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A FEBRUARY MORNING.*

Winter! Still grip of frost
Bright morning sun avails not to unloose.
Steel-cold the windless air.
Pearl-white the terraced campus lies,
Saving the shadows of the leafless oaks—
Long bars of sheenless azure—
Pointing northwestward in the early light.
Not leafless quite those strong-limbed oaks;
Plunged in their winter sleep
The February sun recalls them not to life;
There is no wind to wake their murmurings;
But here and there, a dull brown patch,
Hang some few shaded shreds of autumn glory.

Type of eternal character!
How they stand rooted—deeper than deepest frost.
Magnificent in naked, native strength.
What have they not survived, o’ercome,
Unmoved, though tempest-tossed, while generations,
Yea, and races, passed on to dissolution.
Through flaming summers they have slaked their thirst
From the cool earth’s well-springs profound;
Drawing their life from the dark mould
Where our form perisheth.
And frigid winters they endure,
Wrapt in a Stoic calm impassive;
Reck not of darkness, tempest, nor relentless grip
Of bitter frost. And heedless too
Of the sweet flattery of genial seasons,
Their varied tribute of rich vestments;

*Passaic Daily News.
Spring’s delicate, pale, bloom-gemmed coronal;
Summer’s dark, splendid emerald cope;
Or autumn’s gorgeous trappings—
Fair beyond all imagining,
Denuded of these ornaments
Ye are still sublime.

Steadfast oaks!
Morning of pearl and turquoise!
Cold air and genial sun!
Strength, rooted ‘mid a world of beauty.
Such be our life; indifferent to applause, attack,
Baubles of vest or name.
Such be our poise, our root,
Moving but not displaced ‘mid beauty’s spell;
Cold clarity of thought, illumed
By the warm light of love;
Strong in true self-hood without rank or name,
Power or substance. Well-considering
Our high prerogative; not to be much-esteemed;
But to esteem, appreciate, perceive, and understand.

Horatio Knight Garnier.

THE NEW CORNER STONE.*

BY WILLIAM JOHNSON GAGE, ’14.

Every age is to be judged by the advancement it makes towards higher ideals. Throughout all periods of world history the ultimate ideal has ever been that of absolute truth; and the present age is still searching for it. Two questions of vast importance are being asked by the men of today. What is the relation of man to his world; and what bond of union should exist between man and his fellow creature? Every effort is being made in the field of science to answer the first question. Deep, conscientious thinkers are giving their strength and consecrating their lives to this world-wide task; and as the work is infinitely great, so are the results correspondingly large. And knowledge in the scientific work is being accompanied by a similar development of man in the more refined perceptibilities of human life, in the comprehension of right and wrong—yea, in the conquest of man by himself. New principles are being laid down, and new ideals originated. Essentially this twentieth century is one of progress, wherein the aim is to establish truth and justice among mankind.

But the philosophy of evolution contradicts equilibrium in progress. Onward and upward must be the keynote ever. Realizing this, the nations of the world, with their noble heritage of the past, and their staunch hope for the future, are endeavoring to construct anew such laws as no longer harmonize with the times. Destruction and construction are going on everywhere. Look at the new life which is springing forth in the ancient civilization of China; watch the small, and hitherto almost unheard of Island of Japan make for itself a place in the forefront of world powers. Behind all this process of construction there is one great purpose, and that is the preservation of mankind. Much of the significance of that phrase so often quoted today about the “survival of the fittest” has been lost through the new life which is springing into being. The care of the weak is devolving more and more upon the strong, and they are not evading their duty.

But every great movement toward reform has more or less of the personal element in it. That personal element is to be discovered in the great aim of our age. The nations desire to build, but individuality, the outgrowth oftentimes of skepticism and mistrust, retards the progress. National honor becomes paramount to all else. Let us see what national honor really is. The business man will tell you that it consists in defraying our debts promptly; the statesman in meeting with exactness our international obligations. But is that all? No. There is something more. Our national honor depends rather upon the boy who goes to our public school, the man who labors for his daily bread, the citizen who is living a good, clean, pure life. In short, it depends upon the economic and social welfare of each individual of which a nation is composed.

To better existing conditions, then, is the task of the twentieth century. Much has been done in the past, but more is to be accomplished in the future. Programmes for economic and social regeneration of mankind are being made out. Let us see what place war may, or can, hold in such programmes.

It is impossible briefly to estimate how enormous is the cost of maintaining a war. Our own country was forced to undergo the terrible financial strain of a civil war in 1861. A stupendous sum was expended upon it, and it has taken years to right the conditions. Even today, however, some parts of the South have not ceased to feel the effects of that terrible struggle. Money was borrowed which has been repaid only after years of infinite toil. But the war went further than attacking the financial prosperity of the

*Prize Oration for the Preliminary Intercollegiate Peace Contest.
country, it assailed the very source of that prosperity, industry. Industry, the rock upon which all national welfare rests, must always suffer under the terrible stigma of warfare. The men who labor in the manufactories leave their work to go out into the field and kill men who, like themselves, have abandoned the wheel, the loom, and the spindle. While they are fighting and dying for the national honor in the vast and hideous game of war, the national prosperity is being so undermined and eaten into that years must elapse, even decades, perhaps, before the country returns to its normal condition. Such is the cost of war.

It may be said, however, that war is not an everyday occurrence. True. But there is an old maxim which states, “In times of peace, prepare for war.” What does that mean? Simply this. That armed forces must be reserved, in readiness to protect national honor; that coast must be fortified against any fear of invasions; that armed cruisers must be despatched to every part of the world to protect interests against the imaginary over-ambitions of a brother nation. Millions are expended this way. The seventy-two million dollars which England spent last year for this purpose is only a very small proportion of the total expenditures per annum of all nations. Now it is obvious that the money is to come from the individual citizens, and what is the benefit they derive from the investment? If Americans, simply the assurance that the American flag floats proudly in all parts of the world, and that this nation is recognized as a leader of the world powers. That is paying too dearly for a patriotic sentiment, is it not? Yet, such is the cost of war.

The famous Gettysburg Address is prefaced by the statement that this government is “dedicated to the principle that all men are created equal.” That is to say, that every individual has a share in the privileges of a free land. But war is a negation to that. The very fact that it impairs economics implies that it ruins social advancement. When the call to arms sounds, strong, brave men leave their homes to go forth, perhaps to death, or at least to sustain an injury of a more or less permanent character, thus leaving their families without means of sustenance other than those which they may themselves provide. As in six cases out of ten the father never returns, the duty of caring for the family either devolves upon the mother or oldest son. Now to remove the mother from the home for a large portion of the day, is to deprive the younger children of a necessary essential to refinement—home life. To send the son forth is to rob him of any opportunities along educational lines. War may, indeed, give us heroes of a certain brand; but how many heroes of a vastly different calibre does it despoil of their opportunities to progress in that sphere where the pen is master, while they are yet in the making! Is it worth while?

But if those who remain at home are made to suffer, those who go to the front are likewise involved in an equal ruin. History evidences in countless places the vast number of mere boys who have rushed to fight for their nation. It tells of their brave deeds, of their valor, and of their noble heroism; but it has no time to waste upon the conjecture as to how much more they could have done for national greatness, how much nobler men they would have been had they been permitted to acquire the higher education which leads to a brighter and broader view of life. Education is the safeguard to society, and these young men go forth without it, some to die—they will not need it—but some to return—and to return schooled in the arts of war and totally lacking the finer perceptions gained through an educational training. They indeed know war; but do they know the real essence of good citizenship? No. Instead of intellectual citizens, we have brutalized human beings whose sole aim is to maintain by force that which they do not know how to preserve by reason. Society must necessarily suffer thereby.

Have you ever considered the inconceivable destruction of property which war causes? A sad picture is presented by the tale of our civil war. We read of fine old mansions which fell before the terrible whirlwind of warfare. Whole towns were destroyed by cannonade and the inhabitants turned out into the world homeless. But destruction of homes does not end the damage. War cuts a wider swath than that. A whole year’s crop has been laid waste, and live stock without number killed for no other purpose than to deprive the enemy of their food. But it also robs the nation of its sustenance. That which should go for feeding the multitudes is sacrificed upon the altar of prejudice and hatred. How eminently more preferable are the peaceful avocations of life which give to a nation health, comfort, and happiness than the ravages of war which carry sorrow, degradation and horror in their path.

Such are the results of war. Are they to be preferred, then? Have those who advocate warfare any right, when viewing it from this standpoint, to include it in programmes for economic and social regeneration? None. The alternative is peace. Practicality is the cry of the age. War is not practical. Money expended upon it might be used for building better roads, maintaining public schools, and erecting hospitals. The pages of history are full of the glories of war. They are, indeed, monuments of national strength, but not of national greatness. The hope for a nation lies in the care which it takes of the individual. To educate the young, to care for the sick, to harbor the mentally weak, to give homes to the friendless is to build for national greatness. Peace will give all this. Is it not to be preferred?

Only under the sway of universal peace are the wonderful resources of the world to be developed and with them the individual national resources.
As wealth rests upon industry, so does industry depend upon the development of resources within our reach. The trained men for this work will be on hand, the money for its advancement will be forthcoming only when there is peace—absolute and universal.

Before there can be national honor there must be national greatness, and before national greatness human sympathy and brotherly love. Those who claim national honor rests upon prowess alone fall short of the aim of this twentieth century. They are remnants of a bygone age. Is not the answer to our second question to be found in the adjustment of all conditions for the mutual benefit of all men? The establishment of universal peace will help to strengthen that bond of brotherhood until it includes men of all races and color.

Behold the time is come when a new monument of national greatness is to be erected. Let the stones for that monument be chosen with care and good judgment. Let the builders remember that industry, health, and good citizenship are necessary to national greatness. Build then the monument of these stones, and let that block which has been for so long set at naught by the builders become the stone of the corner, so that national greatness, world greatness, human greatness may rest upon the foundation of universal peace. And let the crown of this edifice be that of human sympathy and justice—in a word, love—so that it may gleam resplendent down the annals of the ages.

"Till a cinder time the sun shall turn."

**PHYSICAL TRAINING IN THE COLLEGE.**

JOHN WARREN DAY, '13.

THE size of St. Stephen’s and her peculiar relation to the other colleges of the East offer us, who are her sons, excellent opportunities for attempting a solution of some of the problems of the American college of today. Here the lines between the classes are somewhat blurred by the intimate relations between the members of the various societies. A Freshman comes to know by name every student in College before he has been here a week; he soon learns the virtues and faults of most of the men, and, after two or three years, he can predict what kind of a man the world will receive when a student graduates, and whether or not that graduate will become an efficient citizen.

Every year a number of men leave the institution who are, it is evident, intellectually capable of entering a seminary or of taking up a business career, but who are physically unfit to enter upon their life work. We ask ourselves, why this apparent lack of training for the body? And the only answer we can give is that the College,—not only the administration, but also the Student Body,—has failed to recognize the importance of the development of the body and has almost entirely neglected such training.

Psychology teaches us that there is a parallelism between the mental and physical faculties and that we must have sound healthy bodies in order to do satisfactory work with our brains.

But how are we to secure an equilibrium between mental and physical training? We have practically no suitable equipment for a regular gymnasium course; moreover, we have no physical training instructor. Many enthusiasts are continually advising and exhorting us to get out and walk. They tell us that we are especially blessed with good roads, beautiful scenery and numberless places to visit. There is not the slightest doubt but that we are situated in one of the most beautiful spots in the Hudson Valley and that we have good roads to walk on and many interesting towns to see. But how many of the men in St. Stephen’s take advantage of all these blessings? The average active young American cares little about beautiful scenery, long walks and the many other benefits of this wonderful country, when he is in need of exercise. There are some men who go on long walks two or three times during a week, but there are few, if any, who make a thirty-minute walk part of their daily routine. The average student is not sufficiently endowed with a sense of responsibility to realize that daily exercise is essential to his physical well being; compulsion of the proper kind must be employed.

It is my impression that a course in physical training is practicable, and indeed is very necessary if the College is to accomplish her purpose as it is set forth in the catalogue. On account of our lack of equipment the course would necessarily take the form of “setting up exercises.” Preston Hall, or even our present gymnasium,—so-called,—could be used for the classes. If the College cannot afford to provide a physical training instructor, would it be a direct violation of College traditions to ask one of the members of the Faculty to take charge of this course? If the members of the Faculty feel that they cannot be burdened with more responsibility, I am sure that a competent instructor could be chosen from the Senior Class. In order to be successful this course would have to be incorporated into the curriculum of the College and be made compulsory for every student. The men could be divided into small classes, to meet at the convenience of the groups. The best time for these classes to meet would be in the morning, for a half an hour, every day except Sunday. Two hours’ credit towards a degree could be given for the course.

If such a course in physical training were established in St. Stephen’s the perverseness which is apt to be prevalent among the men, especially
during this season, would disappear; a better spirit in the College as a whole would exist; there would be fewer complaints directed at the culinary department; the men would do better work in classroom, and this is to be highly desired after a cursory glance at the failure list for last semester; and, last and most important of all, the College would produce well-trained men, both intellectually and physically; men who would be well prepared to take an active part in the business of the world.

THE MECHANISM OF COLLEGE LIFE.

Claud Humphreys. '16.

Isn't it peculiar," a friend once said to me, "how ordinary most college graduates seem to be?" I don't remember whether I agreed with him or not, but it put a question in my mind which doubtless runs in the minds of many of our critics of higher education. "If the college is the source of culture," they ask us, "how is it that it turns out so many excellent machines?" And it is this part of our College life I want to discuss in this paper—that which tends to make a man lose his high ambition for "sweetness and light" and to settle down to become a mere cog in the great machinery of life.

There is a lack of discrimination in some people which tends to make them confuse means with ends, and this, I think, is the keynote of our difficulty. Let me define my topic, "The Mechanism of College Life," as the means by which culture may be obtained and which, unfortunately, is too often mistaken for an end in itself.

College discipline has two great divisions, that which directs the life in the classroom and that which governs the social life of the student; and a minor division, which controls the religious life of the student; three branches of a wonderful machinery, which if viewed as a means produces wonderful effects; but if viewed as an end, disaster.

Let me discuss just one part of College discipline—the machinery of marks, as applied in the classroom. Wonderful is this system, though absolutely inconsistent at first glance. The Professor's slogan wavers between "Never work for marks," and "Get an average of 65 or you will fail." This latter statement they endorse by failing a man who has a grade of 63 or 64. Every recitation is heard by a grim figure armed with that awful machine, the mark book. "Attain a certain mark and you may take a re-examination, below that you are lost forever!" rings out the metallic law. The new student, filled with the worthy ambition to learn for the sake of learning is attacked on every side. This awful hum of machinery surrounds him. He looks around for a loophole of escape. There is none.

He begins to worry. He fails in a recitation and sees the zero take its place in the records. He protests, but to no effect. He might have spent his whole evening absorbing Arnold's essay on "Sweetness and Light," but inasmuch as he has not learned the present, Indicative, active of "λόγος" he has wasted his time. This happens again and again. Becoming more and more discouraged he yet struggles on to evade this machinery instead of being swept around and made a part of it.

He seeks relief in his social life. He hears a graduate say, "Were it only for the social chats with my College friends and the light enjoyment I had in my College days, I would say I was amply repaid for my time and trouble." He turns to his fellowmen for sympathy and companionship and is coldly referred to the Convocation bulletin board where the Freshman rules are displayed in glaring type. From these he learns that the last thing a Freshman should ever think of having is an opinion, and the bold type seems to mock at him as he turns away heavy-hearted. Then he determines that the only source of inspiration to him will be in the outside world. He plans for some week-end trips. Again comes the monotonous voice from the great hum of machinery, "Six nights shalt thou leave College in the year. Break this commandment and suffer the consequences."

He finally falls back on his religious life for a hope of unbounded inspiration. But not even this does he find free from the awful grasp of machinery. Gain less than 16 credits in chapel attendance and a stormy interview with the President ensues. And so, with a dying murmur of dissent the student yields and is hurled headlong into the swift moving mechanism of College life and emerges a bright and shining machine.

Now, what is the secret of the failure of the student pictured above? Simply this: He has rebelled and finding his efforts to do away with this development of ages to be of no avail, he flies, seeking to escape from the terrible monster. Defeat is the only outcome. The only way the student can conquer this machinery is to recognize its presence, its absolute power and use it; use it for all it is worth and then go on to something higher. If he rebels at it, it shows its power; but if he admits its presence, takes hold of it, rides on it as far as it will carry him, and then leaves it dead by the wayside and falls along unaided, with a confident hope, victory will be his. By using it, he will kill it; by opposing it or yielding to it he will increase its force. In the scales lie "Sweetness and Light" on the one side, and on the other "The destiny of a well finished machine."
DOES THE CHINA MISSION PAY?

ROBERT E. BROWNING, '04.*

WE hear many arguments why we should support the missionary work of the Church. We are given a graphic picture of what spiritual blindness has wrought in heathen lands. We are told, in the language of St. Paul, that we who are strong ought to bear the infirmities of the weak; to minister of our substance and of our truth to others. Or again, we are reminded that when Christianity ceases to be missionary, it forfeits the right to the name.

All these are telling arguments with many people. It ought to be so with all. Many, however, are left unshaken in their opposition until they are shown in cold figures and are brought face to face with the results that missionary endeavor has accomplished everywhere. They want to know if it is worth the expenditure of men and money; and when they see, through personal experience or the experience of others, that it does pay, that it is a tree producing good fruit, then they no longer hold back their prayers and their gifts.

May I speak in this brief article of a personal experience in a portion of the mission field where the work and the opportunity are alike unparalleled—China. Sometimes people have asked me the question: “Does the Church really make Christians of the Chinese?” They seem to be in doubt about it. I reply: “Yes, and better Christians, in many instances, than are found in the homeland.” The Chinese have many admirable qualities, among which are patience, endurance, stability; qualities which, when the people are converted, go a long way towards making them consistent Christians. One sees there splendid examples of Chinese clergymen, faithful and loving pastors of their flocks. The Boxer Uprising witnessed quite as remarkable martyrdoms on the part of the native Christians as those recorded in the early persecutions of the Church. If change of character be a miracle, then we want no better examples of the miraculous than are found among those whose former condition and whose need are almost more than we can imagine. Blackness on our charts is a fitting representation of heathenism, no matter where found. The “gross darkness” of China is seen in the homes, cheerless and loveless, to the last degree, where children are brought up with nothing clean, bright and hopeful in their future, with nothing outside the home that is uplifting; and worse than all, a religion that robs them of both inspiration and aspiration. Christianity finds there emptiness, squalor, wretchedness; it gives them hope, cheer, fulness of life.

*The Rev. Robert E. Browning was formerly of the China Staff and is now in charge of the Missions in Coos County, Southern Oregon.

The changed faces which come with the acceptance of the new religion, is all the argument one wants to refute the half-skeptical inquiry: “Does it all pay?”

Christian missions have brought about quite as marked changes in the social life and customs of the people. To their direct influence may be traced the prohibition of opium smoking, foot-binding and slavery. Medical missionaries have likewise exerted an influence that has paved the way for more spiritual work. Thousands who would never have known what true healing was, have either been converted or made favorable to Christian teaching by the work of these doctors. Then too the mission school must come in for a large share in Christianizing influence. It has trained a noble band of valiant soldiers for Christ, because it has taken them at the age most fitted for instruction in the ways and truth of the Christian faith. I knew of a young boy in St. John’s University, Shanghai, then in the Junior Class and an exceptional student. As a youngster he was being trained for the Buddhist religion. Through the generosity of an American lady interested in Missions, he was purchased for a few dollars and placed in Christian schools. He graduated from college with honors, and instead of leading his people to Buddha, he will spread a Christian influence which is not to be measured by the few dollars which purchased him. Many a Christian school has similar instances on record.

Few persons stop to think, in all that has been going on of late in China, just how much is due to the influence of Christian missions there. Beneath all the bloodshed and outward disturbances, one can see a decided gain for Christianity. It has largely been the mission school, bringing with it Western ways of thought and life, that has awakened the Chinese the desire for reform. The story is a long one and can best be summarized in the words of a Chinese Director-General of Education at Nanking. Though not a Christian, he is frank to admit the tremendous power it has exerted on his people. “The only religion,” he says, “that teaches both the spiritual wants of mankind and the principles of morality also, is the Christian religion. That is why we wish you to teach it in our leading schools.”

Missions have achieved another result not always recognized, and yet, one of far-reaching importance. They have given the Church a vision of its catholicity and its oneness. From the mission field is coming the real impetus towards Christian unity. It is there that all Christian bodies, realizing that they are facing a common foe, and that there must be no dissension in the ranks, sink their differences in the great fundamental truths that unite them, the one Lord, one Faith, one Baptism, one God and Father of all.
In view of all this, and the same may be said of other fields, should we not cease asking: "Do missions pay?" and on our knees thank God that he has given us a means of saving our Christianity by ministering it to our brethren in other lands?

The spirit of progress and improvement, which has been steadily growing in St. Stephen's in the last few years, is making itself felt more and more in the College as a whole. For so long the hopeless condition of the finances had united with conservatism, a result of our being a strictly classical college, to make us pay little heed to what adverse critics have said were the educational demands of modern life. Our well placed confidence in the classics seems to have blinded us to the fact that present day methods of education arose out of a certain failure of the old methods to meet the requirements of life. It was not then seen by the advocates of the new school that the older one was not fundamentally but superficially wrong. While we were without resources there was some excuse for not being very progressive or attempting to make any advances in the curriculum. But now that it is possible for us to make some changes for the better it would be deplorable if we let the opportunities slip away. However, we have not been guilty of such short-sightedness and have shown that if in some respects we have been deficient it has not been for want of higher ideals or a spirit of adaptability. The first step forward will be the establishment next year of a department of Sociology and Economics to fill a rapidly increasing need.

If the College adds to the present number other departments, such as a more complete Science course, it will round out its curriculum and be
able to give a B.A. which will mean a greater familiarity with scientific progress as well as a good knowledge of Latin, Greek, English, Philosophy, etc. With several exceptions the College courses can turn out as efficient men as those of large universities. Remedy the few defects that exist and the graduates of St. Stephen’s can be classed with the best in the country. The general drift of university education back to the standards of fifty years ago, taking with it what it has found to be good in the recently popular elective system, will eventually bring the other colleges of the country to a position very similar to our own today. Compare the curriculum of St. Stephen’s College with the present curricula of other colleges, and we seem to be behind the times, but compare the curriculum of St. Stephen’s with the curricula toward which other colleges are verging and we are seen to be ahead of the times.

A gift of $10,000 to St. Stephen’s College has recently been announced. This sum is to be used to pay off the indebtedness of the College for current expenses and to provide a new plant for sewage disposal. The question of sanitation,—always a difficult one in the country, especially where a considerable number of people are gathered together,—has been the source of a great deal of uneasiness for the authorities and the students as well, and is one of the most pressing needs of our little colony at present. The installation of an adequate disposal plant will do away with a danger which has continually threatened us, and will surely make for the safety and comfort of us all. In spite of the difficulties of weather and the remoteness of Annandale from centers of labor, the workmen are already on the ground and busy.

The fact that the College is out of debt may seem to a stranger to have little to with the spirits of the students aside from the fact that there may be hope for some elaboration of the menu, but it is a fact that the information that the institution is free from encumbrance has encouraged us all and enabled us to endure any little hardships with less complaint. It is not because any of us expects to profit by it personally, but because it cannot but be a satisfaction to those men who have a genuine affection for the College to realize that it is being a success.

The President’s Page.

Mr. Robert L. Gerry, who has become deeply interested in the material prosperity of the College and is now on the Administrative Committee of the Board of Trustees, has been making a thorough investiga-

tion of the financial condition of St. Stephen’s. He has also had made a close examination of the physical conditions of the buildings and property. The present system of sewage is out of date and is to be replaced by a more modern one. There will also be a 20,000 gallon reservoir placed upon the highest part of the property to supplement the present water supply. This tank will be fed from the new well, which has proven to be uncontaminated. The contracts for these improvements have been signed and work is now in progress. As a result of his inquiry Mr. Gerry has generously provided $10,000 with which to pay off the current indebtedness incurred by the installation of fire alarms and fire escapes. What money is left over will be devoted to the other improvements.

Dr. Rogers has made arrangements for the addition of a department of Economics and Sociology to the curriculum.

On February Third the second semester was ushered in by the first real snow-storm of the College Year. After the storm the Campus presented one of those most impressive sights which are the glory of Annandale’s winters.

The first of the Lenten preachers was the Rev. C. A. L. Stromborn, Rector of the Church of the Holy Comforter, Poughkeepsie, who gave an address from the text, “Who is this?” on February Sixth.

On February Thirteenth Dr. Vibbert of New York City delivered a forceful and impressive sermon about the facts of History which testify to the truth of Christianity.

On Friday evening, February Fourteenth, William E. Berger, Special student, was initiated into Buxelian Fraternity.

The College had a fire scare on the evening of the Fourteenth. Shortly after nine a telephone message was received in Aspinwall, saying that Prof. Upton’s house—about ten minutes’ walking distance from the College on the Tivoli road—was on fire. It was the work of only a few minutes to call the three fraternities from their places of meeting and send the fellows running across the snow-covered fields, armed with chemical fire extinguishers and pails of every form, color, age, and use. Fortunately for all concerned the last trace of the fire had been extinguished by Professors Upton, Robb, and Martin just before the arrival of the first “would-be fire fighters” from the College.

The Dragon Club’s “Spring Series of Lectures” was auspiciously opened on Saturday, February Fifteenth.
when a large audience in Preston Hall listened to a very interesting lecture on a trip to Jamaica and the Panama Canal by Dr. Vander Veer of Albany. The lecture was illustrated by stereopticon slides made from photographs taken by the Doctor himself on his tour last December. The views of the Panama Canal and the description of the work there were especially valuable at this time when the canal is a subject of so much discussion. The pleasure of the evening was greatly increased by the Doctor's personal reminiscences and anecdotes of the places shown.

On Sunday morning, February Sixteenth, the students had the pleasure of hearing one of the most profound and impressive sermons delivered in the Chapel for several years past, when Dean Robbins of the General Theological Seminary preached from the text, 1 John 1:1-4. The sermon was a masterpiece of intellectual and philosophical effort.

Dr. Steinmetz, an alumnus of the College and rector of Christ Church, Norfolk, Virginia, preached an eloquent sermon in the Chapel on February Twentieth. His efforts were doubly appreciated because of the fact that he made such a very long trip just to preach for us.

On Sunday, the Twenty-third, Prof. Edmunds of the General Theological Seminary preached a very practical and helpful sermon from the text, "I, Tertius, who wrote this epistle, salute you in the Lord." The number of lessons which he drew from this apparently insignificant text was a noteworthy feature.

On the evening of the Twenty-third, at the invitation of the rector, Dr. Cookman, the College choir sang evensong in Christ Church, Red Hook. The service was rendered in the usual hearty St. Stephen's manner.

Fire escapes have been put on the stone buildings and Aspinwall. Although they do not add to the classic simplicity of the backs of the buildings, they undoubtedly make the rooms on the third floor much safer.

The Rev. Mr. F. F. Flewelling of St. John's, Barrytown, preached at evensong, February the Twenty-seventh, on the very interesting text from Isaiah, "They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength."

At a recent meeting of the Upper Classmen and Sophomores a motion was passed by which the incoming College mail will be taken care of by the "Green Cap" men. There has been a miniature post office rack installed in the hallway of Aspinwall and the "Green Cap" men under the supervision of the President of the Freshman Class will henceforth receive and sort the morning and evening mail.

The football manager has received a letter from Mr. Anton P. Blaum, '08, of Fukui-Echizen, Japan, manager of the '07 and '08 teams. Mr. Blaum sends a contribution to the football fund which is much appreciated, but it is his active interest and good wishes which is the greatest source of gratification. An interested and enthusiastic Alumni, whether they be in far away Japan or near at hand, is one of the most necessary factors in keeping our athletics alive.

**Under the Lyre Tree.**

First Student: "Of what great man do I think when I shovel coal in the fire?"

Second Student: "I give up. Who?"

First Student: "Phillip the Grate."

It is easy enough to be cheerful,

With nothing in life to regret,

But the man worth while

Is the man who can smile

When his wife is a suffragette.

**HEARD IN GREEK.**

Senior (translating St. Matt., 5:41): "And whosoever shall compel you to give him a money, give him two."

Can Teddy Bear as much as Billiken?

Wanted: A man with lock-jaw to live in No. 6 Potter for a few days.

First Man: "I'll bet you five dollars you can't say the Lord's Prayer."

Second Man: "I'll take you! 'Now I lay me', etc.

First Man: "Here's your five. I didn't think you could do it."

Don't think a girl will coo like a dove just because she is pigeon-toed.

Song of "Under the Lyre Tree"

Editor: "How dry I am!"

**IN THE COMMONS.**

New Waiter: "Shall I help you to the coffee, sir?"

Student: "No, you'd better help the coffee to me, it's weaker than I am."

She: "I'll marry you on one condition—"

He: "That's nothing. I entered Yale with six."
FLUNKED.

Little cups of coffee,
Jolly little jokes,
Rather warm discussions,
Half a dozen smokes,
Make a pleasant evening,
(Know you'll all agree;)
After that no study—
Eyes refuse to see.

Mighty "nerve" on morrow,
Seat in back of room,
Student feeling shaky
Hears the call of doom.
Rising, wildly guesses
At the verb and noun;
Doctor quite disgusted,
"Um—My! sit down!!"
—"Bus!"

A THING THAT LINGERS ON.
A monument of sandy cakes
Is our old "gym".
A token of our past mistakes
Is our old "gym."

Oh, when I see those porous blocks,
The very sand my eyesight mocks!
Our poor old "gym!"
The thought of what it might have been
Comes back to me with awful din.

The wintry winds that murmur through
Are now foreboding things quite new—
A brand new "gym!"
Omen portentous of some hand
Distinguishing cement from sand.
—V. R.

Alumni and Former Students' Notes.

Among the examiners in Greek in the recent annual competition for the McVicker prizes between members of the senior class of the General Theological Seminary were the Rev. Dr. Charles A. Jessup, '82, and the Rev. William H. Meldrum, '92.

'91—The Rev. A. R. B. Hegeman has declined the call to the rectory of St. Paul's Church, Des Moines, Iowa.

'88—Watson B. Selvage, M.A., President of the Tennessee Academy of Science, has been invited to lecture for the week of June 26th, at the Conference of the General Educational Board of Religious Education of the Protestant Episcopal Church, which meets at St. Paul's School, Concord, New Hampshire.

The Rev. John C. White, first missionary of the diocese of Springfield, is at present in charge of Trinity Parish, Lincoln, Ill.

The Rev. William H. Darbie of Quantica, Maryland, has been called to the Church of the Good Shepherd, Milford, Penn.

The Rev. Frank S. Sandborn of Fond du Lac, has accepted the rectory of St. John's Church, Munising, Michigan, and will also officiate at All Saints' Church, Newberry.

The Rev. George S. Bennitt, D.D., rector of Grace Church, Jersey City, has been made president of the Board of Missions of the diocese of Newark to succeed the late Rev. Joseph N. Blanchard, D.D.

In Grace Church, Elizabeth, N. J., on Septuagesima Sunday, January 19th, the Rev. John Fredrick Virgin was ordained to the priesthood by Bishop Lines of Newark, acting for Bishop Gailor of Tennessee. The Rev. Henry Hale Gifford, Ph.D., presented the candidate. The Bishop was the preacher. The Rev. Mr. Virgin will continue his duties as curate of Grace Church.

Exchanges.

The Williams Literary Monthly.
The Hobart Herald.
The Hamilton Literary Monthly.
The Campus of Rochester University.
The Alfred Monthly.
The Rossonian.
The Magpie.
The Quill.

"Home Building," in the Alfred Monthly, is well written, short, and to the point. It is convincing as far as architecture of the home is concerned. Does not the literary value of your periodical lose some of its effect because of the reader's dislike for close-set type and crowded material? It is space saving at the expense of a more attractive magazine.

Would a quotation from Hawthorne bring forth an elaboration of the Rossonian's January editorial? We wonder. "Happiness in this world," says Hawthorne, "when it comes, comes incidentally. Make it an object of pursuit and it leads us a wild-goose chase, and is never obtained. Follow some other object and very possibly we may find that we have caught happiness without dreaming of it."

The Hobart Herald is apparently making a paying proposition of its advertisements. It is an example we might all follow. It is to be commended for the psychological effect obviously striven for in the arrangement and wording of its advertisements. The paper is as usual, very interesting.
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