

MESSENGER

Vol. 8 No. 7 April, 1902

Page 119	A Boston Tea-Party—With Variations Cuthbert Fowler
Page 128	The Spirit of Unrest Charles Everett McCoy
Page 128	The College Man M. Wilford Hicks
Page 133	The Editor's Corner Robert E. Browning
Page 136	Alumni Notes
Page 137	College Notes

S. Stephen's College Messenger.

BOARD OF EDITORS:

H. EUGENE ALLSTON DURELL, '02, Editor-in-Chief.

DUNCAN O'HANLON, '02, Associate.

GEORGE SEYMOUR WEST, '03.

ROBERT EVANS BROWNING, '04.

STANLEY BROWN-SERMON, '05.

ELBERT C. ADDISON, '03, Business Manager.

JAMES F. ELTON, '04, Subscription Agent.

GEORGE S. A. MOORE, '04, Advertising Agent.

Vol. 8.

APRIL, 1902.

No. 7.

A BOSTON TEA-PARTY—WITH VARIATIONS.

THE two-car local that meets the Flying Yankee at Westfield was crawling through hay-fields and past farm-buildings, with an undoubted, but equally unapparent purpose of setting down its passengers at their respective villages and flag-stations along its route. There was nothing in the least remarkable about this local. Like all the rest, what air there was in the cars was filled with the mingled odors of oranges, peanuts, candy and train-smoke. Children spilled water in the aisles as they carried it here and there to thirsty relatives. The conversation of the older people created a lazy buzz that was the only sound on the sultry air. When the conductor came through, greeted familiarly by most of the passengers, he struck one as being out of keeping with his surroundings, for he seemed to be the only moving object.

Toward the front of the car a man drummed impatiently on the window-pane, as though he were unaccustomed to being alone and didn't relish the sensation. Such was the case, for the man was Jim Kerr, who ran a cigar store and sold bicycles and phonographs when he had nothing else to do, up in Palmyra. He had something else

to do most of the time, however, for he kept a trotting-horse. The horse had to be exercised in the first place. Then Jim had to keep up his intimacy with the other horse men in the town. So the horse monopolized most of his time. At the "horse-trot" and county fair he could be seen in all places at once, clad in an old linen duster, probably hatless, a white handkerchief loosely tied round his neck, racing hither and thither on "important" business. You would have thought him the one man on whom all responsibility rested.

With the rest of the fellows all through the school age Jim's sole aim—as much as he had any—was to annoy the teacher, tease the girls, and "keep in with the fellers." All this with one perpetual smile on his face: a genuine smile if he were playing ball, a sardonic grin if he were being ferruled, a defiant one when he fought. He merely kept pace with time as it brought him into manhood. With the same old upward twitch at the corners of the mouth, you always saw him somewhere on Main street, unless he was "working the colt" at the track. Loud-voiced, ever joking, popular with all, he was a typical man-about-town in a New England village.

Naturally enough, he drank. Rumor had it that he sold "rum." But he let people think what they chose on that score, perhaps for the very reason that Palmyra was one of those towns in which the liquor question was kept in constant agitation. No proof could be brought against him, however; there was never even suspicion enough to provoke a sheriff's "raid" on his property. But about his being occasionally under the influence of liquor—that was another story.

On this account I suppose you pity Mrs.

Kerr. Fond sympathy! Perhaps she worried over him a little in secret, but she drove his trotter about town with a horseman's hand; she had a front seat in the Congregational Church; she was always consulted about the sociables without being asked to do any of the work. She didn't care what they said! Not she!

When the train reached Palmyra, Kerr found his buggy and a boy awaiting him. They drove over to the baggage-shed, where Jim hunted round till he found a small keg marked with two x's and several other signs which are never seen on a keg of paint. This he placed, with a display of concealment, in the back of the buggy, and started for home. On his way he drew up before the "Exchange" hotel, to join in the conversation of a group that had gathered. Someone spied the barrel in the back and in five minutes time the fun over it was too fast and furious for Jim to stand, and he was forced to beat a hasty retreat, shouting back some answer to his accusers as he rattled down the street.

The next afternoon the Palmyra branch of the W. C. T. U. held its monthly meeting at the home of Mrs. Winslow. Time-honored custom and the sense of fitness demanded that such meetings should begin with the Lord's Prayer, followed by the roll-call and reading of minutes. Also that after this the current number of "The White Banner"—a four-page sheet devoted to the interests of Palmyra prohibition—should be read (by the editor) and commented upon. That the comments were always favorable might strike the casual observer as unusual, but unity of sentiment is a strong point with the W. C. T. U. You either assent to its one vital principle, or you don't—and there you are.

On this particular occasion, however, the opening prayer was omitted; even the "White Banner" was forgotten, and the meeting was correspondingly stormy from start to finish. It happened this way. While the members were awaiting the late-comers, Sister Bennett broke in upon them with a most indignant "What do you suppose that miserable Jim Kerr has done? He drove into this town yesterday with a barrel of whiskey in plain sight in his buggy!" She paused for breath and her feelings all but got the better of her. Immediately there was commotion enough. Questions as to the details, denunciations of the affrontery of such a man, and angry declarations that he must be dealt with summarily rose from all quarters of the room. It was as a hornet's nest stirred up by a mischievous small boy. Gradually the voices calmed down and the assembly assumed a more deliberate tone. When the meeting broke up, later than ever before, it was with a quiet that was ominous.

The warm summer night was unbroken save by the occasional stamping of a horse in his stall. *Darkness and silence held absolute sway.* But hold! in one spot in Palmyra silence was having a hard time of it. Perhaps you, in your unregenerate days, have joined in an attempt to "swipe" the clapper of the chapel bell. This silence was of that nature. There was a mysterious rush of black figures up the bank in front of Mr. Kerr's house. Then there was a consultation of war in front of his stable door. Someone whispered loudly. It was quelled by a decided "Hsssh!" Or somebody electrified the rest by a silent "Hark!" The horses inside knew that something was wrong, and stopped stamping. Cautiously, little by little, so that there should be no

rumbling or creaking, the big door slid a couple of feet along its track. A horse snorted. Dead silence.

But if you had been inside you would have heard more whispering, more cautions, and finally a suppressed "Here it is!" A few minutes later there reappeared from the depths of the stable a strange procession. Four or five women, as pall-bearers in a funeral, carried on a barrel-truck a round object covered with a cloth, about the size of a man's body without head or limbs. They opened a garden gate and disappeared round the end of the stable, then all was still again.

The ghostly funeral procession took some devious route through orchards and gardens at the back of the houses till, half an hour later, it halted just outside the town, at the edge of the little stream that supplies power for the cotton and grist-mills of Palmyra. Here occurred a ceremony of solemn mystery. Whispering—for even here there might be spies and informers—ceased at length, as the incantations around the witches' cauldron would cease when the deadly brew was steeped. Someone produced a hatchet, raised it aloft, and then, amidst the impressive silence of the rest of the group, brought it down, with deadly aim, on the head of Jim Kerr's barrel of "rum." For this was the object brought hither with such secrecy and pomp. Again the hatchet descended. Out with a splash into the stream poured the liquid, and the keg followed its contents, floating lazily down the stream, bobbing over rocks, till it was lost to sight. "Sisters, our ancestors taught the British that they could not force tea on America, and our victory to-night is a similar lesson to these outlaws who brazenly bring rum into Palmyra," said Sister Ben-

nett, grandly. And the procession moved homeward stealthily.

Of course the whole story was out before noon the next day. Jim Kerr missed his keg. Some hero of the occasion had to run over before breakfast to tell her neighbor of the glorious victory. That week's *Eastern Herald* had it in great head-lines on the first page: "Boston Tea-Party the Second," and while it poked veiled fun at the W. C. T. U., it clearly showed that the laugh was on Kerr. As for him, if he were "riled," it would take a close observer to see it. No amount of chaffing could remove that imperturbable "don't care" smile of his.

Pretty soon it was observed that he spent a good deal of time driving Lawyer Raynor about town. Lawyer Raynor was a new citizen of about two years standing. He belonged to all the social clubs in town; was first tenor in a quartette that used to black up and sing "coon" songs at the local talent entertainments; he was also the only man in town, except the ministers, who wore a silk hat. He was a good lawyer and a good fellow. Accordingly, the community was not surprised when Kerr brought suit against certain of the W. C. T. U. for stealing a keg and contents from his stable. Nevertheless, everyone told him he was a fool, for the law of Maine could not support him. Kerr only grinned. "We'll see," was all he said. So the W. C. T. U. engaged prosy old Mr. Sterrett, a barrister of long-established reputation who had no use for young Raynor. The town looked upon it as a test case, and settled back to await the result.

The trial was held in a little stuffy room over a hardware store. For two weeks it dragged through a tedious existence, out of which, however, Raynor extracted a good

deal of fun at the expense of the other side. As for the case itself, things began to look bad for Kerr. When at last the cross-examinations were all over and the evidence taken, Raynor had merely proved that the barrel brought into town by Kerr was the same one which the zealous reformers had given a watery grave. When he had settled the point by one witness, he set about to prove it by another. Followers of the case said he was sparring for wind, and his reputation began to fall accordingly.

Such was the situation on the day when the case was expected to be closed. The court was packed. Sympathy was about equally divided. But Kerr's friends were not over-enthusiastic. Both anticipated a good deal of smart witticism from Raynor. His was a losing suit, and he must meet defeat as gracefully as possible. Kerr himself was in as sunny a mood as ever, and seemed to be rather enjoying the situation.

Mr. Sterrett made an eloquent speech. The ladies of the W. C. T. U., in dealing with an extraordinary case by unusual, but perfectly legal means, deserved the respect and admiration of the community for their decided stand and devoted interest in the moral character of the town.

Judge Thompson had to let the applause die of sheer exhaustion. And it died hard. Finally order was restored, and Raynor rose impressively to his feet. "Your Honor," he said, "I agree to all the sentiments that have been uttered as far as they apply to the exclusion of the baneful and degenerating poison of alcohol from our otherwise beautiful and happy community. But at the same time, personal liberty must not be infringed upon." Here his expression changed. A slight smile on his lips seemed to promise some jest at the expense of the defendant.

"I fail to see why an honest and law-abiding citizen cannot bring into Palmyra, for his own use, all the—ah—horse-wash he"—that brought down the house, "horse-wash!"—a new term. Seizing the joke with avidity, the audience roared with laughter. Judge Thompson hammered for order in vain. Still they laughed. All but the staunchest upholders of the W. C. T. U. party. This was another insult to the seriousness of the question, so they frowned.

After a final echoing guffaw Raynor proceeded. The judge was angry, so he apologized. "I beg your Honor's pardon for introducing an unfortunate word." He continued. "I have gone to a good deal of trouble in proving that the barrel brought to his stable by my client was the same one which was unceremoniously dumped into the stream. Do you ask why?" The house was all attention. Everyone did wonder what Raynor had been driving at for two weeks. "That keg, your Honor, surely did not deserve so sad an end, for its contents were in no way injurious to our morals. Is there anything demoralizing, anything degenerating in horse-wash? It was horse-wash that was poured from that keg into the stream."

There was a moments silence for the situation to dawn on his listeners; for them to call to mind Kerr's boldness in bringing the cause of all this trouble into town, the fact that the barrel was found in his stable, his confidence that the trial would come out all right, and the twenty odd circumstances which, put together, formed conclusive enough evidence that Raynor spoke the truth. Then a thunder-clap could have been no more sudden or violent than that outbreak. Boys took up the chorus and whistled shrilly with their fingers in their

mouths. Old Captain Tracey, the oldest inhabitant, actually fell from a bench to the floor, so convulsed was he.

Absolute, utter dismay smote the ranks of the W. C. T. U. Sister Bennett fainted in the arms of her neighbor. The rest were boiling red with mortification or chalk-white with consternation. Raynor's face was a study. He stood unmoved, a slight smile on his mouth, but apparently all unconscious that he occasioned the commotion. Jim Kerr was slapping his thigh as though it were a naughty child.

The shouts of laughter calmed down, then rose again, and the boys stamped the floor. Still again they died away and broke out afresh, like the swells of a heavy sea. In despair Judge Thompson shouted "The court is adjourned," though no one heard him. The court broke up, and the leaders of the W. C. T. U. fled hastily, one by one, to avoid observation. The people kept on laughing till they cried. Palmyra never laughed so in its life.

The court didn't settle the case. That was done outside. How, nobody knows. It is quite probable that after putting his enemies to route so completely, Jim Kerr magnanimously paid the freight himself. But one thing is certain; from that day to this Palmyra hasn't seen another Boston Tea-Party.

CUTHBERT FOWLER, '01.



THE SPIRIT OF UNREST.

UP out of the deep caverns of the sea,
A spirit rises, black as night,
And creeping o'er my unsuspecting soul,
It holds me captive in its might
And causes all my mental ease to flee.

The presence of this my unwelcome guest
O'er floods my soul with cold despair;
I tread the endless sands of Life oppressed
By some unknown, some causeless care,
A victim of the Spirit Of Unrest.

Why comest Thou into my youthful life,
Thou Harbinger of Death to Peace?
Why loadest Thou my heart with foolish care?
Depart and let my broodings cease!
My soul revolts against Thine endless strife.

God of the Weary Hearted, Ever Blessed,
Give me the strength to burst apart
The mighty chain which my mysterious Foe
Has forged about my shrinking heart,
And free me from the Spirit Of Unrest!

CHARLES EVERETT MCCOY.

THE COLLEGE MAN.

HE will of Cecil Rhodes, in disposing of an estate of \$30,000,000, establishes a fund of \$10,000,000 for the endowment of scholarships at Oxford for the United States and Germany—two to each state and territory of the United States and five to Germany. On the course of a statement giving the conditions under which the scholarships are attainable he sets forth certain qualifications which seem to me to embody everything which goes to make a perfect college man.

He says: "My desire being that students who shall be elected to scholarships shall not be merely book-worms. I direct that in the election of a student to a scholarship regard shall be had to:

"1. His literary and scholastic attainments.

"2. His fondness for and success in manly outdoor sports, such as crickets, football and the like.

"3. His qualities of manhood, truth, courage, devotion to duty, sympathy for and protection of the weak, kindliness, unselfishness, and fellowship.

"4. His exhibition during school days of moral force of character and of instincts to lead, and to take an interest in his school-mates, for these latter attributes will be likely in after life to guide him to esteem the performance of public duties as his highest aim."

The idea of an all around man, such as is embodied in these conditions, is sometimes very often lost sight of in college life. A man is either literary or athletic in his tendencies. The two seem to mix no easier than the proverbial oil and water.

The first qualification, that of scholastic attainments, is one which is frequently neglected. A man as a rule comes to college with a well defined idea of excelling in these pursuits, but what with diversions of one kind or another these excellent ideals are gradually lost sight of, and with the end of the Easter term his name becomes a familiar sight in the lists of those whose ideas did not sufficiently agree with those of the examiner.

There is, however, another kind of student: the book-worm. This kind is so small that it is rarely seen except in the large universities. There amid the shelves of the library you may see this perverted type of manhood literally devouring the moldy volumes. Sacrificing health and all legitimate enjoyments to the pursuit of knowledge, he emerges from his sanctuary with a worn and emaciated frame; a warning against rather than an incitement to the acquirement of learning.

It is needless to say that neither of these should be the true type of a student. He should be a man who applies himself enough to get a well and clearly defined idea of his subject. The eternal grinding, which wears out brain and body, seems to me a mere waste of time and energy without the compensating gain of a better understanding of the subject.

Athletics, the second qualifications, are lamentable neglected in this college. As has often been stated there are three sides to a being: the mental, physical and spiritual. The physical cannot be neglected if you are to call the being a man. You may call him a great mind or you may speak of him as a great or good soul, but you must not lose sight of his manhood. There seems to me to be two distinct advantages resultant from athletics, the first mere physical advantage arising from a given amount of bodily exertion, the second and more important that resulting from the contact with one's fellows in the several contests which are undertaken. Man is essentially a social being and not a hermit. It must, however be remembered that the man who gives himself up entirely to sports is likely to become as one sided as the book-worm.

The third phase of the conditions requires that regard should be had to his qualities of manhood, with courage, devotion to duty, sympathy for and protection of the weak, kindness, unselfishness and fellowship. This is something which S. Stephen's is peculiarly able to give on account of the religious influence which she extends. Yet something more than mere chapel attendance is required to attain these results. It strikes me that the qualities embody all the attributes of the christian who lives up to his professions. In the college course there

if sufficient opportunity given for the development of manhood, devotion to duty, unselfishness and fellowship. There may be different conceptions of manhood, but if each individual conception is lived up to there will be an appreciable change for the better. Attendance to Duty should be especially cultivated. Being habitually late to chapel and recitations will never tend to make a man keep his engagements promptly in later life. The preparing of everyday's tasks as they are assigned is a training which will secure punctuality in active life. Fellowship is another quality which cannot be neglected. It is the contact with one's fellows which rubs off the rough corners which jut out so prominently from the Freshmen. It was to meet this need that college fraternities were established and their success in the cultivation and refining of their members proves undisputably that it is not good for man to be alone.

The fourth qualification, that he should exhibit during school days moral force of character, instincts to lead, and an interest in his fellows, is neglected more than any other. How many men in this college seem to themselves and others to be very fine fellows and yet have not moral force enough to lead a dog?

There are many men who are bright, perhaps brilliant in their intellectual attainments and yet have positively no moral conceptions. A shining example of this kind of man was Aaron Burr, brilliant, intellectual, yet lacking this essential characteristic to make him successful. The instinct to lead is often lost sight of, a quality which especially in the church is of unesteemable benefit. There is often a time in a clergyman's life when either he or the vestry is going to lead. If the vestry leads he becomes

a hireling, if he leads he may become a bishop. The incident of Napoleon as a military cadet leading his fellow cadets in mock battle has often been cited as a proof that early tendencies to lead one's fellows developed later into the leading of nations.

These qualities as Cecil Rhodes says "will be likely in later life to guide one to esteem the performances of public duties as his highest aims."

M. WILFORD HICKS, '04.



HE suggested amalgamation of the various Church Colleges with Columbia University, New York City, which is being vigorously agitated by the Association for the promotion of the interests of Church, Schools, Colleges and Seminaries, will if consummated, mark such an evolution in the history of our Church Colleges, as to justify some mention of the nature of the plan as outlined and the advantages which would accrue from such a coalition of educational interests.

The theory of the English University educational system where numerous small Colleges are grouped together, each a unit in itself and performing its own individual functions as a College, yet depending for its life and nourishment upon the existence of the University as a whole, is daily gaining influence and strength among the head of our largest educational institutions. In this system only can they see any solution of the problem of the large University. It has stood the test in England for more than a thousand years and has enabled her to hold pre-eminent sway throughout the world as the most logical exponent of University education.

The Colleges which it is intended will be affiliated with Columbia University are Trinity, Hobart, Kenyon, S. Stephen's and University of the South.

Our small Colleges and especially the

Church Colleges, have done and are still doing pioneer service for the cause of education, but that they are hampered and embarrassed through lack of necessary equipment and the higher educational facilities, both of which are possessed by the larger University, is only too evident. A still greater drawback in the case of the small Colleges is its isolation. Says Professor McDaniel of Hobart: "Its faculty usually have high aims and honest ambitions. They are not afraid to submit to exterior tests of their work and method. They would welcome co-ordination with the University systems which are in their neighborhood. They would welcome the stimulus which is afforded by association with a great organization, the fixity and continuity of standards which such an association would imply."

The small College makes no retentions to accomplish specialized work, but sets for itself the task of giving a general education, culture and training, and this it does with an efficiency which no one ventures to question. What it needs however, is the touch and influence of the university to restore that life which it has lost through neglect and isolation.

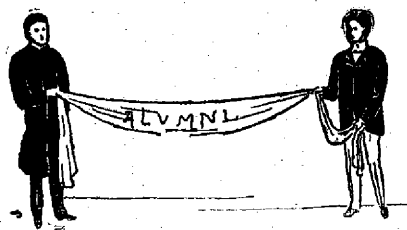
Of course it is not intended that these Colleges in question shall be removed or in any manner altered in their present operations, but they are to be placed on a level with Columbia University with regard to curricula, etc., and their students may be advanced to University work at Columbia at the smallest possible expense, in this way putting the immense resources of Columbia University at the disposal of each of three Church Colleges. Practically this would increase the facilities of the Colleges, putting them in touch with Columbia and Columbia in touch with them. To illustrate the actual

benefit to be derived from this affiliation, a student could spend three years of his college course at one of these small Colleges, thus profiting by his training at a small College and could then pass to Columbia University to be received on an equal footing and at the end of the year obtain a Columbia degree.

The Association for the promotion of the interests of Church Schools, Colleges and Seminaries, in the pursuance of its plan to form this co-operation, has established a series of prize examinations open to the Church Colleges, the ultimate object of which is to test the efficiency of the work done by these various Colleges. Thus far the tests have evinced a high degree of scholarship and it is to be sincerely hoped that the affiliation in question may occur.

ROBT. E. BROWNING.





(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.)

—'73. The consecration of the Rev. Dr. A. D. Vinton, bishop-elect of the diocese of Western, Mass., will take place in All Saints' Church, Worcester, Mass., Tuesday, April 22.

—'90. The Rev. Percival C. Pyle, rector of Grace Church, Greenville, N. J., has received a call to St. Matthews' Church, Brooklyn, L. I.

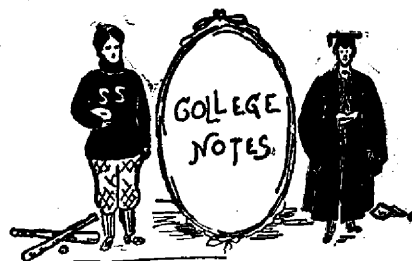
—'91. The Rev. A. R. B. Hegeman preached in Holy Innocents Chapel Thursday evening, March 20.

—'92. The Rev. A. J. Nock delivered an address at the services in memory of the Rev. James H. B. Brooks, held in Christ Church, Oil City, Tuesday, March 18, by the Bishop of the diocese of Pittsburg.

—A number of engagements among the Alumni, supposed to be known to friends only, have been reported to the MESSENGER. There is a strong temptation to publish the news now despite the requests of the friends to wait until the engagements are formally announced.

—'96. Thomas Paul Maslin was the guest of Dr. and Mrs. Olssen during the Easter vacation.

—'96. The Rev. James Louis Lasher accidentally put out a caddy's eye with a golf ball. He paid the hospital expenses and is now being sued for \$5,000 damages.



—March winds took off a portion of the recently replaced gymnasium roof.

—Thursday evening, March 6, Archdeacon Sheldon Munson Griswold, D.D., of Hudson, preached in the college chapel.

—The Rev. A. R. B. Hegeman of Albany preached the last sermon of the Lenten series in Holy Innocents Chapel, Thursday evening, March 20.

—There was no Lenten sermon preached here on Thursday evening, March 13. The Rev. John Harris Knowles of New York was unable to keep his engagement.

—Loyal Hibernians celebrated St. Patrick's Day here with a modest display of green in their button holes. The campus however failed to dress itself in the color appropriate to the day.

—Tuesday morning, April 1st, the college ice house burned. It is supposed that paper ignited by the ash heap were blown into the cracks and set fire to it. Fortunately the wind was not very high else Orient Hall would have burned too. As it was, that building was saved with difficulty. The chapel bell was rung to call the neighbors to the aid of the impromptu college fire brigade. With their valuable assistance the fire was kept confined to the ice house. Two-thirds of the supply of ice survived the flames.

Please Mention the "Messenger."

When you want

some work done quickly—when you must have it on time—come and see us. If it is not convenient for you to come, just "Hello 91-3" and we will send a messenger. We not only do printing, but bookbinding too,—the whole business.

If you have any doubt about our being able to fill your orders promptly, please come and talk it over, and see what fine promises we can make.

A. V. Haight
Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

Peter B. Hays + Co.

*Merchant Tailors
and Men's Furnishers,
Main & Garden Sts.*

Poughkeepsie, N. Y.