

MESSENGER

Vol. 17 No. 2 December, 1910

Page 21	Editorial
Page 22	Jubilee Endowment Fund Maunsell S. Crosby
Page 23	A Christmas Story Frank A. Rhea
Page 25	Christmas
Page 26	A Mother's Sacrifice N. A. Morgan
Page 27	[Untitled Poem] S.
Page 28	An Iceboat Race Harold Holt
Page 29	O Thou R.
Page 30	Physiognomy of the Breakfast G. A. W.
Page 34	Gleanings from Freshman Themes
Page 35	A Bit of Personal Experience
Page 36	Overheard
Page 37	College Notes
Page 39	Brotherhood Notes
Page 40	Athletic Notes
Page 41	Prize Contests
Page 42	Higher Criticism
Page 42	Sophomoric Philosophy It's Better to be an Original Fool Than a Sweet Echo
Page 43	Alumni Notes
Page 43	With Scissors and Paste

Saint Stephen's Messenger

VOL. XVII

DECEMBER, 1910

No. 2

THE BOARD

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EDITORIAL.

THE cold, snowy, blustering December days are here, bringing with them a looking forward of mingled joy and impatience to the Christmas recess. Thoughts of home are ever with us, thoughts of the cozy parlor, of pleasant family gatherings about the glowing, roaring fire; of Christmas games, of delightful mistletoe. And it all seems so very far away that we can hardly bide the time. It seems so like a dream.

With the approach of the Christmas season the first semester of our college year is drawing to a close, and we stand upon the threshold of a new year, towards which we fix our gaze, animated with renewed vigor and with greater hopes not only for ourselves but for our Alma Mater.

In the performance of his arduous duties of office, discouragements and disappointments may come to our President, but still we know that S. Stephen's stands upon the threshold of a brighter era. To him in whose hands has been placed the welfare of our college, to him whose unswerving fidelity has given S. Stephen's a renewed hope and a stronger interlinking tie with the world and church at large; to the members of the faculty, under whose guidance we are endeavoring to realize the ideals of our Alma Mater; to the Alumni and Former Students; to our fellow undergraduates;

to all our friends and readers, THE MESSENGER wishes a merry Christmas and a happy New Year.



It is much to be regretted that the Dragon Club is unable to provide the college with a series of lectures this year. The sometimes small attendance at last year's lectures need not be taken as an indication that those entertainments were not appreciated. To many they formed the only bright spots in a long and dreary winter of "greasy grinding." And the prospect of another year without any promise of entertainment is not alluring. But since it is not possible to provide lecturers from outside of college, could not our own faculty imitate the custom of other colleges, in giving a series of popular lectures throughout the winter? The members of our faculty have much to give us beside that which perhaps, we show little appreciation for in the classroom, and a stimulus for interest in literature, languages, or science could be supplied beyond that which only classroom work is wont to produce.

JUBILEE ENDOWMENT FUND.

CASH in Union Trust Company \$2,842.77, including July interest. Unpaid five-year pledges, \$4,710.00. Total, \$7,552.77. The interest has just been raised to 2½% from 2%. I have received almost nothing since last spring nor has Mr. Moran.

Very truly yours,

(Signed)

MAUNSELL S. CROSBY,
Treasurer.

We trust that the Students and Alumni have not forgotten their pledges to this fund. Let us send in our installment before the Christmas spirit has made beggars of us all.



The Committee in Charge of the plans for the Gymnasium is negotiating with the builders and nothing definite can yet be announced. However, it can be stated that no temporary wooden structure will be erected on the present gymnasium. Whatever is done will be permanent work.



In the absence of the Editor-in-Chief, the Associate Editors have been carrying on the work of THE MESSENGER. We hope that any deficiencies in these two numbers may be pardoned on this account.

NOTICE.

To our Subscribers:—It costs money to run THE MESSENGER. It costs money to send out bills. You can save us time and money by sending your subscription at once and not waiting for your bill. Unless your bill is paid at once your subscription will be discontinued.

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

IT WAS Christmas eve. The snow, which had fallen in fitful gusts all day, now came down gently, evenly in large, whirling flakes, covering all out-of-doors with a mantle symbolic of the Christmastide. Laden with numerous parcels, belated shoppers cheerfully hastened homeward, their faces beaming with anticipation of the joy their gifts would produce. But to Phillip Strong, half buried in the comfortable confines of a huge, lounging chair in the — Club, there came no such joy. Left an orphan at an early age, his training had been the care of indulgent grandparents, who gave him all the advantages and disadvantages due a modern Croesus. Death had removed his fond guardians and with them the last of his people. Thus he was to spend his first Christmas alone, and no place held contentment for him and, besides, thoughts of a serious nature disturbed him. What was to be the goal of his life? Thus far nothing, absolutely nothing. Rich beyond the ordinary, well educated, cultured, the possessor of a social standing to be envied by many, in all, fortunate as the world deems it, he was far from feeling as content as the poorest wretch on the street. His life wase mpty and until now he had not perceived it. He was the product of a system which misses the chief aim of life.

With a start, he puts on his heavy coat, and leaves the club to seek repose in the merry throng on the street. Aimlessly he drifts into a side street and almost unconsciously halts before a lighted church. Softly the strains of the glorious "Adeste Fideles" fall upon his ears. He is awakened from his reverie by a tugging at his coat. Looking down, he is accosted by the familiar "Paper, Mister?" The sight of the little, shivering waif, whose hands and face only are visible from the folds of a coat many times too large, touches this man of plenty. Stooping down, he asks the child why he is abroad so late. Sobbingly the youngster tells the too oft repeated tale of misery, mother ill and father out of work. Phillip bids the child lead him to his home, and for once in his life he intends to view the other side of life. His guide soon brings him up dark stairs to a single room, where he is able by the dim light of a candle, to see a sight indeed strange to him. On the one bed in the room, lies the mother, covered with clothes and rags for covering, while by her side sits the grief stricken husband. He, too,

is learning a lesson, for in the time past he had not done his full duty to his wife and now in the presence of Death he is repentant. Leaving money for present wants and as proper a Christmas celebration as can be enjoyed under the circumstances, Strong goes to his apartments, not to rest but to fight out the question which belongs to every man.

* * * * *

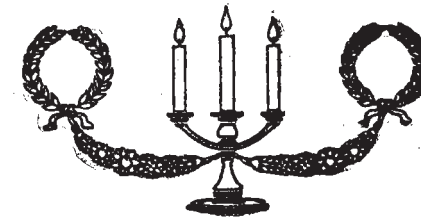
Once more it is Christmas eve. Gently the rays of the December sun drift through the white curtained windows of the little hospital in the mining town of Arden. A young priest softly steps into the room and lights the candles on a small table, on which stands a cross. It would be difficult to recognize in this broad shouldered, athletic churchman the shivering waif whom we saw guiding Phillip Strong to that home of sorrow just fifteen years ago this night. Nor is it any easier to recognize in the wan, worn face of the single patient the Phillip Strong of former times. Those hours of serious thought on that Christmas morn had achieved their end. Phillip had found an aim in life—it was the ministry of the Church. Turning his back on all of his old associations, he had come to a seminary in the West and then settled down in this little place. In the meanwhile, he was giving his chance acquaintance of the street an opportunity to be prepared to settle the question with which he had contended. The outcome was the same and the young man had come to him that summer, fresh from the seminary, eager to begin his work.

The ten years in Arden had not been easy ones for Strong by any means. The beginning was slow and laborious. These rough men of the mines respected the straightforward, manly life of the priest, they even enjoyed the hospitality of his cheerful rooms, but his religion attracted them slowly. At the end of five years, Strong could say that he had accomplished something, but then came the epidemic. It seized this little hamlet in its relentless grasp, and the loyal priest saw his work undone. To these hearts so close to Nature, the God of Love could do nothing which would bring sorrow to His children. Throughout these months of affliction, Phillip Strong toiled unceasingly, visiting the sick, administering to the dead, and striving to prop up the waning faith of his wards. The five years following were a repetition of the first five, except the results were larger. The outlook was most pleasing, when as a bolt of thunder out of the clear sky came the terrible reappearance of the epidemic. Strong trusted the faith of the people would be stronger and so it was for a time, but when it broke, he was almost crumpled by it. With the same indomitable courage, he toiled night and day, anxiously awaiting cold weather and the relief it would bring. His exertions were too great and too prolonged. Weakened by his excessive disregard of himself, he was soon afterwards taken ill and for weeks the struggle went on. Then it was the people realized the sacrifice

which had been made for them, and truly penitent, they turned again to the Church's ministrations.

Phillip realized he was fast nearing the end, and he was at peace. Thoughts of his work may have given him some regret, but he put them away. He was full of confidence in his successor, for in the past month the young priest had shown his ability to deal with this people. Excusing himself on the plea of a choir rehearsal, the young man went out. Alone, Phillip Strong turned his eyes to the Cross and on his face appeared a look of peace, as he felt the tide of life slowly ebbing out. Hark! There is borne to him, and so gently that it seems as though of angels, the voices singing "Adeste Fideles," and the call becomes personal as his soul goes to join the innumerable faithful who continually adore Him.

F. A. R.



CHRISTMAS.

Drag the Yule log from the wold
With merrie shout and sound;
Crowd back with joy the icy cold
That circles glowing hearth around.

Twine mistletoe and holly bright
Round candles gleaming fair;
Let cheerie song and laughter light
Echo through the quiet air.

Fill the glowing wassail bowl,
Then drink ye full and long;
Sing right merrily your dole,
Join Christmas dance and song.

Years ago, on this dear Day,
The Christ Child came to earth.
So, merrie, merrie men, I pray
Add holy joy to blithesome mirth.

C. I. S.

A MOTHER'S SACRIFICE.

SHE was failing fast. Her pale, emaciated face bespoke the inexorable advance of the insidious malady which had claimed her as its victim. All that day in a blinding snowstorm, she had wandered throughout the streets of the city endeavoring to secure employment, that she might maintain a roof over her boys' heads and keep them at school. Disappointed, and faint from fatigue and exhaustion, she turned her steps homeward, made her way up the rickety staircases, and entered the cheerless attic she called home.

It was past three o'clock, and the children just let loose from school, happy and light-hearted, ran past the house, shouting and chasing and pelting one another with snow. The poor mother, with her face pressed against the window pane, gazed intently into the street below to catch some glimpse of her own dear boys. She remembered that that night would be Christmas eve. The thought made her shudder, and a sob convulsed her wasted frame. Her eyes filled with tears as she thought of the cheerless morrow, when so many homes would be happy and hers so desolate; when so many children's hearts would be gladdened by gifts of cheer and good-will, and hers would have hardly a fire to warm them. Yet throughout it all she did not murmur nor repine. She looked to Christ, her Savior, and believed and trusted in Him.

As she was standing by the window a sudden, violent paroxysm of coughing seized her, and racked her worn-out body. Everything grew dark before her eyes. A buzzing sound seemed to ring in her ears—a dreadful dizziness; and then—oblivion.

She awoke to find herself lying on the rude truckle bed with her boys, John and Frank, kneeling by her side, sobbing, and begging her to speak to them. The neighbors had summoned a physician and were attending her. She placed her feeble arms in loving embrace about her boys, for whom she was sacrificing her life, and her lips, now growing cold and blue with approaching death, moved in prayer. Through her tear-dimmed eyes she strove to peer into the dark future, and wondered what would become of her children in the bitter struggle with a hard and cruel world.

The parish priest had entered the room and administered the last consolatory rites of Holy Church. How like a Saint she looked. With what a heartfelt welcome did she receive her blessed Savior in Holy Vatican! No doubts, no misgivings; but a patient, willing resignation to the will of the Heavenly Father.

The day was fading. A faint light was casting a sepulchral glow about the room. Outside the storm raged in all its fury. The mother complained of thirst. Frank bent over the helpless form of his parent, and held a cup of cold water to her parched lips. She drank eagerly and mur-

mured a blessing on her boys. Her own sufferings were entirely forgotten in her anxiety for their welfare. The death agony was close upon her; her hands, now cold with her approaching end, still clasped those of her boys; her eyes were growing glassy; she heard her John and Frank weeping by her side; the muscles of her face quivered and she strove to embrace them. But what an embrace of agony for the boys! The mother who bore them, who toiled for them, who suffered for them, who endured the most frightful privations for them, was now dying for them. And the great, cruel world, like a mighty Circe awaited them. They must now go forth into the battle of life alone.

The cruel, bleak December wind howled dismally without, and whirled the blinding, eddying snow and sleet against the casement. Towards midnight the dying mother opened her eyes, and looked upon her boys. The storm had abated. From a nearby church "Adeste Fideles" was pealing forth from the silver throated chimes that were calling the faithful to the Mass of the Nativity. She heard it and a faint, sweet smile played about her lips; her lips parted; a sigh of pain; the Sacred Name was breathed forth:—a solemn, awe-inspiring stillness.

It was finished. There, on the rude truckle bed, in the embraces of her own dear children, she fell into that "dreamless sleep that gently kissed her wearied eyelids down." The smouldering spark of life had gone out; the Angel of Death had come, and the soul of that saintly Mother was borne away to that Celestial City to be at rest in the bosom of its Father and its God; where neither sorrow, pain nor woe can enter; where all is peace and rest; where the flowers never fade and the rainbow abides forever; where an eternal "Adeste Fideles" rises up from the glorious company of heaven, before the throne of the Father.

N. A. Morgan.

But ye, who after Truth do seek
And fear you seek in vain,
Do not with fears your strength make weak
Nor mind your own heart's pain.
But go into the midnight soft,
And with the shepherds there
List to song borne from aloft
By angels, on the still, calm air.
For unto you a Child is born
Who ever rules by truth and love;
Then lift your hearts this Christmas morn
And worship Him who reigns above.

S.

AN ICEBOAT RACE.

PICTURE to yourself a rather large lake in midwinter. The sun is shining brightly, making the ice seem like a huge mirror spread at your feet. Here and there against the bright background are the dark figures of skaters constantly moving back and forth, now alone, now in groups of twos or threes. Away in the distance against the darker line of the trees are the white sails of the iceboats darting with surprising swiftness from point to point, in their erratic movements resembling nothing so much as a swarm of flies.

This is the setting for the most novel and exciting experience of your life—you are about to sail in the Annual Christmas races. Down at the edge of the lake lies your boat waiting for you to come aboard. It is not much of a boat to look at, just a long plank on edge with another fastened across it at about the middle, three runners, one at either end of the cross plank and one at the end of the long one, a mast and a sail complete the "ship." At the stern, the end of the long plank which carries the single runner, is an oval box called the "cockpit." You are told to lie down in this and blankets are wrapped about you. Someone gives the boat a slight push, the wind fills the sail and you are off. You feel so little motion that surprised you look around to see whether you are moving or not. Moving? Why before you are fairly settled on the cushions the shore is left far behind. Farther and farther you glide, all the time gaining speed. How glorious is the feeling! You seem to be moving through space! There is no feeling of motion at all, no jar, no noise, save that made by the runners slipping over the ice. Boating? No it is flying! A voice at your elbow wakes you. It says "Hang on, we are going to turn!"

You "hang on" with all your strength for you have been warned about this. There is a giddy whirl, a long slew, the sail comes over with a bang and the boat is off on the other "tack."

Somewhere a gun sounds, calling the boats to the starting line. It seems to be miles off but in a few moments you are back to the line with the other boats. The skippers receive their instructions, the gun again sounds and the boats start.

Slowly your boat draws away from the rest of the fleet. Faster and faster you fly. Little by little the speed increases until you seem to leave the ice and skim through the air. Now one of the runners leaves the ice and you go on, careened like a real sailboat. You, in your ignorance, think of the things which will happen if you capsize. Then slowly the runner comes back to the ice and you once more fly along steadily. Faster, faster, faster you go until you feel that no where in the world is there speed like this. The blood pounds in your ears, you gasp for breath, the wind buffets your

face in a hurricane, the tears stream down your face. You cease to be a man, you are a god, a god of the wind, a pure disembodiment. There is no longer any earth under you, you are sailing through space.

Then a crack in the ice looms up ahead, it is not much of a crack, only a few feet wide but to you rushing down on it at this terrific speed, it has all the proportions of a chasm. The boat lifts, leaves the ice, you feel a jar and the crack disappears in the distance. You have jumped the crack, for the first time you have seen the impossible happen—a boat has jumped an obstacle. But then you expect the impossible to happen now—nothing seems unusual to you.

You have turned and started back to the finish line. There at the right is another boat keeping pace with you. It is rather surprising that such a thing should happen for in your keenness you imagined that nothing could possibly go as fast as you have been traveling, yet there it is. Inch by inch you crawl past it, inch by inch you gain. Oh, why can't your boat go faster, surely now you will beat them, now they are passed! At last they are left behind and you cross the line a winner. You have won! Caesar in his proudest triumphs had no feeling more glorious than this, to win in a race of the swiftest craft in existence, to be the best of the best.

Slowly the boat comes to a stop, once more the sail is idly flapping but there still persists that feeling of floating through the ether. You are weary, the excitement has quite tired you, all you wish to do is to lie still and close your eyes and drift and drift out into the space beyond the worlds. But it cannot be—the race is over and it is time to go.

H. H.

**D Thou.**

Whose coming beamed upon a sinful world
Which knew Thee not nor even furnished Thee
A place of birth, save but the manger crude,
Enclosed by Nature's meekest types of life
And shepherd's true, whose blessing was to hear
The angel song of Peace on Earth, Good Will to Men,
Wilt Thou not come to us this holy night,
Teach us be meek, and love thy creatures all.

R.

PHYSIOGNOMY OF THE BREAKFAST TABLE.

THE science, or rather art, of discerning the character or state of the mind from the features is one that has been used with a greater or less degree of proficiency by every age and generation. It is a natural, instinctive art, the laws of which are unconsciously followed by every man, woman and child who shows personal favoritism. Furthermore, it is an intensely interesting art, or there is none so on the face of the earth; interesting, it seems to us, mainly for the fact that it is subjective, intuitive, rather than objective. It is obvious that the novice would require, in order that he make a practical use of this art, a distinct and complete set of rules necessarily based on the state of mind dominating the individual at any given moment; and it is affirmed by the experienced that to lay down a series of such rules for the seriously curious to follow is an utter impossibility. With this in mind we, being novices, plead justification for generalizing in our superficial analysis, even should we limit ourselves to a very few minutes of time in the life of some one person. At the college breakfast table, where one may study his fellow men with a fairer measure of certainty, perhaps than he can anywhere else, physiognomy becomes strikingly ludicrous or pathetic, ingenuous or affected, cheerful or melancholy. The "night before" is a marvelous background, against which our art stands forth in all its singularity, before which all its phases are emphasized and rendered sensible to the most inane vacuity,—a statement that may be partly illustrated and proved, we believe, by the following eight instances, selected at random from many observed and indited this morning:

1. T. Ball was the third man down to breakfast this A.M. A large, thick-set chap, remarkable alike for his genial smile, rambling conversation and religious fervor is T. Ball. His "todays" have been so uniformly like his "yesterdays," that for some time he has been eliminated from our *dramatis personae* as a virtual repetition. Ordinarily we wouldn't have noticed him at all, but this morning he departed somewhat from his usual conservative method of prefacing his breakfast. As has been said, T. Ball is a large, thick-set chap. He generally sits down at table quite carefully, almost tenderly. This morning, however, he insisted on missing the chair and sliding under the table—a marvelous performance for a man of T. Ball's proportions. We glanced across the room in time to observe that he was ineffably surprised to behold nothing but wooden legs and rungs before him and the dark, underside of the table above him. Quite evidently something was the matter. Crawling from his hiding-place with many grunts he scrambled rather confusedly upon his chair. The highly-developed smile which he usually wears was missing, gone, evaporated,

and in its place lodged Absence. Yes; as far as expression was concerned, T. Ball was absent,—of course a psychological as well as a physiognomical problem. His eyes stared straight at and through his plate; he smiled in a fatherly manner, chuckled and wagged his head; he carefully salted his coffee and spread jam on his potatoes. From his face we conceived at once that T. Ball was dreaming of his future and its ministerial probabilities: how he would aid the fatherless and widows; how from the pulpit he would thunder damnation at the believer and whisper mercy to the infidel, how he would make this parish the leading one of the country in spirituality, ritual, and pledged contributions—a modern Sarum, so to speak. This conclusion we arrived at immediately; but, not feeling positive, these alternatives (using the word in a loose sense) were jotted down: Christmas recess; proposal accepted by last night's mail, conjugating *amo* in all passive moods; how to get more money out of the governor.

2. The fifth man at table was G. Detty. G. Detty seldom smiles,—seldom does anything, in fact, but wander about the college and campus with a weebegone expression upon his face; but this A.M. he looked over at us, nodded cheerfully, sat down and smirked. We could scarce believe our eyes, for that smirk told volumes! For some weeks he had been trying to master the Greek labials, but as their acquirement had proven well-nigh impossible he had concluded, after yesterday's recitation, that if one more diligent application did not blend them with his grey matter he would give them up forever. Instinctively we knew that G. Detty's resolution had been superfluous; that he had mastered those Greek labials. Our conclusion was prescious, certainly, but it was none the less based on physiognomy. Not being absolutely positive, however, as to the correctness of our determination, we listed the following: Went to early Mass, hitherto as impossible a feat as the learning of Greek labials; received cheque from home; smoked cigar without getting sick.

3. P. Stoops dropped into his place a trifle later than customary, he usually being the first man at table. An enormous appetite, has P. Stoops; it has always been his strong point. He is especially partial to hot biscuits and cranberry jam, a breakfast delectable which is meat, drink and clothes, bed, board and washing to P. Stoops. But this morning he seated himself before his empty plate in an uncertain manner, stared for a few minutes at a pile of his favourite biscuits and a jar of purple sweetmeat, and then abruptly left the table. We had had a glimpse of his face: it appeared normal, except for the eyes, and they were red. Now, this problem was so simple, so ridiculously easy that it seemed a venial sin to dispose it in the physiognomical category. P. Stoops had contracted a cold. His eyes were eloquent of wet feet, draughts, mouth breathing and the thousand-and-one other causes of colds. We resolved to make some hot lemonade and a

bowl of hot toddy, go up to his room, and promptly cure him of his trouble with the hot lemonade. (We forgot to make the lemonade, however, and also neglected to take the toddy up to his room.) Being quite sure that sometime during the night he had foolishly exposed himself to the elements, and so on, we had only one slight doubt as to the source from whence came those red eyes. That doubt may be expressed in the form of several alternative sources: strong glasses; playing the lychnobite; acrid cigarettes; hard cider.

4. N. Ricketts surprised us greatly by coming down to breakfast. A most remarkable phenomenon, this; for N. Ricketts' bed possesses such a wealth of charm for its owner, and has so nearly engrafted itself upon his soul and so absolutely ingratiated itself in his affections, that of a weekday morning (especially) N. Ricketts cannot for the life of him find it in his heart to abandon this warm guardian, this protecting, sleep-producing citadel of oblivion, until the clanging bell summons him to the classroom. N. Ricketts dotes on sleep; consequently, like others of his stamp, he is the very quintessence of indifference and waggery. Day in and day out do we bask in the apricity of his friendly grin. This A.M., however, worry, serious worry was written in the features of N. Ricketts: we pondered surreptitiously the premises there so plainly evident, and arrived at the inevitable, logical inference, that N. Ricketts couldn't get his Greek. Doubtless he had been up all night, lucubrating into the wee sma' hours in a laudable but unfruitful endeavor to hatch in his brain this egg of ancient jargon. We sympathized with him deeply, and silently wept in our oatmeal; for, many a night have we ourselves vainly tried to absorb Greek. Poor N. Ricketts! Nevertheless, despite the apparent correctness of our inference, we had to acknowledge that we may have wrongly inferred, and on this supposition jotted down a trio of possibilities: Unwillingly elected a solo part in The Glee Club; no cash to pay for wash; lost his jorden.

5. C. Clyde, the jolliest fellow in college, stamped down to table this morning with a most remarkable sneer soiling his face;—remarkable because of his supreme good-nature and a personality so admirable that all who know him can scarcely smother the desire to follow him about. We were insupportably amazed to behold this, the indubitable outward attestation of a magnificent ingrowing grouch. C. Clyde's trouble was obvious. C. Clyde was bilious. Very likely the late climatic vicissitudes had un-systemized his organism, and everything with him, therefore, was going wrong. Of course, it may not have been biliousness at all—novices in physiognomy, such as ourselves, frequently make mistakes; but it is the most probable of four causes, the other three being: Pipe broken; alarm didn't go off, borrowed shirt not returned and had to wear dirty one.

6. J. Pulliman was the eleventh man at our table. Stocky in build,

ferocious in temper and careless in manner, J. Pulliman sidled into his place at the breakfast table and nervously glanced around. His face was the picture of uncertainty, the very reproduction of irresolution. Hesitancy was written in every facial lineament; but we read the reason for it in the peculiar twitching of his eyelids. His algebra wouldn't agree with the prepared answers! Sometime since, seventeen days ago, to be precise, we had guessed that in mathematics he would experience difficulties, and here was evidence which demonstrated the correctness of our guess. Admittedly there may have been other reasons (at most, three) for this sudden spell of nervousness. We will indite: Lost his "trot," new woolen underwear full of burrs; button missing.

7. B. Couch disregarded our greeting, sat down heavily and scowled. B. Couch had a headache, that was evident—one of those miserable varieties which sour the temper, torment the body and harass the soul. Ignoring our brotherly approaches, he glowered at the table, sometimes passing a hand across his forehead and muttering under his breath. Bringing all our skill to bear upon this problem, we took our hypothesis and deducted that B. Couch had been studying too hard. He was ruining his health by undue application to his books. We resolved to apprise him of the consequences of such dangerous, if laudable, assiduity when opportunity permitted; at the same time we noted that the following things may have caused his indisposition: Christmas recess doesn't come fast enough; had row with roommate; foggy taste in mouth; heard that rival has rescued girl from drowning; misplaced favourite volume of Maupassant.

8. A fluent streak of interesting speech announced the arrival of L. Noodles. Four fellows were on the verge of fainting at the sound; for L. Noodles is famous for his breviloquence and his paucity of ideas. He sat down opposite to us, waxed startlingly voluble and grinned broadly. Never before had we beheld a grin on his face. So very remarkable was it that we knew a very remarkable thing had happened. L. Noodles had mastered his lessons, so we decided. We found ourselves admiring him for the accomplishment; we grinned back at him and mentally wished him luck; we wrote our physiognomical conclusion in capitals and planned to frame it. However, after a moment's reflection we thought of three other possible motives for that grin, namely: Intended to "cut;" found misplaced volume of Maupassant; heard that professor is near death's door.

Now, our minds are full of premonitions. We are bound to acknowledge and acknowledge gladly that our analysis in physiognomy is very poor, very ordinary, perhaps unworthy even of the name of analysis. As we stated above, we are novices, and so cannot dogmatize on this art, limit its present scope, or bound its future development. All we have attempted to do, all we can do is, by illustration and example endeavor to contribute

some method which may enable anyone to partially eclaircise the mysterious problems involved in physiognomy and find pleasure in the refection.

G. A. W.



GLEANINGS FROM FRESHMAN THEMES.

MY FAVORITE HAUNT IN SUMMER.

I KNOW of a very beautiful spot, where one may find it cool and refreshing even on the warmest day in summer. In the center of a large wood, there is a small pond or pool. It is so small that the large oak trees growing around it stretch forth and interlock their branches, forming an arch through which scarcely any sunbeams ever penetrate. A few feet from the edge of the water, giant vines of the wild grape wriggle and twist in tangled masses, like so many huge serpents, from the ground to the large branches overhead. These twining stems with their smaller branches and foliage completely surround and hide the pool, excepting a small opening on one side. Through this, one may enter and view the interior. Beginning at the base of these vines and extending almost to the water, is a small belt of fresh-looking, dark green grass. A slippery, slimy bed of dirty pebbles fills the intervening space between the grass and the water. The surface of the pond is entirely covered with water lilies, except here and there water shrubs of different kinds appear. Viewed from a distance, it would present the appearance of a huge target; the lilies forming the bull's eye; the stones and grass the outer circles. Here is peace and solitude, broken only by the chirp of the cricket, the occasional, hoarse croak of the frog, or the piercing cry of the startled bluebird. A gentle breath of wind rises and the lilies nod to the grass and the grass bows in return. The great trees hold their arms in an attitude of protection and blessing as they sway in the breeze. The whole scene is so pleasing that the intruder, overcome by the solemn silence and grandeur, murmurs "How beautiful is nature."

B.



Saint Stephen's has chosen for its color a bright and lively red, the color of life, of strength, and manliness. High aspirations and the desire for noble deeds are inseparable from the color red. We draw a further inspiration from our patron, the proto-martyr. Red is his color. We look

upon his flaming ensign and our soul is filled with a desire to imitate his courage, and, if need be, to join him in that noble army, marching under the blood red banner. But what is the spiritual significance of the color on the walls of our college rooms? When the student awakes he is at once conscious of a lifeless, dreary, robin's egg blue. All the hopes and ambitions of his dreams give place to despondency. The impulse to spring vigorously out of bed is deadened. Even the refreshing shower is of no lasting effect. At breakfast he sees the pale dreariness of the walls reflected in the milk on his cereal. The brightest day only emphasizes this awful blue in the classroom. Nowhere can he escape it. "Melancholy, that cold, dry, wretched, saturnine humor, creepeth in with a lean, pale, or 'bluish' colour." Perhaps the psychology of this blue has been considered by the authorities, and it may be that the color has been used to keep us subdued and to check any undue virility and courage that might be aroused by the red of our college banner. But is it not overdone? The most fiery pennants are unable to remove the gloom that settles over us. We do not advocate the use of red as a wall color, but can we not compromise? For instance, red and blue make green. Saint Stephen's wishes to guard against too vigorous and bold a spirit. Let us have green, a color fresh and hopeful, but steady, and comfortable to live with. College spirit cannot be hoped for while our lives reflect the gloomy blue of our walls.

F.

A BIT OF PERSONAL EXPERIENCE.

A SPIRIT of unrest pervaded the atmosphere at S. Stephen's on the early evening of September 27th, 1910. Noise there was plenty; and winking, too; but the first intimation of trouble (or fun) ushered itself into my room in the shape of the sophs, who, with praiseworthy generosity, invited me downstairs to take part in a midnight squirrel hunt. And the confirming intimation came as an unearthly screech, which floated from the direction of "Battle Alley." The sophs and I descended at once, being followed to the outside door by more consideration than water, and being met at the door by more water than consideration. Some chap escorted me, with great care to the north side of Aspinwall, where he assured me of his anxiety for my welfare, and nobly vowed that, come what might he would be my slave, and, if need be, protect me with his life: as an earnest of which he promptly held a pail of water beneath my chin. Very effective—that earnest. Only someone else kicked the pail's bottom. Well, after I had gotten the water partially removed, I dodged the crowd and went up to my room to complete the drying operations.

Now, animate objects always have seemed to take a fancy to me,—especially pups and youngsters. Babies yell for me like candy, and dogs follow me as though I were bacon gravy. But never, never in all the years of my existence, have I known inanimate objects to become restless over my absence. It may have happened before—I won't deny it—perhaps I have not observed it, but the action of my college-room furniture was, to say the least, most unseemly and inexplicable. Evidently the various pieces had decided that I must be involved in the rumpus going on below, and wanted to support me in the *méle*, but, apparently, they had disagreed as to just where I was. For the bed seemed in favour of trying the shortest way down, and was halfway out of the window. The chairs and their friends had wandered into the hall and were headed in the general direction of the "Alley." Even the water pitcher had started off on an independent expedition under the excited desk; while the pillow, so near and dear to its owner, sought me behind the trunk. In fact, every object in that room had conceived and started to put in execution a very laudable and exemplary system for hunting me up. Very needless to remark, of course, that I was very much affected by this display of friendship. Who wouldn't have been affected? Really, as I mopped at my head, and pulled at the wet shirt which lovingly stuck to my ribs, I felt uncomfortably full of sentiment, and finally became so worked up over the matter that I felt like actually helping the furniture to locate myself by pitching the bed entirely out of the window, the chairs into "Battle Alley," and so on. But discretion and sober judgment decided otherwise, and, after a couple of hours' persuading, I managed effectually to place before them the futility of hunting for a person obviously present. Thereupon they resumed their former positions in the room. The gentlemen who invited me to the squirrel hunt, did their duty well.

OVERHEARD—

"Did you know that Carlo has gone to new regions?"

Have you seen the Count's "Unicorn"?

Did *you* get "shocked" in 18 Hoffman?

Ever play bull-in-the-ring in Battle Alley?



Prof. of History—"What were the jousts and tourneys?"

Mr. H.—"Why a-they were two cities, sir."

Student—Are you going to drop Latin this week?

Under Grad.—Certainly not. I have not yet all my cuts used.

Latin Student—I had a conflict yesterday and so could not be here.

Prof.—With inclination and duty?

COLLEGE NOTES.

THE following states and countries are represented by the students at the present time: New York, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Massachusetts, Connecticut, New Hampshire, Missouri, Michigan, Vermont, Virginia, Tennessee, District of Columbia, Delaware, Canada, England, Ireland, Germany.

WHO'S WHO IN S. STEPHEN'S.

CONVOCAATION.

President—Harold Holt, '11.

Sec. and Treas.—Laurence F. Piper, '11.

Marshal—Laurence F. Piper, '11.

ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.

President—Joseph Boak, Jr., '12.

Sec. and Treas.—Ethelbert Foster, '13.

FOOTBALL TEAM.

Captain—William T. Sherwood, '11.

Manager—Carl I. Shoemaker, '12.

BASKETBALL TEAM.

Captain—Joseph Boak, Jr., '12.

Manager—Nathan A. Morgan, Spec.

DRAGON CLUB.

President—William T. Sherwood, '11.

Vice-President—Harold Holt, '11.

Sec. and Treas.—Laurence F. Piper, '11.

GLEE CLUB.

Director—James H. Edwards, '14.

Manager—Herbert H. Parkinson.

Pianist—Henry Glaeser, '14.

BOARD OF DIRECTORS.

Harold Holt,

James L. Whitcomb,

John N. Borton.

BROTHERHOOD OF S. ANDREW.

Director—Frank A. Rhea, '13.

Vice-Director—Nathan A. Morgan.

Secretary—Albert J. M. Wilson, '14.



Debating clubs have been organized by the Freshman and Sophomore English classes. The officers of the former are McAllister, President; Gage, Vice-President; Prout, Secretary. The officers of the latter are Rhea, President; Whitcomb, Vice-president; Borton, Secretary.

The Glee Club gave its first concert at the Town Hall, Rhinebeck, N. Y., on Thursday, December first. It is interesting to note that the Glee Club of twenty years ago gave its first concert on the same date. The audience was rather small and disappointing, but those who attended were more than pleased with the able rendition of the difficult pieces that were sung. It was promised that if another concert were given, the club would be guaranteed a full house. The men are to be complimented on the spirit with which they have gone through the hard season of training, and much commendation must be given to Mr. Edwards, for so ably filling the position of director. Much excellent work was done also under Mr. Palmer, who was the first director, but who has left college, to work under the Rev. Dr. Battershall at S. Peter's Church, Albany. A very satisfactory desire to work hard was manifested by all connected with the Glee Club, and the first concert must be counted a success.

The program was as follows:

- I. Chorus—Jolly Blacksmith's Lay *Geibel*
 II. Piano Solo—Selected.
 WILSEN.
 III. Quartet—Kentucky Babe *Geibel*
 WHITCOMB, WILSEN, EDER, EDWARDS.
 IV. Chorus—Ghost Chorus *Schubert*
 V. Solo—Armourer's Song *de Koven*
 EDWARDS.
 INTERMISSION.
 Monologue
 WHITCOMB.
 VI. Chorus—I Love Thee *Harker*
 VII. Piano Solo—Selected.
 LEONHARD.
 VIII. Quartet—Selected.
 IX. Vocal Specialty—Indian Love Lyrics *Finden*
 (a) The Temple Bells
 (b) Less Than the Dust
 (c) Kashmiri Song
 (d) Till I Awake
 ELLIS, accompanied by himself.
 X. Chorus—Sleep Li'l Chile *Pettijohn*

At the meeting of the Board of Directors of the Glee Club it was decided to give a concert at college, December 19th, for the purpose of raising the debt to the Athletic Association. The directors also decided that it is best not to attempt any trips until April when it is hoped that concerts can be

arranged at Kingston, Poughkeepsie, Albany, Newburg and Utica. New music is to be added to the library including Grieg's Land Lighting and Buck's In Vocal Combat.



On Friday evening, November eighteenth, Eulexian initiated the following men: E. A. Leonhard, D. R. Black, C. S. Armstrong, and J. Gage. After the ceremonies the following alumni members, together with the active chapter and the new men sat down to a banquet: Bros. Norris, toastmaster of the occasion, MacKellar, K. Dean, Geo. S. Silliman, Bullman, Bleecker, Deyo and Gibson, and at the close of the feast the men adjourned to the Bungalow at Camp Eulexian till the "wee sma' hours."

New York Sigma Phi Chapter of the Sigma Alpha Epsilon Fraternity held its Annual Fall Initiation and Banquet on Friday evening, November eighteenth. The following men were initiated: J. Bond, R. Parker, A. Priddis, P. Deckenback, C. McAllister, N. Hanson, L. Wallace. The banquet was held in Preston Hall. Besides the new and active members the following alumni were present: Mr. Watson B. Selvage, Dr. S. Guy Martin and the Rev. Frank H. Simmonds. The guests were Professors Edwin C. Upton and Robert G. Robb. Mr. Selvage as toastmaster offered the following toasts: "A Faculty Brother," Dr. Martin; "Taken In," P. Deckenback; "The Bonds of S. A. E.," J. Bond; "Within the Fold," N. Hanson; "Breaking the Monotony," the Rev. Simmonds; "*βρέφος δαγύς*," C. McAllister; "In the Lap of the Goddess," A. Priddis; "Spiked," R. Parker; "Faciens Fratrem," L. Wallace; "The Chapter and the New Men," George S. Mullen.



BROTHERHOOD NOTES.

AT a meeting of the local chapter of the Brotherhood of S. Andrew held on November 29th, the following officers were elected for the year 1910-11: Director, Rhea; Vice-Director, Morgan; Secretary and Treasurer, Wilson. The time of meeting has been changed from every alternate Wednesday evening to every alternate Sunday evening. It is hoped that this time will prove more convenient, and that all the members will be present regularly. The meeting is open to all the men in college, and the Brotherhood through THE MESSENGER extends a cordial invitation to all the students. We purpose making the study of Holy Writ

our main work this winter, since we feel that many of us are more or less ignorant of important Bible characters and episodes. On Tuesday evening, the 22d November, Mr. Betticher, a missionary from Alaska, gave us a most interesting talk on "Mission Work in Alaska." It was encouraging to notice that the majority of the undergraduates were present, and also some members of the Chapel congregation. Mr. Clinton Rogers Woodruff, a trustee of the College, and a noted sociologist, has tentatively promised to speak to us some time during the year. It is also possible that a member of the Community of the Resurrection, England, may be with us some time during the year.

Our greatest disappointment so far is, that quite a number of men belonging to other chapters, regularly and persistently decline to come to our meetings. Why? We can only surmise they have not got the true spirit of the Brotherhood. We most earnestly trust that they will yet see their way to join us in our effort to maintain a chapter in this College, and deepen the spiritual life of the student body.



Services at S. Peter's Mission are very well attended this fall, there being an average attendance of sixteen. Dr. Rodgers goes over once a month for a nine o'clock Celebration. Last year we were made glad by a pair of candlesticks and a beautiful white burse and veil, the gifts of Dr. Rodgers. A chalice and paten was bought which the congregation is paying for, seven dollars being still owed. A re-table has been placed upon the altar. Can not some of the old friends of the Mission present some ornaments of the Altar and ministers thereof, such as a book-stand, burses and veils, dossals and frontals, stoles, cassocks, surplices, and cottas? Are there no extra ones around which your church would be glad to give to a Mission?

Carl I. Shoemaker, Superior.

ATHLETIC NOTES.

THE basketball season has opened, and S. Stephen's men are working hard under the efficient coaching of Capt. Boak. It is a wonder that the team is in any condition at all when the lack of interest manifested by most of the student body toward the only sport in which our college is represented is taken into consideration. Rarely has the varsity had a full team of scrubs on the floor to give them practice. A spirit of marked indifference and aloofness seems to pervade the men this year. Do not have the captain continually appealing for you to come out and practice. Show your college spirit. Come out because you want to support

the team. The men must have regular, daily, hard practice if they expect to round into good shape. Basketball requires speed and this can only be given our men by the scrubs getting out every day faithfully and helping the men who represent S. Stephen's only team.

State Normal College defeated S. Stephen's at the former's gymnasium on Friday evening, December second. The game was well played from beginning to end; and the fine work of Capt. Boak and Day must not go by unnoticed. The score stood 18 to 15 in favor of State Normal.

The line-up was as follows:—Right forward, Boak; Left forward, Day; Center, Jennings; Right guard, Morgan; Left guard, Bennett.

PRIZE CONTESTS.

THE Rector of the Church of The Advent, Boston, offers a prize of \$25 to be awarded for the best Latin poem on "The Martyrdom of King Charles of England." The contest is open to all students of S. Stephen's. The poem must consist of not less than one hundred lines and may be written in any form of classical or ecclesiastical Latin verse.

The Rev. John Mills Gilbert, '90, offers a prize of books for the best essay on English Poetry. A definite period or group of English Poets or any phases or characteristics of English Poetry may be made the subject of the essay.



THE following is the list of Advent preachers:

Thursday, Dec. 1; Rev. Edgar A. Enos, D.D., Rector of S. Paul's Church, Troy, N. Y.

Thursday, Dec. 8; Rev. Charles M. Nickerson, D.D., Rector of Trinity Church, Lansingburg, N. Y.

Sunday, Dec. 11; Very Rev. Wilford L. Robbins, D.D., Dean of the General Theological Seminary, New York City.

Thursday, Dec. 15; Rev. Thomas J. Lacey, Rector of the Church of the Redeemer, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Sunday, Dec. 18: Rev. Frederick W. Norris, Rector of S. Matthew's Church, Brooklyn, N. Y.

The special preachers at the College Chapel during Lent will be as follows: March 2, The Rev. Harry S. Longley, Binghamton, N. Y.; March 9, The Rt. Rev. Frederick Courtney, Rector of S. James', New York City; March 16, The Rev. Dr. Hugh Birchhead, Rector of S. George's, New York City; March 23, The Rev. Frederick N. Burgess, Rector of Christ Church, New Haven, Conn. The preachers for the other Lenten services will probably be The Rev. Herbert Shipman and either The Rev. Dr. Grosvenor or The Rev. Dr. Manning.

HIGHER CRITICISM.

ACCORDING to Cicero—Sulla cum ei libellum malus poeta de populo subiecisset—inbere ei praemium tribui, ne quid postea scriberet.

According to Mr. P.—Sulla, when he threw the bad poet of the people under the library, told him not to come out until he had written a poem.

Puis, le jeune heros depose ses lauriers aux pieds de la reine Cléophile et lui demande son coeur en échange. Cleophile, coquette, feint de se dérober:

Sophomore translating last sentence: "And Cleophile, coquettishly, pretended to undress.



SOPHOMORIC PHILOSOPHY: "IT'S BETTER TO BE AN ORIGINAL FOOL THAN A SWEET ECHO."



IN the gray dawn of the morning of the twenty-sixth of October, the class of 1914 hoisted its banner high between two of the library pillars.

For fully two hours did the invincible youngsters stand beneath it before the sophs plucked up courage enough to offer them a struggle. On the clear, crisp morning air rang out the repeated defiant yells of 1914. Up and down the campus marched the scalp-seeking Indians, yelling their blood-curdling, awe-inspiring challenges to their arch enemies. Here and there a soph would run timidly out of doors and quickly beat a retreat to a place of safety, far from the sight of the blood-thirsty Freshies. A window would be raised cautiously and a sophomore head would look woefully and wistfully upon the glaring golden numerals of 1914 and then upon the wild, yelling youngsters that stood on guard beneath them. Ah! The sophs have decided to make a trial. They would die game, at any rate. With slow, measured tread the Sophomoric band moved like a funeral procession toward the invincible array of 1914. Nearer they approached. Down crouched every Freshman, ready, tiger-like, to spring upon his enemy. The warriors arranged themselves in football formations and charged upon each other. Onslaught after onslaught did the sophomores make upon the impregnable array of 1914, in their futile efforts to humble their banner in the dust. But it was of no use. 1914 stood like a stonewall, and after a last desperate struggle, the sophs beat a retreat followed by the cheers of their conquerors. When the smoke and dust of the battlefield had cleared away the banner of the victorious class of 1914 was still fluttering in the breeze.

ALUMNI NOTES.

'70—The Rev. Irving McElroy, M.A., for nearly eight years priest-in-charge of Christ Church, Bellport, Diocese of Long Island, has resigned; and on the first of this month entered upon his duties as priest-in-charge of the two missions at Farmingdale and Hicksville.

'82.—The Rev. Charles A. Jessup, D.D., has resigned the parish of Holy Trinity, Greenport, Long Island, and has assumed charge of The Church of the Ascension, Buffalo, Diocese of Western New York.

'99.—Rev. Angus McKay Porter, has resigned the curacy of St. Peter's Church, Albany, N. Y., to take up his duties as rector of St. Luke's Church, Utica.

'09.—Mr. Anton F. Blaum has recently gone to Japan to take work in the teaching profession.

The value of this department could be greatly increased if the Alumni and Former Students would send any news of interest which may come to their notice to some member of THE MESSENGER Board.

WITH SCISSORS AND PASTE.

Prominent Seniors of University of Rochester have formed a mustache club.

All secret societies have been abolished by the trustees at the University of Mississippi.

"The Triangular debate league, comprising Columbia, Cornell, and the University of Pennsylvania, has selected the question of conservation for this year's debate. The probable working of the subject is, 'Resolved, That the ownership of all forest and mineral lands now belonging to the United States, in the several States, should be retained by the Federal government.' Cornell will uphold the affirmative against Pennsylvania at Ithaca and the negative against Columbia in New York. The contests will take place on the last Friday in February."—*N. Y. Post*.

Instruction in Rugby football at the University of Kansas has been made practically compulsory by the ruling of President Naismith to the effect that all gymnasium classes are to be taught the rudiments of Rugby.

The University of Pennsylvania is the presiding institution at the annual meeting of the Association of American Universities, which will be held this year at the University of Virginia, on the 10th and 11th of November.

The audience which greeted the S. Stephen's College Glee Club at the Town Hall Thursday evening was an unusually small one but it was at times enthusiastic and throughout appreciative.

The concert did not begin until nearly nine o'clock. The first number, Geibel's "Jolly Blacksmith's Lay," was sung by the entire club. Mr. Wil-

sen next played two selections on the piano and he exhibited a mastery of his instrument and an extent of virtuosity which were at once a pleasure then to note and now to record. The quartet, "Kentucky Babe" may have lacked some of the life which aids the effect of unaccompanied singing, but it gave pleasure and an encore was given. The first vocal solo number came with Mr. Edward's "Armourer's Song" by de Koven. His voice is a clear and rich bass but the inevitable comparison of the encore which he sang, with the song of the Armourer, showed his style and voice to be best suited to the sentimental field of song rather than to the utterance of heroic or dramatic phrases.

The monologue by Mr. Whitcomb, which occupied the intermission, requires a paragraph all its own. Mr. Whitcomb impersonated a farmer who is telling of a visit to New York at a time when he went as delegate to a convention of the W. C. T. U. He strayed into the Metropolitan Opera House, among other places, and wonder of wonders, heard what no one else ever did, words sung to the music of the intermezzo in "Cavaleria Rusticanna." There is a suspicion that he was not living up to the principles of the organization he was in the city to represent if the thought he heard any words sung to that delightful bit of music. He doubtless soon recovered however, for he heard an aria from "Faust" and one from "Il Travatore" and these he imitated in a really wonderful manner at the same time making his audience roar with laughter. He was rewarded with an abundance of applause.

The first chorus of the second part, "I Love Thee," by Harker was notably well sung and the solo work of Mr. Ellis serve to make the number one of the best. Mr. Leonhard next played two piano selections and the quartet supplied the following number.

Mr. Ellis next sang four Indian Love Lyrics by Finden. He accompanied himself and played and sang the difficult music with artistic style and fine effect. He has a rich and powerful bass voice which he has learned well how to use. His enunciation also was extremely good.

The concert closed with a chorus and a college song.

The club showed itself to be well trained and efficient and this was eloquently demonstrated by the singing of the choruses alone. The talent of the members is undeniable. Their ambition is evident and they should meet with deserved success on their coming tour. The evening was one of pleasure and will occupy a prominent place in the annals of the current local musical season.—*Rhinebeck Gazette.*

EXCHANGES.

"The Campus"—University of Rochester.

"Cadet Days"—S. John's Military Academy.

"The Normal College Echo."—