

MESSENGER

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The S. Stephen's Colleg Messenger.

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Vol. 2.

Annandale-on-Hudson, N. Y.

No. 3.

November, 1895.

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Prospectus of The S. Stephen's College Messenger.

This Magazine will be published every month from September to June, inclusive, by the students of the College. Its character will be literary. A special feature during the present year will be an article in each number by a member of the Faculty, a prominent alumnus, or some noted friend of the college.

Subscriptions may commence with any number, and will always be for ten months, exclusive of vacation. Terms, \$1.00: single copies 10 cents.

All business communications and subscriptions should be addressed to the Business Manager.

While notes and items of interest about the Alumni and friends of the College are desired and requested, the chief purpose for which the paper is maintained is to exhibit the best literary work of the undergraduates.

A prize of \$10.00 will be given to that undergraduate whose contributions of essays, poems or stories, during the college year, judged in respect to excellence and number, shall be considered the most deserving.

No contributions will be published if written on both sides of the paper.

Contributions will be returned, if stamps are enclosed.

All contributions must be accompanied by the names of the authors, and will be published only under the full names or an initial of the names of the writers.

Contributions to appear in any particular number must be received before the fifteenth day of the preceding month.

Address:

"EDITOR-IN-CHIEF,"

THE S. STEPHEN'S COLLEGE MESSENGER.

The S. Stephen's College Messenger.

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VOL. II.

ANNANDALE, N. Y., NOVEMBER, 1895.

No. 3.

Concerning Character.

SUCCESS in building what we call a character is so largely conditioned upon the circumstances of early years, that it is difficult to outline principles to proceed upon, which shall be general enough to be useful, and at the same time special enough to be satisfactory. A man who reaches an age of discretion, having been directed into habits of propriety, industry and refinement from his infancy, by the diligence of his parents, possesses an advantage over another, who has not had his early faults of disposition, and vicious or self-dwarfing tendencies overcome; for the reason that he is prepared to adapt himself at once to certain requirements which society makes of him at that age; and also he is in a position to go on adapting himself to others, as he finds out what they are, with no loss of time or ground: while the unprepared man is liable to neglect or misapprehend these requirements; or, if he perceives their existence, as affecting himself, he may be so held by habit to a non-conforming course of action, as to be unable to meet them. Character is one of those words which we hear so often and use so often without taking the trouble to analyse them, that indolence finally brings us to believe that they mean something; but we are sometimes surprised to find that we do not know what it is. Without an attempt at definition, it is reasonable to say that the measure of a man's character is the amount of correspondence between his own activity, and the demands which society makes upon him. These covering the employment of all his powers: his virtues, his judgement, his conscience, and his manners and muscles. What we call a man of character, is one, for instance, who recognizes that the constitution of society is such as to require each of its members to live honestly; and he proceeds to fashion his life accordingly. Or, he perceives that the service of society, and hence of his own interests, demands self control, energy, and attention: so he suppresses irregular habits, indolence and dreaminess, and desultory thought. He sees that the result of society's ethical experience,—which is its religion, in the broadest sense,—demands his allegiance; so he endeavours to advance its cause, and enlarge the scope of its practical usefulness. He discerns and ac-

cepts his opportunities of learning new phases of truth; under the act of pleasure, he learns important facts about the relations of one man to another, and thereby to the Man of men,—who calls us brethren, and himself the son of man,—by the entertainment of angels, unawares; and on the noonday road to Damascus, or at the vision of the glowing cross, there enters into his soul an intimation of the eternal purpose, which gives the common things of his life a high significance; which harmonizes them into *Te Deum* and *Pange lingua*, and gives him strength to do each day's work, and to know that his sufficiency comes from God. The man of character is the man of strong common sense, of strength of purpose, of quick perception, clear judgement, devotion to duty, ready sympathy, unflinching liberality; who, in his relations with others, never loses sight of the fact that if he had been born with precisely their disposition, and brought up in precisely their environment, he would think and believe precisely as they do, and *vice versa*; who never loses in books, money, or pleasure, the duties that he owes to man, and never loses in men, the duties that he owes to God; who banishes fugitive ideation, makes his thought consecutive, practical and full of purpose, maintains self-control, is alert for opportunities which come to him, and works while it is yet day, and then stops and rests; the man, in short, who represents the sum of those qualities which are of the life which is the light of men, and which make him worth keeping in the world here, and worth saving in the world hereafter.

Now these qualities are proper objects of education: and education is a matter of time,—of a life-time, and, let us hope, more. The workman is made by working; and the simplest practical rule of life with a view to forming what we call a character, seems to be, to do the next thing as well as it can be done: for one duty brings another, and one opportunity improved, leads to another; and the regular performance of duties begets system and economy of time. One of the busiest and greatest men that ever lived said that he found he never had so much leisure as when he had the most to do. To assure ourselves of becoming men of approximately proper character, therefore, it would be appropriate to lose sight of ourselves in the performance of the duties which pertain to the present; only occasionally taking time enough to review our progress and observe that we are unprofitable servants: and then letting the past count for nothing more than a factor in our education, proceed to live each day by some ideal of the life of our dear and honored Master, who, among all his forceful examples of the perfection of the human character, has left us this; that whenever and wherever he saw anything before him to be done, he went to work at once, and did it.

Albert Jay Nock, '92

—◆◆◆—

A conscience is a good thing, but is *not* intended to duty for other people

A Summer's Tale.

IN the twilight of a June evening, three men sat talking in a college room. The subject of vacation was under discussion, and two of them were building air castles in which their sweethearts reigned supreme. The third member of the trio puffed his pipe in silence, and often smiled with seeming contempt at the plans of his companions. At last one of the latter broke out: "Oh well, Hank old fellow, you'll come to it someday; and then, if we are inclined, we may sneer at you. For my part, I hope I shall not be so mean. I am firmly convinced, however, that before this summer is over, you will be in love. An excellent opportunity you will have. By the way, I don't believe that Jim has heard your plans in detail. Tell him, and see if he will not agree with me."

The man thus addressed, Henry Tompkins, was somewhat older than his fellows and more subdued in many ways. In reply to the request, he raised himself from his reclining posture on the bed, removed his pipe from his mouth and began: "Why, my Bishop has granted my request for lay-work, and has put in my charge the little parish at Stokesville. I have never seen the place, but believe it is only a hamlet; and I don't see how I shall be in such great danger from girls."

Jim laughed and replied: "Is it possible that you are not aware of the wily arts employed to catch the 'minister.' Ah, my poor fellow, you have my sympathy. I heartily agree with Ned, when he says that you are doomed to a love affair this summer. I pity you; because you will take it so hard. Oh, would that we were going to be near you, to listen to your confessions, and to give you the much needed advice, born of experience. You will write to Ned, of course, and I hope he will keep me informed."

"If it amuses you fellows, you may talk," Hank replied, "but it is sheer nonsense. I shall do my parish duties, review my Horace, and for recreation will bontanize; I shall have no time for girls. But granting you, which is absurd, that I should find myself falling in love."—"What would you do?" from both the others. "I would burn my bridges behind me. But *Tempus fugit* and I must get to bed early tonight; so I will leave you to cherish the gardens of your fancies, unassailed by the chilling winds of my incredulity. So long."

Several weeks after this Mr. Ned Brewster received the following letter from his college friend:

STOKESVILLE, June 20th.

Dear old Ned:—Here I am in "my parish." I arrived this morning, and having written a lengthy epistle to mother, I turn me to you for company. I am very lonely. Stokesville, as I anticipated, is but a hamlet: so small that it supports but one church, S. Timothy's, and over this I am to preside until

the middle of September when I can hie me again to you. May the time fly.

I am ensconced in a very pleasant home ; being the only boarder at the residence of Mr. John Haws and his wife. They are old people ; childless, for their only son died during his college course. He also was studying for the Church ; and when I told Mrs. Haws of my own hopes, her big motherly heart warmed toward me, to such an extent that I think she wanted to kiss me. I have already been allowed to look over her son's books and have her ready permission to use a copy of Anthon's *Horace* which I found among them.

This is Friday. I shall read my first service on Sunday ; meanwhile I must do some visiting preparatory to the organization of a choir. I have not studied any as yet, but shall begin systematic work next week.

The natural scenery about here is entrancing, and tempts me to exploration ; so I leave you. You are by this time basking in the sunshine of Miss Mary's smiles. I am afraid that you have represented me to her as such a woman hater, that a message from me would be distrusted ; however, my dear old fellow, because I love you, I cannot but love her also ; and knowing this, you may give her any message from me that may seem to you fitting. My love to Jim when you write.

Dominus vobiscum.

Affectionately,

HANK.

An extract from a letter received by Mr. Henry Tompkins in reply to the preceding :

Your letter was much appreciated ; but what kind of a place is Stokesville ? Are there no girls there ? Is it possible that knowing my interest, you failed to mention them ?

The following received by Mr. Ned Brewster.

STOKESVILLE, July 1st.

My dear bosom friend.—How I long for your presence to complete the harmonious happiness of this summer scene ! I am sitting in my cozy little room at the Haws'. The fruit laden cherry trees stretch their tempting branches almost inside my window ; and my privilege to freely partake of the cherries makes it especially delightful.

Your last letter lies before me, and I will answer its most important and most characteristic paragraph. I refer to your question about the young ladies of Stokesville. Oh yes, they exist ; and I would not have omitted them in my letter, had I known them at the time. I first feasted my eyes upon their ravishing beauty at the choir rehearsal, which I arranged for my first Saturday night. I dreaded the meeting, as you may well imagine. I rather relied upon the spinsterhood of the organist as a shield ; but alas, I

have since been startled to discover that she, even she, has been "making eyes" at me. Thus Jim's predictions are in part fulfilled.

Before the rehearsal, I had deemed it wise to put on my cassock, that my lack of natural ministerial dignity might be in part supplied. Surely you do not expect one to tell you all the names and distinguishing characteristics of the half dozen young ladies who attended my first rehearsal—there have been more since. They were distinctly rural in their appearance, despite the city fashions of last year in which they were decked. One was the "school-marm" of the village ; the others cannot boast of a profession. The rehearsal progressed without especial incident, except for the expected giggling. There, I can't tell you any more. I hope that this will satisfy and convince you that I will have no opportunity for "bridge building" not to mention "bridge burning."

Be content with this much today : duty calls in the person of Mrs. Haws who announces dinner.

Pax vobiscum.

With love,

HANK.

From the same to the same.

STOKESVILLE, July 15th.

Dear old Ned.—At last something out of the ordinary has occurred, and for your sake I am right glad ; for I cannot make letters from a combination of Stokesville gossip and the odes of Horace (at present, my principal mental food). You will remember that I told you of my intention to read daily, the offices of Matins and Evensong in the little church, whether the services should be attended or not. I ring the bell for these services, and there have been but one or two occasions when I have had to say the office alone.

At one Evensong last week I noticed a stranger in one of the back pews. It was a young woman whom I had not seen before. I afterwards asked about her but no one could enlighten me. The next afternoon (the service is at five) she came again. After the service, I hastily took off my vestments, and hurried to the vestibule to greet her (a parish duty ; you understand). Much to my surprise and pleasure, I found that she was the daughter of a clergyman, a priest of the Church, who with his wife is summering at a farm house about a mile distant from the village. Their names are Gardner. Mr. Gardner is in very poor health and Miss Joan, for that is my new acquaintance's name, told me that although they had been here a week, her father had not yet rallied from the fatigue of the journey ; and they were much discouraged. She had been sketching and was attracted by the sound of church bell.

As she told me these things, we had been walking along in the direction of the farm. I expressed a great desire to meet her father, and she invited me to go out with her then. I gladly consented.

But in all this I have not attempted to describe her for your benefit. She is tall, lithe and graceful; rather pale in complexion, with waving rich brown hair and large deep eyes. As we were walking along the dusty highway, she stopped and took, from a way-side thicket, a kit of artist's materials. She sketches in water colors, and very well too. Already she has promised to "do" the little church for me.

We reached the farm all too soon for me: for she is a quiet but entertaining conversationalist, with one of the brightest smiles I have ever seen. Mrs Gardner is a very lovable motherly woman; but poor Mr. Gardner is the best of the three. I am very thankful for his presence here; for I feel that he will be a great help to me. Already I have found the skeletons in the parish closets, in the shapes of old quarrels and prejudices.

Propriety cut short my first visit, but fortune favored me. For the next afternoon, during Evensong, a sudden thunder-storm came up, which would have detained Miss Gardner for some time, had my offer to take her home in the Haws' chariot (always at my disposal) not been accepted. As it was, we reached the farm quite late and found her father and mother quite worried. They were profuse in their thanks to me, and asked me to take tea with them. I could not refuse their invitation, nor did I want to. Tea was served in Mr Gardner's room, which opens just off from the vine covered veranda, and the table was placed so near the bed that Mr. Gardner was able to join us. Dea Father Gardner (I shall always call him that hereafter) drew me down to him as I said good-bye, and kissing me said: "God bless you, my boy." He is a college man, Ned, who has not forgotten days like ours; and because he can understand and sympathize, we are very closely bound together.

I have written so much, that it is now nearly time for Evensong. Miss Gardner has not been at the service for two nights now and I fear that her father is worse. If she is not there today, I mean to go out to the farm.

By the way; in the course of our conversation the other evening I discovered that the Gardners are acquainted in Elizabeth. I asked, of course if they knew Miss Mary Bowman. Now don't get excited, Ned, I didn't betray any secrets, nor ask any more questions, when I found that Miss Joanna knows her quite intimately. But at some opportune time I shall ask more and then, ah then, I shall be able to see Miss Mary through glasses, less likely to be roseate hued than yours.

Good-bye, dear boy.

Pax vobiscum.

HANK.

(TO BE CONCLUDED.)

A Visit to Sing Sing Prison.

AFTER reading about the old time prisons, the horrible dungeons, and places of confinement under ground and under water, one is forced to acknowledge that the modern prison is one of the indices of our advanced civilization and enlarged humanity.

The writer does not wish to leave the impression that he is a "jail bird" when he states that he has been through the New York State Prison at Sing Sing no less than *five* times; he was merely making a visit of a few hours on each occasion, to show some of his friends what was to be seen behind the prison walls.

The prison is situated on the outskirts of the city, about a mile from the New York Central & Hudson River Railroad station, toward the south. The carriage takes you, after a short drive, directly over the railroad tracks to the Warden's office. (You have all gone under this bridge, or more properly through this tunnel, every time you have taken "The Central" to New York.) Just before arriving at the office, we stop for a few moments to admire the beautiful scenery. To the south are the historical Palisades; and as the eyes turn gradually toward the north, you see successively the towns of Piermont, Grand View, South Nyack and Nyack, surrounding the beautiful broad Tappan Zee; and themselves surrounded by South Mountain, Hook Mountain and the intervening hills, which make these towns seem like children whose father and mother are both living; for the mountains protect them from the bitter blasts of the world, the river purifies, as she takes away all their imperfections and carries them into the distant sea. Beyond Hook Mountain lies the town of Haverstraw on that other lake-like expanse of water, Haverstraw Bay. This town, too, is backed up in the same way by High Tor and a succession of minor hills.

Still further to the north lies old Dunder Bergh or Thunder Mountain, and opposite this, on the same side of the river with us, is Anthony's Nose. These two mountain peaks form what is called the "Southern Gate of the Highlands." As the river makes an abrupt turn here, it is impossible to see beyond them, and the eye is thus forced back to its starting point of observation; not, however, before it has taken in, as they successively appear, the town and Bay of Peekskill—the latter so renowned for ice-boating—the town of Croton and that beautiful little peninsula, Croton Point, which appears like a strong arm keeping back the angry waves of Haverstraw Bay from the gentle Croton River, as she here joins her waters to those of the Hudson. Next comes the city of Sing Sing and we have taken in the entire panoramic view. Perhaps some of the party, impressed with the beauty of the surrounding country, were contrasting its freedom and loveliness with the thoughts that must arise in them at sight of the prison. No doubt you

would do the same if you were there. But the driver who has taken many parties before, does not care to use up time moralizing, and so interrupts our thoughts by pointing out a large granite building on the hill above us. A number of years ago this house was reserved for women prisoners; now however, one of the prison officials lives there, and women criminals are no longer received.

The Warden and his assistant are busy at their desks, but as soon as he sees our permit to go through the prison, he pulls a bell rope, and in a moment a man, clean shaven and with hair cut short, appears, dressed in the regulation striped uniform of the convict. While he goes for a guard to show us about the prison, we notice the register and find that there are just 1,210 men behind iron bars. In a moment the guard, who is to look out for us presents himself. (All the guards have revolvers about their person, and carry large heavy clubs.) He leads us down a flight of granite stairs, and then through a hallway into a large room, furnished with a desk and several benches. Chief Keeper Conington is at the desk, and in different parts of the room, talking in subdued voices, are the mothers, wives or friends of some of the prisoners. They are allowed to visit them in the presence of the chief keeper for a short time on Saturdays. While waiting here a few moments our eyes are attracted by a number of express packages, some of them open which seem to have just come in. These have been sent by the friends of some of the more fortunate prisoners, and consist chiefly of little dainties which they certainly would not find on the regular prison bill of fare.

The guard now takes us through an immense iron gate into the dormitories. He is a cheerful customer, that guard, and tells one of the young ladies of the party, as he observes her somewhat alarmed expression on hearing the gate locked behind her, that people never return when once the gate has closed behind them. Of course this adds to her discomfiture, as all eyes are now turned toward her; but then the jolly smile of the guard quickly dispells all fear. The building, in which the dormitories are, is six or seven stories high. On each floor there is a long narrow hall. On one side of the hall for air and light, is a row of small openings, strongly fitted with iron bars. On the other side is a corresponding number of cells. Their iron doors are so arranged that one guard can lock or unlock all those on the same floor at one time. The doors are made of open work, thus admitting light and air from the window across the narrow hall. There are no windows in the cells themselves which cells are about eight feet long by four feet wide. On one side is an iron bed, which during the day is folded up against the wall. It looked a though there would be very little "standing room" when it was let down. A wooden stool completes the luxurious furniture of this *awful* abode. Nothing, not even the electric chair, seemed to fill us with such horror as the sight of these dismal, doleful cells.

We did not delay long in these unpleasant halls, but went into the printing department which was near by. Ferdinand Ward, so well known for his wonderful money making proclivities while in Wall Street, was here, working off his ten years sentence by doing all the printing of the prison. There were pictures of his wife and child and handsome residence at Stamford, in the room, and he was certainly fortunate to be put at this work, where he seldom came in contact with the other convicts. His term was shortened for good conduct, as the terms of all who behave in an orderly way are, and he is now at liberty and devoting his entire attention to his only son, hoping that this son's good life may partially atone for his own misspent one. But we must not say too much about individual prisoners or we will fail to give an idea of the life of the great majority of them. After leaving the printing department, we go through the stove factory. Several hundred men are at work here, and have about the same hours as the ordinary day laborer. In the next factory shirts and cuffs and collars are being made. In the department where they are laundried, are a couple of Chinese prisoners, who look quite at home over the ironing boards.

Of course none of the prisoners are allowed to talk. Every here and there is one of those formidable guards, so this rule is well kept. But I believe the more intelligent of them have some secret manner of communicating with one another. In the tobacco department we found Mr. Pell, the breaker of the Sixth Avenue National Bank. He is a handsome man, despite his convict's attire, and gave me a genial smile as I caught his eye. There was only one other prisoner in this department, so the rules are not so strictly adhered to, as in the larger factories. This perhaps explained his talking for a few moments with me while the guard was explaining certain things to others of the party. One of the ladies of our party was acquainted with Mr. Pell and used to see him often in town before he "moved to Sing Sing." She did not care to have him know she was there, so waited for us outside. Each prisoner is given two small packages of tobacco a week. They are permitted to smoke in their cells, but it must be rather hard on those who do not revel in the smell of strong pipe-tobacco. There are no cigarette fiends there, however, so perhaps life is endurable after all. There are other departments of work, but we will not take up time to describe all of them. Every prisoner has a certain amount of work to do each day. If he is very diligent and finishes his amount before the stopping hour, he may either work on and be paid for what he does (the money is kept for him until he leaves) or he may get a book from the library and read or smoke in his *nice* little cell.

Sometimes prisoners, like other people, are overcome with that dreadful disease, laziness, and refuse to work; or perhaps are disobedient in other matters; then they are taken to the "dark cells" and fed on bread and water. The dark cells are much larger than the ordinary ones. There is not

an article of furniture in them and they are *pitch dark*, as our party found out when the guard locked us all in for a few (shall I say *awful*) moments. At any rate the young ladies decided that it *would* have been awful to have been in there *alone*. In case the dark cell does not bring the prisoner to his senses he is hung up by the thumbs. His thumbs are locked above his head, in a machine which is then raised so that his toes just touch the floor. As soon as he cries "Enough" he is released. It is a most painful punishment and will bring a prisoner around in an instant. One "nervy" man stood it for thirty seconds once, but bit through his tongue in his intense agony. The electric chair is away beyond the dark cells and is not nearly so dreadful a thing to look at as the representation, in wax, of an electricution, at the Eden Musé in New York.

After visiting this part of the prison we were taken into a large room where chief keeper Conington was registering a new gang of prisoners. Their age, weight, height, color of complexion, and any scars, were all noted down; and many questions, such as: What is your crime? What is your sentence? Were you ever here before? How long ago? What is your business? and so forth, were asked. Then they were supplied with prison suits, assigned cells and given work, if possible, similar to that to which they had been accustomed.

After we had listened to a few of these unhappy mortals making their shamefaced replies, the guard motioned us out into the courtyard to see the men go to their dinner. They filed out of the different shops and marched to the dining-room in lock-step, in squads of about fifty, a guard walking near each squad. The appearance of squad after squad of men in striped clothes, walking so close against one another as to make the entire line sway from side to side, was something that one is not apt to forget. The first man folded his arms and the others put their left arm around the waists and the right arms on the right shoulders of the men in front of them. When turning a corner the swaying striped line had very much the appearance of a huge snake.

As the prisoners have to work hard they are given healthful substantial food. The "Plate" is not of heavy silver nor is it inscribed with the prison "coat-of-arms." On the contrary the drinking cups are large tin ones and the plates are very much like a tin pie-pan. The dining-room is, of course, large, and is filled with stationary tables extending almost from one side of the room to the other, a small passage way being left on either side. At the end of each table stands a guard. When a prisoner wishes bread, he holds up his hand and the guard gives a piece to the prisoner nearest the end of the table; *he* hands it to the next man, and so on until it gets to the one desiring it. Poor Ferdinand Ward seemed to have no appetite in a place so different from his home, where he had been accustomed to have a sleek butler hand him any delicacy or dainty that he wished. His thin refined face contrasted markedly with some of the brutal faces near him.

There are two chapels in the prison, one for Protestants and one for Roman Catholics. The former is bare enough, but the latter is very interesting from the fact that one of the prisoners once painted, in oil, biblical scenes between every window. It would well repay one to visit the prison, if he saw nothing but these paintings. The expression of S. Peter's face, after the betrayal, is so true to what his feelings must have been, that you could almost imagine the artist's having the same unhappy experience.

If you look out of the railroad car window in going by, you will see at short intervals, little towers upon the prison walls. These are "watch-towers" and the guard in each has a rifle, which he uses if he sees a prisoner escaping, who refuses to return. Once in a great while a prisoner escapes. At the instant it is found out, the deep heavy bell is rung, and all the inhabitants of Sing Sing are aware of the fact and on the alert. They say that it makes one a little nervous to be wakened in the small hours of the morning in this way, and not know whether your house, or your neighbor's, is to the escaped ones a place of concealment.

This description of New York's greatest prison is very incomplete, although the chief facts are stated. If you wish to get a more vivid picture, go yourself and see the prison. Some may consider it a rather morbid desire, but it is well to know how the state is furnishing and caring for those of our brothers, whose lot in life has not been so fortunate as ours. Had we been born and bred as they, and they as we, the tables might have been changed.

Before leaving the grounds, we went to the little prison cemetery. All who die in prison and are not claimed are buried here. A wooden post marks the head of the grave, and the name, age and date of death are inscribed thereon. It is a fact worthy of note, that the average age at death is twenty-two. Whether or not the dissipation of past life, with remorse and discouragement can account for the early death of these young men, is a matter of conjecture.

Francis Van R. Moore.

Undergraduate Philosophy.

THREE college men were chatting in a cosy study. The light from the lamps was softened by rose-colored shades, and the smoke of Havana cigars wreathed about the room, and hung like a cloud over the divan, where two of the men sat. One was slightly built, and had a clean cut intellectual face and piercing gray eyes. His college cap was cocked over one eye, and in his hand he held a newspaper. The man beside him was an athlete, as his scarlet sweater declared. The owner of the room sat in an easy chair, near by, blowing rings. It did not take any great amount of perception to see, that he was something of a wag.

"Well," said the student, "this is encouraging. The man who started the

blue glass craze is dead. The paper remarks, that compared with Ritualism and other recent fads, it was quite harmless; but it seems to me that blue glass, in my room window, would be very depressing, and that is unnecessary. I know some houses on Beacon Street, Boston, where all the windows have blue glass. Fads are an interesting study. Just now, I suppose, the bicycle is the popular fad; but," as he glanced slyly at the athlete, "perhaps it is foot-ball."

"Shut up!" growled the half-back throwing a pillow at the student.

"I have an idea," said the wag.

"I'm afraid it will ruin your reputation, if it should ever get around college," responded the athlete. "Dr. A— says, that your thoughts are like angel's visits; few and far between. However, we will not give way on you. Let's have your idea."

The wag smiled blandly and continued. "I see that this is the age of fads and anyone, who starts a new fad, attains celebrity. A while ago, I met a woman—her name was Anna Hayden Webster, if I remember rightly—who wanted to go back to the old Greek dress. She floated around in a peplum or some such thing, with bare arms and without any hat. She *did* wear civilized shoes, and glasses, too, even if the old Greeks didn't. She said she was an Episcopalian; but she believed in transmigration of souls and re incarnation and a lot of other things, and went around the country lecturing on dress reform and *delsarte*."

"Then, I met a man once, who thought all our trouble arose from the unnatural usages of our civilization, and wanted people to live on grains and fruits. I believe he was a dyspeptic."

"Now, I think, it would be a good idea to write all the fads and make a new religion out of them. I haven't decided what to call it yet; but that can be settled later."

"Perhaps 'Panfadistic' would be a good name," suggested the student.

"Well, that will do for the present," the wag continued. "I will try to make people live as near as possible to the primitive state. To begin with my disciples will wear no clothes. This will end the dress reform movement. Such a scheme will, of course, be unpopular with the tailors and dress-makers but they constitute only a small part of the community. The first winter will be rather hard on them: still, I think, that the healthy ones will get along all right; and it don't much matter what becomes of the physically unfit. The law of the 'survival of the fittest' has been thwarted long enough. We shall hear no more of surplus population and the political economist will be out of a job."

"Another cardinal tenet, of the new sect, will be to eat uncooked food. They will have quite a variety, you see—even oysters!—and this will settle the servant-girl question, and so, make the movement popular with housekeepers."

"Our friend with the blue glass craze, who has just died, shall be the first canonized saint, and we will patch up an arrangement with the spiritualists and Madam Blavatsky's followers, and so, astonish the world with knockings and levitations. The people shall all come to church on their bicycles and ride them in procession on Bicycle Sunday. I think that women preachers would also be a good idea."

When the people die, they shall be cremated, and their dust mixed with Portland cement will make bricks to build a temple, which shall be the great and lasting monument of fadism."

The good nights were said and the visitors took their leave.

As they went down stairs the student remarked "I think that is the logical end of all these fads; but it won't be a success. The tailors and the dress-makers and the servant girls and the physicians and the undertakers will be too much for the new religion."

Watson Bartemus Selvage, '98.

Disillusionment.

THE eight weeks of probation are now about ended, and the new man is scarce, whose mind has not been as well filled with legendary lore of Annandale, as his stomach with cocoa and college cake. Ah, verdant new comer, we almost envy you the polite attentions which since your advent here have given you conceit and happiness. How innocently have you been escorted "down to the falls" where some unpoetic "old man" has gone into ecstasies over the beauties of nature; how, too, has this guide, whose madness you may now know was not without its method, waxed eloquent in telling you of the South American temple on Cruger's Island; or, in glowing words, charmed you with fictitious history (?) of the Livingston ruins. Beware! he was fooling thee—those bricks did not come from Holland; nor are the bits marble, of which you've already packed in your trunk to show "mamma," fragments of Italian. Soon you will have to fill your own pitcher, when John has neglected you. Ah, soon the curtain raising, you'll find out what a cold, cold world you are in. Yes, alas! dear boys, you must learn sooner or later that even college students are plain mortals and will expect you in time to become of their number.

The November goat will leave you on a more practical platform, even if you prefer to enjoy your broadened horizon, standing for a week or two.

Don't feel hurt at these words meant in kindness. Really you of this year are a pretty nice set of fellows and we all like you.

W., '97.

Correspondence.

THE MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

An item in the October MESSENGER calls our attention to this old society in a tone suggesting innocuous desuetude. We beg to say, in behalf of the fifteen members, that the society has maintained, for a year now, regular services at Clermont; where a gem of a church is re-opened with the hearty coöperation of Dutch Reformed friends. The congregation is "goodly," and under the work of Messrs. Dyer, '95, and Gibson, '97, the latter of whom spent the summer at Clermont, holding also a mid-week service, several persons have been baptized and a class presented to Bishop Doane for confirmation. The drive of sixteen miles is severe in winter; but we hope that as before a ready man will continue in the field.

Seth Wolcott Linsley, '97, Secretary.

Editor in Chief, S. Stephen's College Messenger, Annandale, N. Y.:

DEAR SIR:—I notice in June number some verses of forgotten authorship entitled "Those Good Old Times," and which you say are "more a relic than a work of merit." From a literary standpoint I suppose we must all agree with your criticism and in point of fact the poem is a relic. It was not written as a literary effusion, but as a song for a special occasion, and the author was Thomas J. Mackay. Mr. Mackay was a partial courseman with '74. He left College before completing his course, is now in orders and rector of a parish, I think, in Omaha, Neb. He was a genial, jolly fellow, a singer and moving spirit in one of S. Stephen's "deciduous" glee clubs.

The song with another now lost, I suppose, entitled "The Bards of Annandale" was, if my memory is correct, written for and sung at the dinner of Purification day, 1871.

In days gone by we annually celebrated on this day the laying of the corner stone of the Chapel, by a dinner in the college dining-room. The faculty and the gentlemen of the neighborhood were present, toasts were drunk and speeches made and we had a big time generally. This is what is referred to in the line

"To-day we join to celebrate our yearly jubilee."

The "Mormon infant" was an actual fact and a great hit. He had just come to college fresh from Mormondom.

I have not seen nor heard the effusion since that long gone second of February, 1871, but I well remember that it was a great success, and whatever we may think of it now, when we see it in cold print, the fellow who would have hinted then that it lacked "merit" would speedily have become a relic.

Yours truly,

A. W. G.

We are truly thankful for this little history of the poem mentioned, and fervently wish we could have *now* such good times as they evidently had then. We have never heard why this festive occasion is no longer celebrated, but judge it is because we have holidays now which they had not then. Many changes, too, have occurred in America since '71, even in Annandale. Imagine the rural population of this region taking part in a festive celebration! To be sure they are always present at minstrel shows, but never otherwise, unless to complain of the absence of some of their old hens, which they seem to take for granted must be in our rooms or stomachs; from their looks we should say the latter. So much so is this the case that it is as funny as a comic opera, sometimes, to see the lengthened countenances of these individuals at the mention of the name "student"; you would imagine from the furtive glances cast in the direction of the hennery, the apple trees, the cider barrels, etc., that something disastrous was about to happen; but, —no more tales out of school. We can sum the matter all up in the sentence: "The gentlemen of '95 residing in this neighborhood, with possibly an exception or two, are not those of '70."—*Ed.*

Messenger Verse.

BETTER SO.

REST always must be born from strife,
As life from life;
For peace must be the fruit of war,
Which was before;
And we do best for future years,
Who sow in tears.

S., '98.

A FIRESIDE THOUGHT.

I sit by the fire with its dying embers,
And watch the old flames as they sputter and die;
I think of the past with its silent members,
And with the memory there comes a sigh:
Oh typical coals of our hopes that perish,
Of plans for the future that flame and fly,
Pray teach a lesson for hearts to cherish:
Of hopes grown cold, that blacked lie,
Some retain their shapes, and with other's fervor
May, charcoal-like, help new sparks to fly.

E., '98.

AUTUMN.

"Cum decorum mitibus pomis caput
Autumnus agris extulit."

Horace, Epode, II, 17, 18.

Autumn in fields and orchards rears his head,
His locks of harvest crowned with ruddy fruit,
A man, mature, by festive maidens led ;
Gay, flaring colors well his nature suit.

Have we e'er said that middle age should be
In nature and in dress sedate and grave,
From need of gladsome mirth and pleasure free,
For use and duty all its strength to save ?

O'er careful and mistaken have we been ;
Rich pleasures well become all middle age.
To Autumn turn ; his lesson will be seen ;
Noble in usefulness—gay as any page.

R., '98.

A CHARGE BY A NON-ENTHUSIAST.

All the time, all the time,
Talks each fanatic,
Riding their latest craze,
Daft but emphatic ;
"Come out and play," they say,
"Or watch the game to-day,
Never mind college work
Don't be erratic."

"Foot-ball" to right of me
"Foot-ball" to left of me,
"Foot-ball" in front of me ;
Is volleyed and thundered.
Still must I hear them tell
How boldly they played and well—
Dirge, like a song of death,
Worse than a plague of Hell,
From common sense sundered.

B., '98.

ALL SAINTS.

So closely now with us are joined the faithful dead,
That 'tis as though we were the hands, of Christ, the Head :
One hand at work below, one raised above in prayer,
Here may we pray for them, they labor for us there.

H., '98.

MY CHOICE.

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.

E. S. Dunlap, '97.

THE PROGRESS OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

"My son," a father kindly said,
"Of this motto note the force ;
Remember that a rolling stone
Will never gather moss."

The son unto his father said :—
"Yes, sir, it may be so,
But drop some hay-seed on the moss
And it will quickly grow."

K.



SO the last number was too heavy? Sorry! Suppose you send us something light; no doubt we will accept it if it is good, and of course critics of your standing could never write anything else but *good* articles!

We all make mistakes at times, and the Board is no exception. We find that "Correspondence" is a failure, being both too personal and entirely below the standard we are trying to maintain; we therefore discontinue it. Tutor Anthony, by some oversight or mistake, in the October issue, was stated as being a professor, to which title, of course, he has neither a right nor a claim, as he merely teaches the rudiments of Greek to the preparatory men and instructs two of the college classes in French. We state this fully so that any one of the Alumni who might have been misled by our mistake may know the true state of the case. We might add that we think Mr. to be a more proper title, and in the future in referring to the tutors will make it a rule to use it.

There exists at S. Stephen's College, as well as at every other small community, a class of individuals whose chief occupation seems to be fault finding. To regard with any attention the gabble of such wiseacres, has always seemed to the writer of the Outlook to be waste of time. It appears to be imperative, however, at this time, to give some slight acknowledgment of the profuse attention that these mortals have deigned to bestow on "that college paper," and to thank them meekly for the kind (?) criticism with which they have always most unsparingly favored us. Gentlemen, we do not propose to enter into any lengthy disputation concerning the logical fallacies we are liable to utter, but we would suggest that you peruse some work on rhetoric, and learn the difference between a simile and a metaphor, synecdoche and metonymy, before you start on a career as critics. It is well, generally, to be versed in these "small matters," and so save yourselves from ridicule, as well as oblivion. Tacitus in his "Life of Agricola" utters no truer statement than when he said "as bodies slowly increase, but quickly perish, so it is more easy to suppress industry and genius, than to recall them." Critics are

as necessary as exterminators of vermin, but they should be told what the work is, and kept at their own peculiar duty. It is far easier to criticise and to destroy than to do as well ourselves. Now boys, we have all done our share of destroying until nothing is left. Suppose we try building by way of change. Our thoughts, like houses, will be rough at first; but then no town was ever built up at once with mansions. Palaces always are erected, long after the advancement of wisdom and prosperity. It is the ugly, matter-of-fact, utilitarian dwellings that first make their appearances in every community. It was so at Athens, it is so to-day. When we are able to write articles that will defy criticism, we will be more advanced in years and erudition than we are now.

"What shall the harvest be?" is *the* question of to-day. From the swearing running down the foreheads of the rushers, we should say that it will be great.

We have been disappointed more than once, on going into the reading room, to find the papers in such disorder. The Missionary Society, which is supposed to keep these papers in some systematic way, seems to have utterly disregarded its duty in this respect, and now contents itself by meeting once a month to consider the cause of missions. Its members seem to have forgotten that mission work commences at home, and though they are doing an excellent work at Clermont, they have entirely neglected the duties here. The missionary society is under obligation to the college to keep their papers in proper order, and they should feel that it does as much good as their discourses on the Chinese. If they are to awaken a love for mission work in the breasts of men here, they must place their magazine and church papers in such an order that it will be easy to pick them up and so enjoy them. Men, as a rule, unless they are very interested (as we all, unfortunately are not), will not take the trouble to wade through a pile, a foot in thickness, of miscellaneous magazines, papers and pamphlets, to reach those that are specially written to awaken an interest in missions; and especially not when, as we have recently seen, a copy of some funny paper caps the pile. Why should a man dig through that pile to get the "Spirit of the Missions," when he only wants to be interested, and Puck, which is right on top, will do as well? If, however, no paper was allowed on that table but those which pertained to the object the society is supposed by all means to advance, the one coming in would be compelled to read what the society should wish him to read, and possibly, become interested in its aim. This indiscriminate selection of matter has been a source of amusement for more than one scoffler, and should receive the attention of those concerned, and be speedily remedied.

We notice in the Church Bells for last month a reference to a gift that has been offered us by Dr. Hoffman. We have heard of this gift before, and have always been deeply thankful for the interest Dr. Hoffman has taken in

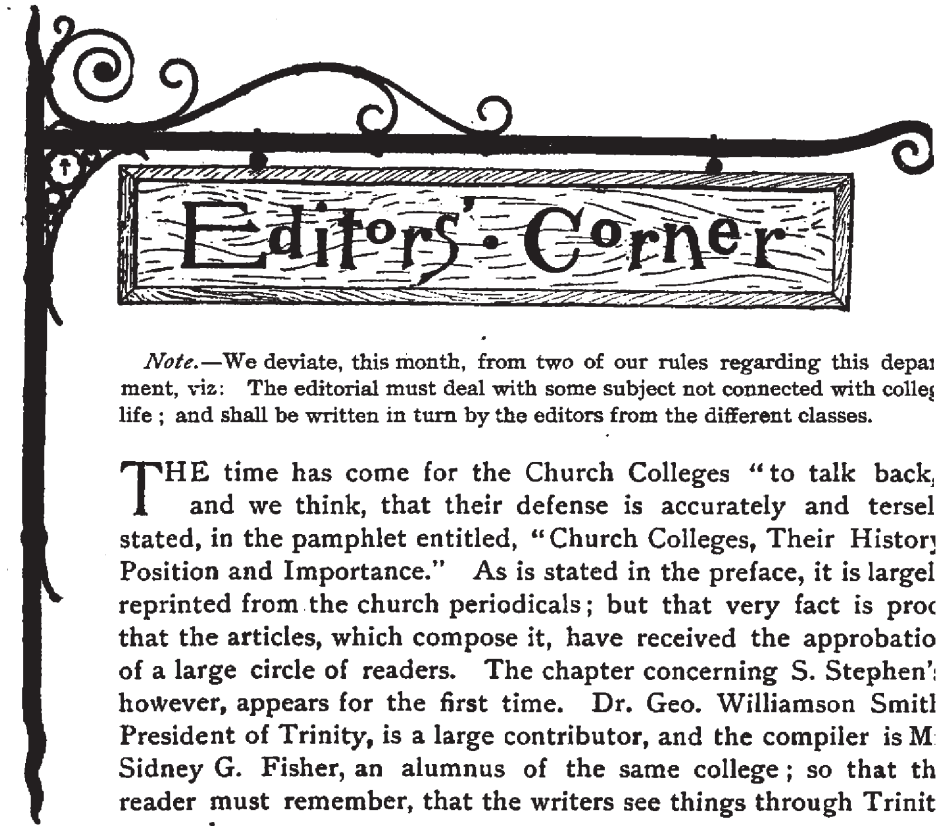
everything connected with S. Stephen's. We cannot see, however, how it would be practicable to print our paper ourselves, nor do we think it possible. We have too much studying to do to allow us to spend any time in learning the art of printing, and we venture to remark that we do not believe that there are any great advantages to be derived by clergymen from such knowledge. We have met many clergymen who are models of what men can and should be, and are strong and faithful workers of Christ; but not one of these men ever has need of the knowledge of printing in his avocation; so we may safely conclude that there are doubts whether we ever will, at least, as clergymen. There are, also, too many men in the different callings of life to-day, who from a craze of appearing as "Jacks of all trades," lead lives that are neither fruitful nor useful. One finds them, sometimes, as lawyers, doctors, and clergymen combined; in other words as pettifoggers, quacks and dominies. Church Bells now desires to add the latest craze to the list, namely, church printing; of the efficacy of which we have still to be convinced. Personally, we know that it is work enough, together with college duties, to edit this paper without attempting to add any more to it; and we imagine that the business management of it is just as engrossing. We trust, therefore, that Church Bells will not think that we are ungrateful, but will see things in their true relations. To become a good printer requires years of apprenticeship; and to get the degree of B.A. requires four years of study. Why try to combine the two and make a failure of both?

We need one hundred subscribers; or, in other words, one hundred dollars. We must procure them to run the paper; who will help us?

The writer read a few days ago in the "Manliness of Christ," by Thomas Hughes, the following lines of Emerson, which are written in the hall of Marlborough College:

"So close is glory to our dust,
So near is God to man—
When duty whispers low, 'thou must,'
The youth replies, 'I can.'"

The force of these lines, as you may readily perceive, is in the word "can"; or, more properly, "duty," and suggests at once to our minds the idea of obedience. We have no idea what impression these lines have made upon the youth of England who have had the opportunity of frequently gazing at them; however we do know that but one hurried glance deeply impressed us with the store of meaning they contained. How often we hear about us the word can't, and see the irresolute, characterless expression on the faces of the men who utter it. It is not uncommon either, it is far too prevalent. What we need is the voice of "duty" to whisper low "thou must," and then, oh, then, we need the powerful WILL to say, "I CAN."



Note.—We deviate, this month, from two of our rules regarding this department, viz: The editorial must deal with some subject not connected with college life; and shall be written in turn by the editors from the different classes.

THE time has come for the Church Colleges "to talk back," and we think, that their defense is accurately and tersely stated, in the pamphlet entitled, "Church Colleges, Their History, Position and Importance." As is stated in the preface, it is largely reprinted from the church periodicals; but that very fact is proof that the articles, which compose it, have received the approbation of a large circle of readers. The chapter concerning S. Stephen's, however, appears for the first time. Dr. Geo. Williamson Smith, President of Trinity, is a large contributor, and the compiler is M. Sidney G. Fisher, an alumnus of the same college; so that the reader must remember, that the writers see things through Trinitarian spectacles.

Here in America, we are in need of a great educational power like Oxford and we do not want the institution, which embodies it, to be under the control of those, who deny the fundamental doctrines of Christianity. A true culture—for that after all is the aim of the college—must take into account the threefold nature of man; and provide, not only for his mental and physical, but also for his spiritual well-being. The author insists on the dormitory system, as essential to the full development of the usefulness of college, and we are convinced that he is right when he says,

"We have a number of colleges. * * * First of all, those which are colleges in the true sense of the word. We refer to those where the students live in dormitories and are, day and night, subject to the influence of the institution. This is real college life. It is in this way that a college has its greatest and best effect on national thought and feeling. It is in this way that Oxford and Cambridge have aided in developing the Church of England and the English nation. If we should subtract from the English Church all that Oxford and Cambridge have done for her, how little would be left!"

Of these, he mentions Trinity, Hobart, Kenyon and S. Stephen's; and of those where the students do not live in dormitories, Columbia and Lehigh. The last two would, no doubt, gain much by lodging their students within college walls; but neither of these can ever become the long hoped for American Oxford. Columbia is located in a great city with the business of a nation surging to her very gates, and depriving her of that repose, which is necessary for the development of true culture; and Lehigh is principally a scientific school.

The author touches a burning question when he laments the shameful neglect of our Church institutions. Anyone, whose opinion is worth considering, knows perfectly well, that the standard of our Church Colleges is as high as that of those operated by dissenters; but, in the face of this fact, the "faithful laity" deliberately send their sons to Unitarian Harvard, and Congregational Yale, and Presbyterian Princeton, fondly imagining that *these* are unsectarian! Then the "faithful laity" put up costly buildings and give vast endowments to these institutions; and our own colleges are left to languish and, perhaps, to die like poor Racine.

Another cause of weakness lies in the fact, that most of our colleges are dominated by the dioceses, in which they are located; and that, their heads find themselves responsible for the doings of a diocesan convention, and subject to the petty annoyances of a bishop, or a committee of visitors. This most assuredly is unfortunate; and by a glance at the table (page 56) in which the average term of office of presidents of various colleges are given, it will be seen that Church Colleges experience a disproportionate number of changes. This is undoubtedly due to the evils of diocesan control. The place is too trying and often is used as a stepping-stone to greater preferment.

We can not too strongly commend his statement, "Our presidents should have a higher rank than ordinary clergy. At any rate, if they cannot be given some marks of distinction, dignity, and power, they should at least have freedom from local ecclesiastical interference." We would go even farther and give more power in ecclesiastical affairs to the colleges, making their presidents members of *all* the diocesan conventions and the General Convention, and also allow the Convocations of the Alumni to be represented.

Dr. Smith's plea for the small college is excellent. We should like to publish it in every college paper in the country. It was delivered before the "Hartford Board of Trade," and published in the "Churchman" of August 18, 1894.

The articles on the various Church Colleges are both interesting and instructive. Grand old William and Mary heads the list; and we certainly were surprised to read in the list of her alumni the names of Benj. Harrison, Carter Baxter, Thos. Nelson and Geo. Wythe, signers of the Declaration of Independence; Peyton Randolph, Edmund Randolph, Thos. Jefferson, Jas.

Monroe, John Tyler and John Marshall, the great Chief Justice. Columbia and the University of Pennsylvania conclude the pre-Revolutionary list, and need no eulogy.

Trinity, Hobart, Kenyon, the University of the South and S. Stephen's follow in turn; but it is the last article which nails the attention of the Annandale man.

The first two paragraphs are certainly wonderful—as works of fiction. Does the writer know nothing of the past tense? Is it possible that he imagines that "was" is present and means "is"? We can hardly think that; but perhaps his Trinity spectacles have caused him to err. S. Stephen's is not "only a training school for the ministry." Her course is not or "collegiate"; but her standard, both of curriculum and scholarship, is quite high as those of his own college, as he would know perfectly well, if he had taken the trouble to inform himself. It has become an axiom that there are none so blind as those who will not see, and, perhaps, we will be pardoned if we remark, that there are none so ignorant as those who will not learn. We should suggest that he correct this one unfortunate and misleading chapter before publishing another edition.

In the last chapter on the Colleges we learn that the author is still chasing that will-o'-the-wisp, so dear to the hearts of the Church University Board Regents. We believe that the Church University will one day be realized but it will grow up around one of the Church Colleges. Trinity is essentially eastern and her location is certainly not salubrious. Hobart is not centrally located and Kenyon is already in a decline; therefore, only Annandale and Sewanee are left to contend for the mastery. Perhaps *both* may reach that goal and then we shall have an American Oxford and an American Cambridge.

Athletics.

"Everything is done on the run in foot-ball." We regret to state that Vanamee, left guard on the Varsity has resigned from the team.

The new foot-ball suits, red and white striped jerseys and stockings, with a gorgeous sweater of college red, have arrived.

Among the numerous sprains and bruises resulting from the chase for the "pig skin," we regret to state that Toop is nursing a broken finger, Greine cut in the forehead, and Allison a broken leg. For the last named especially the MESSENGER has hearty sympathy, and rejoices at the fair hopes of speedy recovery.

Those foot-ball enthusiasts, who admired the team from Peekskill Military Academy should take notice of the fact that the students there are forbidden to smoke. This rule ought to be in force here among the members of the varsity team.

The following games have been scheduled for the team: Oct. 12—Peekskill at Annandale; Oct. 17—Berkeley School at Annandale; Oct. 19—Claverack at Claverack (canceled); Oct. 23—Trinity at Hartford; Nov. 2—Riverview at Poughkeepsie; Nov. 9—Peekskill at Peekskill; Nov. 23—Trinity, place not yet decided: also two games with Eastman Business College, dates not decided.

Flint '97, left end of the Varsity, played that position for Berkeley School vs. Riverview at Poughkeepsie, Oct. 19.

It was rumored about College that P. M. A. brought outside players for the game recently played here; but our regard for the men of P. M. A. is too high for us to give credence to any such statement.

Foot-Ball.

P. M. A., 20—S. S., 0.

The first game of the series, which has been arranged for the season, was played on the home grounds on Saturday, Oct. 12th against Peekskill Military Academy, under most inauspicious circumstances. The visitors presented a well trained team, able to play a strong aggressive game, while the home team was somewhat weaker than had been expected, and played a poor defensive. From the moment the visitors "struck town," it was evident that they would be winners, and the home team is to be congratulated that it was able to keep the score so low. Rain had been falling for two days so that the field was covered with several inches of mud. Capt. Moore was unable to play, and Dunlap '97 managed the team on the field. The visitors remained nearly three hours after the game and were entertained by the men in the different halls. Owing to the pouring rain there were few spectators. Following is a review of the game.

Peekskill won the toss and gave the ball to S. S. to kick off. It landed on Peekskill's 15 yard line where Smith captured it for a gain of 10 yards. Walker then made a run of 15 yards, and Peekskill began to force S. Stephen's line until the ball was only one yard from S. Stephen's goal. P. M. A. then pushed it over the line, scoring the first touch down in exactly five and one-half minutes from the kick off. No goal was kicked. On the next kick off P. M. A. obtained ten

yards for a foul tackle, and again the ball moved slowly but surely toward S. Stephen's goal. Peekskill again won ten yards for foul tackling and soon forced the ball forward for a second touch-down. No goal. After the third kick off Peekskill lost the ball on four downs but soon regained it on a fumble by S. Stephen's. After gaining 30 yards they lost the ball on a fumble. S. Stephen's then gained 15 yards and lost the ball on four downs. Peekskill forced the centre continuously until they reached S. Stephen's five yard line, when Fritts took the ball for a touch-down. No goal. Knapp followed the ball down the field on the next kick off and stopped its advance on Peekskill's 25 yard line, where it remained in Peekskill's possession until time was called. In the second half Peekskill kicked the ball to S. Stephen's 20 yard line, from which Dunlap gained 10 yards. Peekskill then gained the ball on four downs but lost ten yards for foul tackling. They soon forced the ball to S. Stephen's 5 yard line where Walker took it for a touch-down. No goal. Again Peekskill forced the ball steadily down the field for a fifth touch-down. No goal. Time was called with the ball on Peekskill's 30 yard line.

The positions were as follows:

P. M. A.	Positions.	S. Stephen's.
Stewart,	Right End	Odgen.
Whitbeek, } Hamilton, }	Right Tackle	Knapp.

Miller,	Right Guard	Mayers.
Chapman,	Centre	Judd.
Boyer,	Left Guard	Vanamee.
Dodd,	Left Tackle	Greiner. Belsey.
Stone,	Left End	C. Wheeler. Popham.
Smith,	Quarter	Dunlap.
Walker,	Left Half	Carroll.
Fritts,	Right Half	Devall.
Robbins, Kuker,	Full	Coerr. A. Wheeler.

The features of the game were the team work of Peekskill and the tacklings of Coerr, Carroll and Popham. In the second half the improvement of S. Stephen's guards and centre, in holding against Peekskill, was very marked. This was the first game for both teams and though P. M. A. out-played S. Stephen's in forcing the line, they were unable to make much advance around the ends. The fact that no goals were kicked was due to the weight of the ball on account of the mud. The halves were twenty-five minutes each.

BERKELEY, 0—S. STEPHEN'S, 14.

On Thursday, Oct. 17th, the home team "lined up" against Berkeley School, of Poughkeepsie, for the second game of the series. The game was played on the home grounds and with more favorable weather than Saturday's game. S. Stephen's offset the defeat of Saturday by shutting out Berkeley from scoring. Berkeley was unable to present a full team on the field and was allowed to use two of S. Stephen's substitutes, C. Wheeler as Right Tackle and Flint as Right End. They played a hard game against S. Stephen's. Knowing the signals of the home team they were able to stop more plays than would have otherwise been checked, and it was due to this fact that Berkeley was able to prevent S. Stephen's from scoring more touch-downs. Had Berkeley brought a full team the score against them would, no doubt, have been much larger. The home team profited by Saturday's experience and made fewer fumbles. The game was an exciting as well as an interesting one, from start to finish. At one time the ball was only about a foot from Berkeley's goal, but they regained possession of

the ball and drove S. Stephen's back to the 20 yard line. The halves were twenty-five minutes each. Following is a review of the game.

S. Stephen's won the toss and gave Berkeley the kick off. The ball landed on Stephen's 25 yard line where Coerr gathered it in for a short gain. Soon S. Stephen's lost the ball on four downs. Berkeley gained 5 yards. S. Stephen's then regained the ball on a fumble, but soon lost it in the same manner. Berkeley punted to Dunlap who gained 20 yards. S. Stephen's ends then did some excellent work and took the ball to within one foot of Berkeley's goal line. Berkeley forced S. Stephen's line back 5 yards, and then gained the ball on four downs. Conklin gained 10 and Heber yards. After three downs Conklin attempted to punt but was prevented from doing so by Belsey who took the ball forward to Berkeley's 5 yard line. Berkeley held S. Stephen's line and gained the ball on four downs but lost it by fumbling and Devall captured it for a touch-down eighteen minutes after the kick off. Coerr kicked a goal. Berkeley kicked the ball to S. Stephen's 10 yard line. After several short gains S. Stephen's lost the ball near the centre of the field, when time was called with the ball in Berkeley's possession. In the second half S. Stephen's kicked to Berkeley's 20 yard line and gained the ball on a fumble. They then forced the ball to within 5 yards of Berkeley's goal and lost it on four downs. Berkeley fumbled and Knapp seized the ball for a touch-down. No goal. On the next kick off Berkeley caught the ball on the 10 yard line but lost it by fumbling. S. Stephen's lost the ball on four downs and Berkeley punted to Devall who gained 10 yards. S. Stephen's got 10 yards by foul tackling and soon forced Carroll over the line for a third touch-down. No goal. Berkeley kicked to Dunlap who was downed by Flint on S. Stephen's 10 yard line just as time was called. The features of the game were the interference by Carroll, tackling by Knapp, and running by Devall. Dunlap and Moore for S. Stephen's; and the work of Conklin, Barley and Heber for Berkeley. No one received

any injury. One noticeable fact was that the *captains* of the two teams did most of the "talking." The positions were as follows:

<i>Berkeley.</i>	<i>Positions.</i>	<i>S. Stephen's.</i>
Flint,	Right End	{ Moore. Popham.
Wheeler,	Right Tackle	Knapp.
Heslin,	Right Guard	Mayers.
McComack,	Centre	Judd.
Hastings,	Left Guard	Belsey.
King,	Left Tackle	A. Wheeler.
Tompkins	Left End	{ Ogden. Moore.
Barber	Quarter	Dunlap.
Heber,	Left Half	Carroll.
Isbell,	Right Half	Devall.
Conklin,	Full	Coerr.

TRINITY 64—S. STEPHEN'S 0.

On Thursday Oct. 22, at 12:30 p. m., the foot-ball team, accompanied by Manager Longley '96 together with Green '97, Boss '98, McGinnis, '99, Clark and Toop, as "rooters," started for Hartford, Conn. The party twenty-one in number, were driven to Red Hook where they took exclusive possession of an *express* train (limited, i. e. to 20 miles per hour). The trip to Hartford was an interesting one and will long be remembered by those who made it. Among the numerous stops made by the train the one most appreciated (though far indeed from being the longest), was at Canaan, Conn., where a rush was made for sandwiches which, in spite of the fact that they lacked butter and mustard, were quickly devoured. Soon after we had left Canaan, a bridal party boarded the train amid a storm of rice, and it is needless to say that in a very short time they regretted that they did not "*stop and listen*" for the next train. Most of the "rooters" carried red flags which were mistaken by many for scarlet fever signals. At one station a lady with twin boys dressed in red coats and caps entered the car. The boys immediately fell into favor being called our "Mascots." We arrived at Hartford at 6:15 o'clock, and were met at the depot by the manager of the Trinity team and escorted to the United States Hotel. After a hearty dinner the team, *taking the elevator* to the fourth floor, retired at 9 p. m., while the "rooters" went out to see "The Girl I Left

Behind Me." On Wednesday morning the team practiced signals in one of the rooms of the hotel. Devall distinguished himself by trying to harden his head "bucking the centre" against a solid partition. The team remained at the hotel till dinner time. The feeling that pervaded the atmosphere after our men had met the different members of the Trinity team is best understood from the expression of our left guard. "Lord let me know mine end and the number of my days." The Trinity captain kindly granted our men the use of their magnificent gymnasium for dressing. Never before did S. Stephen's men realize the advantages to be derived from a well equipped gymnasium, not only in daily exercises for developing a gradual strengthening of their bodies but also for training foot-ball and base-ball teams. The benefit of such a gymnasium was clearly exhibited by the Trinity men in their power of endurance. *A gymnasium is now S. Stephen's greatest need.*

After the game our men were most hospitably entertained by the members of the Trinity team at their different fraternity houses. On Thursday, after enjoying the sights of Hartford during the forenoon, the team took the 12:30 train for home. The trip from Silvernail's was made in an "observation" car. After dancing the Virginia Reel, amusing and interesting lectures were delivered by our silver tongued right half back. Annandale was reached at 6:30 o'clock just in time for supper.

Following is a brief review of the game.

S. Stephen's had the kick off; Coerr drove the ball well into Trinity's territory to W. Langford who was downed by the "doughty little" Knapp without making any gain. The ball changed hands twice within a short time and soon W. Langford made a phenomenal punt of 60 yards, the ball rolling over S. Stephen's goal line where Lord fell on it for a touch-down. No goal was kicked. On the next kick off Trinity advanced the ball by large gains but Dunlap obtained the ball from a fumble. Moore went through the centre for 5 yards, but fumbled. S. Stephen's soon gained the ball for a forward pass but lost it on four downs and Woodle gained 20 yards for a touch-down. No goal. Woodle

also made the next touch-down. No goal. S. Stephen's advanced the ball quite a distance into Trinity's territory but lost it. Woodle then made a fine run of 80 yards. The next touch-down was made by Coggs-well and another by A. Langford. Dunlap gained 25 yards for S. Stephen's on a trick play and the ball was advanced to Trinity's 5 yard line. S. Stephen's fumbled and lost the ball. Time was soon called. Score for first half, Trinity 26—S. Stephen's 0. The second half was much like the first. Trinity gained steadily around the ends, but were unable to go through S. Stephen's centre. While the S. Stephen's men crept through their line and did some fine tackling. Seven touch-downs were made in this half by W. Langford A. Langford, Woodle, Coggeshall, Cogswell and Sutton. The score was Trinity 64—S. Stephen's 0. Among the fine points of the game were the tackling of Knapp and Coerr. S. Stephen's

played a good game and a plucky one, but were beaten by superior training and heavy weight, the Trinity team averaging 3 pounds more than the S. Stephen's men. No one was hurt. The halves were 25 minutes each. The teams lined up as follows:

<i>Trinity.</i>	<i>Positions.</i>	<i>S. Stephen's.</i>
Underwood,	Left End	Flint
Sutton,	Left Tackle	{ Greiner Tully
Merwin,	Left Guard	Belsey
Lord,	Centre	Judd
Coggs-well,	Right Guard	Mayers
A. Langford,	Right Tackle	Knapp
Rich,	Right End	Moore
Coggeshall,	Quarter	Dunlap
Beecroft,	Right Half	Devall
Woodle,	Left Half	Carroll
W. Langford,	Full	Coerr

Referee—E. J. Lake (Harvard).

Umpire—C. S. Morris (Trinity).

Alumni Notes.

Note.—It is our aim to make the MESSENGER the pride of the Alumni as well as of the Undergraduates; and through this department especially we hope to interest you, dear brother of the Alumni, but in order to do this we need your co-operation, and here beseech you to write to us often, telling of your doings.

'89—Rev. John H. Griffith, B.A., of Albany, has accepted a call to the church of The Redeemer, Sayre, Pa.

'95—Worrall, ex-Editor-in-chief, paid us a flying visit, Oct. 18th, 19th.

'95—Dyer spent several days at S. S. in October. He expects to spend a year in business in New York City before entering a seminary.

We clip the following from a recent edition of the *Minneapolis Times*:

S. STEPHEN'S SONS—EMINENT COLLEGIANS TO HOLD THEIR TRIENNIAL REUNION.

The alumni of S. Stephen's College in attendance at the general convention, whether as deputies or visitors, held a meeting yesterday afternoon in Knickerbacker Memorial hall for the purpose of making arrangements for their triennial reunion. The Rev. Dr. Carey was elected chairman and the Rev. W. H. Tomlins, M.A., as secretary. As the result of the deliberation it was decided to hold the reunion Monday, Oct. 14. There will be a celebration of the holy communion at 7:30 a. m., in S. Mark's church, a member of the house of bishops being the celebrant. The banquet will take place in

GENEROSITY is the pleasure it affords our employer to pay us weekly wages every Saturday.

HONESTY is a virtue conspicuously absent in the dealings of our competitors and opponents.

INNOCENCE is an undoubting belief that will see all that the circus advertises.

LEISURE is the way we hasten to pay what we owe to others; possibly, also, a half-holiday spent in an exhausting bicycle run.

LANGOR is that oppressive change in the weather that is bound to take place when we have no ambition to work.

PURITY is the most advertised ingredient in the highly flavored ice cream, that adds so much to the death rate.

PEACE is a condition of international affairs, during which increased and unbearable appropriations for army maintainance, equipment and other war necessities are advocated with fever and enthusiasm.

RICHES is the aggregation of houses, bonds, personal effects, that the other fellow owes to good luck; while, to us, it is the result of foresight, hindsight, insight, second sight and other qualities too numerous to mention.

RESENTMENT is that lack of perception necessary to see a joke perpetrated on us exactly in the same light as when we perpetrated it on others.

RESIGNATION is an abstract quality that figures largely in practical politics.

RECREATION is the three fingers broken at a base-ball game.

SCORN is the attitude we assume toward those who do not wish to make our acquaintance.

SORROW is a diminution of animal spirits that becomes apparent in school-boys about the close of vacation time.

N. Y. "Recorder."

PRACTICE LOVE.

We learn to love by loving. It grows by practice. Like everything else, it gathers strength through exercise. The more we keep at it, the easier and more natural it becomes. We can form the habit of looking at people with love, thinking about them with love, speaking of them in love, and acting toward them lovingly. Our deeds will re-act upon our thoughts, and our thoughts and feelings will prompt to action. So we may become steeped in love. It will radiate from us as the light from the lamps. We shall be charged with it as the battery is with electricity, and power will go out from us. So instead of crying idly, "O for more love!" let us lay more stress upon the practice. If we continually use what we have, it will increase.

Christian Inquirer,

A MODEL MISSIONARY.

Here is the description given by that most eminent missionary, John Coleridge Patteson, of the right kind of man to make a missionary: "Earnest, bright, cheerful fellows, without that notion of making sacrifices perpetually occurring to their minds. You know the kind of men who have got rid of the notion that more self-denial is needed for a missionary than for a soldier or a sailor, who are sent everywhere; and leave home and country for years, and think nothing of it, because they go on duty. A fellow with a healthy, active tone of mind, plenty of enterprise, and some enthusiasm, who makes the best of everything, and above all, does not think himself better than other people because he is engaged in mission work—that is the fellow we want."

"Ram's Horn."

Jocularia.

SOME FAVORITE HYMNS AT S. S.

The "Sams."

"Car(r)oll sweetly car(r)ol."

"Raised between the earth and heaven,"

Lewis.

"When from the East the wise men came,"

Staples, Anderson, Kelley, etc.

"Oh where shall rest be found?"

"Sleepy Hollow" across from

"The Concert Hall."

"Safely, safely gathered in."

The "Rushed."

"Out of the deep I call."

The Half-back.

"Souls in heathen darkness *lying*."

Our "sic(k)."

"A charge to keep I have,"

Toop.

"Blest be the tie that binds."

Knott.

"Come let us join our cheerful songs," and

"O for a thousand tongues to *sing*."

Devall, Mayers, Toop and others.

"How firm a foundation," and

"How beauteous are their feet."

?

"Oft in danger, oft in woe."

The Varsity.

"Ride on ride on in majesty," and

"My hope is built on nothing less."

Our "jockeys."

"Oh 'twas a joyful sound to hear."

Bell.

OUR TRIENNIAL CHORUS.

"Day of wrath! oh day of mourning."

CLASS ROOM EXERCISES.

Question by Professor. What was done with the shirt of Nessus ?

Answer. It was sent to Hercules for a love *potion*.

Question. What can you tell of the early history of Caius Marius ?

Answer. He was a low born pheasant.

Question. What was the end of Verus ?

Answer. Why, he died.

Question. In what way other than by interrogative particle may questions be asked ?

Answer. By a question mark.

Question. What is *tibi* ?

Answer. It is a monosyllabic substantive of two syllables.

Question. Of what is *undosam* compounded ?

Answer. Of *undo* and *sam*.

LEEPOO'S CORNER.

Why is a street car conductor like a mechanic ?

Because both are engaged in a *tecknickle* (?) art.

B. "Oh there! I say! M——!"

M. (Awakening out of a sound sleep) "Um... Yes? What time is it?"

B. "Six o'clock. Do you wish me to wake you?"

A freshman recently remarked that notwithstanding the fact that the Romans had a "Manius Curius," S. S. could likewise boast of having had a "Curious Manius."

the evening, probably in the Commercial Club rooms at 9 o'clock. This will be a fine feast of reason and flow of soul.

S. Stephen's College, which has made Annandale, N. Y., famous by reason of its classic associations and the honored names connected with it, is one of the most loyal institutions of the church. Ample grounds of the college embrace a beautiful park and the grouping of the buildings is artistic. The refectory, "Orient hall," Aspinwall hall, the Bishop Potter Memorial hall, McVicar hall, the two Hoffman halls, Ludlow and Willink hall, the warden's residence, the magnificent Hoffman library, which cost nearly \$100,000, the gift of the Rev. Dr. C. F. Hoffman, of New York, together with the beautiful Holy Innocents chapel, where the students worship, are altogether unique and striking in appearance, and suggestive of that sound learning and religious culture for which S. Stephen's is noted. The late Horatio Potter, bishop of New York, together with the late Rev. Dr. McVickar, the late chancellor, J. V. Pruyn, John Bard and Rev. Dr. G. F. Seymour, now bishop of Springfield, was the founder of the college. Bishop Seymour was the first warden, or president, of the institution, and under his wise administration the college received a great impulse. His is one of the honored names which will always be inseparably linked with S. Stephen's. The Rev. R. B. Fairbairn, D. D., LL.D., D.C.L., L.H.D., has been warden for over twenty-five years. His is a name widely known throughout the church. He is noted for his wisdom and courage and his high scholarship. At the dedication of Hoffman library last June, the alumni as a token of their esteem for him, presented the college with a beautiful bronze bust of the now famous warden. The Rt. Rev. H. C. Potter, D.D., LL.D., D. C. L., Oxon, bishop of New York, is the president of the board of trustees. The bishop takes a keen interest in the affairs of the college.

The college, though in existence about 35 years, has given to the church some 250 clergymen who are laboring in all parts of the United States and in foreign countries. Many of these are men of mark. The late Dr. Francis Harrison took a commanding position in the general convention in canon law. The present convention, now holding its sessions in Minneapolis, has among its deputies several alumni of S. Stephen's. In the Albany delegation is the Rev. Dr. Joseph Carey, rector of Bethesda church, Saratoga Springs, and archdeacon of Troy. The Rev. G. H. Stirling, who is a deputy from Pennsylvania; the Rev. Dr. Drane, who is a representative from east Carolina; the Rev. J. S. Moody, who is in the Maine delegation; the Rev. Dr. Davenport, chairman of the committee on canons, is delegate from Tennessee; the Rev. G. S. Bennett, deputy from New York, and the Rev. W. H. Tomlins, in the Springfield delegation.

Among the visitors are the Rev. Dr. Walter Delafield, of Chicago; Rev. Dr. Jeffries, of Tacoma; the Rev. G. A. Keller, of Radnor, Pa., and the Rev. Mr.

Gesner, of St. Paul, Minn. Among S. Stephen's eminent sons may also be reckoned the Rt. Rev. Dr. Leonard, bishop of Ohio.

College Notes.

—John C. Davis, '96, Sp. C., returned to college, October 10th.

—L. L. Knott was away from college two weeks in October.

—The first of the Thursday afternoon receptions for this year was held at Ludlow and Willink Hall, October third.

—Edward H. Young, '97, was quite ill during a part of October.

—Dr. and Miss Fairbairn were away from Annandale, Thursday, October 17, to attend the wedding of Miss Alice Fairbairn, a niece of the Warden's.

—Rev. C. J. Whipple, of Luzerne, spent a few hours at the College recently.

—George Herbert Toop celebrated his twenty-second birthday by entertaining the members of the Eulexian Society in "Blarney Castle," the "Midway," on the evening of October 7th. The festive board was spread in the "Chinese village," and at the completion of the "bust" the guests were more than willing to give hearty cheers for Toop's mother and sister, Miss Crawford and the "Midway," whose efforts had contributed to a very delightful evening.

—At this writing the choir are preparing special music for the services on All Saints' day.

—Among other instruments of torture to be found around the College is a cabinet organ, recently placed in 19 Hoffman. It is needless to say that the neighbors enjoy the music (?)

—Mr. Robert Adair, Yale, '95, a prominent lawyer of Wilmington, Delaware visited Chas. Bratten Dubell, Oct. 19-21.

—The latest inmate of the Midway Plaisance is Bispham, who has been duly installed into the mysteries of "Chinatown."

—There was quite a drop in student lamps recently, shortly after Seth's caught on fire and tried to explode. Reports of a fallen meteor were frequent the next day.

—A long felt want has at last been supplied. Having procured a sufficient number of subscribers the telephone company have placed an instrument in the College. The telephone is in charge of C. A. Roth, '98.

—Lamb, formerly of '98, is now a member of the Freshman class at the University of Penn.

—Wheeler and Judd are to be commended for their photographic work. Their views of the Hoffman Library are little gems from an artistic standpoint.

—Arthur Leon Moore, '99, has not returned to College this year. At present he is in Great Barrington, Mass., where he is much improved in health.

—Whipple has returned to College after a short vacation.

—We regret that the climate of Annandale, one of our greatest sources of pride, has not been kind to Sams of South Carolina. We hope for his complete acclimation in the near future.

—To the list of new students, published last month, should be added the following: Arthur Saunders, Rhinebeck, N. Y.; C. B. McGuire, Hartford, Vt.; G. H. Anderson, Providence, R. I.; A. C. Howell, Boston, Mass.

—Mr. Bell, of Cold Spring, N. Y., after spending a few days at Annandale and raising our hopes, for he was a good foot-ball player, decided to wait a year before entering College.

—Mr. Young, of Utah, has left College.

—Ever since the class of '97 came into being has a mysterious fortune accompanied it on more than one occasion, baffling its admirers, and now the secret is out. Indeed it came out allured, when music, which only a hand-organ under the skillful touch of a Sophomore can produce, awakened us from slumber on a recent morning. When the grinder proper came, wiping his lips, from the College kitchen, dancing with frivolous glee at the boudoir window of '97's class historian was the class mascot, no less an affair than a tumbling brownie, to the beholder unacquainted with Juvenal, but to '97 every inch a mascot. And *now* we learn that seated in state in No. 5, H. Potter, with bewitching power outranking any wizard of romance, this monstrosity inscribed with fair but cabalistic writing is, with rites infernal, jealously guarded and regularly implored. Could the maiden, whose needle fastened this image in unique symmetry, see it now enthroned, would pride or horror fill her soul at the effect of its advent here?

Exchanges.

In the October number of the University Cynic the following Sonnet appealed to us as being worthy of notice both for poetic thought and its smooth well adapted metre:

SONNET.

Pray for us, Mother, in the darkling hour
When to the last earth's tender ties are
riven;
When all fair things for which our souls
have striven,
Fly from us; when amid the drifting power
And storm of death we stand, where tem-
pests lour,

And cloud wreaths shut us in; from sight
of heaven,

In darkness, where no sunlit ray is given,
Nor moonlight falls, nor stars their radiance
shower.

Pray for us, Mother, in the strife and stress
Of fierce temptation; in the midst of sin
Bear up our fainting limbs and failing
breath;

O Mother, in the hour of life, no less
Than when the twilight shades foretell the
night;

No less to-day than in the hour of death.

Q. E. D.

The Wellesley Magazine for this month contains an excellent article on the poet Edward Rowland Sill. We would commend the author for one feature of the article in particular, to wit: the copious use made of quotations from Sill's poems as means to exemplify or illustrate different traits of his character. His were poems which sprung from the heart and in them lies the surest way to the heart.

A great favour would be conferred upon the board of editors if all exchanges were addressed to the Exchange editor of the MESSENGER.

The following exchanges were received this month: The Cornell Era, The Sibyl, The Wellesley Magazine, The Student Record, The University Cynic.

One beautiful spring morning in 54 B. C., J. Caesar and Billy Trebonius were fishing in the Tiber near the Tarpeian Rock. "Billy," said Caesar, looking for the cork, "did I ever tell you about that trout I caught when I was in Gaul?" A look of patient suffering passed over Trebonius' face, but he replied in the negative. When Caesar had finished, his companion put on a fresh bait and after spitting on it said, "Jule, you remind me of a cithera struck by lightning." "Why," asked Caesar unguardedly. "Because," said Trebonius, you're such a blasted lyre." *The Lafayette.*

THE FRESHMAN'S COMPLAINT.

Sophomores, juniors, seniors, lend me your ears,

I come to rail at Caesar, not to praise him.
The evil that men do lives after them;
The good is oft interred with their bones,
And so it was with Caesar. Our noble
tutors

Have told us Caesar was a genius:
If it were so, it was a grievous fault;
And grievously have freshmen answered it.
Here, under leave of tutors, and the rest,
(For tutors are all sympathetic friends;
Yes they are all, all sympathetic friends;) Come I to beg for Caesar's banishment.
He was my fiend, ashes and dust to me:
Yet tutors say he was a genius;
And tutors are such sympathetic friends.

He hath oft had poor flunked ones sent home,
Whose corpses did the general coffins fill;
Did this in Caesar seem judicious?
When that the girl's have cried, Caesar's not
cared;

Sure genius should be made of nicer stuff,
You all did hate him once, not without
cause;

What cause withholds you now to rail at
him?

Oh judgment! Thou art fled to duckling's
doors.

And I have lost my reason! Bear with me;
My temper's in the trash-box there with
Caesar

And I must pause till it come back to me.

Exchange.

The following lines taken from the exchanges of the "Cynic" ought to furnish matter for grave reflection to most of the undergraduates of S. S.

NOTICE.

"The wind bloweth,
The water floweth,
The subscriber oweth,
And the Lord knoweth
That we are in need of our dues.
So come arunnin',
Ere we go gunnin'.
This kind of dunnin'
Gives us the blues."

Exchange.

The teacher asked, "And what is space?"
The trembling student said;
"I cannot tell at present,
But I have it in my head." *Exchange.*

THE TRUTH.

APPROVAL is a boarding-house rarity.

ATTENTION is the nap we take during the sermon that enables us to analyze it with a clear head and considerable critical ability afterward.

ELRGANCE is that horrible corn on the foot of the young lady with those delightfully small and snugly fitting shoes.

FASHION is last year's dress material made over into this year's style.

GOSSIP is a counterfeit piece of paper money, that accumulates dirt and grease in its circulation.