

# MESSENGER

Vol. 2      No. 6      February, 1896

129	Martial VI. 34 [a poem] Translation by B. Pater Patriae Abraham
130	Tales of a Plantation House Topaz Ring Watson Bartemus Selvage, '98
132	Environs of Chattanooga S.W. Linsley, '97
133	My Legend H., '98
135	English History up to Date Harold the Saxon and William the Conqueror Horace Ignatius Walden, '98
136	Messenger Verse [poems]
138	Free Press By the Editor [Schedule and letter]
140	Outlook from the Editor's Sanctum
142	Editor's Corner Herbert Seymour Hastings, '98
144	Alumni Notes
145	College Notes
147	Exchanges
148	Jocularia

# The S. Stephen's College Messenger.

## Contents.

	Page
On Reading as an Element of Growth..... <i>President of De Veaux.</i>	107
His Wife His Model..... <i>F. Van R. Moore.</i>	113
Little Things..... <i>S., '97.</i>	116
Love..... <i>Thos. P. Maslin, '96.</i>	117
Pan..... <i>L., '97.</i>	121
Plea for a Gymnasium..... <i>Watson Bartemus Selvage, '98.</i>	121
College Notes.....	123
Alumni Notes.....	124
Exchanges.....	125
Extracts.....	126



Vol. 2.

Annandale-on-Hudson, N. Y.

No. 5.

January, 1896.

# 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 publication under the full names or an initial of the names of the writers, is desired rather than the use of pseudonyms.

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.

**N. B.**

This space marked with a red cross denotes the expiration of your subscription.

## The S. Stephen's College Messenger.

Board of Editors:

JOHN HENRY WILSON, '96, EDITOR-IN-CHIEF.

H. A. FLINT, '97,  
*General News Editor.*

H. S. HASTINGS, '98,  
*Literary Editor.*

C. W. POPHAM, '99,  
*Exchange Editor.*

BUSINESS MANAGER, A. L. LONGLEY, '96.

ASSOCIATE, G. A. GREEN, '97.

VOL. II.

ANNANDALE, N. Y., FEBRUARY, 1896.

No. 6

### Martial VI. 34.

DIADUMENE give kisses.  
Do'st thou ask me just how many?  
Bid me count the waves of Ocean;  
And the sea-shells, which lie scattered,  
Where Aegean waters tossed them;  
And the boars which haunt Hymettus;  
And the shouts and loud applauses,  
Which the crowded seats reëcho,  
When the theatre's vast concourse  
Sees great Caesar unexpected.  
I wish not the little number  
Which fair Lesbia, entreated,  
Gave Catullus, tuneful poet.  
Who can count, desires few kisses.

B.

### Pater Patriae.

IN a quiet old farm house, near the Potomac, sat a dignified gentleman intent either on his pipe or Wall Street news, when a nurse entering his room announced, "It is a boy." Suddenly, turning to a copy of Ayers almanac, and observing that this was the eleventh day of February, Old Style, he took his buckskin cap from its peg, and without pausing to turn up his trousers, or rather to put on his leggings, he sallied forth in the mud to tell the neighbors. The exact amount of Santa Cruz and Virginia Straight Cut required for the proper celebration of that day is hidden from us by a veil of mystery; while, on the other hand, we are quite sure that those sturdy farmers little realized what a great big baby had arrived in Westmoreland County.

In this day of Napoleonic revival, when naught is admired save the "pose" and "stern look of resolution" poor George is in sad danger of neglect; and his memory of something akin to "innocuous desuetude." No such seeming paradox does history tell of George as of the little giant, who having a hot reception at Moscow, was frozen out of the Muscovite realm and yet our patril ancestor was a good specimen of a man.

Let us on his birthday be of those who succeed in looking over Waterloo by mentally standing on tiptoe and meditating upon Washington. Thus engaged we may question in our minds what he would do were he living now. How awkward and uncomfortable he would find himself! What paying profession would open its arms to him saying "Here is your place, old fellow?"

Seriously, could he earn his salt as a fruit-tree dealer? As a lightning-rod agent he would be too slow; as a book agent a total failure. I doubt his success in writing headings for the press or in making affidavits for the *W—d.* Where would he be as a broker? while William of Buffalo fame is surely a bigger card with the boys than could he be, who never told a lie.

No, George, you should thank your stars that the consul in your natal year in Jupiter's temple, with big nails drove 1732, for you would be altogether too slow even in devising excuses for absences in S. Stephen's in this enterprising age.

Like the little old man and woman of a barometer, let Napoleon again have his day, while you repose confident, however, that the atmosphere clarifying, the little French idol with "stern expression" and folded arms shall again retreat to gather dust in the back garret at S. Helena, when your noble countenance and well-kept wig shall once more grace our magazines.

*"Abraham."*

---

## Tales of a Plantation House.

### I.

#### A TOPAZ RING.

THE Vaughn house was one of those old Maryland mansions, which have been added to, by the caprice of each successive owner, without any thought of plan or harmony of style or material. At the time of our story, the north wing had fallen into decay. On the first floor of this part of the house was a parlor, with a small ball-room opening out of it by great folding doors. On the second story, and over the parlor, were two chambers, from the larger of which a door opened on to a balcony, overlooking the ball-room.

It was in February, 1871, that the Vaughn family held a reunion in the old house, and as there was a large number of them, the bed-room, with the door opening on to the balcony, was fitted up for Arthur Vaughn, who had been

in business in New York ever since the war. When he was told where he was to sleep, he was quite surprised; because although he had been born and brought up in the house he had never been in the north wing. He remembered how, when he was a child, he had peered into the empty ball-room through a chink in the shutters and then, having pounded upon the shutters, run away frightened by the resounding echoes. It was about ten o'clock when he went to his room and he was much pleased by its quaintness. The furniture was of richly carved mahogany and very old; but he was most interested in the old secretary, which stood in a corner by the windows.

After he had unpacked his satchel, he stood for some moments looking at this old piece of furniture and at length, taking a bunch of keys from his pocket, tried to fit a key to the lock. He tried several before he was able to open it, but, when he had about given up, the rusty lock flew back and the door fell open.

A faint odor of lavender exhaled from the packages of letters which were stored in its pigeon-holes. Each package was tied with a ribbon and every available space was filled. He fetched his lamp and placed it on the desk and drew up a chair. He noticed that the letters in the lower right-hand section were tied together with white ribbon and he decided to examine these first. They were written in that delicate Italian hand affected by our great-grandmothers and were addressed to "My dearest William." Perhaps William was his grand-father.

Yes, there was no mistake about it: they were love letters, and he found them very interesting. After reading several of them, however, he opened one of the little drawers and there he found a packet which was not only tied with ribbon; but sealed and marked in a strong masculine hand-writing, "To be destroyed unopened." He tore open the wrapper and took out a letter marked "Copy," which was evidently written by the same hand as the writing on the outside. It was a cold and formal note releasing Miss Perpetua Bradon from her promise of marriage. Folded in this was a letter from the young lady herself. The paper was yellow with age and the ink faded; but still the places could be seen where the writer's tears had fallen. "I can never forgive you. Never. Would that I could; for my love for you has been strong and true and my heart has been cruelly torn by your sharp words: words sharper than a serpent's tooth. I scorn you, and now I hurl you from me as I did your ring." He leaned back in his chair trying to picture to himself the woman who wrote this letter so full of passionate love and proud scorn, and presently he fell asleep.

An hour must have passed when he was awakened by the sound of a violin. He opened the door into the hall; but it was not from that direction. Still the violin played on softly and sweetly, as though the sound came floating over some quiet lake. It was dance music; but the airs were unfamiliar. H

opened the other door and, stepping out upon the balcony, looked down into the ball-room below.

The moon-light, which entered through a broken shutter, half illuminated the middle of the floor. He rubbed his eyes. He was not only hearing strange music but seeing strange things; for there, in the center of the room, was a woman stepping backward and forward and making stately courtesies to the music of the violin. The movement of the figure was that of a woman dancing the minuet. Backward and forward she moved, raising her brocaded skirt, as she bowed, and swinging an invisible partner with a grace and stately dignity which Juno might have envied. The music changed. It was soft and sad now, like the wind sighing in the forest. The woman raised her skirt with one hand and waved her fan of peacock feathers as she danced. Then, suddenly, as he looked, the dancer vanished and the music stopped in the middle of a measure.

The next morning he visited the ball-room and there, in a corner, the dust lying thick around it, he found a ring: a topaz set in a square of silver inserted in a plain hoop of gold.

*Watson Bartemus Selvage, '98.*

### Environs of Chattanooga.

COME with me in imagination to the southern side of Tennessee, and let us ascend Lookout Mountain; nor let us pause in our climbing, however entrancing the view, until we shall have reached the "Inn"; and then, after dinner, we shall be ready to appreciate the pleasures in store for us.

Here we are at length in the tower surmounting the hotel looking out over the border lines of five states, and over an area made famous in a hundred contests between the Blue and the Grey.

Away up in the northeast we see the Tennessee River like a ribbon of silver or like some fairy maiden coquettishly moving in and out between the mountains and fields of green, ever coming nearer and ever shining brighter until with greater volume and resulting dignity in a graceful curve it moves about the peninsula forming Moccasin Bend, and glides past the city of Chattanooga.

Looking out over the city, which Grant protected, we gaze across to Mission Ridge. From our higher elevation we cannot realize the steep and rugged bank up which Sergeant Garfield led a brave company in the face of Bragg's fire. Through a glass we see the very cedar which so long ago marked the place of the brave Southerner's headquarters.

How thoroughly was the city in the enemy's power with Lookout, Waldens and Mission Ridge in their possession! Small wonder is it that famine stared the loyal citizens in the face, when those elevations were bristling with arms standing as sentinels about the city.

There, at the foot of Mission Ridge, is Orchard Knob; but not as when Grant stood upon it by his tent and watched the struggles through his glass directing the attack; for now it is the sight of one of Chattanooga's numerous suburbs near which the trolley car will take you to the top of the Ridge. Somewhere I have seen a picture entitled "Peace," and in it were a meadow of flowers, a dismantled gun and a bird whose nest in the muzzle seemed to seal the doom of war; and so as in a meditative mood one converses with the aged farmer whose home remote from city's din is on the brow of the same ridge, his very home may seem a remonstrance against the horrors of that carnage which makes its participants heroes.

Bringing our thought, back to our bodies, let us close our eyes a moment opening them again upon a changed scene. A band of men under Hooker is charging the side of the mountain beneath us, while the cloud above them is pierced again and again with shot from the rebel works. Remove the curtain and contemplate not only the traces of earthworks, which are more easily hidden from the eye than the memory of the conflict erased from mind; but also notice what Northern genius and capital are doing in this genial clime. Here two railroads defy the height of cloud-capped Lookout, emerging from a city of fifty thousand people proud of their outlook as the coming Chicago of the South.

Time has wrought changes indeed in the South where, with population, trade, manufactures and education rivalling or excelling the West, it may in the end be true that the awful strife of '61-'65 was a blessing for Dixie.

*S. W. Linsley, '97.*

### My Legend.

"I WOULD be a mermaid fair;  
I would sing to myself the whole of the day;  
With a comb of pearl I would comb my hair;  
And still as I combed I would sing and say,  
'Who is it loves me? Who loves me not?'" —*Tennyson.*

She had been at the beach the whole summer, when I arrived late in the season. The guests at the hotel had been few, and she had spent much of the time among the native fishermen and their families. I had known her but a short time when I discovered that from this intercourse her mind was impregnated with their folk lore, and her entrancing way of telling the legends about different places in the neighborhood was at the first one of her chief charms.

My vacation was to be but a short one; and several times during it I was forced to take hurried trips to the city, returning in the evening after a long,

hot ride. It was after one of these journeys that, upon reaching the hotel about nine o'clock and finding few guests about, I wandered out on the beach. I was cross and irritable, and perhaps should have retired; but the days of my outing were numbered, and I wanted to make the most of every hour. Moreover, the day's work and travel had prevented my giving much time to my favorite subject of thought; and so I wandered along the shore in the moonlight, building air-castles, whose foundations, if I may mix metaphors, were upon the sands.

I wanted to think of *her*. For the hundredth time I went over the parts of our conversations which had been most personal, recalling her aspirations as she had confessed them to me, and asking myself again and again if there was anything in me in harmony with those aspirations. There were so many odds against me that I found that my stroll was bringing me anything but peace. I had determined to go back, when I was startled to see what seemed to be the figure of a woman sitting upon a sand-embedded rock some distance ahead of me. Her long hair loosened, blew about her face, and it was not until I had drawn very near that I assured myself that my childhood's dream of seeing a real mermaid had not been realized.

With this confession, laughingly made, I spoke to her; for it was she of whom I had been thinking. She blushed in confusion, and would have hastily rearranged her hair, had I not besought her to leave it as it was, and to tell me a story. I told her that I was wearied and worried, and might perhaps fall asleep while she talked; but she teasingly remarked that then she might again be alone with her thoughts. Thus encouraged, I threw myself down on the sand at her side, where, as she talked, I might watch her face.

She asked if I would have a mermaid story as a recompense for my disappointment, and at my assent, began telling me the beliefs of the fishermen about these fabled creatures. To their simple minds the mermaids are the reincarnate souls of broken-hearted maidens, and are harmless creatures, to be pitied rather than feared. To be sure, their songs are alluring; but their enchantments are not like those of the ancient sirens, for their victims, if such they may be called, are always willing ones. In their maiden beauty they sit and sing upon the shore, and any mortal attracted thereby is as safe as when at home, if he responds not to their caresses. But should a youth, enamored of their beauty, return their tender kisses, he is thereby rendered capable of living with them in their homes beneath the waves; and if, after all this, he is unwilling to change this life for theirs, he is forever blessed: over him the "Death of the Waters" has no power.

All this did my beloved tell to me, as I lay and watched her beauty; then as she began her tale, and pictured a scene on the shore where a mermaid sang and sang to a mortal lover, I must have fallen asleep; for I thought that

was the lover and she the mermaid fair; and in my dream as she sang to me I thought that leaning over me, she kissed me.

I awakened. Had I dreamed? I still felt that soft warm kiss upon my forehead; but my beloved was not looking at me. Her face was turned away and she seemed to have gone back to her solitary musings. But dreams often go far toward convincing one, and leave impressions which we find are with difficulty separated from realities, and I began seriously to doubt that I had dreamed the kiss. Still seemed my love forgetful of me, and in my perplexity I sighed. She turned. In her eyes I saw the truth. Quickly mindful of the folk-lore obligations, I made bold, and am forever blessed.

Now live I in a realm of peace; nor do I fear in the troublous waves of life to drown, for I have returned my mermaid's kiss, and life is all happiness.  
H., '98.

### English History up to Date.

#### HAROLD THE SAXON AND WILLIAM THE CONQUERER.

HAROLD the Saxon was out sailing in his yacht one day, when a storm came up, and he was wrecked on the coast of Normandy. The Count of Ponthieu, whose castle was near by, having seen the disaster, telegraphed for the police patrol and sent him up to William at Rouen.

William received him graciously and introduced him at the club, where they spent many pleasant evenings playing poker and drinking Manhattan cocktails. One night, Harold had gotten even drunker than usual and, being too hilarious to go home in the trolley cars, William called a cab. When they reached home Harold tapped William on the shirt front and said, "You're a dashed fine fellow, Bill, and by Gad when Edward dies, I'll have Tammar Hall elect you king."

#### JOAN OF ARC.

Joan of Arc was a dairy maid in Loraine. She ate so much cheese that she had indigestion and her doctor advised her to enlist in the army, so as to get regular exercise. Just then the French army were taking their exercise with the English in pursuit. She bought a pair of bloomers and a sweatband, and, mounted on a Columbia bicycle, she advanced against the English, when they saw her bloomers, were so shocked that they ran away. The French called her "Maid of Orleans," because she was so sweet; but the English said, that she was only an "advanced woman." At last, however, the English captured her and treated her to a hot stake, after which her indigestion became worse and she died.

*Horace Ignatius Walden, '98.*

**Messenger Verse.**

## THE VALENTINE.

AH he was fair and debonair,  
His eyes were blue, and fair his hair,  
His figure lithe, his carols blithe  
As he went forth to pay his court,  
A bonnie Valentine.

But how can I with words supply  
The winsome graces of her form,  
Of eyes of brown on him bent down,  
As he came forth to pay his court,  
That bonnie Valentine?

She shut her heart: "How can I part,"  
She said, "with what I do not own?"  
Ah sharp the pain! He'd thought to gain,  
As he went forth to pay his court,  
This bonnie Valentine.

"Why look so sad, fair, gallant lad?"  
This winsome, gracious maiden said.  
"Do not repine, my hand was thine  
Ere you came forth to pay your court,  
My bonnie Valentine."

*T. P. Maslin, '96.*

*"Τετελεύτημα."*

"Man makes friendship a means and love an end. With woman it is the reverse."  
*J. Spottiswoode Taylor in Century.*

"I lived; but die; all's o'er." she said.  
"The love I gained and gave is dead.  
*Friendships*, alive, now wreath my grave."

"I die;" he said, "and life is past;  
But *love* is with me to the last.  
*Friendships* I lost; but love I save."

*"E.," '98.*

## PARTING.

Good-bye, all that which I love best!  
Lord, let me go to sleep and rest:  
It is too hard to live, then leave;  
To love, then part.

Sometimes I would I had not known  
The joy of loving you, my own:  
First must I learn to live with you—  
And then without.

Yet surely now my love for you,  
My own best self, if I be true,  
God will preserve; and I will live for what  
I loved and love.

*H., '98.*

## FOR A PESSIMIST.

"I sometimes sigh, and say: 'Leave me alone, Regret.'  
And yet I would not happier be, could I forget."

Yes, I will hug my grief: 'tis sweet to mourn;  
I am my truer, better self, when all forlorn.  
Joys are but fleeting; Sadness loves to stay:  
So I will keep him by me.—Why should he go away?  
More shadow is than sunshine; more frost than flowers;  
Why should I dream of Spring-time in cold, wintry hours?  
This sad self is my true self. If I be glad,  
'Tis not I: I am unhappy; I am sad.  
Grief shall my parents, sister, brother be;  
Regret shall be my sweet-heart; none more true than she.  
Then is my duty done, when I serve these.  
I will forget all else, I will all chances seize  
To be their slave. And when shall come the end,  
And I go home, wil't be to find no other friend  
Than these whom I have loved so well?  
Ah this—'tis this I know not, cannot tell.

*"M.," '98.*

**FREE PRESS.**

FEELING the need of such a department as the one we hereby introduce, and having been compelled to discountenance many items in the past which could have appropriately appeared in such a department, we feel that no better apology could be offered for its existence and introduction than the statement "it has long been needed." As this page will probably require closer attention and more careful scrutiny than is generally given to open letters, the writer intends to personally supervise it and to keep out of it all objectional and personal criticism. The undergraduates may now consider it as open to their use and all items will be received for it and published with or without signature (provided the writer knows who the author is) which do not have anything objectionable in them.

Respectfully,  
 EDITOR.

IT is well known that for some years there has been considerable dissatisfaction expressed by the students concerning the schedule of recitations and other college exercises. We have our time so broken up that allowing for recreation and other necessary things there are only five and a half hours left as the *maximum* for study. The following schedule has been carefully prepared and is hereby submitted to the students and Honorable Faculty of this College:

7:30 . . . . .	Breakfast.	} One hour out.	This schedule allows,		
8:15 . . . . .	Chapel.		Sleep, . . . . .	8	hours.
9-10 . . . . .	1st recitation.		Free . . . . .	10	"
10-11 . . . . .	2d "		Recitations, . . . . .	3	"
11-12 . . . . .	3d "		Meals, . . . . .	1½	"
12-1 . . . . .	4th "		Chapel, . . . . .	1	"
1 . . . . .	Dinner.		Sundries, . . . . .	½	"
1-6 . . . . .	Free.				
6 . . . . .	Chapel.				
6:30 . . . . .	Supper.			24	"
7.30-11:30 . . . . .	Free.				

The ten hours reckoned as *Free* give ample time for study, recreation and reading.

The gain in time is accounted for by the fact that in this proposed schedule there are no stray half hours in the morning. These half hours are of no earthly use but on the contrary are a positive harm to us as students. They do indeed often help us to "bluff" through a recitation but do us no real good.

Then we want to have some free time in the afternoon. Now it is three o'clock before we are fairly through dinner, and almost before we know it the chapel bell is ringing.

GENTLEMEN :

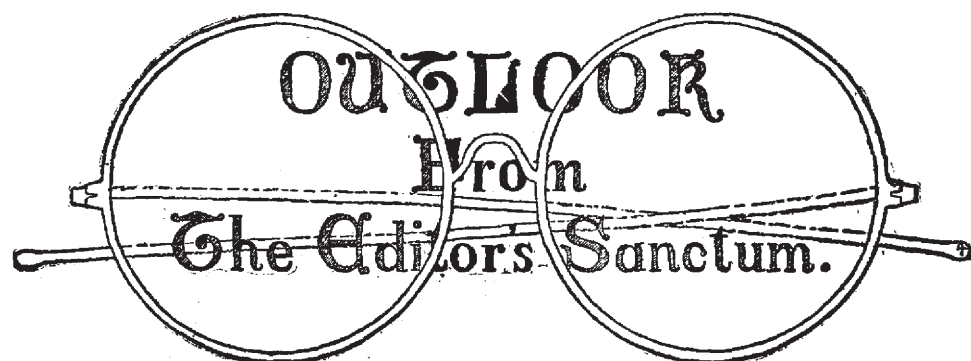
The Bachelor of Arts offers a prize of \$125 for the best short story written by an undergraduate subscriber. The particulars and terms of competition are explained in the February number, a copy of which accompanies this letter.

We should be extremely obliged to you if you would call attention through your columns, to this offer, as we feel sure a number of the students who read your paper would be glad to compete.

Thanking you in advance for your kindness, we remain,  
 Yours respectfully,

BACHELOR OF ARTS.





ABOUT five years ago, when the writer was a green and sprightly Junior "prep," there was begun in Scribner's Magazine a series of short critical essays, grouped together under one heading, called "*The Point of View.*" These essays, as probably all know, have appeared monthly as species of editorials (if one might be allowed to so designate them), and closely resemble the department of a similar nature, that, for a long time, appeared as a feature of "*Harper's.*" As they are in tone and composition of an order not inferior (in the opinion of the writer) to the Spectator's, and as they appear to him to be the only sort of editorials that should be written for a *purely literary* journal, the writer ventured to borrow the idea; or, more properly, thought of an idea from it for the MESSENGER, since he has had the charge of the paper; but, be it said, not without weighty doubts as to his ability to write even commonplace editorials, much less attempting to pen short critical essays. The venture, however, was made, and the heading "*Outlook*" given as the most appropriate one for the character of the matter that is intended for this department. Age and experience, probably, have been causes that have made "*The Point of View*" what it is, as much as wisdom and scholarly erudition, of which the youthful writer can claim but little; nevertheless, with this lofty ideal ever in mind, and with the determination to make the MESSENGER as good a college magazine as possible, the writer intends to press on up the path which he has chosen, and, from a literary standpoint, to the best of his ability, to place the MESSENGER above reproach.

Mentioning the history of the "*Outlook*" reminds us of another matter which, at this time, deserves more than a cursory glance; and that is, our birthday. Just one year ago to-day there was issued at S. Stephen's the first number of the MESSENGER. In it the first lines were, "THE S. STEPHEN'S COLLEGE MESSENGER greets you. You, who have long been asking concerning our welfare at S. Stephen's, our daily life of advancement in learning and knowledge, give heed to our Messenger!" Now, if it does not seem impertinent, just how many *have* given heed? How many *have* responded to

the appeal for subscribers? How many have taken enough interest in it to *even ask* after its welfare? The answer is left to the *conscience* of the reader. However, friends, the MESSENGER is alive, and ever will live, so long as the undergraduates show the least concern in its welfare, and try to promote its interests; but they will be compelled to get more of their friends to subscribe and their tradesmen to advertise. As for the Alumni,—well, they have their B. A.'s and have, *apparently*, no further love for or interest in their Alma Mater here. They *do* meet, so we are told, occasionally; but we take notice that it is generally *only* when there is a "spread" to be given. So peculiar is their nature, that their only manifestations of love for their Alma Mater seem apparent at the "*Commencement Banquet,*" or a "*Reunion Dinner.*" Naturally, there are noble exceptions to this; men who have generously done what they could for us, and whose actions speak more eloquently than their words their *true love* for S. Stephen's and all connected with her. These worthy men we humbly thank, and ever wish them prosperity and success. The moral that might be drawn from this lack of *true interest* on the part of the Alumni is this: undergraduates should be taught to love their Alma Mater, and to appreciate what she does for them, before graduating, *if* they are to be expected to show any appreciable loyalty and spirit afterward. The man who indifferently views the rise and fall of ventures and attempts around him, and is not compelled to bestir himself in matters concerning the college, is very liable to sink into just that lamentable state, in which we unfortunately view some of our Alumni. Whereas, the man whose whole soul and being is interested in the affairs and fate of S. Stephen's while here, is very likely to be the man to take the most interest in her after he has taken his position in life. *He* is generally the thankful and grateful man who remembers that *whatever nobleness there is in him*, she, to a great extent *alone*, is to be thanked for it, and to be honored as the nurturer of all that will tend to make him a more moral, beneficial, and useful leader of men. He it is who will carry her name wherever he goes, and will always gain for her the respect of the world. What a man is, his college life alone has often made him. As his college years are the molding years, so to speak, of his life, the man who cultivates, or the institution who allows him to cultivate, habits and ways of thought, feeling, and action that are contrary to his or its ideals, views, or knowledge of what is right and improving, is laying the foundation of a life that is very likely to end in failure, to be the bane of its possessor, and an object of ridicule to the world.



## Editors' Corner

IN our emulation of great lives we find certain habits and practices which arrest our attention, and command our admiration; and each of us, who is desirous of improvement, at each discovery thinks or says to himself in substance, " 'Tis good, I will do it." Some of these resolves, no doubt, bear fruit; and then that other life is said to have influenced ours; but many others are forgotten—old habits are too strong—or are laid aside, their keeping being considered impracticable.

The inside pages of some of our newspapers, generally in what is recognized as "plate matter," are embellished with recipes, agricultural hints and advice about the regulation of our way and manner of life. Having read these, and having listened to tales about his ancestors and their model lives, one feels himself oppressed, overwhelmed with a multitude of suggestions, many or all of which claim for themselves the power of bringing to the prac-

ticer thereof peace, happiness and a long life.

One man learns of his paternal grandfather, who lived to a ripe old age, that he began the day with a cold bath and a three-mile walk. For several days the emulating descendant indulges in (we should rather say, perhaps, endures) a similar practice, with the result that he is late for breakfast; the morning's paper is unread; he must hurry off to business; and throughout the day misses the result of the half hour's cogitation in bed, during which he was wont to plan the day's doings.

While in perplexity over this ancestor's habit, he is told of the remarkable results attained by his mother's father, who spent the first hour of each day in letter writing, and thus being in touch with such a large circle of friends was noted for the far reaching effects of his well ordered life. The offspring of this model correspondent begins this practice. In a short time the letters which he was bound to write are dispatched, as well as many others which before he would have considered unnecessary, with the result that distant relatives are startled, and some alarmed even, at "cousin John's" sudden interest in them. Thus his duty in this matter being done, he finds himself with an

excuse for remaining in bed instead of rising betimes. He realizes, in his enlightenment, the demoralizing effects of sloth and so abandons the habit of his maternal grandfather as unsuited to this generation.

Hearing that many great men have been accustomed to solace their own as well as other saddened souls, with music, he deems it a good idea to become proficient in the use of some instrument of music. Accordingly he adopts an accordion, perhaps, and devotes much time to practicing thereon; until the family threaten emigration. Almost in desperation he abandons this last scheme of self improvement.

The history of this one life has no doubt been repeated in many others; and laudable and seemingly profitable practices been adopted and abandoned. Our intellectual culture has been the subject of many suggestions cast in our way. We have been instructed in our school days that habit of learning each day a quotation from some standard author is a most improving one. We have also been advised to master our Greek Grammar this way; each day a little. We have been urged to keep upon our table the work of some author of good repute, and to spend our spare moments with him. Some writers of English have told us to let everything else go until we have become conversant with Shakespeare. Others have seemingly lifted a great load from us by preparing lists of the best books. We have been tempted almost within this trap, and have determined to read them aloud to ourselves, with a dictionary at our elbow, a pronouncing gazetteer at the other and a note book close at hand. We have been greatly humiliated at times by our ignorance of current topics, and have determined to read *all* of the daily papers regularly. At the end of the week we have found a growing pile of articles which we have put aside to be digested.

Our spiritual advisers, and with reason we admit, urge us to attend the daily morning and evening services of the church, when that privilege is granted us; and in addition, to spend a certain part of each day in other religious exercise; in study, meditation or contemplation.

In the biography or autobiography of one great man we are taught to seek to know and to study many people; to frequent the busy marts. By the records of another great life we learn to keep solitude: to know only a few friends. If we seek advice on the subject of matrimonial alliance, such a medley of confusing and contradictory evidence greets us that we quickly repent us of having gone without ourselves.

In a category, which might be labeled hygienic, one finds suggestions, the carrying out of which ought to furnish employment for the most leisure-cursing individual. In this connection a brief reference to patent medicine circulars must not be omitted. One recipe for long life is to indulge in more sleep and octogenarians have told us that they have prolonged their lives by taking a nap every afternoon. Julian Hawthorne has advised sea baths at all seasons.

of the year, and when we come to the realm of athletics there are few sports which, in the minds of their respective enthusiasts, will not make of us men hale and hearty.

The methods and manner of toilet making alone, if all advice in these matters were followed would use up a good share of each day; for every part of the human frame, according to their respective specialists, requires such and such attention, at such and such regular intervals, and in such and such ways or its usefulness is alarmingly impaired.

The innumerable ways of keeping one's cash account, one's diary, one's correspondence are so confusing that their utility is often lost in the bewildering maze of novelty.

The man who studies other lives for the good he may get therefrom, being not thoroughly acquainted with himself, is like a boy at the circus who would see every "side show" but is deterred therefrom by the meagreness of his pocket-book. We stand in life's great circus ground, gazing at the gay and gaudy banners floating in the breeze; bewildered by their flattering promises, until grasping in the little purses of our capabilities the few talents that nature has given us individually, we wander back to our little homes, wondering if the world is so grown that to be anything we must be specialists, or gasping with Cicero, "*Ubinam gentium sumus?*"

*Herbert Seymour Hastings, '98.*

### Alumni Notes.

- '61—Rev. Jos. Carey, D. D., made a flying trip to Annandale recently.
- '73—Rev. William A. Jefferis, D. D., President of Washington College, Tacoma, Wash., preached to the students January 5th.
- '80—Rev. Olin Hallock has resigned his Rectorship at South Norwalk, Conn.
- '84—Rev. Norman S. Boardman has been called to a parish in Westfield, Mass.
- '86—Rev. W. H. B. Allen has been called to Fort George, N. Y.
- '88—Rev. Samuel Derby has resigned St. John's Church, at Rockville, Conn.
- '90—Leon D. Bonnet, of Hyde Park, N. Y., was the guest of Charles Bratten Dubell for a short time recently.

The board owes an apology to the Alumni for the abrupt manner in which the ordinations of Benj. B. Lovett, '94, and W. G. W. Anthony, '90, to the Diaconate were mentioned in last month's issue. The notices reached us at the last moment without particulars, and so were inserted accordingly.

The sixth annual meeting and dinner of the New York Alumni Association was held at Plarano's, 38 West 29th street, New York City, Monday evening January 20th, at 8 o'clock. The following were elected officers for the coming year: Pres., Rev. R. B. Post, '62; V. Pres., Rev. G. S. Bennett; Sec. and Treas. Mr. R. E. Brestelle, '95; Ex. Com., Rev. A. C. Kimber, '66, Rev. F. S. Griffin '87, and Mr. F. J. Hopson, '85. Rt. Rev. G. F. Seymour, Bishop of Springfield, formerly Warden of the College, and Rev. R. B. Fairbairn, the present Warden, were present at the meeting. The following responded to toasts Rt. Rev. G. F. Seymour, Rev. R. B. Fairbairn, Rev. A. C. Kimber, Rev. L. W. Norris, Rev. G. S. Bennett and Mr. R. E. Brestelle. The meeting proved a very pleasant occasion to all who were present.

### College Notes.

- C. S. Champlin, '99, spent a week at his home in Dalton, Mass., the latter part of January, Leo Kroll, Jr., '96, acting as organist at S. John's, Barry town, during his absence.
- T. P. Maslin, '96, spent a few days in January at the General Theological Seminary in New York City.
- Frank Heaslip, of Saratoga Springs, has entered the Junior Preparatory Class.
- W. W. Jennings, of the General Theological Seminary, was at Annandale at the opening of the term.
- William H. Allison, '99, of Yonkers, has left college and entered the Freshman Class of Columbia College.
- Isaac Yohannon, '97, was ill at his home in New York two weeks in January.
- Arthur C. Saunders was confined to his room a week in January, the result of a severe fall on the ice.
- George Belsey, '98, was confined to his room a week in January, the result of a sprained ankle.
- Mr. Ostrom, of New York City, has entered the Junior Preparatory Class.
- Howard C. Whipple, of Luzerne, N. Y., of the Senior Preparatory Class, will not return this year.
- Misses Howland, Berlin, McFarland and Parkerson, of Vassar College, attended Miss Fairbairn's reception, Thursday, January 30th.
- Miss Fairbairn's reception, in Ludlow and Willink Hall, on Thursday evening, January 16th, was one of the happiest social events which the college has ever seen. It is hardly necessary to state that under its present patronage Ludlow Hall forms a Mecca in our pilgrimages of pleasure.

—The Misses Hitchcock, of Poughkeepsie, attended the reception in Ludlow Hall, on January 16th.

—Invitations have been issued for the annual Freshman fancy dress ball on S. Valentine's eve.

—The committee on Lenten Preachers, as appointed by President Maslin, is: '96, John Henry Wilson; '97, George Andrew Green; '98, Herbert Seymour Hastings; '99, Angus William Porter. The list of preachers, as arranged by them, is as follows:

Feb. 20th—Rev. Walter Thompson, Garrison, N. Y.

Feb. 27th—Rev. Dr. Otis A. Glazebrook, Elizabeth, N. J.

March 5th—Rev. Dr. W. W. Battershall, Albany, N. Y.

March 12th—Rev. W. E. Johnson, New York City.

March 13th—Bishop L. Coleman, Delaware.

March 19th—Rev. Floyd W. Tomkins, Jr., Providence, R. I.

March 26th—Rev. Chas. R. Baker, Brooklyn, N. Y.

—The Freshman Quartette, consisting of Porter, Kellemen, Jackson and Carroll, sang at S. John's Church, Barrytown, N. Y., Sunday evening, February 2d.

—The good effect of the new rules concerning back examinations is well illustrated by the fact that at the first of the month when "makeups" are supposed to be ready, so many delinquents were prepared that it required two days to complete the examinations.

—A meeting of the Athletic Association was held January 18, at which it was voted that the fund for the purpose of building a gymnasium be placed in the hands of Mr. S. V. R. Cruger, Treasurer of the Board of Trustees of the College, until it was needed for immediate use. A committee consisting of Messrs. Steinmetz, '93, Longley, '96, Gibson, '97, Popham, '99, and F. Van R. Moore, was appointed to make some arrangements for starting the gymnasium and to procure plans and estimates for the same. It was voted to have a lecture on February 5th, by Mr. Derrick Brown, of the Poughkeepsie *Enterprise*, in support of the base-ball team. Mr. Brown's topic will be "Around the Mediterranean." The ice polo teams are doing some good work playing a match game every Tuesday and Saturday. Much interest is manifested by the student body in trying by various methods to make up for the absence of a gymnasium. The prospect for a good base-ball team would be excellent except that a gymnasium is needed in order to do some systematic training. The winter class in gymnastics now meets every afternoon under the instruction of Messrs. Judd, '98, and F. V. R. Moore. In view of the fact that we have no gymnasium, the Warden kindly allowed us to use the old library. The class will continue until the opening of the base-ball season. More and more the lack of a gymnasium is felt by the students.

### Exchanges.

THE first paper to reach our exchange table this month was the "*Reveille*," from Norwich University. We judge by the editorial that the students of that institution have been making a stand against their present system of examinations, and have attempted, by a petition to the Faculty, to have all students with a term mark of 90 per cent. or over exempted from examination. This is a question which has been agitated not a little in our own college, and has thus far met with no more success than at Norwich. We take the liberty of quoting a paragraph from the above mentioned editorial which bears directly upon the question. "Probably no student who could obtain for a term mark such a per cent. (90) in any study would fail to pass in examination, while now any one, no matter how high a term mark he possesses, is required to take an examination at the end of the term. Thus no inducement is offered to one, in this line, to obtain the 90 per cent. Many who stand well in term mark will, when examination time arrives, experience nervousness and be in such a state of mind that they cannot answer questions with which ordinarily they are perfectly familiar; thus doing themselves no justice; others who have studied little during the term will, before examination, 'cram' and answer questions which in a week's time they could no master."

The *Reveille*, published by the Peekskill Military Academy, is a most welcome visitor at our table. It is a bright and newsy little paper.

We beg to offer our hearty congratulations to the *Student Record* on the changes made in the management and editorial staff. The January number is, in our estimation, a vast improvement on its predecessors. The literary standard of the paper is twenty per cent. higher than before, and its whole tone much more attractive. We take pleasure in welcoming it as a regular visitor at our exchange table.

We beg to acknowledge the receipt of the following exchanges: *The Bachelor of Arts*, *The University Cynic*, *The Wellesley Magazine*, *The Student Record*, *The Reveille*, Norwich U.; *The Reveille*, P. M. A.; *The Trinity Table*, *The Morningside*.

**Jocularia.**

"HORATIUS," said the school mistress to a nine-year old boy with two imposing freckles on the knees of his pants—"Horatius, please form a sentence with the word 'toward' in it, and write the sentence on the board." Horatius went to the blackboard, and after much scratching of head and friction of brain, printed with a crayon, in letters that looked like a lot of half-feathered Shanghai chickens running after a piece of dough, the following sentence: "I toward my trowsers."

---

"Say, bub, have yer got stoves in the school house?"

"No, siree."

"Any furnaces in basement?"

"No, we don't need 'em."

"How do you keep warm, then?"

"Teacher warms our basement with a shingle."

---

*Prof.*—Translate into Latin "He loves his friends."

*Member of '98.*—"Suas amicos amat."

*Prof.*—Oh, my! why suas amicos?"

*M. of '98.*—Why, sir, I thought "friends" was always feminine.

---

Tempus fugit, said the Romans,  
 Yes, alas, 'tis fleeting on;  
     Ever coming,  
     Ever going,  
 Life is short and soon 'tis gone.

But as I think of next vacation,  
 Poring o'er these lessons huge,  
     Ever harder,  
     Ever longer,  
 All I say is, "Let her fuge!"

*E. N.*