, M. A., B. D., has sent his twin sons to St. Stephen's.

'85. The Rev. Hibbert H. P. Roche, M. A., rector of the Church

of the Transfiguration, Philadelphia, spent a few weeks in Europe during the past summer.

'86. The Rev. William M. Downey, M. A., is curate at St. Mark's Church, Brooklyn. His address is 1110 St. John's Place.

The Rev. Charles M. Niles, M. A., B. D., D. D., rector of Trinity Church, Columbia, S. C., lost his wife last winter. Mrs. Niles was a daughter of the late Dr. Parker of Poughkeepsie. Dr. Niles visited Europe this last summer.

'88. The Rev. Frederick W. Norris, B. A., rector of the Church of St. Matthew, Brooklyn, N. Y., preached the sermon at the late Convention of the Diocese of Long Island. He and his wife spent July and August in England and France.

Philip S. Dean, M. A., spent several weeks during September at the home of his mother in Annandale

'89. The Rev. Samuel D. Van Loan, B. A., has resigned his charge in Newark, N. J., and accepted the rectorship of the Church of the Cross, Ticonderoga, Diocese of Albany.

'96. The Rev. John H. Wilson, M. A., is a student in the graduate school of Cornell University.

'97. The Rev. Edward H. Young, B. A., associate rector of Christ Church, Allegheny, Va., returned during the latter part of September from a tour of Southern Europe and the Rhine.

'98. At the Encaenia of the Royal University of Windsor, Watson Bartemus Selvage, M. A., after proceeding, "B.A. ad eundem King's College," was on examination and thesis admitted to

the degree of M. A. The subject of his thesis was "The Literary Criticism of William Caxton."

'99. The Rev. Charles S. Champlain, M. A., has resigned his charge at Yantic, Conn., and accepted the rectorship of St. John's Church, Elkhart, Indiana, Diocese of Michigan City.

'01. Harold D. Clum, M. A., has returned to Linsley Institute, Wheeling, West Va., where he is occupying the chair of Latin and Greek.

J. Paul Graham, M. A., Principal of Lawrence School, Pittsburg, Pa., has been re-elected secretary of the Pittsburg Principal's Association for the year 1906-07. Mr. Graham has also been appointed a member of the committee to examine teachers for State Permanent Certificates.

The Rev. George A. Griffiths, B. A., is doing mission work at Morganton, N. C.

'02. Married, October 3, 1906, at St. James Church in New Haven, Conn., Miss Winnefred Elizabeth Johnson to the Rev. William Burrows.

'03. The Rev. Clinton D. Drumm, B. A., is holding "The John H. Talman Fellowship" at the General Theological Seminary. He is also doing graduate work at Columbia University.

'04. George S. Sillman, B. A., is a Junior in the Albany Medical College.

Gilbert P. Symons, B. A., who is entering upon his senior year at Bexley Hall of Kenyon College reports his hearty admiration and respect for that Seminary and its professors. Since October, 1905, he has been tutoring students preparing for Bexley in psychology, ethics, logic, and

history of philosophy. For any usefulness in this line Bexley owes her thanks to the inspiring teaching of Prof. W. G. W. Anthony. Symons has lately been admitted to the Diocese of Ohio, under the care of a former St. Stephen's man, Bishop Leonard.

'05. M. Milford Hicks, B. A., entered the Berkeley Divinity School this fall. During the past year he has been doing newspaper work in Kalamazoo, Michigan.

Gerald Lewis, B. A., is in charge of the Church of the Good Shepherd, Greenwood Lake, N. Y.

Shepard W. Wells, B. A., is doing private tutoring at Avoca, Bertie Co., N. C.

'06. Wallace J. Gardner, B. A., is Professor of Latin and Greek at Trinity Hall, Washington, Pa.

Joseph G. Hargrave, B. A., is Professor of Latin and English at East Liberty Academy, Pittsburg, Pa.

William T. Weston, B. A., has entered the Berkeley Divinity School.

Percy Coupland, a special courseman, is a bleaching chemist with offices at 100 William St., New York City.

Frederick W. Rockstroh is occupying a prominent position with the Doubleday Page Electrical Co. of Pittsburg.

Ellsworth B. Collier, a special courseman, after spending sometime in France has entered the General Theological Seminary.

We notice among the Examining Chaplains, of the Diocese of Albany, Dr. Carey, Dr. Silliman, Dr. Sill and Canon Fulcher.

The two Archdeacons of the Diocese of Harrisburg are the Rev. Alexander McMillan of Carlisle and the Rev. William Heakes, both former students of St. Stephen's.

The Rev. James Holmes McGuinness recently received the honorary degree of Doctor of Divinity from St. John's College, Annapolis, Md., upon the nomination of the governor of New York and the endorsement of Bishop Potter, Ex-Governor Odell, and E. H. Harriman, Esq.

Miss Adeline E. Sutphen was married, October 16, 1906, at St. Bartholomew's Church, to the Rev. Dr. Stuart Crockett, rector of Holyrod Church, Broadway and 181st street.

Married, September 20, 1906, at St. Luke's Church, Altoona, Pa., Miss Helen Louise Nicholson to the Rev. Edward R. Noble.

The Rev. Edward J. Burlingham, a former student, is assistant to Archdeacon Russell, and has his office at the Diocesan House, 170 Remsen St., Brooklyn, N. Y. He has gone to Europe to marry Miss Emily Ryman, of Wilkesbarre, Pa., who is sojourning in Florence. After their return, at the end of October, the Rev. and Mrs. Burlingham expect to take up their residence in New York City.

On September 18, 1906, Miss Mary Elizabeth Evans of Pittsburgh, was married to the Rev. Rudolph E. Schultz, Curate of the Church of the Ascension, Pittsburgh, Pa. The ceremony was performed by one of his classmates in the Cambridge Divinity School. Among the ushers were the Rev. E. H. Young, '97, and the Rev. H. A. Flint, '97.

College Notes

At the first meeting of the Convocation, held on September 17th, the following rules governing the entering class were adopted:

1. All students shall rise at the approach of any member of the faculty, and raise their hats.

2. Grace before meals is said in the refectory *only* by some member of the faculty or an upper classman, during which all students shall remain standing quietly in their places.

3. All men shall pay due respect to those above them in class rank.

4. All freshman and 'preps' shall not wear hats on the campus; shall not smoke pipes on the campus; shall not wear pins or numerals from preparatory schools.

5. No freshman or 'prep' shall smoke in convocation.

The President of Convocation of undergraduates is Simmonds '07; Martin '07 is Secretary-Treasurer.

The bell tower stands out temptingly in a new coat of shingles. The old numerals are all gone. Regular shingle stain will never do; it's up to you, Freshmen, to get out the brush and and paint pot and then—well '09 is always on the job, too.

Willie with five pennies

Swallowed only four;

Now there is a little crepe

Hangin' on the door.

Dr. Hopson has resurrected his old pet, Arnold's Latin Prose. The Doctor used this book twenty-five years ago and although it has just been re-

vised, the Sophs. are getting theirs good and plenty.

"Angel" Schroeter, of '09, last year's quarter back, is a junior this year at Washington College, Chestertown, Md. That's going some.

Professor Upton divided his summer between old English cathedrals and Parisian cafes. Let English I and II beware of converting their notes into a Baedeker.

Don't buy the Subway Puzzle. Just work out the Messenger cover!

Mr. Robert G. Robb, B. S., M. A., formerly Professor of Mathematics and Physics at St. Stephen's, is now teaching in the Memphis University School, Memphis, Tenn.

The well is still unfinished, the water is still low, and as for us students—well, we're still rambling.

The last horoscope cast for St. Stephen's foretells for the students a slow death after a tedious *emaciating* illness in the sign of Aries.

Until the new Art Building is completed, work in that department is being done on the side.—maps by the History class.

Dr. Clarke was at McGill University this summer. He "nailed" a medal for French conversation. *Tres bien, Herr Doktor!*

Simmonds, '07, was abroad this summer. Everybody knows now "how fine it is in England."

How could even the unsophisticated "prep"—although he had heard some-

thing that sounded like it in a conversation of his seniors—think there was a hair doctor on the faculty?

First bolt of the year—Sophs. scored—'09's quartette sang close harmony—Choice selections, "Tommie," "Adeline," "Sailing"—Six minutes up—'09 had the wind and "beat it" out the window—Professor Willock showed up—Nothing doing with '09 but—

"Cosine—Tangent—Sine

Cosine—Tangent—Sine

'09 — '09 — '09."

The bursar, the secretary of the faculty, and the librarian were all studying at the University of Chicago this summer.

Willie with a bottle

Drank it to the dregs.

Now poor little Willie

Can't stand on his legs.

The Isaac Walton Club meets every Monday afternoon at 2, in Orient Hall. Password, "crayfish."

Martin, '07, was doing work in the Departments of Philosophy and General Literature at the University of

Chicago this summer, but shows symptoms of recovery.

Where is Oratory I when the light goes out? Still breathing.

A German Club has been organized this year. The object of the club is to assure a certain number of dances outside of the regular class and Fraternity Balls. The directors of the club are Simmonds, President; W. F. Allen, Secretary-Treasurer, and Spettigue, Oehlhoff and Jones.

The St. Stephen's orchestra has been organized for the year. W. F. Allen is the leader and under his direction the work is progressing finely.

The Eulexian fraternity celebrated its forty sixth anniversary on October 8th by a dinner. The affair took place in Preston Hall and the Rev. Prof. W. George W. Anthony acted as toastmaster. Those present included the active body and the pledged men.

The Rev. Warden and Mrs. Harris gave their annual reception to the students on the evening of October fifth, in Ludlow and Willink Hall. The occasion was attended with its usual success.

A Soph's Complaint



OTH night and day I'm haunted
By phantoms, dim and still;
They come when they're not wanted
And won't obey my will.

But soon I shall escape them,
These frightful pests of mine,
By one examination,
Cosecant, tangent, sine.

D. H. C. '09.

Athletics

The officers of the Athletic Association for this year are Matt, '09, President, and Virgin Secretary-Treasurer.

Jepson is captain of the Basket Ball Team for 1906-07. Four of the old squad are still at college. Manager Virgin had his schedule almost filled.

Captain W. F. Allen's call for football candidates was responded to with a will, and about twenty-four men are not daily. Oehlhoff has been appointed coach by the Athletic Association. The men are working hard; and a speedy surefooted team is almost assured.

On Saturday Oct. 13, St. Stephen's defeated Hudson 24-0. Although the work was a trifle ragged in spots, still the handling of the ball and Jepson's punting showed the effects of faithful practice.

Saturday, October 20, St. Stephen's defeated Eastman College at Poughkeepsie in a well contested game. Plenty of kicking, quarter-back runs and forward passes made the game interesting to the spectators. The teams were about equal in weight, although St. Stephen's was a trifle heavier in the center. The teams were speedy and both got off their plays fast and accurately despite the slow field. Only once was St. Stephen's held for downs, while Eastman failed five times to negotiate the necessary distance. The absence of roughness, offensive play and holding made light work for the officials.

Eastman kicked to St. Stephen's. Arthur Allen ran the ball back to the

forty-yard line. A few speedy end runs alternating with sharp line plunges put the ball on Eastman's thirty-five yard line. Here St. Stephen's was forced to surrender the ball on downs. Eastman, however, was soon obliged to kick. Jepson ran the ball to the center of the field. Capt. Allen and Matt hit the line for good-sized gains bringing the ball to Eastman's twenty-five yard line. Here Jepson took a chance and tried for a place kick; a strong counter wind sent the ball wide. Corton ran fifteen yards on the kick out. A. Allen and Gott circled right end and reeled off thirteen between them; then a delayed pass put the ball on Eastman's thirty yard line. Again Jepson tried a kick from placement, but missed by inches. Capt. Allen received the kick-out. A few small gains and a break in signals gave Eastman the ball; but only for a short time, because Matt spotted a forward pass and nailed the ball with a gain of ten yards. Gott and A. Allen went around for a few yards and then Jepson broke away from his interference, taking the ball over for a touchdown. He failed to kick the goal. Eastman kicked to Jepson on the five yard line. After two tries St. Stephen's punted; Soper got well under the ball and nailed the quarter right in his tracks. A fumble by Eastman gave St. Stephen's the ball; three good sized gains left the ball on the thirty yard line when time was called for the first half. Score—Eastman 0, St. Stephen's 5.

Jepson kicked to Eastman's left-half. Corton pulled him down on the twenty-five yard line. Eastman's curly-haired quarter-back drove his men like Trojans. Play after play was sent crashing through the line while the ends were turned at will. But St. Stephen's rooters were shouting "Hold St. Stephen's! Hold!" and St. Stephen's held. A quarter-back run went for a loss; a double pass and fake kick were both mowed down by Jones' ruthless arm. Now began a kicking game. Back and forth the ball was punted, Jepson gaining about five yards on every exchange. But Eastman soon changed her attack and sent

a scorching good run around end for a gain of twenty-five yards. A few shots at the line and Eastman had the ball in a good spot for a field goal; but Totten, our baby, got his 215 pounds in front of the ball and spoiled Eastman's only chance of scoring. Jepson punted out of danger; Soper threw the catcher for a loss. Eastman was held for downs; another exchange of punts, some sharp runs and a forward pass brought the ball to Eastman's twenty-five yard line, when the whistle blew, with the score 5 to 0 in favor of St. Stephen's.

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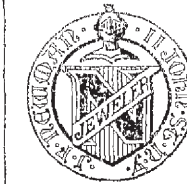
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IN a winter midnight dim,
Bursts a high ecstatic hymn,
Sung by shawm-voiced cherubim.

Gloria in excelsis Deo!

Verbum caro factum est.

In a humble manger born,
Swaddling clothes enwrap the Morn,
Of His God-head's glory shorn.

Gloria in excelsis Deo!

Verbum caro factum est.

God's creation now is done,
He hath given us His Son,
Man's salvation is begun.

Gloria in excelsis Deo!

Verbum caro factum est.