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MESSENGER

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S. Stephen's College Messenger.

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A FRAGMENT.

I know where the rarest violets grow
  And mirror the blue of the sky
Where the summer winds so softly blow
  And the tide slips swiftly by.
On the bank of the stream is a place to dream;
But the violets nod at the sun's last beam.
  So come, while we may,
  Let's live to-day;
  To-morrow the violets may fade away.

2 POTTER HALL.

A JOURNEY TO CALIFORNIA.

I have been asked to write, for the MESSENGER, an account of a journey which I made, last summer, which occupied nearly three months, and covered more than nine thousand miles. Leaving Annandale, June 21st, I stopped first at Pittsburgh, where I was most hospitably entertained for two days by Young of '97 and his excellent wife. They were occupying for the summer the house of Archdeacon Flint, who was off on a vacation, but whom I had the pleasure of meeting at Commencement, and who showed great interest in my visit. I have recently received postals from both. Young's was written at the Hotel Terminus at Munich. Flint sent from Rome a picture of the arch of Septimius Severus. Under Young's guidance I explored Pittsburgh, Allegheny and their suburbs, visiting old Fort Duquesne, an interesting relic, carefully preserved by the Daughters

of the Revolution, which served its purpose as a defense against hostile savages, but which modern artillery would knock to pieces in about two minutes, the Carnegie library, Trinity Church, the Park, the Frick Office building, residence and business sections, and many other points of interest. Mrs. Young prepared a delicious lunch, to which all the Alumni of St. Stephen's living in the neighborhood were invited. Four responded, Allen of '77, Gibson of '97, Schulz of '00 and Graham of '01. It was a delightful reunion, in which we recalled many memories of the olden days. The next day Young and I lunched with Gibson, at his mission 8 miles out of Pittsburgh, and had the pleasure of meeting Mrs. Gibson and the baby.

June 25th found me at St. Louis, where I devoted two weeks to the World's Fair. As regards size this is the largest of the great Fairs covering 1,240 acres of Forest Park, some of which is "beautifully diversified with wood and lawn," though much of it is occupied by building, drives, walks, and the Intramural Railway. It is difficult to conceive of a building like Agricultural Hall, which covers twenty acres and has four miles of aisles. Chicago had the advantage of a lake front, and, in the estimation of many, superior architectural effects, but the white buildings intensified the heat, and the flat-ground compared unfavorably with the wooded heights of Forest Park. The one feature of the Pan American, in which it excelled the Fairs at Philadelphia and Chicago, was the electrical illumination at night, but St. Louis quite equalled that. It would require years to make an exhaustive study of the exhibits brought together at that point from all parts of the world, and volumes to describe them, but, by being systematic, one can, in two weeks, obtain a general idea of the more important objects of interest. Each has his peculiar tastes and what would appeal to one would not attract the attention of another. My eyes were not long arrested by a room full of sewing machines, nor could I enthuse over a pyramid constructed of boxes of shoe blacking; but I found much to interest me in the buildings devoted to the Fine Arts, Education and Social Economy, Transportation, Liberal Arts, Varied Industries, Manufactures, Agriculture, and Horticulture. The

Philippine exhibit deserved more time than the two afternoons that I devoted to it. The Goverment display was quite equal to that at Chicago, and had some new features such as wireless telegraphy, and the telantograph. Three of our former students, Smith of '90, Cornell of '91 and Mizner of '92 live in St. Louis, and White of '89 is across the river at East St. Louis. By invitation of Dean Davis I preached one Sunday morning in Christ Church Cathedral, and afterwards lunched with Smith, who was one of his curates. He told me that he was anxious to engage in missionary work, and has since accepted a call to Spokane, where he can gratify his heart's desire. I attended Mizner's service at St. Stephen's, and was much interested in his work among the "submerged half." Cornell and White were absent on their vacations, to my great regret.

Leaving St. Louis I spent two weeks with relatives in Illinois, and then journeyed though Kansas City to Salina, where, for two days, I was the guest of Mize of '94 and his charming wife. He is rector of St. John's Military School, which contains some 80 boys and is in a very flourishing condition. He took them to the World's Fair, and carried off the pennant for the best drilled school. While in Salina I had the pleasure of meeting Bishop Griswold, who was for many years, our neighbor at Hudson.

I spent three days in Denver, Colorado, as the guest of Houghton of '69. He has a large parish, does the work of two men, and is universally beloved. There is an observation car which takes tourists about the city, and labeled "Seeing Denver." The conductor, with a megaphone, calls out the different points of interest, and comments on them. When we reached St. Mark's, he said, "This is the church where most of the weddings take place," and advised any young people present who wished to be married to apply to "Dr." Houghton. I preached for him Sunday morning. In introducing me he told his people that I was his old Professor in St. Stephen's College, Annandale, and that if they wished it I would no doubt give them a sermon in Latin. As no one expressed a preference for that language, I contented myself with the English. In the evening, I heard an excellent sermon by Dean Hart, and had the pleasure

of meeting him after the service. He is gradually rebuilding the Cathedral which was destroyed by fire, and has completed the Chapter house, in which he holds his services. Just across the street from the Chapter house is Wolf Hall, a Church school for girls, which has over 300 pupils occupying a large and handsome building of stone. Bishop Olmsted, one of my three Episcopal pupils, was absent to my great regret. Denver is a beautiful city, with a population of some 140,000 inhabitants, and is a marvel when you consider that a few years ago its site was a barren wilderness. It might be called the product of irrigation and mining. It is itself a mile above the level of the sea, and looks out upon a long line of the Rockies many of whose peaks are perpetually covered with snow.

Monday morning, I continued my journey to Colorado Springs, a handsome city of some 25,000 inhabitants, and a great resort for invalids on account of its healthful climate. There I first drove through a park containing curious rock formations resembling various animals. They called it the Garden of the Gods, but it seemed to me that it might better be called a petrified menagerie. Next I visited Manitou Springs, where nature furnishes soda water of an excellent quality, free of charge. It has also an iron spring for those who need a tonic. After lunch I took the cog car and ascended to the summit of Pike's Peak, 14,147 ft. above the level of the sea. The ascent is very steep, and the outlook is glorious, but unfortunately we were caught in a snow storm on the summit, and were unable to see out at that point. Some three inches of snow fell during the hour that we remained there, which was a novel experience to me on the 1st of August. Returning to Colorado Springs I took the trolley to the South Cheyenne Canon, walked three miles through that wild, rocky ravine, and climbed 295 steps to the top of the seven Falls, near which Helen Jackson Hunt was buried.

The next day I went on through that realm of grandeur and sublimity, the Royal Gorge of Colorado, to Salt Lake City. Dean Eddie met me and escorted me to Rowland Hall where I was hospitably entertained for two days. There are many points of interest in this old Mormon town, as the temple which none but Mormons

may enter, the tabernacle with its wonderful organ, the tithing house, the Eagle gate, the Bee Hive Cottage and the Salt Palace. This is said to be the only city in the world where Jews are Gentiles. I visited Fort Douglas, and took a bath in the Great Salt Lake. The buoyancy of the water is marvellous. You cannot sit down in even two feet of water. It lifts up your feet as if they were corks, and throws you over on your back. One can lie on his back and float without the slightest effort. I think he might even go to sleep in safety. When you come out of the Lake you are not, like Lot's wife, converted into salt, but you are so encrusted with it that it requires a shower bath of fresh water to restore you to your normal condition.

On my way to Reno, Nevada, the train stopped for an hour at Ogden. I took advantage of the opportunity to visit the pretty stone church built by Gillogly of '67, and which is a monument of his fidelity and devotion to that far-off mission.

Unsworth, the Primus of '75, gave me a cordial welcome to Reno, entertained me most kindly at his home for three days, showed me the beautiful scenery of Lake Tahoe, and finally accompanied me as far as San Francisco, going on from thence to spend his vacation at Pacific Grove. He was for many years Professor of Greek in the University of Nevada, posesses a fine library, and keeps up the scholarly habits acquired at St. Stephen's. An article written by him, and published in the September number of the Spirit of Missions, will show his missionary spirit.

My son and his wife came out from San Francisco to meet me at Berkeley, which gave me some conception of the joy which St. Paul must have experienced when, on his journey to Rome, the brethren came out to meet him as far as Appii Forum and Tres Tabernae. I passed many delightful days with them in their pleasant home on Golden Gate Avenue, and under their guidance saw the city and its surroundings to great advantage. I visited the Praesidio, the Park, the Cliff House from which one looks down on the Seal Rocks and out through the Golden Gate, the Sutro Baths and Sutro Gardens, Chinatown and the U. S. Mint, and attended service in five of the principal churches. Across the bay I went to

Oaklands, Mill Valley and Sansalito, and ascended to the summit of Mt. Tamalpais.

At Santa Cruz I spent a day with Tillotson of '74. He has been rector of that parish for 21 years, and can now sit under his own fig tree, a tree which he planted many years ago, and which now produces an abundant supply of fruit for himself and family. It seems but a few years since he was at St. Stephen's, but when he told me that his daughter had just graduated from St. Agnes' School, in Albany, I became conscious of the flight of time. While he was attending a funeral, in the afternoon, I went a few miles out of the city to see some of the giant redwoods of that section. They have some that are over 300 ft. high. The Fremont tree, where Gen. Fremont encamped on his first expedition to California, has space within its hollow interior large enough to contain fifty persons.

Leaving Santa Cruz I stopped for a day at Santa Barbara, which is especially interesting on account of its old Mission House, and then went on to Los Angeles. Porter of '99 met me at the station, and took me eight miles by trolley to his home in Hollywood, where for three nights I was the guest of Mrs. Porter and himself. He has built up a parish there ab initio, and has constructed a handsome stone church, which he has named St. Stephen's after the College. He has done the pioneer work and laid the foundations for another to build on, and has now removed to a larger field of labor at Redlands. He accompanied me to Santa Catalina Island, a trip which gave me the opportunity of sailing 56 miles on the Pacific Ocean and of studying the beautiful marine gardens through the glass-bottomed boats of Avalon.

The next day, at Los Angeles, I failed to find Prof. Seaver, who was probably off on his vacation, but I was more successful in looking up Samuel Haskins, a son of Dr. Haskins of '64. I visited Passadena and Altadena, and then returned to San Francisco. There I found an invitation from the Rev. Mr. Brewer the rector of St. Matthew's school, San Mateo, to spend Monday night with him and be present at the ceremony of fire lighting, with which they usher in the new school year. Bishop Nichols, who was spending the summer at San Mateo

in the Deanery of the Divinity School, also kindly invited me to lunch with him Tuesday. I excepted both invitations, but previously went down to Palo Alto to visit the Leland Stanford University. It is a memorial to the son of Governor and Mrs. Stanford, who died in Florence, Italy, at the age of sixteen. Though comparatively new it surpasses many older universities in its endowment, equipment, and the number of its students. Its endowment is estimated at fifty millions. Its buildings of buff sandstone are up to date in their appointments, and are connected by cloisters extending already for a mile. The crown and glory of the whole is the chapel, which has on its front that wonderful mosaic of the Sermon on the Mount.

A little later I visited the University of California at Berkeley. This has more students than the Stanford University and a finer site, but lacks its endowments, although it has received valuable gifts from Mrs. Hearst.

I left the land of flowers and sunshine with regret. On my way to Canada I had a fine view of Mt. Shasta with its crown of snow, but Hood, Rainer, and other peaks were hidden by the smoke from forest fires. I spent a day each in Portland, Seattle and Vancouver. From Vancouver to Banff the Canadian Pacific passes through some of the most wonderful scenery on the contient. There are glaciers equal to any in Europe, mountain peaks covered with snow, waterfalls, raging torrents, wild canons and precipitous cliffs. As the train winds about through seemingly inaccessible places, climbing steep ascents, plunging into tunnels or hanging on the edge of a precipitous ravine, one is overwhelmed with the grandeur and sublimity of the scene. I spent the hours of daylight in the top of the observation car, and was reluctant to leave it when darkness came on. We reached "beautiful Banff" at 22 o'lcock, for they do not divide the day into two parts as we do, but reckon the time from 1 to 24 o'clock. I spent a day there enjoying its wonderful scenery, and then traveled 4 days and nights continuously until I reached home. The summer was ended, but the memories of old friendships renewed and of new places visited will ever remain as a source of unending happiness.

GEO. B. HOPSON.

THE FADED FLOWER.

While looking o'er an old volume,
  Dusty and worn with age,
Gently turning the leaves
  And looking from page to page,
My eye chanced to rest on a flower,
  Pressed in its strong embrace;
And, as I tried to lift it,
  It clung to its hiding place.

I looked at it long, and wondering
  By whom it had been worn,—
For whom, from its thorny bush
  This fragrant flower'd been torn,—
I thought of gay dressed ladies,
  Slender and young and fair,
And I seemed to see it blooming
  As she wore it in her hair.

My father stood beside me,
  Silently looking around,
But he saw not the quaint old volume
  With its pages soiled and browned;
He saw but the faded rose-bud,
  Which I was holding still,
And the memories of other years,
  Caused his eyes with tears to fill.

And sitting close beside me,
  And looking into my eyes,
He whispered: "the rose was your mother's,
  Who now in the chuchyard lies."
He told me then of the other years,—
  That time in the long ago,—
When they had joined their fortunes
  Together for weal or woe.

All breathlessly I listened,
  While he told me the tale of old,—
Of the mother whom I had never known,
  Who lay in her cerement's mold:

How she was young and graceful,
  In the years before they were wed;
And the luster came back into his eyes,
  When he told of the life they led.

Then gently taking the blossom,
  And putting it back with care,
Silently closed the volume,
  And murmured to God this prayer:
"O, God, in the heavenly mansions,
  In the blessed dwellings above,
Grant me to meet my dear one,
  Thou who alone art love.

ROBERT M. BECKETT.

LIMPTY'S STAND.

Matters had not been going well with the Mohawks lately. The time was not so long ago as to be forgotten when no one dared to challenge their superiority. That was in the days of "Kid" Langdon and "Jimmy" Moore, leaders whose equals had not been seen since. But these two were now somewhere out in the wide, wide world, doing service in the navy, while the Mohawks without a leader were becoming overawed by their bitter enemies, the Cherokees, under the leadership of Dutch Henry.

Thus matters stood when one day as the Mohawks assembled at their old rendezvous, outside the candy store of Widow Lynch, were discussing their former reputation and glory, their attention was attracted to a boy standing in a doorway across the street.

"Who is the kid?" inquired Dan Murphy, turning to "Shorty" Schmidt, who lived in the house before which the object of discussion was standing.

"He just moved in yesterday," answered "Shorty;" "his father's croaked, he lives with his stepmother, and he's called Limpty, 'cause he's got a game leg." At this last piece of information all eyes were turned to the stranger's legs and they saw that one limb was pitiably thin.

"Hey fellers," exclaimed another excitedly, "get wise to what's comin' down the street!" Instantly the Mohawks looked and they saw, coming slowly down the

other side of the street, the Cherokees with Dutch Henry at their head. There was a sudden silence and many a heart leaped into as many different throats. Each was ashamed to be the first to make a retreat; to be sure, it would not be cowardly, inasmuch as they were defenseless while the Cherokees were armed with sticks, whips and sundry other articles of equipment, but then there was nothing like bluffing it out; so with a low "Don't run, fellers," from several throats the Mohawks assumed an appearance of the utmost unconcern and ease. As the distance between the two bands grew less the strain became more intense; one word, one hostile move would precipitate a battle. Sneers and looks of defiance plainly showed on the faces of the Cherokees while rage mingled with fear rose in the hearts of the others.

Finding that the Mokawks would not resent his taunts Dutch Henry's eye fell on Limpty. Here was a chance to "show off." Approaching the boy with a sly movement, he snatched his cap and threw it among the crowd. Instantly two-score legs were kicking it over the pavement. The tears ran down Limpty's pale cheeks for he knew that the loss of his cap meant a beating at the hands of his stepmother. After a time the cap mysteriously disappeared and the Cherokees slowly continued on their way leaving the Mohawks on the verge of exasperation.

The days wore on, Limpty, timid, friendless and miserable, hungering for companions. Day after day he wistfully watched the Mohawks at play. How his lone heart yearned to join them! One day he screwed up courage enough to ask for a game of "Prisoners' Base," but immediately there arose several dissenting voices demanding to know of what use was his leg in a game like that. In deepest humiliation and grief Limpty turned away but he could not see for the burning tears in his eyes; he could not hear either for the ringing in his ears, and so as he stumbled up the opposite pavement he did not hear the boys' cry of warning and heedlessly he stepped into the open coal hole, and fell down, down, down, till he knew no more. Filled with terror and remorse the Mohawks carried him to his home. Then during the days of recovery they visited him in delegations; they talked to him and brought him things to delight his heart. After that it was a brave voice that dared cry out against his playing any game he wished; for he was now the ward of the Mohawks.

Election Day was coming, and there promised to be a hot fight in the fifth district. A new but strong candidate for the office of alderman appeared in the lists and, as a sort of side issue, a President also was to be elected. To the people of the fifth district an alderman or district leader was of infinitely more value than a President. They knew where to go for rent when threatened with eviction and where the price of coal could be secured to keep out the cold. This is why they took a vital interest in the district politics. But it was not the hotly-contested fight that stirred the hearts of the boys, but the fun and excitement of weeks of foraging for boxes, barrels, and anything else that could burn —from the grocer's best bushel-basket to a whole row of board fences.

It was with joyful and *innocent* hearts when school was out and books thrown into corner, the Mohawks, armed to work bloody destruction, gathered at their rendezvous and then sallied out to seek their prey. Again and again they clashed with the Cherokees and were invariably beaten, because the Cherokees by skillful maneuvering through side streets made unexpected onslaughts upon the enemy's rear.

Immediately after dark on Election night small fires were kindled throughout the city. The hungry flames were fed faster than they could consume and for miles and miles up and down the streets the fires increasing in volume blazed, crackled, snapped, and roared.

Jubilantly the Mohawks danced indeed like Indians around their own pile, or else stood on the defensive as some neighboring gang was perceived hovering hawk-like in the darkness ready to swoop down and seize some prize. In former times, the Mohawks, forming into small parties, went out on short expeditions to plunder booty from fires that were weakly guarded, but to-night they remained to guard their own fire for they had a presentiment that the Cherokees would visit them. What if they should come? The Mohawks asked one another. They would fight of course but the Cherokees had received reenforcements and now numbered over a

hundred while the Mohawks were only half as many and, moreover had no leader like Dutch Henry.

Sure enough they did come. It was when the Mohawks' fire, at its height, lighted up the scene several hundred feet around. With Dutch Henry at their head, the Cherokees, armed with clubs and pockets filled with stones, moved down the street. The Mohawks lined up around the fire, each one having as protective armor the tin cover of his mother's wash boiler, which in skillful hands afforded as effective a protection as any shield of the ancient Greeks. Slowly the Cherokees advanced and when within a hundred feet of the Mohawks they let fly a shower of stones most of which rattled harmlessly against the improvised shields. The Mohawks returned the fire and then Dutch Henry yelling to his followers began to run forward but a steady shower of stones forced him back. Again and again he and his men tried to advance but in vain. Finally Dutch Henry withdrew his crowd to a safe distance for a short consultation. Forming again, they started on a run towards the brave Mohawks, yelling like demons. Sudden terror struck the hearts of the defenders; a few started to retreat; others followed and the day seemed lost. But suddenly out from the Mohawks darted a limping figure; in his hand he carried a basket filled with stones. Taking a position in front of the fire, he placed the basket on the ground and with cool precision began to hurl his ammunition at Dutch Henry, now but a short distance away. The first stone struck the daring leader on the shin, a howl of pain rang out; a second stone whistled past his ear, then faster and faster with unerring aim, the little figure threw; it was too much for Dutch Henry; he paused; his men followed his example. Now was the time! The lone defender took careful aim and threw. The stone struck Dutch Henry on the cheek; stunned he staggered back among the followers. The Cherokees broke and started to run. With a cry for the Mohawks to rally, Limpty started in pursuit. Others followed and the rout was complete. Ah, how the Mohawks cheered! They piled the barrels higher and higher, and yelling for joy, they cheered again and again for their new leader, Limpty, and for his gallant stand.

UMLAUT, '07.

COLLEGE NOTES.

—A dance is scheduled for November 7th, the Eve of Election Day. More about it next time.

—Another new man came this month. His name is Snell, and he comes from Pennsylvania.

—The Atheletic Association have elected Frear as manager, and Hargrave as temporary captain of the Foot-ball Team.

—The Missionary Society are arranging for a series of missionary sermons to be preached in the College Chapel during the Advent Season.

—The Order of the Holy Cross has extended a kind invitation to any St. Stephen's men who have not made other arrangements, to be their guests at West Park during the Thanksgiving holidays.

—We are unprepared to give any real account of the two foot-ball games we have played this year, but in brief we may say that Riverview made a score of 6 to 5 against us, and that we defeated the Cubans, of Eastman, by a score of 33 to 0. Our men are mostly green, but are playing a very good game. Our prospects for next year could scarcely be improved upon.

—October 26, the Warden was present at the formal installation of Dr. Flavel S. Luther as President of Trinity College, Hartford. Representatives from thirty-four colleges were present and President Hadley of Yale delivered the address. The new president is a graduate of Trinity and for over twenty years has held the Seabury chair of Mathematics and Astronomy in that institution. He will do great things for his Alma Mater.

—What a scrambling time there was down at Dr. Hopson's house last week! Owing to some improvements the Dr. was making in his house it seemed advisable to him to do away with a part of his library in order to gain room. Several hundred volumes were deposited in the sitting room and the students were invited to pick from them what they chose. The result is that a good many of us have added to our little stores of books, a number of volumes well worth having, which we probably should never have gotten otherwise. And we feel deeply grateful to Dr. Hopson, accordingly.

—Now Huke we want to have the paper out on time this month so all the fellows must have their stuff in by Monday evening, the 31st. That's real nice, isn't it? Of course I haven't anything more than a couple of English themes, a Philosophy paper and an Astronomy quiz to prepare in the three days between now and then, and that's not to speak of the regular work; so you see I have time to burn in which to write these notes! And I've just been flooded with interesting little items from the students too! I really don't see how I can put them all in! Well, I suppose I may as well try to accept the inevitable as gracefully as possible.

—One thing I forgot to tell you about last time, was that concert we gave in Red Hook, on October 7th. We all came together one night and decided that it was just about "up to us" to do something towards paying what was left of our debt on the piano we bought last year. A little concert in Red Hook seemed to be the most practicable thing suggested at the time, so a committee was appointed to make all the arrangements and push the concert. To be sure we didn't make a fortune out of it. There were other attractions in the town on the same night and you know Red Hook isn't very large. But the manager of the Hall in which it was given asked us to come again, assuring us of a good house. On the whole the results were very gratifying for if they didn't prove anything else, they proved that there is material in S. Stephens, with which to do some good work this year, in the musical way.

FUDGE.

Willie had a pair of goats
  Called them Nan and Billey,
Just for fun he pulled Nan's tail:—
  I wonder what struck Willie?

Johnny found some apples green,
  Ate them quick as thunder,
Johnny's hands are on his stomach,
  Johnny feels his blunder.

J. H. O.

ALUMNI MEETING IN BOSTON.

A pleasant and successful meeting of the Alumni, in attendance upon the General Convention was held at the Hotel Berkeley in Boston, Thursday evening, October twentieth. An appetizing and bountiful dinner was served in the private dining-room at half past eight o'clock. There were present, the Rt. Rev. Geo. T. Seymour, D. D., LL. D., Bishop of Springfield and the first Warden of the college, the Rt. Rev. Chas. T. Olmsted, D. D., D. C. L., Bishop of Central New York and at one time a Professor in the College, the Reverend Archdeacon Wm. Holden, '83, President of the Alumni Association, Archdeacon Joseph Carey, D. D., '61, Archdeacon Chas. C. Kramer, '80, Robt. B. Drane, D. D., '72, Chas. J. Wingate, '73, Albert E. George, '75, Fred'k C. Jewell, '81, John T. Rose, Jas. P. Fanan and Mr. Selvage. In addition to those mentioned above there were present as Delegates, the Rev. Gilbert H. Sterling. D. D., '71 and the Rev. David L. Sanford '76; and as visitors, the Rev. Wm. M. Jefferis, D. D., '73, Henry Chamberlain, '80, Robt. Mackellar, '82, Reginald H. Coe, '80, Arthur C. Clarke, '86, Albert L. Longley, '96.

With the advent of coffee and cigars the speech-making commenced in which all present took part. The Rt. Rev. the Bishop of Springfield gracefully filled the position of toast-master. Special attention should be called to the speeches of Bp. Seymour, Bp. Olmsted and Archdeacon Carey, in which they emphatically and eloquently set forth the fact that the original intention of the college was to serve as a training school for the sacred ministry, and the earlier some sort of a preparatory deparment was restored just so soon would the college be placed on a firmer basis to fulfil its purpose. In this opinion all present heartily joined. Archdeacon Carey also urged the importance of every Alumnus doing all in his power to call the attention of young men to the College and so assist in filling up the incoming Freshman classes.

Letters of regret that other engagements prevented their attendance were read by Pres. Holden from the Rt. Rev. Wm. A. Leonard, Bp. of Ohio, and the Rt. Rev. Alex H. Vinton, Bp. of Western Massachusetts.

At a late hour the meeting adjourned, all present joining in mutual congratulations on a most enjoyable even-

ing, and with the hope that at Richmond in 1907 plans might be made to insure a meeting earlier in the season and so procure a larger attendance.

ALUMNI NOTES.

—'85. Mr. Francis J. Hopson, while recovering from an operation for appendicitis, is spending a few weeks at Annandale.

—'97. The Ven. Homer A. Flint and the Rev. Edward H. Young of Pittsburg, have recently returned from an extended tour of England and the Continent.

—'98. The Rev. Herbert S. Hastings sailed for Europe on the Minnehaha, Oct. 1st.

—'01. Mr. Arthur Saunders has removed from Windsor, Ont. to 1003 Park Ave., Plainfield, N. J.

—'01. The Rev. A. C. Howell is assistant in the Church of the Holy Comforter, N. Y. City. He has taken a B. D. at the Philadelphia Divinity School and is now pursuing studies for a Ph.D., at Columbia.

—'01. The present address of Mr. J. Paul Graham is 345 Fisk Ave., Pittsburg, Pa.

—'01 *Spc.* The Rev. A. S. Peck is now rector of St. Stephen's Church, Netherwood, N. J.

—'04. The Rev. Karl Reiland, rector of Trinity Church, Wethersfield, Conn., has accepted a call as first assistant at Grace Church, New York City.

—'04. Messrs. Elton, Tuthill and Ashton are pursuing studies at the Gen. Theo. Sem.

—'04. Mr. Geo. Silliman is studying medicine at the studies at Bexley Hall, Gambier, O.

—'04. Mr. Gilbert Prower Symons is pursuing his Albany Medical School.

—The following men have paid the college a brief visit during the past month: The Rev. Dr. Silliman, '67, Mr. C. G. Coffin, '76, Mr. Amos Carroll, '99, The Rev. Harold D. Clum, '01, Mr. M. S. Ashton, '04, and Messrs. Bell, Saunders, Collier and McGay, special students.

EDITORIAL.

The editor has wished for some time to speak on the subject of "running," both as regards its being a healthful exercise and also in respect to its place in college life. Now we feel sure that the majority of men will agree with us when we say that running quickens the flow of blood, establishes brain power and, incidentally—fatigue. ¶Now, there is in college an established—through the precedent of bygone years—custom of taking a cut from any class when the professor shall not be in sight after six minutes of waiting. On the other hand, the professor has the privilege, if he so wishes, to mark as absent such students as shall be six minutes late. Needless to say this is not done as the professors understand that there is usually a good reason for men being late to class room. ¶Now I think I hear you say: "What has all this to do with running?" Just this: The class rooms are some distance apart and to leave one class room as the bell rings and immediately to be in the next class room, necessitates some speedy sprinting. Therefore, men, being after all only human, are usually late to class. ¶Now, the system of electives having been established here there are some men for almost any class who will be in the room on time, owing to the fact that they have had no recitation during the preceding hour. It is, therefore, very annoying to a professor having begun the lecture to be interrupted suddenly by a tardy student, and he usually is not wanting in the look known as the "dogeye" which tells the student of his annoyance. The student feels the scorn in the professor's eye and is chagrined at being thus made the cynosure of all eyes. And yet it is about 10 to 1 that he could not help it. ¶When we attempt to establish the blame of this condition of affairs, we feel prone to say that the burden of responsibility rests upon the professors, not for expecting a man to jump from one lecture room to another, but for other more direct reasons, for not only does the professor fail to see the conditions but he himself feels called upon to keep the class until after the hour has gone, in order to get the benefit of the full time which he believes he ought to have. This has been going on for so long a time now, that very frequently men are as much as fifteen minutes late. ¶We would respectfully sug-

gest that as six minutes has for years been the established time-limit for *bolting*, and as that time seems sufficient for a man to pass from one place to another, some such system as this be tried: Let each professor dismiss his class promptly on the hour and let there be a recess of six minutes between each class. Then each professor can get his full fifty-four minutes for his lecture and no unfairness will accrue, either to professor or student. We hope this little effort at the establishment of a good custom will commend itself to the faculty.

We feel highly encouraged concerning the interest in college life which the alumni are showing. May it never flag and may many more such letters as the editor received last month continue to come up with the mail. We wish to thank the following men for their items of interest which they have sent us this year: Saunders, '01; Selvage, '98; Jewell, '81; Graham, '01.

EXCHANGES.

While the chief note of the June exchanges was commencement and commencement happenings, the October magazines seem rather an expression of the excitment and hustle of the return to student life. Accordingly it is hardly too much to say that in most instances there has been very little effort toward anything literary, the greater share of the articles being devoted to the trials and hopes and fears of the verdant "fresh."

As usual, however, the *Xavier* has pursued its dignified course entirely unmoved by any such childish interests and fancies and as usual it contains several strong, thoughtful articles. Of these, the "Evolution of the Monroe Doctrine" is probably the most valuable. The prize historical essay for 1904 treats very interestingly of the origin and development of this important principle. "The Position of Lowell as a Poet" is also an

article of strength, although it seems just a trifle to follow in the steps of Mr. Stedman. It is, however, often sound and valid and generally good.

The *Hobart Herald* is entirely devoted to a collection of Hobart songs and the idea seems to be a good one. The songs of a college are perhaps as vital as any other part of undergraduate life and their preservation in like manner might not be bad at St. Stephen's.

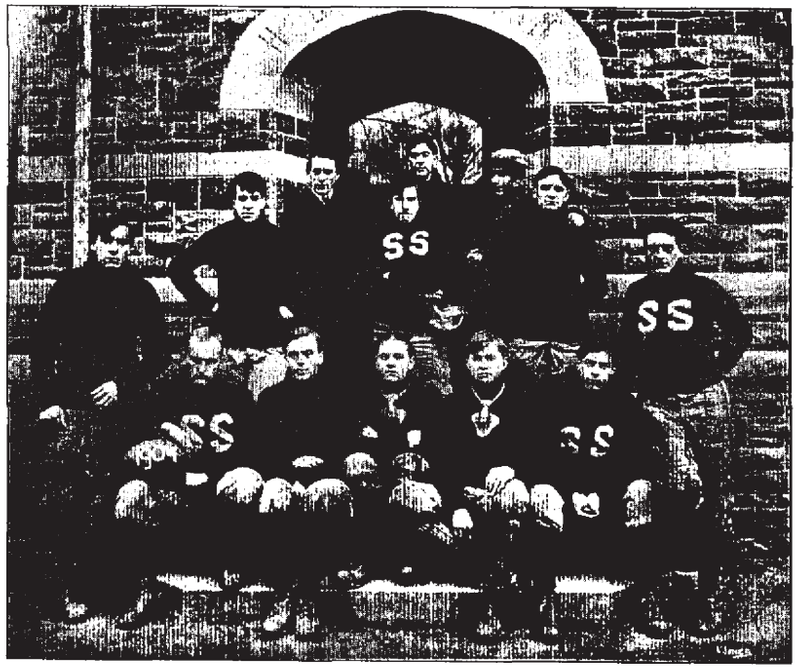
The *Trinity Tablet* begins volume XXXVIII with the usual strong showing in college news, while the story "At a Parisian Cafe," although in places just a trifle dragglely told, is nevertheless interesting. These, the last two stanzas of an appreciation of "Tempus Paniculum" ragtime, are not so bad in their way:

"Nor cythera nor lute I play,
  To win some maid afar,
But ragtime ditties are my lay;
  My harp—an old guitar.
Now some may praise old Sappho's 'Stars
  About the Lovely Moon;'
But give to me an old guitar,
  And a good old ragtime tune."

Of course there are others but taken altogether the past month's exchanges are not exactly what they might have been. Still at any rate we can't but raise the question as to what should really constitute the aim of a college paper. This is how the Exchange Editor of the *Mount Holyoke* puts it:

"After our last session with the 'Exchanges' we feel uncertain as to the object of college journalism. Is the secret purpose cherished in the hearts of collegiate editorial boards to make their paper such that if it were a non-collegiate journal, its circulation would be phenomenal? Does the college magazine exist in order to afford an hour's amusement and interest to as many members of the institution as feel inclined to spend their dollar and a half for that form of amusement rather than some other? In other words, are we trying to produce a popular magazine? If this is our object, let us realize, in all humility, the fact that our publication can

be no more that a somewhat lame imitation of the real article. Of the essays submitted to us we will, of course, select those on the most novel subjects, murmuring to each other with apologetic smiles that it is not especially well written, to be sure, but it is interesting. No one who is able to write a *'bright and original'* story need fear to have his manuscripts rejected by us. We will cheerfully undrtake to fit youthful writers to take prizes from *The Black Cat.*

Perhaps all this is right, but let us confess that in our dreams of the summertime, we have imagined a college paper which should have for its objects excellence, the discovery of promise, the cultivation of the literary sense, the encouragement of high ambitions; a paper which members of the colleges, and others, should read, not for an hour's amusement, but to know what is the best work that can be done by those who may be the writers of the coming decades. But dreams, so we have been given to understand, are vain and unprofitable."

X. '05.