

MESSENGER

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S. Stephen's College Messenger.

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Vol. 8.

FEBRUARY, 1902.

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THE CAMERA'S EYE.

INTENDING to teach, at the end of a pleasant summer, although my name was enrolled in several agencies, I found no position awaiting me; and a mere pastime decided my vocation for a few years, making me an unimportant character in the following story as well.

Photography had ever been my hobby, and I had gone far within its mysteries. While in college, having permission to use one end of an old tumbled down bowling alley, I made considerable study of the light and shadows in posing. Here, having put in a sky-light and some necessary equipment, I practised on students, servants, and even the venerable Faculty, until I produced some clever effects. And this ability, as I have hinted, was the cause of my participation in a pretty little romance.

Dropping in to cheer up my friend, the photographer, Vaughn, I found him almost frantic at the idea of being sick, when a score of appointments awaited him. Laughingly I volunteered to turn operator and was promptly accepted. And thus at a bound I passed from an amateur to a professional photographer, which I was destined to remain for some time.

The day before Vaughn was able to resume

his duties, I was sitting in the studio, when a man about twenty-eight, of medium height and athletic build, entered and asked permission to look through the proof books. I was instantly struck with the intense expression of his face and studied it closely as he perused the proofs with eager look. It would have been an ordinary face but for the look of suffering it bore; the features were regular, but the compressed jaws, marked by a fine lip capable of showing the inmost feelings, together with eyes that seemed searching for something unattainable, spoke of a suffering not physical, but the mental kind that cuts deeper and deeper into the heart by its own weight. His face lit up with eagerness as he turned page after page, but the look of disappointment and the old expression of pain settled upon it as he closed the last book, thanked me, and went out. I found myself thinking about him again and again during the afternoon; wondering why a man apparently so young should have had so much unhappiness in life as his face seemed to indicate.

My duties had been so pleasant and so much in accord with my taste, that the following week, I left for M——, Ohio, to take a position as operator for an old friend of Vaughn's, who had to be absent in California for a month or two, settling up a relative's estate. I had been settled in my new surroundings nearly the half of my stay, when to my surprise, late one afternoon, the studio door opened, and in came the stranger of the previous month with the same request as before. Again his face lit up as he eagerly scanned the pages, and again it took on its tale of sorrow as he closed the books, thanked me and went away.

Long after the sun had gone down and the gloom had settled, I sat musing, and somehow the story of Evangeline searching for her Gabriel came flitting through my mind, while reverie suggested that Arcadian love tale with characters reversed—a Gabriel searching for an Evangeline. I wondered if—

“Sometimes a rumor, a hearsay, an inarticulate whisper came with its airy hands to point and beckon *him* forward.” If it were difficult to follow and trace the loved one then, what must it be now with our crowded cities and numberless towns and villages!

Like the Evangeline of old, would the modern Gabriel be seen—

“Now in secluded hamlets, in towns, and in prosperous cities,”

only to find at last that

“All was ended now, the hope and the fear and the sorrow, all the aching of hearts, the restless, unsatisfied longing, all the dull deep pain, and constant anguish of patience?”

As I mused my sympathy went out to my unknown friend, and, when the factory whistle, announcing the end of a long day's toil for many, awakened me from my reverie, it was with the resolve to help him, if he ever crossed my path again, whatever might be the nature of his search.

My new calling had such fascination for me that I determined to devote a year or two more to it, and this resolve was strengthened by a clever invention and some artistic poses of mine that brought me prominently before the photographic world. I accepted a position with a progressive photographer in B——, who now has one of the finest studios in New York. My stay with Swezey, as I shall call him, for his name is too well known to use here,

was a delightful one; constantly thinking of his art he was but foreshadowing his later prominence and success, and it was a rare treat to be with a man of such ability and enthusiasm.

But to hasten on and tell what must already be anticipated; nearly a year afterward, entering the studio after a pleasant afternoon's drive, I beheld him to whom my sympathy had gone out before, poring over the proofs with the same eagerness, save that the delicate lips seemed more sharply drawn and the eyes had grown softer, though expressing more of sadness. While reflecting how I should offer my services and what to say, I was startled by an enquiry from him in regard to a certain picture. It was a group of young women in nurses' caps and aprons, which I had taken some time before. He pointed to a sweet faced little one, whom I remembered on account of her low musical voice, and because she seemed so much more a woman than the rest, though apparently the youngest. I remembered, too, how quiet she was, when the others were considering it a time for frolic and sport. "Can you help me find her?" he said, and the simplicity of the request made me want to aid him more than ever.

The picture was that of a graduating class from St. Barnabas Hospital and, knowing the matron there, I volunteered to go with him and help find some trace of the little woman. At the hospital we found that the members of the class were scattered to the four winds; one of the nurses, however, informed us that Janet Brown was then in Montreal. The following morning he left for that city, but, during the evening, which I spent with him at the hotel, he told me his story.

They had been true friends for a long time, when one day his firm ordered him to South America to direct the building of a large bridge, which would require over two years for its completion. Urged on by the prospect of not seeing her for so long a time he dared to confess his love and ask her to become his wife. Never thinking of their's as anything but a good true friendship, she had not noticed his growing affection, and, though she loved him as a friend, the idea of a deeper love had never entered her mind. Expecting it to be accompanied by some strange, hitherto unexperienced emotion, a thing so foreign to true love, and consequently shocked by his avowal, she dismissed him with a "No."

He had been attending to his daily routine in the new climate for a month, he told me, before he realized that he had left his native soil. The departure, the voyage, the new duties seemed all a misty dream. Day by day he directed the advance of the structure, with machine-like regularity, his only friend and confident being the widow of a young engineer, who was killed almost at the beginning of operations.

He had broken the sad tidings to her and had been almost a brother in the days of her bereavement; and, when the first terrible shock had passed away, she learned the sorrow of her newly found friend and forgot some of her own in sympathy for him. "Patience, John," she would say to him again and again when his silence showed how much he thought and suffered, "some day you will have the little one you love."

Finally the contract was finished and he returned to the States, where a new cause for sorrow awaited him.

When he was gone and Janet could feel his presence and enjoy his splendid friend-

ship no more, there came over her the feeling that she had been mistaken and that she did love him, and oh, how she wanted him near her again. Then with a frankness that showed her true worth, she wrote him a long letter telling him her mistake. Scarcely had it been mailed when fears began to assail her, increasing as the weeks rolled on bringing no response, and then came the rumor of his infatuation for and probable marriage to a young widow whose husband had lost his life on the contract. Then, with the same spirit of sincerity that caused her to refuse him, she felt that once she had loved in vain, she would never love again, and so resolved to devote her life in the service of the afflicted ones. Then, having no loving mother to help her, and only a stepfather, who forbade her "foolish whim," she had left home, leaving no clue to her whereabouts. So with this sad tidings he began his almost hopeless search. For nearly two years now he had been wandering up and down the land, enquiring at hospitals, searching photograph studios and doing everything in his power to locate the one he loved.

My eyes filled with tears as he looked into them with those sorrowful ones of his, while he stood on the steps of the Pullman the following morning, and I pressed his hand warmly and bade him God speed.

* * * * *

The stolid faces of renowned surgeons, accustomed to scenes of sadness and suffering, gazed down from their massive gilt frames in the reception room of the ——— Hospital in Montreal, with softened looks, as the lovers met and told their fears and misgivings, now forever passed away.

They have been married several years now, and how completely love reigns in their home!

"She, too, would bring to her husband's house delight and abundance,
Filling it full of love and the ruddy faces of children."

SAMUEL C. FISH, '03.

WHERE IGNORANCE IS BLISS.

FOR the summer vacation following his Sophomore year, Delaney accepted a position as clerk in Glein's hardware store in Holley, Mass. Not being an experienced clerk he found the work very hard, for he had to be agreeable to and patient with customers, he had to learn the business and had to pretend to know everything about it all at the same time. He might have allowed this hard work to become drudgery had he not had a keen sense of humor. As he waited upon people he enjoyed studying them. By doing so he enlarged his knowledge of human nature, and got much pleasure out of work that might otherwise have been irksome.

He had many amusing experiences. Here is one of them:

All the hardware, paints and oils, which the grocer next door to the hardware store needed to supply his customers, were bought at Glein's, and some of the things most frequently called for by the grocer's clerks were benzine or naptha and gasolene. These products of petroleum were sold in all quantities from five cents' worth to five gallons, and were always sold from the same tank, for benzine or naptha and gasolene are the same product, except the latter is of higher fire test. So Mr. Glein kept a large tank of gasolene in his store yard, out

of which was drawn naphtha when naphtha was called for, benzine when benzine was called for and gasolene when gasolene was called for. In this way customers got a better article than they paid for if they asked for naphtha or benzine; got what they wanted if they asked for gasolene, and Mr. Glein was under expense of keeping one tank instead of two. It happened one day when Delaney was very busy that one of the grocer's clerks called for gasolene. Delaney was too busy to wait upon him at once, and as he knew the clerk was in a hurry, he said, "You may fill that bottle with gasolene if you can't wait for me to do it."

"All right," said the clerk, "where's the tank?"

"In the store yard," answered Delaney, "the green tank farthest to the right."

In the course of half an hour the same clerk came in again for some gasolene. He filled a bottle from the green tank farthest to the right.

Shortly afterward the same clerk came the third time, but this time he came for naphtha.

"Delaney," he said, "I want some naphtha. Where shall I get it?"

"Out of the green tank farthest to the right," answered Delaney.

"Why," replied the clerk, "I got gasolene out of that tank fifteen minutes ago."

"Yes," said Delaney, not having time to explain the difference between the two products, "but which way did you turn the spigot?"

"To the right," said the clerk.

"Well," said Delaney, "turn it to the left for naphtha."

Q.

A PROVIDENTIAL OCCURRENCE.

ABOUT four o'clock one morning, while running on the division between Bennington and Oakland, drawing a through express, I was flagged. Upon inquiry, I found that there was a freight train badly wrecked just ahead of me. So I backed up to a little country station to wait for orders.

Soon after sunrise, a stranger coming out of one of the sleepers, walked up to the engine. He stopped and talked about it with much interest. Climbing up into the cab, he asked about and I explained the uses of the numerous valves and levers. He finally asked, "Is that for ornament?"

"That" was an ordinary brown moth-miller, mounted in a small glass covered box, hanging against the side of the cab.

"Well, partly for ornament," I said. "I put that moth there because it saved my life as well as a large train load of sleeping people."

"How," he asked, "could an insect save human lives?"

Well I'll tell you if you want to hear the story. I guess there is plenty of time.

It wasn't so very long ago; a year ago this spring. I was running this very same train, and had this very same engine, 174. I had the same fireman I've got now. You can see him leaning up against the telegraph office there. Jim is a good fellow, but he is very superstitious; believes in ghosts, dreams and all such like. I used to laugh and make fun of him, but I have not very much since we saw "The Black Ghost."

We were scheduled to leave Bennington at one ten in the morning, arriving at Oakland at six. On the night when this thing took place, a fearful storm of wind and rain

had been raging since early evening and was at its height when I started for the round house. Jim was there and the engine was ready, so after getting my working clothes on, I ran the engine down to the station.

Our train, the "Vestibule Limited," was half an hour late, and we sat in the cab listening to the storm rage outside. The rain beat fiercely against the windows and the wind moaned dismally.

"Going to be a bad run, Frank," said Jim. "I wish we were in Oakland safe and sound."

"What makes you so terribly solemn?" I asked, laughing.

"O, I feel creepy somehow. I feel as if something was going to happen, Do you know to-day is the thirteenth?" he asked.

Poor boy. He looked "creepy" and acted strangely. To tell the truth, I felt a little nervous myself, but I did not say anything to disturb Jim's feelings.

Presently our train came in, long and heavy, consisting mainly of sleepers. It used to make me nervous to think of all the human beings that were in my care, but I don't mind it now. That night I did feel queer. What if the storm had settled the track and loosened a rail? What if it had made a switchman careless? It was a capital night for an accident, and at the rate of speed I had to go, I would not have enough time to stop the train after danger appeared.

I backed down and coupled to the train and took a last look to be sure that everything was in order.

Soon I received the signal and we were off into the storm and night, rattling over switches and passing through a maze of signal lights and long lines of freight cars. When out of the yard, I pulled open the throttle, and soon 174 was doing her best.

The darkness grew more intense if possi-

ble, and the rain began to fall harder, and nothing could be seen but the damp and dismal gloom that surrounded us. We were trusting wholly upon the faithful work of switchmen and operators, because I could not see ahead on account of the foggy blackness.

Suddenly, just before us, I saw a figure of a large woman wrapped in black. I whistled, but we did not seem to come any nearer to her, and she waved her arms about in queer movements. As I sat looking in horror, the figure suddenly disappeared. Jim, who was fixing the fire, stood up and exclaimed, "What's the trouble, Frank? What's up?"

"Nothing," I replied in a queer sounding voice.

We shot around a curve, and after looking ahead, I glanced at the indicators for an instant. A cry came from Jim. He scared me so I jumped and my heart came up into my mouth so that I nearly bit it. I glanced at him. He was as white as steam and looked the very picture of terror. He pointed with a shaking finger ahead of us. I looked, and there on the track just ahead of us, was the woman. Now motionless; now whirling in a witch dance; all the time waving us back.

We were near a very high trestle that ran over Canyon Creek, and Jim gasped, "Frank, don't go over that trestle. Don't go any farther till you know the trestle is safe."

I guess I was pretty badly scared. At any rate I put on the brakes for all I was worth.

As we stopped I could hear the roar of the creek ahead. I stepped out of the cab with my torch just as the conductor came up.

"What's the matter? What's the matter?" he asked impatiently.

I felt foolish then. No woman was to be

seen, and I felt like getting in again and starting up. But I said, "Well, we've seen something just like a big black ghost waving its arms and warning us not to go forward."

The conductor looked at me with a searching glance and said, "Are you crazy? Still, we are so near the trestle we can look at it."

We had not gone five rods ahead before we stopped in horror. There at our feet lay the black chasm with the river swollen by the recent rain. The bridge was gone. Only a few splinters of wood and a few pieces of twisted iron clung to the abutment, and far out over the river the awful yet good figure of the woman was flinging its arms about in crazy glee.

"Was that the thing you saw when you stopped the train?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Well that is queer. Something more than luck saved us to-night."

We went back to the train feeling very queer and very thankful.

Several passengers came forward to the engine to see what caused the sudden stop. There was a young fellow who was smarter than all of us. He went to the chasm and looked in; and when he saw the ghost, he turned and looked at the headlight. I looked at it also and noticed a little spot on the glass.

"There is your ghost," he said, pointing toward the headlight.

And there it was. The very same miller that you see in that box. As I tapped on the glass, the creature flew back of the lamp and lit on the reflector. Now, of course, you could see no figure.

That is the story, sir. That moth fluttering on the glass in front of the illuminator had made the great black woman in front of us, and saved us all from a sure

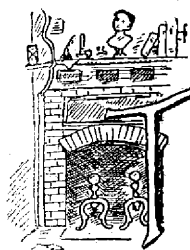
death. It probably got in there when the lamp was lighted. And I keep that moth to remind me of the way we were all saved that night.

"All aboard!" called the conductor, coming out of the station with some orders in his hand.

My visitor bid me good-bye, jumped down and ran back to his car.

JOSEPH R. WESTCOTT.





The Editor's Corner.

WHE convention of the Church Students' Missionary Association meets at S. Stephen's this month. For four days the Faculty and students will have the pleasure of entertaining the speakers and delegates who attend this convention. Although opportunities for entertainment are few, every effort will be made to have visitors spend their time here as pleasantly as possible; the college will be at the disposal of the guests.

WE students are particularly interested in the plans for entertaining the church students during the convention. As individuals we have often entertained our friends here in the dormitories, as societies we have annually entertained our Alumni and as a student we have entertained occasionally college athletic teams, but never before have we as a student body had the opportunity for entertaining at our college home fellow church students. It is with pleasure then that we see this convention come to Annandale, and we cordially greet the fellows.

AN effort is being made to organize class basket ball teams. There is no better way of fanning the dying flame of class spirit into a cheerful blaze than by having healthy rivalry between class teams. The Freshman, who must take a great deal from the Sophomore,

finds in a class contest an opportunity for humiliating his exalted enemy with defeat, the Sophomore may shake the Junior's pride and the Junior may make the Senior more grave. On the other hand the victorious '02 condescends to speak of the game with '03 as a contest; victorious '03 smiles at the presumption of '04 and victorious '04 "rubs it into" '05 harder than ever; but regardless of where the victory goes, class games stir up a class rivalry that is very stimulating.

D.

THERE is a theory prevalent in many minds nowadays that the College or University exists merely as a vast repository of learning, at whose fountain the student may come and imbibe long and deeply, departing with no other profit than a mind presumably stored with all manner of information and learning. They who hold this opinion lose all conception of that broader sphere of the existence of the College, which, to my mind, is its most essential function: the development of a full and perfect manhood. Many indeed there are who have developed remarkably strong characters, although they have never been students of a College. But no one will venture to gainsay that the College, associated with its community life, is eminently well fitted for rounding out and perfecting character, and that some of the most renowned men of the world, men distinguished not more for the profundity of their learning than for the possession of a strong and sturdy manhood, have been those who have passed through some College or University.

It is needless to say that the influences and environments of College life develop a remarkable change in every man; in some a change for the worse, but in most cases, we

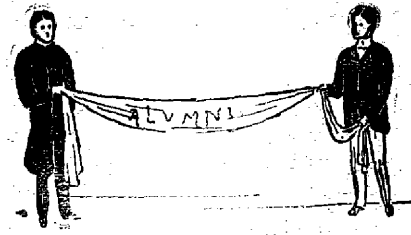
have reason to hope, it marks a change for the better. At the age at which most men enter College, the mind is in that plastic condition when it is most susceptible of forming habits. It is the place to form those habits which are to continue with us through life. The future success or failure of the student depends largely upon the condition of his mind when he leaves College. In College one must acquire that strong determination and aggressiveness which will enable him to cope successfully with every difficult situation in after life.

The College, with its community life, has a peculiar and distinctive feature connected with it, the nature of which although difficult to explain, yet has power to differentiate it from every other portion of a man's life. A spirit of independence and confidence, two very necessary weapons if we are to combat with the outside world, are engendered by its influence.

A student who comes to College and allows his time to be usurped entirely by his studies, loses the most valuable part of a College training. He inevitably becomes narrow; this he will learn to his own sorrow when he gets out and mingles with his fellow-men. He carries away no pleasant recollections of a period in his life which ought to have marked its brightest pages, and, which he realizes he can never experience again. He becomes the one-idea man, than whom we cannot imagine a more deplorable creature.

Let our College life make us broad and liberal, and it will do this if we foster not one of its institutions, but several. It may not be possible for a man to be proficient in music, athletics, scholarship, etc., all at the same time, but he can at least be interested in more than one of these.

R. E. BROWNING, '04.



(We shall be glad to print in these columns any news whatever of interest concerning our Alumni. Please send notes addressed to the Editor-in-Chief.)

—'68. The Rev. Eugene L. Toy is now in charge of S. Elizabeth's Chapel, Babylon, L. I.

—'73. At a Special Convention of the Diocese of Western Massachusetts in Christ's Church, Springfield, the Rev. Alexander Vinton, D. D., was elected Bishop.

The Bishop-elect was educated at S. Stephen's, the University of Leipsic, Germany, and the General Theological Seminary. He was ordained deacon by Bishop Williams in 1877 and advanced to the priesthood in 1878. He has been rector of All Saints' Worcester, Mass., since 1884.

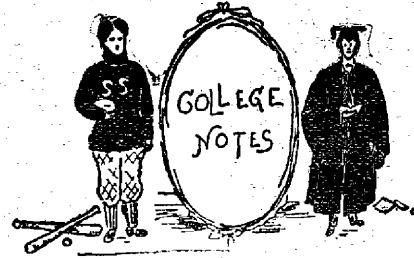
—'86. Rev. William G. Ivie, who fractured his knee while superintending some improvements in his church, expects to be enabled to resume part of his parish duties by Ash Wednesday.

—'99. A. McK. Porter's engagement to Miss Jewett of New York, is announced.

—When your paper comes in a pink wrapper your subscription has expired. You will find a subscription blank inside. THE MESSENGER needs all the subscribers it now has and a great many more. We trust that you will renew and thank you in advance for your kindness.

—At a special council of the Diocese of Colorado convened in S. John's Cathedral, Denver, Jan. 8. Rev. Charles Sanford Olmstead, D.D., was elected Bishop-coadjutor. Dr. Olmstead received his college education at S. Stephen's. He was rector of S. Asaph's Church, Bala, Penn.

—You will die if you do not have medical attendance when you are sick, and your interest in the College will die if it is not awakened now and then by the MESSENGER. The doctor's services cost money, so does the MESSENGER. Do you understand?



—Cleland, '03, has been appointed organist.

—O'Hanlon, '02, entertained his fellow classmates Saturday evening, January 18.

—A new notice board has been put up in the vestibule of Aspinwall Hall for the exclusive use of the Faculty. It is a shallow walnut cabinet that can be kept locked. Behind its plate glass door henceforth Faculty notices will rest in peace, secure from the raging of the wind and the disrespect of student vandals.

—Students are respectfully asked not to take the papers and magazines out of the Missionary Society's reading room.

—The schedule for Lenten preachers has been completed. The following is the list: Ash Wednesday, Father Huntington, O. H. C.; Thursday, Feb. 20, Rev. William Mansfield Groton, Dean of The Divinity School of the Protestant Episcopal Church in Philadelphia; Wednesday, Feb. 26, Rev. Elbert Floyd-Jones, Cold Springs; Thursday, March 6, Archdeacon Sheldon Munson Griswold, D.D., Hudson; Thursday, March 13, Rev. John Harris Knowles, New York; Thursday, March 20, Rev. A. Randolph B. Hege-man, Albany.

—Rev. Professor (*in the refectory five minutes before nine, impatiently waiting for his breakfast*). There goes the last chapel bell! I suppose I'll have to go to chapel

without breakfast, (*Five minutes later in chapel*) "I was glad when they said unto me, 'We will go into the house of the Lord.'"

—Mr. James H. Canfield, LL.D., Librarian of the Columbia University, lectured in Ludlow Hall Monday evening, January 20, on the subject, "The Place and Value of the College Library." His lecture was very pleasing and stimulating. He showed us that books, not merely collections of printed pages, are but the living souls of their authors. He showed us that books are good fellows, our companions when we will, our instructors when we please, never thrusting themselves upon us, but willing at any time and under any circumstance to give us of their best. His lecture was full of instruction.

—Mr. L. M. Smith, '05, was initiated in the mysteries of Eulexian Society on Friday evening, Jan. 31st. After the initiation a bountiful spread was served in the society room. Dr. C. E. Ide, '02, acted as toastmaster and called for the following toasts: "College Spirit," A. C. Saunders, '01; "The Humorous Side of College Life," M. W. Hicks, '04; "Eulexian's Glories," Benjamin Mottram, '02; "A Greek Examination," E. C. Addison, '03; "The Choir," G. S. A. Moore, '04; "Freshman Dignity," Stanley Brown-Serman, '05; "The Rights of an Upper Classman," Robert E. Browning, '04.

—A basket ball team has been organized and the necessary equipment secured. The practice is being carried on with spirit.

