

# MESSENGER

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# The S. Stephen's College Messenger.

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# The S. Stephen's College Messenger.

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VOL. III.

ANNANDALE, N. Y., SEPTEMBER, 1896.

No. 1.

## The Student as Athlete.

THE prominence which the subject of college athletics has assumed of late years, and the full discussion of the matter from many points of view, would lead to the conclusion that the place of athletics in the student's life has been definitely fixed.

As a matter of fact, however, the subject is as much under discussion as ever, and many voices still cry, some decidedly in favor, and some very much in opposition.

Those who object to college athletics as the privilege of the student must, at least, recognize the absorbing nature they have taken to themselves, and admit a certain benefit that has already accrued to student and college alike from the athletic contests of each season.

The athlete himself can be discussed only when his college is taken into consideration. It is very evident that the method of conducting an athletic organization—a base-ball, foot-ball or track athletic team—in a university of three thousand students must vary considerably from that which is in use in the college of one hundred students.

This much, however, may be found in each of them: the college athlete has a TWO-FOLD purpose to fulfill in *every case*. He is seeking (1) the exercise of that energy which naturally urges him to activity, and which will bring a strong physique as the reward of the exertion; and (2) he seeks, also, to excel in each contest, that he may bring honor, not simply to himself, but to the college which he represents; for there is no disputing the fact, whether we like it or not, that a certain fame comes to the college because of the exhibition of excellence and success in athletic effort.

The student, then, will be an athlete (*i. e.*, a man who devotes a definite portion of his time to particular forms of exercise), because his duty to him-

self demands that he should so guard his health; but beyond this, if he is unconcerned about his health, he will remember that there is a duty to his college which calls upon him to exert himself in those sports for which his personal strength may fit him.

The student, as he claims the privileges of a college or university, and partakes of the many benefits thereof—mental, moral and physical—must share the responsibility of advancing that institution in every department of her activity.

We see this spirit of devotion in actual exercise in the universities of the country, when hundreds of men present themselves each season as candidates for a team of nine or eleven men.

But if such a spirit animates the student of a large university, how much more necessary is it to the very life of athletics in the small college, where every man of any physical power whatever is a decided factor in placing his college in a creditable position in athletics.

If the student—provided he possess the necessary qualifications—is perforce an athlete, in like manner will the athlete be a *student*. This will result, other things being equal, because his sound physique will give greater power of thought and application. But he will be a student, also, because he is fired with the ambition to honor himself and his college alike, by the degree in which he becomes a well-rounded, a *complete* man.

The small college can not demand a scholarship qualification in her athlete as the large university, but with the true *esprit de corps* this will come without any such demand.

S. Stephen's is at that point in her history when her fame may be spread abroad by a healthy interest in athletics—that interest which will take her into active association and zealous competition with her sister colleges.

That love and devotion which we all feel, who share or have shared the privileges which she has to offer, demand that each one, undergraduate and alumnus alike, shall give his support and encouragement to every athletic effort; and demands, also, that the athlete himself shall honor his Alma Mater by his interest in his studies, as the first reason for his share in her privileges.

These two—the student-athlete and the athlete-student—properly encouraged, can not fail to add something to the name and reputation which S. Stephen's has already attained.

H.

### The Stuff that Dreams are Made on.

MY friend Dodge has a habit of coming in to see me during business hours, and his visits are always welcome and cheering ones, no matter how busy I may be when the boy announces him. When the door of my private office is closed behind him, he throws himself into a chair or even on

the hearth-rug, and thus shut out from the formality and conventionality of business and social life, we find a respite from the day's routine. I frequently ask his advice about business matters, and until the summer of this reminiscence had always found him shrewd and helpful; but during that particular season I found myself the adviser and him the postulant.

The summer was a very severe one; the nights were so hot that peaceful sleep was almost an impossibility, and trolley rides were the only really cooling diversions. Both Dodge and I had agreed that we would not go out of the city for any length of time, and as my family were in the mountains, we were living together at the club. He was such an old bachelor that even my wife had failed to attract him. It had hurt me, at first, after my marriage, when I found that I could not entertain him, with any pleasure on his part, at my own house; he had come once or twice, purely from a sense of duty, but never after the children were born. He could not tolerate "kids." I used to suspect that my offspring were characterized as "brats" in his vocabulary when I was not with him.

I saw a great deal of him during that summer, and we quite renewed the youth of our college days in the companionable life that we led. He came to my office every afternoon after banking hours, and would wait for me until my work was over, and we could spend the remainder of the day together in some retreat at the club, or at some suburban pleasure ground, or at one of the roof gardens.

Thus the days passed very pleasantly for me; but I noticed that Dodge did not seem well; and when, one night, he refused to smoke, on the ground that he had concluded it didn't agree with him, I was much concerned, and in writing to my wife said that I was going to try and persuade Dodge to accompany me when next I should run up to spend Sunday with her.

I watched him more and more carefully. He seemed like a man laboring under some heavy responsibility. I felt sure that his business ventures were usually successful, and by casual outside inquiries found that his trouble could not be upon that score.

The explanation came one morning. It was quite unusual for him to visit my office at that time; but as I was not very busy, I turned in my chair and greeted him heartily. He took little notice of me, however, but throwing himself on my office lounge, puffed furiously at a cigar, and remarked that it was "inferentially light" in the room. I lowered the blinds, making almost a twilight darkness, anticipating a confession of some sort from him. He did not speak, however, and after sitting quietly and gazing intently upon him for some time, I blurted out, "Dan, what is the matter with you? You act like the fellows used to in college when they imagined themselves in love. You are not in that condition, are you?"

"Worse than that," he muttered; "I'm married."

"Married!" I almost yelled. "What"—

"Oh, no; I suppose I'm not really married; but it's almost as good—rather, as bad as that," he said. Then turning to me suddenly, "Do you remember my moods at college?"

I replied affirmatively.

"Well, do you remember the explanation I used to give when they had passed?"

"You used to attribute them, strangely, to dreams," I replied, rather sarcastically.

"Well, that's what's the matter now," he continued. "I have been dreaming every night for a month, and living an entirely different life in sleep; nor has it been the same thing over and over again, like childish nightmares; but each night's dream fits into its predecessor, making up a different existence; and I feel that the strain of living double will drive me mad."

Although much worried, I thought it best to treat the matter lightly, as Dodge was always something of a hypochondriac; so I said, "Then you are married to only a dream-maiden. Well, that's a relief."

"It may be for you," he sighed; "but it's a regular hell for me."

Then he told me the strangest kind of a story—so vivid, so realistic, that I found myself forgetting that he was recounting dreams only; how that he had met a woman, to him even more repugnant than usual, and by that strange jugglery of dreams found himself married to her. He described their wedding and all its distressing details. He told of the ugliness and sour temper of his wife, who had been a widow with several small children. He dwelt upon the troubles caused by meddlesome relatives, and the discomforts of a badly managed household. His wife seemed to me, as he described her, to be a fair sample of the wife which the "funny papers" so love to inflict upon a commiserable man; and I thought, "Old fellow, had you ever known or loved a true woman, you would not have been thus afflicted. This shrew is but the embodiment of your own distorted conceptions." But I did not interrupt him; and he went on to tell me how each night's dream and its predecessors seemed to haunt him throughout the day. He attributed the breaking of the tobacco habit to the nagging of his wife, and his careworn expression to the necessity of providing for a large family; for in his dreams he was always poor and losing money. The bank was always approaching crises; and he would come down to business morning after morning, painfully conscious of overhanging ruin, to be surprised again and again at not finding affairs in the precarious condition in which he had left them—in his dreams.

He was, indeed, thoroughly desperate, and I could easily foresee a mental collapse, if something were not done to divert his mind from its gloomy channels; for each day his dream existence was enlarging, and threatened finally to eclipse the real.

I made my determination hastily, and that night saw us started on a fishing expedition among the mountain lakes. Once free of old environments, I made him tramp so many miles, and put so much of the hard work of camp life upon him, that when night came he was thoroughly tired, and slept peacefully, like an exhausted child. In this new life he soon obtained a divorce from his wife, as he expressed it, and I schemingly directed our route so that its end found us at the hotel where my family were staying.

I had written my wife fully of his trouble, and she agreed with me that contact with real women was the only sure remedy that would prevent the reappearance of his dream consort. When I reached the hotel, I found that my wife had her plans made, and before the first evening was over she had contrived to bring the two together.

The experience through which he had passed seemed to have rendered him deeply sensible of charming realities, and he was an easy subject for love at first sight. Their engagement has just been announced, and now he lounges in my office at all times of day, and I seem to be living over my college days.

Thus truly did Shakespeare sing, although he might consider this a perverted interpretation: "We are such stuff as dreams are made on, and our little life is *rounded* with a sleep." H., '98.

### A Thistle Down.

(After James Whitcomb Riley.)

O H, an airy, fairy thing,  
Like a song-bird on the wing,  
Came floating on the breezes as an odor in the spring;  
And it hung about my chair  
With a tender kind of care,  
As if it wish'd that I should know, should feel that it was there.

It was delicate and white,  
Like a silver spangl'd sprite,  
And it came as softly stealing as sweet memories at night;  
And I hop'd that it would stay  
Or linger in its play,  
For it seem'd a spirit messenger from some forgotten day.

But the message that it brought,  
Both with pain and pleasure fraught,  
It deftly then deliver'd with a readiness unsought;  
For it softly brush'd my cheek,  
As if it fain would speak  
Of happy days and childish ways, that I must seek and seek.

*Herbert Seymour Hastings, '98.*



### A Symposium.

MIDNIGHT was already a thing of the past. The candles, guttering low under their delicately painted shades, showed plainly the remains of the banquet, and half illuminated the cosy study, where three men were lounging on the divan. All three were smoking, and at the same time carrying on a lively discussion. They were the best of friends, but very different; to express this difference as briefly as possible, it might be said that one was a conservative, another a radical, and the third, as he himself often said, "a bundle of contradictions."

The conservative was speaking earnestly, and presently concluded: "For my part, I say 'No,' emphatically. Social experiments are generally failures, and I think it is best to let well enough alone."

"O, you make me tired!" said the radical, getting up and stretching himself. "You are conservative to the verge of bigotry. Darwin tells us that the first man was simply an abnormally developed anthropoidal ape. Suppose the ape who became the first man had said, 'All my ancestors went on four legs, and I will continue to do so; I will be conservative, and resist this tendency to walk on two legs.' Wouldn't it be interesting to see men hopping around on four legs?" (Suiting the action to the words.) "Imagine the statue of Lafayette, in Union Square, representing that worthy on all fours offering his sword to Washington!"

The speaker was evidently provoked, and his hearers laughed heartily.

"It seems to me that you have weakened your argument by your suggestion about the Lafayette statue; for, if under such circumstances the race could have developed sufficiently to have produced such a man, the conservatism of your imaginary ape would simply have entailed upon us the necessity of going on all fours, and we should, no doubt, be remarking about the beautiful curve of a man's back instead of his erect carriage. Besides, it would have been a perfect bonanza for the shoe trade. However, your ape may or may not have existed. True, the Darwinian theory is generally accepted by scientists to-day; but if it were tried in court, I am confident that the jury would return the Scotch verdict of 'not proven.' Moreover, Eve's case is quite as strong an argument for conservatism as that of your ape against it."

"I don't understand," said the radical, opening his mouth and looking helplessly from one to the other of his companions.

The silent man in the far corner puffed vigorously at his cigarette. He saw the drift of the argument, and his eyes twinkled and a smile played around the corners of his mouth. The radical paced the floor, from time to time casting inquiring glances at the two men on the divan.

"Well, Billy!" exclaimed the "bundle of contradictions," "you need a dose of bromo caffeine. You are positively dull; but, then, your nationality is against you."

"Let me explain," said the conservative. "If, when the serpent tempted mother Eve, she had said, 'No, I never plucked an apple from that tree, and I never will; I will be conservative,' how different things might have been. Alas! she was like you; she was a radical. I need not tell you the rest; for you know as well as I do that that radical act of Eve's was the beginning of all our trouble."

"Cleverly turned!" shouted the onlooker.

"O, yes," responded the radical, irritably; "I admit that you have the best of the argument with your analogy; but it is hardly fair to argue from an individual case to a general conclusion. You surely don't pretend to defend such conservatism as characterized the court party at the outbreak of the French Revolution?"

"Bourbon conservatism has become proverbial, and, in fact, it was bigotry—conservatism gone to seed; but I venture to say that it was preferable to the radicalism which characterized the Reign of Terror. Anything may be perverted. You have, of course, heard the expression, 'erring on the right side;' well, the right side is always conservatism, not that conservatism is always exactly right, but it is less liable to 'go *musth*.'"

By this time the "bundle of contradictions" decided that the discussion had gone far enough, and knocking the ash from his cigarette, he said, "You are both right, and both wrong; radicalism and conservatism are complements of each other. Radicalism is the spirited horse which draws the chariot of Progress, and Conservatism the driver, who, with tightened rein, restrains the fractious steed and prevents disaster."

G. H. W., '98.

### My Southern Sweetheart.

THOSE dwelling on the west bank of the Hudson claim that theirs is the choice side of that grand old stream. Among other reasons they state one which is indeed forcible. In the afternoon, while they are enjoying the refreshing sight of the river, their neighbors across stream are being stared out of countenance by "Old Sol," and have to seek refuge from his hot, piercing glances on their rear verandas. Then, too, they will tell you that late in the afternoon the Easternites, for the same reason, are still tied to their houses while they themselves are enjoying refreshing breezes as they sail or paddle under the grateful shade of the western hills. The truth of this appealed to me forcibly a few days ago, when, after a hot, oppressive morning on land, I found myself in the afternoon being rowed gently along the Nyack shore, by my friend Waldo. Waldo is an undergraduate at Columbia, and while he explained the many advantages of University life, I told him how attached we all were at Annandale to our unique little Alma Mater. My enthusiasm seemed somewhat to amuse him, and after pulling in his oars and

lighting his pipe, he said, "Well, you seem to be pretty affectionately disposed toward your college; one might think you were describing your sweetheart." And then, after a moment's pause, "By the way, old man, I wonder now if you ever *have been* in love?" I tugged away extra hard on my old pipe at this sudden question, hiding my face in a dense cloud of smoke. But somehow or other Waldo noticed my uneasiness, and it was no use trying to conceal the truth, or to change the subject by jesting, as I had always before been able to do. He saw I had a story to tell, and that story he was bound I should relate. "Well, Waldo," I said, "you have read the fact in my face, so I might as well acquaint you with the details." So laying back in the stern, as we drifted lazily along, and drawing now and then on my old pipe, to cogitate for the moment on some detail less vivid to my memory's eye than another, I told him my story in this wise:

"Virginia, for that was, or rather *is*, her name—she still lives—was born in Virginia, and named after her native State. I will not describe her as a raving beauty or the finest woman that ever graced this world. No, this is a true story, and I will adhere closely to facts. She was by no means ugly, however, but a good-looking blonde of medium height, much the same as many whom one meets every day, save for the wonderful brightness of her eye. She was a good girl, thoroughly good, though by no means free from certain faults and failings characteristic, they say, of woman. To be candid, I will tell you at once that Virginia was, in many respects, a peculiar and unusual girl. Perhaps this was due, in great measure, to the influences and surroundings of her early childhood. Certain it is, that from constantly being in the fields, that fair skin had become greatly tanned, and she always seemed to be more at home when among men than among women. Her father, a man more ambitious than affectionate, desiring that she should marry money and so increase the revenue of his family, cut her off one day from her fond mother's embrace and sent her North, where, as he said in his rough, unromantic way, there would be a better market for her.

"Over two years ago I visited an old chum at South Hampton. The night after my arrival we were all at the opening Club House dance, and there, sitting with her uncle and several other men, in a small card-room some distance from the ball-room, I met Virginia. From the very moment I met her my entire view of life was changed, and I became, to say the least, a happier and more cheerful being. I can not say, though, that it seemed changed for the better that evening. I sat out two dances with Virginia, enchanted with her delightful society. But her uncle, at whose home she was living, took her away early, and the rest of the evening was so intensely uninteresting to me that I was glad when my friend asked me if I was ready to go. At the time I did not suspect in the least that Virginia was the cause of my changed feelings. To be sure, I was much taken by her

appearance and charming manner, and had already obtained permission to call, as my chum's family were quite intimate with her uncle. I did not entertain for a moment the idea that she had entered into the citadel of my life, and had actually taken me by storm before I had even had time to observe cupid drawing his bow. But such was the case. With this girl 'but to see her was to love her.' I spent the entire summer vacation with my chum, and perhaps it is needless to say that it was the happiest holiday I had ever yet passed. Oh, the tennis parties, the drives, the long walks, the moonlight sails on the lake! How can I forget them? I do not wish to! It was a summer when this beautiful earth seemed a fair enough place for heaven. Every day the sunbeams seemed to brighten everybody with a happy smile, and in the evening the moonlight was only less glorious than the bright eye of my Southern sweetheart.

"As I said before, Virginia was a peculiar girl. Her influence and magnetism were *wonderful*, and seemed to permeate the whole atmosphere around her. As of old on the plantation, she was more at home among men than among women. She would listen most politely while the young ladies talked, but never entered into the conversation unless to address her remarks to the men. With us she could talk by the hour. Her education and scope of thought were broad. She always seemed to understand our moods, and could cheer us when sad, and bring us back again to serious thoughts in the very midst of frivolity. Strange to relate, I never harbored those feelings of jealousy which are often lurking in a lover's breast. I often enjoyed her society all the more when my chum or any of his friends were with us. You must not think that Virginia was anything of a flirt. Her preference for men's society was merely the result of her associations in the Virginia fields. Happily for me, my love for her was fully returned, and a short time before leaving South Hampton she allowed me to make for her a ring, that little token of a united life ending only at the grave. Not being a wealthy man, I had told her that I feared that my chances of winning her were small. Then it was that she explained to me what a large family of daughters her father had, and that the mere fact of one of them getting married *did* increase his finances, whether the husband were rich or poor, for it gave him one less to support. I was very happy to learn this, for it showed me that her father was not the old ogre I had pictured him to be. He simply sent his daughter North that her chances would be better of finding some young man to whom she might be joined as a life companion.

"Before bidding Virginia good-bye she imposed a task upon me to prove the staying powers, as she said, both of my love and hers. She had decided to travel for two years, and come in contact with men all over the world. I was not to see her until then. The two years were up some months ago—two years in which I tried to work cheerfully and earnestly—but it was of little



avail; I would attempt to study, but my intense longing unstrung my nerves, and made me practically useless and a most unhappy and sorrowful man. Virginia had entered so completely into my life that I seemed to have but half my faculties while she was absent. I will not dwell on this painful part of my life longer. When the two years were up I sought my sweetheart, and found her *as true as gold*. Perhaps she did well to cause me these two years of wretchedness, for now, knowing what it is to be without her sympathetic company, I can truly say that she has become doubly dear to me. Yes, *with her* I am able to break down the walls of formality and coldness when visitors drop in to see me. It is she who lights up my whole countenance, even when the fire on the hearth has died out. I have married her now, and she is in the midst of everything interesting in my college life. She is truly an assistant to the brain worker, a poor man's comfort, and a friend to all those who wish the pleasure of her society, and enjoy the delicious aroma of her sweet-smelling breath.

"My Southern sweetheart, you see, I have won; nor am I at all jealous that thousands of others find her just as dear to them as she is to me. I quit smoking over two years ago, and now find it a great solace and comfort again. Do you not recognize Virginia, now? She is not a raving beauty, but by no means ugly. I forgot to tell you her last name. It is—Tobacco."

Francis Van R. Moore, 1900.

### Old Songs.

THE sweetest singers oft are those,  
Whose songs breathe most of human woes;  
And those who sing the sweetest lays,  
Are those who sing of other days.

It matters not where we may roam,  
However far from friends or home;  
The song which soothed our childhood's grief  
Will even now bring sweet relief.

Watson Bartemus Selvage, '98.

### Attention to Athletics.

ONCE more the collegians are in Annandale. Rooms have been drawn; conditions worked off; and now that the how-do-you-do's have been said, we are settled down for a term of hard work. Greek, Latin, Mathematics, German, French, English, Mental and Moral Philosophy, Psychology and—but stop! What about *bodily* exercise, fresh air, recreation and relaxation? Are they to have no consideration in our great endeavor for general develop-

ment of body, mind and spirit? Surely we must earnestly consider this feature of college life, which comes under the general head of athletics.

S. Stephens was not born when the silver spoons were given out, and as a consequence we have not the funds at our disposal which we could desire. It is too bad. We wish it were otherwise. If a good round sum were invested, the interest of which could be turned over to the Athletic Association, there would be a great change for the better in the student life. But—though we should endeavor in every lawful way to enlarge our exchequer—it would be foolish, yes, wrong, not to do our very best with what we have at our disposal. We *must* learn to *take things as they are* when we can *not* have them as we should like them to be. It's a hard lesson, but a practical one to have mastered.

Space is not given us, nor is it necessary to enter into a discussion upon the benefits of athletics. It is taken for granted that a certain amount of bodily exercise is not only beneficial but absolutely necessary for students.

There are several ways of spending the hours of recreation here, so that all may get exercise in one way or another. In the first place, Annandale is surrounded by *beautiful* country. A walk over the hills, through the woods or along the river, is at once exercise, refreshment and inspiration, not only to the new student, but also to him to whom the scenes are doubly dear through association. The roads—particularly the iron-ore road to Rhinebeck—are good. Those who love the silent steed have full play for an afternoon spin, and can also take the opportunity of making a call and thus refresh their mind, from study stale. Tennis can be played without losing any time, as the dirt courts are all near the dormitories. Very likely their owners will take pride this Fall in keeping their respective courts in good condition. In connection with tennis, we urge those interested in the game not to allow another year to go by without a tournament. If possible, have one in the Fall and another in the Spring. *Competition is as useful in athletics as in business, both for creating interest and arousing enthusiasm.* Those who do not take part in any exercise thus far mentioned should bear in mind that we want to have a field-day next Spring. Several beautiful medals, given by interested supporters, are now in the hands of the Athletic Association. What a shame that none of them have yet been won! Try to win one. Put the shot—it lies ready by Hoffman Hall steps; throw the hammer; run; jump; sprint. Start now, and in June you will win a race.

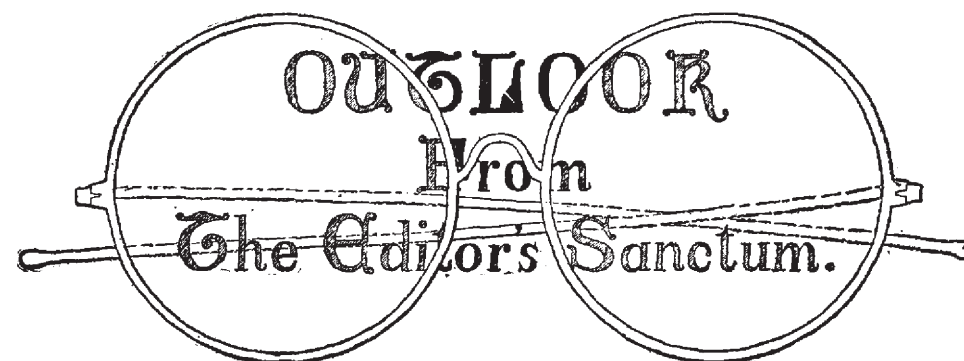
Another matter—we *must* put up the gym. this year. A gymnasium is the back-bone of athletics. 'Twere better to have a miserable frame building with but *one* window than no place at all in which to exercise. But we can do more. With just a little increase in the gymnasium fund, we can put up a *brick* building with a *dozen* or more windows. Let us make a superhuman effort, as the Warden would say, and build the gymnasium this year. But this, perhaps, is



deviating from the subject. We were speaking of using what we already had at our disposal. Now, gym. or no gym., we can have a dumb-bell class in the Winter, by using the building formerly used as a Library. Besides this, we are apt to have considerable ice and snow. Last year the two ice polo teams, "The Grays" and "The Blues," had a number of interesting and exciting matches, and coasting was to be had for some weeks. In the Spring base-ball is the great game; but walking, wheeling, tennis and track athletics have also their devotees.

One word, before closing, on foot-ball. The game is exciting, and even those who merely look on are apt to become so interested that they forget other things, for the time, and are much refreshed and benefited thereby. A larger number of men can take part in the actual play than in any of our other games, and counting in the umpires, referee, linesmen and attendants, you find the greater part of the college drawn together, and a sociable spirit is engendered. It is without doubt the most popular sport, and rightly so. Self-control is learned, while the player at the same time becomes brave and hardy. Some of our last year's team can not be with us now, but such losses are common to all teams, and material developed on last year's scrub will work in well this year on the 'Varsity. The men should not be at all discouraged on this account. The scrub team should be a very important factor in this season's foot-ball work, and undoubtedly the captain and manager of the 'Varsity will do their best to have two strong teams on the field every day. The men themselves who are patriotic toward their college will come out this year without being asked each day to do so. All strong organizations must have a head to take active charge. The captain is the head of a foot-ball team—on the field—and success lies in putting aside any personal feeling one may have, and making himself subject to his captain's will. Last year the team was uniformed and well organized, and made considerable advance in the right direction. A proof of this was shown in the Spring, when more than enough men for two nines came to the base-ball field without being urged. Several games have already been scheduled by our active manager, and others will be arranged. Several dates could not be accepted on account of lack of funds. However, the game should be played, and the spirit of foot-ball kept up this year, even if our poor financial condition prevents us from playing many matches. This is a duty we owe to those who have started it, and to the men who will be here in after years when S. Stephen's is more prosperous. Something besides the personal advantages we derive from the game should urge us on to great efforts. We should be willing to give up a little extra time for the sake of our Alma Mater. The season ends by Thanksgiving, so let us give ourselves up to training, and stop smoking and late hours for that period. Let us work in our athletics unselfishly and systematically. Unselfishly, in that we look for no present great results, which we might claim as the work of our own hands; and systematically, that at some future day, when we are a part of the Alumni, the red banner of S. Stephen's may wave triumphantly as her sons battle strongly with the crimson or the blue.

*Francis Van R. Moore, 1900.*



With this number THE MESSENGER enters upon its Third Volume, with a feeling of surprise that it still exists, after its many difficulties and setbacks.

With a risk of appearing monotonous, we must again enter upon the same old strain, and urge each and every student to remember his duty to his college paper. We thank most heartily those few faithful ones who have contributed so regularly in the past. Will the rest of the men allow it to be said that all the literary talent of S. Stephen's is confined to about half a dozen men? Yet, if you will examine the files of THE MESSENGER, you will find that such appears to be the case; by far the greater part of the work has been done by a very small number.

We wish, especially, to call the attention of the new men to the fact that they are earnestly invited to contribute. Essays, stories, poems—in fact, anything of a literary character will be thankfully received by the Board of Editors, and if considered worthy of a place, will appear at the earliest opportunity.

Now is a good time to devote yourself to literary work, before you have the Christmas examinations to think about. Do not be afraid that the supply will exceed the demand; we do not think that has ever yet happened.

Let us each and every one work hard during the coming year for the success of our paper, and try to make it something of which we can feel proud, from a literary standpoint. This can certainly be done, but only by a united effort. The old adage, "In unity there is strength," applies here.

Just a word about our financial condition. THE MESSENGER is heavily in debt, and the printer refuses to continue to print the paper unless something is done to reduce this debt. Shall we let the paper die now, when, by an earnest effort on the part of every loyal S. Stephen's man, we can pay off this debt and put THE MESSENGER on a paying basis?

The Board of Editors calls upon every student to come to the rescue. Remember, that by helping the college paper you are helping the college. Do not let it be said of S. Stephen's that its men did not take enough interest in their Alma Mater to support a college paper.

**College Notes.**

- Mr. William Evans Kunkel, '96, spent the summer at Clermont, N. Y.
- Mr. Watson Bartemus Selvage, '98, spent the summer at Chautauqua, N.Y.
- The Rev. Daniel Russ Judd, B.A., '90, visited friends in Nyack, Aug. 5.
- The Rev. William B. Clarke, B.A., '83, spent the month of August in Antwerp, N. Y.
- Mr. Frank Hay Staples, '96 Sp. C., was the guest of Mr. C. A. Roth, '98, for a few days in July.
- Mr. Albert J. Nock, M. A., '92, was ordained to the diaconate at All Saints Cathedral, June 13.
- Mr. Francis Van R. Moore, 1900, and Mr. Frank Hay Staples, '96 Sp. C., visited Mr. Charles Popham, '99.
- The Rev. F. C. Steinmetz, M.A., '93, was in charge of Christ Church, Philadelphia, during the summer.
- Mr. J. P. Gibson, '97, had charge of the missions at Evans' Mills and Great Bend, New York. Mr. Adelbert McGinnis also spent two months at Evans' Mills.
- The Rev. Arthur Cleveland Clarke, B.A., '86, and the Rev. Charles H. Duncan, M.A., '87, spent a day in June with Mr. Francis Van R. Moore, in Nyack.
- Mr. Charles Carpenter, B.A., '93, while on his way to his new field of work in Kansas, was the guest for a few days of Mr. Robt. H. Mize, B.A., '94, of Atchison.
- The Rev. John R. Lambert, B.A., '81, and the Rev. W. G. W. Anthony, M.A., '90, made an extended European trip during vacation, sailing from New York June 13.
- Mr. Francis Van R. Moore, 1900, has been suffering from an injured knee, the result of a severe fall from his wheel last September. It is feared that he will be unable to play foot-ball this season.
- Mr. Charles S. Champlin, '99, spent the summer at Annandale, having charge of the organ at St. John's, Barrytown. He entertained for some weeks, in August, Messrs. John C. Davis, '96 Sp. C., and A. M. Judd, '98.
- Mr. Francis Van R. Moore, 1900, entertained at his home, in Nyack, during the earlier part of vacation, Messrs. Staples, '96 Sp. C.; Dubell, 1900; Saunders, P.D., and Popham, '99. Mr. Leon Bonnett, B.A., '90, was also in Nyack.
- Mr. Lewis B. Moore, B.A., '83, of the D. & H. C. Co., took a two weeks' trip during July, visiting several places in Canada, thence down the St. Lawrence, then to Bar Harbor, Portland and Boston, from whence he returned to Nyack.