

MESSENGER

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The Messenger

St. Stephen's College.

VOL. XX.

APRIL, 1914.

No. 7

PEACE CONTEST

SYRACUSE WINS

St. Stephen's Represented

On Friday evening, March thirteenth, the Third Annual Contest of the New York Intercollegiate Peace Association was held at Colgate University, Hamilton, N. Y. The orations were delivered in the auditorium of the First Baptist Church before a large and attentive audience, which evinced appreciation from the beginning to the end of the long program.

Dr. Elmer Burrit Bryan, the President of Colgate, presided and introduced the speakers representing eleven colleges and universities in the State. The institutions sending men to the Contest were Colgate, Cornell, Fordham, Columbia, Syracuse, New York University, St. Lawrence, Manhattan, Brooklyn Polytechnic, the College of the City of New York and St. Stephen's. The speeches were interesting and splendidly delivered, without exception. The speakers from Col-

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AWARDING OF NUMERALS

Power Formerly Held by A. A. Transferred to the Different Classes

At a recent meeting of the Convocation of the Undergraduates of St. Stephen's College, on March 21st, the power, given to the Athletic Association in 1907 by Convocation, to award class numerals to men who are deemed worthy of them, was taken away. The assembled body also provided for any other legislation bearing upon this matter, which might possibly have been overlooked, by passing a motion abandoning all claim to any power in the matter of granting class numerals.

For some time a joint committee, composed of committees from the four classes and from the Athletic Association, had the matter in hand, and this body drew up a communication to Convocation requesting and recommending that it rescind the action taken by it on Oct. 15, 1907. By this action Convocation had placed the power of

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PEACE CONTEST

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gate, Cornell, and Fordham, however, found special favor with the audience.

The men competed for two prizes of two hundred and one hundred dollars respectively, which were offered through the New York Peace Society by Mrs. Elmer Black, of New York City. The contest was held in co-operation with and under the general auspices of the Inter-collegiate Peace Association, which has already organized contests in more than twenty states and is rapidly extending them to others. M. E. Reitzenberg, of Syracuse University, who was awarded first place by the Judges, will represent New York State in the contest of the north Atlantic group of states which will be held May first in the Great Hall of the College of the City of New York.

While the Judges were arriving at their decision, the Colgate Mandolin Club entertained the audience. Wilbur Van Duyn, Esq. of Syracuse, as Chairman of the Board of Judges, consisting of President Stryker of Hamilton, Dr. John M. Clarke of Albany, and Mr. Van Duyn, announced that, after considerable difficulty, the Judges awarded the first prize to Mr. Reitzenberg, of Syracuse, and the second to Mr. Karowsky, of the College of the City of New York.

After the Colgate men had sung their Alma Mater in an impressive

manner, the audience dispersed, many of them going to the home of Prof. Moore, where a reception was held for Mrs. Black. At a late hour, the men found their way to the various fraternity houses and dormitories and the State Contest of 1914 was officially at an end. The inspiration to further efforts in the cause of peace, and the kind hospitality of Colgate will long be remembered, however, by the men who were present.

St. Stephen's was represented by Charles E. McAllister, '14. At the local contest held at Annandale on March third, Harold D. Nicholls, '16 was declared winner by the Faculty Board of Judges. Mr. Nicholl's oration is printed elsewhere in the MESSENGER. A sudden illness, however, prevented his representing the College at Colgate, although every effort was made to insure his presence in the State Contest. Only a few hours before he was to start, Mr. McAllister was notified that he was to go to Colgate. The subject of his oration was "Peace and Christianity."

AWARDING OF NUMERALS

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awarding the class numerals in the hands of the Athletic Association. The report of the Committee was received and acted upon, and in addition, the further action, as mentioned above, was taken.

The relinquishing of this power

by Convocation automatically restores the granting of numerals to the place where it belongs, viz., to the individual classes. Why it was ever taken from them in the first place, it is hard to surmise, but the action taken on the 21st effectually clears the matter up, and definitely settles any troubles or disputes which have arisen, or may yet arise, in regard to it.

THE SPRING DANCE

This year the spring dance will be given by the New York Sigma Phi Chapter of the Sigma Alpha Epsilon Fraternity. It will be held a week or two later than usual, on the evening of Friday, May 15th. The "Sig-Alphs" are already hard at work planning for the event, and mean to make it the best ever. The Faculty, students, and their friends are cordially invited to attend.

On Thursday evening, March 19th, the Class of 1915 was entertained at a big "bust" by Messrs. Deckenbach and Bond in their rooms, 10 McVickar Hall. The Juniors had some time, becoming so enthusiastic that during the course of the evening they decided to give the College a shock by running an opposition to the 1914 mustaches with a set of 1915 beards.

On Wednesday evening, March 25th, the Rev. A. D. Phoenix en-

tertained the acolytes together with a few friends. The guests included Dr. Rodgers, the Rev. Herbert M. Clark, the Rev. L. F. Piper, the Rev. H. E. Garner, and the following students: Armstrong, Bessey, McAllister, Medford, Prout, Goodwin, Hale, Hartzell, Hartley, Morse, Humphreys, Tabor, Whitecub and Berger.

"SPRING IS HERE!"

Although the nights are still cold enough to remind us of the past winter, each day brings a sun warm enough to melt more ice and snow, and to draw a little frost from the surface of the ground. The winter having been so severe, and the fall of snow so heavy, we shall probably have our real spring later than it has arrived for a number of years. Rivermen claim that it is even possible for the annual breaking up of the ice in the Hudson to be delayed until the first week in April. But the warmer air drawing up from the south, and the bare ground becoming visible after so many weeks of cold north winds and deep snow, surely can have no other meaning than that the good, old summertime is coming. It is hoped that the steady thawing will make way with the snow before any heavy rains fall, as otherwise the resulting unusual spring freshets might do some serious damage.

Someone claimed to have seen the first blue bird the other day, but as

that particular day was ushered in by a flurry of snow, we claim that the person in question only saw a sparrow, which had turned blue with the cold. Another man told of seeing a couple of robins down the road, but we would first cautiously ask if they had on their rubber boots. If not, the man was sadly mistaken, for no robin would come to Annandale at this time of the year without either rubber boots or a rowboat.

Of course, this is the time for the optimistic ones to come around talking like this: "Yes, sprig has cub. Beautiful, warb, health-givig sprig! What? Oh, yes, I *have* got a little cold id by head, but it ised eddy-thig dow to what it was! Why, dode you sec that by head is as clear as cad be?" We all want the summer back again; but summer will also bring its troubles—the mosquito, the dust from your enemy's auto, the racket from your neighbor's phonograph, the bee that backs out against your thumb when you attempt to pick a flower. Then we will want winter again. Winter, did you say? Aw, cub off! Sprig is here!

1914

As the next number of the MESS-
ENGER will be devoted to the Senior
Class, we feel that all the material
possible concerning the new caps,
worn now and then (now by some,
then by others, we guess) by the

class of 1914, should be printed
therein. If each individual of the
Student Body will please write out
just what he thinks, we will be glad
to print it. Contributions are to be
dropped into Mac's fez, which will
be hung out side of the Editorial
Rooms. Oh, yes, the new hat is a
blue fez with a gold (?) tassel and
'14 on the north side. Meant to
mention it before but it slipped my
mind.

UNDERGRADUATE DOINGS

The Student Council have under
consideration the arrangements for
a big time this spring. It is in re-
gard to the proposed tug-of-war be-
tween the Sophomores and Fresh-
men. The scrap will be pulled off
across a body of water, and if the
Prosh succeed in dragging the
Sophs into the drink, the rule gov-
erning the wearing of green caps
will be suspended for the remainder
of the college year. The event will
take place soon after the Easter re-
cess.

Arthur H. Parks, sp., was called
home to Philadelphia, on March
25th, by the death of his sister. We
all extend to him our sincerest sym-
pathy.

SPECIAL PREACHERS

Recent preachers in the College
Chapel are the Rev. E. A. Lyon,

Christ Church, Hudson, N. Y., the
Rev. C. L. Gomph, Grace Church,
Newark, N. J., the Rev. C. C. Ed-
munds, D. D., General Theological
Seminary, the Rev. F. B. Van
Kleeck, D.D., Grace Church,
White Plains, N. Y., the Rev. G.
Craig Stewart, St. Luke's Church,
Evanston, Ill., and the Rev. F. E.
Reazor, St. Mark's Church, Orange,
N. J.

DRAGON CLUB LECTURE

On Saturday evening, March
28th, a brilliant speaker appeared
before the Student Body in the
person of the Rev. Geo. Craig
Stewart, rector of St. Luke's Church,
Evanston, Ill. The subject of his
lecture was "Chesterton, The Bury
Champion of Christianity." The
Dragon Club is certainly to be com-
plimented upon the excellent speak-
ers whom they have presented at
St. Stephen's this year.

THE COMING YEAR

Next year, 1914-15, ought to be a
fine one at old S. S. C. Already
about 30 students, coming from

3 states, have registered, and, nat-
urally, there will be many more on
the list before even Commencement
time comes around. In fact, there
ought to be a record-breaker of an
incoming class, and this ought to
gladden the heart of every St.
Stephen's man, be he Undergrad-
uate or Alumnus.

SOCIETY NOTICE

It has leaked out that Mr. Joseph
Goostray entertained a number of
guests at cocoa some time ago in his
patial residence, 23 Dollar Row.
This is the first time in a number of
years that Mr. Goostray has en-
tertained, and it is earnestly hoped
that he will enter more vigorously
into social affairs in the future.

Those present were Messrs. Thom-
as Nigger Small, George Greysmame,
of Kingston, and Arthur Tobiscum
Pax, of the Quaker City.

Note. It will be interesting to
remark that Mr. Goostray obtained
the dainties, served in such unheard-
of splendor, from the following
gentlemen—cocoa, Mr. Greysmame,
cups, Mr. Pax, cream and pastry,
Mr. Carthy.



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Editorial.

The liberal and highly commendable action of the Faculty in granting the request of the Athletic Association for a modification of the eligibility rules governing participants in athletics does not lessen in any way the burden of responsibility which rests upon the shoulders of the Athletic Association, the athletes, and the student body of this college. On the contrary, that responsibility becomes greater in the same proportion as the rules themselves have

been made less strict. The standards of St. Stephen's must not be lowered to correspond with the more lenient rules. We will, indeed, be brought to an unhappy pass if our ideals as to what constitutes a St. Stephen's athlete are to be synonymous with these new regulations.

In its editorial columns of two issues ago, the MESSENGER declared its opinion that the rules should be modified, and we have not changed our mind in this respect. Nevertheless, much as we dislike to confess it, the fact remains that this action of the Faculty is an out and out concession to our weakness. The sooner the student body of the College realizes this, the better it will be for ourselves and for our reputation.

The Athletic Association evidently does recognize this poignant truth. The energetic action of the scholarship committee in appointing some six or seven tutors to assist and direct the men who are down in their work is commendable, though the necessity for it is deplorable. But we do not believe that the body of athletes outside of the Association and, most of all, the student body as a whole, either realize that they stand convicted of weakness or have any strong sense of the responsibility that they are under in this matter of scholarship.

Yet the facts, it seems to us, are these; because of scholastic weakness, we cannot put out athletic

teams on the eligibility basis which might normally be expected of us. Therefore, the Faculty have been asked to treat us with unusual gentleness lest our athletics be ruined. In the light of all this, if the student body finds anything to rejoice at in the new rules, other than that we still have our athletics, they are better at picking up grains of comfort than the MESSENGER is. But we do not think that there are many students here, who, when they see this question in its true light, will be at all pleased with the situation.

Well, then to use a homely phrase, "What are we going to do about it?" How shall we cure this weakness that is so apparent? The MESSENGER suggests that every man in college be determined that, if it is necessary to have light rules in order to meet certain exigencies, at least this shall not result in a lowering of our ideals, and that every athlete who barely squeezes through by the new rules, when he might have done better, be made to feel that he is under the ban of student disfavor, until he materially improves. The scholarship committee is a good thing, but its function should be, not to spur on the lazy or to pull through the indifferent, but to help those who, coming to college under handicaps, honestly need assistance. The man who is down in his work through his own fault or carelessness should have his marks "boosted," not by the scholarship committee, but by the force of student opinion.

We have heard rumors of a suggested addition to the Freshman rules for next year, which appeals to us as being very sensible. The plan is this; to make it compulsory for every Freshman and Special Student below Sophomore rank to take part in exercise in the gymnasium, subject to rules laid down by the Athletic Director and the Gymnasium Committee.

The work would be planned by the Director and the committee. There would be scheduled three hours each week for gymnasium work, so arranged, of course, as not to conflict with classes. All "green-cap men" would be obliged to attend these classes, except under certain conditions which might constitute an excuse; a member of the practice squad of any athletic team who is present at three practices each week during the playing season of that team would be exempt from gymnasium work during that season. In order that the work be not too serious a tax on the "green-cap man's" time, it is planned that there shall be a system of equivalents; no cuts shall be allowed, but a student may absent himself from one of the three scheduled hours in any week, provided he registers before the end of that week, as having done some outside work fairly equivalent to one hour's gymnasium work. From two hours class work in the gymnasium each week there shall be no excuse. Walking, running, tennis, bicycling, handball,

canoeing, etc. might be presented as equivalents.

The addition of such a rule as this to the present code would make a pleasing variety. It would be something constructive and positive among a number of negative commands, forbidding the individuals of a group, simply because they belong to that group, to do certain things, things perfectly right in themselves, and things which every-

one else may do. The hope in instituting such a change is that its influence will extend beyond the ranks of the "green-cap" squad, that Sophomores, Juniors and Seniors will take voluntary gymnasium work. The plan is not yet perfected, and any comments and suggestions from students and other subscribers will be welcomed in the Editor's Letter-Box.

Alumni and Former Students

'81—The Rev. W. E. Nies is, for the time being, priest in charge of the American Church at Nice, France.

'86—The Rev. A. Cleveland Clark is in temporary charge of St. Luke's Church, Utica, N. Y.

'91—The Rev. F. W. Cornell of Grace Church, Millbrook, N. Y. preached in Christ Church, Red Hook, on March 17, and paid a visit of a few hours to College at that time.

'09—The Rev. G. Henry Oehlhoff has recently become priest-in-charge of St. John's Church, Sonoma, California.

'13—The engagement of Miss Margaret Greer of Pasadena, California to Hambleton Boyd Mahaffey of Altoona, Pa. has been announced. Mr. Mahaffey visited the College for two days during the early part of March.

On March 10th, the Rev. George H. Toop preached at Christ Church, Red Hook.

After his ordination in 1902 Mr. Toop worked for two years as assistant in St. John's Church, Yonkers, N. Y., and later, in 1903 he accepted the rectorate of St. Luke's Church, Matteawan. Recently the Church of the Holy Apostles, Philadelphia has extended a call to him and he has accepted. Mr. Toop will assume his new duties on May first, at which time the Rev. Wm. T. Capers, the present rector, will take up his duties as Bishop Coadjutor of West Texas.

The Rev. James Sherrin has been travelling in Europe this winter and has contributed several letters of general interest to the "Living Church."

In a contest here last year, John Wesley Twelves, Sp. was awarded the President's prize for extempor-

aneous speaking. Since then, Mr. Twelves has distinguished himself at the Philadelphia Divinity School, where he is now a student, by winning a prize for the best reading of the Scriptures and Church services, in the Seminary.

ST STEPHEN'S MEN IN SEVEN SEMINARIES

The General Theological Seminary—
Charles E. Eder, '11.
Joseph Boak, '12.
George S. Mullen, Sp.
Harry L. Rice, Sp.
Elwyn H. Spear, '11.
Wm. Tinsley Sherwood '11.
Elroy J. Jennings, '12.
Robert J. Parker, Sp.
Carl I. Shoemaker, '12.
Cyril E. Bentley, Sp.

John Ner Barton, '13.
Charles T. Bridgeman, '13.
John F. Hamblin, Sp.
Allen D. Jennings, '13.

The Western Theological Seminary—

Harold Holt, '11.
George D. Barr, '13.
Wm. H. Bond, '09.

The Berkeley Divinity School—
Frank A. Rhea, '12.

Charles D. Pearson, Sp.

The Cambridge Theological Seminary—

John W. Day, '13.

The Virginia Theological Seminary—
Clarence E. Buxton, Sp.

The Seabury Divinity School—
Olaf G. Olsen, Sp.

The Philadelphia Divinity School—
John Wesley Twelves, Sp.

Editor's Letter Box

My Editor—

A perplexed student seeks enlightenment on the subject of examinations, and, having failed by various other means, hopes his intellect may be made clear through your columns. It's an old, old, question.

Are examinations necessary—are they the *best* means to a desired end? If not, why are they so universally employed?

Without doubt the desired end to which examinations are the generally accepted means, is the test of a student's fitness to continue in his studies; or if he has finished, by

which he is credited with a successful completion of them. But are they—I refer to the so-called "mid-years" and "finals"—the *best*, that is, the necessary means?

Some may say that the chief value of examinations is to make one review, which doesn't seem to take into account the fact that a study, to be remembered in its essence, should be so learned that a review is unnecessary. Of course I mean by review, hard study and not mere resurvey.

Nearly all students as well as professors surely realize that an examination is not necessarily a fair

test of one's knowledge; very often, in fact, it is but poor evidence of a student's knowledge of a particular subject. Again, it can not be denied that students can, and often do, "loaf along" until examination time when they "plug" and successfully pass the required examinations. In this case the student may or may not have a fair knowledge of the subject; but in any case, having learned it quickly, he will the more quickly forget it.

Is it not therefore just to say that at best, examinations are a very inadequate criterion of a student's knowledge? The question, then, naturally arises, are they the best criterion?

Would not frequent quizzes, properly regulated, accomplish all that final examinations seek to do, and at the same time eliminate their undesirable features?

For example, let us take a lecture course in which there are no oral recitations. If the professor were to give a test about every two weeks, or as often as he thought expedient on all ground previously covered in

the lectures, (but it need not be announced before hand when there would be a quiz instead of a lecture), would not the student—if he is to pass the course—have constantly a more or less logical mental content of the subject?

Would it not also work out nearly as well in other courses, perhaps varying slightly as different conditions might require? Would not this method develop the students' observation and associative ability and thus greatly increase his power of memory—and this is more than examinations do?

Finally, would not such a system reduce in a large measure the number of flunks by removing the cause? The cause of most flunks, not due to utter intellectual inability, is lack of proper application; the student in a blind sort of way "lets things go" until about examination time. But under this "quiz system," a flunk must be the result of either intellectual inability or complacent intellectual apathy.

S. W. Hale.

Commentarii

Once more through the indulgence of the editors (because they had space to fill, perhaps you will say) a few of my chance observations have found their way to the pages of the MESSENGER. This time I am going to bring you back from China

and Peru, where we were supposed to have started last autumn, to our own environment. I intend to give you some of the more intimate entries of my "Commentarii," reflections which may in some cases touch more closely our life at Col-

lege. I append them without further correction, addition, or comment.

* * * * *

"This afternoon I read a very touching little tale entitled 'Pollyanna.' It is a story which must appeal alike to humble laborer and to scholarly sage because of the universal love for children. The book also contains a simple, sunny philosophy which must likewise equally be of profit to both laborer and sage. The theme deals with a little orphan girl who was constantly playing 'the game,' as she called it, and was also teaching others, especially those afflicted with physical or mental sorrows, to play it too. The game was simply this: to find in everything that happened, something to make you glad, to discover in every event that aspect for which you could be really and truly happy. That it is possible, in this manner, to be glad for everything that occurs, is proved beyond a doubt in the life of little Pollyanna. No one, no matter how grumpy and crabbed, who came into contact with her, could long resist her sunny character. The most morose natures were transformed and transfigured by her game of gladness. It is such a simple game and yet such a hard game. But it is well worth the effort both to the player and to his associates. The formula is brief and direct: I am glad!"

* * * * *

"Tonight one of my classmates came into my room and spent a couple of hours lolling in an easy

chair as he entertained himself by puffing away on an ancient and dubious pipe. After a number of incoherent answers in response to my attempts to draw him into a conversation, I decided to leave him to his own thoughts. Finally, taking out a small date-book from his vest-pocket, he made an entry. As he was about to return the book to its place, he noticed the puzzled and interested expression on my face. Immediately a grin spread over his countenance as he handed me the open diary. The entry, which explains his two hours of reverie, needs no further comment. Here it is: 'An evening of retrospection! The two periods of time—five years and one week. Two sets of memories! Both fresh and vigorous! But one set complete, the other in the making! May the fifth anniversary of the last set prove more productive than that of the former! Why? Well, just *because!* The inevitable reason—if there's a woman in the case.' "

* * * * *

Verbum sapienti sal!

* * * * *

"Last night I attended an exhibition which seemed to be very auspicious for the future satisfaction of one of the crying needs of St. Stephen's. I refer to the need for some care in the development of a man's physique. The lack of such care so far in the history of the College has been a failure to carry out its ideal of 'the complete well-rounded training of a Christian

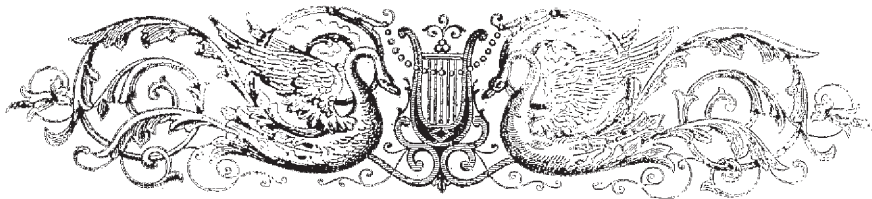
man of culture and refinement.' No training which neglects a man's body can be either complete or well-rounded (except perhaps in the matter of shoulders). We need a course in physical education at St. Stephen's. For such a course we need a *real* gymnasium, simple but adequate equipment, a physical director and the proper spirit. Last evening's exhibition demonstrated most forcibly the fact that we have the director and the proper spirit. The work accomplished under such ad-

verse conditions in calisthenics, on the parallel bars, and with the indian clubs, is most commendable. Such success and enthusiasm should be rewarded, at least, by added equipment, and ought to be encouraged by the providing of a new gymnasium."

* * * * *

"When wealth is lost, nothing is lost; when health is lost, something is lost; when character is lost, all is lost."

Observer.



FROM WAR TO TRUE PEACE

Lexicographers have informed us that peace cannot be contemporary with war. War! The word brings before us a mental picture of the battle-field, upon which questions of all kinds have been and are being decided by the sharp logic of deadly missiles.

That anyone should seek to justify war seems impossible when we consider the grave penalties that have been paid in consequence of it. Yet, such is the fact. It has been maintained that an occasional war is necessary in order to promote courage and assure bravery; that in times of peace our people will become effeminate and lose the stronger and more masculine virtues. If that is true, then barbarous tribes that live on what they obtain by force rather than industry are fortunate indeed, for they are constantly habituated by their surroundings to deeds of daring and trials of strength. Then the old feudal times, fostering their chivalry, were better than the present. Then we are mistaken in believing that life contains enough trials and tragedies, without carnage, to develop the heroism of a people—in short, if that argument is valid, we are mistaken about civilization.

Again, it has been declared that war is necessary in order that the world be not over-populated. What class of citizen or subject does war remove, I ask! Back comes the answer, strong and clear: "The

bravest and the best." Rome fell because her old virile stock was exhausted, exterminated, or worn out by wounds and diseases of war. The Romans who went forth to battle to return with their shields or upon them, had returned upon them. Only the sons of slaves, campfollowers, and immigrants from the provinces were left. As one historian puts it: "Only cowards remained, and from their brood came forward the new generations." In our own Civil War the men killed on both sides were to a very great extent those of noble stock. It is historic fact that the fifteen thousand whom General Pickens led in his famous charge at Gettysburg and who "went down like grain before a hailstorm" were the very flower of the Confederate infantry. Even if these were all, and we have but to mention Sharpsburg, Fredericksburg, and Cold Harbor to realize that they are but a handful, their loss to the nation in the part they would have played in the development and settlement of the new West and in the solution of the social and economic problems of our day, could not be estimated. Again, look at Napoleon's wonderful army of six hundred thousand men, the finest that ever stood in line, which set out under his leadership for Moscow; and then at that pitiful remnant of twenty thousand frost-bitten, famished specters who staggered back across the bridge of Korno the following December. France gave up her best as human

food for powder. Is it any wonder that after the Napoleonic era the average stature in France decreased two inches and that one of the greatest problems of France even a century later is that of decreasing population?

I

"Cease your devils fighting—'tis shame that it should be
With human against human, and
the graves across the sea!
We educate our children, we cultivate
their brains,
But war for added empire, and think
only of gains.
The voice is faint from out the
vast and seething multitude
To stay the brutal cannon, to appease
the murderous feud;
The lust of battle's in our hearts
and blood is on our hands—
We fight like fiends incarnate, like
primeval savage bands.
The breaking hearts of mothers and
their cry of sore distress
Are known, but all unheeded—what
matters one life less?"

II

'His life I'll give, but not his death!'
declares our motherhood;
'His country cannot use a corpse
to serve the public good!
My son's brain, brawn, and muscle
he offers as his dower;
The mighty force of intellect shall
be our nation's power.
His bright, red blood shall daily
give its living, surging force—
Not spilled upon the earth with
death and sorrow in its course.

Let judges, mighty judges, with
wisdom calm and cool,
Decide the weighty question, the
vital one of rule!"

But, however, before we turn to the consideration of arbitrary settlements, let us glance for a moment at the consequences of war in the light of finance. Here we have to face appalling facts. The debt of our own United States of nine hundred-odd million dollars is small indeed compared with those of other nations. France is laboring under a debt amounting to the preposterous sum of six billion dollars, while Russia ranks second with four and one half billions. Proceeding step by step down through the debts of Austria-Hungary, Germany, Great Britain, Italy, and Spain we arrive at that of Japan which is one and one third billion dollars. It was this terrible and growing burden of the nations of the world, striking at public prosperity at its very source, that forced the leading nations to seek for international peace. The emperor of Russia led the way by inviting all the nations in diplomatic relations with the Russian court to attend a conference at the Hague, Holland, in 1899, for the purpose of discussing matters pertaining to war and the settlement of international disputes by arbitration. As a result a permanent Court of Arbitration was established which has achieved more or less success, having settled a number of disputes referred to it. But it has no power to

enforce its decisions. Right there, it is claimed, in its lack of any executive power, lies its great weakness.

Following upon this came the suggestion that an International Court, to determine the issues between nations, be established with adequate means to enforce its decrees. In support of this suggestion it is argued that, were we to put it into practise, forts and navies and big guns would disappear just as feudalism disappeared when courts of justice, with executives to enforce their decrees, were established. But, would they? Surely not, while the present conditions exist. Consider the conditions along the border delineating France and Germany. On either side are numerous fortifications, and countless troops ready for instant action. Each nation regards the other with suspicion and distrust. Before you may hope for the disappearance of their forts and navies and big guns you must change that spirit of distrust and hostility into one of trusting fellowship. That is the first step and when it has been accomplished the disappearance of armaments will naturally follow. Then and then only can an international court be effective.

The "Outlook" magazine puts forth the very interesting statement that "there are two ways of securing national peace: by being so weak that we cannot fight; by being so strong that we do not need to fight." The "Outlook" declares its belief in the second method. Evi-

dently, Great Britain believes in the same policy for she starts in as a peacemaker with a navy sufficiently strong to quell disorder anywhere in the world. Germany thinks she should be a peacemaker also,—more than Great Britain. Next France increases her army and navy that she may be a peacemaker. This policy can lead only to financial ruin. Even if but one nation should choose the second method of securing peace and all others the first (which is highly improbable for as yet no nation has cared or dared to do it) what peace would there be between them? Why, it would be the peace that would exist between you and me while you held a revolver leveled at me, I having none,—or vice versa. It would be peace inspired by fear—"peace by preponderance" as Lord Churchill terms it.

Surely there is a higher, truer peace than this. Consider the peace that exists today on our northern border. Along that vast stretch of three thousand miles there is not an armored cruiser, a fortification, or even a mounted gun. There is peace of a nobler character. There, is "peace on earth, good will toward men."

Let us aim to make international peace the highest, the truest, the most perfect peace. Such a peace cannot spring forth. It can result only from careful cultivation of the seed of international sympathy. "Among us it is frequent consideration necessary to hate a competitive nation or to foster those who pre-

dices, the roots of which are buried deep in the past, in order to display what we deem an adequate degree of patriotism. Never was there a more deadly or dangerous fallacy. Just as well might we argue that in order to exhibit filial love and true devotion to our family it behooves us to hate every other family in town. The law of love applies to the broad stretches of life as exactly as in personal ethics. It is a principal of profound importance that we should love our neighbor nations—as ourselves."

Peace and love go hand-in-hand. Even as true love is that love which has been built up through the process of time, so true peace, which will bind all nations together, will come not through the amenities of diplomacy but as a growth of that higher patriotism that learns to look with disinterested eyes on the concerns of other nations as though they were its own.

In striving for such a lofty ideal we are bound to meet discouragements, and not being able to attain our goal at a single bound we must advance step by step, being reasonably content so long as we do make some progress in the right direction. And,

"Let us learn a useful lesson—no braver lesson can be—
From the ways of the tapestry
weavers on the other side of the
sea.

Above their heads the pattern hangs,
they study it with care;
As to and fro the shuttle leaps, their
eyes are fastened there.

They tell this curious thing besides,
of the patient, plodding weaver:
He works on the wrong side ever-
more, but works for the right side
ever.

It is only when the weaving stops,
and the web is loosed and turned,
That he sees his real handiwork;
—that his marvelous skill is learned.

Ah! the sight of its delicate beauty,
it pays him for all the cost;
No rarer, daintier work than his
was ever done by the frost!

The years of man are the looms of
God let down from the place of
the sun,
Wherein we are ever weaving, till
the mystic web is done.

Weaving blindly, but weaving sure-
ly each for himself his fate.
We may not see how the right side
looks, we can only weave and wait.

But looking above for the pattern,
no weaver has need to fear;
Only let him look clear into the
heaven—the perfect Pattern is
there.

There can be no better lesson than
this for those who seek to weave to-
gether all nations of the Universe in
unity and concord, for the great

and they have in view is righteous-
ness, justice between man and man,
nation and nation. Realizing this
fact, when war was averted between
Argentine Republic and Chile, the
arbiters erected, at the summit of
the Andean Pass, a colossal statue
as a symbol of peace. Can't you
see the figure? High on that lofty
mountain peak it towers, with broad
heaven for its background. It is
the figure of Christ, the symbol of
true peace, perfect and everlasting
—"the Peace of God which passeth
all understanding."

Harold D. Nicholls '18

THE LADY OF REVERVUE

Near the site of Jardin Fleuriste,
In the wood of Reverbue,
Where are flowers pink and golden
With their fragrance ever new,
We can see a lovely lady
Horseshoe riding 'mong the trees,
By a sparkling brook that's babbling
On its way to pastured leas.

Her big horse seems kind and gentle;
He's as black as black can be;
Now he gallops o'er the level,
Now he walks, if reins are free;
Now he shakes his head in threat-
'ning

His old trickish comrade bold,
Who is barking as he chases
Past more times than can be told.

Ah, 'tis sport for this fair lady
As she breathes the morning air;
Hear her call the fidgeting collie;
See her stroke the wavy hair

Of "Black's" mane so long and glossy;
Hear her sing with charming voice;
See her smile, how pure and happy,
Making nature's soul rejoice.

Now they come, this merry trio,
To an op'ning 'tween two hills,
Grassy green with violets blooming,
Daisies white and daffodils
With the lily of the valley
And the blue forget-me-not;
Bloss'ning shrubs, wild roses ming-
led,

Shut in this sweet fragrant spot—

Mark the grace of Black there stail-
ing

Like a steed of chivalry;
Head bent low he's like a statue
In the splendid scene we see.
Facing him the faithful collie,
Fanning, wags his bushy tail—
Brown and white his hair in patches
Pleading to resume the trail.

And the lady so attractive,
Who doth love the loving pair,
Is in white, red ribbons holding
Low-necked blouse, and comely hair
Whose dark tresses, waving gently
In the breeze with pleasant grace
Dance with joy as they go tripping
Round about her lovely face.

Ah, she sees that red-bird flying,
Coming o'er yon shady brook;
In the topmost oak he lighteth;
(See the lady's anxious look!)
She admires his brilliant color;
Listens to his every note,
As he sings his wild and thrilling
Melody that none can quote.

But her face seems sad, impatient
And her pleasant smile is gone!
What pray troubles our dear lady?
His is not a pensive song;
Swinging there he chirps and twitters,
Hops about in ecstasy;
Sings again in tones of gladness,
Leaving then the favored tree.

See now how she smiles and blushes
And her cheeks have flaming grown,
As the bird is disappearing
'Cross the wood to join his own!
Reaching down she plucks some roses
From the highest bush hard by,
Pins them in a bouquet pretty
On her blouse with gentle sigh.

Hearken how she sings her wishes:
"That my lover on the sea,
Passing high and frightful waters,
May in safety come to me;
Let it be as thou dost promise,
Grant the wish I hold so dear;
Thy sweet songs I gladly welcome;
May they help me naught to fear."

(We have learned in Jardin Fleuriste
It is said in Reverence:

"If a red-bird comes alighting,
You may have a wish come true,
If he sings and then goes flying
As the wish is just complete."
And we know it is the answer
For our lady's blushing sweet).

She appears so very happy;
(May she have the wish she made!)
Coaxing "Collie" she is singing,
Urging Black across the glade:
"Come good Pet we'll hurry homeward
Making foolish Laddy run,
Ere we leave him in the distance;
Come, the race is just begun."

IN MARCH

If a body meet a girlie,
On a windy day;
Play the part of true politeness—
Look the other way.

Spitzli, the Spring Chicken, has
finished molting and is again a lively
member of the brood.

1st Stude—"I hear the Sigs are
going to charge for their dance."

2nd Stude—"What? Why, what
do they think they're doing, the
damn tightwads?"

1st Stude—"Tightwads! Why no.
They simply think that it's a bum
precedent that makes them give the
dance to the College, so they throw
it overboard."

THE RETORT COURTEOUS

Senior—"Don't you think I look
like a sport with this mustache?"

One who is now a fugitive—"Bi-
ologically speaking, yes!"

THE UNIVERSAL GAME

The American plays baseball.
The Englishman likes cricket,
The gay Frenchman is delighted
When he's chancing the roulette.
The Chinaman plays fan-tan
To while the hours away.
In fact, in every corner,
There's a game for every day.
There's but one that's universal,
It's a game that's best of all.
It was played by Eve and Adam
And accounts well for his fall.

It's played by every nation,
In the moonlight from above,
I know not why they named it so,
But it's called the game of love.

THE OWL

(continued from the March number.)

As the birdy finished speaking there
was silence, grim and chill
And the ticking of the clock tolled
out an age.

Then one uncoiled his figure from
the perch, and loud and shrill,
His voice gave vent to all his awful
rage.

"You pesky, underhanded, evil-
minded, feathered foul,
I've a mind to wring your doggone
neck for you,
And then to stuff your carcass, just
to wain each brother owl
That it's dangerous to tantalize us
two."

Then the twain with dire intent
On "erid murder bent
Picked up weapons, as they went,
To slay that bird
But he twisted and he flew
And he squirmed and dodged them
too

While he turned the ozone blue
With awful word.
Then upon the mantel shelf
This sassy feathered elf
Did perch his sassy self
Quite out of breath.
His pursuers now withdrew
To consult and plan anew
To secure with efforts few
His speedy death.

Now one of those chaps a summer
had spent
In the wilds of Idaho
Where, all of his mornings, he had
been bent
On throwin' a hair tesse,
Now he could rope a frolicous steer
In the twinkling of an eye,
And it certainly would be mighty
queer
If he couldn't catch *this* guy.

So he made a rope of frazzled
And likewise a running noose,
And he knotted the ends of the
rope
wise'
That nothing could wain the
loose.
Then he whirled his lariat through
the air
And launched it with a snile—
a hissing swish, a jerk, and there
Was Birdy in durance vile.

They bound the prisoner to a chain
And sharpened a razor blade
Till the thing would cleanly split a
hair.
Now the bird had grown afraid
And in accents broken he pled his
cause
and begged for a lease on life,
But they mocked this breaker of
human laws
As they gaily whetted the knife
Then his pleading changed to fren-
zied fear
That was mingled with bitter wrath
And he shouted thro' his captor's ear
"Of my sins I've commosed two half."

Now listen while I tell you all I've done
 You fellows kind of think you know it all
 Cause I said I put the phone in Xenophon
 And helped professor plan the student's fall.
 Last Easter you put up an awful kick
 Because you didn't like the bloom-in' food
 You accused that rancid butter made
 And you acted very badly—yes—? well made.
 But you didn't place the blame where it belonged,
 For mine was the responsibility.
 For my sins other folks are often wronged,
 They often suffer what should fall on me.
 And many other things I've said and done.
 Last week I let the furnaces go out,
 And general wrath fell on poor Russell's head.
 (That *he* had done it, no one had a doubt.)
 Last autumn Kitty dashed behind the goal.
 My whistle called him back. I lost that game.
 That goal from placement lies upon my soul.
 But 'twas *you* chaps hung your heads in bitter shame."

Now I'll reveal my station
 And allay your indignation
 And dispel the consternation
 That's been roused by me I fear

For it's now the Christmas season
 (Drat this weather, aint it freezin')
 Which is quite sufficient reason
 To wish everyone good cheer.
 (to be continued)

NOTE. The author of the following is in doubt as to what to call it. It is so obviously true to life that it seems little like play acting. One critic has said that the parts of Mann and Nuther are so simply, yet so perfectly constructed that any one of sixty men in college might play them.

Scene: A college room in the evening.

Lhea. E. Mann: a student.

A. Nuther: ditto

The Ghost: spirit of a former editor who has gone to his hard earned rest, and who is both visible and audible to the audience, but neither one to the other two characters.

The curtain rises upon Mann seated with his feet perched on the table and the last number of the MESSENGER in his hand. He is scowling. The ghost is reading over Mann's shoulder. A knock at the study door and Nuther enters.
 N—"Hello Mann, reading the MESSENGER?"

M—"Yes, isn't it rotten?"

N—"Awful. As usual, there isn't a decent thing in it."

G—"Well, I'll be—"

M—"Who's the inane chump who writes the poems on the first page? The worst drool I ever saw. I could do lots better than that."

G—"Well why in time don't you?"

N—"The story this month is particularly rotten. One of these days I'm going to write a story for 'em with a real plot."

G—"Yes you are, when water freezes in Hades."

M—"I've been trying to figure out for an hour what this fool editorial means. Why the dickens they don't let the brainy men write 'em is what gets me."

G—"Brainy men? Ye gods!"

N—"That's the way everything in the place goes. Do you suppose for a minute they'd accept anything that an outsider wrote?"

G—"How long, oh Lord, how long?"

M—" (reading) "Like a mouse in the desert aloft on the sphinx? Time to laugh. By jingo, if they don't get some decent jokes pretty soon, I'll go dippy."

G—"Good. Hope you do, you lazy chump."

N—"What's in that fool "Editor's Letter Box?" Why the deuce don't they have some new ideas? Same old thing all the time!"

G—"T I * I I I"

M—"Well I'm going for a walk. Want to come?"

N—"No thanks, I've a date at the gym. S'long."

Exit M and N.

G—(with a sigh of relief.) "Good riddance."

Curtain.

Now will you guys wake up?

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If we catch a man giving utterance to that, moss-grown, and ancient expression, "In Spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love," these days, the great temptation is to accuse the unhappy utterer of bromidic imbecility. The trouble is, of course, that we're all so firmly convinced of the absolute truth of the quotation that it insults our intelligence for anyone to suppose, that the susceptibility of youth to the pangs of love in Spring is beyond the immediate ken of our preception.

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Today with our complex modern theories, with our intricate science of eugenics, we can do well to stop for a moment and recall the simpli-

city and happiness of the old love tales of the Hollanders, the tales that had not only men and women and love, but fairies, too.

As, on a certain evening in the vicinity of the Highlands, a wedding took place between a Mr. Hendrick and a Miss Katrina. Just as the "you do" and the "I will" had made the two one, a fairy, came into the room and took away the lovely bride. Hendrick devoted most of his time to weeping until it was reported that, in the vicinity of a deserted mansion, two fairies were seen. He examined the old deserted halls by moonlight, but, Katrina was not to be found. Overcome by grief, he seated himself on the door-step and sadly hummed the following lines:

"It is sweet to sit at evening,
When the west is painted red,
And to think of friends once with us,
Of the living and the dead.
It is sweet to hear at midnight,
Music stealing through the air,
While we feel our spirits rising
Heavenward on that silver stair:
Ever fonder, ever dearer,
Seems our youth that hastened by,
And we love to live in memory,
When our fond hopes fade and die.
Yes! like forests that seem fairer,
When the leaves their freshness lose,
So the past those leaves now fading,
Tinged with memory lovelier grows.
The echoes startled from their sleep
Had hardly died away,

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When forth from out the shadows
deep
The fairy held her way;
No shadow she threw in the moon's
pale beams,
But like a passing form of light,
Presented herself to our hero's
sight—

"Quite lost in sorrow and his
dreams—
And thus the fairy began to say:
I've watched you, Hendrick, for
many a day,
Weeping and wailing, but all in vain,
For ne'er can you see your darling
again.
Weep for Katrina with eyes so blue;
Weep! well you may, for she was
true—

Few maidens ever loved as she—
Weep! Weep! it doesn't trouble me;
But 'though I'm not moved by pity,
I admire you for your courage;
And, if you can guess a riddle,
I will make you, too, immortal,
So that you can live forever
With your darling, your Katrina.
Where grows the flower, and what's
its name,
Which blooms in winter and summer
the same,
The language of which some say is
true,
Some say is false, now what say you?

"Our hero knew not what to say
In answer to the cruel fay;
But a muse, from a bright and dis-
tant sphere,

Mention "THE MESSENGER"

Swiftly to his rescue flew,
And, breathing softly in his ear,
Whispered the answer plain and
clear;
And to the fairy, mute with surprise,
He answered, somewhat in this wise:

"Say not all the flowers of the valley
fade,
When painted leaves on the ground
are laid,
And the carpet of nature, curiously
dye'd,
Covers the vale and the mountain-
side;
Oh! no; there's a flower earth's frost
never nips
In many a valley—the sweet *two-lips*
We find them in bowers of nature
wild
Wherever we see the forest child,
Where streamlets flow or soft
winds blow,
In lands that are wrapped in eternal
snow,
We find these flowers, for sun or
shade
Ne'er blights nor blasts nor makes
them fade;

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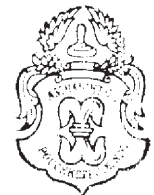
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And even more than this is true,
 For when *they're pressed* they bloom
 anew.
 The fairy vanished but again ap-
 peared
 Leading Katrina through the ruined
 halls,
 And in the silence of that midnight
 hour,
 Again were joined those hands once
 rudely torn.

We leave the hearer here to guess
 the rest,
 How many times "two-lips" were
 fondly pressed."



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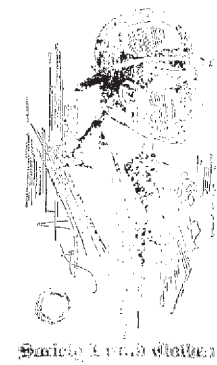
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