

MESSENGER

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THE MESSENGER

ST. STEPHEN'S COLLEGE

VOL. XXVI

No. 3



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THE MESSENGER

Vol. XXVI.

DECEMBER, 1919

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Reading The Newspaper

(By Harry H. Turney-High, '22)

CAST OF CHARACTERS:

Judge R. E. Trenholme Circuit Judge
Erskine Trenholme His Son
Mrs. Trenholme Judge Trenholme's Wife
Martha Trenholme His Daughter
Sims A Negro Butler
Place A Small Southern City
Time Present

SCENE I

At the head of an old fashioned hallway is seen a large door, through whose panes the early morning sun is streaming. The walls of the hall are enamelled white, the floor of polished hard wood with a few rugs well arranged over its surface. A wide staircase leads from an upper story and a broad door opens to the rest of the house.

[Enter Sims, yawning.]

SIMS: Well, if here aint another day. I reckon it'll be just like the others here lately. Law, just trouble evah day, evah day, evah day. [Goes to the door, opens it, and stands looking out.] Must be this country is goin' to the dogs like the paper which that young man as calls on young miss is connect-ed with says. Golly, wonder what time he left last night, must shore have been one o'clock. I do shorely wish these uppity white folks would go home and give a man time to get some sleep, or help theyself on with their own coat. [Yawns.]

Those last cigars which old jedge bought are shore fierce. He say they are pure Havana, but they taste more like Savannah to me, and the hemp wharves at dat. Mistah Erskine is the only white man in dis yere house whats got any taste, but he has a key to his humidor. It certainly is scandalous the way young people are raised up these days! Dat Old Dominion Whiskey which the old jedge laid up for prohibition times is pos-

itively awful. I'm kinda feared its wreckin' my constitution. I got to be careful; I ain't strong.

OL' Miss shorely must have been listening to some of these sufficiency experts from the stack of work she expects a man to do these days. It shore is bad. I is a delicate man and has to take care of myself. I certainly 'low that if I hadn't belonged to Old Jedge's pappy in slavery days I'd quite dis yere but-tling and get a job as head waiter.

[Steps out on the gallery.]

Now I do declare, if dat impudent paper boy ain't threw the paper out in the grass again after all the times I done told him to put it on the gallery. Just look at it, all blew to pieces and wet with dew. Old Jedge will raise the devil like as usual. I is going to swat some of these impudent young town niggers some one of these days, and that lazy paper-boy in particular. Reckon there ain't no hope for the African race seein' the way the present passel is behaving. Hahd times, hahd times, niggers gettin' sassy and do-less and white folks expecting more and more. [Goes out and gathers the scattered newspapers, and bringing it slowly inside, rearranges it, still grumbling.]

At this point Judge Trenholme comes down the stairs. He is a gentlemen considerably past middle age with white hair and closely clipped white mustaches and goatee, dressed in a neat gray suit. He comes down the stairs polishing his nose glasses with his handkerchief. Upon reaching the ground floor he notices Sims.

JUDGE TRENHOLME: Good Morning, Sims, that's the Morning Jeffersonian you have?

SIMS: Yas suh, Jedge, but i' is feared it is wet on account of the wuthless nigger

which delivers it throwin' it on the grass. I's sorry.

THRENHOLME: Oh, that's all right, Sims. Impudent young people again?

SIMS: Yas suh, Jedge, shore is. Many a time have I told that yallah boy to put it on the gallery where it would keep dry, and I axed him yesterday, "Now lookee here, you, is you going to put that where I say or is you ain't? Is you going to throw that paper on the lawn again? Answer quick, because I is shorely going to smack you." And he said he was ain't but these town niggers—

TRENHOLME: Well, that's all right, Sims, is any of the rest of the family up?

SIMS: Miss Martha is in the garden, suh.

Miss Trenholme runs lightly up the gallery steps at this juncture, carrying an armful of roses. She is a young girl of about twenty, with dark hair and eyes, slightly olive complexion with a great deal of natural color. She is dressed in filmy white, arms and neck bare. She runs up and kisses her father.

MARTHA: Good morning, Daddy dear.

TRENHOLME: Good morning, sweet little child, you don't give those roses a fair show by holding them so close to your beaming little face; makes them look rather colorless and faded. How are your flower children today?

MARTHA: Now, Daddy! But look at this Mareschal Neil and these Malmaisons. And I believe that new Tea Rose is going to be double. If it does may I have more?

Mrs. Trenholme, a middle aged lady, descends the stairs at this point, followed by Erskine, a well groomed, good looking young man of about twenty-five.

TRENHOLME: Why of course, sweetheart you know your old father well enough for that. [Kisses his wife and nods to his son.] Mother and I hope those white ones are not bride's roses for our little girl.

MRS. TRENHOLME: Now, Robert, please don't talk so foolishly. By the way, Martha,

what time did young Bascombe leave last night? I think you are seeing too much of him of late. I do not approve of it at all. People will begin to think it is serious. And if you want roses before breakfast, let Bertha pick them for you. The morning dew will not help the whiteness of your aims at all.

TRENHOLME: Oh, Mother, let the child alone. She is young and deserves all the attention the young whelps of this town can pay her. Can't say that I blame Bascombe for staying late. Remember when your father suggested that I take a little sleep before breakfast and offered me his pajamas when I was calling on you before our marriage?

MRS. TRENHOLME: Now Robert, be serious. I do not approve of young Bascombe at all. He is absolutely a nobody. Who ever heard of a Bascombe in Macon? If he were worth anything he would not be connected with the Morning Jeffersonian. I have seen his editorials and I don't think they speak well either for the Jeffersonian or Bascombe.

TRENHOLME: Mrs. Trenholme, the Jeffersonian is the acknowledged leading journal of this state. It supported my election with considerable enthusiasm. Excellent publication! And as to Bascombe, you are very much behind times. You seem never to have differentiated between the old and the new south. These are new times and strenuous ones. What we need is new young blood, the kind that goes out after results and gets them. An over-estimated idea of gentility did very well for the day when we had hundreds of niggers to do our work, but times have changed, madame, times have changed, and we need life, life! I entirely approve of young Bascombe; he is the stuff on which the new south is to be built. And furthermore, I entirely trust my daughter in the selection of her friends. She has had the right education at home, and knows how to discriminate. And when it comes time for her to choose a husband, I am going to hold out that she chooses for herself.

MARTHA: Now, Daddy, please.

[Enter Sims.]

SIMS: Breakfast is served ma'am. (The family proceeds to the breakfast room).

ERSKINE: Well, sister, I hope you give me enough notice in order to have my cut-away coat aired for the wedding. Moth balls are so embarrassing.

MARTHA: Erskine, you can say the meanest things!

TRENHOLME: [Folding the paper and putting it in his pocket.] I had hoped to get a few minutes to read the paper before you all would have the opportunity to paw it over. [Exit all.]

SCENE II

The scene is an attractive breakfast room with French windows opening on a well kept lawn, planted with roses. The table is set with breakfast service and grape fruit. The son seats his mother, and the judge seats his daughter, Sims stands behind the judge's seat and waits on the table.

TRENHOLME: If you don't mind, I'll look over the newspaper while Sims brings my coffee.

ERSKINE: But, Martha, just between brother and sister, when did Tom Bascombe leave last night. He must have got enough material to supply Jeffersonian "Advice to the Lovelorn" column for a month.

TRENHOLME: Now, Erskine, you have gone far enough, you shouldn't talk to your sister that way—Oh, by the way, isn't it quite unusual to see you down for breakfast these mornings,—you're not ill, are you?

ERSKINE: Feeling quite fit, thank you sir.

TRENHOLME: Well, you will be ill if you stay up as late as you do and then get up for breakfast, too.

ERSKINE: To be truthful, father, I have been in bed by eleven o'clock for the last three nights.

TRENHOLME: Then if you are going to be early you must either be sick or need money.

ERSKINE: But, sir, if you really wish to know, I arose early this morning in order to motor out to Colonel Morgan's plantation to see his filly "One-step." He expects to put her on the central circuit this fall and for her to run away with everything.

TRENHOLME: Knowing old Morgan's propensities for choosing a bad thing, I suspect that all that horse will run away with will be the profits of his cotton this year. Don't think so much about horses, son, it doesn't pay. Let your father advise you.

ERSKINE: Well, sir, from what Colonel Morgan says you did when you were young, you should be a fit person to give advice about losing money on horses!

TRENHOLME: Er, well; you lose too much money foolishly. You remember that you lost two hundred dollars to Williston at poker Monday. I doubt if a person of your apparent intelligence is capable of mastering any game.

ERSKINE: But, sir, if you remember, you said I was a chip off the old block when I relieved Will Trask of three hundred last Friday.

TRENHOLME: Oh, forget it! [reading] I am beginning to think that something drastic must be done with Mexico, um—

[Sims removes the grape-fruit and serves the rest of the breakfast.]

ERSKINE: May I have the sporting page, father?

TRENHOLME: There you go, just what I have been complaining about. Never a thought do you give to anything serious. Of course you want to see the results at Havre de Grasse or New Orleans. It is a shame the opportunities the generation of today neglect in the excellent periodicals of the time. What do you know about the coal shortage? What do you know about Emma Goldman? What do you know about anything worth while? Nothing! The defense of the peace treaty the Jeffersonian gives this morning is really masterful.

ERSKINE: Well, then, father, I would be very grateful to have you give me an explanation of the workings of the proposed League of Nations. I haven't been quite able to get it entirely clear.

TRENHOLME: Er, but—oh why don't you get something for yourself, Erskine? you shouldn't lean on me for all of your ideas. Here, take a piece of the paper.

[Judge Trenholme gives Erskine a sheet of the paper, retaining the rest. Erskine gives Martha a sly wink from behind his sheet, which causes her to giggle. The judge, unconconscious of the pantomime, looks dignified and reads on. Erskine turns over the page and evidently finds something of interest which he reads intently.]

ERSKINE: Speaking of the excellence of the Jeffersonian, father, did you happen to see this comment on your last decision? [Hands the judge his paper.]

TRENHOLME: Hum, what is this? [read] "AN INSULT TO JUSTICE! Judge R. E. Trenholme Hands Down Decision in People vs. Railway Company. Probably the greatest hoax of jurisprudence the people of Georgia have had foisted on them was the decision of R. E. Trenholme sitting in the circuit court at Macon yesterday in the case of People vs. the Railroad Company. There was no doubt in the minds of the most prominent legal authority in court yesterday but that the decision would be against the railroad. The way in which Judge Trenholme disregarded the most convincing evidence, the way that the best established legal precedent was set aside was a source of astonishment to many of the learned counsel present in the court room. The Jeffersonian is not exactly sure what Judge Trenholme's motive was in this black perversion of law and justice, but we are informed by Major Eustis, Independent Democrat candidate for the bench, that—"

[Judge Trenholme slams the paper on the table, and proceeds to work himself into a rage.]

TRENHOLME: Why the unprincipled

libelous liars! How can they dare to make such an attack as this? What can be their grounds for such an article? Why the evidence was so strong in favor of the railroad company that no unprejudiced magistrate could decide otherwise. That article is a blank falsehood and I shall have the Jeffersonian arraigned for contempt of court as surely as my name is Trenholme. I'll teach them to soil the judicial ermine with their smirch! I always have known the Jeffersonian to an unreliable sheet! Who ever subscribed to it in this house? It is a shame that newspapers should be allowed to pervert public opinion as they do! I tell you, I will not stand for it! And to throw that shyster (Eustis) in my face—!

[The telephone rings in another room which Sims goes to answer. Re-enter Sims.]

SIMS: Mr. Bascombe would like to speak with Miss Martha, please.

TRENHOLME: Why the nerve of the impudent young puppy! Martha, I positively forbid that young jackanapes my house! I'll not have him here and I'll not stand for you having anything to do with him! Is that clear? You should exercise some care in choosing your friends! Remember that you owe something to your family when you wish to take up with some young idiot whose name no one ever heard before.

MRS. TRENHOLME: Now, Robert, keep cool. Remember what you said to the child a few moments ago about young Bascombe being a progressive young chap and that you would allow her to choose her own friends, and even her own husband.

TRENHOLME: Madame, understand that I will not be brooked and bayed in my own household. And while I think of it, I wish you would discharge that black of yours and get a nigger that can make a decent cup of coffee. The breakfast this morning was particularly poor. Good morning!

[Judge Trenholme leaves hastily.]

MRS. TRENHOLME: Children, don't mind your father.

END.

Thanksgiving

FROM noon until two o'clock on Wednesday, November 26th, excitement reigned supreme on the campus for the Thanksgiving recess had begun—four days respite from Socialism and Greek! Most of the members of the college community, from noisy Freshmen to solemn (?) Seniors and necessarily sober faculty were madly dashing hither and thither grabbing suitcases and bags and parcels and raincoats, for Miller and his able assistants were impatiently waiting to take them to the 1:29 "going south." Then calm once more descended, and we who were left behind were given over to the melancholy influence of the drizzling afternoon.

Thanksgiving Day dawned cold and dismal. After a Thanksgiving sermon in the Chapel by Dr. Edwards, we wandered to the refectory where the festive board awaited us, and in spite of the sermon warning us against such things, we were open and unashamed in our thanks for the material things before us; and it is our opinion that even the preacher himself could not have failed to be thankful. Miss Southern and her worthy coadjutors are to be highly praised for the fine dinner we had. As the meal progressed, jollity became contagious; what matter if the blight of July 1st was upon us? Certainly no one felt a loss, as joke and song, encouraged by our democratic President, spread from one end of the table to the other. In the evening there was an informal dance in Ludlow, seductive music being furnished through the kindness of the members of the "T. K. B." Society.

Friday evening between nine and ten, the casual passer-by might perchance have been alarmed by the shrieks and moans coming from Ludlow—blood-curdling yells and hair-raising groans. Upon investigation, one would have found Fr. McDonald in a darkened room before a flickering fire telling a ghost story to an appreciative audience; and it is safe to say that a peaceful night was disturbed for many by harrowing visions of gory horror,—daggers dripping with blood, and bloody faces.

Altogether Thanksgiving was a happy time for us who were unable to go away. We had considered ourselves more or less unfortunate, but in the end we found that we had about as good a time as the others; and we thank all those who in any way contributed to our pleasure and excitement during those few days.

Pigs is Pigs

OF all the fights and rough houses, and scraps and turmoils, dumpings and bumpings, which have been waged and raged in "hoi polloi" of Aspinwall, the most unseemly perhaps was the episode of the pigs. Pigs have places, some places have pigs, but Aspinwall—the name which whispers to Alumni stories and tales of by-gone conflicts and water fights—is not a place for pigs, only for Freshmen. Alumni tell us that they used, in olden times, to have animals indoors, but that was before the renovation of Aspinwall and our age of sanitation. It was the poor misdirected Freshmen who thought great pleasure could be gotten from carrying poor, unfortunate quadrupeds from their comfortable styes where they had retired for the night, to the criticizing optics of those who inhabit Aspinwall. The frightened porkers never before knew the luxury of clean white linen sheets as they experienced in Wellford's "couche du nuit" when carefully tucked in by the militant 'frosh.' However, not long even there could the huddled grunners remain in peace, for, like a bird coming back to roost, the owner of the bed came back to bed, and soon the swine were ousted into the hall, where they remained until other philanthropic Freshmen dragged the squealing hogs back to their proper places. The next day, however, was the day of reckoning, and for an account of this ask any of the 'frosh' involved.

Roommate: Why did you stay up so late last night arguing with that fella'.

Other Roommate: I was trying to convince him that Socialism is not the same as Arachism.

THE MESSENGER

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ST. STEPHEN'S is a true Mother to all her Sons—both graduate and Alumni—and she expects them to be equally as true to her. The Undergraduate is distant from the Alumnus only in the material matter of years. But, both have one call in common, one harmonious bond—their Alma Mater. She needs their most earnest prayers and heartiest support. She depends on them to bring St. Stephen's to a position of unique prominence in the academic world. Her future rests almost entirely in the hands of her Sons. The situation of the world to-day is such that it offers a great opportunity and a challenge to that ever-living spirit in all men which loves to respond to a worth-while task. St. Stephen's has the men and her call is manifest. Certainly they will respond to her and thereby prove themselves worthy of her fair name.

To the Undergraduate laden with numerous duties evolved together with our new regime it may, at first sight, seem superfluous to point out a few of the ways by which we

can best forward the interests of our College. As the president has well said, "The men who are here this year are of a mighty good sort,—downright, out-of-door, clean-living, straight-thinking, virile men." The higher standard of scholarship demanded of us requires much of our time; but, it is the spare moments which, if we only will, we can turn into so many forces of paramount worth in the amelioration of our Alma Mater.

We must be sturdy advocates of her greatness, even to the point of boasting. Do we not owe this to the institution that cherishes us and is doing all in her power to make us upright men of true worth? There is everything to gain and nothing to lose by speaking well of St. Stephen's. On the other hand, there is everything to lose, and nothing to gain by speaking ill of her. If we are apologetic, and inclined to belittle our college, she will be judged and criticized by our utterances whether they be right or wrong. We must subject "crabbing" and encourage the praise that she merits.

Men of St. Stephen's! One of our greatest opportunities in the fulfillment of our obligations to the college lies in the various campus activities. The Dragon Club is well playing her part, and the Glee Club with its intended concert tour in view is bringing the outer world to fuller realization of what the college is and stands for. THE MESSENGER, your paper, the official mouth-piece of the student body, is a bulwark of strength in stirring up our now dormant friends and in bringing us many new ones. And, Athletics, too, will play a prominent part. With our Baseball team playing the various colleges of the Hudson Valley, we are certain to make people realize that St. Stephen's ranks high with the other colleges in the University of the State of New York. We have these organizations. Now, we must back them with our heartiest support. Our capabilities are limited; but, where we fall short in one department, we may be especially well qualified in another. It is for each individual to find out how he can best serve his Alma Mater and, having found his strong point, to develop it zealously.

The position of the alumnus as a man

among men is full of fertile and manifold opportunities to praise the numerous benefits of St. Stephen's. They are constantly in touch with young men intending to enter college. It is to them that we look for many of our future students. The St. Stephen's of today is not the St. Stephen's of the past. It is worthy of all the praise that they can proclaim. And, for this very reason, we look for their more frequent visits with us that they may imbibe some of our invigorating spirit and, satiated with this spirit, may guide straight-thinking athletic, Christian men to our portals.

"In unity there is strength," is an old but important truism. With the Undergraduates doing their best to uplift and to maintain the high standard of the college and the alumni cooperating with them by furnishing seed to this our fertile ground, St. Stephen's will rise to a protuberance heretofore unattained.

THE FOOTBALL season has been over for some time, but this is the first real opportunity for words of praise and commendation from "THE MESSENGER" for the football team. The bitter gloom of disappointment settled down upon the campus when the long-looked-for game with the Connecticut "Aggies" was cancelled—the goal toward which our more than praise-worthy football squad had been working. Since the opening of the football season, an intense interest in this particular phase of college athletics had been stimulated by the promise that, as a fitting culmination of our football season, we would have a real inter-collegiate contest—one worthy of our Alma Mater; but owing to influences more or less dubious and concealed, the happy climax of the season was denied us.

Not only has this injured the keen manifestation of college spirit on the campus,—only temporarily we hope,—but we fear mainly for the impression which is more than liable to be created without our walls. At this critical time in the history of our Alma Mater, when, under the new regime, a stronger hold upon life has been vouch-safed her, it is unfortunate that she should suffer in the

world of inter-collegiate athletics which in these times plays such an important part in the material welfare of any institution of learning. For a football team of a small college, more or less unheard of except in certain circles, to break off an engagement at the eleventh hour, smacks too much of either athletic cowardice or a shameful waning of college spirit. It is under such threatened accusations that a virile, red-blooded college man writhes in mental pain. The victory may have been denied us, but we would have been proudly conscious of the fact that we had met our obligations bravely and manfully, and could still hold our heads up.

Men of the football team, you of necessity feel this more keenly than others, although every true son of St. Stephen's is disappointed as you are. You have done nobly during the season just closed. You have worked untiringly and have given abundantly of your spirit. Many of you have had little or no experience in football and you have shown yourselves to be full of "pep" by facing in combat such a heavy and experienced team as Eastman—such commendable spirit that it drew words of honest praise and admiration from their players.

St. Stephen's is proud of you—your Alma Mater glories in you; and she hopes that your true spirit may not die in the face of discouragement, but that it will live and grow and finally come to its just reward.

Fraternity Notes

KAPPA GAMMA CHI

Alex. N. Keedwell, '19 visited the campus November 8th and 9th.

Mr. James Blackwell and Mr. Kirtley Lewis were guests November 24th.

Alonzo L. Wood, '19 and Alex. N. Keedwell, '19, attended the Junior Prom. and spent the week-end at College.

SIGMA ALPHA EPSILON

On November 24th, the following men were pledged to S. A. E.: Sayre, Sp., Vannix, Sp., Cleveland, '22, Turney-High, '22, Cowling, '23,

Craig, '23, Hinton, '23, Hoefling, '23, Howell, '23, Lyte, '23, Vincent, '23 and White, '23.

Paul Hartzell, '15, and Harry J. Stretch, '19, of the General Theological Seminary, were guests at the Junior Prom.

EULEXIAN

The formal opening of the Chapter House was held on November 8th. Among those present were: President and Mrs. Bell, Dean Davidson, Doctor and Mrs. Upton, Professor McDonald, Professor Fowler, Professor and Mrs. Kaltenbach, Professor Cook, Doctor and Mrs. Williams, Miss Southern and Mrs. Daniels. During the summer, the "Bungalow" was renovated and improved. The building was painted without and within, a spacious fireplace was constructed, adding greatly to the attractiveness of the living-room, electric lights were installed, and a number of other minor changes made. Some new draperies have effected a marked change in the appearance of the interior of the building.

Leonard, '23 was initiated into the rites and mysteries of Eulexian on Friday, November 7th. Following the initiation, a banquet was held in the Chapter House, at which, besides the Active Chapter, there were present the following Alumni: Bleecker '76, Pooley '08, Stoddard 1900, Wilson '14, and Leonard '14.

The following men were pledged to Eulexian on November 24th: Anderson, Sp., Fisher '23, Golding '23, Howes '23, Hubbs '23, and Libby '23.

Junior Prom.

THE first formal dance of the year, the Junior Prom., was given to the Seniors on the evening of Friday, November 21st in Ludlow-Willink Hall by the Class of '21. This occasion, holding usually in the past a minor place in the social functions here at St. Stephen's, was conducted so efficiently and so thoughtfully, and had in attendance so large and enthusiastic a gathering, that it is rather difficult to express the appreciation of the Undergraduate Body in terms fittingly

complimentary. If hither-to-fore doubt existed whether or not the Juniors have lived up to their motto, "Carpe Occasionem," it should be cleared now that they have positively seized the occasion in their contribution of one of the prettiest and best dances here in recent years.

Time abundantly spent in the Hall at the expense of Greek, perhaps, during the days prior to the dance, and labour diligently applied probably paying heed to the exhortation prevalent on the Campus last year, "Labor vincit omnia," produced of spacious Ludlow Hall picturesque in appearance, dignified and home-like in aspect, artistically decorated in various colors, with the Class colors maroon and grey in predominance.

The pretty music, the atmosphere of sociability, the delightful intermission for refreshments, altogether characterized the event pre-eminently exquisite to a remarkable degree of fascination. The first public display of the Class Coat-of-arms proved to be quite an attraction on the south wall of the Hall.

The patronesses were: Mrs. Bell, Mrs. Kaltenbach, Miss Southern, Mrs. Williams, Mrs. Daniels, Mrs. Kidd, Miss Cruger, Mrs. Aldrich, Mrs. Lewis, Mrs. Morris, Mrs. Davidson and Mrs. Upton. The following were the guests of students: Misses Henrietta Rowe, Julia Decker, and Helen Smillie of Rhinebeck, N. Y.; Misses Marion Barritt and Violet Pierson of Poughkeepsie, N. Y.; Miss Lorene Sengstack of Passaic, N. J.; Miss Mary E. Gould of Hunter's College, N. Y.; Misses Elizabeth McCormack, Mary Dern, Jane Lewis, Mary Gage and Christine Morris, of Vassar College, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.; Misses Grace and Bessie Delaney and Lillian B. Clark of Hudson, N. Y.; Misses Dorothy Harper and Alice Spangler of Red Hook, N. Y.; Miss Margaret Dolson of Albany, N. Y.; Misses Elizabeth DuFlon and Lila Philips of Kingston, N. Y.; Miss Ruby Hall of Ballston Spa., N. Y.; Misses Katherine and Julia Kelley of New Paltz Normal School, New Paltz, N. Y.; Messrs. Keedwell, Stretch, Alonzo Wood, Hartzell and Haines were also guests of the Class '21.

In Other Colleges

HARVARD Medical School has 300 students and 263 instructors, and thus every class contains but one or two students. The large number of teachers is possible because 91 receive no salary and the rest an average of \$200.00 per year.

The Freshman Class at Hobart does not appear to be very slow for it has as members Speed, Swift, Fast and Legge.

Thirty members of the football squad of the University of California are "toting" a football wherever they go. The coach gave each man on the squad a pigskin, with orders to keep it with him all the time, under penalty of being barred from the squad. At meals, at classes, at dances, at parties, on the streets, every place, even in bed at night, the men keep the football tucked under their arms.

Rochester's radio-telegraph installation is going forward steadily, and the University will soon be able to receive messages from the high power stations in France, Italy, Germany and England.

Oratorical Contest

ON Saturday evening, November 15th, 1919, there was an oratorical contest held in the Reading Room of Ludlow and Willink Hall. This Freshman oratorical contest was the first of its kind for a great while in St. Stephen's College and as the first it was exceptionally good. Six Freshmen entered for the finals and though the first prize was almost unanimous it was quite difficult for the judges to decide the second place. The judges were Professors Davidson, McDonald and Kaltenbach, and they were very just in their decisions. Brown, Sp., was awarded the first prize of twenty dollars in cash, and Leonard '23 won the second prize of five dollars. It was a very interesting contest and the audience, enjoying it immensely, regretted that all the competitors could not each have received a prize.

Alumni

Gardiner P. Coffin, '16 and Miss Margaret Iren Young were married on December 2nd, at Flushing, L. I.

George E. Spitzli, '17 has returned from France after serving in the A. E. F. for over fourteen months, and is now tutoring at Buck Hill, Pa.

William Edward Berger, '17 and Arthur Bryant Dimmick, '17 were ordained Deacons on the Wednesday before Advent, in the Chapel of St. Mary the Virgin at Nashotah, by the Bishop of Fond du Lac, acting for the Bishop of Milwaukee.

The Rev. Frank J. Knapp, '98, is now Chaplain of the Cathedral School of St. Paul (for boys) and St. Mary (for girls), at Garden City, L. I.

The Rev. John Wallace Gardner, '06, has become rector of St. Paul's Church, Flatbush, Brooklyn, succeeding the Rev. Townsend G. Jackson, D. D., '78, who becomes rector emeritus, after a rectorship of thirty years.

Chapel Notes

Special Preachers for the month of November:

Nov. 2.—The Rev. John M. S. McDonald, Professor of Philosophy.

Nov. 9.—The Rev. Theodore R. Ludlow, Boone University, China.

Nov. 16.—The Very Rev. A. C. Larned, Dean, All Saints' Cathedral, Albany.

Nov. 23.—The Rev. Joseph G. H. Barry, D. D., Rector, Church of St. Mary the Virgin, New York.

Nov. 30.—The Rev. Lyford P. Edwards, Ph. D., Professor of Sociology and Economics

During the month of November at Evening on Tuesdays and Thursdays, the Rev. President has been giving short instructions on the "Art of Worship." On Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, there were student addresses in the interest of the Nation-Wide Campaign.

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JOHN C. ROBERTSON, M. A. (University of Virginia); Ph. D. (Johns Hopkins). Hoffman Professor of Greek Language and Literature.

The REV. LYFORD P. EDWARDS, B. A., M. A., Ph. D. (Chicago). Professor of Sociology and Economics.

EDWIN C. UPTON, B. S. (University of Maine); M. A. (Columbia); Litt. D., (St. Stephen's). Professor of the English Language and Literature.

The REV. JOHN M. S. McDONALD, B. A. (Harvard). Professor of Philosophy.

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St. Stephen's College,
ANNANDALE-ON-HUDSON, N. Y.

Dragon Club

ON the evening of November 5th, the Rev. Lyford P. Edwards, our new Professor of Social Science, delivered a lecture on "Sabotage, or the Evolution of Strikes." Realizing that the strike question is one of the greatest problems of modern times, Dr. Edwards very ably introduced us to some of the different aspects of strikes and some of the history of their origin. Lectures of this nature are exceedingly helpful, for the knowledge of the causes of an evil will be of great help to those who are wishing to remedy the evil.

Albert Jay Nock, one of the editors of "The Nation" and an alumnus of this College, lectured to us on November 24th. His subject also was one of foremost interest to us all—"Evolution or Revolution." Mr. Nock has been in Russia since the institution of Bolshevik rule and he was able to give us some valuable first-hand information. Mr. Nock said many unpleasant and disagreeable things, but it is safe to say that his lecture caused more earnest thinking and discussion than any previous one.

Campus Notes

THE "Annandale Reds," an unrecognized basketball team from this college, were defeated by the Red Hook players on Dec. 2nd, at Red Hook, their loss being due to the combination of lack of practice and the poor court.

Miss Mary Fowler, of New York City, spent the Thanksgiving recess here with her brother, the Rev. Cuthbert Fowler.

Miss Ruth Wilson, of Richmond, Virginia, spent Thanksgiving as a guest of Miss Southern.

Mrs. Upton and children spent the holidays here on the campus.

Mrs. Kaltenbach is spending several weeks with friends and relatives in Chicago and Evanston, Ill.

Mr. Joseph C. Wilson, of Garden City, L. I., visited his son Wilson, Sp., for several days.

Mr. E. L. Delaney, of Lynn, Mass., spent part of the Thanksgiving vacation with Lyte '23 and Craig '23.

Strong, '21 and Donovan, Sp., have been elected delegates to represent the college at the international Student Volunteer Convention at Des Moines, Iowa, Dec. 31st-Jan. 4th.

"Hoffman, '20, has been appointed by the Rev. President to take charge of Athletics during the absence of Mr. Daniels.

Under the Lyre Tree

MAGAZINES

The Green Book—Freshmen.
Life—Clarke.

The Call—Hubbs.

The Menace—Rules.

Popular Mechanic—Bucky.

The Spirit of Missions—Pfaffko.

Judge—The Student Council.

America—Howell.

Vanity Fair—Wellford.

New Version of the Litany at St. John's.

Sayre: Eliminate all Bishops, Priests and Deacons, etc.

Congregation: "We beseech thee to hear us Good Lord."

Of course miracles happen some times for when the power was off in chapel the President said "Lighten our Darkness we beseech thee O Lord" and the lights immediately came on again.

Of course the joke of the T. K. B.'s, who put the lights out at the dance, went flat for who wants all the lights on at a dance anyway?

Wanted.

Some waiters for the Dining Hall.
Some time in which to read newspapers.
Some basketball players.
Some rubbish heap for crabbers.
Some college spirit.
Some contributions to the Messenger.

Hallowe'en

It was a dark and stormy night
But just for those outside
For Preston Hall was full of light
At Holy Hallow tide.

The President in pirate's suit
Was just one huge success
While others took their parts along
Just wonderfully I guess.

There was the pirates' dazzling knife
The Philosopher's long beard
The Chinaman's rig out was fine
And Bishop's were revered.

There were jockeys, tailors farmers, chefs,
Labor and capatist
Convict old lady debutante
Saint Nellie still unknissed.

The jailer and hun soldier
Also the red cross nurse
While the bishop and his acolyte
The ritual did rehearse.

There were the Palm Beach folks to kill
Also the robe du mint
The lady with her dazzling pearls
The little girl so cute to see.

Then over there to Babylon
When Darius was its king
But Cicero the orator
Was really quite the thing.

This was a glorious Hallowe'en
With colored minstrels' jest
We're looking for another soon
To make the next the best.

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