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MESSENGER

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The Messenger.

VOL. XX.

NOVEMBER, 1913.

No. 2

**"Books cannot always please, however Good,
Minds are not ever craving for their food."**

—George Crabbe.

AMERICAN NOTES.*

REV. H. BARON DICKINSON, M.A.

VICAR OF S. STEPHEN'S CHURCH, LEWISHAM, LONDON.

AFTER the early Eucharist on April 26th, I had the pleasure of being wished Godspeed by a large number of Communicants, and left Euston for Liverpool by special train. The journey was naturally uneventful, but during it I made the acquaintance of three male fellow travellers, who, by the end of the voyage to New York had become friends, and will, I hope, visit S. Stephen's. My last visit to Liverpool was for a sermon at S. Margaret's, the church where Mr. Bell Cox, imprisoned as a Confessor for the Faith, has so long been the Vicar. It is no ordinary thing for a man over sixty to have an entirely new sensation, and that I suppose was the chief charm of the voyage. I have travelled a good deal on the Continent, and have passed through Sumburgh Roost between Orkney and Shetland, but the channel steamers and the Aberdeen and Shetland boats are pygmies beside the prodigious "Caronia" of the Cunard line which conveyed us to New York. We carried the number of inhabitants of a good sized country town, chiefly, of course, emigrants, and it was to my mind grievous that after all the well-meant efforts for the good of Ireland, such crowds of splendid young fellows should join our ship at Queenstown, very sad at leaving their dear Isle, but finding their only hope of decent living in the States. It is curious but interesting that a large number of Irish, having in many cases lived in opposition to the guardians of law and order in their own country, should promptly become policemen in New York, but so it is, and very convenient it was for me, as frequently the traffic was held up for my benefit as a supposed "Father," and the stalwart officer generally found time for a short chat about the splendid Roman Catholic Cathedral, while automobiles purred and their occupants grumbled.

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For a day or two we passed through a considerable gale, which for a small boat would have been a storm, but personally I hardly noticed it, though then there were a great many vacant seats at meal times. Those meals! their excellence and variety three times daily, the freshness of the fish and vegetables, and even flowers, will remain a marvel to me always. It is impossible to feel hungry, as after such a breakfast as no first-class hotel provides, at 11 o'clock hot chicken *bouillon* is brought round, and after dinner all sorts of sandwiches lie about for the temptation of the casual passenger. But not only is the body catered for, as an admirable orchestra plays at lunch and dinner and again in the drawing room every evening, and there is a quite up-to-date library, to say nothing of a newspaper published daily with all the latest news received by wireless telegraphy. There is a gymnasium, and all kinds of games, such as "Shuffle-board," are played on deck. On my return trip on the "Baltic," of the White Star Line, we carried the champion lawn tennis players, who had a lot of practice on improvised courts, and cricket was daily indulged in. All this was entirely new to me, and I enjoyed every minute of it among a delightful set of people, mostly Americans, some of whom I have seen in London since my return, and some have even reached the Vicarage.

On Sunday, Matins was quite nicely sung by a choir of stewards, stewardesses and ship's boys, and the reading of the Lessons by the doctor was so good that I offered him a curacy! Unfortunately, I had to spend Ascension Day on board without a service of any kind.

We reached New York on Sunday, May 4th, too late for attendance at Mass, and I had to content myself with visiting the Cathedral of S. John the Divine in process of building, but open for Divine Service. I received such extraordinary kindness and hospitality from members of the church which that Cathedral represents that I shrink from criticising anything, but perhaps may say that I know Cathedrals that I like better. Thence we journeyed to S. Mary-the-Virgin for Solemn Evensong and a great function. The singing was extremely good, chiefly produced by a quartette in the West gallery, but of course, in the procession the chancel choir were the only vocalists. I had the privilege of preaching in this celebrated church on Trinity Sunday, when the High Mass was splendidly rendered, and my sermon was not objected to except on the ground that I spoke with an English accent!

On the Monday after my arrival, my host, the President of S. Stephen's College, Annandale, took me by train along the beautiful Hudson River to a little station whence we drove to the College. The distance from New York is 95 miles, but they seem to look on the journey as one from Lewisham to Charing Cross. This College is singularly interesting from every point of view, and we have nothing at all like it. It is in connection with

the Episcopal Church, its whole life centres in the chapel with its daily services, the young men are all Communicants, the tone is thoroughly Catholic, it confers degrees in Divinity, but no theology is taught except from the pulpit. There are about 80 students, who live much as those at Keble, Oxford, do, that is to say, they take all their principal meals in Hall instead of dinner only, as at most Colleges in Oxford and Cambridge. It is not a College intended for well-to-do men, and indeed many are very poor, but a more delightful, courteous, gentlemanly set of young fellows I do not wish to meet. I saw a great deal of them and received a very distinguished compliment at their hands, one of the Professors telling me that I was known by the nickname of "Chummy," than which none could give me greater honour and pleasure. The President's house was my headquarters, but my various journeys to New York, Boston, Buffalo and Niagara did not allow me to enjoy so much of the gracious hospitality of my old friend and colleague, Dr. Rodgers and his wife, as I could have wished.

(To be continued.)

THE RINGER.

"NO, SIR, it can't be done. Why, Bill, when I was in my junior year, they tried that game and it worked like a dollar watch—fine till you really need it; then it's stopped. Never, my boy, as long as a football wears a leather overcoat, will it do a college any good to scout around during the summer for big huskies. They don't make good. If Annandale has got down to the point where she's got to use ringers, it's goodnight; she might just as well quit for the season. Have another pipe. That one doesn't pull well."

"There was that case of 'Slender' Davis now. Annandale lacked quarterback material that year, and here was Davis, over in the next county, an all-state man, just throwing himself away on a one-horse business college. We sent out a call for help to some of our fair friends in Davis' town, and inside of three days they had him roped, tied and packed for delivery. He came up to Annandale, registered for three courses, and went out for the team. What'd I say? No, he didn't either go out. Rather the coaches started out to build a team around him. No, just a minute Bill, let me finish. I know you can't do that sort of thing nowadays; a football man's got to carry just as heavy a schedule as the sharks, and what's more he's got to be just a little bit better. But this was back in the days when the forward pass was in the brooder stage and its real possibilities were a slumberin' in the incubator."

"Then there was that big truck driver we broke in for a guard. He

went along fine till the night before the big game. By that time eating with a fork, and wearing a stiff collar at dinner had him so plumb batty, he broke training and wandered down to the Inn. Next day, while the varsity was being whitewashed by a team we'd trimmed three years running, the right guard was nursing a broken head down in the village lockup. But that's getting away from the story."

"Davis was a wizard all right. There wasn't a thing about the helmet-position that he didn't have at least a bowing acquaintance with. His head-work was uncanny, his running in a broken field was grand, and forward passes! why that chap could snap the ball thirty yards just like it had been shot from a gun. And the gun shot darned accurate, too. The only trouble with those passes was that the ends had to be wonders to hold 'em. They stung worse than one of Walt Johnson's inshoots."

"He got the name of 'Slender' up at college. His mater christened him Edwin Howard, but you know those nursery names never stick at college. A man gets a nickname that sticks like a corn plaster the rest of his life. Now there was 'Spike' and 'Kitty'—there I go again off on a tangent about a mile from the subject. That's a habit I got into listening to some of the profs wander about through every subject inside and out of the curriculum."

"Well, Edwin Howard was just built to fit the name 'Slender'—he wore it like a Fownes glove. About five feet, eight, slim and straight as a young sapling. And dress? Holy fly, man, you could hear 'Slender' coming a block away. Not that he was loud exactly; he wasn't. Just a little beyond the conservative. And natty as any little middy on the deck of a liner. And 'Slender' sure was the matinee idol of the co-eds. They fêted him, and teaed him, and danced him, until the trainer, old Pat Suggs, was nearly qualified for a beetle garage."

"Davis was an independent cuss, too. He was good, darned good, and he knew it. If he didn't feel just up to snuff, he'd cut practice and run up to some pink tea affair, where he'd loll around with a bored air while the girls fussed and gushed over him like a parcel of shop girls over the male hit of the season. But they sure helped the A. A. out. Man alive, there wasn't a girl in college, whether she was a dream or had a face like the map of Germany, but turned out with her little, o'd red season ticket, just to see 'Slender' play hob with the visitors' defense."

"Well, things rolled along in fairly good shape till the final big game of the season. So far nothing had happened out of the ordinary except that one or two of the coaches had had nervous prostration over some of 'Slender's' outbreaks. They had a corking good offensive game worked up around the quarter and nobody was worrying much except here and there some chronic grouch was wondering what would happen if 'Slender' got

laid up. There wasn't a second string man on the squad who could possibly pull off the trick plays we had saved up. But then 'Slender' had gone along all season with nothing worse than a Charley horse—and there'd been a stiff game or two at that,—so generally speaking, things looked pretty rosy."

"Then the 'Happy Duchess Company' hit town for a three days' engagement with Maizie Lee in the cast. Right then and there the careful foundations of the coaching staff fell with a thud, and the beautiful dream castle in which 'Slender' was the main tower went sailing away through the balmy. For 'Slender' was smitten. 'Slender'! who had met every co-ed in college (and there were *some* girls in that little old place) and had never turned a hair. 'Slender' went stark, raving mad about a chorus girl who spoke three lines in the Bronx dialect and sang a song or two. Well, she *was* a looker. But mind! there were better looking and a darned sight more attractive girls right there in College Row. You ought to know. One of 'em poured your coffee tonight at dinner."

"I was with 'Slender' the first time he saw her. He was breaking rules in going to an evening performance, but training rules never bothered 'Slender'. We took our seats way up in bald headed row and he surveyed the house with his bored air until the curtain went up. Two minutes later things began to happen. "Who's the girl on the end?" asked 'Slender'. "New one on me," says I. "Me too, but I'm going to know her before the show's over." I was knocked silly but I knew there was nothing doing in the argument line. 'Slender' was the best little arguer I ever saw. At the end of the first act he called a boy and sent him back with a note; at the end of the second he had a supper date. It was just 1:15 in the morning when he dropped between the sheets."

"During the week end he went to every blamed evening performance and cut practice twice for matinees. The coaches were wild but they couldn't have budged him with a keg of gunpowder. He was enjoying himself and didn't care a darn if the team went to pieces or not. So they just had to lean back and comfort themselves by planning things to do to 'Slender' after the game. And Billy, some of the things that bunch planned would have turned the Spanish Inquisition Protestant for very shame."

"Even then everything would have been all right if the darned referee hadn't been late for the game Saturday. We started nearly an hour late and everybody's pep had gone cold with the long wait. The play just zigzagged back and forth from one goal line to the other, and neither team had ginger enough to put the ball over. In the third period the visiting quarter opened up his game with a series of fakes, but our ends were in and had 'em smashed before they started. And 'Slender' had had his orders not to open up till the fourth."

"The third period ended with the ball on our thirty-five-yard line and our first down. Old Thunder—he was head coach that year—went over to 'Slender' and gave his orders for the last period."

"'Open her up right on the go,' he said. 'This period has got to do the trick. Try 'backs right' and 'Q'; after that use your own think tank. And *don't* use any quarterback runs, you *might* get a twisted knee and *then* where'd we be?'"

Slender just looked weary like.

"What's the time?" he asked.

"4:45," says Old Thunder.

At 'Slender's' next words he nearly collapsed.

"I'm not going to play this quarter."

"You're not *What?*"

"I can't play this quarter. It isn't *my* fault the game started late. And I've a date I'm not going to break just to suit the convenience of a referee."

"Old Thunder raved and pleaded, then he cussed and pleaded some more. He ended by sending in a scrub quarter and escorted 'Slender' to the gym. While the game dragged out to a no-score finish, 'Slender' and Old Thunder were having a little party of their own on the gym floor. When the function was over, 'Slender's' face looked like he'd run into a pile driver and Old Thunder's knuckles were raw as a side of beef. 'Slender' didn't keep his date either. He was sick in bed for a week."

"Do him any good? Not by a long shot. When he could move, he packed up his duds, hiked for New York and married the chorus girl. Last I heard of 'em they were in Pittsburgh, acting for the movies."

"No, it don't pay. And I guess old Annandale'll pull out of the hole even if the line *is* a little weak. Great Scott, man, the season's only half over."

"Hedge"

COMMENTARIUM OBSERVATORIS.

**"Let observation with extensive view
Survey mankind from China to Peru."**

DID you ever hear someone say that Englishmen participate in sports for sport's sake, but Americans play to win? The implication is that English sports are on a much higher plane than American sports. This trite remark came to my mind a few Saturdays ago as I stood in a pouring rain-storm and watched twenty-two full-blooded youths struggling for supremacy on a muddy, water-soaked, partly submerged gridiron. I thought also of the dozens of other places where similar scenes were being enacted.

What did it all mean? What was the motive that impelled these strong athletes to do battle under such unpleasant conditions? "Unpleasant," did I say? Far too mild a word! To be tackled in large puddles of water, to be smeared with mud from head to foot, to stick one's head in muck until one's eyes are plastered shut, must be far more than unpleasant.

What spurred the men on under such circumstances? Was it the desire to win? To a certain extent, yes. Was it loyalty to the College? To a very large extent, yes. Was it love of the game? Most decidedly it was! You have here the three-fold motive, or the composite motive, if we may call it such, of all true American sports. You find men struggling to win for the sake of victory, you find them putting forth their best efforts in loyalty to their supporting organizations, and you find them participating in sports from mere love of those sports.

We do not deny that Americans, as they say, play to win. Rather we acknowledge the impeachment with a bit of pride. For that spirit of playing to win is a truly American spirit. It is characteristic of our race. In every walk of life, in every undertaking, we have played, and are playing, to win. It is this spirit which has made us advance with such rapid strides in the affairs of the world.

We strive for victory, but do not think that we seek it by any means—fair or foul. The American spirit is the true sportsman's spirit of playing fair and square. That such is the case was plainly shown on that muddy gridiron several Saturdays ago. Our opponents, although disheartened by the weather conditions and discouraged by our several touchdowns, fought gamely to the very end. And they not only fought gamely and well, but they fought fairly and squarely. Never was a cleaner set of gentlemanly players seen on our field. As for our men, they played their usual game; we all know what that means. It is sufficient to add that one of our opponents remarked that he had never before played against a team on which there was not one dirty player.

* * * * *

In connection with these thoughts concerning athletics it is interesting to note England's latest attitude in regard to the Olympic games. The British team was crushingly defeated at Stockholm in nineteen hundred and twelve. The result was many sour tears and frequent bitter attacks on the so-called "professionalism" and "anything-to-win" spirit of American sporting methods. The culmination of all these attacks was the recent statement that the English would probably never again participate in the Olympic games, or at best would send representatives to Berlin in nineteen hundred and sixteen and then retire for good.

What inconsistency on the part of our English cousins! Do they so soon forget that it was their sportsmen who originated the idea of professional coaches in their cricket matches? If our relatives across the water would spend in training track athletes a part of the energy which they devote to cricket, they would produce a fast team and very likely a winning team. But to attempt to disparage cricket is as serious as to decry that ancient and empty myth of kingly power. Many are the devotees of that "lady-like" game the very name of which suggests beautiful lawns and pink teas. It is all so much more graceful and attractive than the heat and dust of the race track.

Wake up, Englishmen! Regain your senses! Perhaps your old sporting spirit, and your old love of battle, will yet drive away your sulki-ness.

* * * * *

As an ardent supporter of the football team I must say a few words of congratulation to our faithful squad. Scrubs and varsity have both been most diligent in their efforts for the College. Not only in our six games, but also at the daily practices, the attendance and enthusiasm of the men have been marked. We are justly proud of every member of the squad. Each one, whether his position was highly important or only a lowly one, has fulfilled his duty to the best of his ability. We doff our hats to you, nineteen thirteen football men. You are a credit to St. Stephen's College.

Observer.

LEGENDS OF THE HUDSON.

"The Deil had business on his hand."

"Whare ghaists and houlets nightly cry—

"Warlocks and witches in a dance;"

"There sat old Nick, in shape o' beast;"

"Coffins stood round like open presses,
That shaw'd the dead in their last dresses;"

"So Maggie runs, the witches follow."

Robert Burns.

WHILE the winds of Hallowe'en are still howling, a moment's glance at the telling lines of Burns's "Tam o' Shanter" brings vividly before us the unnumbered goblin horde in all its strength. Inky blackness, black pitch darkness, is peopled here and there with a spectral

blotch of white. The witches' cauldrons seethe and the fat of murdered infants sizzles in wicked gleefulness. The glowing embers seem eternally dying as their red brightness gleams its way. High in the trees, the sharp wind shrilly sweeps from east to west. The moon scurries along, now darting fitfully behind a cloud, now shining forth.

Hallowe'en is a date of significance to St. Stephen's men. It is the eve of All Saints', our Founder's Day when the memory of Bard, Aspinwall, Fairbairn, and those other great names in St. Stephen's history are formally revered.

But not only for this reason is Hallowe'en of peculiar interest to Annandale collegians. Our whole countryside here is literally saturated with the essence of fairy and spirit life, of ghost and elf and legend. We often hear references to the sacred influence that Rip Van Winkle left in the Catskills but we fail to appreciate that Washington Irving's "Rip" is but one in a great company who might gather around the blazing log with festive bowl and long stemmed pipe and tell the stories of our beloved Hudson.

The Indian tradition with reference to the Shate-muc, as it was known, is interesting. Deep in the northern forests, near a favorite haunt of the "Great Spirit," was a fountain of what was termed "Fire Water" and from this mystic spring the river found its winding course to the sea. The mountains and little hills, impelled by curiosity, had come from the East and West to see the winding stream and, loving the music of its waters, had remained upon its banks. It was the loftiest ambition of the Indian warrior to find the wonderful source fountain and many are the tales of hardships encountered in its quest. This is the Indian legend of the Shate-muc, "winding channel."

There is no other place in our country where poetry and romance are so strangely blended with the heroic of history as along the banks of our Hudson. There is no valley where the fireside-tale is more attractive, where the very town-names perpetuate the charm of earlier days.

The Indian history is fast drifting away and only here and there a strange legend is daily suggested by a mound or a cliff. One example is "Lover's Leap", on the banks of the Housatonic, where an Indian maiden is said to have jumped from a cliff two hundred feet high, with a blue cotton umbrella, and escaped unharmed. All the details, the motive, all except the romantic name and incident, are lost.

Our neighboring Catskills, associated so closely with the daily life at St. Stephen's, have an equally interesting Indian history. They were known as the Onti-o-ra's, or "Mountains of the Sky," "owing to their frequent resemblance to clouds along the horizon." The range was supposed to have been originally a monster who devoured Indian children and one day, the Great Spirit touched him as he was going down to bathe, and

here he remains." Two little lakes upon the summit were the eyes of the monster and these are open all the summer; but in the winter, they are covered with a thick crust or heavy film; but whether sleeping or waking, tears always trickle down his cheeks. In these mountains was kept the great treasury of storm and sunshine, presided over by an old squaw spirit who dwelt on the highest peak of the mountains. She kept day and night shut up in her wigwam, letting out only one at a time. She manufactured new moons every month, cutting up "the old ones into stars" and shut up the winds in the hills.

One more Indian tradition concerns the supposed last battle fought upon the Hudson, between the Mohawks and the Mohegans. After the fight, the old king of the Mohegans lay dying and he commanded that his son be brought to him in order that he might invest him with the royal regalia. As the son knelt at his couch, the old chief put his withered hand upon his brow, placed the feathery head-dress upon him and gave him the silver-mounted tomahawk of authority. Looking up to heaven, as if in despair for his race, he said, "The hills are our pillows and the broad plains to the west our hunting grounds, our brothers are called into the bright wigwam of the Everlasting, and our bones lie upon the fields of many battles but the wisdom of the dead is given to the living." That same evening as the hue of the distant Catskills deepened, the old chief was buried not far from Castleberg.

Still, far up on the shadowy tops of the peaceful Catskills, ever changing in their beauty, reigns the mystic "Great Spirit". Still, between its winding banks, flow the silvery waves from the fount of the "Fire Water", the musical ripples of the Indian Shate-muc. Still, whenever we look at the wooded glens, the dark ravines, the bubbling springs, the hard-faced rocks of our beloved Hudson, we must recall its legendary worth. But most when we gather around the glowing fire-side to hear related the mysterious tales of Indian history, the legends of the Onti-o-ra's, do we feel the storied charm, the mystic wealth of this, our, "king of waters."

HERB-HEH-HOP.

(Another apology to Mr. Longfellow.)

In the days when fierce Matabcan
Quelled the tribes of Ryl-whit-jim-com,
Battled for the fair Diana,
Mistress of the hunt and maizefields;
Lived there then another chieftain
In the land of Chief Matabcan.

Warrior he? not by a jugful;
He was tall and thin and stoopéd
And his head ran all to business.
Sharp was he at trade and barter
And he dearly loved a bargain.
While his brothers fished and hunted
He would plan some means of gaining;
And the warriors gliding past him
When they met him in the forest,
Always hastened, spoke in whispers,
Softly said to one another,
"There is Herb-heh-hop, the trader,
Cheh-tem-sci-nem, the great trader."

* * * * *

Listen then while I shall tell you
Of the legend of Chem-ichk-lab
Who, from far across the waters,
Came to trade with Cheh-tem-sci-nem,
Beat him at his game of barter,
Made the warriors shake with laughter,
Caused a panic in the market.
Gre-gi-prote was there and saw it
Gre-gi-prote, the noble warchief
Of the tribe of Nonsoc-it-tas,
And he told me of the legend.

* * * * *

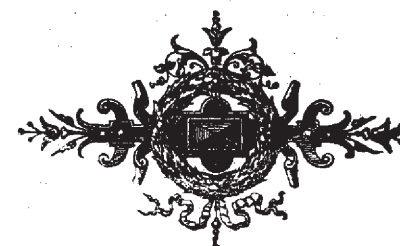
When the year had turned to autumn
And the leaves were seared with purple
When the corn had ripened yellow
Came Chem-ichk-lab to the village
With a store of beads and wampum,
Came to barter with the warriors.
Herb-heh-hop was there and saw him
Saw the beads and colored wampum
And his eyes were wide with longing
For the wealth of young Chem-ichk-lab.
Then he strode into the forest
That he might at leisure ponder
What to trade to young Chem-ichk-lab
For the beads and colored wampum.

Strode into the deepest forest,
 Sat down by the laughing brooklet,
 Watched the Che-heh-hah play leapfrog
 With the Gam-hah-alf-heh-bay-teh.
 Sat and pondered, watched and pondered.
 Thus he reasoned with his spirit;
 "There is nothing in the village
 That Chem-ichk-lab wants real badly
 Save En-dy-wren, little firestick,
 Which the chief Up-teh-we-wah-ton
 Left in my charge when he journeyed
 Far away across the prairies
 Far away across the mountains
 Journeyed there to build a wigwam
 That he might have peace and quiet.
 Moons have passed since he departed;
 Well, I guess it's very likely
 Ere this time his bones have whitened
 In some fastness of the mountains.
 And the eyes of young Chem-ichk-lab
 Oft are cast upon En-dy-wren,
 Possibly he'll swap his wampum
 For En-dy-wren, little firestick."
 Thus he reasoned with his spirit.

* * * * *

Straightway then he strode in silence
 To his lodge down in the village,
 Sat and waited for Chem-ichk-lab.
 Came Chem-ichk-lab with his wampum
 And En-dy-wren soon changed masters—
 Herb-heh-hop obtained the wampum—
 Then a shouting in the village
 And the hah-we-rah, the wacry,
 And the maidens with the young men
 Ran to greet their friend returning,
 Their old friend Up-teh-we-wah-ton
 Who came striding from the river.
 Black his brow with pent-up anger,
 From his eye flashed vivid lightning
 As he strode from lodge to tepee
 Till he found Herb-heh-hop's wigwam,

Cried aloud with angry gesture,
 "Where is now my little firestick,
 So then thus you have betrayed me
 For these beads and colored wampum."
 Came a groan from Cheh-tem-sci-nem
 And his cheek was blanched with terror,
 And he cringed before the anger
 Of his friend, Up-teh-we-wah-ton;
 Then he dropped the beads and wampum
 And went out into the sunlight
 Where the jeers and hoots of children
 Mocked him, slinking to the forest.
 Nevermore was he a trader
 In the land of Chief Matabcan.
 But the chief, Up-teh-we-wah-ton
 Liked the stranger, young Chem-ichk-lab;
 Bade him keep his beads and wampum
 Bade him keep also the firestick,
 En-dy-wren, the little firestick.
 This the story, this the legend
 As I heard it from Gre-gi-prote.
 Warchief of the Nonsoc-it-tas.



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**"Out of my lean and low ability
I'll lend you something"**

—*Twelfth Night.*

The smallness of this year's Freshman Class gives rise again to the question, whether the Freshman Dance is not a function too expensive for the members of the class to finance, and give to the college. Class "1916" pleaded inability to give the college a dance, and, contrary to all precedent, asked a

subscription. Such action this year on the part of the entering class would be much deplored by everyone. It has been suggested that the Freshman Dance be given this year by all the new men, under the supervision of the Freshman Class organization. This is an excellent and practical proposal. Freshmen and new men, get together and talk this over; and don't fear to consult upperclassmen about it. A dance so conducted would do away with all such trouble as that of last year. It would make the Freshman Dance hereafter not the big burden it has been formerly. Finally, it would give every man who enters St. Stephen's an opportunity to do his little part in giving a dance for the whole college. *"Συμβουλευέσθε."*

The front cover of the MESSENGER volunteers the interesting, and, I fear, novel information that the magazine is published by the students of St. Stephen's College. This is the theory, and it works out in fact more or less faithfully according as the "MESSENGER Board" is unwilling or willing to do all the work. Early in the year each board must in some way or other prepare to meet the truth, that their term of office will expire and that they must be succeeded by other men. It is the duty of everyone in College to know how these successors are chosen and what it is that deter-

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mines eligibility to editorship. The editors are elected by the Convocation and the only way the Convocation can make an intelligent choice is by a judgement of each man's work for the MESSENGER. So it has been decided long since, that no man shall be elected until he shall have shown not only some small literary ability, but also a considerable degree of interest in the paper by contributing to it; and it has been decided that the minimum requirement for eligibility to associate editorship shall be that the man in question shall have written three or more acceptable literary articles, at least two of which shall be prose. The Editor-in-chief is elected from the men having had some experience as associates, and has, therefore, contributed five or more articles.

The MESSENGER is published by the students of St. Stephen's College. I wonder what the student body is going to do about it. The Board is simply an administrative committee of the student body.

Surely it cannot be expected to do it all. The greater part of the literary articles of the paper should be the work of students not editors. It is a matter which concerns every individual student. A paper written altogether by the Board cannot be said to be a paper representative of the College. It represents rather what I am afraid is a narrow interest. Aside from the point of justice to overworked editors, the paper is much more likely to have true quality if the students all contribute. I have a fond theory that at the end of the Sophomore year one-half of a class and at the end of the Junior year three-fourths should be eligible to membership. "Get busy, fellows." The field to be covered is a wide one. If you cannot write poetry, try short stories, essays, criticisms, reviews; remember, anything, that interests you will interest some one else. You cannot be sure of your disability until you have tried every type of magazine article. "It's up to you." What are you going to do about it?

Res Collegii.

"A child's amang ge takin' notes, and faith, he'll prent it."—Burns.

On Saturday evening, Oct. 11th, the Rt. Rev. Edward M. Parker, D. D., Bishop Coadjutor of New Hampshire, lectured in Ludlow and Willink Hall, choosing "The Eastern Church" as his topic. This was the first of a series of lectures to be given throughout the year under the direction of the Dragon Club.

Bishop Parker preached Sunday, Oct. 12, at the late Eucharist.

The visit of a single bishop to the College is enough to give the students at this quiet spot excitement to last a week. Imagine then the excitement at Annandale on Saturday, October eighteenth, when five

bishops and a large number of deputies and friends from the General Convention visited the College and spent the day. The guests arrived at Barrytown at eleven-thirty by special train from New York, and were taken to the College in buses and automobiles and carriages loaned by some of our kindly neighbors. President and Mrs. Rodgers and Mrs. Upton received the guests in the Trustees' Room; then there was a short interval before lunch, affording some opportunity to see the grounds and buildings. Luncheon was served in the College dining-room, which looked unusually pretty, decorated with richly colored leaves and chrysanthemums. After luncheon, Presiding Bishop Tuttle, Bishop Olmstead of Colorado, Mr. Frederic C. Morehouse, Editor of the *Living Church*, and Mr. Clinton Rogers Woodruff, a trustee of the College, responded to requests to speak. Then the students sang a few St. Stephen's songs and the company went down to the football field. It had been expected that the Poughkeepsie High School team would come that afternoon for a game, but they disappointed us. Nevertheless a game was played between the "Crabs" and the "Lobsters," two teams made up from the College football squad. For those who did not care for football, a recital was given in the Chapel by Mr. Henri Glaeser, the College organist, upon the lately renovated and enlarged organ.

In the late afternoon the guests

went down to the home of our hospitable neighbors, Mr. and Mrs. John Jay Chapman, where tea was served. From this beautiful home they drove directly to the station and took the special train back to the city.

The weather throughout the day was almost perfect and the campus looked its best. The only blemish on an otherwise perfect day was the small number of those who came to enjoy it. We were glad, however, as always, to welcome back many old friends and to introduce to St. Stephen's many who we hope have become friends of the College.

On Sunday, Oct. 19, the Rt. Rev. William Andrew Leonard, D.D., was the preacher at the late Eucharist. It is with special interest that St. Stephen's heard Bishop Leonard, because he was a former student of the College. We all hope that we may hear him again.

On All Saints' Day it was our privilege to have with us Father Huntington of the Order of the Holy Cross. Fr. Huntington celebrated at the early Eucharist and preached at the late service. For these services we were able to use the remodeled chapel for the first time.

We also had the pleasure of having with us the benefactress whose generosity made possible the changes in the chapel.

On Saturday evening, Oct. 25th, the students held a masquerade in Preston Hall. Not more than half of those in attendance were masked, but some very original and a few rather startling costumes were displayed. The Middletown football team, which played here in the afternoon, was present and all declared the function to be "some class." It goes without saying that the students themselves, especially the new men, had a great time.

On Wednesday, Oct. 29th, the Glee Club sang informally at the Red Hook Lyceum in connection with a supper given by Christ Church. A number of the students accompanied the Club and enjoyed a splendid supper. The humorous

work of "Vic" and "Riley" featured, while Morse did fine work with an incidental solo in the Bedouin Song. The choruses were exceptionally good, and, on the whole, it was by far the best treat the Club has given our Red Hook neighbors.

The refereeing of Mr. Rahn in the Middletown game, and the work done by Morse, although he is in a new field, goes to show how much more interesting football can be when competent officials are in charge.

During the second half of the A. H. S. game, Referee Chaffee asked the umpire for the number of the "down" exactly twenty-eight times.

Editor's Letter Box.

Geneva, N. Y., Oct. 15. President Rodgers of St. Stephen's College will be among the prominent educators who will be present at the inauguration of Dr. Lyman P. Powell, former professor of business ethics at New York University, as president of Hobart College. The inauguration will take place on Friday and Saturday, Nov. 14th and 15th.

It is a well established precedent for all St. Stephen's men to rise when the Alma Mater is sung. This should not limit itself to the student body alone; it should include everyone. Let's show that we have that St. Stephen's spirit way to our very finger-tips. Pep! everybody, pep!

NOTE—If you have opinions to express, here is the place for them.—EDITOR.



Under the Lyre Tree.

"A jest's prosperity lies in the ear of him that hears it,
Never in the tongue of him that makes it."

—Shakespeare.

At this writing the date set for the Junior Dance is November twenty-first. However, there will be countless opportunities for class meetings before that date.

It has been recently discovered by an excavating tour of Greece by the American Society of P. O. P., that the ancient Greeks did *not* carry rifles. Another curious fact brought to light by the same expedition is that the Greek hoplite wore his breastplate on his breast. Most of the older historians agree that the breastplate was usually carried under the left arm.

From the N. Y. Times.

The fellow with money to burn doesn't have to go begging for a light.

It isn't every girl with a quiver in her voice who can draw a beau.

A man must be pretty thin to hide behind a woman's skirts nowadays.

"Big Bill" Edwards and the Street Cleaning Department of

New York City had nothing on Ned Ely and his "gang" the morning of Oct. 18. The celerity with which they snared apple cores and loose papers was remarkable.

G—y: "Say, who was that in the automobile? He used to go to school with me."

C—y: "Must have been the Truant Officer."

Senior, in Modern Phil—"Des Cartes was sure of only one thing, and that was that there is nothing certain in the world."

Student (translating)—"And he caressed the Prince twice——"

Prof.—"What's that? *You* can't know very much about it, or you wouldn't translate that way."

(Question: How did the Prof. know?)

"Smith has the kleptomania."

"Hard luck! Does he take anything for it?"

"Everything he comes across."

Football.

On a dark day, Saturday, October 11th, Albany High defeated the Varsity 9 to 6, at Zabriskie Field. The game was marred by constant protesting and the incompetent work of the referee, who, against his wishes, was pressed into service at the last moment when the sched-

uled official failed to appear. An ill-timed sounding of the referee's whistle robbed St. Stephen's of a touchdown, fully earned, and the victory. Kitts had gotten away cleanly and went over for the score only to be recalled by the whistle, which the official, in his over-anxiety, had blown too soon.

Capt. Nicholls and Quarterback Whitcomb didn't get into the game because of injuries and their absence was felt. For St. Stephen's, Wood, at tackle, and Kitts, Dumbell and Bennett, in the backfield, played a good game. Capt. Devine's work was noticeable, for Albany, his goal from placement being a remarkably well executed play.

SUMMARY OF THE GAME

Albany kicked off to St. Stephen's 18-yd. line and the ball was returned 17 yards. Dumbell and Bennett, on straight plays, made first down three times. On Albany's 20-yard line Bennett failed to gain, but a second try together with gains by Dumbell and Edwards placed the ball on Albany's 12-yard line. Albany was penalized here for offside and, holding Varsity for downs, secured the ball, and kicked. Bennett caught the ball but made no gain. Albany held but Dumbell intercepted a forward pass and Varsity started down the field. St. Stephen's backfield, working like a machine, marched on until Bennett placed the ball on Albany's half-yard line. Here Albany secured the ball and kicked. Two

unsuccessful forward passes and a 9-yard run by Kitts ended the first quarter. No score.

SECOND QUARTER

Albany's ball on her own 15-yard line. Two attempts at forward passes failed and on a third try, Wood got through and nailed the Albany fullback for a 10-yard loss. A poor kick resulted in Lamond falling on the ball behind Albany's goal: Score, S. S. 6, Albany 0.

Albany's ball on her own 20-yard line. With straight plays, first down was made but the visitors were penalized 5 yards for swearing. A forward pass netted first down, however, and a plunge through center another 10 yards. Failing here, Devine attempted to punt, but his kick was blocked and Wood fell on the ball. Dumbell and Kitts made first down. On the next play Bennett was knocked out but remained in the game. Albany held and secured the ball on downs. By a long forward pass and good running of the ends, Albany made first down twice only to lose the ball when Bierck intercepted a forward pass. St. Stephen's made first down on straight plays. On a shift formation, Kitts got away for a 40-yard run. Bennett made 3 yards through center and Kitts circled left end for a touchdown, only to be recalled by the referee's erring whistle. Albany held and having the ball on their own 40-yard line, kicked. Edwards and Bennett tried the Albany line without success and the half ended. Score: S. S. 6, Albany 0.

SECOND HALF.

St. Stephen's kicked off and immediately secured the ball again on downs. Here Kitts fumbled but recovered. Making no headway, Bennett kicked, going outside on Albany's 40-yard line. A forward pass gave Albany first down but a second try was intercepted by Kitts. Here a forward pass from Edwards to Bennett gained 50 yards, only to be brought back as incomplete. Varsity kicked. Albany failed on a forward pass but a good tackle by Alexander forced them to kick. St. Stephen's lost on downs and Albany by a series of forward passes reached striking distance of Varsity's goal. Devine kicked a perfect placement from St. Stephen's 40-yard line. With her old-time speed Varsity on three plays

made 55 yards but the quarter ended with the ball on Albany's 25-yard line. Score: S. S. 6, Albany 3.

FOURTH QUARTER.

Johnson intercepted a forward pass and Albany made first down, being penalized for offside, however. Failing to gain, Devine punted 50 yards. Alexander made 20 yards on a forward pass but Albany recovered a fumble and tried a pass, Kitts intercepting it. Albany got the ball on a kick on the 50-yd. line. The play surged back and forth until Dumbell and Lamond were laid out. Albany seemed to advance more steadily and went over for a touchdown from our 10-yard line. Devine missed goal. Score: Albany 9, S. S. 6. A few more plays ended the game with the ball in Albany's territory.

The line-up.

ST. STEPHEN'S		ALBANY
Hale (Act. Capt.)	L-End-R	Gallagher
Wood	Tackle	Blanchard
Bond	Guard	Lockwood
Lamond, Sanford	Center	Johnson
Williams	R-Guard-L	Fish
Gerould	Tackle	Tay'or, Purtchell
Bierck, Alexander	End	Perry
Edwards	Quarter	Toole
Bennett	Full	Devine, Capt.
Dumbell, Johns	L-Half-R	Hughes
Kitts	R-Half-L	DuBois

Referee: Chaffee (Colgate). Umpire: Morse (St. Stephen's).

Head Linesman, E. Whitcomb, (St. Stephen's).

Time: 12 and 15 minute periods.

Touchdowns, Lamond, Gallagher.

Goal from placement, Devine.

LOBSTERS 12—CRABS 2.

Poughkeepsie High was to have played Varsity Saturday, October 18th, but canceled the game at the last moment. In order not to disappoint the crowd who were present, Coach Whitten selected two teams from the squad and an interesting contest was staged.

For the Lobsters: Dumbell and Hale played the best game, Hale's handling of forward passes being a

feature. Bennett, Staller, and Richards played strongly for the Crabs. The play was largely in the Crab territory and whenever the Crabs uncovered a successful offense, after a few tries, the Lobsters would hold and secure the ball. The Crabs scored a safety on a bad pass for a kick. The game was described as one of the best seen on Zabriskie Field this year. The line-up.

LOBSTERS

CRABS

Hale	L-End-R	Small
Prime	Tackle	Gerould
Goostay	Guard	Ridgeway, Barr
Sanford	Center	Lamond
Hoffman	R-Guard-L	Bond
Williams	Tackle	Staller
Alexander, Smith	End	Richards
McAllister	Quarter	Edwards
Wood	Full	Bennett
Dumbell	L-Half-R	Johns
Bierck	R-Half-L	Kitts

Substitutes: Carthy, Gresham, Nisson, Charters, Bourne.

Referee: Nicholls (St. Stephen's). Umpire: Morse, (St. Stephen's).

Head Linesman: Coffin (St. Stephen's).

Time of periods: ten minutes.

ST. STEPHEN'S 30—MIDDLETOWN 0

Playing in a heavy downpour of rain and on Zabriskie Field, which was a veritable slough, owing to two successive days of rain Saint Stephen's defeated Middletown H. S. on Saturday, October 25th, by the score, 30 to 0. Despite the fact that the playing was slow and fumbles frequent, the game was replete with interesting features. Incased in a layer of mud an inch deep Coach Whitten's line, which

has been very slow in rounding into shape since the Hamilton game, consistently opened up big holes. Lamond at center repeatedly broke up plays before they were under way. He blocked punts and recovered fumbles with the regularity of a machine. Bierck, St. Stephen's diminutive end, followed the ball like a greyhound and was under almost every play. Captain Nicholls, in again for the first time in three weeks, played his usual confident,

dashing game. He repeatedly threw off tacklers and dashed down the field for long gains. In the second period on a queer formation he sped through an open field for 50 yards and a touchdown. Dumbell brilliantly made ground on skin tackle plays, ever using his head and following his interference. To the generalship of quarterback Whitcomb belongs much of the credit for the victory. In the first part of the game he used but straight line plunges, the logical style of play for a wet field and a slippery ball. But finding that Middletown's line always held in crises he reversed his tactics and opened up with a series of fake plays which completely bewildered the visitors.

For the Middletown team quarterback Shoemaker played a stellar game. He was the life of the backfield on the defense and punted extremely well.

SUMMARY OF GAME.

Saint Stephen's won the toss and chose to defend the south goal. Dickerson kicked to Dumbell who ran the ball to his own 25-yard line. On a series of line plunges by Dumbell, Kitts and Nicholls, St. Stephen's advanced the ball to Middletown's 15-yard line. On the next play Bierck was offside and St. Stephen's was penalized 5 yards. Whitcomb sped around end for 6 yards. Middletown held and secured the ball on her own 6-yard line. Shoemaker kicked to Nicholls. St. Stephen's rushed the ball to

Middletown's 25-yard line. Middletown took the ball on downs; Lamond blocked the kick but Middletown recovered the ball. Shoemaker kicked to Nicholls. Whitcomb threw a perfect pass to Bierck for 25 yards. Period ended with St. Stephen's in possession of the ball on Middletown's 32-yard line.

SECOND PERIOD.

St. Stephen's played line plunges and gained consistently, but Middletown held when their goal was in danger gaining the ball on her own 7-yard line. Lamond broke up Middletown's first play and Shoemaker kicked to Nicholls who ran the ball back 20 yards. Plunges by Kitts and Dumbell brought ball to Middletown's 9-yard line. Kitts fumbled on the 3-yard line and Middletown recovered the ball and kicked to Dumbell. St. Stephen's began her dash down the field using open play. Nicholls and Dumbell made long gains. Dumbell crossed the line for a touchdown. Score, St. Stephen's 6, Middletown 0. Nicholls failed at goal. St. Stephen's kicked to Gibbs who was downed in his tracks by Lamond.

Here Middletown made gains only to lose the ball to St. Stephen's in the center of the field on a fumble. Whitcomb again opened up with shift formations and Dumbell sped across for a touchdown. Score: St. Stephen's 12, Middletown 0.

SECOND HALF.

Dumbell kicked to Middletown. Bierck recovered a fumble for St. Stephen's. On a pass Nicholls ran

50 yards for a touchdown. Score, 18-0. Fuess went in for Hart at tackle. St. Stephen's kicked to Middletown but soon secured the ball and marched down the field. On a fake play, with end around, Bierck scored a touchdown. Score, S. S. C. 24, M. H. S. 0. S. S. C. kicked to M. H. S. and the ball saw-sawed up and down the field, S. S. always the aggressors. Period ended with ball in St. Stephen's possession on Middletown's 20-yard line.

FOURTH PERIOD.

St. Stephen's sent in substitutes:

The line-up.

S. S. C.	M. H. S.
Gerould.....	R. E.....Southwell
Williams.....	R. T.....Hart
Hoffman.....	R. C.....Sunderman
Lamond.....	C.....Lutes
Bond.....	L. G.....Marks
Prime.....	L. T.....Eilenberger
Bierck.....	L. E.....Moran
Whitcomb.....	Q. B.....Shoemaker
Nicholls.....	R. H.....Gibbs
Kitts.....	F. B.....Dickerson
Dumbell.....	L. H.....Kraemer

Referee: Mr. Rahn—Ursinus.

Umpire: Mr. Morse—S. S. C.

Headlinesman: Mr. Coffin.—S. S. C.

Time of periods: twelve and one-half minutes.

ST. STEPHEN'S 17—

WEBB ACADEMY 0.

Webb Academy, the New York college of Naval Architecture and Marine Engineering was defeated by the Varsity on Saturday, Nov. 1st, by the score, 17 to 0. The home team was outweighed but

Wood, right guard; Bennett, full back. On line plunges by Bennett St. Stephen's brought the ball in striking distance of Middletown's goal and sent Dumbell over for a touchdown. Score: S. S. C. 30, M. H. S. 0.

Substitutes began to pour onto the field for St. Stephen's—Edwards for Whitcomb, Gresham for Wood, Wood for Bennett, Richards for Bierck, Goostray for Prime. With a second team on the field S. S. C. rushed Middletown hard and game ended with ball in S. S.'s possession on Middletown's 3-yard line.

played a brilliant game in the first half, chiefly, offensive. In the second half Webb braced and advanced threateningly several times only to lose the ball whenever they were within striking distance of Varsity's goal. Quarterback Whitcomb showed good judgment and ran away with

the visitors early in the contest. His clever mixing up of various open formations took the Webb men off their feet.

Capt. Nicholls, Dumbell and Bennett played their usual good game behind the line. Hale handled difficult forward passes with apparent ease and was responsible for several long gains. Dumbell, Nicholls, and Prime were put out of the game because of injuries but the first two were able to return. Prime is rounding into shape a bit more slowly. Webb used straight football throughout, Clemmons and Hargen being their ground gainers. The former especially played a hard, fast, game.

THE SUMMARY.

Bennett kicked off for Varsity and when Academy fumbled in returning the ball, Varsity made first down on Webb's 40-yard line. As the line held, quarterback Whitcomb ran the ends for 15 yards. A plunge by Bennett and a forward pass to Hale put the ball 10 yards from Webb's goal. A trick formation and Dumbell went over for a touchdown and Bennett kicked goal, Score: St. Stephen's 7, Webb 0.

The ball remained in Webb's territory the rest of the quarter.

SECOND PERIOD.

St. Stephen's ball on Webb's 30-yard line. Straight plays put the ball on Webb's 12-yard line and Capt. Nicholls dropped back for a perfect drop kick from a difficult angle. Score: St. Stephen's 10, Webb 0.

Williams received Webb's kick-off but fumbled and Prime recovered the ball. A consistent line attack advanced the ball and Nicholls shot around left end for the second touchdown. Bennett kicked goal. Score: Varsity 17, Webb 0.

Kitts was substituted for Dumbell. Bennett kicked off and Webb started up the field in good style. Bennett recovered a fumble on Varsity's 38-yard line, and when Webb held, Varsity kicked.

THIRD PERIOD.

Webb kicked off. Whitcomb, Bennett, Kitts and Bierck advanced the ball steadily. Finally Academy held and Bennett's kick went outside, being put in play on the 20-yard line. Webb made first down twice and St. Stephen's held. Bierck caught a forward pass for 30 yards, but Varsity was penalized for holding. Bierck now made 15 yards around end. Webb held, however and Bennett kicked. The visitors now by steady line bucks, made constant progress to our 25-yard line, when the whistle blew. Score: St. Stephen's 17, Webb 0.

FOURTH PERIOD.

Webb's ball on our 25-yard line. A successful forward pass and Webb was penalized 20 yards for holding. Varsity secures the ball but loses it on downs. Clemmons, for the visitors, gained repeatedly and carried the ball to our 15-yard line. Varsity held. Kitts was replaced by Nicholls, Bierck by Dumbell. Nicholls rushed the ball to mid-field but was forced to kick. Ed-

wards went in for Hoffman. The Nicholls made a try for a field goal play surged back and forth. One but failed. The game ended with minute before the end of the game, the ball on Varsity's 30-yard line.

The line-up.

ST. STEPHEN'S

WEBB ACADEMY

Gerould.....	R-End-L.....	Karr
Williams, Goostray.....	Tackle.....	Van Ripper
Hoffman, Edwards.....	Guard.....	Curtiss
Lamond.....	Center.....	Noyes
Bond.....	L-Guard-R.....	Jennison
Prime, Wood.....	Tackle.....	Simmonds
Hale.....	End.....	Smith, Wells
Whitcomb.....	Quarter.....	Warren (Capt.)
Bennett.....	Full.....	Hargan
Nicholls (Capt.) }	R-Half-L.....	Austin
Bierck, Nicholls }		
Dumbell, Kitts.....	L-Half-R.....	Clemons

Touchdowns: Dumbell, Nicholls.

Goals from touchdowns: Bennett (2).

Goal from field: Nicholls.

Referee: Morse (St. Stephen's).

Umpire: Fittelle (N. Y. U.).

Head Linesman: Coffin (St. Stephen's).

Time of quarters: 12½ and 15 minutes.

IT IS with satisfaction that I seize this opportunity to inform the friends of the little college on the Hudson of the spirited and therefore successful effort we have made to mold a football team which should be a credit to the institution.

I have said spirited effort. By that I mean not simply the spirit of determination exhibited by the team, nor yet the spirit of coöperation shown by the authorities in making a team possible, but the student body's splendid attitude in dropping all fraternal and indi-

vidual differences, and gathering together under the ensign of the college. That is the spirit which made success possible. In that spirit and only in that spirit can we hope to be at our best in the future.

I have said successful effort, and although I agree with you that it might have been more successful, yet, when we compare it with past achievements, it is, to say the least, gratifying. To date we have played five games, in every case being outweighed by our opponents. We have suffered two defeats (neither of which should cause a blush)

and we have to our credit three victories. That does not seem to be a great success, but when we total points we find that we have scored fifty-nine points to our opponents' thirty-five. Thus, with but one

THE editors of the MESSENGER have asked for a critical survey of the football situation in college from the view-point of the management. It is a difficult task to give a well-worked-out criticism on the season, whether favorable or adverse, before its completion, but there are one or two points that can perhaps be brought out as well now as later. I think that I am safe in saying that on the whole the season has been a success, even though the outcome of the final game with Middlebury College is still an open question. We have been playing the first real season in years with a squad that, at the beginning of this fall, knew practically nothing of the game beyond what could be learned in two short weeks last year and two equally short ones last spring. And while it is true that the real success of a season ought scarcely to be measured by the number of victories or defeats, it is a source of satisfaction to know that we have won a reasonable proportion of our games and lost none by too high scores.

However, we can make no greater mistake than that we should be so busy passing compliments about ourselves that we should fail to observe our faults and correct them.

more game to be played we find ourselves comfortably in the lead and the crimson team ready to meet Middlebury with the spirit of confidence and fight.

Harold D. Nicholls, Captain, '13.

It is for that reason that I propose to offer one or two adverse criticisms not to discourage, but rather to arouse each one to renewed effort to make for this college such a name in the athletic world as she is already making for herself in the academic world. There is no doubt that every man on the squad has worked hard when at practice and no one who has witnessed the daily scrimmages or the actual games can doubt that the old St. Stephen's fighting spirit is still with us. And yet the records show an irregularity in attendance at practice which must be done away with if the best results are to be obtained. The triviality of many of the excuses offered for occasional absences from practice would indicate that there are many on the squad, and particularly on the scrubs, who, however much they may really have the interests of the college at heart, do not yet realize the necessity of absolute regularity in attendance both for the sake of the individual and of the team. Football, like other forms of collegiate activity, to be successfully carried on, must be treated as a serious business. The man who comes out for the squad must make up his mind to devote his time during the season almost

exclusively to two things—his studies and football. I believe that if everyone would do this, he would feel the better for it mentally and physically, and the success of football in this institution would be assured.

But it is difficult to build up an enthusiastic and devoted squad without the backing of a student body who are willing to show some interest at other times than when games are being played. In many respects we have such a body, and, generally speaking, the spirit shown by the students of this college has been fine. The action of the fraternities in putting off pledging until the close of the season, the prompt and hearty response of every man to the appeal for additional funds for the Middlebury trip, and finally the excellent attendance at every home game, all these things are illustrations of the sort of spirit that we are building up here. There is but one adverse criticism that I would make of the student body as a whole, and even that is made more

in the nature of a suggestion than of a criticism. You are not taking enough interest in the *routine* work of the squad. The number of non-playing students who are out at practice even for a few minutes every day to observe the progress of the squad, to encourage them in their work, and to keep track of the attendance is too small. Think it over, and I am sure that you will agree that an improvement in this respect will have an excellent effect on the progress of the squad.

In conclusion, let me reiterate what I said at the beginning of this article—the season has been a success. There is room for improvement, of course, and I have tried to show two ways, at least, in which improvement can be made. Nevertheless, the spirit in the college is what it ought to be, and with such a spirit I am confident that the future is a bright one and fraught with much that will bring satisfaction to every loyal St. Stephen's man.

Edgar L. Sanford, Manager, '13

Alumni and Former Students.

'76—The Rev. D. L. Sanford, diocesan Missionary of Vermont, whose son Edgar is a junior in St. Stephen's, visited the college September the nineteenth.

'87—The Rev. John W. Hyslop, rector of St. Mark's, Aberdeen, South Dakota, has declined a call to the rectorship of Christ Church, Lead, South Dakota.

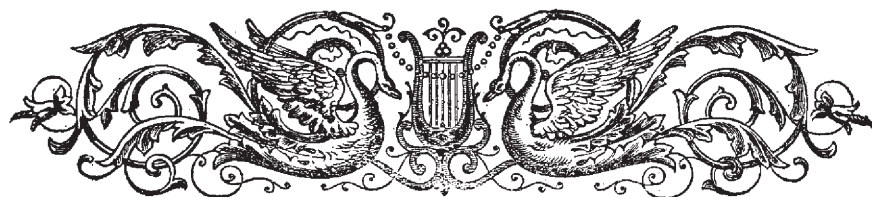
'80—The Rev. C. C. Kramer, rector of Trinity Church, Marshall, Texas, has been unable to serve as a clerical deputy in the General Convention on account of his recent severe illness. He had, however, sufficiently recovered to resume his parochial work on Sunday, October 19.

'80—The Rev. Henry Chamberlaine, having entered upon his duties at the Memorial Church of St. Mary the Virgin, should be addressed, Chappaqua, Westchester county, New York.

It is announced that the vestry of Holy Trinity Church, West Chester, Pennsylvania, has called,

in succession to the Rev. Dr. Arthur Rogers, the Rev. John Mills Gilbert, rector of St. Paul's Church, Harrisburg, Pennsylvania.

The Rev. David McDonald has accepted a call to the Church of the Epiphany, N. Y. City, where he took up his work as assistant early in September.



TO EACH AND EVERY ONE

The Management of this Magazine, in the interest of S. Stephen's College, begs to thank all those whose advertisements appear in the pages following, for the generous and cordial financial assistance represented therein.

To the Students and Friends of S. Stephen's College the management of this Magazine desires to urge the same generous spirit of patronage that this advertising warrants, and without which the wheels of industry would become badly cloyed.

It would be one of those small, particular things that count for so much to mention that you know the advertisement is here in rendering your homage.

THANKS!

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CUT GLASS**

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For Wedding Anniversary
or Holiday Gifts

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Dr. W. E. Traver

Graduate Dental Surgeon

Office at Red Hook

over Aucock's Grocery Store

ERWIN SMITH

**Fancy Groceries and
Tobaccos**

ANNANDALE POST OFFICE

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ANNANDALE-ON-HUDSON, N. Y.

Go Ahead!

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OPERA HOUSE

Poughkeepsie N. Y.

Get acquainted with

**"The Saltford
Flower Shop"**

Poughkeepsie New York

[She will appreciate it]

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ART SHOP

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You'll spend many a pleasant day in

MILLER'S SHOES

The real man style of them and
their splendid comfort make them
friends indeed.

PETER MILLER & SONS

"House of Better Shoes"

131 MAIN STREET

Poughkeepsie N. Y.

Encourage home trade

**Buy it at AUCOCK'S
RED HOOK**

**Rugs, Curtains,
Couch Covers**

WARNER'S BARBER SHOP

10 Barbers No waiting
Manicurist Bootblack

263 Main Street

Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

THE COLLEGE STORE

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College Stationery
Students' Supplies

E. L. SANFORD

SAFE!

**THE NAT. BANK
OF RED HOOK**

We Want Your Trade

SEWELL F. CANN

REGISTERED PHARMACIST

The REXALL Store

RED HOOK N. Y.

Wm. T. Reynolds & Co.

Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

WHOLESALE GROCERS

Shippers of

Flour, Feed and Grain

PROPRIETORS OF

Perfect Brand Canned Goods, Dutchess
Brand Can'd Goods, Rose Bud and Pon
Honor Brand Teas and Coffee, Fleur de
Lis Brand Table Condiments

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10-12 Liberty St. Poughkeepsie

High-Grade Work and Prompt Service



Mention "THE MESSENGER" when you buy

Mention "THE MESSENGER"



Society Brand Clothes

YOU know how important good clothes are; better choose yours where there are none but good ones to choose from. Your style, color and size here.

Society Brand Clothes

have that "class" and "dash" that the young man desires.

WM. S. BEDELL

363-365 Main Street

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EVERY FLAVOR MEETS WITH FAVOR

SCHRAUTH'S ICE CREAM

FOR ALL OCCASIONS

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POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y.

E. MILLER

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ANNANDALE-ON-HUDSON

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Dealer in

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Baseball and Tennis Goods

Athletic and Gymnasium Supplies
Knives, Razors, Fishing Tackle, Etc.
Spalding Sweaters, Peck & Snyder
and "Klipper Klub" Skates

354 Main St., Po'keepsie, N. Y.

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RED HOOK

N. Y.

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