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Vol. 2. Annapolis, 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 MESSANGER.

N.B. This space marked with a red cross denotes the expiration of your subscription.
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 paternal 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, who never told a lie.

No, George, you should thank your stars that the consul in your natal year was in February, that the Vaughn family held a reunion in the old house, and that the Vaughn family held a reunion in the old house, and as 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 shutter, 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 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 lid fell open.

A faint odor of lavender exhaled from the packages of letters which we stored in its pigeon-holes. Each package was tied with a ribbon and even the smallest of them 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 four of 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, “I 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 writer on the outside. It was a cold and formal note releasing Miss Perpetua Bra don from her promise of marriage. Folded in this was a letter from the your 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 to give you. Never. Would that I could; for my love for you has been stron true and my heart has been cruelly torn by your sharp words: won sharper than a serpent’s tooth. I scorn you, and now I hurl you from me as 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, as 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 sweet 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.

Environ 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 surrounding 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 coquetishly 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.
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 troubled waves of life to drown, for I have returned my mermaid’s kiss, and life is all happiness.


English History up to Date.

HAROLD THE SAXON AND WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR.

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 he 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 the reached home Harold tapped William on the shirt front and said, “You’re 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 sweat suit, 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.
The Valentine.

A 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."


"Τετελεύησα."
"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 wrench 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.
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:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Time</th>
<th>Activity</th>
</tr>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>7:30</td>
<td>Breakfast</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8:15</td>
<td>Chapel</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9-10</td>
<td>1st recitation</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10-11</td>
<td>2nd recitation</td>
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<tr>
<td>11-12</td>
<td>3rd recitation</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>12-1</td>
<td>4th recitation</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1-6</td>
<td>Dinner</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>6</td>
<td>Free</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>6:30</td>
<td>Chapel</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7:30-11:30</td>
<td>Free</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

This schedule allows,

- Sleep, 8 hours
- Free, 10 hours
- Recitations, 3 hours
- Meals, 1 1/2 hours
- Chapel, 1 hour
- Sundries, 1/2 hour
- Reading, 24 hours

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.

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 is he 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.
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 practitioner 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 days the emulating descendant indulges in (we should rather say, perhaps, that he began the day with a cold bath and a three-mile walk. For this model correspondent begins this practice. In a short time the letters 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 thinking or saying to himself.

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 ‘plate matter,’ as well as many others which be

In the biography or autobiography of one great man we are taught to know and to study many people; to frequent the busy marts. By this we are warned against the trap of the penurious posture, with its medley of confusing and contradictory evidence greets us that we quickly repent us of having gone without ourselves.

One family threaten emigration. Almost in desperation he abandons this la scheme of self improvement.

The history of this one life has no doubt been repeated in many other: and laudable and seemingly profitable practices have been adopted or 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 been also advised to master our Greek Grammar this way; each day a little. We have been urged to keep upon our table a dictionary at our elbow, a pronouncing gazetteer at the other end, 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 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 advice on the subject of matrimonial alliance, such 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, to carry out of which ought to furnish employment for the most leisure-curs individual. In this connection a brief reference to patent medicine circula 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 season
Alumni Notes.


"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 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 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 except that a gymnasium is needed in order to do some systematic training. 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.
"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 trousers."

"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.