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# MESSENGER

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# Saint Stephen's Messenger

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VOL. XVI

OCTOBER 1909

No. 1

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## Editorial

The dawn of the fiftieth year of the corporate life of St. Stephen's has come—brightly like one of these mist-scattering October mornings and the day before us looms big with promise. Fifty years of quiet service here in this beauty-haunted countryside; fifty years of bringing forth graduates trained in the good old gentleman's course of the Humanities; fifty years of holding aloft the lamp of Christian learning in varying periods of prosperity and depression: such is the past record of the college. In the future we trust are many more years of increased opportunity and of even more loyal service both in Church and Nation; and towards this end may our jubilee year help us make great, seven-league strides. Just what this year will mean, however, to the college and to all who have her interests at heart we cannot tell; but if the enthusiasm and spirit which have thus far manifested themselves are continued, great things are in store for our Alma Mater. To our last Warden and first President, Dr. Rodgers—who already seems as close to us as if we had known him, and he us, since childhood—in all he shall do for the upbuilding and welfare of our college, every man of us pledges his heartiest support.

The passing of the title Warden, by which the head of St. Stephen's has been designated since its foundation, and the substitution of that of President marks a new period in the institution's history. There was always something quaintly suggestive in the old title; something breathing an old-world atmosphere, an atmosphere of cloisters and quadrangles, of hoary scholastic buildings in the winding streets of some mediaeval town, of Gothic arches or Elizabethan windows. It has helped to give an ancient long-established appearance to collegiate matters here which it seems many American institutions of a similar character lack; but after all the word is an exotic as far as this country is concerned. Doubtless the title will long linger among us, and above all as a loving designation for good old Dr. Fairbairn, "The Warden." But for us President is better; and its adoption on the part of the Trustees marks a willingness to break away from an honored tradition of the college, to which many are no doubt attached, but which at least served to differentiate us from other colleges of the land.

We are all most grateful to "Bill" Schroeder for his good work as football coach during the first part of the season. Our only regret is that he could not stay longer with us.

We believe we are not putting it too strongly when we say that it is the duty of St. Stephen's men to patronize the "Messenger" advertisers in preference to others. Remember that without advertisements a college paper for us would be impossible.

The thanks of the students are due to Mrs. Margaret Aldrich, the Misses Cruger and Mr. J. J. Chapman for their generosity and hospitality in connection with the local Hudson-Fulton celebration.

## A Greeting From the President

President's House, St. Stephen's College, October, 1909.

I am glad to have this opportunity of speaking through the columns of "The Messenger" to St. Stephen's College men, past and present, wherever they may be.

First I want to say how happy I am to be associated with them in the great work that St. Stephen's has to do; in carrying on the good old traditions of the past and in adapting the college work and life to the demands of this modern world.

I am glad to be able to tell you that a great many things are happening which augur well for the future. In the first place we have opened with more students than has been the case of late years, so that our present capacity is nearly filled. In the second place we have not only quantity but quality, a good wholesome college spirit, an evident determination to work well and certainly as far as I can see, universal disposition to stand by the new Warden, or President, as he is henceforth to be called. What we all have to do now is to seize every opportunity of attracting public attention in a wholesome way to the characteristic features of the college and the work that is being done. I am convinced that when once people know us they will help us. I trust to be able in the near future, to meet all the Alumni and former students. A year from now the General Convention takes place at Cincinnati. It is essential that we should be properly represented there and I hope very soon to consult with some of you in regard to this matter. Meanwhile may God prosper St. Stephen's.

Yours most sincerely,

WILLIAM C. RODGERS.

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## The Commencement

There are Commencement Days, and commencement days; and the students, former students, alumni, visitors and all the rest might well believe that this last commencement belonged to the former class—the kind that deserves to be spelled with capitals. The splendid bright weather of the early morning, the enthusiasm of the old men, the interest of the visitors—and, in particular, the prospect of the installation of our new Warden—all were factors in rendering the occasion one of unusual gaiety.

At high noon a large procession formed on the campus and marched to the chapel, headed by a military band of music. After the processional hymn a short devotional service was sung. Then the line was re-formed and the column proceeded to the campus. The faculty and trustees ascended the platform; the ladies and visitors greatly outnumbered the chairs and benches on the campus. The day was slightly overcast, the general interest in the exercises and the brilliancy of the

scene, however, conspiring to make the occasion a memorable one. The acting warden presided; Dr. Manning, rector of Trinity parish, New York, said the opening prayers. Orations were delivered as follows: "The Contribution of the Teutonic Race to Modern Nations," Anton Franz Blaum; "Immigration," Francis Henry Smith; "William Laud—Christian Militant," Edward Stuart Hale. The Valedictory address was written by Donald Hanson Craigie. Announcement of honors and prizes was made by Dr. Hopson. Degrees were conferred: Bachelor of Arts—Anton Franz Blaum, Donald Hanson Craigie, Edward Stuart Hale, Jacob Henry Oehlhoff. Bachelor of Philosophy—Stephen Gardner. Master of Arts—The Rev. James Lewis Lasher, B.A., 1896; the Rev. Samuel Raymond Brinckerhoff, B. A., 1905; Wallace John Gardner, B.A., 1906. By action of the trustees, taken that morning, the degree of Doctor of Divinity was conferred on the Rev. Professor Anthony and the Rev. William C. Rodgers.

The acting warden then requested the Rt. Rev. Dr. Greer to make an address. Great enthusiasm was effected by the Bishop's words and manner and his speech was frequently interrupted by prolonged applause.

He began by declaring his profound conviction that St. Stephen's College is destined in years to come to do a great work for the Church and nation. When he exclaimed, "I believe in St. Stephen's College!" there was a great demonstration. Continuing, he declared that from the first the classics have been the foundation of its curriculum; St. Stephen's to-day stands for those studies which are fast disappearing from our larger institutions, so well and lavishly equipped with laboratories and other facilities for physical research and study. There is therefore an increasing need for the more vigorous study in the classics, for "classical training is the only foundation of all true and successful scholarship."

Referring to the new warden, the Bishop spoke of him as a man with a vision, "but he is not a dreamer" who might build castles in the air without sure foundations. He urged that substantial support be given to Dr. Rodgers in his efforts to do great things for the college. The audience will not soon forget the Bishop's appeal to St. Stephen's and all institutions of learning. "Give us men! Give us true, brave, consecrated, righteous men and scholars."

Then formal announcement was made of the election of the Rev. William Cunningham Rodgers, D.D., as the warden of St. Stephen's College. After much applause and cheering Dr. Rodgers made a brief speech of appreciation and thanks for the double honors of the day, pledging his word that he would try to be a good *divinitatis doctor*.

The Rev. Dr. Manning, vice-chairman of the Board of Trustees, on being introduced as the next speaker, referred to the manifest tokens of the love and devotion which the Alumni of St. Stephen's College bore to their *Alma Mater*, and spoke in high appreciation of the value of such enthusiastic devotion of graduates to every institution of learn-

ing. Commenting on the new and the old, Dr. Manning demonstrated that some of the highest authorities on such matters had been converted by results to the doctrine that new schemes and methods in educational work were not so good as those sometimes stigmatized as "old-fashioned." He paid due compliment to the true place of religion in education, and pointed out that Church Teaching had ever found an appropriate place in the scheme of education at St. Stephen's.

Concerning the new warden, Dr. Manning spoke in glowing terms, describing him as his co-laborer and fellow-worker at St. Agnes' Chapel in New York city, where he was always faithful and diligent. He now found much pleasure in the fact that Dr. Rodgers would carry forward the noble traditions of St. Stephen's College. Speaking for the Board of Trustees, the speaker made fitting allusion to the able and successful work done by the Rev. Professor Hopson as acting warden in the academic year just closing.

The singing of the hymn, "Now Thank We All Our God," and the benediction of the Bishop of New York, brought the commencement exercises on the campus to a close.

Luncheon was served in the College Refectory, and was followed by speeches from the Warden and a number of the prominent visitors present. All re-echoed the cheering and enthusiastic note of the morning; and the climax came with the announcement by the Warden of his intention to raise \$100,000 before the next commencement, as a Jubilee Memorial Fund, to celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of St. Stephen's.

The Rev. Dr. Upjohn, of Germantown, Philadelphia, for the Board of Trustees, spoke optimistically of the new era of the college under the new warden.

Mr. Charles Gardner Coffin, '76, president of the Alumni Association, speaking for that body, pledged the trust, confidence, esteem, and support of the alumni to their *Alma Mater* and the new head. As an earnest of the loyalty and gratitude of his society and the Former Students' Association, Mr. Coffin announced that the Rev. Dr. Frank B. Reazor, the Rev. Frederic William Norris, and himself had been appointed a committee to act jointly with a similar committee, headed by the Rev. Dr. George S. Bennett, from the Former Students' Association, to collect funds for the erection of a professors' house, to be presented to the college at the next commencement.

Enthusiastic and complimentary speeches were also made by the Rev. Dr. Cole, a former warden of St. Stephen's; Archdeacon Van Kleeck, of White Plains, N. Y.; the Rev. Dr. Edward Dudley Tibbits, rector of Hoosac School; the Rev. Dr. Bennitt, president of the Former Students' Association; and the Rev. Hibbert H. P. Roche, vice-president of the Alumni.



## Alumni Association

The forty-fourth annual meeting of the Alumni Association was held in Bard Hall on the morning of Commencement Day, June 17th. It was preceded by the usual corporate celebration of the Holy Eucharist in Holy Innocents' Chapel, of which the Rev. W. W. Hance, M. A., '73, was the celebrant. At the meeting Mr. C. G. Coffin, LL.B., '76, presided. In the absence of the treasurer, the Rev. Dr. Sill, the Rev. L. R. Davis, '88, was appointed treasurer pro tem.

The following members responded to their names at roll call: The Reverends W. W. Hance, '73; S. B. Rathbun, '76; P. McD. Bleecker, '76; F. B. Reazor, '79; F. C. Jewell, '81; C. A. Jessup, '82; R. Mackeellar, '82; E. D. Sutcliffe, '82; Wm. Holden, '83; H. H. P. Roche, '85; L. R. Davis, '88; F. W. Norris, '88; P. C. Pyle, '90; J. O. McIlhenny, '93; F. C. Steinmetz, '93; J. L. Lasher, '96; A. L. Longley, '96; A. M. Judd, '98; O. F. R. Treder, '01; B. Mottram, '02; C. D. Drumm, '03; and Messrs. C. G. Coffin, '76; A. Rose, '83; F. J. Hopson, '85; Keble Dean, '89; W. B. Selvage, '98; E. A. Sidman, '99.

The Rev. Dr. Sill, treasurer of the association, reported \$93.13 in the general fund. The Rev. Dr. Kimber, treasurer of the Alumni Scholarship Fund having forgotten to bring his report with him, no statement of this fund was made at the meeting, but subsequently, the Rev. Dr. Anthony, acting for Dr. Kimber in his illness, reported a total of \$1,221.83 to the credit of this fund.

In the absence of the Rev. W. J. C. Agnew, the necrologist, no regular report was presented, but the association was informed of the death of the Rev. F. St. G. McLean, '92.

The elections resulted as follows: Directors, the Rev. Messrs. Rathbun, Jewell, Roche, Holden, Treder, Sill, McIlhenny and Bleecker, and Mr. W. B. Selvage; President, the Rev. F. S. Sill, D.D.; Vice President, the Rev. H. H. P. Roche; Secretary, the Rev. F. C. Jewell; Treasurer, the Rev. P. McD. Bleecker. The Rev. William Holden was elected a member of the Executive Committee. The Rev. O. F. R. Treder was appointed Necrologist. The Rev. A. C. Kimber, D.D., the Rev. William Holden, the Rev. P. C. Pyle were elected Trustees of the Alumni Scholarship Fund for the next five years.

A resolution was adopted that a committee be appointed to obtain a form of Bidding Prayer for use at the Alumni Celebration of the Holy Eucharist and at such other college services as the Warden may direct. The Rev. Dr. F. B. Reazor was appointed as such committee.

It was also resolved that a committee be appointed by the President to act with a committee of the Former Student's Association, in raising funds for a Professor's House, and the Rev. Dr. Reazor, the Rev. F. W. Norris and Mr. C. G. Coffin were appointed on this committee.

In the matter of a complimentary dinner to be given in the early autumn to the Rev. Dr. Rodgers, Warden of the College, the Rev. Dr.

Reazor, and Messrs. B. S. Gibson and E. A. Sidman, were appointed to act with a like committee of the Former Student's Association.

Twenty-five dollars were appropriated to the College Messenger on condition that a copy of the Commencement number be sent to every alumnus.

Mr. W. B. Selvage, for the committee on High School Prize Examinations reported that the competition was to be extended this year to forty High Schools, and was everywhere received with enthusiastic interest. Two prizes were offered consisting of \$50 and \$25. The committee on these examinations for the current year consists of Mr. Chas. G. Coffin, President; Mr. W. B. Selvage, Secretary and Treasurer, and the Rev. O. F. R. Treder.

It was resolved that President Coffin be appointed a committee to wait on the Rev. W. C. Rodgers, the Warden, and extend to him the hearty approval of his election, the best wishes of the association, and pledge him its earnest cooperation in his efforts for the advancement of the college.

The customary fraternal greetings were exchanged between the Alumni and the Former Students' Associations.

## Former Students' Association

The annual meeting of the Former Student's Association of St. Stephen's College convened in Aspinwall Hall, Annandale, on Thursday morning, June 17, 1909, with the President, the Rev. George S. Bennett, D.D., in the chair.

The President conducted the opening devotions.

The minutes of the previous meeting were read by the Secretary. The President and the Secretary made report of their work during the year.

It was moved, seconded and carried, that there be four Vice Presidents of this association. The election of officers resulted as follows: President, the Rev. George S. Bennett, D.D.; Vice Presidents, Rev. C. C. Quin, Rev. E. A. Smith, Rev. Charles Fiske, Dr. W. H. Bullman; Secretary and Treasurer, Rev. Jacob Probst.

The Secretary reported that during the previous year he had made a card catalogue of all the men who had ever been students in the college, so far as their names could be ascertained; the catalogue, however, does not include those who graduated B. A.

He also reported that in accordance with the resolution of the 1908 meeting he had informed recipients of honorary degrees from the college of their election to Honorary Membership in the association.

To date twelve gentlemen had responded, and accepted the same, viz: Bishop Whitehead, Dean Robbins, Rev. H. B. Bryan, Archdeacon of Panama, Archdeacon Van Kleeck, Rev. Dr. Crary, Rev. Dr. Canedy, Rev. Dr. Cole, Rev. Charles Mercer Hall, Rev. Yale Lyon, Rev. I. New-

ton Phelps, Rev. Dr. George F. Nelson, Rev. Gottfried Hammarskold.

The membership of the association is as follows: Active members, 66; honorary members, 12. Total, 78. A gain during the year of ten (10) active, and twelve (12) honorary members.

Messrs. William H. Morrison and E. A. Smith were appointed as Fraternal Committee to visit the Alumni Association at their meeting.

Rev. I. Newton Phelps addressed the meeting on behalf of the honorary members.

Rev. George S. Bennett, D.D., the Rev. Stuart Crockett, D.D., and Mr. E. Lewis Smith were appointed to act as a Banquet Committee in conjunction with a similar committee of the Alumni Association.

The Secretary proposed a plan for the proper celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of the College in 1910; the same being that efforts be made by this association working with the Alumni Association to raise the money to build a Professor's house on the campus as a thank-offering. To carry out such plan the Rev. Dr. Bennett, the Rev. C. C. Quin, and the Rev. Jacob Probst were appointed a committee to work with a similar committee of the Alumni.

No further business appearing the meeting adjourned after the reading of the minutes, and their approval.

JACOB PROBST, Secretary.

## William Laud: Christian Militant\*

The Seventeenth Century saw a long crisis in the history of England and England's Church. The heroic age of Elizabeth had passed and gone, leaving behind it grave problems crying for solution; but the wise men of the pen and the sword who might have solved them were no more. The stress and terror which made men gladly suffer the Tudor despotism vanished as England arose from the political reconstruction of Europe a compact and national whole and with them disappeared that enthusiasm of loyalty and that willing sacrifice of individual opinion which had characterized the reign of the Maiden Queen.

The task that lay before the first two Stuarts was as difficult as that which Elizabeth had so triumphantly achieved—but it was a task towards which her example afforded them but little assistance. Should England become a despotic monarchy? The question was answered by a great political conflict, a great political theory, and a great civil war. Should England's Church be severed by its own acts from the historic continuity which State law and ecclesiastical formularies had at the period of the Reformation itself so carefully preserved. Should she consciously sever her ties with her religious past and the past of historic Catholicity? In the good providence of God it fell to one

\* *McVickar Prize Oration, delivered by Edward Stuart Hale, B. A., '09.*

man to embody a decisive answer to this question in a life of profound influence and eventfulness.

Born at the crisis of the struggle with Rome, with his young blood fired by the national triumph over the Armada, brought up both in the new learning of the late English Renaissance, and in the Humanities which the Church had still preserved, the greatest Archbishop who had sat in Augustine's chair since the Reformation lived to lay his venerable and hallowed head in shame upon the block amid the apparent failure of all his aims, when as yet he had builded better than he knew, for he had relaid firm and sure the old foundations which had seemed at his death to be so grievously endangered.

"He who ascends to mountain tops," says Child Harold, "shall find

The loftiest peaks most rapt in clouds and snow.

He who surpasses or subdues mankind,

Must look down on the hate of those below."

Few men in life, few characters in history have attracted to themselves so great prejudice and aroused such bitter hostility as William Laud, Archbishop of Canterbury. A subtle priest, self-seeking, vain, intolerant, arrogant, insincere, mischievous in his eternal business, his enemies have called him. Even if honest, dreadfully deluded, and grotesquely lacking in judgment those mostly say who say best. Neither tell the truth.

Laud's statesmanship certainly was not wholly wise; but it is no condemnation to his policy that it was unpopular. If the Church is doing her duty as a witness to the truth and as the guardian of morals she is bound to be unpopular. Popularity with a religion is too often a proof of inefficiency and indifference. Laud has been accused of using political machinery to enforce religious conformity. Do we not forget when blaming him for entangling himself in politics that he was the last in that long line of statesmen-ecclesiastics—a line adorned and made memorable by the names of a Dunstan, a Becket, a Wyckham, a Wolsey—the real makers of England's greatness?

Particular minds we have been told have their favorite aspects in which they realize particular truths. Laud's mind had caught the mediaeval idea of the Church's position, as a political estate, an heiress by a divine nobility of birth, to the world's honors and elevations. That half-conscious idea ran in his thoughts perpetually, and incidental acts and expressions show the image in his mind—the form of a Church which haunted him—the form of a Church which haunts some of us still—a sacerdotal political form of a Church in power, her orders nobility, her prelates pillars of the State. He saw dignity and grandeur upon her, a splendid ritual, grave munificence and hospitality, the stamp of venerable power upon her brow, and profound homage bending the knee before her. What a magnificent conception! Ah, yes! But how impossible!

Possessed of this dream—fond and fanciful though one call it—Laud set himself to make it a living and exalted reality. Is he to be justly

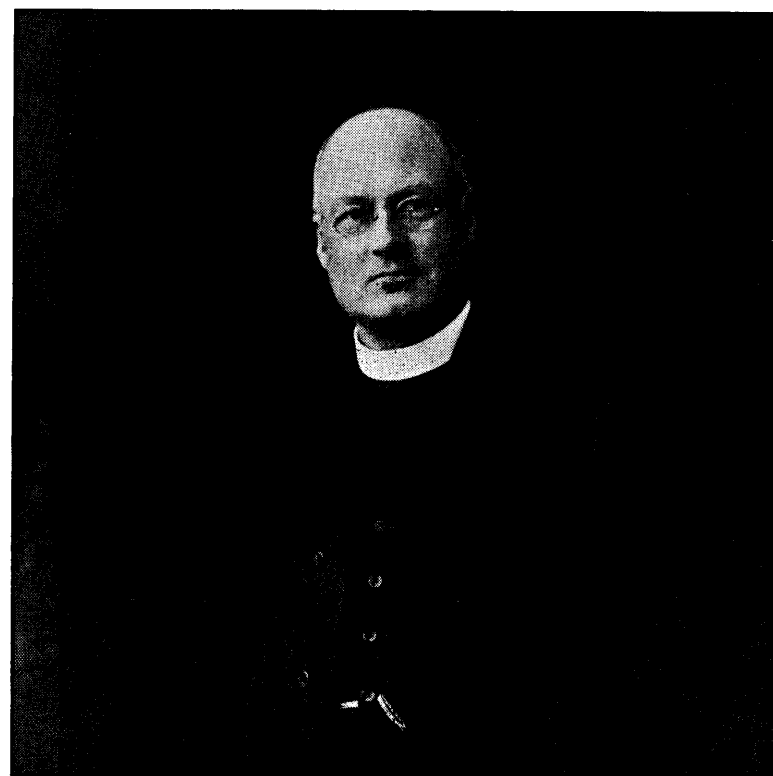
censured for employing the methods of his time—the only ones which he could use with any hope of success, in which neither side saw anything censurable since each used them as they found opportunity? Was it his fault or was it the fault of his predecessors that the people were so little ready to receive the discipline of the church?

Ah, but you will say did not Laud show himself to be a superstitious and intolerant bigot, narrow-minded, without sympathy, without pity? Was the man unloving who could write in his diary on the day of his arrest: "As I went to my barge hundreds of my poor neighbors stood there and prayed for my safe return to my house, for which I bless God and them." Was the man pitiless who could say of his cruellest persecutors, "I pity them, as God knows, from my very heart." Was the man narrow-minded and a bigot who won back Chillingworth from Rome by proving to him how small was the area of dogmatic truth enforced as necessary to salvation in the English Church? Was the man intolerant who retained the ever-memorable John Hales in the fold of the Church of England by insisting on the freedom of the offer of salvation to all mankind—a man who could write, "Nor will I ever take upon me to express that tenet or opinion, the denial of the foundation only excepted, which may shut any Christian, even the meanest out of heaven!" Surely, surely, you cannot doubt that such an one had the love of God and his fellow man much at heart!

But if you are among the number of those who doubt, turn with me for a moment to that last pathetic scene on Tyburn Hill. The presence of death reveals the inmost soul. It assures the sincerity of a man as no oath or penal sanction can do it. Laud showed forth in his death the secret of a Christian life hid with Christ in God.

Prejudged by foes determined not to spare  
An old weak man for vengeance thrown aside  
Laud in the painful art of dying tried  
(Like a poor bird entangled in a snare  
Whose heart still flutters tho' his wings forbear  
To stir in useless strength) hath relied  
On hope that conscious innocence supplied,  
And in his prison breathes celestial air.  
Why tarriest then thy chariot? Wherefore stay,  
O Death! the ensanguined yet triumphal wheels  
Which thou preparest full often to convey  
(What time a state with maddening faction reels)  
The saint or patriot to the world that heals  
All wounds, all perturbations, doth allay.

A world of enemies had long been wishing him away. Self-defence had hitherto been a duty, but now that they had fairly their own way and got their ends he was satisfied. He was ready to relieve them of his presence. He did not want to stay. To depart and be with Christ was far better. Life was weariness. Death was rest; and so



The Rev. William Cunningham Rodgers, M.A. (Camb.), D.D. (S.S.)



he stood before his cross of shame and prayed: "Lord, I am coming as fast as I can. I know I must pass through the shadow of death before I can come to Thee; but it is but *umbra mortis*, a mere shadow of death, a little darkness upon nature; but Thou by Thy merits and passion hast broken through the jaws of Death. The Lord receive my soul and have mercy upon me, and bless this kingdom with peace and plenty, and with brotherly love and charity, that there may not be this effusion of Christian blood amongst them for Jesus Christ His sake if it be Thy will."

Then he bowed him down upon the block—a moment—and his pure soul had found the haven where it would be.

Love thyself last; cherish those hearts that hate thee;  
Corruption wins no more than honesty;  
Still in thy right hand carry gentle Peace  
To silence envious tongues. Be just and fear not;  
Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy Country's  
Thy God's and Truth's then if thou fal'st.  
Thou fal'st a blessed martyr.

Again and again, during the last few months have we looked upon the western sun, as, well nigh shrouded with masses of lowering clouds, he hurries to hide himself, as if in shame, beneath the line of the horizon. But lo! no sooner has he disappeared from view than the heavens are suffused with tints of no earthly beauty, and the very clouds which but just now seemed to gather that they might cover up his face while his time of departure had not yet come, are touched with the radiance which he flings in such profusion from his place in a sky beyond our sight.

So is it with the Servants of God; only with this difference—that while the splendors of the natural sunset die away before the advancing night, the path of the departed just, alike in the memory of the faithful here, and in the world of glorified spirits there, is as "the shining light, which shineth more and more unto the perfect day."

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## The Sky Through the Bars\*

As he stepped from under the stone arch, the heavy door grated behind him, and he heard the great bolt slip into its place. He was free, free! He paused a moment on the street to decide which direction to go, and some instinct turned his feet Southward. The minute he turned he knew why, for to the South lay the city, the home of the man with the scar, the man who had embittered his whole life, and whose face always haunted him in the darkest days of his imprisonment.

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\**Sophomore Prize Short Story.*

He was soon in the outskirts of the little town. All this time he had walked with eyes averted, a habit acquired through long days of distrustful and vengeful glances from warden and guards. Now he paused, and looking back toward the town, saw the black prison tower rise beyond the trees. Then his eyes were drawn upward, and he saw the sky with small fleecy clouds flying across it—the sky, so blue, so vast, stretching North, East, South, West. The wonder of it all startled him; for years the sky had been merely a square of blue with iron bars across, but yet this was sky too. Ah, yes, this was free sky.

Starting eagerly forward again, he took breaths of the pure air, which cut like a knife as it entered deep into his poisoned lungs. His step took on its old springiness, his eyes began to sparkle. Thoughts of the man with the scar were forgotten. A bird on a nearby tree called to its mate across the road, the air as filled with the voices of nature. Yes, surely he was free; fresh air, birds, trees, and sky—not merely a square of blue with iron bars across it.

The late June sun beat hot across the dusty road as he hurried eagerly forward. He was now far into the country, with green fields stretching far away on every side. The odor of clover blossoms was borne to him, and, glancing over the high stone wall, he saw the field full of clover and daisies. With a cry, he sprang over and waded through the odorous flowers; he wanted to sing—to cry aloud. Old memories rang tumultuously through his brain. Half way across the field he sank to his knees, and pulling handfuls of daisies, hugged them to his breast—the joy so keen it hurt—for were they not Her flowers?

For a long time he knelt thus, unconscious of his surroundings. His boyhood days with boyhood joys returned, and she was always with him as she had been through life, until—and then thoughts of the man with the scar again returned, and the feeling of peace changed to hate. At last, worn out by excitement, he sank to the ground, face down, and grasped the earth as he felt its strength, flowing through his body. The songs of the birds were hushed, the soft wind shook the sleepy heads of the daisies, the stars twinkled dimly in the gathering gloom, and then he slept, so deeply—the sleep of a child, with a child's dreams—He was a child and so was she. They were walking home from school and stopped often to pick the flowers—violets which, as soon as they were picked, turned to daisies. He was startled, but remembered that violets always did that. And as they walked he took a daisy from her and pulled the petals off slowly, one by one—"She loves me, she loves me not, she loves me"; yes, it came out the odd number, and he smiled at her and she smiled back.

Again he dreamt. But she was now grown up, and so was he. They were seated at a large table with many guests. She was dressed in a simple gown of white and wore a large bunch of violets, from which she pulled a single one and gave it to him, and it turned to a daisy. Again he pulled the petals off slowly, one by one—"She loves me, she loves me not, she loves me," and again there was the odd number and

she smiled at him. As she talked he felt as if he were being watched; glancing up, he saw the face, and shuddered. What was there so repulsive about it? He couldn't understand, unless it was the scar—a bright red scar, running across the cheek from the ear, a scar such as a saber would make. But why was he watched? Although he had turned, he felt that the eyes were still fastened upon him, and knew there was on that face a look of self-satisfaction, the look of a cat when the trembling mouse creeps a few inches from her. And then something happened; he wasn't at a table, he was in a court room, in the prisoner's dock. Before him sat the black-robed judge, at the side, "twelve tried men, and true." With a look of fear he glanced over the crowded court room, and then he saw her, and knew it would be all right, as it always had been, with her near. And he smiled at her—but what! She didn't smile back. What was the trouble? Then he noticed that the man with the scar sat next to her and talked to her continually. The clerk called a name, her name, and she had risen and was coming toward him—he knew it would be straightened out now. But she passed close by without looking at him, and as she passed, a daisy dropped from the bunch she wore. Eagerly he leaned forward to pick it up, and slowly pulled the petals off, one by one—"She loves me, she loves me not, she loves me,"—and surely he had made a mistake—it never came out that way, it came out the even number. What did it all mean? Then he heard her testifying from the witness stand,—but, but—she said he had done it, and then she smiled at the man with the scar. With a sob he covered his face with his hands, he heard no more of the trial. Dumbly he heard the foreman of the jury announce the decision, dumbly he heard the judge pronounce the sentence, and he was led away unresistingly. And then he slept.

When he awoke next morning the sun was far up, the air already becoming hot, but he started resolutely forward toward the city. He no longer looked at the sky, he no longer saw the trees, or the flowers, nor heard the birds singing to their mates. His thoughts were fully intent on the man with the scar, and he hurried along. It was late when he reached the city, full of its glare, and noises, and crowds. He feared the close contact with humanity, and sought the narrow, darkened streets.

He spent the night in a cheap lodging-house, a night full of restless tossings and fearful dreams, and arose next morning, tired and feverish; his eyes were blood-shot, his hands trembled. He at once made his way to the business district and outside of the building where the man with the scar had his office patiently took his stand. Hundreds of people hurried in and out, he saw every one, but his man had not yet passed. Now lunch hour had come and the crowds thickened and hurried faster; surely he must come soon. In his eagerness he pressed closer to the doors and then he saw him coming—yes, he'd let him come closer and make sure. At that instant the man saw him and raised his cane to strike, but he was not quick

enough. A single shot rang out above the noises of the crowded street, and the man with the scar sank to the ground.

The surging crowd paused, but he stood quietly looking on. He saw the scarlet blood turn purple as a pool collected on the hot pavement. He felt the policeman roughly seize his arm, and felt the cold handcuffs snapped on his wrists. He heard the clanging of a bell, then white-coated men carried off that which had been the man with the scar. The clanging died away amidst the thousand noises, and another clanging approached; he was shoved roughly into a patrol wagon and hurried through the busy streets. Still he said nothing—what was the use? He had accomplished his object. He was ready to pay the penalty.

In a few days—for wheels of justice turn quickly when the criminal is poor—he was again in the prisoner's dock. Again the black-robed judge sat before him, at the side, the "twelve tried men, and true." Without a tremor he heard the foreman announce the decision of the jury, and then the judge pronounced the sentence. He was hurried away, and again he heard the heavy door grate behind him and the great bolt slip into its place. This time it shut him in. In a moment he was in a cell, another door clanged, another lock grated. He turned toward the window and saw the sky. Yes, he knew he was right, for there was the sky, a square of blue with iron bars across it.

CARL I. SHOEMAKER.

## In Memoriam

### ARTHUR CLIFFORD KIMBER

Arthur Clifford Kimber entered St. Stephen's College at the fall term of 1861. Born November 5, 1844, he was then not quite 17 years of age. The writer first met him in the fall term of 1864, when he was a Junior and 20 years of age. He always seemed much older than he was. Above medium height, a large frame, and splendid head, straight, strong, supple, he went in for every form of sport and exercise we had in those days, cricket, baseball, football, bowling, rowing, tramping, and he went in to win, to lead and direct and surpass others. He entered thoroughly into all the phases of College life. Eulexian knew him as keen and ready in its membership, a stickler for parliamentary rules of order, (and how he did love to amend and revise the by-laws!) and a most efficient presiding officer. The Boat Club knew him as a strict captain, attentive to every detail, of spick and span neatness and form and set up. St. Peter's Brotherhood and the Missionary Society found him enthusiastic, devoted, resourceful in their interests. The writer was Master of St. Gregory's Ward, when Mr. Kimber was Tutor. One stormy, fall Sun-

day night the Master of the Ward had an appointment for service at Red Hook. Expecting none but the family of the house present he refused to let any of the brothers of that ward go with him. But Mr. Kimber insisted on bearing him company, and we tramped the five miles of mud and rain back and forth, and were glad we went, for the house was full of people eager for the service. The student body recognized him as facile princeps its organizer and its director. But though he held aloof from none of these groups of men, with individuals he was reserved and dignified and undemonstrative. We called him, we spoke of him as Mr. Kimber. No one addressed as "Arthur" and "Clifford," unless it was dear Delafield, his classmate, his senior in years, his antipodes in emotional temperament, his almost equal in scholarship, the Secundus of the Class of '66. There was always a sort of undefinable secretiveness, austerity, incommunicativeness about our brother. He liked to mystify, to keep things dark, to spring surprises, to appear to know more about under currents and movements beneath the surface, and the Arcana of events. And yet with all this there was no more malice or guile in his makeup than in a Nathaniel. It was easier for some of us to read his thoughts than he imagined. He was never deceptive, never devising evil, never seeking unfair advantage. When he revealed his plans his motives were as plain as day. He was like an inventor keeping his work and scheme a secret until it was perfected and patented. As a sample of his love of mystery that was harmless and amusing, does any one recall a society he organized in which the members were not known to each other, only to him? Its purpose was honorable and beneficent. But it was carrying secretiveness a little too far to make it popular or lasting.

The night the Class of '71 buried its Algebra, Mr. Kimber and the writer walked over to Clermont to call on some old friends of the latter's family. We returned late. Mr. Kimber was Tutor then, and had a key to let us in quietly. The next morning it was discovered that the grave had been desecrated and the coffin stolen. Dear old "Rosie" and his fellow Sophomores raved and raged about the matter, and knowing we had come in late openly accused us of committing the outrage. Mr. Kimber deigned no denial, he held his peace. But he determined to find out who did the deed. Long years after, when the culprit was dead, he at last learned who it was. And we learned too that we had nearly stumbled on the grave robbers in the very act. The accusation did not disturb him. He knew that two at least were in the secret, and that they knew we were innocent of all knowledge of it.

He was never angry, nor unjust, nor vindictive. Does "Boss" recall the incident of the Ladder? Doors were locked at 10 p. m. The ladder was used for ingress at a back window by some belated students. Boss, in dishabille, roused the Tutor, persuaded him that some one had left the building after 10 p. m. and suggested as a good joke on him that the Tutor hide the ladder, and compell the night prowler to



expose himself to discipline. The laugh was on the Tutor, but he was "kindly affectioned" toward his teaser to the end.

In all lines of scholarship he was the expected prize winner. From the year that prizes were first offered he took them. In 1862 he won the Pruyn Gold Medal for the highest standing in College. After that he won the Mathematical, the Latin, the Greek, the Philosophical, the Ethical, the Hebrew, prizes, and graduated Primus in his Class of '66. Remaining as Tutor until 1869, he kept up the standard of scholarship, gave of his best to his classes, and encouraged and stimulated the student body. The Classes of '67, '68 and '69, had each a Primus and Secundus, and Price-winners of his own calibre and heart.

One other characteristic of his youth must not be omitted. He was always contriving some improvement to existing things. With all his scholarly habits and attainments he was mechanical and inventive; always had a kit of tools handy, to mend, to improvise, to construct, to facilitate the little conveniences of life.

He had our respect, our admiration, our affection, as a Student, a Tutor, a Man. He was faithful to his friends, impartial in discipline, generous in giving himself to others. He went out from College with honours high heaped upon him, a loyal Son of St. Stephen's, and on the way to his long and splendid Ministry won the coveted Hellenistic Greek Prize of his Senior Year at the Seminary. Thereafter, it was the Man who had been the Youth we knew in College, who became the famous Vicar of Trinity's East Side Mission Chapel, the great Organizer and Administrator, the fearless Priest and Pastor, the strong Sympathizer and Uplifter of human lives. The Manhood fulfilled the promise of the Boyhood.

F. S. SILL.

## Athletics

The season of '09 opened well for the football team when on October 2d we met and easily defeated the eleven representing Catskill High School, by a score of 16-0. The work of the team, though ragged in spots, showed the training and help received from Coach Schroeder and Capt. Boak.

Inspired by this victory the eleven practiced faithfully and on October 16th went up against the hardest game of the season, that with Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute, at Troy. The disastrous result is only too well known. R. P. I. has always been much too strong for us, even when we have played them at the beginning of the season, but this year they have had the advantage of lining up against Williams and Cornell—and it is enough to say that the St. Stephen's men did their level best. The score, 80-0, gives no idea of the game fight put up by our boys, but it was, of necessity, a losing fight from beginning to end. Nearly every man on our team was on the sick list before time was called, and it is slight wonder that the heavier and better trained eleven of R. P. I. could score as heavily as they did. The

game showed some fine individual playing on the St. Stephen's side, the work of Capt. Boak and Groser being especially worthy of notice. The line-up follows:

R. P. I.	Position	S. S. C.
Hunt-Watkins	Left End	Groser-Bennett
Murray-Dike	Left Tackle	Eder
Summers-Mohlen	Left Guard	Rhea-Ely
Owen	Center	Ford
Magor-Church	Right Guard	Borton
Kennedy-Rhodes	Right Tackle	Springsted-Tenney
Turner	Right End	Sherwood
Inglis-Boisard	Quarterback	Palmer-Boak
Inskip	Left Half Back	Day-Groser
Spear-Spearling	Right Half Back	Boak-Palmer
Scrafford	Full Back	Jennings

Referee, Dr. W. T. Diver, Union; Umpire, William Gieger, R. P. I.

## College Notes

At a meeting of Convocation held on the evening of September 21, the following rules for the government of those of Freshman ranks, as adopted by the upper classmen, were declared to be in force:

1. All students shall rise and raise their hats at the approach of any member of the Faculty.
2. Grace before meals is said in the Refectory by members of the Faculty and upper classmen only, when all students shall remain standing quietly in their places.
3. All men shall pay due respect to those above them in class rank.
4. No Freshman or Special students with less than Sophomore rank shall smoke pipe or cigar, carry cane, or wear a hat, pin, or numerals from Preparatory Schools while on the campus.
  - a. The word Campus shall be defined as all the College property used for public purposes.
5. Special Students shall be considered as having the same rank as Freshmen until said students have completed twenty hours of College work; such students having completed twenty hours of College work shall be ranked as Sophomores.
6. The Sophomore Class, under the direction of the upper classmen, shall have full power to enforce the above rules.

At a second meeting of Convocation held on September 27th, Jepson, '10, was elected Marshal to fill the office vacated by the resignation of J. G. Martin, formerly of '10, but now a student at Yale.

St. Peter's Brotherhood has been reorganized under the auspices of the President, Dr. Rodgers. The membership is as follows. Boak, Borton, Holt, Fernsler, Maynard, Muhlen, Piper, Rathbun, Rhea, Riggs, Sherwood and Shoemaker.

On Sunday, October 10, the Rev. Lawrence T. Cole, S. T. D., of Trinity School, New York, and a former Warden of the College, preached at morning prayer.

The Sophs and Freshies had a most glorious rush of some kind one night recently. The first of the evening the joke seemed to be on one or two specimens of the Green Fresh variety, and incidentally on certain members of the Faculty; but later on it veered round, and the Sophomores got all that was coming to them, so to speak.

Through the generosity of some of our neighbors the college students were enabled to take part in the Hudson-Fulton celebration. Decorated with war paint, feathers, gaudy blankets and every other form of Wild West adornment imaginable about twenty fellows as Indians paddled out from Cruger's Island to meet the Half Moon, just as the braves of the Five Nations did some three hundred years ago. Altogether it was quite a classy exhibition of canoeing! The wonder was that no one was drowned. An address of an historical nature by Mr. Lewis Stuyvesant Chanler followed on the island. The eventful day came to an end with a supper at Sylvania, the residence of Mr. J. J. Chapman, at which every Indian on the "reservation" attended.

The sepia platinum photographs of the Kappa Gamma Chi fraternity were made by the Gallup Studio Company, of Poughkeepsie, and are a fair sample of their excellent work. \* \* \*

Among the men who did not return to college this fall, J. G. Martin has entered Yale University; Thomas Shoesmith, the University of Pennsylvania; David C. Fernsler is teaching in St. John's Military Academy, Salina, Kansas; and Sydney Parnell, who was compelled to give up his studies on account of his health, is in Spencertown, Col. Co., N. Y.

"The Warden's dead! Long live the President!"

At a certain military manoeuvre held not a great distance from the college lately, a certain band of Indians, purported to be the genuine Seventeenth Century article of the Five Nations brand, but in reality looking more like the performers in a Wild West show, ran a pretty close opposition in the way of popularity, to the aforesaid big doings in the military world. All went well as long as they confined their operations to squatting on the lawn and grunting to their heart's content, encircled by crowds of wide-eyed and open-mouthed local Phyllises and Corydons, and the younger generation; but when they began to toss staid Seniors and Juniors in a gaily colored blanket, rather promiscuously in fact, they found to their sorrow that they were playing a bit too fast and loose with the fates. The lord of the domain, full wroth to see upper class men so abused, must needs order the wild red men to desist. The result was a bit more of grunting, a blood-curdling war-whoop, and a sudden disappearance from the "manoeuvres."

The President and Mrs. Rodgers are at home each Saturday evening to the students. The pleasant evenings spent there are moments long to be remembered; and we cannot be too grateful for these quiet

touches of home which all of us need so much.

The Advent sermons this year will be delivered on Fridays at Evening song at 5:30 p. m. The preachers are as follows:

Dec. 3—The Rev. W. W. Ballinger, D.D., Vicar, St. Agnes' Chapel, New York.

Dec. 10—The Rev. C. N. Field, Superior S. S. J. E., Boston.

Dec. 17—The Rev. Percy S. Grant, Rector, Church of the Ascension, New York.

The following officers of the Junior Class were elected at a recent meeting: President, Sherwood; Vice President, Piper; Secretary-Treasurer, Holt.

The Rev. John J. Gravatt, Secretary of the Domestic and Foreign Missionary Society, spent Sunday, October 3d, with us. He preached at the morning service and in the afternoon gave an interesting and inspiring talk before the Missionary Society of the College. The meeting was largely attended and the remarks of Dr. Rodgers and Mr. Gravatt were much appreciated by the students.

## Alumni Notes

'77. The Rev. George Herbert Bailey, formerly rector of St. James', St. Paul, and St. Mark's, Highwood, Minn., has been elected rector of Grace church, Montevideo, and priest-in-charge of Gethsemane church, Appleton, in the same diocese, and entered upon his duties on August 1.

'77. The Ven. William Heakes, rector of St. Paul's, Wellsboro, and Archdeacon of Williamsport, has accepted a call to the Church of Our Saviour, Montoursville (diocese of Harrisburg). He will enter upon his work there November 1.

'80. The Rev. C. C. Kramer has resigned the rectorship of the Church of the Epiphany, New Iberia, La., and accepted that of Trinity Church, Marshall, Tex.

'85. The Rev. H. H. P. Roche, rector of the Church of the Transfiguration, Philadelphia, has resigned, his resignation to take effect on All Saints' Day. Mr. Roche has been in ill health for some time. He has felt that he was overworked in Philadelphia, where he did much outside his parish, and has accepted duty under Bishop Gray in Southern Florida at Deland, Enterprise and Ocean City. Before coming to Philadelphia he was rector of St. Luke's church Metuchen, N. J., and for ten years rector of St. James', Long Branch.

'96. The 50th anniversary of Trinity Parish, Bergen Point, Bayonne, N. J., the Rev. A. L. Longley, rector, was celebrated Sunday, October 3.

'04. On September 1 at St. Paul's church, Arimingo, Philadelphia, Miss Anne M. McConnell, sister-in-law of the Rev. A. R. B. Hegeman, '91, and George S. Silliman, were married by the Rev. George D. Silliman, D.D., '67, father of the groom.



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