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MESSENGER

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S. Stephen's College Messenger.

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Vol. 8.

JANUARY, 1902.

No. 4.

PORTO RICO.

Being a Few Facts Concerning the Island and
Its People.

PORTO Rico, or more properly PUERTO RICO, is, without the shadow of a doubt, a "rich door," as its name signifies; but it is a door which does not open to all who knock. Many there be who seek admittance but few succeed in reaching the Treasure Chamber because the many are the class who like the gold but dread the digging.

Puerto Rico is an old country, older in point of habitation by Europeans than are the United States of America. Yet under the crushing sway of Spain it has not been developed to any great degree. The Spaniards were content with wringing the gold out of the natives and accumulated sufficient to return to the mother country, there to spend the remainder of their days in luxurious idleness. Their places were soon filled by the impecunious but noble youths of Spain, who having received as a patrimony little else than the family name must forthwith spend a few years in exile behind the "rich door" to accumulate sufficient wealth to support themselves at the Court of Castile in a manner befitting their rank. This state of affairs has been going on for 400

years, beginning shortly after the time "Colon," or as we are accustomed to call him, Christopher Columbus first set foot on the sandy slope near Aguada. The Spaniards cared nothing for the development of the island—they were only visitors; they came to acquire and not to spend money. The sooner they had enough to return to sunny Spain, the better.

So it has been that the Porto Ricans were with but few exceptions, slaves to the soil on which they were born, without the possibility of advancement. The few cases where they have appeared to acquire wealth have on investigation proven them the direct descendants of the Spaniards who for one reason or another preferred after having acquired a fortune, to remain in Porto Rico. Spain did not desire to educate the people nor to elevate them; she needed slaves to procure her money—and education means the death of slavery. Despite all her efforts a few noble souls like Dr. Barbosa and Manuel F. Rossy and Sanchez Morales refused to obey the ignominious demands of the tyrant, and as a result were hunted from place to place, but never caught because they were the idols of the people whose champions they were.

Since the glorious banner of freedom first flaunted its stars and stripes in the azure blue of this tropical land, all this has begun to change. The Americans found a people who were living close to their doors, possessed of the culture and the tools of the fifteenth century, groaning under the heavy taxes of Spain—To Day—How different is their condition! Liberty to them is a new thing, but for the most part they show that they are worthy of and adapted to it. The American government has been a God-send to these people. On almost every other hill

a school house seems to have been erected during the few years past, plainly but substantially and with all the modern sanitary improvements. New roads have been built. railroads which have been but laughable affairs at best, are now being improved and completed. It is no unusual thing to hear of horses on the main roads getting stuck in the mud so deep, that it is impossible to get them out and the poor things die of starvation unless some one is kind enough to shoot them beforehand. I myself have ridden horse-back over highways where a single misstep of the horse would have plunged us both over a cliff a thousand feet deep on the one side or into the mire of pasty black mud, several feet deep, on the other. No attempt was made at bridging any of the deepest streams and it is even yet necessary to swim your horse from bank to bank through most of them.

This article is too short to do more than touch on the conditions of the people, and I have but mentioned two important branches of education, schools and roads.

Since I came to this country, I have been receiving many requests for information by people wishing to come here to live and grow up with the country. To them I would say, that we are practically at the beginning of a new nation; heretofore in almost every department of life, the customs, living, and manners of conducting business are those of the fifteenth century, so we who are here now have to endure many things and deal with a people who do not understand our motives and are more or less suspicious of us. We want men here who are intelligent, well educated, of good moral habits, persevering, and who are content to WORK NOW and make their future and the island's successful. There is a chance here for skilled labor but

there is a superabundance of the unskilled sort. For a capitalist now is the time to invest. Money can be realized almost immediately on an investment in agriculture. For those who come to found fortunes with no capital but their own labor the conditions are nearly the same as they are in the States—faithful work will produce its reward in time. For those who are wide awake there are possibly a few more opportunities, but I would not advise anyone who cannot get along in the States to come down here. Persons who come here need ordinary skill plus something more. The people here are shrewd, and while childish in some things they are quick at seeing the point in a business proposition. The climate is pleasant but enervating to a foreigner, and unless trips are taken to the North now and then, Americans as well as others are apt to be overcome with the lassitude of the place. This feeling is not noticed at first but as the months go by one loses much of the wonderment at the frequency of the word "Mañana" (to-morrow) in the conversations of the Porto Ricans. It is very pleasant to put off unpleasant things until Mañana, in this country. The chances for a young man's success in Porto Rico are neither more nor less than they are in the States. The ordinary clerk is no better off here than there, but the civil engineer, the skilled mechanic, the electrician, the dentist, the master plumber and the lawyer, if their knowledge is backed up with determination and energy, will succeed. Porto Rico certainly has a bright future ahead of it, and the only thing needful is to work and wait.

LINDEN HARRIS WHITE, '00.



A SIDELIGHT ON THE GODS.

Scene—Zeus' office. Time—During Trojan War—Zeus sitting in a Morris chair drinking a glass of bromo seltzer—Ganymede dusting furniture. (The evening before, Zeus had been playing poker with Mars in a joint near the foot of Mount Olympus and had come home rather drunk. He has just now come from an interview with Juno.)

ZEUS.—By Gad! I feel brocky! And didn't I get my calls from Juno! I can't see how I got in such a condition last night. Well, it's the last time, anyway. Here, Ganymede, take this glass away and let Thetis in. I see her coming up the walk. (*Enter Thetis.*) Good morning, Thetis, anything I can do for you this morning? Now, hold on, (*as she approaches him*), please don't do that old stunt of grabbing my knees and tickling me under the chin. The last time you did that, Juno got next and gave me an awful call down.

THETIS—O all powerful Zeus, I pray you avenge my wrongs.

ZEUS—See here, cut that out, I can't stand for that kind of talk today. Tell me what's up, in plain language.

THETIS—Well, some of those old stuck-up Greek generals have been treating Achilles mean again. They took away his hired girl and he has had to do his own cooking and is almost sick, and because he won't go out and fight, they all tease him, and I want you to have the Trojans wipe the old Greeks off the earth.

ZEUS—Now look here, Thetis, what can I do? Just because that kid of your's is sore-head on the crowd, you can't expect me to sift in. It wouldn't look right in history, besides Juno would raise hob with me. There! (*seeing tears welling up in Thetis' eyes.*) Moses! she's off! Oh! I can't stand

that! See here, Thetis, please don't get started crying! I'll do anything you want, if you'll only quit. I'll do anything! You run along home like a good girl (*patting her on the back*) and I'll see that the Trojans lick the deuce out of them. (*Exit Thetis.*) (*Telephone bell rings.*) Hello! who is it? Oh, Athena. Good morning. What's that? Want the war cut short? Well, um, um, you know I'm in a peculiar position. I don't want to offend anyone, indeed! Well, good-bye. I'll see what I can do. (*Rings off.*) Well, now I'm up against it! Here Athena wants the Trojans cleaned up in short order and says I promised her day before yesterday to have it so. I seem to have forgotten that. And now I just promised Thetis too—Come in! (*Enter Mars.*)

MARS—Say, Jup, what's this I hear about the war? I just met Thetis and she says you told her it was all up with the Greeks. That won't do, old man. You'll queer yourself with the whole bunch. You've been saying right along that the Trojans couldn't win and we've all got money on it.

ZEUS—Well, what if I did, I'm running things, ain't I? Now quit talking about it. I've been bothered with it all morning. Let's go and find Mercury, I want to send the order off. Oh, here he comes now. (*To Mercury.*) What have you got? A telegram for me? Let's see who it's from. Gee whizz! From Thetis. Hooray! She says Achilles has come around and gone back into the scrap, so she has changed her mind about who she wants to win. Well, that lets me out. Come on, fellows, have something on me.

ELTON, '04.



A FAIR JESUIT.

I AM afraid that I spoil your good time by keeping you with me."

I looked at Mrs. Evanston as she said this. She must have married very young, it seemed to me; for she was still a girl, so young and so charming that one could hardly believe she had already been wooed and won.

"In a measure, yes," I said, deliberately, as I turned my glance away.

"How dare you say that?" she demanded, with a woman's consistency. "Explain yourself at once, and do it well, or I may have my revenge."

"My dear Mrs. Evanston, the light of your presence is too great for the sight of my humble eyes; moreover, it dims the brilliance of this gay assemblage which I would fain appreciate," and I waived my hand toward the dancers.

"Fairly good," she said, in a modified tone. You are forgiven. Now listen to me like a good friend and I will tell you something of my plan. Do you see that young lady on the other side of the room surrounded by her admirers?"

"Your niece," I said; "and my partner. A very delightful—"

"Yes, to be sure. And that young man who has apparently just said something very clever?"

"Mr. Donaldson? Fine fellow. Yes, I see him too."

"Well, why do you look at me so?" she asked.

"I was thinking what a splendid match-maker you—"

Her fan prevented my further speech. She went on.

"Do you contrive that he takes her in to

supper and I will do as much for you some day."

"You will take me to supper, you mean?"

"No, you goose. You will take me to supper if my escort goes with her. I mean I will do something to help you some day—anything in the world you wish."

The latter part of her declaration was made with such apparent deliberation that it set me thinking.

"Will you really do anything I ask, Mrs. Evanston? Anything?" I repeated.

"Why yes," she said; "that is," with an embarrassed little laugh, "anything in reason."

"Then if you will excuse me, I go upon this delicate mission."

As I threaded my way across the room I thought more of the people concerned in the match than of the match itself. For I did not doubt that Mrs. Evanston had the whole affair mentally accomplished. She was a widow, wealthy and much sought after, as such an adorable widow ought to be. We younger men, especially, were the veriest slaves to her bidding. And Miss Evanston had all her advantages, while Donaldson, whom she had indicated from her seat, was the ideal match so far as money, station and personal graces were concerned. As for myself, I had no money and no social—but then, what more need be said? Some of the more malicious of my friends professed to have discovered that I was not even good-looking. I had not yet been brought to that belief and still had enough assurance to hope that I might profit by this scheming in some way. The sweet widow might stick at position and money if she would; it had been my nightmare for a long while and had kept me many times from a declaration that found its way to my very lips; but in view of her

promise I determined no longer to take for granted that she would frown upon my hopes.

I found Miss Evanston as soon as my turn for a dance made it possible to talk with her. She was a little tired and not unwilling to rest. So I chose a sheltered divan, heaped up pillows she did not need and brought confections she did not want, according to the honored custom of the dance, and then settled down for a chat before some admirer should seek her out.

"It is warm in the ball-room," I tried for a start.

"Is that original?" she asked, with a languid point not all interrogation.

"Your aunt is a most adorable woman," I ventured as a logical inference.

"My uncle thought so too," she observed, with an evident desire to keep her end of the conversation.

"No doubt," I admitted. "But she has been very good to me tonight. She promised to do anything I wanted if I would help her with a little matter in which she is interested."

"What is the anything?"

"The 'anything,'" I replied, "is the 'All.'"

This oracular statement won me a look.

"That is clever," she mused; "but not so clear."

"Will you take Donaldson in to supper?" I asked her suddenly, a little confused as my courage began to ebb in the face of her mood and its possibilities.

"Will—will—what?" was her astonished question.

"I mean, will he take you to supper?" I hastily corrected, with more nervousness than success.

"How do I know, you poor foolish man.

What in the world is the matter with you, Jack? What have you and my aunt been doing? I begin to believe that you are growing fond of her. If you are trying to get my approval do not waste time about it. I am sure I like you well enough to call you uncle, if you insist upon it. Pity you are not taller, though. You are *so* little."

Her look of mild scorn comforted me about as much as did her words. I saw in imagination the fair widow's frown and our contract declared void, I tried again.

"Will you help me to contrive it so that he does take you to supper? You see——"

"My dear boy," she interrupted, "I will do anything in the world to help you—anything."

"That is just what your aunt said," I avowed, eagerly; "and everything depends upon holding her to the promise."

Donaldson came up just then in time to prevent any further sarcasm. I moved a little, so that unknown to her, I could give him a glance when necessary. Then I said:

"Donaldson, you are just in time to claim the spoils of war. Miss Evanston has expressed her willingness to go to supper with almost anyone—so hungry, you know—I was taking advantage of her rashness as you came up, to suggest your name to her. You can plead your own cause now."

My eyes were trying to say, "That's a good chap; take her along." Whether this was perfectly intelligible to him I could not be sure; but he turned to her and said:

"I think this is a conspiracy to give me a good time; but if Miss Evanston would be so good I should feel very much honored."

"Yes, take her my boy," I ejaculated, fervently; "and my blessing on you both."

"But Mr. Gray is my escort for the evening," she said, as she turned to me with a

searching look; "and you," she continued, glancing back to Donaldson, "you are my aunt's escort."

"True," said Donaldson, "I am on the staff of your aunt, as her chief—or at least, her greatest admirer; but she has excused me for the evening."

"I do not understand it at all," Miss Evanston persisted. To tell the truth, there were points in the affair I began to question myself.

"Did you propose something of this kind to my aunt?" she demanded, looking at me with a portentous frown.

"I haven't proposed at all—yet," I declared.

She smiled to hide her perplexity. Then assuming a severe aspect, she folded her fan and as it pointed out into space, said, without looking at me:

"Go, Mr. Donaldson, if you will take pity on me and save me from the disgrace of having the world know that I have been deserted by my escort, I shall be exceedingly grateful."

I resigned my seat to Donaldson and bowed myself away, the while trying to look sad in spite of my success. As I crossed the room I glanced back and noticed that her eye followed me while she listened to Donaldson. I knew she was divided between curiosity and annoyance; but I did not choose to enlighten her as to the reason for my conduct. I trusted that I should be able at some latter time to explain the apparent want of courtesy on my part. At present the high stakes prevented any weakness other than a want of courage at critical moments.

My obeisance to the widow was very low as I reported the success of my mission.

"Very good," she commented, when I

had finished. "And now what can I do for you to show my great appreciation of your brilliant work?"

I did not know whether she was laughing at me or not; but I had not expected that she would revert so willingly to her promise. That just sufficed to keep my courage up to the executive point.

"Something, madame, which will affect my whole future happiness," I replied.

"So much and so serious as that?"

I knew she was watching me closely as her fan waved slowly back and forth.

"Well?" she queried, as I paused for a figurative stimulant and suitable words.

"Well," I proceeded, catching at her own word to throw the responsibility of the sentence upon her own shoulders, "you know that I have no prospects—that I am not a very eligible candidate for—for—"

"Oh, politics," she interrupted. "My political influence is not very great but I will promise to do what I can."

I knew she was laughing at me then—and it was just the spur I needed.

"For the hand of your niece," I managed to blurt out, with an effort to say the last word with a capital letter.

"My niece is the best judge of that," she said, gently, adding with a smile, "After I have approved."

"Just so, Mrs. Evanston; and your approval? You said, you know, 'Anything in the world.'"

"In reason," I said, she corrected me with a quizzical glance. Then while I was seeking words with which to plead my cause, she went on:

"My dear boy, do you imagine that I have been blind—that I did not read it in your eyes long ago? Why have you been so modest and so timid? Did you think,

after all the evidences of my regard, that a few dollars would bribe me to work against you?"

"But this little plot I have been helping you with?" I asked, wonderingly.

"You thought you were helping me to make a match for Mr. Donaldson; when in reality he is helping me for your sake."

She gave me one of her most charming smiles as she placed a little gloved hand on mine and continued:

"Go ask my niece to excuse Mr. Donaldson. On second thoughts we will not change our escorts this evening."

J. WILL JACKSON.

ALMOST A TRAGEDY.

DURING the Christmas vacation almost a tragedy occurred at S. Stephen's. A faithful son of Alma Mater came so preciously near death's door that his hair is turning gray. His death might have been of a very violent nature. Awakened out of a blissfully happy sleep, while dreaming about his lady love, a delicious Christmas dinner and a quiet vacation rest, this innocent, unoffending, kind-hearted Alumnus was brought suddenly face to face with a Reverend member of the Faculty, with authority, the assistant janitor with a lantern, a hysterical Senior with a gun and a trembling Sophomore with an ink bottle.

The members of this posse thought they were hunting robbers, and, armed to the teeth, were prepared to sacrifice their lives in defence of college property. Luckily the gun, which the Senior had pointed towards himself, did not go off, else some member of the party might have been killed or the Alumnus might have been frightened to death.

We dare not mention the names of the student actors in this almost tragedy, for they refuse with charming modesty to allow their names to be published, preferring to enjoy secretly the laurels they have won.

We dare describe these two heroes however, and we trust our account will do them justice.

The one is a Hibernian who stands six feet three inches in his stockings; his muscles are like sinews of steel; his courage is like that of a woman in the presence of a mouse, and his reputation as a crack shot everybody doubts; the other is of English stock and inherits all the strength of that hardy race; he is not as large of stature as the Irishman but he is very strong; his bravery is like that of a stag running before the hounds in full cry, and his fighting quality no one doubts. We have seen him pound the little ivories of a pipe organ until they groaned for mercy.

Such were the two students who so ably assisted the Reverend member of the Faculty and the assistant janitor.

The almost tragedy occurred in this way:

An Alumnus who likes to visit frequently S. Stephen's and vicinity—principally the vicinity—was invited by a student friend to occupy 17 Hoffman Hall during the Christmas vacation. Now 17 Hoffman is the suite on the third floor, to the right of the head of the stairs in the south section of the Hoffman dormitories. Hither the Alumnus came at nine-thirty Friday evening, Dec. 27th. He let himself into the suite with his friend's night key, built a wood fire in the grate and enjoyed a good old pipe dream before going to bed.

Meanwhile a brave sophomore was having a waking dream in 14 Hoffman at the foot of the stairs. He was alone. He heard two men ascend the stairs—why he heard

double we can't say—he heard them break open one of the doors upstairs and all was quiet for awhile. Then they began breaking up the furniture. They broke the windows, shattered the mirrors, smashed in trunks and closets and did all sorts of things. Quick as a flash the Sophomore formed his plans. He blew out the lights in the study; locked the door; pulled down the shades, and armed with an ink bottle he sat down in the dark, frightened it is true, but ready to hit the burglars if they attempted to escape. Thus he sat until eleven o'clock, when his Senior chum returned. After being persuaded that it was the Senior and not another robber the Sophomore opened the door and let the Senior in. Then followed the Sophomore's account to the Senior of how the burglars had gone up stairs and broken in the doors and had broken, broken, broken everything they could find, and how the Sophomore had armed himself with an ink bottle and nerved himself to hit the robbers if they attempted to escape.

Rapidly the plans were changed. The Sophomore was to remain on guard with the ink bottle and prevent escape, while the Senior got a member of the Faculty's gun and some assistance.

The Reverend member of the Faculty was in bed when the Senior arrived to ask for the shot gun, but got up again to help matters along. He sent the Senior, gun and all, after the janitor and assistant janitor to help run down the burglars. The latter arrived in time to head the procession; the former is still coming.

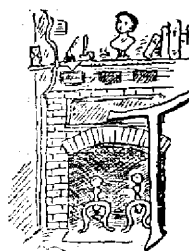
The Reverend member of the Faculty marshalled his force and found that he had one man and two students at his command. The account of counsel of war and the speeches we must cut out, for this article is

already too long, but we will say that the stirring words had their effect and every man was determined to catch the thief or die in the attempt.

In irregular order the posse advanced, first came the assistant janitor with the lantern, lighting a target for the burglars, next came the Reverend member of the Faculty sustaining the movement with his authority, then came the Senior with a shot gun, keeping the muzzle toward himself, and last but not greatest the Sophomore carrying a murderous ink bottle.

Slowly they climbed the stairs, solemnly demanding admission to each suite as they came to it. But no response was given them, nor did they find any door open until they reached 17 Hoffman. There the door was unlocked. Evidently the robbers were there although not a sound was heard within. They opened the door and dropped back. Nothing occurred. They proceeded. The one bedroom of the suite was empty. Into it the Senior and Sophomore rushed for safety. The Reverend member of the Faculty and the assistant janitor dared to enter the other room and called upon the man they found there to surrender. The man was peacefully sleeping, and when awakened was blinded by the light from the lantern. When he came to himself and recognized the assistant janitor and the Reverend member of the Faculty, he said, "I beg your pardon, Doctor, for my attire, I did not expect callers at this time of night." There was a hearty laugh, the Senior and Sophomore came running in to hear the joke, and the Reverend member of the Faculty exclaimed, "Why, it is Mr. Stowell."

E. D.



The Editor's Corner.

WE have followed the suggestion of last year's editorial board in issuing a Fairbairn Number of THE MESSENGER, but we have thought it better to make this issue the memorial number than to make the December issue such, not only because we did not want to make the Christmas number a memorial one but also because the anniversary of Dr. Fairbairn's death comes in January.

We did not receive the half-tone cut of the foot-ball team in time to put it in the December number of THE MESSENGER and have used it as a frontispiece for this issue.

A picture of any of our college teams is interesting to undergraduates, and as foot-ball is the one branch of athletics in which S. Stephen's is annually represented, a picture of the foot-ball team is especially interesting.

Some of the Alumni think that the Alumni Notes ought to be made fuller and more interesting, and they have suggested a plan for making them so.

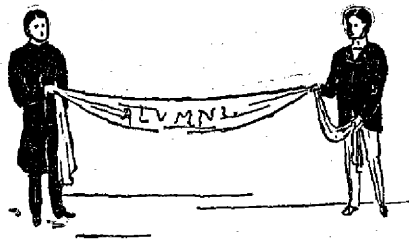
We shall try the scheme, and we ask the Alumni to help us make the Alumni Notes real live news.

It is desired that each Alumnus keep us posted as to his whereabouts; that he answer promptly any communication he may receive from THE MESSENGER, and that he send us all Alumni happenings that may come to his notice.

We are interested in the Alumni and they are interested in us. The Alumni are interested in the college and in each other.

There is no space to publish news pertaining to S. Stephen's and Alumni better than THE MESSENGER.

Let us hear from you all.



(We shall be glad to print in these columns any news whatever of interest concerning our Alumni. Please send notes addressed to the Editor-in-Chief.)

—Arthur Clement Saunders, '01, is tutoring at Tivoli.

—John Graham Hargrave, '01, visited Alma Mater in Dec.

—The address of the Rev. J. M. Coew, Sp.C., '94, is 16 W. 125, New York City.

—The address of the Rev. Thomas Worrall, '95, is 50 Pineapple St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

—The Rev. Frank J. Knapp, '98, is now Rector of S. Peter's church, Blairsville, Pa.

—Horace Wood Stowell, '00, spent part of his Christmas vacation at Annandale and vicinity.

—Rev. Adelbert McGinness, Sp.C., '97, is now a curate at St. Mary's the Virgin, New York. He curated at Grace Church, Albany.

—The Rev. E. H. Young, '97, has accepted the position of curate at S. Andrew's church, Pittsburg, the Rev. Dr. White, Rector, in charge.

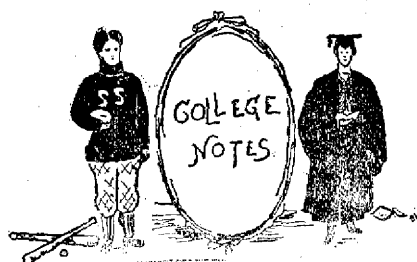
—Alleyne Carleton Howell, '01, having left the Cambridge Divinity School, is pursuing his theological studies at the Philadelphia Divinity School.

—The Rev. H. De R. Mears, '77, is Rector of St. John's church, Marion, N. C., and has charge of the Missions at Rutherfordton, Old Fort and Shelby.

—The Rev. Charles Martin Niles, D.D., '86, rector of St. Paul's Church, Ossining-on-Hudson, has been invited to be one of the select preachers at Trinity College, Hartford.

—The Rt. Rev. Arthur C. A. Hall, Bishop of Vermont, announces that he has deposed from the priesthood the Rev. John Davis Ewing, Sp.C., '92, until recently rector of St. James's Church, Woodstock. This action was taken upon the declaration of the Rev. Mr. Ewing that he had determined to enter the Roman Catholic communion.

—The Rev. Joseph Carey, D.D., rector of Bethesda Church, Saratoga Springs, celebrated his 28th anniversary as rector of the parish on the First Sunday in Advent. Dr. Carey came to this parish from Ballston, Spa., in 1873, when the church building, erected in 1841, was in a dilapidated condition. The parish was speedily built up, the old church improved, and in 1886 the first steps were taken toward the erection of the new church. This was erected and the first service held in it was on July 3, 1887. The parish house and the Home of the Good Shepherd have also been erected during recent years, and the spiritual as well as the material interests of the parish have been largely developed by Dr. Carey's ministration.—*The Living Church*.



—The annual fancy dress ball given by the Freshmen is to take place this year early in February.

—Arrangements for the Convention of the Church Students Missionary Society are being pushed rapidly forward. Every effort is being made to make this convention a success.

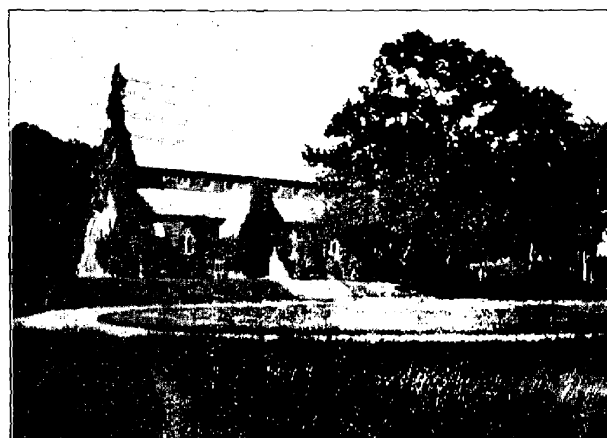
—A terrific wind storm on Saturday night Dec. 14. carried half the roof off the gymnasium. The damage has been repaired and the regular work begins again the 13th of January.

—The Christmas vacation was of unusual length this year. It was to have been from Dec. 20 to Jan. 2. but it was begun one day later, Dec. 21, and extended to Jan. 6, on account of Epiphany coming Jan. 5.

—On Friday evening, Dec. 6, the Segma Phi Chapter of Segma Alpha Epsilon held its annual invitation and banquet. The initiates were William Fenwick Bachman, '04, Grand Rapids, Mich., Harry C. Francis Taaffe, '05, Fond du Lac, Wis., and William Richard Barclay, Evansville, Ind. The initiation was held in Bard Hall, the banquet in Preston Hall. The Rev. the Warden was guest of honor at the banquet. The following were the toasts: Student Life, William Burrows, '02; S. Stephen's, The Rev. the Warden; The Ladies, Samuel C. Fish, '03; Segma Alpha Epsilon, Clinton Durant Drumm '03; The Ties that Bind, Frederick U. Rockstroh, '04; Loyalty, William E. Hyde-Neile, '05; The Goat, Harry C. Francis Taaffe, '05; First Impression, William Fenwick Bachman, '04.



APPROACH TO THE COLLEGE.



THE CHAPEL.



THE CAMPUS.