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The Messenger

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CLOTHES AND THE MAN

Did you ring, sir?

"Yes," answered the person thus addressed, "you will order breakfast to be served here, and bring me the morning paper. Now be quick."

"Yes, sir"—and the boy disappeared.

James Halloway arose from the chair in which he had been sitting and walked to the window. There he stood for a moment looking down in the busy thoroughfare, crowded and teeming with life and bustle. He turned back to the table.

"A devil of a hole for a man to be in," he granted. "Here I am without a cent of money but enough to tip the boy—d—n little he'll get too—and to buy a shave. How in the name of common sense I'm going to put over that mine deal without presenting a respectable appearance, I'll be d—d if I know."

His musings were interrupted by the return of the boy with breakfast. "Put it on the table," he murmured indifferently.

The boy did so, and then waited.

"Nothing more now boy, I'll call later. What you waiting for? Oh!" and a smile came over his face, "here take this." A dime fell on the table.

The boy gave an indignant shrug; picked up the coin and withdrew. Halloway fell with gusto upon the meal.

To look upon this young man, one would say he had not a care in the world. His features were clean cut and a smile played around the corners of his mouth continually. Six months ago, indeed, this had been the case, but now things were far different.

Six months ago he had been a rich man; today he was a pauper. At the age of twenty-one a fortune had fallen to him which he proceeded to lose immediately on stock exchange. "A little now and then," he said to himself, "will make no difference, I'm bound to win in the long run." But he did not win, and the little grew into lumps and the lumps into enormously large piles, and still he plunged.

At last one sad, sad day his bankers told him he no longer had credit. Then came the great problem of how to keep his true financial standing from becoming known to his friends. It was a serious problem, and cost him no little worry. There was Jack Haledon, his chum. What would he do? It
was simply impossible to let him know the truth. Jack also was in misfortune, but he was a good sort in spite of the fact that old Stephen Haledon had disinherited him and turned him out on the streets a beggar. Some day Jack might be received again in the paternal abode, and then the friendship might bear some substantial returns, for old "Steph." was wealthy.

So he reasoned with himself, and having come to that conclusion, kept the secret buried in his breast. And meanwhile he lived from hand to mouth. It cost him no little pain to part with his old home, but it had to be done. So he sold it to the highest bidder and started out to begin life.

At that point it seemed as though fortune was again to favor him. An uncle died and left him a piece of property in the west. Visions of orange groves, wheat fields, apple orchards, rose before his mind's eye; and he set out for the west in high spirits. What he had expected to find, however, proved to be only a barren, mountainous ranch of little more than a hundred acres. Feeling the sting of hopeless defeat and utterly discouraged he settled down to just exist, as he sarcastically put it. His personal property went to keep him going. He even sacrificed his clothing until he had only one suit left to wear.

That was four months ago. To-day he was again in New York in much better spirits. His ranch had proven to be a gold mine. Here was his opportunity, if ever, he reasoned to become rich. But how to secure the funds to start work? That was the puzzling question. One day, however, he bethought himself of old "Steph." Here was the chance to get money if only he could get up nerve enough and sufficient finances to carry it through. He communicated the good news and his intentions to Jack; but there was no reply. Halloway wondered at this and finally consoled himself with the thought that Jack was probably away. A few days later he started to the city on his quest.

"I wonder what a man does," said Halloway to himself as he pushed his chair back from the table. "when he wants to make an impression and has nothing with which to do it. If I go up to see Stephen Haledon Esq. tonight I've got to dress up to my mark. And what's this? Is all I have—" fingering the threadbare business suit he wore—"and I wouldn't ever get past the butler in such, let alone entering the sanctum sanctorum itself!"

He arose from his chair and began to pace around the room. If only he could get some good clothes. But he had no credit and so that was not to be thought of. It seemed as though all his future hung on a suit of clothes. Buy, beg, steal were all the same to him provided he could dress for the part. He would need, he felt sure, all the nerve and assistance he could get if he would convince Haledon that his proposition was safe. There must be no signs of poverty; no indication of failure. He must play the role of a rich mine owner who considers himself as doing you a favor when he asks you to sink your money in his proposition. Such were the thoughts which assailed Halloway as he walked back and forth. Finally however, he gave up the struggle, and with a shrug sat down to read the morning paper. Let things come out as they would; they were not to be bettered by worry.

So the long day dragged itself to a weary end and still Halloway was no nearer a solution of the problem. During the day, he had visited the large furnishing stores with the same result—refusal. Somehow, the tell-tale news had leaked out and his name was on the list of "poor payers". About four in the afternoon, he dragged a body weary in limb and mind to a cheerless room. Fortune had sailed away and left him a shipwrecked man. The opportunity which had been so near his reach had suddenly vanished. All was darkness.

As he was thus rapidly sinking himself into a slough of despondency, there suddenly came a rap at the door. Halloway started as though he had been shot.

"Come in," he called.
A messenger boy entered.
"Mr James Halloway?" he asked.
"The same," came the reply.
"A package for you, sir."
"For me? Sure there can be no mistake?"
"None, sir, your name is on the box."
"Well I'll be hung. I wonder who could have been so kind." Then to the boy—"All right, leave it and if you find out the mistake come back."
"Very well, sir. Good-day."
"Good day."
Halloway turned to the window with a low whistle.
"Now I wonder who in Sam Hill can—but why wonder, James, my boy? Why not take a look?"
He picked up the package and tore off the wrappings. Then he placed it on the bed and lifted the cover.
"Well I'll be d—" he exclaimed as he drew forth a full-dress coat. A vest and trousers followed. "Now who the devil can have done this, I wonder. It seems to me—"
A rap at the door interrupted him.
"Come in," he called.
A second messenger entered.
"A package for Mr. James Halloway."
"I am he. Put it down. No charge."
"None."
"All right."
The messenger gone, Halloway picked up this package and opened it. A pair of shoes lay within.

“Well I’m either crazy or someone else is,” he exclaimed. “Luck sure is coming my way. They’re not mine, that’s sure, but—why, by Jove, why not wear them to-night? The very thing. I’ll do it even if it means jail.”

A little later a third messenger came with two more packages. These contained an overcoat, ties, socks, shirts, and so forth.

Half an hour later saw him dressed in evening clothes, and in the best of spirits. He felt a new man, and as he placed the plans in his pocket, a chuckle of satisfaction shook his frame. Now he felt he could plead his cause before the most hard-headed of financiers. Confidence in himself grew stronger and stronger as he neared the home of Stephen Haledon.

It was a matter of no great difficulty for him to gain access to the money king’s presence. He was given a courteous welcome and told to sit down. For something over an hour the two were closeted in earnest consultation; and when, at last, James Halloway came forth, his step was blithe and his heart was light. As he ran down the steps he stroked the pocket of his coat in which was tucked away a check for five thousand and a promise for more. He hurried home, whistling a merry tune as he swung along.

When he at last reached his hotel, he threw off his coat, lit a cigar, and settled down comfortably to think and plan. He wondered who could have loaned the clothes; who could have taken such a vital interest in his welfare. Then his thoughts wandered to the mine, and he revolved plans over and over again.

His meditations were cut short, however, by the bell-boy who came with the information that he was wanted on the “phone.” He hurried down stairs and placed the receiver to his ear.

“Hello!” he shouted. “This is Halloway, yes. Mr. Haledon? You wish me right away. All right. Will be right over. Good-bye.”

He hurried up stairs and put on his coat. In less than fifteen minutes he was at the Haledon home. The old man opened the door.

“Sorry to trouble you,” he said, “but my long lost son Jack has just been brought home—home, thank God—with a few bad bruises. He wants to see you on important business. Didn’t know you were fast friends. Go right up stairs. He’s in the room to the right, first floor.

Halloway ran up; and as he did so, he heard Haledon senior murmur, as he entered the library, “Thank God! Thank God!”

“Hello! Jimmy, my boy,” shouted Haledon junior as Halloway burst into the room. “Glad t’see you. That’s all right, let me talk—” as Halloway was about to speak. “Just wanted to tell you that I sent those clothes up to your place. They were intended for myself. Had no money so got them in your name at Stoppers. Your credit was good, mine not. Intended to be at the hotel to take them before they reached you. Forgive me.”

“Forgive you? You’re a brick. Why, do you know—” The conversation continued for an hour or so longer.

Wm. J. Gage, ’14

A “BURNS” CASE

In a flurry of snow and a bleak chill wind, Patrolman O’Neil glanced at his watch as he moved slowly along nearly deserted Mott street. It was after mid-night. Indoors, Chinatown was still very much alive. As he stomped the snow from his feet, there stood out clearly on the snow covered side walk before him, spots of blood mingled with footprints. O’Neil, suspicious at once, followed them to the curb-stone where they disappeared. He looked up to see a taxi vanish in the distance. Turning about he traced the footprints to the threshold of Man Chu’s den, a notorious Chinatown resort. He entered quickly and was met by Man Chu himself.

“What are these?” the policeman asked pointing to the still fresh blood clots upon the floor.

“Oh! Man cut-a-his hand,” the Chinaman answered very calmly.

“I guess I’ll look around a little,” said O’Neil. And he walked about from room to room. The smell of opium smoke was still noticeable, but, except for a few Oriental attendants, there were no people to be found.

“Where are your customers, Man Chu?"

“No like blood,—they go—”

“Where did the man go?”

For an answer the Chinaman led the way to a private alcove, separated from the rest of the establishment by a wooden partition draped with heavy silks and other Chinese furnishings. To O’Neil the blood stained floor was the only thing worthy of note. He was entirely unaware of the close scrutiny with which the Chinaman watched his every movement. Satisfied with Man Chu’s explanation he left, without noticing the Chinaman’s cunning smirk and the clenched fist which he shook defiantly after him.

“Oh!” thought O’Neil, “I wonder if this belongs to the good looking lady whose face I saw a little while ago in the taxi window,” as he stooped over to pick up a diamond studded buckle lying in the gutter in front of Man Chu’s den. The jewels formed the letter S.

“I guess that’ll bring a good reward,” muttered the policeman as he pocketed the jewel and resumed his beat.
The next morning "extras" were published, announcing the death of James S. Burke, president of the National Marine Bank. He had been found dead in his bed. It was said that he died as the result of heart failure.

The morning after the funeral, the widow of that great bank's late president, sat alone in her library. She was quite composed though restless at times. She had no children to comfort her and felt her husband's death with all the love of a devoted wife. She was gazing blankly at the morning paper when she heard announced Detective Burns.

"Good morning, Mr. Burns," she said cordially, extending her hand, "I'm so glad you've come. I was afraid you might be busy or out of town and I want your help about something which has caused me no little anxiety."

"You are puzzled about something?" and the detective settled back comfortably in an arm chair.

"Yes, it's about my husband. There are certain things in connection with his death which are a mystery to me. Last night—"

"Pardon me," interrupted Burns, "But suppose we start at the beginning and don't be afraid to mention any details, Mrs. Burke, for they are very often important."

"Of course—How stupid of me! Well, to begin with, you know Mr. Burke was very conscientious in his duties at the bank. His methods were always conservative. Recently, a Japanese importing company applied to the bank authorities for a large loan. All the other officers of the bank were in favor of loaning the money, but Mr. Burke was strongly opposed to it, believing it to be an unsound venture. Men of the business world had great faith in my husband's judgment, but the demands for a loan were so urgent that Mr. Burke finally called a meeting of the bank directors."

"How long ago was this?"

"It was three weeks ago today, I'm quite certain. Since then there have been numerous meetings of this kind. I could see that the affair was causing him no little apprehension. I feared friction between Mr. Burke and the directors. But he is the kind who rarely mentions business at home and, not knowing any of his business associates, I was forced to remain in ignorance for he refused to discuss the affair at home with me. These meetings were always in the evening. Other evenings of late he went to his Club 'to talk business there,' he said. It was always after midnight when he returned. As you may know, he had a very weak heart and—well, we had always been very devoted to each other, Mr. Burns, and besides being anxious for his health, it hurt me to think that this business trouble had made him, er,—had changed his attitude towards me. The last few evenings he had been out he hardly spoke a word to me when he returned,—I always sat up for him. Last night when he returned about one o'clock, I was reading in my bed room, adjoining his. He was deathly pale, very nervous, and I thought him ill, but he answered rather harshly to the contrary. I asked if they had come to a decision about the loan. He said, 'What loan? Oh! Lord, no, no, they haven't'—which seemed very strange to me. I was startled to see a large blood stain on his shirt sleeve as he began to undress."

"Pardon me, which sleeve?" the detective interrupted.

"Why the right one, I'm sure it was. I thought perhaps he had had a nose bleed—quite unusual for him—but he said not and then said that he did, but that it wasn't a very bad one. On retiring I tried to dismiss troubled thoughts, and believe he was only very tired and upset by business. But in the night I awoke with a start. My husband was talking—almost screaming. I jumped out of bed but his voice was so unnatural that I stopped. I could not hear all that he said, but it was evident that he was talking in his sleep. He said in, oh! such a wild tone, 'Oh! Oh! why did I did I do it? Why? Frances'—I distinctly heard that name—. I rushed in and turned on the light. He was sitting up in bed. His face had the most terrible expression. He awoke and said he had been having an awful dream. Well, Mr. Burns, as you know, we found him dead the next morning. Now isn't that strange?"

His reply was a question. "Did you notice any thing unusual in your husband's actions or habits previous to this loan affair?"

"Yes, for two or three weeks before, I noticed that at times he was less affectionate than usual."

"I shall have to be frank, Mrs. Burke. What were his habits?"

"Very temperate, I assure you. He never even drank."

"Thank you for being so explicit. I shall return after I have seen the officers and directors of the bank. By the way, are you acquainted with any of them?" he asked, stepping to the door.

"No, I am not, Mr. Burns. My husband and I were not at all socially inclined. But do—do you think his business affairs had anything to do with his—"

"I shall," he interrupted, "be back tomorrow about this time. Doubtless we shall have a clearer focus of the matter."

That same afternoon, Detective Burns was writing busily in his office, when a subordinate entered.

"The trustees," he began, "of the National Marine Bank, sir, have not had a meeting for over two weeks, when they decided, finally, not to loan the money to that Jap Company."

"That's interesting. Now find out if the late president Burke had any other business difficulties." And Burns resumed his writing.
His man was quick to return.

"The only thing that has happened out of the ordinary is the fact that the late president's stenographer failed to show up the morning he was found dead. She sent word she was ill and they thought nothing of it at the bank."

"What's her name?" demanded Burns.

"Miss Frances Sanborn. And she's a stunner too, I saw her," the other added with a smile as Burns dismissed him.

A policeman entered.

"Well, O'Neill, you here again. What's up?"

"A damned strange thing happened down on Mott Street," he replied slowly.

"Well, out with it," said the detective impatiently.

"So strange, that the Chief has sent me to report it to you," continued O'Neill.

He then told about the bloody foot-prints which he had traced to Man Chu's den four days previously.

"By the way, O'Neill," inquired Burns, "Whose body was that reported found so mysteriously this morning? It's in the 'extra,' is it?"

With this remark, Burns left the office, and, purchasing an "extra," went immediately to the bank. With this accumulation of evidence, the great detective was prepared to take chances.

"Miss Sanborn? Yes, I'm from the Mutual Life Insurance Company as you see by my card. Mrs. Burke wishes me to look over her late husband's insurance papers. Rather sad about Mr. Burke."

"Yes," she answered. "He was a splendid man."

On the president's desk she spread out the desired policies, whereupon Burns seated himself with an apology for his interruption.

"Perhaps you'd like to read this extra?" he said, handing her the paper.

Burns glanced up from his papers to find her, as he expected, on the verge of tears.

"Oh! Oh!" she exclaimed, growing very pale and burying her face in her hands.

The detective's heart melted. "It's a shame such a pretty creature should be mixed up in an affair like this," he thought. Aloud—

"Do you know the unfortunate fellow?"

"Why, yes," she sobbed.

"Do you recognize this?" he said, showing her the buckle with the studded S.

She trembled and half shrieked, half whispered. "Who are you, any way?"

"Please compose yourself, Miss Sanborn. This is my real card."

"Oh," she cried.

"But I am your friend," he continued, very quietly. "Now tell me, what happened the night before Mr. Burke died?"

"How, how did you—"

"Please be calm, Miss Sanborn. It is to your advantage."

"I'll tell," she began with great effort, "Mr. Burke made love to me. He, he, spent many evenings with me. Oh! I knew I oughtn't to go. He didn't wish us to be seen together, so we went to Chinatown. That awful night, Bob, the one in that "extra," with whom I had just broken my engagement, well, he met us at Man Chu's den. Oh! he had such a fierce look in his eyes when he first saw us together there. I guess there was a fight but I ran and jumped into our taxi. I hardly slept and the next—"

"Yes, I know the rest, thank you. Now please be quiet for a moment. Miss Sanborn while I 'phone. . . . Is this Mrs. Burke? This is Mr. Burns. I wanted to tell you that you need not worry any more about the manner and circumstances of your husband's death. It was a natural death, undoubtedly heart failure . . . I'll call this evening if you like."

He arose to go, "Miss Sanborn, I'm sorry you had to be mixed up in this. I hope it will be a lesson. Good afternoon."

"Thank you," she sighed softly.

S. W. Hole

Commentarii Observatoris

As I sat in my room not many days ago wondering at the delicate landscapes traced on the window by Jack Frost, there flashed through my mind this line: "No rarer, daintier work than his was ever done by the frost." When reflection gave no satisfactory answer to the question of the origin of this lone line, I turned to my "Commentarii" and scanned the pages for enlightenment. I discovered the following poem of unknown authorship jotted down. I repeat it because the thought of the golden crown seems to be especially appropriate for the members of a College whose motto is, "Esto fidelis usque ad mortem et dabo tibi coronam vitae."

THE TAPESTRY WEAVERS

Let us take to our heart a lesson—no lesson can braver be—
From the ways of the tapestry weavers on the other side of the sea;
Above their heads the pattern hangs, they study it with care;
While their fingers deftly work, their eyes are fastened there;
They tell this curious thing, besides, of the patient, plodding weaver, He works on the wrong side evermore, but works for the right side ever. It is only when the weaving stops, and the web is loosed and turned, That he sees his real handiwork—that his marvelous skill is learned; Ah, the sight of its delicate beauty, how it pays him for all his cost; No rarer, daintier work than his was ever done by the frost. Then the master bringeth him golden hire, and giveth him praise as well And how happy the heart of the weaver is, so tongue but his own can tell. The years of man are the looms of God, let down from the place of the sun, Wherein we are weaving alway till the mystic web is done; Weaving blindly, but weaving surely, each for himself his fate: We may not see how the right side looks, we can only weave and wait; But looking above for the pattern, no weaver need have fear, Only let him look clear into heaven—the Perfect Pattern is there; If he keeps the face of our Saviour forever and always in sight, His toil shall be sweeter than honey, his weaving is sure to be right. And when his task is ended, and the web is turned and shown, He shall hear the voice of the Master, it shall say to him, “Well done!” And the white-winged angels of heaven to bear him thence come down, And God for his wages shall give him—not coin, but a golden crown. —Anon

CONVICTION

CONVICTION has universally been regarded as one of the most desirable qualities that a man may possess. A man of strong character, indeed, without conviction is well-nigh an impossibility. The great figures in the work of the world have all been men of firm convictions, whether right or wrong. They stand out in clear view by their steadfast adherence to their convictions: they thought them, they spoke them, they acted them. On account of their strength of character accruing therefrom, on account of what they made of themselves, and accomplished in the world and for the world, they have been looked up to and emulated.

In the light of these considerations, what part should conviction play in the life of a student at college? What part does it, in fact, play in the life of a student at college? Of course, it must be postulated that there can be no compromising as to the fundamentals of right and wrong; on these there has always to be firm conviction in order to be in the right personally, and by influence to be on the side of right. But as regards those hundreds of questions about which there has always been debate, and particularly the great problems of the past and present, and the course of the future, is it in the province of the average student, is it in his power to take sides, to hold convictions one way or the other, and especially to give utterance to them? The observed fact that they do take sides, and put forth their convictions, does by no means declare, therefore, the usefulness or expediency of the practice. On the contrary, it appears to be highly impractical at least for the college man to “air” his personal convictions, held so firmly on various matters without sure evidence and experience. The life of nearly every student attests to this statement. And, moreover, the average college man in his inexperience is not at all fitted to form convictions of any worth. Conviction, then, should play but a small part in the life of a collegian.

But what part does it actually play in the thoughts and consequent actions of the college man? Roughly, college students can be divided into two classes: those who realize that many of their convictions are not founded on evidence, and who can no longer believe in them; and those who never do realize while in college that their dearest convictions are absolutely worthless, having no enduring foundation. The former class by means of the enlightening influence of a college education lay the broad and lasting foundation, on which convictions may be built; the latter class, on the other hand, unfortunately neglects this opportunity. Instead, almost unconsciously, the convictions of these individuals become an object of worship to them—convictions most often arising out of youthful ideals, gone wrong.

Let us look into the progress of an individual student belonging in the first class. Before he is long resident at his college, he observes that what he deemed were his most cherished convictions are but beliefs resulting from his education prior to entering college, from the environment in which he has lived, and from the resultant habits of thought to which he has fallen heir. Of course, his old convictions die hard. But he does not lose faith, when his youthfully wrought air-castles collapse. We need have no concern over his future. With the facts which he is storing in his mind during his college days, and with all the broadening influences there at work, he has it in his power and right, when he leaves college, to hold convictions about matters on which men differ.

And yet this man ceases not to be a learner. From experience, and from habits formed in college of looking for good in the opinions of others, he has his mind always open to conviction. As in his days in college, so in his days out of college, he is a seeker after truth and reality in so far as he is capacitated thereto. The process of forming convictions and opinions does not stop with the receiving of the diploma. He who does so is in almost as unfortunate a plight as he who clings to the convictions of youth as though they were truth.

But what about the student falling into the other class? Unfortunately for him the collapse of his youthful fancies does not take place until sometime after he leaves college. At that time the crash is all the greater, be-
cause by his adherence to the convictions of his youth during the four years of a college course he has strengthened them the more in his own mind. As a result very seldom is he sufficiently strong in character to build up anew, for whatever strength of character he had, depended upon his perished convictions. Should the collapse never occur in after life, nevertheless this man is greatly handicapped in attaining success, no matter in what light success may be viewed. In addition, he presents the sad spectacle of a man centered in himself, intolerant, and seeing no good or use in the opinions and convictions of his fellow-men, who in turn shun, scorn, and finally pity him.

The life of this student in college is simply a foretaste of his after life. His belief in his convictions gradually becomes a passionate worship and love of them which soon reaches an unreasonable state. His real purpose in coming to college falls into the background; to him the four years of college education are just one more obstacle to the spread of his convictions (unhappily he is not constituted to foresee the oncoming distress of the future), and those who do not incline to his viewpoint are those who "won't listen to reason." Moreover, all the time there is resulting from his devotion to his convictions an increasing narrowness and intolerance, which becomes decidedly obnoxious to his fellow-students, and stands him in no good. The very aim for which the college exists, namely to broaden the mental viewpoint and increase the intellectual capacities of those within its walls, comes to naught on account of the attitude of this man. In a word the college leaves practically no mark of improvement upon him. And all these untoward results are due to the fact that the members of this class will not realize that the convictions that he brings to college are not everlasting truth. Furthermore, they are due to the fact that he forgets that he is in college to lay the foundations on which he may adequately upbuild convictions of worth.

Is it not fully evident from these reflections that each of us is in one or the other of the two classes into which college students have, somewhat arbitrarily, been divided? If each is not at present actually in one or the other, we are, notwithstanding, at least tending in either this or that direction, and will eventually find ourselves in one of the two classes. It is within the power of every individual student to decide whether or not he will be in the class of those students who get something of moment out of their college career. Surely none of us desire to be in the other class, whose individual members’ lives in college are unpleasant, and out of college are failures, or if not failures, are full of disappointment and unfulfilled ambition. It must ever be remembered that enthusiastic loyalty to one’s ideals is not to be confused with conviction. The man who retains his youthful enthusiasm for his ideals, and at the same time keeps clearly in mind the purposes for which he is in college, will survive the collapse of his early so-called convictions, and be all the stronger in character for the experience. Finally, his fellow-students will be glad to associate with him, and out of college his breadth of mind and strength of character will be a continual source of success and happiness.

P. H. ’15

THE DISAPPEARANCE OF DJINDA KHAN

FUHRMAN really did try to be a good friend to me in his queer way, but, hang it all: I couldn’t let him. He was a good sort in his way, but, my gosh! What a way he had! He was one of these tall, lean guys with an appreciation of the artistic, whatever that means. When I first saw him, he reminded me of the Ancient Mariner, he was so “long and lank and brown;” then he scared me to death telling ghost stories. He’d been in India, and he told some sort of opium dream about jade tea-pots and crystal balls and blue and green smoke and all that sort of thing, and it made me woozy, and his taste in pictures was awful! He had these fuzzy pictures by Jules Guerin hung all over his walls. If a fellow’s got to have pictures, I like Leydendecker and Harrison Fisher and men who draw pictures of real girls skating and coasting and riding and all that sort of thing: they look like people at any rate.

Well, only the night before the Christmas vacation, I got a telegram from home that they all had the scarlet fever and I must go and spend Christmas with Uncle Henry. Of course, they didn’t know about the money I owe Uncle Henry,—didn’t mean they should,—but I couldn’t visit Uncle H. just then. So I decided I’d spend the two weeks at College and perhaps get up that math I flunked three years ago. Then, if I had any extra time, I had my skates and there was a girl at Rock City,—but never mind that. I thought I could live through the vacation.

But when I spoke to the housekeeper, she said there wouldn’t be any fire in the Chapter House and I’d have to move over to Livingston Hall which they kept heated all the time. Well, I told the fellows and Fuhrman spoke right up and said I should have his room; it had a good fire-place and a pretty decent bed and all that. Of course, I like a fire-place; I like to sit in the dark and smoke and watch the fire and think of things that have happened and I’d like to have happen again. So I told him I’d be glad to live there. I wouldn’t have done it for a million dollars if he had stayed too, but I knew he wouldn’t.

The next day, I moved over to Livingston and got settled in Fuhrman’s room. It was a weird little place, all peaks and gables and dormer-windows—sort of pretty, but an awful place for mice and cockroaches.
The first day it was so blamed lonesome and quiet that I went for a long walk just to get away from the stillness, and came back dead tired. I went to bed early and slept like a log. The next day I started at the math and worked a couple of examples. Then I thought I’d earned a rest, so I read Robert Chambers the rest of the afternoon and most of the evening. Sort of a queer thing happened while I was sitting there in front of the fire, with my back to the door; all at once, I heard the lock click and felt a draught on the back of my neck. Of course, I looked around and the door was open, just a little, and I thought I saw a face there, but then the door blew shut and I decided I had been looking at the fire so long that I couldn’t see straight, so I went to bed, but my!—it did give me a funny feeling at first,—sort of gone and lonesome,—I’d have been glad to see even Fuhrman, then. But I didn’t think much of it till later.

The next day, it was Thursday—I got only one example, but it was a coker,—took three-quarters of an hour—and then I read one of Locke’s stories,—a funny thing about a dwarf and a troupe of performing cats and a peach of a girl. I finished it about half past ten and my fire had burned low, so I went to bed, but I couldn’t sleep, so I lay there watching the hot coals grow dim and the shadows get darker and darker, and I must have dozed off a bit, for all at once, I woke up and, by gravy, the door was open, and a draught was coming in and blowing the ashes away and the coals were burning bright and red. Then the door closed, and I sort of felt something in the room that hadn’t been there before, just like when someone watches you from behind a tree, and then my rocking-chair commenced to rock, just as if someone had bumped against it. I thought I must be dreaming, but I looked at the fire and in one place it seemed dimmer than the rest, and then I made out the outline of a sort of cloudy thing squatting on the hearth rug; it just sat there, and I could see the fire right through it. It’s head came over one of the fool pictures on the wall, and I could see a nude statue of some god or other right through its temples, and the dog on the audiorns was grinning through its chest.

I sat up in bed to wake myself up and the cloudy thing turned around, and, for once, the cloud had no silver lining. The thing was sort of a revised, foggy version of the pictures I’d seen in Kipling of miserable Indian beggars. He was thin, and wore only a sort of breech-clout, and something that looked like a bath-towel wound around his head. He had a stick, and a kind of clay bottle beside him, as he sat before the fire. He was as dark complected as mist can be, for he was all smoky fog, except his eyes and they were like bright coals.

He burned me with his eyes a moment, rather startled, and then he got up and bowed very politely and said, in excellent English, “Good-evening, Sahib; I supposed you had gone home.”

I was some surprised and I guess a little scared, not nearly so civil; “Who the deuce are you, anyway?”

As soon as he heard me speak, he jumped, and said, “What are you doing here? I am in charge of this room in Fuhrman Sahib’s absence. You must get out.”

“Not by a durn sight,” says I, “Fuhrman what-you-call-im said I could stay here.”

“But, my dear sir,” he objected, in that irritated tone that makes “my dear sir” mean “you blamed fool,” “that is impossible, for when I entered into my contract with Fuhrman Sahib, twenty moons ago, one of the conditions was that I should guard his treasures during his absence.” And he looked around at the crumby pictures and things.

“Who are you, anyway,” I asked.

“I am the spirit of Djinda Khan. I have to wander about without any body to speak of until a black bull with polished horns is born. Then, I am to occupy his body. Until then, I have determined to haunt this room. I like Fuhrman Sahib and help him; I wash his tea-cups and dust his books. But if anyone else occupies this room, I shall drive him mad. I do not like you, and if you do not leave me in peace, I shall drive you mad very quickly.”

It was evidently a question of prior right, and I thought of something I’d heard about effecting a compromise; “When Tom wants Dick’s apple, the easiest way to get it is to convince Dick that it’s wormy.” So I said as politely as I could, “Well, sir, this seems to be a question of real estate. Now, I don’t want to occupy this room any longer than is absolutely necessary, for it is very well adapted as a residence for mice, spiders, and cockroaches, besides being very draughty. I shall move out as soon as college re-opens. But, while I have a sensible and reasonable Specter to speak to, I should like to ask one question, if I may?”

“Of course,” Djinda Khan assented, “but please hurry.”

“It’s this. Now, I have little first-hand knowledge of the business of haunting, but I’ve read a good bit about it, and it seems a habit of you ghosts to choose uncomfortable places to work in. This place, for instance, is very damp and cold, and you are lightly clad. Why don’t you go live in Prexy’s house? It’s steam-heated and has all the modern conveniences, which, I am sure, you would appreciate.”

He thought a minute, scratched his foggy head, and spoke; “Well, I must admit that side of the matter never occurred to me. It seems, as you say, always to have been a Spectral convention to choose draughty places. But,” and he stooped to pick up his bottle and stick, “I’m not at all conventional.” I noticed then that he wasn’t all there; his feet were gone, and his legs were getting indistinct; “I think I’ll try it, Sahib,” I heard him say, then his body commenced to melt away, and his head, and soon
only his fiery eyes remained. They burned in the air a few seconds, and sputtered out. Djinda Khan was gone.

I never saw him again and neither did Fuhrman; he told one of his friends that I had spoiled the best room in College, by driving away his closest friend and the most amiable ghost he had ever met. I suppose he had to wash his own cups.

"Optimist"

The St. Stephen's College Messenger.

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Editorial.

Last fall St. Stephen's College organized and successfully maintained a football team that would have done credit to a much larger institution. The season from beginning to end was a splendid tribute to the loyalty and endurance of the average Annandale undergraduate. Nearly half the Student Body were down on Zabriskie Field, day after day working for all they were worth. Whenever appeals for assistance were made, whether of a financial, physical or what not nature, the students, to a man, responded not merely enthusiastically but even eagerly. And when after that disconcerting score at Middlebury, our game little team came back home, the rousing reception that greeted them could not but bring a stirring realization to us all that every man in St. Stephen's College knew and appreciated his personal, individual, responsibility for the success of the "1913 team."

Football over, interest in College affairs lapsed a bit but has been aroused again by Coach Whitten's plea for work in the gym. Once more the men are rounding out and every day we see a larger number helping their Alma Mater in this commendable fashion.

The absence of such a spirit does not mean failure of the interest affected alone, but more, it means an unhealthy condition of the Student Body as a whole. That the undergraduate organization is perfectly sound, the success of football would imply; that the undergraduate organization is "sick unto death," the support of the "Messenger" would suggest.

Now, why this last? Is the paper
one worthy of the College? Or is it a poor failure to represent ST. STEPHEN'S? In either case, your duty toward your Alma Mater and yourself is plain. If the paper is a good one, it is your business to make it better in every way you possibly can, for, the better the paper, the higher public opinion will value St. Stephen's College. If the paper is a poor one, it's your duty to improve its standard for in that case, it fails to represent the College and, "ipso facto," you.

The "Messerger" is dependent mainly on its own Editors for contributions. This condition means one of two things. It means either that the "Messerger" is so good that you as an undergraduate can't improve on it or that you are falling in your duty to the College by not improving that which needs improvement. It's up to you fellows to answer the question. You have your choice, "either put up or shut up." If you want a good college paper, either encourage the present contributors or submit something better. You have no right to criticize and prove a detriment to honest effort unless you can do better yourself.

The "Messerger" invites criticism, but it wants the kind of criticism that means a better paper. It wants, it needs, it must have contributions. It is the one College activity that is active the whole year. More than any other one thing it brings St. Stephen's to you and it takes you to the outside world. Has it not a right to your support? Does it not demand your actual co-operation. Fellows, you all pull for football. You don't regret it. Fellows, all pull for the "Messerger" and make that pull fell in Your Contribution to its pages. Let our subscribers see that St. Stephen's literary output in the College paper is not limited to a few over-worked individuals. Realize your duty and Write, Write, Write for the "Messerger."

I think that, in many respects, St. Stephen's is in the hopeful state of a recently hatched chicken; she has a small part of her career behind her and the great part in front. Just what will come, remains, of course, for time to show. We're not ashamed of the past, and we have few fears and many hopes for the future. The chicken is still undeveloped in some ways, but on every side there is the most inspiring possibility for the future. One of our possibilities is a well-arranged, workable library. We have the rudiments, and all that remains is to show that these rudiments can be developed. I believe it is an economic theory that a need creates a supply to satisfy itself. I think this is specially true of St. Stephen's; it has been my experience that what the College needs and wants, she will find means to obtain. Now, one of our present needs is a thoroughly workable library system; some students feel the need; others would, if they try to use the library. I think that even more acutely than the need for a workable library, is our need of a workable library. Let the students give the library a chance to show what it can do, and the time will come when we will be able to do more. Both the students and the library show the need of further acquaintance. Get busy, fellows! come on up and see what we have to read and tell us what you'd like to have added. We have some good chairs anyway, and a fair assortment of current magazines just dying for readers, besides any number of books on subjects in which you're bound to be interested.

Get next to your opportunities! Just like that old brier of yours, the more the library is used the better it becomes.

It is a fact that American politics are, more or less, corrupt. We have that unfortunate truth impressed upon us in the most casual reference to political questions. There are likewise some very unhappy people in these United States of ours who are firmly convinced of the aforementioned corruption of American politics. These people with pessimistic narrowness of vision insist on meeting evil at every turn of the street. They interpret evil in the minds of everyone but themselves and find profound satisfaction in ferreting out imaginary mischief wherever they chance to be. Every one from the ash-man to the Archbishop or from the rag-picker to the President, provided they do not agree with the above-suggested pessimistic critics, is accused of base designs and dark intentions. Such a view of life and its activities shows a sorry lack of human comprehension and a sad ignorance.

Education is the cure for ignorance. Colleges are dispensaries of education, although sometimes they dispense erudition as a substitute. College men are supposed to possess that higher acquaintance with human nature and its weaknesses which enables them to prove of service to their fellow men, not by suspecting, but by helping them.

When we meet pessimistic imaginations in colleges themselves, we can only lay it to one cause—a persistency of that "sad ignorance" which the man has come to college to overcome. Is your enlightenment sufficient to give you confidence in your brother man or if not in him, in your own ability to overcome darkness with light? It is the least anyone can do, to give the "other fellow" credit for just as good intentions as we ourselves possess. Half the evil in the world is generated in the mind of the suspicious person. Let's all try to help ourselves and St. Stephen's by giving the "other fellow" credit for just as good motives as we possess.

We understand that the Athletic Association considers the present "eligibility rules" impossible. That does not surprise us. We have not given the subject very careful con-
consideration, as yet, but after reading the rules themselves, we should say that there is considerable ground for such an opinion. It is not our desire, however, to hamper the Athletic Association in any effort that they may be making to bring about a reconsideration of the rules, nor do we wish to create what might be a delicate situation by an untimely editorial on the subject. We have unlimited confidence in the fair-mindedness of the Faculty and in the good sense of the Association, and do not doubt but that the difficulty will be satisfactorily adjusted. But we cannot let slip the opportunity offered by the wide-spread interest created in the matter, to ask the athletes and would-be athletes, and the members of the Athletic Association also, for that matter, if they are seriously laying to heart the unusual responsibility that their position places upon them.

An eligibility rule well adapted to local conditions, is certainly needful for reasons that must be apparent, but when all is said and done, the ideal of the student activities in this respect must be the making of the rule into as dead a letter as possible. Not dead because it is habitually broken with impunity, but dead because there is no-one who comes beneath its provisions. Is this an ideal impossible of accomplishment? Possibly so, but it is certainly an ideal worth striving for, and it rests with those who represent their Alma Mater in her student activities to see that the question of rules plays a relatively small part in the maintenance of a proper relationship between the intellectual and the social life of the college.

We are not ignorant of the fact that this idea is gradually winning recognition from the student body. We notice with pleasure, for instance, the establishment by the Athletic Association of a scholarship committee with this very end in view. The plan is a good one, and we bespeak for the committee the hearty support of everyone—both Faculty and students. But despite encouraging signs here and there, one cannot help but feel when looking over the list of failures this mid-year that there is lots of missionary work still to be done. Only the other day one of the Messenger Board over-heard an “athlete” growing over a visit just received from the scholarship committee and complaining that he could not be expected to pass his courses simply because he was an athlete. No, of course not, but it is to be expected that he will realize what a conspicuous position he is in, as a representative of his Alma Mater, and try the harder to do his best work, if only as an example to those who will look up to him.

Yes, by all means, let us have a new and better eligibility rule, and we trust that the Faculty will be willing to consult with the Athletic Association with regard to its formation, but do not let us forget that to live merely within the bare limits of a rule is not to realize the high ideals of college manhood that St. Stephen's men are supposed to have constantly before them.

At the eleventh hour almost, the Freshmen decided not to charge a subscription for their Ball on the 19th, St. Valentine's Eve. The upper classmen, congratulating the class of 1917 for their stand, and saluting the Freshmen for their spirit, their spirit—alive, we feel that the safety of the traditions and customs of St. Stephen's is assured. "Floreat-1917!"

Res Collegii.

A short time after Christmas vacation, a mass meeting of the students was held for the purpose of discussing plans for the fostering of athletics here at the College during the winter months. Our lack of a floor does not allow our turning out a basketball team at present, and the general concensus of opinion was that something would have to be substituted for basketball. Athletic Director Whitten brought forward a plan as follows:

The old one-storied gym building, at present unused, could be cleaned out and filled up so as to afford a pretty good floor. A little work in the basketball line could be done, but the main purpose of the improvement would be for the holding of regular gym classes, drills, exercises, tumbling, fencing, work with dumbbells, clubs and bars, etc. This work would keep alive the interest in athletics, which was manifested during the football season, and at the same time afford the men themselves not a little fun and benefit. Manager Sanford warmly seconded the plans of the Coach, and Prof. Robertson of the Faculty, in a short talk, gave his views in regard to the excellence of keeping the good work going. Details were explained and the work placed in the hands of a committee to be begun immediately.

Just before the meeting closed, the President of the College presented the two cups, trophies of the recent Inter-class Cross Country Runs. The winning class was 1916, Sophomores; the winner of the individual cup was Clyde Brown, '16. As it so happened that Mr. Brown was the president of his class, he received both cups. After the Sophomore yell had died away, the assembled men watched an exhibition of Indian club swinging, given by Mr. Whitten. "Gosh fellows! You wanter come out for that club swinging class next week. Its going to be THERE!"
NOTICE!!!

STOP! LOOK! LISTEN! There will be no charge for the Freshman Dance on Feb. 13th! Now what do you know about that! As far as we are concerned, we think that it is mighty weird of the Frosh. After last year's class broke a precedent of almost twenty years standing, and got away with it, of course this class did not see why they should not take the same stand. But since the tradition was such a good one, the Upper Classes did not think that it ought to be killed, and the outcome of a conference of Committees is above stated. Let us hope that the precedent will not be broken again; if it is, it is the duty of the Upper Classmen to take measures as they think best. All out for the dance, fellows.

A festival set of Eucharistic vestments has been presented to the college by All Saints Church, Dorchester Center, Boston. This is in a beginning of other gifts in the line of vestments which are expected from other generous parishes in the near future.

"Riley" Whitcomb has gone to New York to take charge of Mr. Robert L. Gerry's Club for Boys. It is a great work and one in which "Riley" is deeply interested. He has proved himself efficient in the past in this line and we expect to hear great things of him. He will probably study at Columbia for his degree, in addition to his other work.

Beginning with the Wednesday in Exam Week, students began to journey away to the Monastery, and to nearby towns and cities for a few days vacation, before the beginning of the second semester. Three members of the Faculty were also absent. By Friday evening, in fact, not more than half of the Student Body were left on the Campus.

Some time ago Ernest Gehle, Special, spent five days in Albany taking Regents examinations at the Educational Department of the State.

A meeting of Convocation was held on Saturday evening, Jan. 24. At this time the resignations of Claud Humpherys '15, Whitney Hale '15 and David Johns, '15 of the Business Staff of the Messenger were received. Likewise "Riley" Whitcomb, Sp., because of his withdrawal from college at the close of the semester tendered his resignation as a member of the Student Council. The Finance Committee reported favorably upon the request of the Athletic Association for funds. In order to fill the offices made vacant by resignations, Convocation then elected Mr. Sanford '15, business manager and Messrs. Johns '15, Prime '16, and Taber '16, assistant managers. Robert G. Williams, Sp., was elected to succeed Whitcomb as a member of the Student Council. At one time during the exciting elections, when one of the students made the assertion that he hoped that no one would take a certain August senior seriously, it was feared that a riot call would have to be sent to the state militia in order to quell the disturbance. However, the meeting was adjourned before any serious trouble arose.

The 1913-14 Annual Catalogue of the College came out sometime before examination week. There are no significant changes noticeable in it. The foot-note on the title page might be misleading to one who had never seen a previous catalogue. Whether there will be women applicants for admission next fall remains a question. Under "Officers of Administration," the "Visiting Physician" will be a comfort to fond parents, and to the unsuspecting Freshman,—well, misleading! As in former years the catalogue is filled with courses in "sweetness and light," for him who will use them to that end.

To those who are interested or at a misunderstanding about the transfer of the course in Psychology to the Junior year, it may be of advantage to know the reason. It seems that because of the lack of any previous education in Physiology of most of the men taking Psychology as Sophomore work, an early grasp of the physical matter of Psychology has been more difficult than desirable. In conjunction with the new requirement of Biology for all Sophomores, it is hoped that the change will be advantageous.

Clyde Brown and Howard Staller, both '16 men, have left College for the remainder of the year. Mr. Brown, being a half year ahead of his class, is taking advantage of a business opportunity which was offered him in Chicago, and will return next fall to resume his studies here.

Dr. Rodgers entertained several members of the Faculty at his residence on the evening of January 17th. Those who were present included Messrs. Davidson, Robb, Upton, Martin, Phoenix and Whitten.

The St. Stephen's Chapter of the Brotherhood of St. Andrew, which has been inactive for two years, has been revived again. The first meeting was held on the 13th of January, at which time the following officers were elected; Rev. A. D. Phoenix, Director, Chas. A. Armstrong, '14, Vice-Director, Walter F. Hoffman, Sp., Secretary and Treasurer. The meetings will be held on every other Monday evening at 7:15 o'clock. For the present, the activities of the organization are limited to debates and the discussion of vital religious topics. It is hoped by those interested, however, that before many weeks the influence of this splendid society will be felt throughout the community.
Dr. Robertson, Hoffman Professor of Greek, read a paper on "The Humor Of Three Philosophical Dialogues Of Lucian" before a meeting of the American Philological Association held in connection with the Modern Language Association of America, at Harvard, recently.

A check for $25. has been presented to the Reverend President to cover voluntary subscriptions from nineteen students and one Alumnus towards the expenses of the new shower bath, which was installed in the basement of Potter Hall last Fall. More than half of the cost is covered by this amount; and an expression of appreciation is here made to the subscribers.

"The Tumult and the Shouting Dies."

That is a very true and happy saying which goes thus:

"It is easy enough to be happy
When life goes along like a song
But the man worth while
Is the one with a smile
When everything goes dead wrong."

At this funeral-like period of the college year all of us feel, to a lesser or greater degree, the effects of hard work and the recently past "exams." To the hearts of those who have "flunked again" let this cheer penetrate and make them happier with their lot; if one has won laurels during the past week of toil he needs no "boost," but he does want a pleasant smile from his fellow-men just as much as the man who failed to pass.

The true optimist, the "get-there-even-if-slowly," and the "stick-to-itive" sort of chap says to himself—"Well, at least I tried—and flunked!"—but let him not stop at that; there is still, for such, the happy thought that "make ups" come in February. He should tell himself that the loss of a few "exams means but the short postponement of his success"—He will pass soon, so smile, darn you, smile! and keep the other fellows happy even if you did not "hear good tidings."

Editor's Letter Box.

"If I had my way I would put out of college every boy who spends more than $700 a year."

Such is the statement with which President Stryker of Hamilton College introduces an article recently published in the New York Times.

In the article the professor presents statistics by which he attempts to prove that the average college student spends more than is necessary or desirable. It is the problem of the high cost of living which has been vexing the country in one way or another for several years past. The professor's article shows the deep interest and attention which he has given to the question. If, then, he comes to the conclusion that most students are extravagant, the question is worthy of serious thought on the part of every undergraduate.

To us here at Annandale the amount which the president would set as a limit of expenditure seems a very reasonable one—in fact it is doubtful if many of us would be seriously worried if such a rule should be "put under glass" to-morrow. But it is not this point which is of interest to us. Our view point is somewhat different from that of the man in the larger institution and especially from that of a student at a college located near a large town where the opportunities for spending money are greater.

The point is that college students are extravagant, according to the professor.

It seems to me that the "Utica habit," which the professor blames for materially increasing the expense account of the students of Hamilton is somewhat exaggerated. He claims that since the building of a trolley line connecting Clinton and Utica it has become customary for the students to take a Saturday evening trip to the larger place in the course of which they are accustomed to spend "twenty-five dollars upward." Perhaps such an amount has been spent but it seems hardly likely that this is a regular practice.

But perhaps it would be worth while for us to consider what would be the effect upon St. Stephen's if such a trolley line should be built connecting us with Poughkeepsie, for example. Would the amount spent by the average man increase greatly on that account? Probably to a certain extent but hardly as much as the professor considers has been the case at Clinton. Without any such cause the average amount spent in a year by students here has increased to quite an extent in the last three years. Of course our greater activity in the athletic field has to account for a certain amount of this. But even with this increase the expenditure of most of the students here falls well within the limit and when I say that the average is not much over $500 I think there is little fear of anyone disputing my estimate. This amount, of course, includes all fees and does not consider that many of us receive scholarship assistance. However true Professor Stryker's statements may be in regard to the students of Hamilton or colleges of similar location, I do not think they can in any measure be applied to St. Stephen's.
Under the Lyre Tree.

Here is a starter on the owl story. We couldn't finish it but perhaps someone else can for the March number. Get busy after you have read this and tell us what happened to birdy after his startling confession.

The hoot owl paused while he scratched his dome And gazed at the space o'er the mantel piece. Where a lavender motto, “God Bless Our Home,” Was nearly concealed by dust and grease. A shiver of disgust shook his feathered form Then he chanced to glance at “September Morn.” “Now I'll be juggered and likewise darned, And even horn-swagged, and gosh-consumed, If ever I saw in all my years” —A blush of shame crept up to his ears— “A picture as brazen as that one there,” Quoth the owl to his list'ners twain. “You chaps ask why I come in here? I tell you straight, that it's mighty queer, You haven't an inkling of who I am, And why I've taken the trouble to ram My way through ice and snow and hail To make you fellows with rage turn pale. Now hearken to my refrain.”

(Song of the owl)

I'm the guy who put the phone in Xenophon,
I'm the guy who wrote that physics book for Gage.
And Plato wrote my logic, not his own,
I'm the guy who wrote on Friendship and Old Age.

Now Darwin copped his theories from me,
And Homer signed his name to my own work,
I put the sock in sociology,
And worked “Conciliation” out for Burke.

In logarithmic tables there's a log
Which many youths have called a stumbling block
I'm the guy who put it there, (of course incog.)
In sciences I'm shepherd of the flock.

I'm proud of all these things you may be sure
But my neatest work was only done last week
Beside it all the others are but poor
I WROTE EXAMS FOR ALL OF ROBBIE'S GREEK.

The blank spaces in the following may be filled in by the last names of the fellows. Fit the puzzle together and win the prize offered by the Messenger. The names are printed below the story.

In the morning the youth — quite early, since he had a walk of several miles before him. He wondered which road he should take to town. He might go by way of the valley past the little——, or he might, if he chose, take the—— along which was the——. He tried to—— the advantages of each accurately. The road through the Valley was—— the other, but on the hill was a—— of rocks which he would have to pass around. On the lower road were large—— and he was a—— of Nature. He had a festered—— and decided that this way would be less rough. So he took his—— and set out.

It was a—— day. He tripped along the road, his two pet—— following. There was a close—— between the three for he dearly loved animals. He reflected that it would be—— for him ever to part with them. From this his mind passed to the race he had run yesterday. At the start he had been far behind and the crowd had hissed—— till there seemed to him to be a very—— storm of indignation. But he had persevered and had won. His cousin from Germany had patted his shoulder and exclaimed; “Ach boy, it was grand. I—— thought you could efer do it and I am—— of you.” And in his joy he had suddenly been seized with a spasm of—— and nearly choked before he could stop. At this point in his cogitations he paused and turned aside out of the—— dust to rest.


What profetith it a man to receive even the highest mark of approval in logic and likewise in English, if, when the cold, gray morning breaketh, he findeth he hath flunked his Greek disastrously?

The Bums' Club is the newest organization in college. They have rooms at No. 1 Potter where a notice has been posted by President Williams that is of interest to all the members. This notice includes a list of rules for the members who are President, Williams; 1st. Vice President, Edwards; Venerable Chaplain, Dumbell; Official Fireman and Chief Bell Ringer, Child; Treasurer, Johns; Secretary, Kitts; Presiding Chaperon, Armstrong; and Errand boy, Whitmore.

The Coach says that She says to tell the Messenger that "those blamed Southern States" are all right.

There's a feelin' that the world is goin' wrong; And it ain't the weather nor the time o'year, And it ain't because the winter's been so long, That's a makin' fellows feel so sort o'queer.
There's a lump keeps comin' up into your throat
That makes your collar tighter round your neck.
There's a heaviness your heart has got to tote,
And your eyes keep squintin' just a tiny speck.

It takes a man almost, I want to say,
When friends are all a talkin' 'bout their luck,
To keep a smilin' brightly day by day
When you're the chap the faculty has stuck.

But cheer up, fellows! luck is bound to turn,
This old world changes in a funny way
Tomorrow'll be better, you may learn
And the other chap has got to flunk some day.

So keep a smilin'; let the world go round,
And keep a pluggin' on from day to day.
Don't worry! That advice is pretty sound
For luck keeps changin' in a funny way.

The personnel of the Messenger Board as it is supposed to be is printed in the first Editorial page.
Here is the actuality.

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Joe Goostray has started a class in Injun-club swinging in Aspinwall. It is understood that the class will give an exhibition as soon as he can manage to get into condition. Just at present his arms are too long, or maybe somebody pushed the wall the last time he "worked out." Anyway, all spectators are requested to wear a suit of armor and have their life insured.

Frank Goostray (aren't they thick around here all of a sudden?) says he is going to send Mills a pretty little valentine showing a dish of apple-sauce in the foreground, surrounded by peace and good-will, (more likely pieces and a will), happy little cupids, and a few sticks of dynamite. But just think, Tunk, what blessings are conveyed to the children of men through the channels of suffering!

Heard in senior Oratory—"Do not put oil on your horses' hoofs—
—therefore, I do not believe in capital punishment."

Sophomore—"Just look at those mountains with all the snow on them! Those are the only mountains I have ever seen. Wouldn't you like to see the Rockies or the Sierra Mts?"

Frosh—"Sierra Mts! No, no, you mean the Sahara Desert. There aren't any such mountains."

Athletics.

During the past two weeks a committee composed of students, has been busy preparing the old gym for service. The building has been cleaned out, the walls have been kalsomined, and the broken windows have been replaced, so that now it looks quite new and presentable. Gym classes will be held daily commencing Feb. 4th, and it is hoped that every student will take advantage of this new activity.

It is planned to give a comedy in three acts entitled "The Colonel's Maid" under the management, and for the benefit, of the Athletic Association of St. Stephen's College. The play will be given by the students and will be produced shortly after the Easter recess. As far as is known at present there will be one performance at the College, and one at Rhinebeck, Madalin and possibly Red Hook.

It will be a good thing if the example set this year can be followed in coming years and a string of good playlets be put out under the management of the A.A. The producing of amateur theatricals is good sport, and the shekels and ducats brought thereby into the A.A. treasury will not be at all amiss. The cast of characters will be published in these columns in the near future.
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