THE GREEK PEOPLE.

ASKED by the editor of the Messenger to write something about the Greek people, I felt how difficult it is to get to know a country in a brief period. Seeing a nation for six weeks as I saw Greece last summer, is like seeing a celebrity for a day,—so many tantalizing half-glimpses are afforded. My view of the Greek people, brief as it was, proved a very pleasant one.

The modern Greek, like his ancient progenitor, is extremely hospitable and courteous. Nearly everywhere, I was received with consideration because I was a foreigner, unused to the ways of the country. American citizenship stood me in good stead, for so many of the Greeks have migrated to our country, that those at home have heard wonderful stories of America and its people, and an American seems to arouse more interest there, especially in the country districts, than any other nationality. I met with much kindness in the way of information and guidance from persons who seemed to divine the difficulties of a stranger in a strange land. The Greeks excel in little graceful acts of courtesy which another nation might deem unimportant. A man will touch his hat on the street at the end of a conversation with a stranger who may have questioned him as to a good hotel, or how to find the railroad station. Buying a travelling bag in Athens, before starting on a journey through the Peloponnesus, I was surprised when the storekeeper wished me, “bon voyage”. Just after arriving in Corinth, I asked a Corinthian whom I had never seen before for certain information, and he bade me welcome to Corinth.

The Greek is interested in his glorious past, but he does not weary you with it. He is alive,—more alive now than some years ago, to the value of his antiquities, and he intends that they shall remain in Greece, where they belong. He is spending a good round sum annually to bring more of these antiquities to light, by excavation. I saw no tendency to boast about the former greatness of the Greeks. The modern Greek seems to feel that it is the present that counts, more than the past. A keen interest is displayed in the antiquities, often by persons of limited education, whereas with us it is usually the college-bred type that cares for such things. But the Greek is not disposed to rest on his oars and regard the past as so illustrious that it matters not what he achieves today.
The Greeks are a light-hearted folk, who take life seriously enough, but who refuse to take trouble seriously. I had seen an essay on, "The Melancholy of the Greeks"—the ancient Greeks, but I failed to discover that trait in their descendants. Not that there have been much to be melancholy about, except poverty, from which many of them suffer, bearing it philosophically, and often fleeing from it—still lightheartedly, to the New World.

America has been called the land of the strenuous life. If that means energy, Greece is also such a land. But if it means rush and commotion and mad haste, then Greece must be called leisurely rather than strenuous. The Greeks are like their railroad trains; they do not move very fast, but they arrive on time. I saw a fire company in Athens proceeding,—that is the stately word which best describes it, to a fire; in that case, faster time might have produced better results. But I am not sure that that case was typical.

Along with the leisurely way of acting, goes often a complete indifference to the flight of time. In Athens, I was obliged to buy a steamer ticket in order to return from Greece to New York. This ticket had to be ordered from Naples, or, as it turned out later, from Patras. I would go into the agent's office in the morning and inquire, "Has my ticket come yet?" "Not yet," he would say, with Greek slavishness of tone, "but I think it will be here tomorrow. Please come in tomorrow." And I would come in tomorrow, only to be told the same thing, for what seemed to me many days. All because the agent, who seemed in other respects a capable business man, fondly imagined that I had nothing else to do but "come in tomorrow."

Yet the Greek, though leisurely, obtains results,—witness his achievements in literature, in education, in military affairs. Give him a little capital and he will develop into a solid business man, shrewd, courteous, and energetic. The Greek is a man of affairs. Enter an Athenian bank,—the Banque Nationale de Grèce, for instance, and you will have difficulty in distinguishing it from an American temple of finance. Everything will appear orderly, hardworking and correct.

The culture of the mind is an end to which the modern Greek is no more indifferent than were his ancestors. Athens is the centre of Greek scholarship, with its famous University, adjacent to which are a fine library and an Academy of Science. Such institutions as the Arslabon, a well equipped school for girls, are a proof of the interest felt in education. The smaller cities and towns have museums, where are collected important art treasures, and Athens also possesses a number of museums, not only of art, but of ethnology, history, and numismatics. A large part of the popular culture is derived from newspapers. One is surprised to find so many daily papers published at Athens. At Sparta, I found no daily paper, only a weekly. The newspapers pay much attention to local affairs, and to Greek politics. They appear to publish but little American news. Throughout Greece, I found a general interest in books, even where the people appeared to possess but little education.

The present situation which has led to war between Greece and Turkey is a complicated one. While in Greece, I saw nothing which led me to suspect that Greece was on the verge of a new struggle with her old foe. Several inhabitants of the Greek islands in the Aegean, it is true, expressed to me their joy that Turkey's rule there had been ended, and the islands transferred to Italian control. Here and there, Turks could be seen walking the streets of Athens. Even when war became imminent, after my return to America, it seemed hard to realize. Only then did I learn that the policy of Greece towards Turkey was dependent upon her alliance with the Balkan states. Turkey, it is said, has sought to detach Greece from the Balkan confederation by persuasion; but without avail. At present, the Balkan states and Greece are everywhere victorious, and the very existence of Turkey is threatened. If the allies win, the prestige of Greece will be strengthened, and her territory will probably be increased. It remains to be seen how generous the allies will be to a prostrate foe. And the attitude of the Powers is an important factor in the situation. They may intervene in Turkey's behalf before Greece and the Balkan states have finished their work. Whatever the outcome, the allies have already given an exhibition of military efficiency and energy which has astonished the silently watching nations.

Such is the Greek when at war. But while peace prevails, he is, far from ferocious. Greece has in the past been infested with brigands. Even now, a traveller in the interior experiences at times a feeling of insecurity, in remote regions which would furnish ideal hiding-places for robbers. Yet I saw no robbers, nor heard of any depredations by them. During a long journey by mule across Mt. Taygetus from Sparta to Kalamata, I noticed that my guide carried a revolver at his waist. I asked if he carried it on account of robbers, and he replied, "yes". Robbery would be easy in the course of such long journeys through thinly inhabited districts. The modern Greek is turning his attention to more profitable things than preying upon his fellow-man.

The Greek people have their imperfections, no doubt, but these can readily be forgotten when we think how much we owe the Greeks. In works like Mahaffy's, "What have the Greeks done for Modern Civilization?" the debt is recorded. To begin upon that interesting theme is never to end. Many of the best elements of our modern culture are derived from Hellas. And these people, the modern Greeks, the descendants of the ancient Hellenes to whom we are so deeply indebted,—would they
not possess a certain sanctity for us, a certain immunity from criticism, a
certain claim upon our grateful consideration, even did they possess no
charms and virtues of their own? But the modern Greek has his charms
and his virtues. He is attractive apart from his past; and his past would
render him attractive even if he were not so by nature. To have seen
the modern Greek in his lively city streets, or in his romantic mountain
dwelling-places, to have conversed with him, and to have enjoyed his simple
and gracious hospitality, is to have added appreciably to the store of one’s
valued memories.

AN INFORMAL APPRECIATION.
CHARLES ELDREDGE MCALLISTER, ’14.

IT IS to be regretted that the literary training of the average young man
is not one that develops capacity to appreciate good literature. By
good literature, I am not referring to the productions of the great
masters but to the work of those skilled literary artisans of rather lesser
importance, yet whose efforts are so worthy of our close attention. A
passing acquaintance with Ruskin, Thackeray and Arnold is quite common
but names like Borrow, Hewlett and Thoreau are apt to be too generally
neglected. In collegiate circles, athletics, social affairs and other college
activities place such a limit on time that the curriculum becomes ninety-five
per cent requirement and five per cent enjoyment of scholastic assignments.

In glancing over a collection of essays and papers, comprising a volume
used as a text-book, I was peculiarly impressed with a selection by one of
these lesser lights. I felt that there were certain hidden beauties in the
work that offered a wide range for exploration and really profitable
thought. At the same time, I was struck by the indifference, with which
this man’s writings are regarded by the average student. The author was
George Meredith and the piece was entitled, “An Impetuous Lover,”
being taken from chapters eight and ten of “Beauchamp’s Career”.

This article seemed to have a kind of formality, although not stiffness,
a refined strength, if I may express it so. There seemed to be a
wonderful flow of exquisite English, tempered by just that restraint,
which distinguishes the effective from the prolix. The very fullness of
vocabulary and variety of construction are often misconstrued by the
critical as a leaning towards ostentation. The delicate shades and subtle
details, emphasized by the great variety of method of presentation,
contradict any unfavorable opinion, however. When purely descriptive
portions of an author’s work become so interesting that, for the moment,
attention to the thread of the story is lost in admiration of the scenic
background, such a criticism seems scarcely a just one.

Meredith’s skill, however, is not limited to the field of artistic word
painting. He is particularly effective in the dramatic atmosphere thrown
about his characters. In fact, the life and vividness of many of
Meredith’s scenes and people distinguishes him as unusually capable in
this field. Even the mental struggles of Renee, “the affable omnipotence
of “wise” Adrian Harley, the very abstract characteristics are live and
real.

A third feature of Meredith’s work, which impressed me, was the
acuteness of his analysis of human character. Each of the persons in
his books is so clearly defined by those little traits that make us individu-
al that their reaction, one on another is self-evident. The finished
cleverness displayed in the detailed portrayal of such a host of characters
marks George Meredith as an expert judge of human conduct.

Brief and forcible expressions, such as Sir Austin’s, “I expect that
Woman will be the last thing civilized by Man”, lead one along devious
paths of thought and give plenty of material for interesting discussions.
The epigrammatic statements of personal opinions make Meredith very
attractive for thoughtful readers.

It is not my purpose to extol the author of, “Richard Feverel”, as a
model for a student’s diligent study but I would like to protest against
the neglect to which the works of this highly inviting and valuable writer
are subjected.

THE RUSHING OF DICKY ELSWORTH.
ARTHUR C. SAUNDERS, ’01.

WHEN Dick Elsworth showed his good taste and sound judgment—
so at least the members of Z chapter thought—by accepting an
invitation to join the AΦΘ fraternity, its members felt they had
a long score to settle, and planned accordingly.

Dick was twenty-six years old, and wise with the wisdom that hard
knocks in the wide, wide world bring with them. So he had prolonged the
pleasures of being rushed, complacently, puffing AΦΘ cigarettes, and
imbibing AΦΘ punch for three blissful months, while the designing “frat”
men grew hoarse singing the praises of their own order and anathemas
of all others. They also showed a truly touching solicitude in Dick’s choice
of friends, delicately, but none the less plainly, hinting that such and such a
crowd were not at all the sort of fellows Dick would care to know, until a
more innocent freshman would have wondered whether there was a respect-
able man in college.

And now, after having lavished time and money on winning Dick’s
regard, these worthy youths proceeded to lay plans for his discomfiture.
Miss Theodosia Crampkin’s, the severe and self-appointed censor of the
college town, who from her front bay-window had kept an eagle eye on
the campus for close on thirty years, said the way college men won the confidence of newcomers and then did all they could to humiliate and annoy them was deceitful and scandalous. But then, it was Miss Theodosia who had said that a college yall sounded like a tribe of Indians with the whooping cough. Miss Theodosia had queer ideas.

“We might make Elsworth sell papers down town in evening dress”, suggested “Greeny” Griffin.


“Then why not send him to the theatre in a track suit”? “Greeny” asked. “We could all take a box and watch the fun”.

“Too public”, “Dutch” declared. “I don’t believe in making clowns of our men for every Tom, Dick and Harry to jeer at”.

“If you are so precious particular you might initiate him in your bedroom closet”, “Greeny” replied scornfully. “No one but the angels would see you then, and they would never tell”.

“Dutch” and “Greeny” wrangled on every possible occasion, and always made up by going to the theatre together the next night. People said they quarreled on purpose.

It was Arnold who suggested making Elsworth propose to a girl he had never seen before.

“I wanted to take him over to the Malcolmson’s last night”, Arnold said, “but he wouldn’t go. He said he wasn’t a ladies’ man, and would rather call on a dentist than a girl any day”.

The suggestion was hailed with delight by all save the querulous “Dutch”, whose objections received about as much attention as some people bestow on the declamations.

So it was decided that Dick Elsworth should propose to Miss Violet Vernon. Miss Vernon, with her widowed mother, had come to the town a year ago, and taken a comfortable house in the college section. She was the kind of girl who unconsciously holds the centre of the stage wherever she goes. When Miss Vernon was near, men had no eyes for the struggling mass of humanity on the “gridiron”; for the whirling throng on the waxed floor; for the sun-clad hills or leafy woods. They turned instinctively to her, and all things else sank into the background. And Miss Vernon, superior and independent as a goddess, received their homage with laughing eye and lips pursed into a smile. At times, though, a wistful little look crept into her face that made one think that at some time, in some place, there had been a man to whom she had not been so indifferent. As Arnold said, Miss Vernon was a queen, not of women, but of men.

The DΦΘ initiation committee, who had the business in hand, chuckled with Satanic glee as they pictured the squelching reception with which the disdainful Miss Vernon would meet Elsworth’s blushing advances.

“He’ll feel small enough to hide in a thimble”, “Greeny” declared with relish.

On the appointed night, Dick, arrayed in evening dress according to orders, presented himself at the DΦΘ house, where “Dutch” solemnly informed him that before any man could enjoy the pleasures and privileges of membership in DΦΘ he must prove his mettle under trying circumstances. “Dutch”, “Greeny” and Arnold, the committee, then silently escorted him into the street, and by round-about ways led him through half the town. They finally halted opposite the Vernon residence.

“Do you know who lives there”? Arnold asked.

“No”, answered Dick.

“Some people named the Vernons”, Arnold continued. “You must ask to see Miss Vernon—no cards, remember! She might refuse to see you, when she found you were a stranger—and within an hour you must ask her to marry you. Do you understand? We put you on your honor to do as we tell you. Will you do it, or do you back out”? 

“Tell me something about the girl”, pleaded Elsworth. “Who is she, and—”

“Not a word”, cut in Arnold. “Will you do it, or will you not”? “Oh, I’ll do it all right”, Elsworth readily assented. “It is the limit, but I suppose I can avoid the girl in future”.

“Remember!” “Dutch” cautioned, as Elsworth moved across the street. “You are to offer no explanations”.

As Elsworth sat waiting in the Vernon’s parlor, an observer would have said he was not unpleasant to look upon. He had an air of assurance that suggested a man ready for every emergency; a man whom nothing could take by surprise. His face was of the Gibson type: mischievous, if one looked at the eyes; subdued, perhaps a little hardened, when one glanced at the decided lines about the mouth; evidently a man who was master of himself, even though he might not be master of the circumstances in which he found himself.

Elsworth had once known a girl named Vernon, and, as he waited, his thoughts took wing, and soared miles away to a little Canadian village nestling at the foot of a rugged, wooded mountain, and lapped by the waters of a quiet lake. In that peaceful place he had learned to love the Vernon girl, and she had returned his love and promised to become his wife. But later, when Elsworth resigned a lucrative position to prepare himself for a professional career, the girl had broken the engagement. He remembered the very words with which she had rebuked him.

“I am disappointed in you”, she had said. “You have splendid opportunities and you are throwing them away to follow a whim. So many
men fritter away their lives seeking an occupation suited to them, in stead of adapting themselves to what they can get. I thought you were made of sterner stuff!"

In vain he pleaded that business was bondage to him; that he had sufficient means to keep them both in comfort: that he yearned for higher things than the sordid pursuit of filthy lucre. The girl was obturate and the engagement broken. The fact that Elsworth should relinquish her rather than his plans for study galled her more than the plans themselves.

Elsworth was so engrossed in his thoughts that he did not hear the swish of silk in the hall, and when he looked up it was to see the object of his revery standing before him. The girl had stopped in surprise at the entrance, one hand still upraised to push aside the portiere.

"You!" she exclaimed, and laughed nervously; whether from pleasure or annoyance Elsworth could not tell.

"I did not know you were in town", he answered, rising from his chair.

"You did not know I was in town!" repeated the girl. "How could you call on me then?"

Elsworth followed her to the divan, and seated himself on a chair near her. He spoke slowly, deliberately, but his words carried with them the force of a great love.

"If you were in the middle of the Sahara desert and I did not know it, I would find you", he said. "Three months ago I entered a store in New York and found you there. I did not know why I went in, but when I saw you, I knew it was because you were there. I had no special reason for coming to this college. Any of a dozen others would have done as well. But now I know that I could not have gone elsewhere because you were here. I find you without seeking you, and do not ask why. It is enough that I find you."

"It would be more complimentary if you sought me out!", the girl said. She looked him square in the face, and smiled, a trifle wistfully, Elsworth thought.

"I am here now by accident!", he answered gently, "but if I thought you wanted me, I would circle the globe to see you."

"Yet you valued your professional plans more than my love!", she met Elsworth's glance boldly, and he read in it something of a question, a challenge.

"You are wrong!", he said. "I valued, and still value your love more than life itself. Without you the world is empty, dear—empty. But had I done as you wanted I would have been weak, untrue to my ideals, and in that very thing unworthy of you. I would have been no longer the Richard Elsworth whom you loved. I yearned for higher things than stocks and bonds. You said, 'I thought you were made of sterner stuff', but surely that man was made of stern stuff who could surrender you for what he thought was right. Had it been necessary for me to toil and struggle in the thraldom of business life to provide for your comfort, I would have done it willingly, cheerfully, joyfully. But why should a man pass his days, striving, struggling, groping, grasping for what he does not need? I love you still, dear. I shall love you always. But such as I am, I am, and I cannot alter myself even to win you. But, oh, the world is empty, dear, without your love, and life is dreary—drear!

The girl leaned forward, and taking him gently by the hand drew him to the divan.

"I love you, Dick, dear!", she said. "I tell you gladly that I love you—and have always loved you!", she continued impulsively. "I was selfish, blind, ignorant. And you, dear, who had strength to withstand the woman you loved, you were stronger than Samson himself—and Samson was the strongest man in the world, you know, but he couldn’t resist a woman. I would not have you other than you are, dear; not though you were to win fame and millions by the change. For now I know that it is you I love; not place or power. Before I was blind, but now I see clearly!"

Tears of happiness glistened in the girl’s eyes, and she buried her face in Elsworth's shoulder, as he drew her to him.

"Ah, Dick, Dick, I thought you would never come," she sobbed. "It has been so lonely!

And meanwhile, shivering in the chill air of a late autumn evening, a committee of three impatiently paced the deserted street, and wondered why the neophyte did not return.

THE FRESHMAN-SOPHOMORE ACTIVITIES.

FROM A FRESHMAN’S POINT OF VIEW, WITH SOPHOMIC ANNOTATIONS.

The Class of 1916 numbers eleven men who have already made themselves felt in the College activities. Their arrival in College called forth the attention of the Sophomores, either because of their meekness or freshness,—opinions vary. They were welcomed by the Sophomore Class with ceremonies at the Library, after the traditional manner.¹ The Freshmen seeing that cooperation was necessary for self-defense and retaliation, organized as soon as possible, after finally eluding the Sophs, and formed their plans for the year.

The first move made by the Freshmen was to entertain, one evening, the supposed Sophomore President. Later, on the memorable evening of October 5th, the Class seized and decorated with the numerals of 1916 the supposed President and escorted him to his table at dinner that night.² Catching of Sophs seemed contagious and another innocent '15 man was
hurried to the village store, where he entertained his captors with his opinion on "Votes for Women." Concluding his speech with a jig, he was taken back to College, where the Sophomore Class endeavored to effect a rescue, with the result that all the Class of '15 were tied up.

For this impudence, the Sophomores, quietly and without any ostentation, gathered in the Freshmen, one by one, and compelled them to drag a cart full of their captors up the College hill. After thus wiping out the insult and vindicating their authority, they invited the Freshmen to an informal "bust", and so terminated one of the notable achievements of the Sophomore Class.

There was hull in the hostilities for a while, but after the calm, storm. Bright and early on the morning of October 14th, there appeared emblazoned on a banner, appended to a sizable tree on the Campus, the numerals 1916. Odious to the gaze of Sophomores it was and must come down. Advancing in Indian file and chanting their battle cry, the Sophs rushed upon the tree, about which the Freshmen stood guard, and a fast and furious battle ensued. Man to man they fought the poor Freshmen, but in vain, 1916 held its own. The struggle waxed hot and from the mass there appeared a single Soph who endeavored to climb the tree. Advancing part way up he encountered grease and flashed to the ground. This only added to his determination, and after many attempts he gained a branch; but the guard in the tree held the banner safely and when the battle ended the banner of 1916 remained flying victoriously in the breeze.

Now that the struggles are over for the season, till the time for the burial of the Algebra comes, the class antagonism is fast becoming lost in the growing feeling of good fellowship such as is known only among St. Stephen's men.

Note 1—We would advise that the acquaintance with the Library should be developed, as there are many books it would be well for all good little "Greenies" to read.

Note 2—That's the trouble—. Just as soon as children begin to learn to write, they want to scrawl over everything. We are sorry to learn they thought it was the Sophomore President they took out. However, we mustn't expect too much intelligence from them at first.

Note 3—Well, if the dear little "greenies" must play horse, I suppose it is up to their guardians to play with them.

Note 4—There they are, scribbling again! If they must write all over their bed clothes we would recommend a clothes line and not a tree to hang it on dry.

Note 5—That's right, Fresh, you'd better quit your fooling and get to work on that Algebra. You want to be sure to pass it before you think of burying it.
one hand, plutocracy; the rule of the rich, and on the other, ochlocracy, the rule of the multitude. The fact that true democracy is purely ideal and only an approximation of it can ever be realized is generally admitted. So, we have the highly difficult task of preserving a steadfast mean between the rule of the few and the rule of the masses, conforming as time passes to the demands of progress.

Owing to political conditions, exposed corruption and an excess of demagogic agitation, the condition of ochlocracy is at present a live issue. The very word anarchy, consisting of ρατζαρ, to rule, prefixed by alphas-private, being the state of a people without government, is highly repulsive to the intelligent American. Yet, the rule of the multitude, in a hideous hybrid “mobocracy,” is a close parallel to the ungoverned state. A compassion for the poorer classes, conjured up more by mental effort than by conditions, has led many of our people into a decidedly radical and dangerous bent. That this sympathy is exaggerated is easily proved when we compare the condition of our poor with the living of the poor in other lands. At a recent international commercial conference in New York, it was found that American laboring conditions were the best in the world.

It is very necessary, then, to take steps to check this extreme tendency. The political trend of this new movement is expressed in enmity to the Constitution. Here we may offer our humble services. It is the duty of every college man to seriously consider this problem. Although our influence is limited at present, the future is directly dependent on our conclusions. Patriotism yesterday, today, and tomorrow, means loyalty to the Constitution. There is no greater fallacy than to suppose that new and fundamental principles of government are constantly to be invented and wrought out. Laws must change with the advance of humanity and local progress, but the fundamental principles and theories of government are extremely old. The suggested modifications of the Constitution are purely socialistic in origin. Socialism, too, is very, very old. The immutable truth about its theories, however, is the historical evidence that wherever they have been put in practical operation on a large scale, they have resulted in disorder, retrogression, and in the arrest of civilization and progress.

Such is the question that faces us today. Shall we answer it by a maddened roar of an excited Caligula or shall we uphold the cause of American patriotism like Washington and Jefferson? Shall we fortify our government by a firm allegiance to tried principles of democratic rule or shall we weaken it by confounding fundamentals and derivatives? It is not necessary to scuttle a noble ship to rid her of rats. Let us preserve that deep reverence of our fathers for the great men who made the Constitution, who dealt so wisely and so well with elemental questions and fundamental principles, the same today and forever.

The same reasons which influence us in our considerations of national questions should be applied in formulating our student government. Last year our student body, we had a taste of the rule of the multitude. Excitement reigned supreme and reason was unavailing. The affair was exactly parallel to our national campaign. The constitution of Convocation was threatened. A committee was appointed to remedy the defects in the instrument. That committee has endeavored for four months to secure stated defects. They have appealed to the Student Body orally and in writing. One suggestion has been submitted.

Either the students are not interested in Convocation or the present Constitution is efficient. The constitutional committee intends to express the constitution in clearer terms but work other than that is impossible.

These remarks may arouse some contributions. Both in submitting and voting on the committee, however, let us remember that a constitution sets off tried principles and should be regarded with respect.

"The Messenger — published by the Students of St. Stephen's College", printed in clear discernible type on the front cover, greets every student reader who takes up a copy. Again it is reiterated at the beginning of the editorial page. Yet, how many students have a right to be numbered among those who further its publication? Unfortunately, not many. Immediately we must, if we are at all thoughtful, ask the reason for this condition. Do we try to make the standard too high? — To answer this, we must first inquire into the function of the Messenger. Indeed, we have not far to go to satisfactorily end our inquiry, for the words of the above quotation, "published by the Students," ends whatever doubt we may have had in the matter. Then it is obvious that the function of the Messenger is to voice the thought of the Student Body. Whether this is low or high, monotonous or spirited, our Alumni and friends can only tell by the material in the Messenger, for a man can only judge of the nature of his neighbor's thoughts by his neighbor's expression of them. Just so, whatever the Students' attitude of mind may be, our Alumni and friends judge by its expression through the medium of our college paper.

Now, as we have settled upon the function of the Messenger, let us determine toward what standard we should strive. And however we may decide, we must thoroughly realize that our choice will reflect our character and that of
the institution of which we are members. Shall it be low or high, and what shall be called low and what high? The natural way out of the difficulty is to consider for a moment the purpose of the institution and the purpose of our membership. Both are clearly stated in the College catalogue to the effect that the aim of the College is to give to young men a sound and broad intellectual culture, to fit them either for further study or merely for "the active life of an enlightened citizenship"; and the purpose of each and every student is to strive toward the "ideal of the refined and educated Christian gentleman". Here, then, we have a standard which is as high as that of any institution in the country, and the Messenger must necessarily reflect this standard. Nevertheless, let us endeavor to view a low standard as reflected by a magazine.

What would we find in a publication of this sort? There would be wholesale violation of most of the rules of rhetoric, and such unrestrained emotional treatment of a subject as appeals to the unrefined imagination of the illiterate. And, also, we would find wildest "humor," which is pathetic; and marvelous accounts of perfectly impossible people doing impossible things in impossible circumstances, such as we see in the cheap magazines of today.

It is obvious that such a standard is impossible for the Messenger.

The ideal for which we are striving is the same as that which the College and the Students have set before them. The purpose of the Messenger is to express in simple, and, if possible, elegant English, the representative thoughts of the Students. Whether it is seriousness or humor, in either case it must be the best the Students have to offer. Thus, there is a responsibility which a great many students have neglected, not because of their inability to uphold it, but because of their lack of effort. Whatever may have been their excuses why they have not met this responsibility in the past—and we have heard many—the Messenger Board sincerely hopes to have their cooperation in the future. Try to get something in the next Messenger. What we need is competition, and the progress of the Messenger will show in a more far-reaching manner than anything else our progress and, what is practically the same, that of our beloved Alma Mater.

The football squad, for the first time in many years, has enjoyed the services of a regular coach to put them in fighting trim. Through the interest of the Alumni and friends of the College, this has been made possible. The fine work done in even the short time that Mr. Jones has been with the men has given them great encouragement, and shown them what they could do if properly trained. Now that the College sees what a difference a coach can make with the team, it is hoped that it will not venture upon another season without one. There is no reason why the Athletic Association, assisted by the Alumni, could not afford the services of some ex-college football man who could come as Mr. Jones did this year. The progress made so far warrants what otherwise might be considered a foolish expenditure. The material here if given good training should be able to compete successfully with the teams of other small colleges, and St. Stephen's could again have its place in collegiate athletics. The men are very enthusiastic about the future and are determined that if possible they will have a coach next year.

**The President's Page.**

The President had the honor and privilege of being present with the Rev. Harry Sherman Longley, D.D., '01, during the last days of his rectorship at St. Mark's, Evanston, Ill., and at his consecration as first Suffragan Bishop of Iowa. Dr. Rodgers preached at St. Mark's on the Sunday morning preceding the consecration, which took place on Wednesday, October 23rd. This gave him a splendid opportunity of showing what type of man St. Stephen's sends out into the sacred ministry. The sermon, on the Gospel for the day—The Marriage of the King’s Son—was a declaration of the qualifications needful for those Servants of the King who are to go out to extend the invitation to the marriage. "Blessed are those people," he said, "whose clergy are first converted, then educated, and withal spiritual-minded. It has been your privilege here from the foundation of this parish to have such men as your rector, so that St. Mark's, Evanston, is as a City on a hill which cannot be hid! And now this last pastor, though he has been here for so short a time, as man counts days and years, has been here long enough to prove that he has the requisite qualifications for a true King's Messenger. That is why the great Head of the Church has called him to a higher office, to a wider range in which to circulate the invitation and in which to proclaim the glory of the 'Marriage of the King's Son'. Just now, you, his people, are sorrowful, but you must also be glad to surrender Dr. Longley to his larger sphere."

"You know I have a peculiar interest in him and in you. In him because I have the honor to preside over the College which trained him, gave him his point of view, made him an educated Messenger, and helped him to become a spiritual-minded man; loving the Church, the Sacraments, the Services, the work of Jesus Christ his Lord, and teaching and preaching Him to
others, by life and voice and action. And so I have an interest in you through him, and also for what you have already done for us and will do at St. Stephen’s College. I am glad to be able to report to you that the College is now crowded with a fine body of Students, some of whom your gifts will enable me to help that they may become able and efficient ‘Messengers of the King.’

On the morning of Monday the 21st, the clergy of the Diocese of Chicago gave a luncheon at the Grand Pacific Hotel in honor of Dr. Longley, the Bishop of Chicago being in the chair. Dr. Rodgers was one of the speakers. The Bishop and clergy of the diocese bore remarkable testimony to the worth of the ministrations of the Suffragan Bishop-elect, and to his popularity in the diocese of which he has been a member so short a time.

At the consecration service, on Wednesday, twelve bishops were present, and a very large number of priests from both the diocese of Iowa and the diocese of Chicago. A great many valuable presents were received by the newly consecrated bishop, and among them, Dr. Rodgers caught sight of the beautiful pectoral cross presented by the Kappa Gamma Chi Fraternity. The President met some St. Stephen’s men living in and near Chicago, amongst them the Rev. H. L. Cawthorne ’78, and Mr. Jacob B. Greene. Besides these, there were many friends of Dr. Longley who had come to be with him on this solemn occasion.

Football.

On October 12th, a small but enthusiastic group of football “fans” witnessed on Zabriskie Field a game between the Senior—Sophomore and Junior—Freshman teams of the College. The game was called at 10:10 and lasted 50 minutes.

In the first period of play before two minutes had passed, Day got clear of left end for a sensational run of 65 yards, ending with a touchdown. This play put the Juniors on their mettle, and they confined their efforts to line plunging, varied with end runs, by which they twice made first down before time was called.

In the second period the Seniors again made good when Nicholls reeled off a good 40 yards for another 6 points. Then, the Juniors failing to find any holes in the opposing line, Bennett punted. A forward pass to Hale on first down gained 20 yards for the Seniors just before time was called for the first half.

During all of the second half the Juniors once more resorted to their battering-ram tactics, again and again making first down, until by a fumble on the 30 yard line, they lost the ball. Desperate because of their loss of a chance to score, they held like a stone-wall, regaining the ball on downs. Time was then called.

With but eight minutes left in which to score, the Juniors tore through and around the Seniors’ line for down after down, only to be held on the 20 yard mark. After a kick by the Seniors, the ball again changed hands and the Juniors lost 20 yards. This they tried to recover by fake line plunges and repeated end runs. With two and a half minutes to play, the Seniors again came swiftly down the field, one feature of play being a beautiful forward pass to Hale, netting 20 or more yards. With but a minute to play, on the last down, Nicholls dodged around left end on a fake forward pass, adding six more points to the Seniors’ string. Time was called soon afterwards with the score, Senior—Sophomore 19—Junior—Freshman 0.

On October 19th, another game was played between the same teams. For some reason or other the Seniors were two men short but nevertheless time was called at three o’clock. Incredible as it may seem, considering the odds in favor of the Juniors, the Seniors, with Day and Nicholls comprising the backfield, repeated the performance of a week before, trimming their opponents with the score of 13 to 0.

Great improvement on the part of both lines was noticeable during this game, most of the play on both sides being confined to end runs and cross-bucks. Notwithstanding, the scrimmages seemed rougher than the week before, and two or three times one player or another lost interest in things for a moment or two.

One “feature” of this game was an impromptu cheering section, very small, but very willing, composed of Sophomores, who revived, as best they could, what flagging spirits there may have been on their team.

“Rob” Jones, who distinguished himself as tackle on the Andover eleven, reached the campus a few weeks back in the official capacity of this year’s coach. The appearance of the big tackle was the signal for renewed interest in the gridiron game. The fellows turned out in fairly good numbers and received instruction in falling on the ball, getting off under punts, gripping the ball, and charging, for the first few days. Tackling and breaking up interference followed this and the men began to harden up a bit. The provisional Varsity ran away with the scraps in the first scrimmages but as time progresses, the practice becomes more interesting.

The value of Jones’ instruction to the line men and the conscientious work he has put in with the backfield was evidenced by the speed of the team in the very one-sided game on Saturday, November 2d.
The popularity of Jones and the great improvement brought about under his direction are a just tribute. Although he is away from college at present, we all hope for his immediate return.

Note—Jones made some touchdowns at the “Prom”. Ask Vassar about it?

On November 2nd, the football squad journeyed to Red Hook for a game with the town team. A practice game was arranged but the result—St. Stephens 96—Red Hook 0—would hardly disclose that fact. Red Hook failed to make first down throughout the game: in fact, they only made third down twice. They fumbled continually and gave our line frequent opportunity to recover the ball. The only successful punt for Red Hook was caught on the forty-yard line by Nicholls who was not downed until he had dodged past almost all of the Red Hook team, and carried the ball to the opponents’ ten-yard line.

The details of the game can be summed up in a few words: Hale, Dumbell, Day and Nicholls repeatedly took the ball for long runs around the ends; Bennet and Brown tore holes in the line and only once did each fail to make at least ten yards; each trick play resulted in a touchdown; forward passes from Nicholls to Hale gained twenty yards or more.

In the third and fourth quarters, the substitutes who were given a chance played with equal success, four touchdowns being made in the last six minutes of play. Red Hook played gamely but lack of experience and training made it impossible for them to resist the steady attack of the College.

The Glee Club.

The club gave two concerts in the Red Hook Lyceum on the evenings of October 14th and 18th, at the Annual Fair of the Red Hook Lodge of the Woodmen of America. Besides the regular numbers on the programme, the Club entertained the audience with many popular songs. Richards told some of his “funny” stories as encores and Whitcomb gave in his falsetto a very amusing imitation of Grand Opera. Although the singing of the Club was not up to standard, it was apparently enjoyed, as is evinced by the fact that a number of the local organizations have asked for dates in the near future. The next concert is on November 10th at a union service in the Methodist Church at Red Hook. Sometime in December the Club is to give a burlesque in Madalin.

Leader Glaeser has added the following selections to the music cabinet: “The Battle Hymn” from Reinzl (Wagner); “Hunting Song” from Robin Hood (deKoven); “Two Pilgrim Choruses” from Tanhäuser (Wagner); and “The Vesper Hymn” (Beethoven).

On Saturday evening, October twelfth, in the ‘Trustees’ Room, a large and appreciative audience listened to a very interesting lecture by Dr. Robertson on his recent travels in Greece. Dr. Robertson in a very clear and attractive manner outlined the physical characteristics of the peninsula, pictured some of the bright landscapes, described the most famous excavations and ancient ruins, and compared the traits and daily habits of the modern Greek with the traits and habits of Americans.

At the opening of the new State Educational Building in Albany on Thursday, October seventeenth, Dr. Clark and Dr. Robertson represented the College. Dr. Clark made a brief address, outlining the history and purpose of St. Stephen’s.

In the College Chapel of the Holy Innocents’ at three o’clock on Saturday afternoon, October twenty-sixth, Miss Amy Cruger became the bride of Peter Butler Ohlney of New York. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. President, assisted by the Rev. Dr. Hopson. The chapel was very tastefully decorated with huge chrysanthemums, palms and red and gold autumn leaves. The College choir assisted.

All Saints’ Day—which is the Founder’s Day of St. Stephen’s—was observed with more than the usual festivity this year, so that the occasion more nearly approached those good old days of the past when a banquet at Mr. Bard’s home was the big event of the day. At the late Celebration, the Choir rendered Cruickshank’s Mass in a praiseworthy manner, and a most admirable and impressive sermon was preached by Bishop Griswold of Salina, on the text: “Great is your reward in heaven”.

The other services, which were all well attended, were Holy Eucharist, 7:15; Morning Prayer, 8:30; and Evensong, 6.

During the afternoon, the moist and cloud-shadowed campus was brightened by the arrival of the many pretty and vivacious maidens who had come to aid the St. Stephen’s men in the crowning event of the day—the Junior “Prom”. The dance was a glorious climax to a welcome holiday. The decorations were charming, the programs dainty, the punch sparkling, the refreshments delicious, the music dreamy, and the girls—simply enchanting.

Will any one who danced away the merry hours that night ever forget the happy occasion? How delightful were the many moments spent beneath the mildly diffused light which the big round moon was constantly sending forth from the west end of the hall? And, was not the east end mysterious and fascinating with its black witch astride her broom? And oh! how enchanting it was to sit between the
many sheaves of corn, beneath the beautiful overhanging autumn leaves and look at the joyful eyes of the little lanterns which peeped from every nook, and twinkled from every point of vantage!

Alas! Too soon did the soft strains of “Good Night, Dear”, steal out from the orchestra’s corner. And after the sweet music had faintly died away, as many a lingering good-night was being said, the Junior “Prom” was brought to a happy close as the three-fold “Chick-a-Chick-a, Boom!” of Nineteen-Fourteen, followed by the “Sis, Boom, Ba!” of the Seniors, reverberated through Preston Hall.

The patronesses of the dance were: Mrs. Rodgers, Mrs. Upton, Mrs. Davidson, Mrs. Chapman, Mrs. Zabriskie, Mrs. Lewis, Miss Lewis, Mrs. Bridgeman, Mrs. Kidd, Mrs. Judson, Mrs. Clarkson, Mrs. Conger, Mrs. Delany, Mrs. Leonard and Mrs. Ely.

The young ladies present were Miss Carlin of Albany, Miss Lewis of Annadale, the Misses Child, Jennings and Selby of Ansonia, Conn.; the Misses Anderson and Day of Boston, the Misses Dodge and Patric of Catskill, the Misses Atkinson, McQuillen and Savale of Haledon, N. J.; the Misses Delaney of Hudson, Miss Manning of Jersey City, Miss Deekenbach of Orange, N. J.; the Misses Bogardus and Miss Knapp of Poughkeepsie, the Misses Judson and Bridge man of Rhinebeck, the Misses Addington, Armstrong, Bowen, Haviland, Holmes and Koster of Vassar, and Miss Benedict of St. Margaret’s, Waterbury, Conn.

As arranged at present the preachers for Advent will be as follows: December 5th, the Rev. David H. Clarkson, rector of Christ Church, Schenectady, N. Y., and December 19th, the Rev. John Mockridge, vicar of Trinity Chapel, New York.

The Very Reverend Samuel Hart of Berkley Divinity School preached a scholarly sermon before the Student Body and the congregation of the College Chapel on Sunday morning, November 3rd.

Bard Hall has been painted green with white trimmings. Although the change of color seems a little strange, it is a good one and much needed. No longer will strangers think Bard Hall is made of stone and not wood.

Moorebeams From the “Prom.”

Bill Bond’s Titian dome looked like a light-house in the sea of dancers in Preston Hall.

Did you hear the Bull Moose joke that Vassar tried to pass off on us? The “pink and grey” girls must think that St. Stephen’s is mighty slow.

Did you notice the absence of the Red Hook fair sex at the football game? I wonder why!

The Irish from the old country and the Irish from Jersey don’t seem to agree. At least that charming Irish couple at the “Prom” seemed to be having difficulties.

St. Stephen’s freshman green and St.—Vassar—Louis cerise don’t match. Take notice Mr. Buffalo nian Offender!

Did our Senior friend fall in love again? Ask the benches on the bungalow porch!

Under the Lyre Tree.

City-bred Freshman: “Why does that farmer feed his hens lime and gravel?”

Well-informed Upper-classman: “He wants them to lay a concrete floor in his cow-stable”.

Now the question arises: if we should feed Will Cahill’s chickens saw-dust, would they lay a good, hard-maple dancing floor in Preston Hall?

The Yellow Peril has made such alarming advances that St. Stephen’s is gradually becoming Orient alized. Several men, Bridge man and Evans especially, have attempted to grow pigtails, and in Preston Hall the staple article of diet (note the word!) is rice.

The sleeping sickness, introduced from the wilds of Altoona by Mahaffey, now claims another victim. Richards is the poor unfortunate. We have no sympathy for him even though it is an African malady!

The man who can bottle up his wrath is a corker.

One of our local wits described the production of a touring stock company as being not only “mellow-dramatic”, but, in fact, one stage beyond mellow.

First student: “Now they are to make the cactus edible”.

Second student: “Huh! I don’t think we need a vegetable shad”.

Paying teller to a junior professor cashing a cheque; apologizing for dirty bills: “I hope you are not afraid of germs”.

Junior professor: “Oh, no, not even a germ could live on my salary.”

Man is like a kerosene lamp, He isn’t especially bright,
He's often turned down, usually
smokes,
And frequently goes out at night.
Little waists of netting,
Little single hose,
Win the lovely maidens
Regiments of beaux.
Although but a few of our readers
are in a position to understand the
allusion, we wish to remark that
since Homer has brought both light
and water to St. Stephen's, we feel
that the classics are maintaining
their high position in the curriculum,
though the statement is more witty
than logical.

Alumni and Former Students' Notes.

'84—The Messenger learns with
regret that David Elmer Conley has
been ill for the past three years at
the Fordham Home, 183rd Street
and 3rd Avenue, New York City.
Mr. Conley is partially paralyzed,
but is bright and cheerful under his
affliction. The Messenger desires
to express to Mr. Conley the best
wishes of the undergraduates.

'85—Mr. Francis Johnstone Hop-
son, M. A. has been spending the
last few weeks at Annandale, at the
home of his father, the Rev. Dr.
Hopson.

'86—Mr. Watson B. Selvage M.A.
is in charge of the reorganization
of the department of philosophy at
the University of the South.

Mr. James Pendleton Cruger, a
student at College in '82 who is
interested in mines in Mexico,
had some exciting experiences.
He was recently captured by bandits
and rescued by federal troops.
In consequence, as he is an expert
marksman and thoroughly familiar
with the mountain trails, being a
great hunter, he was placed in com-
mand of a troop of cavalry ordered
to drive out the bandits, which
infest that part of the country. The
marriage of his daughter, Amy
Cruger, is mentioned elsewhere in
this number.

'90—The Rev. Allen K. Smith
rector of Grace Church, Ellensburg,
Mont., has been called to the charge
of St. John's, Butte, Mont., and
left for his new field on September
1st.—The Living Church.

'91—The Rev. Harry Sherman
Longley, D. D., formerly rector
of St. Mark's Church, Evanston,
Ill., was consecrated Suffragan Bis-
hop of Iowa on October 23rd.

"Edward Gabler was ordained to
the diaconate by Bishop Scar-
borough, in All Saint's Church,
Scotch Plains, N. J., on Saturday,
September 22nd. The sermon was
preached by the Rev. C. W. Twing
of Riverside, N. J., and the can-
date was presented by the Rev. R. W
Elliott of Rahway, N. J. Mr. Gab-
ler will continue as minister in charge
of All Saints' Church, where he has
served during the past two years
while pursuing his course at the
General Theological Seminary".—
The Living Church.

Mr. Alfred Priddis, formerly of
the class of '14, entered Rochester
University this fall.

Jacob B. Greene, a former student,
of 76 and 82 Illinois Street, Chicago,
accompanied by his son, stopped
off at Annandale for a few hours,
Sunday, October 13th. Mr. Greene
was on his way to New York for
business.

Exchanges.

We have enjoyed receiving as
usual the Rochester Campus, es-
specially the number that contained
the copy of the constitution of the
Association. It gives one or two
good suggestions.

The Hobart Herald is well written
and readable even though the most
of its news is of only local interest.
We take exception, however, to
their statement that college men of
today shun the ministry. While it
is true that not many of them take
up that profession, the statistics
quoted show only that many more
men now attend college than those
who intend to enter the ministry.
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