Editorial

The dawn of the fiftieth year of the corporate life of St. Stephen's has come—brightly like one of these mist-scattering October mornings and the day before us looms big with promise. Fifty years of quiet service here in this beauty-haunted countryside; fifty years of bringing forth graduates trained in the good old gentleman's course of the Humanities; fifty years of holding aloft the lamp of Christian learning in varying periods of prosperity and depression; such is the past record of the college. In the future we trust are many more years of increased opportunity and of even more loyal service both in Church and Nation; and towards this end may our jubilee year help us make great, seven-league strides. Just what this year will mean, however, to the college and to all who have her interests at heart we cannot tell; but if the enthusiasm and spirit which have thus far manifested themselves are continued, great things are in store for our Alma Mater. To our last Warden and first President, Dr. Rodgers—who already seems as close to us as if we had known him, and he us, since childhood—in all he shall do for the upbuilding and welfare of our college, every man of us pledges his heartiest support.
A Greeting From the President

President's House, St. Stephen's College, October, 1908.

I am glad to have this opportunity of speaking through the columns of "The Messenger" to St. Stephen's College men, past and present, wherever they may be.

First I want to say how happy I am to be associated with them in the great work that St. Stephen's has to do; in carrying on the good old traditions of the past and in adapting the college work and life to the demands of this modern world.

I am glad to be able to tell you that a great many things are happening which augur well for the future. In the first place we have opened with more students than has been the case of late years, so that our present capacity is nearly filled. In the second place we have not only quantity but quality, a good wholesome college spirit, an evident determination to work well and certainly as far as I can see, universal disposition to stand by the new Warden, or President, as he is henceforth to be called. What we all have to do now is to seize every opportunity of attracting public attention in a wholesome way to the characteristic features of the college and the work that is being done. I am convinced that when once people know us they will help us. I trust to be able in the near future, to meet all the Alumni and former students. A year from now the General Convention takes place at Cincinnati. It is essential that we should be properly represented there and I hope very soon to consult with some of you in regard to this matter. Meanwhile may God prosper St. Stephen's.

Yours most sincerely,

WILLIAM C. RODGERS.

The Commencement

There are Commencement Days, and commencement days; and the students, former students, alumni, visitors and all the rest might well believe that this last commencement belonged to the former class—the kind that deserves to be spelled with capitals. The splendid bright weather of the early morning, the enthusiasm of the old men, the interest of the visitors—and, in particular, the prospect of the installation of our new Warden—all were factors in rendering the occasion one of unusual gaiety.

At high noon a large procession formed on the campus and marched to the chapel, headed by a military band of music. After the processional hymn a short devotional service was sung. Then the line was re-formed and the column proceeded to the campus. The faculty and trustees ascended the platform; the ladies and visitors greatly outnumbered the chairs and benches on the campus. The day was slightly overcast, the general interest in the exercises and the brilliancy of the
scene, however, conspiring to make the occasion a memorable one. The acting warden presided; Dr. Manning, rector of Trinity parish, New York, said the opening prayer. Orations were delivered as follows:


The acting warden then requested the Rt. Rev. Dr. Greer to make an address. Great enthusiasm was evinced by the Bishop's words and manner and his speech was frequently interrupted by prolonged applause.

He began by declaring his profound conviction that St. Stephen's College is destined in years to come to do a great work for the Church and nation. When he exclaimed, "I believe in St. Stephen's College!" there was a great demonstration. Continuing, he declared that from the first the classics have been the foundation of its curriculum; St. Stephen's to-day stands for those studies which are fast disappearing from our larger institutions, so well and lavishly equipped with laboratories and other facilities for physical research and study. There is therefore an increasing need for the more vigorous study in the classics, for "classical training is the only foundation of all true and successful scholarship."

Referring to the new warden, the Bishop spoke of him as a man with a vision, "but he is not a dreamer" who might build castles in the air without sure foundations. He urged that substantial support be given to Dr. Rodgers in his efforts to do great things for the college. The audience will not soon forget the Bishop's appeal to St. Stephen's and all institutions of learning. "Give us men! Give us true, brave, consecrated, righteous men and scholars."

Then formal announcement was made of the election of the Rev. William Cunningham Rodgers, D.D., as the warden of St. Stephen's College. After much applause and cheering Dr. Rodgers made a brief speech of appreciation and thanks for the double honors of the day, pledging his word that he would try to be a good divinatissus doctor.

The Rev. Dr. Manning, vice-chairman of the Board of Trustees, was introduced as the next speaker, referred to the manifest tokens of the love and devotion which the Alumni of St. Stephen's College bore to their Alma Mater, and spoke in high appreciation of the value of such enthusiastic devotion of graduates to every institution of learning. Commenting on the new and the old, Dr. Manning demonstrated that some of the highest authorities on such matters had been converted by results to the doctrine that new schemes and methods in educational work were not so good as those sometimes stigmatized as "old-fashioned." He paid due compliment to the true place of religion in education, and pointed out that Church Teaching had ever found an appropriate place in the scheme of education at St. Stephen's.

Concerning the new warden, Dr. Manning spoke in glowing terms, describing him as his co-laborer and fellow-worker at St. Agnes', Chapel in New York city, where he was always faithful and diligent. He now found much pleasure in the fact that Dr. Rodgers would carry forward the noble traditions of St. Stephen's College. Speaking for the Board of Trustees, the speaker made fitting allusion to the able and successful work done by the Rev. Professor Hopson as acting warden in the academic year just closing.

The singing of the hymn, "Now Thank We All Our God," and the benediction of the Bishop of New York, brought the commencement exercises on the campus to a close.

Luncheon was served in the College Refectory, and was followed by speeches from the Warden and a number of the prominent visitors present. All re-echoed the cheering and enthusiastic note of the morning; and the climax came with the announcement by the Warden of his intention to raise $100,000 before the next commencement, as a Jubilee Memorial Fund, to celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of St. Stephen's.

The Rev. Dr. Upjohn, of Germantown, Philadelphia, for the Board of Trustees, spoke optimistically of the new era of the college under the new warden.

Mr. Charles Gardner Coffin, '76, president of the Alumni Association, speaking for that body, pledged the trust, confidence, esteem, and support of the alumni to their Alma Mater and the new head. As an earnest of the loyalty and gratitude of his society and the Former Students' Association, Mr. Coffin announced that the Rev. Dr. Frank B. Reazor, the Rev. Frederic William Norris, and himself had been appointed a committee to act jointly with a similar committee, headed by the Rev. Dr. George S. Bennett, from the Former Students' Association, to collect funds for the erection of a professors' house, to be presented to the college at the next commencement.

Enthusiastic and complimentary speeches were also made by the Rev. Dr. Cole, a former warden of St. Stephen's; Archdeacon Van Kleeck, of White Plains, N. Y.; the Rev. Dr. Edward Dudley Tibbits, rector of Housac School; the Rev. Dr. Bennitt, president of the Former Students' Association; and the Rev. Hibbert H. P. Roche, vice-president of the Alumni.
Alumni Association

The forty-fourth annual meeting of the Alumni Association was held in Bard Hall on the morning of Commencement Day, June 17th. It was preceded by the usual corporate celebration of the Holy Eucharist in Holy Innocents' Chapel, of which the Rev. W. W. Hance, M. A., '73, was the celebrant. At the meeting Mr. C. G. Coffin, LL.B., '76, presided. In the absence of the treasurer, the Rev. Dr. Sill, the Rev. L. R. Davis, '83, was appointed treasurer pro tem.


The Rev. Dr. Sill, treasurer of the association, reported $93.13 in the general fund. The Rev. Dr. Kimber, treasurer of the Alumni Scholarship Fund having forgotten to bring his report with him, no statement of this fund was made at the meeting, but subsequently, the Rev. Dr. Anthony, acting for Dr. Kimber in his illness, reported a total of $1,221.83 to the credit of this fund.

In the absence of the Rev. W. J. C. Agnew, the necrologist, no regular report was presented, but the association was informed of the death of the Rev. F. St. G. McLean, '92.

The elections resulted as follows: Directors, the Rev. Messrs. Rathbun, Jewell, Roche, Holden, Treder, Sill, McIlhenney and Bleecker, and Mr. W. B. Selvage; President, the Rev. F. S. Sill, D.D.; Vice President, the Rev. H. H. P. Roche; Secretary, the Rev. F. C. Jewell; Treasurer, the Rev. P. McD. Bleecker. The Rev. William Holden was elected a member of the Executive Committee. The Rev. O. F. R. Treder was appointed Necrologist. The Rev. A. C. Kimber, D.D., the Rev. William Holden, the Rev. P. C. Pyle were elected Trustees of the Alumni Scholarship Fund for the next five years.

A resolution was adopted that a committee be appointed to obtain a form of Bidding Prayer for use at the Alumni Celebration of the Holy Eucharist and at such other college services as the Warden may direct. The Rev. Dr. F. B. Reazor was appointed as such committee.

It was also resolved that a committee be appointed by the President to act with a committee of the Former Student's Association, in raising funds for a Professor's House, and the Rev. Dr. Reazor, the Rev. F. W. Norris and Mr. C. G. Coffin were appointed on this committee.

In the matter of a complimentary dinner to be given in the early autumn to the Rev. Dr. Rodgers, Warden of the College, the Rev. Dr. Reazor, and Messrs. B. S. Gibson and E. A. Sidman, were appointed to act with a like committee of the Former Student's Association.

Twenty-five dollars were appropriated to the College Messenger on condition that a copy of the Commencement number be sent to every alumnus.

Mr. W. B. Selvage, for the committee on High School Prize Examinations reported that the competition was to be extended this year to forty High Schools, and was everywhere received with enthusiastic interest. Two prizes were offered consisting of $50 and $25. The committee on these examinations for the current year consists of Mr. Chas. G. Coffin, President; Mr. W. B. Selvage, Secretary and Treasurer, and the Rev. O. F. R. Treder.

It was resolved that President Coffin be appointed a committee to wait on the Rev. W. C. Rodgers, the Warden, and to extend to him the hearty approval of his election, the best wishes of the association, and pledge him its earnest cooperation in his efforts for the advancement of the college.

The customary fraternal greetings were exchanged between the Alumni and the Former Students' Associations.

Former Students' Association

The annual meeting of the Former Students' Association of St. Stephen's College convened in Aspinwall Hall, Annandale, on Thursday morning, June 17, 1909, with the President, the Rev. George S. Bennett, D.D., in the chair.

The President conducted the opening devotions.

The minutes of the previous meeting were read by the Secretary. The President and the Secretary made report of their work during the year.

It was moved, seconded and carried, that there be four Vice Presidents of this association. The election of officers resulted as follows: President, the Rev. George S. Bennett, D.D.; Vice Presidents, Rev. C. C. Quin, Rev. E. A. Smith, Rev. Charles Fiske, Dr. W. H. Bullman; Secretary and Treasurer, Rev. Jacob Probst.

The Secretary reported that during the previous year he had made a card catalogue of all the men who had ever been students in the college, so far as their names could be ascertained; the catalogue, however, does not include those who graduated B. A.

He also reported that in accordance with the resolution of the 1908 meeting he had informed recipients of honorary degrees from the college of their election to Honorary Membership in the association.

To date twelve gentlemen had responded, and accepted the same, viz: Bishop Whitehead, Dean Robbins, Rev. H. B. Bryan, Archdeacon of Panama, Archdeacon Van Kleeck, Rev. Dr. Crary, Rev. Dr. Canedy, Rev. Dr. Cole, Rev. Charles Mercer Hall, Rev. Yale Lyon, Rev. I. New-
William Laud: Christian Militant*

The Seventeenth Century saw a long crisis in the history of England and England's Church. The heroic age of Elizabeth had passed and gone, leaving behind it grave problems crying for solution; but the wise men of the pen and the sword who might have solved them were no more. The stress and terror which made men gladly suffer the Tudor despotism vanished as England arose from the political reconstruction of Europe a compact and national whole and with them disappeared that enthusiasm of loyalty and that willing sacrifice of individual opinion which had characterized the reign of the Maid Queen.

The task that lay before the first two Stuarts was as difficult as that which Elizabeth had so triumphantly achieved—but it was a task towards which her example afforded them but little assistance. Should England become a despotic monarchy? The question was answered by a great political conflict, a great political theory, and a great civil war. Should England's Church be severed by its own acts from the historic continuity which State law and ecclesiastical formularies had at the period of the Reformation itself so carefully preserved? Should she consciously sever her ties with her religious past and the past of historic Catholicity? In the good providence of God it fell to one

*McVickar Prize Oration, delivered by Edward Stuart Hale, B. A., '09.
censured for employing the methods of his time—the only ones which he could use with any hope of success, in which neither side saw anything censurable since each used them as they found opportunity? Was it his fault or was it the fault of his predecessors that the people were so little ready to receive the discipline of the church? 

Ah, but you will say did not Laud show himself to be a superstitious and intolerant bigot, narrow-minded, without sympathy, without pity? Was the man unloving who could write in his diary on the day of his arrest: "As I went to my barge hundreds of my poor neighbors stood there and prayed for my safe return to my house, for which I bless God and them." Was the man pitiless who could say of his cruelest persecutors, "I pity them, as God knows, from my very heart." Was the man narrow-minded and a bigot who won back Chillingworth from Rome by proving to him how small was the area of dogmatic truth enforced as necessary to salvation in the English Church? Was the man intolerant who retained the ever-memorable John Hales in the fold of the Church of England by insisting on the freedom of the offer of salvation to all mankind—a man who could write, "Nor will I ever take upon me to express that tenet or opinion, the denial of the foundation only excepted, which may shut any Christian, even the meanest out of heaven!" Surely, surely, you cannot doubt that such an one had the love of God and his fellow man much at heart!

But if you are among the number of those who doubt, turn with me for a moment to that last pathetic scene on Tyburn Hill. The presence of death reveals the inmost soul. It assures the sincerity of a man as no oath or penal sanction can do it. Laud showed forth in his death the secret of a Christian life hid with Christ in God.

Prejudged by foes determined not to spare
An old weak man for vengeance thrown aside
Laud in the painful art of dying tried
(Like a poor bird entangled in a snare
Whose heart still flutters tho' his wings forbear
To stir in useless strength) hath relied
On hope that conscious innocence supplied,
And in his prison breathes celestial air.
Why tarriest then thy chariot? Wherefore stay,
O Death! the ensanguined yet triumphal wheels
Which thou preparest full often to convey
(What time a state with maddening faction reels)
The saint or patriot to the world that heals
All wounds, all perturbations, doth allay.

A world of enemies had long been wishing him away. Self-defence had hitherto been a duty, but now that they had fairly their own way and got their ends he was satisfied. He was ready to relieve them of his presence. He did not want to stay. To depart and be with Christ was far better. Life was weariness. Death was rest; and so
he stood before his cross of shame and prayed: "Lord, I am coming as fast as I can. I know I must pass through the shadow of death before I can come to Thee; but it is but umbra mortis, a mere shadow of death, a little darkness upon nature; but Thou by Thy merits and passion hast broken through the jaws of Death. The Lord receive my soul and have mercy upon me, and bless this kingdom with peace and plenty, and with brotherly love and charity, that there may not be this effusion of Christian blood amongst them for Jesus Christ His sake if it be Thy will."

Then he bowed him down upon the block—a moment—and his pure soul had found the haven where it would be.

Love thyself last; cherish those hearts that hate thee.
Corruption wins no more than honesty;
Still in thy right hand carry gentle Peace
To silence envious tongues. Be just and fear not;
Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy Country's
Thy God's and Truth's then if thou fall'st.
Thou fall'st a blessed martyr.

Again and again, during the last few months have we looked upon the western sun, as, well nigh shrouded with masses of lowering clouds, he hurries to hide himself, as if in shame, beneath the line of the horizon. But lo! no sooner has he disappeared from view than the heavens are suffused with tints of no earthly beauty, and the very clouds which but just now seemed to gather that they might cover up his face while his time of departure had not yet come, are touched with the radiance which he flings in such profusion from his place in a sky beyond our sight.

So is it with the Servants of God; only with this difference—that while the splendors of the natural sunset die away before the advancing night, the path of the departed just, alike in the memory of the faithful here, and in the world of glorified spirits there, is as "the shining light, which shineth more and more unto the perfect day."

The Sky Through the Bars*

As he stepped from under the stone arch, the heavy door grated behind him, and he heard the great bolt slip into its place. He was free, free! He paused a moment on the street to decide which direction to go, and some instinct turned his feet Southward. The minute he turned he knew why, for to the South lay the city, the home of the man with the scar, the man who had embittered his whole life, and whose face always haunted him in the darkest days of his imprisonment.

*Sophomore Prize Short Story.
He was soon in the outskirts of the little town. All this time he had walked with eyes averted, a habit acquired through long days of distrustful and vengeful glances from warden and guards. Now he paused, and looking backward toward the town, saw the black prison tower rise beyond the trees. Then his eyes were drawn upward, and he saw the sky with small fleecy clouds flying across it—the sky, so blue, so vast, stretching North, East, South, West. The wonder of it all startled him; for years the sky had been merely a square of blue with iron bars across, but yet this was sky too. Ah, yes, this was free sky.

Starting eagerly forward again, he took breaths of the pure air, which cut like a knife as it entered the throat. He called to his memory of its strength, flowing through the brain, the sky, the air, birds, trees, and sky—not merely a square of blue with iron bars across it.

The late June sun beat hot across the dusty road as he hurried eagerly forward. He was now far into the country, with green fields stretching far away on every side. The odor of clover blossoms was strong to him, and, glancing over the high stone wall, he saw the field full of clover and daisies. With a cry, he sprang over and waded through the odorous flowers; he wanted to sing—to cry aloud. Old memories rang tumultuously through his brain. Half way across the road, the air as filled with the voices of tones and music.

Again he dreamt. But there was the trouble? Then he noticed that the man with the scar sat next to him and talked to her continually. The clerk called a name, her name, and she had risen and was coming toward him—she knew it would be straightened out now. But she passed close by without looking at him, and as she passed, a daisy dropped from the bunch she wore. Eagerly he leaned forward to pick it up, and slowly pulled the petals off, one by one—"She loves me, she loves me not, she loves me,"—and surely he had made a mistake—it never came out that way, it came out the even number. What did it all mean? Then he heard her testifying from the witness stand,—but, but,—she said he had done it, and then she smiled at the man with the scar. With a sob he covered his face with his hands, he heard no more of the trial. Dumbly he heard the foreman of the jury announce the decision, dumbly he heard the judge pronounce the sentence, and he was led away unresistingly. And then he slept.

When he awoke next morning the sun was far up, the air already becoming hot, but he started resolutely forward toward the city. He no longer looked at the sky, he no longer saw the trees, or the flowers, nor heard the birds singing to their mates. His thoughts were fully intent on the man with the scar, and he hurried along. It was late when he reached the city, full of its glare, and noises, and crowds. He feared the close contact with humanity, and sought the narrow, darkened streets.

He spent the night in a cheap lodging-house, a night full of restless tossings and fearful dreams, and arose next morning, tired and feverish; his eyes were blood-shot, his hands trembled. He at once made his way to the business district and outside of the building where the man with the scar had his office patiently took his stand. Hundreds of people hurried in and out, he saw every one, but his man had not yet passed. Now lunch hour had come and the crowds thickened and hurried faster; surely he must come soon. In his eagerness he pressed closer to the doors and then he saw him coming—yes, he'd let him come closer and make sure. At that instant the man saw him and raised his cane to strike, but he was not quick...
enough. A single shot rang out above the noises of the crowded street, and the man with the scar sank to the ground.

The surging crowd paused, but he stood quietly looking on. He saw the scarlet blood turn purple as a pool collected on the hot pavement. He felt the policeman roughly seize his arm, and felt the cold handcuffs snapped on his wrists. He heard the clanging of a bell, then white-coated men carried off that which had been the man with the scar. The clanging died away amidst the thousand noises, and another clanging approached; he was shoved roughly into a patrol wagon and hurried through the busy streets. Still he said nothing—what was the use? He had accomplished his object. He was ready to pay the penalty.

In a few days—for wheels of justice turn quickly when the criminal is poor—he was again in the prisoner's dock. Again the black-robed judge sat before him, at the side, the "twelve tried men, and true." Without a tremor he heard the foreman announce the decision of the jury, and then the Judge pronounced the sentence. He was hurried away, and again he heard the heavy door grate behind him and the great bolt slip into its place. This time it shut him in. In a moment he was in a cell, another door clanged, another lock grated. He turned toward the window and saw the sky. Yes, he knew he was right, for there was the sky, a square of blue with iron bars across it.

CARL I. SHOEMAKER.

In Memoriam

ARTHUR CLIFFORD KIMBER

Arthur Clifford Kimber entered St. Stephen's College at the fall term of 1861. Born November 5, 1844, he was then not quite 17 years of age. The writer first met him in the fall term of 1864, when he was a Junior and 20 years of age. He always seemed much older than he was. Above medium height, a large frame, and splendid head, straight, strong, supple, he went in for every form of sport and exercise we had in those days, cricket, baseball, football, bowling, rowing, tramping, and he went in to win, to lead and direct and surpass others. He entered thoroughly into all the phases of College life. Eulexian knew him as keen and ready in its membership, a stickler for parliamentary rules of order, (and how he did love to amend and revise the by-laws!) and a most efficient presiding officer. The Boat Club knew him as a strict captain, attentive to every detail, of spick and span neatness and form and set up. St. Peter's Brotherhood and the Missionary Society found him enthusiastic, devoted, resourceful in their interests. The writer was Master of St. Gregory's Ward, when Mr. Kimber was Tutor. One stormy, fall Sun-

day night the Master of the Ward had an appointment for service at Red Hook. Expecting none but the family of the house present he refused to let any of the brothers of that ward go with him. But Mr. Kimber insisted on bearing him company, and we tramped the five miles of mud and rain back and forth, and were glad we went, for the house was full of people eager for the service. The student body recognized him as facile princeps its organizer and its director. But though he held aloof from none of these groups of men, with individuals he was reserved and dignified and undemonstrative. We called him, we spoke of him as Mr. Kimber. No one addressed as "Arthur" and "Clifford," unless it was dear Delafield, his classmate, his senior in years, his antipodes in emotional temperament, his almost equal in scholarship, the Secundus of the Class of '66. There was always a sort of undefinable secretiveness, austerity, incommunicativeness about our brother. He liked to mystify, to keep things dark, to spring surprises, to appear to know more about under currents and movements beneath the surface, and the Arcana of events. And yet with all this there was no more malice or guile in his makeup than in a Nathaniel. It was easier for some of us to read his thoughts than he imagined. He was never deceptively, never devising evil, never seeking unfair advantage. When he revealed his plans his motives were as plain as day. He was like an inventor keeping his work and scheme a secret until it was perfected and patented. As a sample of his love of mystery that was harmless and amusing, does any one recall a society he organized in which the members were not known to each other, only to him? Its purpose was honorable and beneficial. But it was carrying secretiveness a little too far to make it popular or lasting.

The night the Class of '71 buried its Algebra, Mr. Kimber and the writer walked over to Clermont to call on some old friends of the latter's family. We returned late. Mr. Kimber was Tutor then, and had a key to let us in quietly. The next morning it was discovered that the grave had been desecrated and the coffin stolen. Dear old "Rosie" and his fellow Sophomores raved and raged about the matter, and knowing we had come in late openly accused us of committing the outrage. Mr. Kimber deigned no denial, he held his peace. But he determined to find out who did the deed. Long years after, when the culprit was dead, he at last learned who it was. And we learned too that we had nearly stumbled on the grave robbers in the very act. The accusation did not disturb him. He knew that two at least were in the secret, and that they knew we were innocent of all knowledge of it.

He was never angry, nor unjust, nor vindictive. Does "Boss" recall the incident of the Ladder? Doors were locked at 10 p. m. The ladder was used for ingress at a back window by some belated students. Boss, in dishabille, roused the Tutor, persuaded him that some one had left the building after 10 p. m. and suggested as a good joke on him that the Tutor hide the ladder, and compel the night prowler to
explore himself to discipline. The laugh was on the Tutor, but he was "kindly affectioned" toward his teaser to the end.

In all lines of scholarship he was the expected prize winner. From the year that prizes were first offered he took them. In 1862 he won the Pruyr Gold Medal for the highest standing in College. After that he won the Mathematical, the Latin, the Greek, the Philosophical, the Ethical, the Hebrew, prizes, and graduated Primus in his Class of '66. Remaining as Tutor until 1869, he kept up the standard of scholarship, gave of his best to his classes, and encouraged and stimulated the student body. The Classes of '61, '68 always: lhvays honours heaped uponhim, the Greek Prize of Sicer and Administrator. the fe 'arless Priest and Pastor, the Sympathizer and Uplifter of human lives. The promise of the Boyhood. F.

He had our respect, our admiration, our even when we this their level best. The time trained eleven niD'; he had a kit of trained eleven that was nearly every the heavier man on our team was on the sick list before time was called, and every man knew that the heavier and better trained eleven of R. P. I. could score as heavily as they did. The season of '09 opened well for the football team when on October 2d we met and easily defeated the eleven representing Catskill High School, by a score of 16-0. The work of the team, though ragged in spots, showed the training and help received from Coach Schroeder and Capt. Boak.

Inspired by this victory the eleven practiced faithfully and on October 16th went up against the hardest game of the season, with Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute, at Troy. The disastrous result is only too well known. R. P. I. has always been much too strong for us, even when we have played them at the beginning of the season, but this year they have had the advantage of lining up against Williams and Cornell—and it is enough to say that the St. Stephen's men did their level best. The score, 80-0, gives no idea of the game fight put up by our boys, but it was, of necessity, a losing fight from beginning to end. Nearly every man on our team was on the sick list before time was called, and it is plain that the heavier and better trained eleven of R. P. I. could score as heavily as they did. The

**Athletics**

The line-up follows:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Player</th>
<th>Position</th>
<th>S. S. C.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Hunt-Watkins</td>
<td>Left End</td>
<td>Groser-Bennett</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Murray-Dike</td>
<td>Left Tackle</td>
<td>Eder</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Summers-Mohlen</td>
<td>Left Guard</td>
<td>Rhea-Ely</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Owen</td>
<td>Center</td>
<td>Ford</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Magor-Church</td>
<td>Right Guard</td>
<td>Barton</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Kennedy-Rhodes</td>
<td>Right Tackle</td>
<td>Springsted-Tenney</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Turner</td>
<td>Right End</td>
<td>Sherwood</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Inglis-Bolmard</td>
<td>Quarterback</td>
<td>Palmer-Boak</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Inskip</td>
<td>Left Half Back</td>
<td>Day-Groser</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Spear-Spearling</td>
<td>Right Half Back</td>
<td>Boak-Palmer</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Searfford</td>
<td>Full Back</td>
<td>Jennings</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Referee, Dr. W. T. Diver, Union; Umpire, William Gieger, R. P. I.

**College Notes**

At a meeting of Convocation held on the evening of September 21, the following rules for the government of those of Freshman ranks, as adopted by the upper classmen, were declared to be in force:

1. All students shall rise and raise their hats at the approach of any member of the Faculty.
2. Grace before meals is said in the Refectory by members of the Faculty and upper classmen only, when all students shall remain standing quietly in their places.
3. All men shall pay due respect to those above them in class rank.
4. No Freshman or Special students with less than Sophomore rank shall smoke pipe or cigar, carry cane, or wear a hat, pin, or numerals from Preparatory Schools while on the campus.
   a. The word Campus shall be defined as all the College property used for public purposes.
5. Special Students shall be considered as having the same rank as Freshmen until said students have completed twenty hours of College work; such students having completed twenty hours of College work shall be ranked as Sophomores.
6. The Sophomore Class, under the direction of the upper classmen, shall have full power to enforce the above rules.

At a second meeting of Convocation held on September 27th, Jeppson, '10, was elected Marshal to fill the office vacant by the resignation of J. G. Martin, formerly of '10, but now a student at Yale.

St. Peter's Brotherhood has been reorganized under the auspices of the President, Dr. Rodgers. The membership is as follows. Boak, Rhea, Riggs, Shining wood and Shoemaker.
On Sunday, October 10, the Rev. Lawrence T. Cole, S. T. D., of Trinity School, New York, and a former Warden of the College, preached at morning prayer.

The Sophs and Freshies had a most glorious rush of some kind one night recently. The first of the evening the joke seemed to be on one or two specimens of the Green Fresh variety, and incidentally on certain members of the Faculty; but later on it veered round, and the Sophomores got all that was coming to them, so to speak.

Through the generosity of some of our neighbors the college students were enabled to take part in the Hudson-Fulton celebration. Decorated with war paint, feathers, gaudy blankets and every other form of Wild West adornment imaginable about twenty fellows as Indians paddled out from Cruger's Island to meet the Half Moon, just as the braves of the Five Nations did some three hundred years ago.

Altogether it was quite a classy exhibition of canoeing! The wonder was that no one was drowned. An address of an historical nature by students on certain topics was that no one was drowned. An address of an historical nature by students on certain topics

The sepias platinum photographs of the Kappa Gamma Chi fraternity were made by the Gallup Studio Company, of Poughkeepsie, and are a fair sample of their excellent work.

Among the men who did not return to college this fall, J. G. Martin has entered Yale University; Thomas Shoemlith, the University of Pennsylvania; David C. Fernsler is teaching in St. John's Military Academy, Salina, Kansas; and Sydney Farnell, who was compelled to give up his studies on account of his health, is in Spencertown, Col. Co., N. Y.

"The Warden's dead! Long live the President!"

At a certain military manœuvre held not a great distance from the college lately, a certain band of Indians, purported to be the genuine Seventeenth Century article of the Five Nations brand, but in reality looking more like the performers in a Wild West show, ran a pretty close opposition in the way of popularity, to the aforesaid big doings in the military world. All went as long as they confined their operations to squatting on the lawn and grunting to their heart's content, encircled by crowds of wide-eyed and open-mouthed local Phyllisites and Corydons, and the younger generation; but when they began to toss staid Seniors and Juniors in a gaily colored blanket, rather promiscuously in fact, they found to their sorrow that they were playing a bit too fast and loose with the fates. The lord of the domain, full wraith to see upper class men so abused, must needs order the wild red men to desist. The result was a bit more of grunting, a blood-curcling war-whoop, and a sudden disappearance from the "manoeuvres."

The President and Mrs. Rodgers are at home each Saturday evening to the students. The pleasant evenings spent there are moments long to be remembered; and we cannot be too grateful for these quiet touches of home which all of us need so much.

The Advent sermon this year will be delivered on Fridays at 5:30 p. m. The preachers are as follows:


The following officers of the Junior Class were elected at a recent meeting: President, Sherwood; Vice President, Piper; Secretary-Treasurer, Holt.

The Rev. John J. Gravatt, Secretary of the Domestic and Foreign Missionary Society, spent Sunday, October 3d, with us. He preached at the morning service and in the afternoon gave an interesting and inspiring talk before the Missionary Society of the College. The meeting was largely attended and the remarks of Dr. Rodgers and Mr. Gravatt were much appreciated by the students.

Alumni Notes

'77. The Rev. George Herbert Bailey, formerly rector of St. James', St. Paul, and St. Mark's, Highwood, Minn., has been elected rector of Grace church, Montevideo, and priest-in-charge of Gethsemane church, Appleton, in the same diocese, and entered upon his duties on August 1.

'77. The Ven. William Heakes, rector of St. Paul's, Wellsboro, and Archdeacon of Williamsport, has accepted a call to the Church of Our Saviour, Montoursville (diocese of Harrisburg). He will enter upon his work there November 1.

'80. The Rev. C. C. Kramer has resigned the rectorship of the Church of the Epiphany, New Iberia, La., and accepted that of Trinity Church, Marshall, Tex.

'85. The Rev. H. H. P. Roche, rector of the Church of the Transfiguration, Philadelphia, has resigned, his resignation to take effect on All Saints' Day. Mr. Roche has been in ill health for some time. He has felt that he was overworked in Philadelphia, where he did much outside his parish, and has accepted duty under Bishop Gray in Southern Florida at Deland, Enterprise and Ocean City. Before coming to Philadelphia he was rector of St. Luke's church Metuchen, N. J., and for ten years rector of St. James', Long Branch.

'96. The 50th anniversary of Trinity Parish, Bergen Point, Bayonne, N. J., the Rev. A. L. Longley, rector, was celebrated Sunday, October 3.

The Messenger vouches for all its advertisers
They are our friends and ought to be patronized.

Ye College Smoke Shop
SMOKABLES, SMOKING TOOLS, STATIONERY
Ford & Springsted, Prop's

Bedell’s
Hats, as well as suits, for the young men of to-day are made on entirely different lines and blocks from the headgear for the elders: it's a good idea. These special styles have a freedom and air, correct and appropriate to youth.

Every day this month we shall display brand new styles right from New York, correct fashions from top to toe.

WM. S. BEDELL.
363-365 MAIN STREET
POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y.

Largest Assortment in Town
For a full line of Gents' Shoes, Hats, Caps and Gents' Furnishing Goods
Call at AUCOCK BROS.
RED HOOK, N. Y.

If it is a question of PRINTING
take it to the
REGISTER OFFICE
RECORD P. E. P. CO.
HUDSON, N. Y.

Careful attention given to Printing of all kinds. Nothing too large or too small for us to handle, and satisfaction guaranteed in all cases.

Nelson House
Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

HORATIO N. BAIN
Proprietor

In answering advertisements please mention The Messenger.

Fine China, Cut Glass LAMPS and NOVELTIES
For Wedding, Anniversary or Holiday Gifts.

A. B. STOCKHOLM
306 Main St., Poughkeepsie, N. Y.