The Messenger
St. Stephen's College

Vol. XX.  April 1872.  No. 7

PEACE CONTEST
SYRACUSE WINS
St. Stephen's Represented

On Tuesday evening, March thirteenth, the Third Annual Contest of the New York Intercollegiate Peace Association was held at Colgate University, Hamilton, N. Y. The orations were delivered in the auditorium of the First Baptist Church before a large and attentive audience, which evinced appreciation from the beginning to the end of the long program.

Dr. Rufus Burd Bryan, the President of Colgate, presided and introduced the speakers representing eleven colleges and universities in the State. The institutions sending men to the Contest were Colgate, Cornell, Fordham, Columbia, Syracuse, New York University, St. Lawrence, Manhattan, Brooklyn Polytechnic, the College of the City of New York and St. Stephen's. The orations were interesting and splendidly delivered, without exception. The speakers from Colgate, Continued on page 138

AWARDING OF NUMERALS
Power Formerly Held by A. A. Transferred to the Different Classes

At a recent meeting of the Convocation of the University of St. Stephen's College, on March 11th, the power, given to the Alumni Association in 1867 by Convocation, to award class numerals to men who are deemed worthy of them, was taken away. The assembled body also provided for any other legislation bearing upon this matter, which might possibly have been overlooked, by passing a station abandoning all claim to any power in the matter of granting class numerals.

For some time a joint committee, composed of committees from the four classes and from the Alumni Association, had the matter in hand, and this body drew up a communication to Convocation requesting and recommending that it rescind the action taken by it on Oct. 16, 1907. By this action Convocation had placed the power of

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PEACE CONTEST

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gate, Cornell, and Fordham, however, found special favor with the audience.

The men competed for two prizes of two hundred and one hundred dollars respectively, which were offered through the New York Peace Society by Mrs. Elmer Black, of New York City. The contest was held in cooperation with and under the general auspices of the Intercollegiate Peace Association, which has already organized contests in more than twenty states and is rapidly extending them to others. M. E. Reitzenberg, of Syracuse University, who was awarded first place by the Judges, will represent New York State in the contest of the north Atlantic group of states which will be held May first in the Great Hall of the College of the City of New York.

While the Judges were arriving at their decision, the Colgate Mandolin Club entertained the audience, with Van Duy, Esq. of Syracuse, as Chairman of the Board of Judges, consisting of President Stryker of Ennismore, Dr. John M. Clarke of Albany, and Mr. Van Duy. announced that, after considerable difficulty, the Judges awarded the first prize to Mr. Reitz, of Syracuse, and the second to Mr. Knowsby, of the College of the City of New York.

After the Colgate men had sung their Alma Mater in an impressive manner, the audience dispersed, many of them going to the home of Prof. Moore, where a reception was held for Mrs. Black. At a late hour, the men found their way to the various fraternity houses and dormitories and the Peace Contest of 1916 unofficially at an end. The inspiration to further efforts in the cause of peace, and the kind hospitality of Colgate will long be remembered, however, by the men who were present.

St. Stephen's was represented by Charles H. McAllister, '16. At the local contest held at Annandale on March third, Harold D. Nichols, '16, was declared winner by the Faculty Board of Judges. Mr. Nichols' oration is printed elsewhere in this Messenger. A sudden illness, however, prevented his representing the College at Colgate, although every effort was made to insure his presence in the State Contest. Only a few hours before he was to start, Mr. McAllister was notified that he was to go to Colgate. The subject of his oration was "Peace and Christianity."

AWARDING OF NUMERALS

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awarding the class numerals in the hands of the Athletic Association. The report of the Committee was received and acted upon, and in addition, the further action, as mentioned above, was taken.

The relinquishing of this power by Convocation automatically restores the granting of numerals to the place where it belongs, viz., to the individual classes. Why it was ever taken from them in the first place, it is hard to surmise, but the action taken on the 21st effectively cleans the matter up, and definitely settles any troubles or disputes which have arisen, or may yet arise, in regard to it.

THE SPRING DANCE

This year the spring dance will be given by the New York Sigma Phi Chapter of the Sigma Alpha Epsilon Fraternity. It will be held a week or two later than usual, on the evening of Friday, May 15th. The "Sigma Alpha" are already hard at work planning for the event, and mean to make it the best ever. The Faculty, students, and their friends are cordially invited to attend.

On Thursday evening, March 11th, the Class of 1915 was entertained as a "jant" by Messrs. Decker and Bond in their rooms, 10 McVicker Hall. The Juniors had some time, becoming so enthusiastic that during the course of the evening they decided to give the College a shock by running an opposition to the 1914 mustaches with a set of 1915 beards.

On Wednesday evening, March 25th, the Rev. A. D. Phoenix continued the acolytes together with a few friends. The quests included Dr. Rogers, the Rev. Herbert M. Clark, the Rev. E. C. Piper, the Rev. E. H. Gatter, and the following students: Armstrong, Bessey, McAllister, McThan, Brett, Goodwin, Hale, Hartwell, Mottley, Morse, Humphreys, Thomas, Whitcomb, and Berger.

"SPIKES IN NUGGET"

Although the nights are still cold enough to remind us of the past winter, each day brings a sun warm enough to melt most ice and snow, and to draw a little frost from the surface of the ground. The winter having been so severe, and the full of snow so heavy, we shall probably have our real spring later than it has arrived for a number of years. fishermen claim that it is even possible for the annual breaking up of the ice in the Hudson to be delayed until the first week in April. But the warmer air drawing up from the south, and the bare ground becoming visible after so many weeks of cold winds and deep snow, surely can have no other meaning than that the days of summer are coming. It is known that the snow thawing will make way with the snow before any heavy rains fall, as otherwise the reaching annual spring baskets might do serious damage.

Someone claimed to have seen the first blue bird the other day, but a-
that particular day was ushered in by a flurry of snow, we claim that the person in question only saw a sparrow, which had turned blue with the cold. Another man told of seeing a couple of robins down the road, but we would first cautiously ask if they had on their rubber boots. If not, the man was sadly mistaken, for no robin would come to Amadale at this time of the year without either rubber boots or a rowboat.

Of course, this is the time for the optimistic ones to come around talking like this: “Yes, sprig has cub. Beautiful, warb, health-givin sprig!” What? Oh, yes, I have got a little cold id by head, but it is eddy-thig dow to what it was! Why, do you see that by head is as clear as cud be?” We all want the summer back again; but summer will also bring its troubles—the mosquito, the dust from your enemy’s auto, the rust from your neighbor’s phonograph, the bee that backs out against your thumb when you attempt to pick a flower. Then we will want winter again. Winter, did you say? Aw, cub off! Sprig is here!

1914

As the next number of the Messenger will be devoted to the Senior Class, we feel that all the material possible concerning the new caps, worn now and then (now by some, then by others, we guess) by the class of 1914, should be printed therein. If each individual of the Student Body will please write out just what he thinks, we will be glad to print it. Contributions not to be dropped into Mac’s box, which will be hung out side of the Editorial Rooms. Oh, yes, the new hat is a blue hat with a gold (?) tassel and ‘14 on the side. Meant to mention it before but it slipped my mind.

UNDERGRADUATE DOINGS

The Student Council have under consideration the arrangements for a big time this spring. It is in regard to the proposed tug-of-war between the Sophomore and Freshman. The scrap will be pulled off across a body of water, and if the Freshman succeed in dragging the Sophomores into the drink, the rule governing the wearing of green caps will be suspended for the remainder of the college year. The event will take place soon after the Easter recess.

Arthur M. Parks, sp., was called home to Philadelphia, on March 25th, by the death of his sister. We all extend to him our sincerest sympathy.

SPECIAL PREACHERS

Recent preachers in the college Chapel are the Rev. E. A. Lyon, Christ Church, Hudson, N. Y., the Rev. C. L. Comley, Grace Church, Newsy, N. J., the Rev. C. C. Edmonds, D. D., General Theological Seminary, the Rev. F. B. Van Kleeck, D. D., Grace Church, White Plains, N. Y., the Rev. G. Craig Stovall, St. Luke's Church, Evanston, Ill., and the Rev. P. E. Reenan, St. Mark's Church, Orange, N. J.

DRAGON CLUB LECTURE

On Saturday evening, March 28th, a brilliant speaker appeared before the Student Body in the person of the Rev. G. C. Craig Stewart, rector of St. Luke’s Church, Evanston, Ill. The subject of his lecture was “Chesteron, The Berry Champion of Christianity.” The Dragon Club is certainly to be complimented upon the excellent speaker whom they have presented to St. Stephen’s this year.

THE COMING YEAR

Next year, 1914-15, ought to be a fine one at S. C. C. Already about 50 students, coming from 8 states, have registered, and naturally, there will be many more on the list before the Commencement date comes around. In fact, there ought to be a record-breaker of an incoming class, and this ought to gladden the heart of every St. Stephen’s man, be he Undergraduate or Alumnus.

SOCIETY NOTICE

It has leaked out that Mr. Joseph Goostrey established a number of guests at cocoa and piano time 10:30, in his parental residence, 860 Dollar Row. This is the first time in a number of years that Mr. Goostrey has entertained, and it is correctly hoped that he will enter more vigorously into social affairs in the future.

Those present were Messrs. Thomas Nagle, Jr., George Gready, of Kingston, and Arthur Johnston, of the Quaker City.

Note. It will be interesting to remark that Mr. Goostrey ordered the pianist, served in such wonderful splendor, from the following gentlemen: cocoas, Mr. Gready; cups, Mr. Pax, cream and jam, Mr. Nagle, Jr., and jelly, Mr. Carthy.
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CHARLES GREGORY PROUT, '14

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Editorial

The liberal and highly commendable action of the Faculty in granting the request of the Athletic Association for a modification of the eligibility rules governing participants in athletics does not lessen in any way the burden of responsibility which rests upon the shoulders of the Athletic Association, the athletes, and the student body of this college. On the contrary, that responsibility becomes greater in the same proportion as the rules themselves have been made less strict. The standards of St. Stephen's must not be lowered to correspond with the more lenient rules. We will, indeed, be brought to an unhappy pass if our ideals as to what constitutes a St. Stephen's athlete are to be synonymous with these new regulations.

In his editorial columns of two issues ago, the Messenger declared its opinion that the rules should be modified, and we have not changed our mind in this respect. Nevertheless, as much as we dislike to confess it, the fact remains that this action of the Faculty is an act of clemency toward weakness. The sooner the student body of the College realizes this, the better it will be for ourselves and for our reputation.

The Athletic Association evidently does recognize this poignant truth. The energetic action of the scholarship committee in appointing six or seven tutors to assist and direct the men who are down in their work is commendable, though the necessity for it is deplorable. But we do not believe that the body of athletes outside of the Association and, most of all, the student body as a whole, either realize that they stand convicted of weakness or have any strong sense of the responsibility that they are under in this matter of scholarship.

Yet the facts, it seems to us, are these: because of scholastic weakness, we cannot put out athletic teams on the eligibility basis which might normally be expected of us. Therefore, the Faculty have been asked to treat us with unusual gentleness lest our athletics be ruined.

In the light of all this, if the student body finds anything to rejoice at in the new rules, other than that we still have our athletics, they are better at picking up grains of comfort than the Messenger's. But we do not think that there are many students here, who, when they see this question in its true light, will be at all pleased with the situation. Well, then, to use a homely phrase, "What are we going to do about it?"

How shall we cure this weakness that is so apparent? The Messenger suggests that every man in college be determined that, if it is necessary to have light rules in order to meet certain exigencies, at least this shall not result in a lowering of our ideals, and that every athlete who barely squeaks through by the new rules, when he might have done better, be made to feel that he is under the best of student discipline, until he materially improves. The scholarship committee is a godsend, but its function should be to stop-the-way or to pull through the indifferent, but to help those who, coming to college under handicaps, honestly need assistance.

The man who is down in his work through his own fault or carelessness should have his marks "boosted," not by the scholarship committee, but by the force of student opinion.

We have heard rumors of a suggestion to the Freshman rules for the year, which appeals to us as being very reasonable. The plan is good to make it compulsory in every Freshman and Special Student below Sophomore rank to take part in exercises in the gymnasium, subject to rules laid down by the Athletic Director and the Gymnasium Committee.

The work would be planned by the Director and the committee. There would be scheduled three hours each week for gymnastic work, so arranged, of course, as not to conflict with classes. All "gymnasium men" would be obliged to attend these classes, except under certain conditions which might conspire to excuse a member of the practice squad of any athletic team who is present at the three practices each week during the playing season of that team would be exempt from gymnasium work during that season. In order that the work be not too serious a tax on the "gymnasium man's" time, it is planned that there shall be a system of equivalents; no cuts shall be allowed, but a student may absent himself from one of the three scheduled hours in any week, provided he registers beforehand the end of that week, as having done some outside work fairly equivalent to one hour's gymnastic work. From two hours thus saved in the gymnasium each week there shall be no serious injury. Playing basketball, tennis, baseball, badminton,...
Alumni and Former Students

'81—The Rev. W. E. Nies is, for the time being, priest in charge of the American Church at Nica, France.

'80—The Rev. A. Cleveland Clark is in temporary charge of St. Luke's Church, Utica, N. Y.

'91—The Rev. F. W. Howland, of Grace Church, Millbrook, N. Y., preached in Christ Church, Red Hook, on March 17, and paid a visit of a few hours to College at that time.

'90—The Rev. G. O. Schaloff has recently become priest-in-charge of St. John's Church, Sonoma, California.

'88—The engagement of Miss Margaret Greer of Pasadena, California to Hambleton Boyd Mahaffey of Altoona, Pa., has been announced. Mr. Mahaffey visited the College for two days during the early part of March.

On March 10th, the Rev. George H. Tapp, of Christ Church, Red Hook.

After his ordination in 1902 Mr. Tapp worked for two years as assistant in St. John's Church, Yonkers, N. Y., and later, in 1903 he accepted the rectory of St. Luke's Church, Paterson. Recently the Church of the Holy Apostles, Philadelphia has extended a call to him and he has accepted. Mr. Tapp will assume his new duties on May first, at which time the Rev. W. T. Capen, the present rector, will take up his duties as Bishop Co-adjutor of West Texas.

The Rev. James Sherrin has been travelling in Europe this winter and has contributed several letters of general interest to the "Living Church."

In a contest here last year, John Wesley Twelves, Sp., was awarded the President's prize for extemperaneous speaking. Since then, Mr. Twelves has distinguished himself at the Philadelphia Divinity School, where he is now a student, by winning a prize for the best reading of the Scriptures and Church services, in the Seminary.

ST. STEPHEN'S MEN IN SEVEN SEMINARIES
Joseph Boak, '12.
George S. Mullen, Sp.
Henry L. Rice, Sp.
Alfred H. Spear, '11.
Wm. Tinsley Sherwood, '11.
Harry J. Jennings, '12.
Curtis H. Shockey, '12.
Cyril B. Bentley, Sp.

John W. Eberhart, Sp.
Adrian J. Jennings, '13.
The Western Theological Seminary—
Harold Hunt, '11.
George D. Barr, '13.
Wm. H. Bonn, Sp.
The Berkeley Divinity School—
Frank A. Riter, '13.
Charles D. Sharram, Sp.
The Cambridge Theological Seminary—
The Virginia Theological Seminary—
Clarence B. Buxton, Sp.
The Seminary Divinity School—
The Philadelphia Divinity School—
John Wesley Twelves, Sp.

Editor's Letter Box

Mr. Editor—

A perplexed student seeks enlightenment on the subject of examinations, and, having failed by various other means, hopes his intellect may yet make clear through your columns, it's an old, old question.

Are examinations necessary—are they the best means to a desired end? If not, why are they so universally employed?

Without doubt the desired end to which examinations are the generally accepted means, is the test of a student's fitness to continue in his studies; or if he has finished, by which he is credited with a successful completion of them. But are they—I refer to the so-called "mid-years" and "finals"—the best, that is, the necessary means?

Some may say that the chief value of examinations is to make one review, which doesn't seem to take into account the fact that a study, to be remembered in its essence, should be so arranged that a review is unnecessary. Of course I mean by review, hard study and not mere resurvey.

Nearly all students as well as professors surely realize that an examination is not necessarily a fair...
test of one’s knowledge; very often, in fact, it is but poor evidence of a student’s knowledge of a particular subject. Again, it can not be denied that students can, and often do, “plug along” until examination time when they “plug” and successfully pass the required examinations. In this case the student may or may not have a fair knowledge of the subject; but in any case, having learned it quickly, he will the more quickly forget it.

Is it not therefore just to say that at best, examinations are a very inadequate criterion of a student’s knowledge? The question, then, naturally arises, are they the best criterion?

Would not frequent quizzes, properly regulated, accomplish all that final examinations seek to do, and at the same time eliminate their undesirable features?

For example, let us take a lecture course in which there are no oral recitations. If the professor were to give a test about every two weeks, or as often as he thought expedient on all ground previously covered in the lectures, (but it need not be announced beforehand when there would be a quiz instead of a lecture), would not the student—if he is to pass the course—have constantly a more or less logical mental content of the subject?

Would it not also work out nearly as well in other courses, perhaps varying slightly as different conditions might require? Would not this method develop the students’ observation and associative ability and thus greatly increase his power of memory—and this is more than examinations do?

Finally, would not such a system reduce in a large measure the number of flunks by removing the cause? The cause of most flunks, not due to other intellectual inability, is lack of proper application; the student in a blind sort of way “lets things go” until about examination time. But under this “quiz system,” a flunk must be the result of either intellectual inability or complacent intellectual apathy.

S. W. Eade.

**Commentarii**

Once more through the indulgence of the editors (because they had space to fill, perhaps you will say) a few of my chance observations have found their way to the pages of the Messenger. This time I am going to bring you back from China and Peru, where we were supposed to have started last autumn, to our own environment. I intend to give you some of the more intimate entries of my “Commentarii,” reflections which may in some cases touch more closely our life at College. I append them without further correction, addition, or comment.

* * * * * * * *

“This afternoon I read a very touching little tale entitled ‘Pollyanna.’ It is a story which must appeal only to humble laborers and to similarly aged because of the universal love for children. The book also contains a simple, sunny philosophy which must likewise equally be of profit to both laborer and sage. The theme deals with a little orphan girl who was constantly playing ‘the game,’ as she called it, and was also teaching others, especially those afflicted with physical or mental sorrows, to play it too. The game was simply this: to find in everything that happened, something to make you glad, to discover in every event that aspect for which you could be really and truly happy. That it is possible, in this manner, to be glad for everything that occurs, is proved beyond a doubt in the life of little Pollyanna. No one, no matter how grumpy and crabbed, who came into contact with her, could long resist her sunny character. The most morose natures were transformed and transfigured by her game of gladness. It is such a simple game and yet such a hard game. But it is well worth the effort both to the player and to his associates. The formula is brief and direct: I am glad!”

* * * * * * * *

“Last night I attended an exhibition which seemed to be very suspicious for the future satisfaction of one of the native races of St. Stephen’s. I refer to the need for some care in the management of a man’s physique. The lack of such care so far in the history of the College has been a failure to carry out its ideal of the complete well-rounded training of a Christian
man of culture and refinement. No training which neglects a man's body can be either complete or well-rounded (except perhaps in the matter of shoulders). We need a course in physical education at St. Stephen's. For such a course we need a real gymnasium, simple but adequate equipment, a physical director and the proper spirit. Last evening's exhibition demonstrated most forcibly the fact that we have the director and the proper spirit. The work accomplished under such adverse conditions in calisthenics, on the parallel bars, and with the Indian clubs, is most commendable. Such success and enthusiasm should be rewarded, at least, by added equipment, and ought to be encouraged by the providing of a new gymnasium."

"When wealth is lost, nothing is lost; when health is lost, something is lost; when character is lost, all is lost." — Observer.

FROM WAR TO TRUE PEACE

Literators have informed us that peace cannot be contemporary with war. War! The word brings before us a mental picture of the battle-field, upon which questions of all kinds have been and are being decided by the sharp logic of deadly missiles.

That anyone should seek to justify war seems impossible when we consider the grave penalties that have been paid in consequence of it. Yet, such is the fact. It has been maintained that an occasional war is necessary in order to preserve courage and assure bravery. Rarely in times of peace our people will become effeminate and lose the strength and more masculine virtues. If that is true, then barbarous tribes that live on what they obtain by force rather than industry are fortunate indeed, for they are constantly habituated by their surroundings to deeds of daring and trials of strength. Then the old feudal times, fostering their chivalry, were better than the present. Then we are mistaken in believing that life contains enough trials and tragedies without change, to develop the heroism of a people—in short, if that argument is valid, we are mistaken about civilization.

Again, it has been declared that war is necessary in order that the world not be over-populated. What class of citizen or subject does war remove, I ask? Back comes the answer, strong and clear: "The bravest and the best." France lost because her old virile stock was exterminated, emasculated, or worn out by woe and the diseases of war. The Romans who went forth to battle to return with their shields upon them, but returned upon them. Only the sons of slaves, camp-followers and immigrants from the provinces were left. As one historian puts it: "Only cowards remained, and from their body came forward the new generations." In our own Civil War: the men killed in both sides were in a very great extent those of noble stock. It is a historic fact that the armies then and when General Price led his famous charge at Gettysburg and the "fight down like game before a houndsman" were the flower of the Confederate infantry. Even if these were all, we have but to mention Sharpsburg, Fredericksburg, and Cold Harbor to realize that they are but a handful, their loss to the nation in the war they would have played in the development and settlement of the new West and in the solution of the social and economic problems of our day, could not be estimated. Again, look at Napoleon's wonderful army of six hundred thousand men, the finest that ever stood in line, which set out under his leadership for Moscow; and then at the pitiful remnant of twenty thousand instructed, fatigued officers who swaggered back across the borders of Rome, the following December. France gave up her best as unman
Let judges, mighty judges, with wisdom calm and cool, Decide the weighty question, the vital one of rule!

But, however, before we turn to the consideration of arbitrary settlements, let us glance for a moment at the consequences of war in the light of finance. Here we have to face appalling facts. The debt of our own United States of nine hundred odd billion dollars as small indeed compared with those of other nations. France is laboring under a debt amounting to the prodigious sum of six billion dollars, while Russia ranks second with four and one half billions. Proceeding step by step down through the debts of Austria-Hungary, Germany, Great Britain, Italy, and Spain we arrive at that of Japan which is one and one third billion dollars. It was this terrible and growing burden of the nations of the world, striking at public prosperity at its very source, that forced the leading nations to seek for international peace. The emperor of Russia led the way by inviting all the nations in diplomatic relations with the Russian court to attend a conference at the Hague, Holland, in 1899, for the purpose of discussing matters pertaining to war and the settlement of international disputes by arbitration. As a result a permanent Court of Arbitration was established which has achieved more or less success, having settled a number of disputes referred to it. But it has no power to enforce its decisions. Right there, it is deficient, in its lack of any executive power, lies its great weakness.

Following upon this came the suggestion that an International Court, to determine the issues between nations, be established with adequate means to enforce its decrees. In support of this suggestion it is argued that, were we to put it into practice, forts and navies and big guns would disappear just as fadleness disappeared when courts of justice, with executives to enforce their decrees, were established. But, would they? Surely not, while the present conditions exist. Consider the conditions along the border of conflicting France and Germany. On either side are numerous fortifications, and countless troops ready for instant action. Each nation regards the other with suspicion and distrust. Before you may hope for the disappearance of their forts and navies and big guns you must change that spirit of distrust and hostility into one of trusting fellowship. That is the first step and when it has been accomplished the disappearance of armaments will naturally follow. Then and then only can an international court be effective.

The "Outlook" magazine puts forth the very interesting statement that "there are two ways of securing national peace by being so weak that we cannot fight, by being so strong that we do not need to fight." The "Outlook" declares its belief in the second method. Brilliantly, Great Britain believes in the same policy for she starts in as a peacemaker with a navy sufficiently strong to quell disorder anywhere in the world. Germany thinks she should be a peacemaker also, more than Great Britain. Most France increases her navy and says that she may be a peacemaker. This policy can lead only to disaster. Even if but one nation would adopt the second method of securing peace and all others the first (which is highly improbable) it is yet no nation has cared or dared to do it; what peace would there be between them? Why, it would be the peace that exists today on our northern border. Along that vast stretch of three thousand miles there is not an armed cruiser, a fortification, or even a mounted gun. There is peace of a nobler character. There, is peace on earth, good will toward men.

Let us aim to make international peace the highest, by pursuing the most perfect peace. Such a peace cannot spring forth from the roots only from careful consideration of the need of international support. "Among us it is frequent overestimation necessary to have a conservative nation or to foster these wise projec-
dices, the roots of which are buried deep in the past, in order to display what we deem an adequate degree of patriotism. Never was there a more deadly or dangerous fallacy. Just as well might we argue that in order to exhibit filial love and true devotion to our family it behooves us to hate every other family in town. The law of love applies to the broad stretches of life as exactly as in personal ethics. It is a principal of profound importance that we should love our neighbor as ourselves.

Peace and love go hand-in-hand. Even as true love is that love which has been built up through the process of time, so true peace, which will bind all nations together, will come not through the amenities of diplomacy but as a growth of that higher patriotism that learns to look with disinterested eyes on the concerns of other nations as though they were its own.

In striving for such a lofty ideal, we are bound to meet discouragements, and not being able to attain our goal at a single bound we must advance step by step, being reasonably content so long as we do make some progress in the right direction. And,

"Let us learn a useful lesson—no braver lesson can 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; As to and fro the shuttle leaps, 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 definite beauty, it pays him for all the cost; No rarer, daintier work than his was ever done by the frost!

The years of man are the looms of God set down from the place of the sun, Wherein we are ever weaving, till the mystic web is done.

Weaving blindly, but weaving surely for himself his fate. We may not see how the right side looks, we can only weave and walk.

But looking above for the pattern, no weaver has need to fear; Only let him look clear into the heaven—the perfect Pattern is there.

There can be no better lesson than this for those who seek to weave together all nations of the Universe in unity and concord, for the great and they have in view is righteousness, justice between man and man, nation and nation. Realizing this fact, when war was averted between Argentine Republic and Chile, the arbiters erected, at the summit of the Andes Peak, a colossal statue as a symbol of peace. Can't you see the figure? High on that lofty mountain peak it towers, with broad heaven for its background. It is the figure of Christ, the symbol of true peace, perfect and everlasting—"the Peace of God which passeth all understanding.

Harold D. Nichols '13

THE LADY OF REVÉRVE

Near the site of Jardin Plouiste, In the wood of Revervue, Where are flowers pink and golden With their fragrance ever new, We can see a lovely lady Horseback riding 'mong the trees, By a sparkling brook that's babbling On its way to pastured lawns.

For big nose seems kind and gentle; He's as black as black can be; Now he goes up on the level, Now he walks, if reins are free; Now he shaves his head in threatening.

His old brown coat brown bold, Who is bawling as he chases Fast more times than can be told.

Ah! his sport for this fair lady As she breathes the morning air; Hear her call the fleeting colliar; See her stroke the wavy hair

Of "Blackie" mance long and glossy; Hear her sing with charming voice; See her smile, how pure and happy, Making nature's soul rejoice.

Now they come, this merry trio, In an opulent coach and four, Handsome green with white blooming, Tassels white and yellow.

With the lily of the valley And the blue forget-me-not; Blessing shrubs, wild roses mingled, Shunt in this sweet fragrant spot.

Drink the grace of Black more steadily Like a stead of chivalry; Stood bent how he's like a statue In the splendid scene we see. Picking him the faithful colliar, Furrowing, wags his busy tail— Brown and white his hair in patches Pleading to resume the trail.

And the lady so attractive, Who both love the loving pair Is in white, red ribbons holding Interwoven blossom, and comedy hair Flowers dark, trees waving gently In the breeze with pleasant grace, Coming with joy as they go tripping-Ends about her lovely face.

Ah! she sees that red-blooded boy, Coming o'er you steady brooks: In the topmost oak he sniffs; (See the lady's anxious look) She admires his brilliant collar; Listens to his every tale, As he sings his wild and thrilling melody that none can quell.
IN MARCH

If a body meet a girlie,
On a windy day;
Play the part of true politeness—
Look the other way.

Sperelli, the Spring Chicken, has finished nesting and is again a lively member of the brood.

1st Studier—“I hear the Gigs are going to charge for their dance.”
2nd Studier—“What? Why, what do they think they’re doing, the darn tightwads?”
3rd Studier—“Tightwads! Why no. They simply think that it’s a bad precedent that makes them give the dance to the College, so they throw it overboard.”

THE EMBRACE COURTEOUS

Sorche—“Can’t you think I look like a spark with this mustache?”
One is now a fugitive—“Biologically speaking, yes!”

THE UNIVERSAL GAME

The American plays baseball.
The Englishman plays cricket.
The Frenchman is delighted
When he’s chasing the roulette.
The Russian plays fan-tan.
To while the hours away.
In fact, in every corner,
There’s a game for every day.
There’s but one that’s universal,
It’s a game that’s best of all.
It was played by Eve and Adam
And accounts well for his fall.

It’s played by every nation,
In the moonlight from above,
I know not why they named it so,
But it’s called the game of love.

THE OWL

(continued from the March number)

As the birdly finished speaking there was silence, grim and chill.
And the ticking of the clock tolled out on age.
Then one uncorked his figure from the coach, and loud and shrill,
His voice gave vent to all his wrath and rage.
“You greedy, unscrupulous, caddish, base-born fool,
I’ve warned you to wring your doggone neck for you.
And then to stuff your carcass, just to keep each brother owl
That it’s dangerous to tantalize as we live!”

Then the twain with dire intent
Carried murder boat
Fired up weapons, as they went,
To slay that bird
But he twisted and he flew
And he squirmed and dodged them too
While he turned the stone blue
With whistling wind.
Then upon the moonlit shelf
This fiery feathered elf
Did perch his sassy self
Quite out of reach.
His pursuers now withdrew
To consult and plan anew
To secure with efforts few
His speedy death.

Now one of those chaps a man of a day
Had spent
In the wilde of Idaho.
There, all his mornings, he had been bent
On polishing his hair lusty,
Now he was saying a furious sneer
In the twinkling of an eye.
And it certainly would be mighty queer
If he couldn’t catch this guy.

To he made a rope of frazier,
And likewise a running noose.
And he boasted the end to his wisps.
That nothing could wind in his nose.
Then he whipped his lassie through the air
And scholars it with a smile—
A clapping swish, a jort, and there
Was Birdy in durance vile.

They bound the prisoner in a sheet
And sharpened a razor blade.
Tell the thing would cleanly split a hair...
How the bird had grown afraid
And in accents broken he pled his cause
and begged for a less a life,
But they reasoned this breach of human laws
As they gallantly the noble
Then his pleading changed to furtive fear.
That was mingled with sobs so thick
And he shouted in his captor’s ear
“Of my sins I’ve confessed, but still I...”
Now listen while I tell you all I've done.

You fellows kind of think you know it all.

Once I said I put the phone in Kephonop

And helped professor plan the student's fall.

Last Easter you put up an awful kick.

Because you didn't like the bloom-in' food.

You accused that raisin' butter made you sick.

Did you act very badly—yes—?

We've made.

But you didn't place the blame where it belonged,

For mine was the responsibility.

For my sins other folks are often wronged,

They often suffer what should fall

On me.

And many other things I've said and done.

Last week I let the furnaces go out,

And general wrath fell on poor Russell's head.

(That As had done it; no one had a doubt.)

Last winter Kitty dashed behind the goal.

My whistle called him back. I lost that goal.

That goal from placement lies upon my soul.

But 'twas you chaps hung your heads in bitter shame.

Now I'll reveal my station.

And allay your indignation

And dispel the consternation

That's been roused by me I fear

For it's now the Christmas season

(Drat this weather, ain't it freezing?)

Which is quite sufficient reason

To wish everyone good cheer.

(to be continued)

NOTE: The author of the following

is in doubt as to what to call it.

It is so obviously true to life that it

seems little like play acting. One

critic has said that the parts of

Mann and Luther are so simply,

yet so perfectly constructed that

any one of sixty men in college

might play them.

Scene: A college room in the evening.

Lied: E. Mann; a student.

A. Luther; ditto. The Ghost; spirit of a former editor

who has gone to his bard earned rest, and who is both visible and

audible to the audience, but neither one to the other two

characters.

The curtain rises upon Mann

seated with his feet perched on the table and the last number of the

Messenger in his hand. He is scowling. The ghost is reading

over Mann's shoulder. A knock at the study door and Luther enters.

N:—"Hello Mann, reading the

Messenger?"

M:—"Yes, isn't it rotten?"

N:—"Lousy. As usual, there isn't a
decent thing in it."

G:—"Well, I'll be—"

M:—"Who's the insane chump who

writes the poems on the first page?
The worst doubl I ever saw. I

could do lots better than that."

G:—"Well why in time don't you?"

N:—"The story this month is par-

ticularly bad. One of these
days I'm going to write a story

for 'em with a real plot."

G:—"The you are, when water freezes

in Knocks."

M:—"I've been trying to figure out

for an hour what this fool editor's

mean. Why the dickens they
don't let the brassy men who

'cn is what goes me."

G:—"Brassy man? Ye gods!"

N:—"That's the way everything in

the place goes. Do you suppose

for a minute they'd accept any-

thing that an outsider wrote?"

G:—"How long, oh Lord, how long?"

M:—"(reading)" Take a mouse in

the desert aloft on the sphinx.

Time to laugh. By jingo, if they
do get some decent jokes pret-

ty soon, I'll go dippy."

G:—"Good. Hope you do, you lazy

chump."

N:—"What's in that fool "Editor's

Letter Box?" Why the dickens

don't they have some new ideas?

Some old thing all the time?"

G:—"I'll tell you."

M:—"Well I'm going for a walk.

Want to come?"

N:—"No thanks, I've a date at the

gym. Strong."

End of L. and N.

G:—"(with a sigh of relief.) Good

riddance."

Curtain.

Now will you guys wake up?
SAFE!

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A DUTCH TOUCH

If we catch a man giving utterance to that, moss-grown, and
ancient expression, “In Spring a young man’s fancy lightly turns to
thoughts of love,” these days, the great temptation is to accuse
the unhappy sufferer of bromide imbecility. The trouble is, of course,
that we are all so firmly convinced of the absolute truth of the quotation
that it meshes our intelligence for
anyone to suppose, that the suscepti-
bility of youth to the pangs of love
in Spring is beyond the immediate
ken of our perception.

The sighing breezes and warm
zephyrs gradually fill our slumber-
ing senses into that delightful state
known as contentment and we pass
hours and days of precious time in
the invocing land of romance and of
dreams.

Annabelle has that peculiarly
romantic heritage of the Hudson
valley and Spring is the season
which brings it most quickly to mind.

Cruger’s Island and the bubbling
waters of the many rivulets which
find their way into the great Hud-
son stream, have undoubtedly
Indian romance which can compare
with that of Hiawaths. But those
spells of Indian joy were super-
seeded by the romances of old Am-
sterdam and Holland.

Today with our complex modern
theories, with our intricate science
of eugenics, we can do well to stop
for a moment and recall the simpli-
city and happiness of the old love
tales of the Hollanders, the tales
that had not only men and women
and love, but fairies, too.

As, on a certain evening in the
vicinity of the Highlands, a wed-
ing took place between a Mr.
Hendrick and a Miss Katrina.
Just as the “you do” and the “I
will” had made the two one, a fairy,
came into the room and took away
the lovely bride. Hendrick devoted
most of his time to weeping until it
was reported that, in the vicinity
of a deserted mansion, two fairies were
seen. He examined the old deserted
halls by moonlight, but, Katrina
was not to be found. Overcome
by grief, he seated himself on the
door-sills and sadly hummed the
following lines:

“Tis sweet to sit at evening,
When the vest is painted red,
And to think of friends once with us,
Of the living and the dead.

It is sweet to hear at midnight,
Music stealing through the air,
While we feel our spirits rising
Heavenward on that silver stair.

Ever fonder, ever dearer,
Seems our youth that hastened by.
And we love to live in memory,
When our good hopes fade and die.
Yet like forest that seem fairer,
When the leaves their freshness lose.
So the past those leaves now fading,
Tinged with memory bolder grows.

The scenes started from their sleep
Had hardly died away;

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Swiftly to his rescue flew,
And, breathing softly in his ear,
Whispered the answer plain and clear.
And to the fairy, mute with surprise,
He answered, somewhat in this way:

"Say not all the flowers of the valley fade,
When painted leaves on the ground are laid,
And the carpet of nature, curiously made,
Cover the vale and the mountain side.

O! no; there's a flower earth's frozen nose is late,
In many a valley - the sweet blue-lips,
We find them in bowers of nature's date.

Wherever we see the forest child,
WhereFA streamlet flows or late weeds blow,
In lands that are wrapped in eternal snow,
We find these flowers, for taste or show.
None blights nor blasts nor makes them fade;"

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And even more than this is true.
For when they're pressed they bloom anew.
The fairy vanished but again appeared.
Leaving Katrina through the ruined halls.
And in the silence of that midnight hour,
Again were joined those hands once rudely torn.

We leave the hearer here to guess the rest.
How many times "two-lips" were fondly pressed.

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