The
S. Stephen's Colleg Messenger.

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Vol. 2. Annandale-on-Hudson, N. Y. No. 3.

November, 1895.

Entered as second-class mail matter, at the Post-Office at Annandale, N. Y.
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 contribution 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.

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, unfailing 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 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 con­servative, 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 had 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

The S. Stephen's College Messenger.

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 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 botanize; 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?"—"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, St. 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 heart warmed toward me, to such an extent that 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 "schoolmarm" 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.

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
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 away-side thicket, a kit of 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 lovely 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 after dinner, during Evensong, a sudden thunder-storm come up, tea was served, and kissing me goodbye.

By the way; in the course of our conversation the other evening I asked her if she has not been at the service for two nights now and I fear that he doesn't know her quite intimately. But at some opportune time I shall ask more.

I could not refuse their invitation, nor did I want to. Tea was served in Mrs 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. Dear Father Gardner (I shall always call him that hereafter) drew me down to him 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 he is worse. If she is not there today, I mean to go out to the farm.

Good bye, dear boy.

Pax vobiscum.

(HANK.

(TO BE CONCLUDED.)
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 1,231 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 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 which are locked behind iron bed, which during the day turns toward her; but then the jolly smile of the guard quickly dispels a bit of fear. The building, in which the dormitories are, is six or seven stories high, and 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. 

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 laundered, 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 cigarettes here, 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.
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.

And anyone, who starts a new fad, attains celebrity. A while ago, I met a civilized 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 reincarnation and a lot of other things, and went around the country lecturing on dress reform and Delvarte.”

“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 ‘Panaesthetic’ 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 bellow 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.”

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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 hearty cooperation 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 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. H. left College before completing his course, is now in orders and rector of 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 Annadale" was, if my memory is correct, written for and sung at the dinner on Purification day, 1871.

In days gone by we annually celebrated on this day the laying of the cornerstone 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

"Today 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 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 proclaim the absence of some of their old hens, which they seem to take for granted must be in their 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 henry, 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.

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 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.
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AUTUMN.

"Cum decorum mitibus pomis caput
Autumnus agis extulit."

Horace, Epode, II, 77, 78.

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'ercareful 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.

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.

R., '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.

HE 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.

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.
The S. Stephen's College Messenger.

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 mislead 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 as 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, for 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 swerving 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 merely 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 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 thick, of miscellaneous magazines, papers and pamphlets, to reach those that are specially written to awaken an interest in missions; and especially 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 pertain 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 scoffer, 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 had 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 dommies.

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 management of it is just as engaging. 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 W ill to say, "I can."
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.
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The following games have been scheduled for the season: 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 Poughkeepsie; 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 Sunday, Oct. 14th against Peeksill 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 down,” 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 fifteen 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. Peekskill then regained 10 yards. Walker then made a run of 15 yards, and Peekskill's 5 yard line.

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. Position. S. Stephen's.
Stewart, Center
Whitebeek, Right End
Hamilton, Right Tackle
Boyer, Left End
Brown, Halfback
Dodd, Quarterback
Stone, Left Back
Smith, Left Half
Walker, Right Half
Fritts, Right Tackle
Robbins, Left Tackle
Kiker, Fullback

The features of the game were the team work of Peekskill and the sagacity of Coerr, Carroll and Popham. The second half of the game was superior to the first half.

Berkeley, o—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 S. Stephen's game. S. Stephen's offset the defeat of Saturday's game by forcing Berkeley to score Berkeley's first goal and lost it on four downs. Berkeley then forced the ball to within 5 yards, but lost it by fumbling. The second half of the game was superior to the first half.

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any noticeable fact was that any of the two teams did most of the talking. The positions were as follows:

Positioas. S. Stephen's.

Flin, Right End | Moore. Popham.
Healin, Right Guard | Muncamack, Centre | Judd.
Hastings, Left Guard | Belsey.
King, Left Tackle | A. Wheeler. Ogden.
Tomkins, Left End | Moses.
Barber, Quarter | Dunlap.
Heber, Left Half | Carroll.
Ishell, Right Half | Devall.
Conklin, Full | Coerr.

TRINITY 6-8-S. Stephen's 8.

On Thursday Oct. 22, at 12:30 p.m., the foot-ball team, accompanied by Manager Longley '96 together with Green '97, Ross '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 all of the "rooters" and their friends. On our arrival at the hotel we were driven to Trinity's gymnasium for dressing. The Trinity gym will open at 7 p.m. for first half, Trinity 26-8. The second half was much like the first. Trinity gained steadily round 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, Coggeshall and Sutton. The score was Trinity 64-S. Stephen's 8. Among the fine points of the game were the tackling of Knapp and Coerr. S. Stephen's 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 Coggeshall 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 8. 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, Coggeshall and Sutton. The score was Trinity 64-S. Stephen's 8. Among the fine points of the game were the tackling of Knapp and Coerr.

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 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 the 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 9:30 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 unblamable belief that will see all that the circus advertises.

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

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

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

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

Riches is the aggregation of houses, bonds, personal effects, that the other owes to us; possibly, also, a second holiday spent in an exhausting bicycle run.

Remissness 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.

Resentment 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, "Oh 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 fellow, 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."

"Rant'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.

"Soul's in heathen darkness lying."

"Out" for a thousand tongues to sing."

"How firm a foundation," and "O for a thousand tongues to sing."

"How firm a foundation," and "How firm a foundation,"

Devall, Mayers, Toop and others.

"How firm a foundation," and "How firm a foundation."

"How firm a foundation," and "How firm a foundation."

Bell.

"Our triennial chorus."

"Day of wrath! oh day of mourning!"
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 technickle (?) 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 students 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 Delfield, of Chicago; Rev Dr. Jeffries, of Tacoma; the Rev. G. A. Keller, of Radnor, Pa., and the Rev. Mr. Guernsey, 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 a 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 Bishopam, who has been duly installed into the mysteries of “Chinatown.”

—There was quite a drop in student lamps recently, shortly after Seth 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.
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—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 hand­organ 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 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 eider duck by light­ning." "Why," asked Caesar ungrudgingly. "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;
And Caesar's name bring fear and horror with it.
Whose corpses did the general coffins fill;
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.
The 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.

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 analyse it with a clear head and considerable critical ability afterward.
Elegance 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.

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 sprang 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 44 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 eider duck by lightning." "Why," asked Caesar ungrudgingly. "Because," said Trebonius, you’re such a blasted lyre.

The Lafayette.

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