

MESSENGER

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The Messenger.

VOL. XX.

DECEMBER, 1913.

No. 3

**"At Christmas play and make good cheer,
For Christmas comes but once a year."**

—Thomas Tusser

BETHLEHEM'S STREET

How long ago, O narrow street,
Your echoes in the twilight bore
A muffled sound of journey-wearied feet,—
Soft parleyings—a closing door—
A woman's sigh!

As stars grew dim, the watchman's call,
Dawn's herald, rang in cadence sweet;
And nearing voices beat from wall to wall
With questions. Then, O list'ning street,
That little cry!

Years sped. Thro' woven shade and light,
Did He ne'er come, O blessed street,
To see where He was born that wondrous night?
How sang your echoes as His Feet
Passed slowly by!

John Mills Gilbert, M. A.

A MIRACLE OF CHRISTMAS EVE.

“WHERE is our muvver, papa?”
The speaker was a little, bright-eyed, flaxen-haired boy of four years. His face, as he looked up at his father, who was standing with one arm resting on the mantel shelf above the open fireplace, was alight with eagerness and expectation. The glowing embers cast a ruddy

light around the child, and made his golden hair gleam brightly. His large hazel eyes were looking steadily into those of his father, while his little hands were grasping the coat of his parent.

For a moment or two the man did not respond. This question breaking in, as it did upon his reverie, took him by surprise. Since dinner thoughts of the past had been occupying his mind to the exclusion of all else. Tonight it seemed to him that anything was hardly worth the struggle. The wealth with which he had been surrounded for the thirty years of his life; the refinement to which he had been accustomed from youth meant nothing more to him than "mere sounding brass and tinkling cymbals." They spoke of the world; they told him of the pain and toil of others less fortunate than himself; they signified to him hollowness and despair. When young, his nature had always been an emotional one, he remembered. He had loved for the mere sake of loving. That was the reason for his marriage. A home, a wife, a family was all that he had asked. And fortune had smiled kindly and granted his request. She had given him far more than he had hoped, and for four years he had been happy. Society said his wife was very accomplished and his children beautiful. Surely he was a most fortunate man, it claimed. But his joy was destined to be of short duration. It was the old story of "unsuitability of mind and purpose." She upon whom he had built his hopes for a bright future was—

Again the little voice broke in, somewhat impatiently this time, "Papa—papa, where is our muvver?"

"My little son," returned the man, "you will know some day."

"But you said, papa, she'd be here for Christmas."

It was two days before Christmas that this dialogue between father and son took place. The world outside was wishing the joy of a Merry Christmas to all. Snow lay on the ground a foot thick, and the merry tinkle of the sleigh bells rang loud in the clear evening air.

"Perhaps she will," continued the parent, "if the good God can spare her spirit from the spot where He has placed it."

"Is she with God, then, papa?"

A light step on the carpet behind him caused the father to turn. It was his other child, little Dorothy. She, too, like her brother, was a bright little sprite, a child to make glad the heart of any parent. Her long golden hair fell in waving curls about her baby face.

The eyes of the father filled with tears at the question of the young boy.

"Yes, my children," came the choked reply.

"Who ith God, papa?" lisped the girl who was just beginning to talk.

The young father drew a large arm-chair before the open fire-place and lifting the two little ones upon his lap, he began, in the soft light of the

glowing embers, to tell them the story of the first Christmas in Bethlehem of Judea. He told them of the mother, and the Babe in the manger, of the love of that mother for her Child, and lastly, that this Christmas was to commemorate the great love of the Maker for the world.

"And did His muvver go away"—they had not learned to say die—and leave Him?" sobbed little Dorothy.

"No," softly came the answer, "but she has gone to Him."

"And is our muvver with Her?"

"Yes, my children."

"Don't you think she'd let our muvver come to us if we asked her to?"

But the father could not reply. Tears of sorrow were rolling down his cheeks, and large drops fell upon the heads of his little ones.

* * * * *

Let us leave these three and turn to the other member of that group, the mother, far from her husband and children. It had been eleven months since she had left her family, to seek the world she had known before her marriage—the Bohemian world. She realized that her motive in entering into home life had been wrong. Those visions of social progress; of entrance into higher circles through the means and station of her husband, had been the most potent factors in prompting her to take this step. The glitter and glamour of the "four-hundred" had been the light to which she, poor moth, had flown and into whose flames she had blindly plunged, only to fall back stunned and injured to death. It is true, society received her with open arms, but it was not her society—the society of the studio, art gallery, and music hall. The conversation of her husband's circle galled her, and she longed to secure that freedom which she had formerly enjoyed. Her children, also, had but little influence over her. What were they to this woman? She had not given much thought to the possibility of motherhood and she was not going to be held by the realization of it. Then, too, married life stood in the way of her social progress, prevented her from receiving the attentions to which she had been accustomed from many admirers. She thought she could not be happy with her children, and so, abandoning them to the care of the father, she went away.

But tonight, the second before Christmas, as she was sitting in the brightly lighted, closely crowded studio, her heart was yearning for child love. Every one around her was gay and happy with the spirit of Christmas. Children's merry laughter rang clear and loud, and here and there little groups of friends were gaily talking and their laughter mingled with that of the younger ones. From somewhere in the adjoining room came the soft vibrating notes of a violin. The music had a peculiar effect upon her. Instead of quieting her nerves and bringing peace, it made her rest-

less and discontented. Every note spoke of home, her husband and little ones. Oh! for a kiss from her children! How her soul thrilled at the thought. Faster and faster the maternal love swept over her; louder and louder were the heart beats.

Her eyes fell upon an open sheet of music which lay before her and she read, "A Little Child Shall Lead Them." "Yes, it was true," she murmured. "A little Child had lead the world to the throne of the Supreme Being. He had once been a small Babe, and His Mother . . ." but she stopped. She could get no farther. When compared to that Mother of long ago, how far short she fell.

She arose quickly from her chair. It was settled. She would go to her children this Christmas. She would carry them the gift of a mother's love. It was her best and her all. She could give no more.

* * * * *

The shadows of Christmas Eve fell gently over the world. The light of day faded into the darkness of night, slowly and peacefully. The world lay hushed as if waiting for the message of the angels, "Peace on Earth."

The father, little Francis and Dorothy were again seated before the open fire-place. A childish voice was saying,

"Why did God take our muvver from us?"

It was on the father's lips to say she had not been *taken*, she had *gone*, but he checked himself. Ever since the mother had departed, he had told the little ones that she was with God. Call that act a deceit, a lie, a sin, what you will; but do not forget that a tender, young heart must be protected from the bare truth lest it bleed to death. And this father was acting from love.

"And won't He give her to us again?" asked little Dorothy.

"Perhaps," responded the father with a sad smile at the simple credulity of the young pair.

"Didn't that other Muvver love her Baby; and didn't her Baby love her?"

"Yes, little man."

"And wouldn't She send her to us if we asked Her to?"

The father laid a hand on the golden tresses of each. For a moment he could not speak, for the waves of sorrow were dashing upon the shores of his heart and were swiftly wearing away the fabric. Then the words came gently.

"I think so, if you really asked Her to."

"Tell me, papa, how to ask," cried little Dorothy jumping from his lap.

He told them both to kneel and then, with his arms around them softly repeated the words of this simple prayer:

"O Mother of the Babe of Bethlehem, please send our muvver to us, for we love her."

Hesitatingly the two said it after him. Certain it was that such a prayer could not but be answered when uttered with such trustfulness and hope.

Then for a while silence reigned in the room, during which his eyes were gazing into the fire. Gradually the little heads began to sink towards his knees. A hand crept up along his coat and this movement awakened him from his dream. He rang for the nurse, and handed the children over to her care.

Fifteen minutes later a pair of baby voices from the top of the stairs called,

"Good-night, papa."

He arose from his chair and hastened above. Tenderly he tucked the two in their cribs, with a good-night kiss, a father's kiss and a—mother's.

It was towards midnight that Francis was awakened by a slight noise in the room. He opened his eyes and saw two figures clad in white before him. One was standing at the door; the other coming towards his crib. The figure bent over him and kissed him with a half breathed, half spoken, "My boy." The heart of the little fellow beat fast. It was his mother. As the figures passed from the chamber he whispered,

"Sis'er, sis'er, our muvver has come back and the other Muvver brought her. I saw her in doorway."

A joyous coo was the only answer. Both fell asleep, then, with a happy smile on their faces, for their mother had come back.

* * * * *

Picture the family, the next morning, seated at a Christmas breakfast and hear the children say,

"Yes it was Her, 'cause I saw Her and—and—and I knew all along She would bring muvver to us."

See the two parents glance at each other with a smile, for they knew that that "other Muvver" had been only the nurse who was showing the mother her babe.

"I'm so happy, papa," cried Dorothy.

"And I, too," chimed in her brother.

And the father's heart responded to the note. Bending his head he murmured from the fulness of a bursting heart the words of Tiny Tim,

"God bless us every one."



COMMENTARIUM OBSERVATORIS.

"Let observation with extensive view
Survey mankind from China to Peru."

"HOW noiseless falls the foot of time." Another year has well nigh passed; twelve more months of opportunity are gone forever. Nineteen hundred and thirteen will soon be but a memory. As we stand at the death-bed of the passing year, we are forced to muse on that oft recurring thought concerning the swiftness of the flight of time. The older we grow, the more that thought comes to us, and the more often we sigh and say, "How quickly time flies!"

And yet despite the fact that the foot of time is so noiseless and so fleet in its advance, how many people literally wish time away. You are all familiar with the person who is ardently longing for the arrival of some future date. It is, "Oh, how I wish it were December nineteenth!" or, "How I wish I were a Junior!" or "How I wish I were in Seminary!" or, "How I wish I were married!" The Freshman wishes away the time before the next vacation, the Sophomore wishes away the months which must elapse before he becomes an upperclassman, the Junior wishes away the two years prior to his graduation, and the Senior wishes away the many years which will pass before he sits before the ideal but imaginary cosy hearthstone with his wife, his children, his books and his pipe. All unite in saying in the characteristic college vernacular, "Tempus fugit! Let her 'fuge'!"

But this attitude is not peculiar to collegians. You can find it in your home town, on your own street, and among your nearest neighbors. The fair and gentle young lady next door can scarcely wait for the twelfth of next month when the "Cosmopolitan" will be issued containing the third installment of that "perfectly thrilling" novel. The little boy across the way says, "Gee! I wish it was Friday and school was over!" Another neighbor of masculine persuasion would like to jump from the twentieth of the month to the twenty-eighth. The reason is that his pocket-book mysteriously becomes flat and lifeless about this date and the next payroll is due on the twenty-eighth. The grumpy old gentleman from two doors below comes shivering past while you are shovelling snow and remarks, "Br-r-r-r! but it's cold! I wish it were the fourth of July!" And so it goes!

How inconsistent we are in some things! We recognize the rapid flight of time and yet we are constantly wishing that the speed of that flight may be accelerated. At the close of the old year let us recognize the inconsistency and foolishness of these opposite moods. Let us determine to use our time—every minute, every hour, every day—to the very

best advantage and cease to wish it away. For what is time but life! And life is a priceless possession, the greatest of opportunities. "Life is a work begin it! Life is a battle, win it! Life is a pure heart, shield it! Life is a sceptre, wield it!"

* * * * *

Vacation! Ah! thou little word of manifold associations! (Note: this is an experiment in amateur psychology.) But of all those associations so *dear* and otherwise, the one uppermost in my mind is that related to an incident of a few weeks ago. I see a station, or more accurately, what they call a station. The station is situated in that thriving little suburb of New York called Poughkeepsie. (I have been there before, haven't you? And we hope to go again, *n'est-ce pas?*) A train is pulling into that station-apology. By the feel of my eyelids I know that this train is the one commonly known in the Annandale vernacular as "the midnight". With dress suit case (minus the dress suit) and many sweet memories, I fall over myself up the steps. (Quite a gymnastic feat! Did you ever try it?) I enter the car. What mean all these prostrate and supine forms? Is this a sleeping car? Or am I standing on my side and seeing things from a perverted angle (Mathematicians, please note!)? No, I am squarely on my feet. I proceed to investigate these languid forms. I recognize the first, I recognize the second, I recognize them all to the number of eleven. They are the returning sons of Alma Mater. But why are they so tired? Before I could rouse a son and ask him the reason, I too began to feel drowsy and proceeded to appropriate the largest portion of two soft seats and the empty space between them. As I slept, I dreamt of a vacation which was truly restful instead of so dissipating as most college vacations, of a vacation devoid of endless dances, of straw-rides lasting into the early hours of many mornings, and of theatre-parties culminating in feasts disastrous to delicately attuned mechanisms of digestion. Ah! it was a real vacation, a real recuperation. I was being wafted away in the arms—"Barrytown! Barrytown!" My dream was over. I rose weary of limb and realized that vacations were ever thus and would always remain the same. "*Telle est la vie!*"

Observer.

THE WARDEN'S PATH.

IN THE ensuing observations I must ask that the reader regard not my disregard for the ordinary relations of time and space. I am "*On dit,*" that anonymous spirit of rumor who could be held responsible for so much if it were possible to hold me at all. I flit from place to place, seeing

only what I wish to see, and reporting all my readers will believe, and sometimes more.

* * * * *

It was one of those nights which sometimes occur in late November, when a warm breeze whispers through the trees and bushes, and the moonlight, falling in thin ribbons on the sod and rusty leaves, makes everything look diaphanous and immaterial—when you just fail to see the stir of the spirit wings you hear so plainly.

“The Warden’s Path”, starting in a flat and altogether uninteresting driveway, passes two or three buildings and becomes, before you know it, a path. You don’t know where the drive ceases and the path begins, just as, on a hot August afternoon, you lie beneath a spreading tree and close your eyes—one moment you are in a midsummer world,—a nod, a wink,—and you are in the realms of fairyland which know no seasons,—so,—a step,—and without knowing it you are no longer on the cinder avenue;—you are on a narrow path and your feet brush the dew from the crisp grass while your eyes try in vain to pick out one definite object in all the infinite tracery of moonlight and shade and overhanging trees in front of you. You are in the moon-lit, dew-scented world of life and love and youth.

* * * * *

Beneath the perfect arch of the maples came two young people, treading lightly the turf carpet, his white shirt-front and her light dress now appearing, now unseen, as they passed through the endless variation of silver light and shade; and as they came they chatted. They spoke of great things, of work, of play, careers, vocations, life. Both knew, bold in the confidence of the quiet night and each other’s presence, that when the time should come for them to meet the world, the world would find them equal to the need; and so they chatted, and passed out of my sight, under the trees and around the bend in the path, where the moonlight falls in a silver blot on the rough grey trunk of that great oak-tree.

* * * * *

Some minutes later, the spot of silver was obscured for an instant as a second couple passed it and came slowly down the path towards me. It was the Girl and the Goop, and the Girl was silent, while the Goop, in all the glow of new and unsmirched Sophomoric dignity, talked of his plans and of his future. All of life lay before his unreluctant feet, and he set forth his ideas of how life should be lived. I heard his cheery young voice, just a trifle over-confident, ring along the aisle of the overhanging trees, and, as if in answer, a restless sparrow in the birch tree above me stirred and twittered. As they passed me, I saw what the Goop was too engrossed to see, that the Girl drew her light cloak closer about her as if cold, and suppressed just the faintest trace of a yawn,—or was it a smile?—behind her

slender fingers. Her step quickened just a trifle and I heard the cinders of the avenue crunch under their feet as they turned toward the hall where a renewed bustle and the quick music of a schottische indicated the beginning of another dance.

* * * * *

An unmeasured time passed as I sat thinking of what I had seen—for who can measure time on a moonlight night of Indian summer?—before I heard the rustle of a bush drawn aside and from the right appeared a young lady followed by a youth, and this time it was the girl who was speaking, and she rambled on, telling of home and college, of politics and literature, of education and business, making of many apparently discordant topics one harmonious flow of uncompromising nothings. The helpless youth managed only to introduce here and there a monosyllabic assent to her obvious truisms. Her gentle, well-bred voice flowed on, soft as the whisper of the night wind in the leaves, and as easy to be stilled. As the light fell on the youth’s troubled countenance and on the girl’s fair face, I appreciated what the girl had long realized, that the boy had something which he longed to say and that his opportunity was swiftly passing; he lagged behind, striving to prolong his chance, but the girl had no desire to hear him, and kept straight on, walking and talking purposefully, to consume the time until they should return to the conventionalities of the ball-room. I watched with interest and saw with joy that the girl had succeeded, for she ceased not to speak until they were within the very shadow of the heavy doorway. Then the disappointed youth stammered a polite expression of his pleasure in their moonlight stroll and they were swallowed up in the whirling course of the dance.

* * * * *

I heard the familiar creak of the huge oak door and a gentle wave of dreamy waltz music flowed out, before it was again shut. Along the path came two young figures, a youth and a maiden, all alive with the glow of romance, but calmed by the quiet of the peaceful night. The breeze died down and every leaf was still as if to hear what they might say; but this was never heard, for on they came, silent as all around them. Secure in their mutual understanding, they went along reading each other’s thoughts even before those thoughts were formulated, and, still silent, passed between the trees, through the open glade where the moonlight shone unobstructed, and so on up the little hill. And happy in their happiness I watched them out of sight. “Words may pass between men, but let silence have had its instant of activity, and it will never efface itself; and indeed the true life, the only life that leaves a trace behind, is made up of silence alone. Bethink it well, in that silence to which you must again have recourse, so that it may explain itself, by itself; and if it be granted to you to

descend for one moment into your soul, into the depths where the angels dwell, it is not the words spoken by the creature you loved so dearly that you will recall, or the gestures that he made, but it is, above all, the silences that you have lived together that will come back to you; for it is the *quality* of those silences that alone revealed the quality of your love and your souls."*

"ON DIT."

President's Letter.

AS THIS is probably more or less of a Thanksgiving Number, it may not be inappropriate for me to point out one or two things for which St. Stephen's College men, who are so loyal to their Alma Mater, may well be thankful. I think, in the first place, we may feel grateful for the fact that the College is becoming more widely and better known throughout the country for the quality of the work it is doing along all its lines of endeavor, and I believe that there is an universal feeling that St. Stephen's College has a very special vocation to fulfill in educating men who will justify to the American people the Church to which this Institution belongs. Some evidence of this feeling towards the College was manifested at the Convention of the Diocese of New York when the report accurately presenting its present condition was read by the President and received with enthusiastic applause. In the next place we may feel cause for thankfulness when we note the splendid College Spirit which animates us here, inspiring us all to do our work in cheerfulness and hope. This College Spirit is, in my opinion, largely due to the revival of Football, which is in itself the result of the splendid energy and devotion of the new member of our academic family Mr. E. S. Whitten, Professor and Coach. Then I am sure that we may be very grateful to Almighty God for the evident manifestation of His favor and good-will to us in sending to us our Chaplain and in giving us the opportunity of pleading day by day in His own appointed way the Eucharistic Sacrifice for all who are here at Annandale, for all who have gone from this place to their work in the Church or in the World, and for those who are now in Paradise. I think that St. Stephen's men, hard-working as they are, in their various Parishes must be glad to know that they are being remembered constantly at the Chapel Altar of their Alma Mater. It is most encouraging to record an average of 18 to 20 men in Chapel at this Daily Celebration of the Holy Eucharist.

Your President had a very charming visit on the 14th to Hobart College to represent St. Stephen's at the Installation of the new President,

*MAURICE MAETERLINCK; *The Treasure of the Humble.*

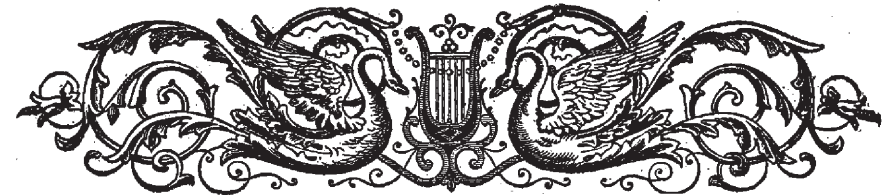
the Reverend Dr. Lyman P. Powell. It was a very interesting and imposing function at which were present nearly 100 representatives of various Colleges and Universities. Hobart, like St. Stephen's, is indeed happy in the charm of its picturesque surroundings and I was glad to have this opportunity of making the acquaintance of this historic College which has been for nearly a century so intimately associated with the work of Religious Education and has sent out as many noble workers in the Service of humanity.

I am sure that all of us here at St. Stephen's wish Dr. Powell many years of happy and successful Administration. I can do no more than hope that Dr. Powell may be as happy as I am here.

This letter will probably reach you too late for Thanksgiving Day but nevertheless you have my hearty wishes that it may be a happy one.

Sincerely yours,

William C. Rodgers.



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"There never was in the world two opinions alike, no more than two hairs or two grains.

—Montaigne.

Christmas is a magic word to the collegian. As far back along the avenues of time as Matriculation Day, he has cherished the thought with its associations of home and leisure. There is no season of the year that arouses quite the same hearty, robust, snapping enthusiasm. CHRISTMAS.

But Christmas means more than a vacation, more than a trip home, more than a round of dances, more than a "corking" good time. Christmas has another message, the message that, unknown to Ancient Greece, now enlightens the world; the heralding of the Christ-birth, the first event in the evolution of our present Christian ideal.

As the church bells chime the Christmas note, as the Christmas gifts pass to and fro, as Christmas cheer spreads far and wide, there is born in your heart and mine the new love, first of God, and then of man. Far o'er the face of the earth, deep in the souls of men gleams the light of a sacred flame illumining the whole scheme of the creation. "For unto us is born this day, a Saviour, Christ the Lord." Gladness reigns. Let all rejoice.

But the greatest joys are born of sorrow and we must not forget "in the glory of the new-born king" that all in the world are not equally blessed. We must remember that even as the Christ on this day of salvation came upon earth for the help of mankind, even so, you and I must go forth and fight and live and hope and die for our fellows.

The message of Christmas is a message of "Love," of the divinest, purest, love in the ken of human kind. May you and I treasure our portion and so disperse its rays that God will know and man will know that we bear the message of Christmas.

St. Stephen's Messenger

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The MESSENGER is trying this year the experiment of printing most of her articles without the name of the authors, or over a *nom de plume*. We understand that there has been some adverse criticism of this step and while we do not believe that the critical opinions of the casual reader should be too much regarded, we feel that it is only justice to ourselves and to the student body, which the MESSENGER purports to represent, to give a brief statement of the position of the board on this question. G. K. Chesterton says:—"I would do my best to introduce everywhere the practice of signed articles. Those who urge the advantages of anonymity are either people who do not realize the special peril of our time or they are people who are profiting by it. It is true, but futile, for instance, to say that there is something noble in being nameless when a whole corporate body is bent on a consistent aim; as in an army, or men building a Cathedral. The power of modern newspapers is that there is no such corporate body and common aim; but each man can use the authority of the paper to further his own private fads and his own private finances." I cannot regard Mr. Chesterton seriously, for, in the first place, he does not seem serious and even while I'm striving to regard him, he explains that what I thought he meant was really not his meaning at all; he was looking at the matter from an altogether different stand-

point whither I fear, as I am not a contortionist, I cannot follow.

The particular action of the MESSENGER board is, as we have said, an experiment and it seems to be working. Our purpose is not to conceal identity;—we scorn concealment even as we scorn criticism. It is simply a device to arouse interest. If the casual reader sees an article attributed to a writer of some uncouth Latin name he will hardly turn the page, muttering "That guy can't write anything worth while," no; he will read the article and guess at the authorship. Perhaps after he has guessed in vain and compared his vanity with that of other guessers, his interest will be sufficiently awakened to consider whether or not the article has any merit in itself,—and then our purpose is fulfilled. To the one objecting that articles should be so attractive that the reader may require no stimulus of curiosity, we can only reply that the best things are not seen until attention is called to them. (Fatimas are good in quality, but the makers find it quite worth while to advertise extensively.) If the article is indeed so excellent as to win attention on its merits alone, it is so good that its authorship is not an interesting question; its discovery would probably be a disappointment.

We think that what the average college man most objects to in this arrangement is the implication that the impulse which most powerfully

controls him is not his sense of literary values, but his curiosity.

To look at the matter from another side, or rather perhaps, after the manner of Mr. Chesterton, from the bottom, it may not be known to the student in general that the

articles appearing over pen names are in nearly every case the work of members of the editorial board. Therefore, if you wish names printed, write articles and the MESSENGER will be only too glad of the opportunity to print your names.

Res Collegii.

"A chiel's amang ye takin' NOTES,
And, faith, he'll prent it."

—Burns.

The Junior Prom was a great success; everyone—at least everyone who attended—insists that it was. In fact it may be safely asserted that the affair of Nov. 21st in Ludlow and Willink Hall, in honor of the Class of 1914, ranks among the very finest the college has ever witnessed. And perhaps one of the reasons for this was that it was different in many ways from dances held here in the past.

This is the first time in many years that a dance has been held outside of Preston Hall, and in many ways the change was excellent. The whole ground floor of Ludlow and Willink lent itself admirably to simple but tasteful decoration, and the angles in the two rooms reserved for fancy dancing seemed especially planned for divans and cozy corners. The banners and the shaded lights in the beautifully panelled Trustees' Room made a picture which will long be remembered by those who were in attendance. The orchestra was placed

in the hall between the two dance floors, and the slight softening of the music by the walls and distance was very effective.

On this occasion the new dances, now so much in vogue, were recognized for the first time at a College affair. Nay, they were even aided and abetted! And for some of us the charm of the Waltz and Two-step has passed away just as that of the Lancers and other square dances went before them, and in their stead begins the reign of the Tango, Castle Walk and Hesitation. The change is certainly not for the worse if any part of Friday evening's enjoyment sprang from it.

The attendance at this dance was smaller than usual, but those who did go will talk for many moons about the splendid time they had. The Juniors may well be proud of the result of their efforts; may they go as guests next year to a function similar to that at which they were this year the hosts.

Our guests on the evening of the

21st were: Misses Cooke, Addington, Ralyea, Howell, Haviland, Koster, Beardsley, and Bowen, of Vassar; Miss Bennett of Albany State Normal College; Miss Corwith of Bridgehampton, L. I.; Miss Margaret Reazor of West Orange, N. J.; Miss Deckenback of Orange, N. J.; Miss Manning of Jersey City, N. J.; the Misses Krueger of Albany, N. Y.; Miss Kidd of Tivoli-on-Hudson; Miss Katherine Adams of Red Hook, N. Y.; Miss Emma Prout of Rensselaerville, N. Y.

The patronesses were: Mrs. Brigham, Mrs. Dean, Mrs. Kidd, Mrs. Rodgers, Mrs. Upton, Mrs. Zabriskie, Mrs. Lewis, Mrs. Chapman, Mrs. Davidson and Mrs. Bogardus.

For some time we have been wondering if it would not be a good idea to arrange a system of Chapel cuts for the faculty.—*Rochester Campus.*

At a meeting of the Association of Colleges of the State of New York, held in Albany the 28th of last month, the Rev. Dr. Rodgers, President of St. Stephen's was elected one of a committee of three on Rhodes Scholars for this state. The other two members of the committee are Pres. Schurman of Cornell and Pres. Elmer Brown of New York University.

Last Tuesday, Nov. 25, the Lictors got on their job and had a session with Barr, Dumbell, Bourne, and Whitmore. The charge was

the breaking of Rule 5 in all four cases. The Lictors have warned Smith, Carthy, J. Goostray and Wetterhahn to beware, and walk circumspectly.

The election of next year's Captain for the football team was held some time ago. The squad, recognizing the efforts and worth displayed this year by Capt. Nicholls, re-elected him to the office. Hats off, fellows, and a long cheer for "Spike."

Nov. 25th, was "Billy" Eagleton's birthday. He thought nobody knew it, but somebody did. And the result was a surprise party held on the top floor left of McVickar. Along about half-past ten "Billy" was lured up to the slaughter and received quite an ovation. He also received the "other" end of a lively game of "hot-hand", and from the number of whacks he got, must be at any rate of middle age if not a hale, old, gentleman. Many happy returns of the day, Bill.

Nicholls and Morse acted as referee and umpire respectively at the annual football game between Ulster and Kingston Academies at Kingston on Thanksgiving Day. We are certainly getting recognition in the football world when our men are sought out to act as officials.

The Dragon Club will give the following lectures during the winter, with additions which will be published later after the arrangements are completed:

Jan. 10—Dr. K. S. Guthrie of Brooklyn—"Fads and Fancies of the Four Leading Nations of the World."

Feb. 7—Dr. S. R. Williams of New York—Talk on "Personal Hygiene."

March 14—District Attorney Conger of Dutchess County—Subject published later.

March 27—Rev. Geo. Craig Stewart of St. Luke's, Evanston—Subject published later.

April 22—Rev. Irwin Tucker of St. Mark's-in-the-Bowery—Subject published later.

The Dragon Club wishes to give the students an interesting and comprehensive lecture course this year and as they have done their best in this direction it is up to the student body to show their interest and appreciation by attending "en masse." At some of the lectures last year the showing the students made was scarcely commendable, and no fellow here can afford to let such chances slide by.

The Senior Class is meditating over the matter of a class cap or hat. The idea is to get a Turkish fez in the class colors (blue and gold) with 1914 across the front. Wait until the "show off" day!

On Nov. 8th, the Rev. Dr. H. M. Clark of the Faculty read a paper entitled the "Advantages of Intensive Study of a Limited Part of a Foreign Text" before a meeting of the Hudson River Section of the

New York State Association of Modern Language Teachers. Dr. Robertson, Hoffman Professor of Greek, accompanied Dr. Clark to Kingston, where the meeting was held.

Thanksgiving holidays were passed with the usual happy time. A number of the fellows went home, some went to the monastery, some to visit friends, and some—well, W—n went to Virginia and "M" went for a ride on the Erie.

Mrs. Brigham's daughter visited her and was entertained at many teas and parties. The big college dinner spelled the usual good time and now we are all back everyone is thankful for a happy Thanksgiving, both those who went and those who stayed.

We are authorized to announce that a prize of five dollars will be given for the best poem submitted to the MESSENGER before the date of Feb. 1st. No limitations are placed on either the length, meter or subject of the poem. All contributions are to be turned in to the Literary Editor.

The annual football banquet was held on Tuesday evening, November the twenty fifth, 1913. About the tables in Preston Hall, arranged in the form of a hollow square, were seated the Reverend President, the Faculty, and the Student Body. C. Gregory Prout, '14, acted as toast-master. The following toasts were responded to:

"Athletics at St. Stephen's"—President Rodgers.

"The Student and Athletics"—Dr. Robertson.

"Football"—Manager Sanford.

"The Past and the Future of Football at St. Stephen's"—Captain Nicholls.

"The Scrubs"—Captain McAllister.

Following the toasts, official announcement was made of the awarding of the Varsity "S" to the following men: Bennett, Bierck, Bond, Dumbell, Edwards, Gerould, Hale, Kitts, Lamond, Nicholls, Prime, Whitcomb, Williams, Wood; the manager's "S" was awarded to Sanford; the scrub "S" was awarded to the following men; Brown, Carthy, Child, Hoffman and Smith. Both Brown and Child were unable to qualify for the Varsity "S" because of injuries.

To the onlooker it was quite evident that football is to remain at St. Stephen's. With such backing and spirit as was expressed by the President, the faculty and the student body on this occasion we

may certainly look forward to a most successful season next fall.

The Athletic Association, at its regular meeting on November tenth, re-elected Sanford manager of the football team for the Fall of 1914. Taber was re-elected assistant manager at the same meeting.

Through a regrettable oversight we omitted to state in the last edition of the MESSENGER that the degree of Bachelor of Arts was conferred on John Ner Borton, '13, immediately after evensong on Oct. 24th, 1913. The candidate was presented by Dr. Robertson, Secretary of the Faculty, and the degree conferred by the Rev. President, Dr. Rodgers. Borton was unable on account of serious illness to receive his degree at Commencement with his class. The President in a few witty, but none the less hearty remarks congratulated the young alumnus on having won his degree, referring to his splendid loyalty to his Alma Mater and his ideals. On entering the dining room "Borty" was given a rousing reception by the undergraduates.

Editor's Letter Box.

There have been innumerable complaints about the small output of the MESSENGER. Do you know that there are but two hundred copies printed each month, and that but one hundred of these leave the campus? Do you care? Certainly it is not fair to our advertising

patrons, and before long they are going to resent this state of affairs. Now don't sit back and criticize the management; it is doing all that a few men can do. That's not the solution. You've simply got to realize that this paper is YOURS. If every man will do his duty (that's

what it is, DUTY), he'll get at the very least three new subscriptions from his home town before another number is out. You fellows all stand up and sing "Dear St. Stephens, how we love thee" very touchingly. Now show that it means something. DON'T FORGET: three new subscriptions. Advertise the college. Pep, everybody, pep.

Under the Lyre Tree.

"It's a last edition is now i' the press."—*Vaughan.*

Prof.—"Severus, the next Roman Emperor, was almost as severe as his predecessor." (Wallop.)

First Student—"Aw g'wan, what d'you know about war?"

Second Ditto—(rounding on him)—"Why you see I'm descended from a man named Gunn."

False teeth may be like the stars inasmuch as they come out at night but they don't seem to resemble them in any other way.

'Twas a dark, chill night in late November. William David Barr, erstwhile president of a Freshman Class and now advanced to the rank of a prep-special, walked with quick, nervous steps toward the great pile of stone which loomed up against the northern sky. In silent retrospection he went back over his short life—short, yet filled with a wealth of great and noble deeds. As he halted under the black shadow

Fellows, don't forget that there is an honor system here. We get so used to things of that sort that we're apt to slide over them at times. And it's bad policy to become careless about your honor. Let's all pick up.

Don't make the editor go out hunting material for this department. Just send your opinions in and we'll print them.

of the colossal building, he swept the campus in one fond, lingering gaze. The youth bent over fumbling with his shoe-tops. A burst of affection for the dear old college swelled up in his throat, well nigh choking him, and he shouted in stentorian tones: "St. Stephen's Forever." Then it was with a mighty swish, the paddle landed.

Bessey—(reading in chapel)—"A man's attire, and excessive laughter, and gait, shew what he is."

In some unaccountable manner the news of the court held early in the year to try two sophomores has leaked out. Several members of the class of 187—have written to the MESSENGER, asking it if is quite safe for them to come back for a visit.

Dave Johns has announced that all contracts made by him to install extension droplights are null and

void, owing to the fact that his brother has lost his job with the Ansonia Electro Company.

The fact that Dummy was slightly peeved on a certain dark, chill night in late November heretofore mentioned, gives rise to a difficult question. Have the lictors the right to enforce Green Cap rules against the will of the Green Cap men? We are inclined to agree with Dummy. The Green Cap rules are for Green Cap men, and if they want to break them, they have a perfect right to do so. Why confound it! it's preposterous for upper classmen to interfere with such an institution. It's just like faculty interference when we cut classes. The classes are held for us, and if we don't want to go to them, it's nothing short of tyranny to make us. As far as this Green Cap business is concerned, we want it distinctly understood that our sympathies all lie with Dummy. He didn't do a darn thing except break one or two rules which were made expressly for him.

XMAS EVE.

'Twas the night before Christmas,
and all through the college—
That dignified centre of classical
knowledge—
A silence pervaded as deep as the sea
For gone from the campus to bright,
Christmas glee
Were faculty, students, and matron,
and all
Save three poor lone chaps in 13
Hoffman Hall.

Quoth one as he gazed in the weird,
twisting flame
That came from a fire of logs.
(The logs—understand it—were big
ones which came
From the faculty section in darkness
of night,
While the moon chuckled soft at the
ludicrous sight
And the snow feathered down in the
bogs.)

Quoth he to his friends with a deep-
seated sigh
That came from the depths of his
boots,
"Tomorrow is Christmas by cracky,
and I
Am as broke as the poverty stricken
galoots
Who crawl to the poorhouse to die.
Not a present I've bought, not a
gift have I sent,
And tomorrow I go to New York,
Where the visiting magnates, on
mad pleasure bent,
Will swarm to the playhouse nor
reek of the scent
They acquire from packing of pork."

But "LISTEN:" he cried, with a
chortle of glee,
"On Thursday forenoon I'll be home
Where I can connect with some
ducats, you see,
And be rich as Jule Caesar at Rome.
And even though presents be several
days late,
What odds, when they come from
the heart?
So here's to old Santa, by Pluto's
bald pate,
And eke to his reindeer and cart."

CAMPUS ECHOES.

Dave—"Hey, Jimmie, have y'got a little t'bacca?"

Ned—"Darn these cheap fuses."

Babe—"Who knows anything about Coleridge?"

Capet—"Say, Don, where's your math paper?"

Whit—"Yes, but I don't see—"

Povie } "I put him on his back
Sue } last night."

Spike—"HEY, ROSE, are you goin' t'get up t'day?"

Leonhard))—"("))"

Mac—"Gee, she's a peach."

Vic—"If I catch the doggone blank, blank, blank, son of a sea-biscuit that took those pencils—Why hang it, they were right on my desk when I went out—Oh here they are in my pocket."

Prof. Robb—"Get yo' log."

Hump—"Gee, I'm going to flunk everything."

Prexy—"Now, gentlemen, in loco parentis—"

Chorus—"When's the next series of cuts due?"

Prof. Garnier—"For pity's sake Barr—Bang—fizz—political economy—cannon-cracker—whizz—boom—ancient philosophy—bang—boom—zowie—skyrocket—SOCIOLOGY—the class is dismissed."

Gage } (Here the editor's mach-
Bessey } ine went to smash trying
to beat the world's record
for rapid dictation.)

It takes a student to point out the mistakes of a professor.—*Ex.*

A great many more fellows would study if there was a faculty rule against it.—*Ex.*

Nick—"Come on swimmin'."

Vic—"Not by a dam site."

LOCAL DRAMA.

Act I, Sc. I (Physics Lab.)

Prof.—"This pulley doesn't work well, but you see the principle."

Sc. II

Prof.—"This battery is out of order, but you see the principle."

Sc. III, IV, V.

Ditto.

Act, II, Sc. I (Examination Day)
(Time 12.47 p. m.)

Prof.—"Richards, you've been working over three hours. How many have you answered?"

Student—"Parts of two questions. My fountain pen won't work, but you see the principle."

Curtain.

As Recorded: Saturday, Nov. 8th, Rhinebeck Police Court:

Four Students from Annandale arrested for disturbing the peace. Consigned to Matteawan.

Kingston Police Court:

Four students arrested for disturbing peace in Wiltwyck Inn.

Poughkeepsie Police Court:

Same charge:

Place—Vassar Campus.

EXPLANATION—

On Friday, Nov. 7th, Coach Whitten in a very rousing speech bade the fellows wherever they might be on Saturday at 3 p. m., to give

a long "St. Stephen's." Consequently, Glaeser, Smith, Goodwin, Heal and Vic Richards were "pinched" for "hollering in town." Prout

and Taber were "hauled in" on same charge in Kingston.

Who was pinched in Po'keepsie—? Who would be? why McAllister.

Firelight Flickers from the Prom.

We noticed that the Chairman of the "Purity Committee" was on his job to see that the new dances were done in the proper manner.

"Who was it caught 'Prexy' doing the dip all by himself out in the hall?"

Strange as it may seem, the Prom *did* come off on the 21st, although that date was decided upon almost a month ahead of time.

"What was 'Bish' doing and where was he doing it for two hours after the dance?"

One piece of the Dance Music should have been the "Mississippi Dip."

The bunch in the Trustees' Room around the fire were doing the same. "Everybody's doing it now."

The "prudes" say that these new dances are next to immorality itself. Just wait till we reach the Cubist and Fourth dimension stage.

Did W— have a good time at Edward's picnic?

Did W— have a good time at Medford's tea?

It was "pathetic" to witness the beaming look of joy on Ned's face. When? All the time.

Heard in Ludlow and Willink at 18 a. m. (shrill feminine voice in masculine attire)—"Girls, go to bed."

One of our old friends was here again. We were glad to see her back.

"Wellesley? Yes, is lovely, And Bryn Mawr just too sweet; Smith's just a perfect paradise; Holyoke, demure and meek. But tell me, where's our Vassar? Why sir, she can't be beat."

Dunlap, '97.

One of the editors "piped" "Greg" Prout, "Bish" Armstrong, and "Robby" all dancing the Hesitation in the same room. "Wonder of wonders."

"The d—d fire's out."

Athletics.

ATHLETICS foster College Spirit in its broadest sense. Especially is the value of intra-mural sports coming more and more to be realized. St. Stephen's has just passed through one testing-period. We have not been found wanting. What we need, however, is a rational, steady diet,—not an October stimulant in the form of football, and then a relapse into a Fatima-like lethargy, superinduced by Bridge and 500.

For the next few weeks a cross-country program is planned. A scheme used with great success in other colleges will be followed. A silver cup will be presented to the winning class. An individual cup will also be given. The races, entries, and the awarding of prizes shall be made subject to the following conditions.

1. There shall be three races, between any two of which at least two days shall intervene.

2. The course shall be a road course,—starting at the college gate, following the road north and around "Whale's Back," and finishing at the college gate.

3. A man may not enter the *first* race,—who has not come out for at least three of the appointed practise runs.

4. A man who has not come out for at least four of the appointed practise runs may not enter the *second* race.

5. A man who has not finished

in one of the first two races may not enter the *third* race.

6. If, for example, 35 contestants finish the course, the winner shall score 35 points for his class; the last runner in shall score 1.

7. The class, making the largest grand total of points for the three races shall be the winning class.

8. The winner of that race which is won in the fastest time shall be adjudged the winner of the individual cup.

E. S. WHITTEN,
Athletic Instructor.

MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE 60.

ST. STEPHEN'S 0.

In a clean and hard fought, but one-sided game, St. Stephen's lost to Middlebury College at Middlebury, Vt., Nov. 8th, by a score of 60 to 0. St. Stephen's was badly crippled and played a ragged game in consequence. Several of the varsity men who have been out of condition as a result of the Webb game, and for other causes, were in the line-up, but could not be said to be in good shape. The absence of so many of the veterans from participation in the daily practices was apparent in a lack of good team work, and the defense was particularly weak. But if the work of the team was, for good cause, ragged it was certainly not lacking in spirit. Every man played the best that was in him under the trying circumstances and proved himself worthy

of his Alma Mater and of the confidence of the student body.

In all justice to Middlebury, be it said that while the magnitude of the score may be attributed to the poor condition of the St. Stephen's team, the victory would have been theirs in any event. The mountaineers had an unusually fast team for a college of their size, and a backfield that would do credit to a much larger institution. Their interference proved to be a puzzler for our ends, and their backs had a most elusive way of avoiding our secondary defense. Most of their touchdowns were the result of spectacular runs for long distances. In straight line work, St. Stephen's seemed to be capable of keeping the situation reasonably well in hand, holding for downs a number of times, and showing excellent resisting power when Middlebury tried to gain through the line.

On the offensive, St. Stephen's, by a liberal use of trick plays, succeeded in making distance on a number of occasions, particularly in the first part of the opening quarter, and in the last portion of the final period. At no time during the game, however, did the Crimson show ability to gain consistently, this being due partly to a lack of team work, and partly to the watchfulness of Middlebury's fine defense.

In a game where we had plenty of opportunity to kick, the punting of Nicholls, Bennett, and Williams was noticeable, being the best that they have done this season. As to

the rest, be it said that every man played hard and with true St. Stephen's spirit, some of the Varsity men who were in poor shape, remaining in the game for a much longer time than one would have thought possible under the circumstances.

THE SUMMARY. First Period: Middlebury received, and ran the ball back about five yards. A play through tackle netted four yards. Middlebury were held for downs and punted to St. Stephen's 25-yd. line. Nicholls made 6 yards, but on the next play St. Stephen's lost the ball on a forward pass. Middlebury tried the line for a small gain, but lost the ball on a fumble. St. Stephen's now opened up with trick plays and shifts. Dumbell for ten yards—Nicholls for twenty—Bennett for three—Nicholls for five. Things looked dark for Middlebury. But on the next play Hayes intercepted a forward pass and reeled off fifty yards before he was stopped. An end run netted Middlebury their first touchdown. Condit kicked the goal. St. Stephen's received but was soon forced to punt. A series of skin-tackle and end plays, followed by a neat pass to Hawkes netted Middlebury another touchdown. No goal. St. Stephen's received, but the whistle blew with the ball in her possession on her twenty-five yard line.

Second Period: St. Stephen's failed to advance and punted. Triggs made twenty yards, followed after an interval by twenty more

on a wide end run, and secured ten more in the same manner for another touchdown. Condit kicked the goal. St. Stephen's received and made five yards through inside tackle and the same amount around end. Again Triggs intercepted a forward pass and by a spectacular run, scored another touchdown. No goal. St. Stephen's kicked off and Middlebury made five yards in three downs, but on the fourth broke away for a long run and a touchdown. No goal.

Third Period: St. Stephen's received, failed on line plays, and punted. Middlebury failed on line plays and fumbled. St. Stephen's secured the ball and punted. Middlebury again tried line plays, but failing to make distance, tried a forward pass which was intercepted. St. Stephen's punted. Middlebury punted. St. Stephen's punted and Bresnahan made fifty yards for a touchdown. Condit kicked the goal, St. Stephen's again received, and again lost the ball on an intercepted

forward pass and Middlebury steadily advanced the ball to the four yard line, where St. Stephen's braced wonderfully, four downs being required to advance the ball the remaining distance for the touchdown. Condit kicked the goal. End of the third period.

Fourth Period: St. Stephen's received and made ten yards, but was soon forced to punt. Middlebury resorted to end plays with an occasional drive at the line, and secured one more touchdown. St. Stephen's received, and with several fresh substitutes in the line-up, showed a burst of speed that for the time being, completely baffled their opponents. Whitcomb found left end for fifteen yards and Bierck made repeated gains through tackle and around end, but Middlebury braced in time to prevent a touchdown. Bennett made a try for a field goal, but missed, the angle being a difficult one. Middlebury once more opened up with wide runs, and scored a final touchdown. Condit kicked the goal.

The Line-up.

ST. STEPHEN'S	MIDDLEBURY
Hale.....	L-End-R..... { Cowles Hard
Prime } Brown }	Tackle..... Condit
Bond.....	Guard..... { Hutchins (Capt.) Lang
Lamond.....	Center..... { Rourke Thomson

Gerould } Williams } Hoffman }	R-Guard-L.....	{ Chapman Hawkes
Williams } Child } Williams }	Tackle.....	{ Fish Parker
Alexander } Gerould }	End.....	{ Hawkes Jones Foote
Whitcomb.....	Quarter.....	{ Bresnahan Hubbard Triggs
Dumbell.....	L-Half-R.....	{ Hayes Keefe
Bennett } Kitts } Bennett }	Full.....	{ Kron Triggs
Wood } Nicholls (Capt.) } Bierck }	R-Half-L.....	{ Weafer Robinson

Touchdowns: Bresnahan 2; Robinson 2; Cowles 2; Triggs 3.
Goals from Touchdown: Condit 6.
Referee: Buckmiller (Univ. Vermont).
Umpire: Rockwell (Burlington).
Head Linesman: Fisher (Middlebury).
Time: Fifteen minute periods.

Alumni and Former Students.

The Rev. John Mills Gilbert has resigned the rectorate of St. Paul's Church, Harrisburg, Pa.; to take effect Dec. 1st. He has accepted a call to Holy Trinity Church, West Chester, Pa.

'98. The MESSENGER takes pleasure in informing its readers of the election of Watson B. Selvage, M.A., to the Luther Burbank Society. Mr. Selvage is still located at the University of the South and

in addition to his professorial duties is doing active work as President of the Tennessee Academy of Science.

'82. Special preachers for the noon services during Advent have been announced at Trinity Church. These services will begin at 12 o'clock and close punctually at 12:30, and will be held every week day except Saturday. The visiting preacher next week will be the Rev. Dr. C. A. Jessup, of Buffalo.

An interesting feature of the Lewis reunion on Thanksgiving is the fact that the names of all except one are found in either the alumni or former students' register.

The Rev. John N. Lewis, Jr., of Waterbury, Conn.; Henry D. Lewis of Annandale and his son Kirtly were former students. Nelson P. Lewis was graduated in the class of '75. John N. Lewis, Sr., though not a St. Stephen's man has proved years ago an up-to-date, staunch friend of this institution.

'09. The Rev. Jacob Henry Oehlhoff is now in Berkeley, California.

A few weeks ago Franz Anton Blaum spent three days visiting the college. Mr. Blaum is now taking a course in the New York University Graduate School.

C. B. Riggs a former student of three years ago spent a short vacation in Annandale two weeks ago. Mr. Riggs is doing laudable work in the mission fields of South Dakota. His address is St. Mary's Rectory Webster, S. D.

J. Frederick Hamblin of the General Theological Seminary accompanied John Ner Borton, '13, to college, recently.



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