

MESSENGER

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The Messenger.

VOL. XIX.

DECEMBER, 1912.

No. 3.

SANCTUS STEPHANUS.

Rosa novum dans odorem,
Adonatum ampliorem
Regiae coelestis,
Ab Aegypto revocatur;
Illum sequi gratulatur
Cujus erat testis.

Genus nequam et infaustum
Qui se fecit holocaustum
Afficit indigne,
Et quod in Christum credit,
A quo tamen non recedit
Passionis igne.

Gaudet carne purpurata,
Flexo genu, voce grata,
Pro Judaeis orans,
Ut non illis imputetur
Quia gratis pateretur,
Facinus ignorans.

Constitutum in spe certa
Certiorat res aperta,
Quando Jesum vidit
Stantem Patris in virtute;
Tunc ad petram pugnans tute
Parvidos allidit.

Uva, data torculari,
Vult pressuras inculari
Ne sit infecunda;
Martyr optat petra teri,
Sciens munus adaugeri
Sanguinis in unda.

Nos qui mundi per desertum
 Agitamur in certum,
 Stephanum sequamur,
 Ut securi tanto duce
 Trinitatis vera luce
 Jugiter fruamur. Amen.

Adam of St. Victor.

THE SAVING OF SEXTON.

JAMES HOWARD EDWARDS, '15.

MRS. Captain Rockwell was a clever little woman. Everyone, even the Colonel's wife, conceded that. More, which the Colonel's wife did *not* concede, she was an extremely popular little woman. But in any community, when the *populus totus*, minus one woman, believes good of another, there is usually more than a little reason for the belief. And Sackett's Harbor is no exception to the rule.

When Second Lieut. Norman Sexton was transferred from active duty in the islands, Mrs. Rockwell immediately demonstrated her cleverness by taking possession of him. She demonstrated it much more clearly, however, later on, when she saved him from himself. But of that, anon!

Sexton was popular from the day he arrived at the Post. A reputation for valor of the dare-devil sort had preceded him, and in this age *d'ennui* of ours, valor makes much for popularity. He rode and shot like a Comanche, which commanded the admiration of his brother officers and the men; he possessed a straight figure and handsome eyes, and he danced divinely, which endeared him to matron and maid. He was a Virginian. But, he had a habit which aroused the admiration of no one, he drank.

At first his escapades evoked only a mild criticism, and later, an equally mild rebuke from the Colonel. But as things went from bad to worse, everyone agreed that Sexton was in a fair way to appear before the tribunal of his superiors, with its inevitable disgrace. At this point Mrs. Rockwell stepped in and took charge of the affair. This is how it all happened.

I have said that Sexton was a Virginian, which, according to all tradition, is only another way of saying that he knew how to drink like a gentleman. He never made scenes and was as steady as if on dress parade. The only obvious difference was a deathly paleness and the habit of being excessively courteous. His mind was as clear as his legs were steady, and apparently he was in condition to head a charge or lead a cotillon, although he invariably managed to avoid contact with the ladies of the Post when the spell was on him. But this no doubt was due as much to the caution of the husbands as the breeding of Sexton.

The pity of it is—or was—that the final collapse came when Sexton was on duty. There had been an outbreak of Italian laborers at the big dam at Dexter, and Sexton with a detachment had ridden over to suppress the rioting. When they returned two days later, the lieutenant threw his bridle to an orderly and stepped into the Colonel's quarters to make his report. The old man glanced up from his reading and a shiver of disgust shook his wiry frame as he noted the pallor in the subaltern's face.

"You're drunk, sir," he said coldly.

The other, stiff as a ramrod, saluted formally.

"I beg pardon, sir, you are my superior"—he began, and toppled over in a dead faint.

When Sexton had partially recovered and was sitting up, the Colonel called on him at the officers' ward in the Post hospital.

"My boy—," he began in a voice that vibrated with sympathy. But the bitter memory of the other's infractions swept over him in a chill wave, and he resumed in a colorless tone.

"You will consider yourself under arrest, sir, until a court-martial can decide your case."

And the stern old warrior with impassive face and death in his heart stalked out. For the Colonel's love for his youngsters was a secret which he shared with no one.

"Tom," said Mrs. Rockwell that night while Tsin was silently removing the tureen, "I think it's a crying shame to court-martial that poor boy."

"Humph!" grunted her big husband. "He's had it coming for a long time. A kid of his calibre and with his vices is a disgrace to the service."

"But court-martial is not going to save him," she insisted.

As the Captain vouchsafed no reply to this assertion, his wife fell silent, but an idea was buzzing merrily in her pretty head—an idea which was to result in two happy lives. That evening she bearded the Colonel in his den.

Now, as I perhaps have said, Mrs. Rockwell was popular. She had demonstrated that (Mrs. Rockwell's career was one continued series of demonstrations) several summers before, when—but that is another story. Her popularity had augmented to the extent that no man ever succeeded in refusing her a thing in reason. And although this thing she asked of the Colonel was utterly out of all reason, at least from a masculine standpoint, nevertheless she won her point. Just what she said to the Colonel and just what replies he made, what arguments she brought to bear on the discussion, all these things will never be known. The sum and substance of her request, which is enough for you and me, she afterward confided to me as we dangled our heels in the surf at Campbell's. The Colonel, far from court-

martialing Sexton, should, in his next official report to Washington, recommend him for a first lieutenancy. For which piece of stark madness, Mrs. Rockwell should become personally responsible for Sexton's good behavior in the future.

That there was more reason in it than appears on the surface, is scarcely necessary to state; otherwise it would not be characteristic of the senior Captain's lady. But Mrs. Rockwell was, whatever else she might be, altogether woman, and as such, chose to work in her own subtle way. Neither the Colonel nor anyone else knew that Sexton in a boyish mood had confessed to her about the blue-eyed girl down home, who was only awaiting his promotion to come north and share his quarters.

Possibly, the same reason serves to explain why, when the promotion came, not a soul, even Sexton himself included, knew that she was gazing out on the parade ground from Mrs. Rockwell's tiny drawing room. When, at urgent behest, Sexton called at the senior Captain's quarters, the good matron quietly effaced herself, with the idea in mind no doubt, that

"Two makes for company
Three for constraint."

It is not my purpose to set down herein the account of a little wedding at which the regimental Chaplain officiated and the Colonel gave away the demure little bride, nor of Mrs. Rockwell's tears (why woman weeps at a wedding is beyond the ken of mere man) nor yet of the groom's healthy color and—, but suffice it to say that the mental vow which Sexton made and which Mrs. Rockwell undoubtedly knew (the intuition of that lady is truly remarkable), remains unbroken, and that the taprooms of Sackett's know their idol no more.

VERSES.

In a place of perfect splendor,
Glorious Hudson flowing by,
Is our noble Alma Mater,
Rich in gifts to beautify.

Ah, St. Stephen's, how we love her!
Day by day our love doth grow;
May her gentle spirit hover
O'er us wheresoe'er we go.

When our College days are ended,
In the world's fierce, struggling life,
Loving bonds becoming blended,
Praising her, we'll face the strife.

Sewell Medford, '14.

THE BALKAN SITUATION.

PAUL HARTZELL, '15.

THE rapid development of the war between the Balkan Federation and Turkey has, like the recent Spanish-American War, abruptly turned the attention of thinking people to the seat of the conflict and brought out the fact of their comparative ignorance of the history and peoples of the countries involved. Thus it is that nearly every account received from war correspondents, and nearly every editorial on the subject appearing in our newspapers, contains much explanation and information relative to conditions in the East, and the attitude of the Powers of Europe. In addition, they have brought forward into the light of the present day, certain momentous and revolutionary incidents in the history of the southeastern part of Europe. From this mass of newspaper wisdom, if you will, it is decidedly difficult for the average student to obtain a sufficiently clear and coherent understanding of the present war. I shall endeavor to set forth briefly the facts essential to a correct perception of what has brought on the present war in European Turkey.

When, in 1453 A. D., the Turks under Othman finally captured Constantinople, after more than a century of continual fighting, Mohammedan rule firmly established itself in Europe, to keep itself there only by the use of force. For the millions of Christian subjects under its control were ever ready to revolt. Only by oppression, tyranny, and even atrocity, did the Ottoman Empire hold itself intact in Europe until the first part of the last century. Then, at last, the Servians revolted successfully and established their independence. Their success, in turn, made the other Christian subjects of the Sultan chafe under his rule, so that by 1885, all that remained of the wide possessions of the Sultan in Europe was a portion of land between the Black Sea and the Adriatic, about the size of Ohio; for Greece, Montenegro, Roumania, Bosnia, Herzegovina, and Bulgaria had successfully passed from under Turkish misrule.

Russia, however, had had a hand in aiding the revolts of her co-religionists under the Porte, and it was her interference, ostensibly for the sake of humanity, which has created the much-discussed "Eastern Question". In 1879, the nations of Europe suddenly awoke to the fact that, unless they took concerted action, the Russians, who were at war with the Turks in behalf of the Bulgarians, would gain possession of the Dardanelles and so have a permanent footing in European Turkey. Hence, they decided that Russia should relinquish all the fruits of her victories, and that Turkey should remain as before the war, except that Bulgaria was to have a Christian government. Russia, of course, had to agree to this settlement; such was the *status quo ante bellum*. It is this condition which

the Powers of Europe have preserved in the past, and wish to preserve today, although each Power jealously desires to possess the Dardenelles and a liberal portion of Turkey in Europe. No one Power, however, can carry out her desire owing to the interests of the others. And this condition has been maintained despite the fact that atrocities have been continually committed which have merited the interference of these Christian nations.

From these circumstances it has come about that Turkey, realizing full well the mutual jealousies of the six Powers of Europe, has governed just about as she pleased since the war with Russia. The Balkan States, however, tired of Europe's general acquiescence to Turkey's mistreatment of her Christian subjects, have been making extensive preparations for war. Thus, when two months ago, Turkey refused to listen to the remonstrances of the representatives of Servia and Bulgaria respecting alleged atrocities committed against the Christians of Macedonia, the only province of Turkey predominately Christian she found that, although she declared war, the Balkan Allies were in a far-advanced state of readiness. Also, Greece, which found a number of pretexts for taking part in the war, joined the federation, much to the embarrassment of the nations of Europe.

It cannot be doubted, then, that the unexpected victories of the Bulgars have caught Europe napping. That these little states, so lately under Turkish sway, should have a voice in the settlement of the "Eastern Question," or disturb the *status quo* so zealously guarded by the nations of Europe, seems never to have occurred to the diplomatic council of those nations. And, yet, these states have suddenly and unexpectedly risen to be the paramount factors in that settlement. Turkey can no longer appeal to Europe to maintain the *status quo*, and Europe can no longer act as she pleases, without taking into consideration the Balkan States which are so united under a common cause. It remains to be seen, therefore, whether Europe will allow the Balkan Allies and Turkey to settle their own affairs, as they have a right to do, or whether she will interfere as heretofore to the ultimate advantage of Turkey. But it is surely to be hoped that the Balkans will be unmolested to enjoy the full fruits of their victories; even to the final ousting of the Turk from Europe, where he is in reality a foreigner, and to the restoration of Constantinople to its proper position as one of the leading capitols of Christendom.



TRANSLATED FROM THE SPANISH OF THE DIARY OF SENOR
DU ALQUERIES, SOUTH AMERICAN EXPLORER.

(1701-1765)

OCTOBER 12, 1744. Covered ten leagues today which makes twenty-nine since we left the banks of the Amazon and turned south. Travelling still very difficult, through swamps dark with tropical trees of every description: so dark that we must wait till long after dawn ere we may break camp. Weather sultry and intolerably hot. Dews heavy like rain. One of the Indian carriers bitten by snake. Left him to die. Had to flog some of them to make them go forward. Black devils, we can put no trust in them.

Oct. 15. Only two leagues today. Had to cut our way through dense underbrush. Reptiles are the plague of our life. Two carriers tried to run away. Managed to shoot one of them. Only seventeen left now. Pedro, my townsman, and Jacques* have had to share in the carrying, as have I. It is now ten days since we have seen any except of our own party.

Oct. 17. We are overwhelmed with grief and despair. I can hardly bring myself to write of the events that have just occurred. We were about to take up the march when a great chattering of monkeys—they have followed us at a distance for many days—gave us warning of danger. Jacques went back to learn the cause. How I reproach myself that I allowed him to go alone! Soon we heard him call, a call that still rings in my ears, for it was the death agony of a brave man, though he was a Frenchman. With one of my carriers I hastened back, and—how can I tell it?—there in an open place was a huge mass of writhing serpent, the body of Jacques crushed in its coils. The monster saw us, and had we not fled for our lives we too would have been with Jacques. As it was Tjorky, the carrier, let fall my musket in his flight, and we dared not recover it. The saints plead for him! I can write no more.

Oct. 20. Natives rebellious these last few days. It is only by flogging that we can urge them on. They tell of seeing the spirit of poor Jacques in the darkness.

Oct. 21. Pedro died of a fever that he has had for the last two days. I also am feeling it coming over me and can hardly see. There is a great ringing in my ears that sounds more and more like that last cry of Jacques. All the carriers, except Tjorky and his uncle, have deserted. The poor black tries to be kind, but I can scarce bear his touch, for these natives fill me with a strange loathing.

*These were the only two white men with him on this expedition, the former a Portuguese, the latter a Frenchman—C. T. B.

Oct. 22. (This entry is hard to decipher. The handwriting is faint and irregular as of a man in great weakness.) This is my last . . . May this come into the hands of those whom it might benefit. I can hardly hold this . . . Maria.

. . . It is with great thankfulness that I can again write. I know not the date, nor where I am. I am lying in the hut of some strange natives. Too weak to write more.

3rd day after last entry. Much stronger. Can think more clearly. I do not know who the natives are, but I must be somewhere far from the Amazon. Terribly hot. Came to consciousness two days before the last entry. Was lying in a dark place which proved to be a native hut. Was parched with thirst. Called for Tjorky, but a strange black woman came in, looked at me and rushed away. Soon several natives of a tribe unknown to me came but I could not make them understand what I said to them. Asked for water by signs. I believe my life to be safe, for the savages are kind to me in a way, but I cannot overcome my aversion to them.

8th day since return of consciousness, . . . only thus can I count time. Today I crawled to door of the hut and find that I am in the midst of a small village. Have picked up a bit of the language and learn that I was found in the jungle and brought here. Tjorky must have deserted, like the rest of those ————.

10th day. Feel much stronger today. Trust that I can soon get away from this foul place, for the heat makes the village smell abominable and I feel as though I were living among cattle.

14th day. Could walk about today. I have been witness to the most horrible rites, my blood runs cold to recall them. I judge that the savages had a fight with some other tribe, for they brought about twenty bound men into the village this morning. The captives were sacrificed before a great ugly idol. An old chief was the priest, and he performed the sacrifice with a great knife of rare workmanship, a strange sight indeed in this community of primitive people. The breasts of the captives were gashed with the sacrificial knife and the hearts exposed, while all the people sang a chant, haunting in its weirdness. I was given what seemed a place of honour and was invited to join in the feasting which followed the sacrifice. I could not bring myself to do this, of course. May the good saints send me a relief.

15th day. The feasting continued all night but the solemnity of the sacrificial service has been given way to terrible orgies. The natives show themselves now for the filthy beasts that they are.

16th day. Had a most extraordinary experience today. With the help of my good angel I will write the story as it happened. The village

was very quiet when I awoke this morning, as the people were worn out with the debauch of the last days. I cannot account for the change that has taken place in me. I never felt any suggestion of comradeship for those men who had followed me into the forest, nor have I ever, until this day, been able to overcome a great loathing when near any of these natives. But today I was verily startled to find that I was feeling a strange pity for these unfortunate people, and what is more strange, the uncontrollable loathing seems to have left me. Another indication of this change came this morning when a new group of captives was brought in and bound before the idol. Without knowing what I was doing, and without stopping to consider the consequence of my action I rushed blindly forward and with tears in my eyes—I can confess it now, for the change has left me unafraid—I begged for the release of the poor captives. I dare not think that my power alone brought about that which followed, but priest and people seemed powerless while I freed those captives, and when it was done, none attempted to prevent their escape, nor was a hand raised against me as I went back to my hut, greatly shaken at the marvellous experience that I cannot at all explain. The camp is again peaceful and they seem convinced of my good will.

17th day. The natives have made no attempt to revenge themselves on me for yesterday's interference. I do believe that if they were civilized they would not be so bad.

19th day. Though I can scarce believe it of myself, I have determined that if I can get back to civilization, I shall return with priests to convert the natives. I wish I could explain the change that has come over me.

24th day. Hope to travel in a few days if I can get guides. I shall certainly come back again.

January 10, 1745, 34th day. Imagine my joy this morning when there came into the village a party of men looking for me. Benito and the Italian, Buchioni were in charge. Tjorky and his uncle had brought me here and then gone for help. We start back in two days. I learned the date and am surprised to see how long I was unconscious, for I did not become sensible till December the 10th. The most remarkable and inexplicable thing is that the day I stopped the sacrifice was the Nativity. I shall return next year with missionaries.



THE STUDENTS' COACH FUND.

EDGAR LEWIS SANFORD, '15.

THE football situation at St. Stephen's College presents unusual difficulties of which the financial one is perhaps as hard to solve as any. In the first place, there are, of course, the usual bills to be met for supplies, and the other expenses necessary to the game. Such expenses at this institution are under faculty supervision, but the total is bound to be considerable even under the best regulation.

The location of the College, also, is such that large gate receipts are almost impossible. Nevertheless, some attempt was made this season to secure good attendances at the home games; next year will see further efforts along this line, but at best the admittance fees cannot amount to as much as the guarantee necessary to secure even a good "prep" school team. Home games with colleges are, of course, out of the question, and such contests must invariably be played out of town. Even in the case of outside games, it may sometimes be impossible to arrange them where the expenses of the team will be fully met. A deficit at the end of each season is therefore unavoidable.

The third source of expense is the coaching. The so-called season this year has shown us at once the impossibility of putting a team in the field without proper coaching, and how quite inexperienced material can be turned to good account under proper guidance.

Here, then, are three separate items of expense. How are they to be met? In a small college whose student body is composed of men of moderate means, this is a serious problem. And yet, if handled properly, it is capable of solution. The cost of supplies and similar necessities can be, and is, met by the treasurer of the Students' Convocation from funds provided by the Campus Tax. But there are many demands besides those of football made on the Convocation treasury. Other sports must receive some financial assistance, although as these are mostly inter-class, the expenses are not very great. The MESSENGER must also receive an appropriation, and it sometimes becomes advisable to tender aid to a lecture course or similar undertaking. Consequently it is impossible for Convocation to pay the whole of a deficit for the expenses of games, as well as the bills for supplies, etc. Fortunately there are a number of Alumni and other friends who realize the need of a reasonable amount of athletics in the College life, and are willing to give some assistance. I think we may safely rely on such help to take care of whatever deficit there may be over and above what Convocation can pay.

But how about the coach? There are two methods by which this difficulty can be overcome, and it will probably be necessary to use both.

The first is to ask the various fraternities to contribute from their treasuries, and the second is for the students themselves to pay the coach's salary.

Student support of student activities, as far as finances are concerned, may be considered as of two kinds; the giving of money which was really first given by parents for some particular object, such as the Campus Tax, and the giving of money from the students' personal allowances. The Campus Tax has already been disposed of, hence, if the students are to be asked to contribute toward the expenses of a coach, this contribution must come from their personal allowances. There is no doubt about the sacrifice which this will entail on the part of many of the students. There are many financial calls upon them such as class and fraternity obligations and the various small expenses incidental to college life, not to mention the regular athletic or Campus Tax. To some men, therefore, a contribution for a coach's salary will mean the foregoing of several little pleasures. But in this case, I should say there is not a small loss without a great gain. Such a sacrifice of legitimate pleasures, if made for the sake of the College, cannot fail but foster a spirit of loyalty to it. The habit of giving for the welfare of the College, even at the cost of personal inconvenience, will surely help toward building still stronger a body of Alumni who are pledged to the interest of their Alma Mater. Moreover such action will show the present Alumni that the students are thoroughly in earnest, and that they do not expect others to do everything for them. The graduates and friends have many calls for assistance for objects more important to the College than football. As students, we have no right to appeal to them unless we are first ready to make great sacrifices ourselves. Finally, a man has the most interest in that for which he sacrifices the most. The greater inconvenience we are put to in order to have successful athletics, the more interest will we take in them, and the more we shall enter into the spirit of them.

But it is impossible to secure large contributions at one time. They have to be paid, in many cases, in small amounts, and the only way to give in this fashion is to do so systematically. Some have said to me, "Yes, I will certainly give something for I am much interested, but I cannot say just how much nor just when. Sometime I will let you have a good-sized contribution." Such remarks, I have taken in good faith, but, to say the least, they are very indefinite. The only way for those who are in moderate circumstances to give effectively is to undertake to give definite and reasonable sums at definite times. Then they know just what they have to pay and when it must be paid, and can plan accordingly.

But there is another side to this matter. It is impossible for the football management to make plans which will involve expense unless they have some idea as to the amount of money which will be at their disposal. It will not do to schedule a hard college game in November, for instance, if a

coach can be secured for September and October only. It will be necessary to make arrangements for a coach before June in order to have him on hand at the opening of the season. There must be some way of determining for how long a period his services can be retained.

Obviously a casual promise of an indefinite sum of money will not help the management in deciding such matters as these. On the other hand, definite pledges give them something to go by. The Students' Coach Fund has for its aim the solution of the coach problem. It seeks to secure regular payments from the student body throughout the year. The same amount is asked from each student and this amount is such as to be within the reach of all, the idea being to make each man feel that he has a special interest, and an equal one with all others, in the success of his college team. St. Stephen's College football team ought to represent the united efforts of every undergraduate, and, as far as possible, of every alumnus too. They will not be ashamed of it, of that I am certain.



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The Undergraduates of St. Stephen's College send greetings to the Alumni and friends, and wish them a Happy Christmas and a most successful New Year.

Have you selected Christmas presents for all of your best friends? Are you sure that you have omitted no one? How about St. Stephen's? What are you going to give her, your Alma Mater? Perhaps some of our readers may think that this subject is becoming hackneyed, since it was also broached in the Christ-

mas MESSENGER last year. We admit that the subject-matter is being repeated. But we maintain that it is very necessary to repeat it, first, because there are many new students who did not read it; and, secondly, because the majority of the old students did not heed it. Therefore, we repeat ourselves, hoping that the repetition will persuade a few more to give this invaluable present to Alma Mater.

What we asked last year was this: that each day during the following year you would pray for the prosperity and welfare of the College by using in your private devotions the prayer for the College. We would urge the same thing upon you all, Alumni and Undergraduates, this year. Is it too much for your Alma Mater to ask—an earnest, daily prayer for the Master Builder's blessing upon her?

But although we urge you to earnestly consider this simple and loving gift, we especially appeal to you to bestow a still simpler gift. We ask you on the great Day of Gifts—the Feast of the Holy Nativity—to especially remember St. Stephen's in your devotions: to give thanks for her past blessings, to intercede for her future prosperity, and to ask a blessing upon her Students, Alumni and Faculty in their work in the College and in the world.

We would also recommend you to use the same thanksgivings and intercessions on the following day, our patronal feast, St. Stephen's Day. But we especially appeal to you to give this little gift on that one day when you are remembering those whom you love most. It is such a small thing, so easily given, and yet so full of love, so invaluable: one earnest prayer on one single day.

The "pledging agreement," formed between the three fraternities here at College at the beginning of the term to regulate the "rushing," justly so-called, and the pledging of new men for the various fraternities, has fulfilled its purpose and proven very useful. It was agreed to do no "rushing" for three weeks, and no pledging for six weeks after the College opened. The idea was to afford the new men an opportunity to become well settled in the College life and acquainted with the conditions here before having to think about fraternities. Incidentally it gave the fraternities a short time in which to look over the material for new recruits. The agreement was strictly adhered to and a success in every way. As it is one of the greatest steps forward that the students have taken in the last few years, it is hoped that the plan will be continued another year and that it will have same hearty support of all interested.

The Board is very glad to receive reasonable suggestions from the Students about matters connected with the MESSENGER.

The MESSENGER Board was greatly encouraged to receive a copy of the following resolution from Dr. Rodgers.

"On the motion of the Rev. Dr. Sill,

Resolved:—

That the Albany Alumni of St. Stephen's College assembled at their annual reunion this Eighteenth day of November, Nineteen Hundred and Twelve, send greetings to the Editors and Business Manager of The College MESSENGER, to express their appreciation of the effort to make the *College Paper a Monthly* during the Term Time, hoping that it may prove successful, and encourage a continuance of the plan, and also to thank the Management for making the June issue the "Commencement Number."

Resolved:—

That the Rev. Dr. Rodgers convey this message to the Editorial Board."

We were agreeably surprised to learn of the Albany Alumni's active interest in our venture, and we sincerely thank them for their good wishes. It is with renewed vigor that we can turn to our work when we know that our meager efforts are appreciated.



Athletics.

The Varsity played Poughkeepsie High School at football, Saturday, November the ninth on Zabriskie's field. The field was muddy—result of recent rains. The game was called at three o'clock with the following line-up.

POUGHKEEPSIE	VARSITY
Polk.....	L. E..... Hale
Brevort.....	L. T..... Prime
Mahaney.....	L. A..... J. Bond
Coakley.....	C..... Lamond
Gaebler.....	R. G..... E. Whitcomb
Purcell.....	R. T..... Childs
Newman.....	R. E..... Alexander
Toomey (Capt).....	Q..... (Capt.) Day
Lasher.....	L. H..... Dumbell
Halpin.....	F..... *Bennett
Haynes.....	R. H..... Nicholls

Coach and Umpire—Tyson, (Bucknell).

Timekeeper—Bugler—Linemen—Coffin, Middleton. Referee—W. Bond.

*Brown in last quarter.

The quarters were ten minutes each. During the first period unusual interest was aroused when each of the quarter-backs devoted their work to testing the opponents' line. At last a weakness was discovered in Varsity's right wing. This was patched up by active co-operation only after Poughkeepsie's big left-half went through the line for twenty yards. Then the real fight began, but time was called for a rest between the quarters.

The second quarter consisted of some very skillful offensive work by St. Stephen's, but on the other hand, Poughkeepsie showed better defensive playing than the Varsity. Nichols had no difficulty in tearing his way around the end for a touch-down in this quarter, after which he

kicked a goal. Dumbell also displayed marks of stern resistance when he immersed from a line rush which invariably meant 10 to 15 yards gain. The men on the line knew well where each play was to be sent, for seldom was there heard a call for "signal."

Several times Bennett, Day and Nicholls made fair line plunges but owing to Poughkeepsie's stern resistance the forward pass and end runs were used most frequently. These the team accomplished with brilliant skill. A forward pass from Nicholls to left end, Hale, diagonally across the field could not have been shot to the mark with greater accuracy or caught on the run with greater ease.

The second half was distinguished for its fumbles, on three occasions, owing to some misunderstanding of signals or to the muddy field. Each team shared in this misfortune, but it served as a spur to closer cooperation. The playing was mostly near the 50-yd. line until the scrimmaging zig-zaged to the twenty-yard line in Poughkeepsie territory, when a right end run by Nicholls again registered a touch-down for St. Stephen's. At this point of the game Poughkeepsie rallied.

The last quarter, with exception of a tough scrimmage near Poughkeepsie's goal line, was comparatively tame: only four passes of the ball brought it within four feet of the goal. Here Poughkeepsie with spunk and determination made her last stand for 12 to 0. Day and Brown made line plunges without any great gain. The charges were apparently too high. A signal for an end run was given; Nicholls picked the ball, slipped through and placed the ball two yards beyond the goal line. The goal was again kicked, registering a score of 19-0. An example of the gameness of the visitors was the behavior of Haines, who in spite of a bad blow, continued to play.

The two teams were about of the same weight, but our men were better trained. The fact that Poughkeepsie played a good game made the victory one which we can justly be proud of when we remember that our team had but little

training. The visiting team had been well coached as the smoothness of their plays showed, but their tackling was poor and they did not really begin to fight till in the last scrimmage on their five-yard line. On the Varsity the good work of Nicholls, Dumbell, Day, Prime, Alexander and Child was especially noteworthy.

The following men have been awarded "scrub S's" for their work on the football field: J. Bond, Prime, Child, Hale, Alexander, E. Whitcomb, Nicholls, Dumbell, Brown, G. Barr, W. Barr, Bessey, Bridgeman, Gerould, F. Goostray, Sanford, Gresham, McAllister, Severe, Edwards, Hamlin. We would like to see each of these men get a "Varsity S" next season.

Nicholls has been elected Captain of the football team for next year. The fine work he has done has earned him this position. We congratulate him, and feel certain that under his guidance the Varsity will have a most successful season, marking the beginning of a new era in St. Stephen's Athletics. Sanford, as the new manager, has already scheduled a number of games for next Fall and made a large increase in the Coach Fund. So far \$106 has been raised, \$65 from friends, \$28 from Alumni, \$15 from the students. Besides this \$84 has been pledged by the students and is being collected in monthly payments.

The Athletic Association is now making a skating rink for the College in Lewis's Field behind the buildings. A dam is being constructed in the course of the stream that flows from Lewis's spring and it is hoped that a fair sized pond can be made. The advantage of having one of our own is that the ice will not be ruined by cutting it except during the Christmas recess. Perhaps we can develop a hockey team and . . . but that all depends on the pond.

To the Editor of MESSENGER:

At the meeting of the Athletic Association at which it was decided to establish a Students' Coach Fund and ask for contributions from the student body, it was also voted that the man in charge of this fund should write about the fund for the MESSENGER.

In the article submitted I have

endeavored both to show the Alumni and friends who are interested in the College athletics what the students propose to do, and are doing themselves, and also to show those few students who still hesitate, just what the need is for the fund and just why it is desirable that all should join heartily in its support.

The splendid way in which the great majority of the student body is responding to the Associations' call is, to me at least, a bigger indication of the success we may hope for next year than even the large number of this year's squad that will be with us again. It is only fair to add that those who still withhold their names do not do so from a lack of interest, as nearly all of them have at least promised something for some future date.

Yours truly,

E. L. SANFORD.

November 25, 1912.

College Activities.

On Saturday evening, November the sixteenth, John Jay Chapman, of Barrytown, the distinguished scholar who has been so kind in his attention to the College, delighted the students, Faculty and friends of St. Stephen's by a reading. The work, a collection of reminiscences of President Emeritus Eliot of Harvard, contained many of those distinctly individual traces of originality, which are characteristic of Mr. Chapman and make his writings so interesting. The importance of the

influence of teacher upon student outside of classroom was especially emphasized. Money and numbers were pointed out as the two elements which are doing most to destroy the effectiveness of American university education. There were many general statements in Mr. Chapman's reading which were of peculiar advantage to our student body, composed in large part of men in the formative period of life. The idea that the acquirement of an education was to fit a man as a

capable assistant in the uplift of humanity rather than to promote individual self-advancement was especially valuable.

Mr. Chapman has kindly consented to read for the Dragon Club a second time this year if his engagements will allow it. The meetings of the Club are very busy at

present and several items of interest concerning its work will be announced to the students in the near future.

The Glee Club gave a concert and two-act farce at Madalin on the evening of December the fourth.

College Items.

On the evening of November ninth, Dr. and Mrs. Rodgers entertained the new men in College at Ludlow and Willink Hall. The new men had a most delightful evening.

The Freshman Class has announced that their class dance will be on the evening of January 17th.

Bently, '16, was compelled to leave College on account of the illness of his mother. He expects to return next semester.

Coffin, '15, has left College for a few weeks. He hopes to be back at the close of the Christmas vacation.

The first Thanksgiving Day under the new system of recesses, which allows one day and one day only at Thanksgiving, proved a very happy one. To indulge in all the treasures of mysterious "boxes from home" and that long-to-be-remembered dinner in Commons, and to have, besides, the prospect of a lengthened Christmas vacation made the day doubly significant.

At 8 o'clock in the morning, we had a true expression of Thanksgiving feeling in a choral celebration of the Eucharist in the Chapel. All the students united in a service, the meaning of which was deeply engrafted in each individual heart.

Breakfast was served at nine. The men, then, scattered for the holiday, some going on long walks, others visiting friends.

Six-thirty found us all together again in Preston Hall. To say "The tables groaned with eatables" and similar merely conventional things, would not half tell the story. It was a splendid and bounteous dinner, and long before the end of the menu was reached, we were all too full for words.

The usual program of toasts were dispensed with, but Dr. Rodgers proposed "Alma Mater" and Borton, '13, thanked the President, in behalf of the students, for the delightfully good things that were in abundance; cooked and otherwise. After a toast to the "Ladies and the Faculty", to which Mr. Davidson wittily responded, eating was re-

sumed, broken now and then by a burst of good feeling expressed in whole-hearted singing. About 9 o'clock, we all departed happier and heavier, rejoicing in a real St. Stephen's Thanksgiving.

The State law has compelled the College to put fire escapes upon all the dormitories, and to change all doors so that they open outward. The changes entail an expense of about \$10,000.

On Friday evening, November twenty-ninth, Chapter Alpha of Eulexian Fraternity initiated into the bonds of brotherhood three men—Lloyd S. Charters, Frank H. Frisbie, and Stewart Henderson. The initiation ceremony was held in

Hoffman Library. The following were the toasts at the banquet served in the Hoffman Inn, Red Hook:

"Prospect and Retrospect."
THE REV. EDWARD GABLER.
"Leaders."

DR. NORRIS.
"Eulexian—My Choice."
FRANK H. FRISBIE.
"Eulexian In After Life."

— — — — —
"Under the Hammer."
WILLIAM J. GAGE.

On the evening of November the twenty-ninth, Dr. and Mrs. Rodgers entertained the Faculty and a few friends at cards.

Under the Lyre Tree.

He who laughs last, is an Englishman.—*Ex.*

Absence makes the marks grow rounder.

Lives of yeggmen all remind us
We can sin and serve our time;
And, departing, leave behind us,
Thumbprints on the files of crime.
—*Ex.*

Prof.: Where do the artists live in Rome?

Student: On the Palatine Hill, I suppose.—*Ex.*

Propriety is the Vice of life.—*Ex.*

W. B.—kicking as usual about the food, "Why, the beef was so tough that you could not stick your fork

in the gravy." But that was not so on the 28th.

Nason and Kitts don't seem to have strong stomachs in spite of the fact that they ate a large dinner on Thanksgiving, and topped it off with their first cigar. We are all sympathy, but we would like to see them do it again.

Let not dull sorrow fill your heart;
Take courage though defeated,
Old Xenophon would be forgot
If he had not retreated.

A zero is a little thing,
It does not seek for fame;
We do not put it on our cards
But it gets there just the same.

Large sums of money for rentals are spent,
 But in this bewildered I stand;
 I seek to know who pays the rent,
 When an earthquake rents the land.
 Heads of great men all remind us
 If we go the proper gait,
 We get up of a morning
 With a head that's just as great.

THE BELLS

(With apologies to Edgar Allan Poe)

Hear that harsh arising bell—unkind bell—
 What a host of students from their slumbers it compels
 To forth-tumble from their beds,
 Feeling drowsy in their heads.
 They are angry, are they not?
 Just a little—but they'll stop!
 Too much Plato, quite too deep,
 necessitates a lot of sleep—
 But that bell, bell, bell, bell, bell,
 bell, bell
 Which from their slumber it arouses
 with a "———!!!!"
 Hear that joyous class bell—welcome bell—
 What a sigh of relief, doth its melody foretell
 As it clangs, clangs, clangs, all the icy air of fright
 Seems to leave us with a thump!
 Yet the prof. he knew we'd flunk,
 if he made us just recite.
 Someone's thoughts don't seem to dwell
 On the ringing of the bell!
 For he waits—what a wait—many minutes he is late!

Thus I tell the story of the bell, bell,
 Belles of Annandale?
 No, not one, for there's none!
 But only plain iron bells.

J. W. T.

We suggest that the following men get a new one.

Bridgeman: "Say, have you thought up anything for the next issue?"

Borton: "Well, you see, it's this way."

Barr: "I see in *The Living Church*. (O you Diapason, stop!)"

Mahaffey: "May I be excused, Doctor?"

Prout: "It seems to me—"

McAllister: "Blooeey, Blooeey!"

Gage: "Believe me, kid!"

Bessey: "Q-u-a-c-k!"

Glaeser: "So to speak."

Armstrong: "Good night shirt!"

Humphreys: "Hope you choke!"

Wilson: "She's the finest girl I ever met." (Slush!)

Coffin: "Breath like new-mown hay."

Hartley — } !!!!!!!!!
 Day — }

Hamblin: "Go fly a kite!"

Hartzell: "Rosy-fingered dawn!"
 et cetera à la Homer.

Child: "O, kid!"

Ely: "I'll slap your wrist."
 (Ches, dearie.)

Bill Bond: "That reminds me.
 There's a fellow down home."

Alumni and Former Students' Notes.

'71—The burial of the late Gilbert Henry Sterling, D.D., who died November eighth, was held in the Pro-Cathedral of the Nativity, Bethlehem, Pa., of which he was rector, at eleven o'clock on the morning of November eleventh. The Rev. S. V. Mitman and the Bishop of the diocese conducted the services. The interment was in Monument Cemetery, Philadelphia.

'77—The Chapel of the Good Shepherd, Atlantic City, New Jersey, of which the Rev. William Ernest Allen is in charge, is working steadily in a neighborhood remote from the other churches, and has accomplished something toward the reduction of its heavy burden of debt.

'80—The Rev. C. C. Kramer, rector of Trinity church, Marshall, Texas, has declined the call to St. Paul's Church, Kansas City, Kansas.

'86—The Church of the Ascension, Atlantic City, New Jersey, of which the Rev. Dr. C. M. Niles is rector, has made further reduction of its formerly almost overwhelming debt.

'90—The Rev. John R. Atkinson, formerly rector of St. Luke's Church, Scranton, Pennsylvania, has accepted a call to the rectorship of St. Thomas' Church, Newark, New Jersey. Address—294 Park avenue, Newark, New Jersey.

'93—The Rev. Charles Louis Biggs has retired from the rectorship of St. Paul's Church, Henderson, Ky. Before leaving the parish, Mr. and Mrs. Biggs received many gifts and a purse of \$700 from the people of St. Paul's, and they carried with them hearty good wishes from all classes of citizens.

'94—The Rev. William Howard Gavis has accepted the rectorship of St. Mark's church, Hammonton, New Jersey.

'94—Bishop Jaggard, who is in charge of the American Church chaplaincies on the continent of Europe, announces that the new rector of Christ Church, Lucerne, is the Rev. G. H. Kaltenbach.

'00—The Rev. Linden H. White, rector of St. James' Church, Fall River, Massachusetts, has resigned to accept a call to St. Louis, Missouri.

'00—The Rev. John Chanler White, priest-missionary of the diocese of Springfield, has recovered from his serious illness and returned to his work in the rural deanery of Jacksonville, Illinois.

'05—The Rev. Leonidas W. Smith has accepted a call as first rector of the parish of the Holy Faith, Santa Fé, N. M. During the past three years, Mr. Smith has been the only priest of the Church in southwest New Mexico, with Silver City as his home station.

Frederick D. H. Coerr, M. D. of 55 East Sixtieth Street, married Miss Audrey De Renne on Wednesday, Nov. 20, in the chapel of St. Bartholomew's Church.

The Rev. J. Morris Coerr, priest-in-charge of Christ Church mission, Port Jefferson, Long Island, has resigned and will devote his time to Christ Church School for Boys at East Setauket, where he may be addressed.

The Rev. Lewis Gouverneur Morris has assumed his duties as rector of All Saints' Church, Worcester, diocese of Western Massachusetts. Address—All Saints' rectory, 13 Ashland Street, Worcester, Mass.

The Jacob B. Greene mentioned in the November Notes was a misprint for Jacob B. Greiner.

The Rev. John Henry Heady, of St. George's, Flushing, diocese of Long Island, is the new curate at the church of the Holy Apostles,

New York, succeeding the Rev. G. M. Geisel.

The Rev. Samuel H. Jobe, formerly of the diocese of Maine, will be curate of St. Ann's church, Lowell, Mass.

The Rev. Henry Watson Mizner married Miss Margot Alice Postlewaite, Tuesday, Nov. 12th, at Christ Church Cathedral, St. Louis, Mo.

The Rev. W. B. Sams, formerly at Uniontown, Fla., has accepted work at St. John's Church, Bainbridge, and the Church of the Epiphany, Cuthbert, Georgia.

The Rev. Henry S. Smart, formerly rector of Christ (Memorial) Church, Danville, Penn., has been appointed priest-in-charge of Hamburg and Vernon, in the diocese of Newark.

The Rev. W. H. Tomlins has moved from Carrollton, Ill., and became priest-in-charge of St. Bartholomew's mission, Granite City, Ill.

Exchanges.

We acknowledged with thanks the following exchanges: *The Williams Literary Monthly*, *The Monthly* of Alfred University, *The Hobart Herald*, *The Campus* of Rochester University, *The Normal College Echo*, and *The Chronicle*.

It is a pleasure to read the *Williams Monthly*. The sonnet entitled "Joy and Sorrow" strikes the

right note, and "The Magic of Paint" is worked out cleverly. Save for a few slips on the part of the proof reader, the magazine is well written.

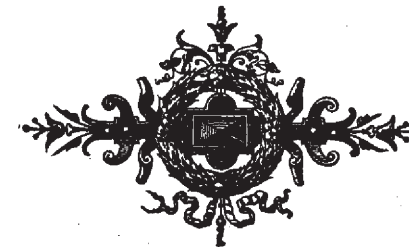
The Alfred University *Monthly* is a good magazine when one gets into it, but at first glance it looks like a High School publication. We regret that space prohibits a criticism

of "Religion of the 20th Century." The article, while it shows considerable thought, errs on the side of making too general statements.

the illustrated number of the *Chronicle*.

We are glad to receive the *Echo* as usual.

We are waiting expectantly for



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