

MESSENGER

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S. Stephen's College Messenger.

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Vol. 8.

MAY, 1902.

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THE IMPRACTICABILITY OF THE COLLEGE MAN.

CONSIDERABLE discussion has been aroused by the refusal of the noted philanthropist Dr. Pearson to endow any college east of Chicago, on the ground that eastern colleges render their men impracticable. Dr. Pearson has gained fame as the friend of the small college, and his opinion is entitled to consideration, especially when expressed in regard to a question to which he has given the mature thought of his last years.

Indeed, there does seem to be something radically opposed to common sense in the life of the eastern college of to-day.

The freshman comes from his well-regulated home or boarding-school and is turned loose in a dormitory where nothing is forbidden except, perhaps, the burning of the building. So long as daylight restores decorum no reprobation follows an outbreak. Things occur which would cause the raiding of a boarding-house on the ground that it was "disorderly." Liberty does not depend upon the abandonment of all restraint. College quarters should exhibit as much self-control as public lodgings.

Parietal regulations, such as obtain in

the English universities, are hard to enforce, but they would be much better than this headlong plunge from domestic tranquility into a license which gives the student an idea that all laws are abrogated for him, and that he is a man apart. This theory of non-responsibility is thoroughly artificial, and bids fair to result in grave educational evils.

Modern college life tends also to confirm the habits of financial dependence which the freshman brings with him. Skill in pulling the governor's leg is an admired educational attainment; not only the governor, but the alumni and all elderly female relatives are afflicted with a chronic limp.

How to compass pleasures and possessions he cannot pay for is the undergraduate's problem. It is an evil lesson to allow the undergraduate to waste on superfluities money which should be spent in fuller payment for the fundamental necessities of intellectual life. Fraternity houses costing \$100,000 in colleges whose full professors receive barely \$2,000 are not calculated to impress the real values and just proportions of things upon the undergraduate. While citizenship comes to a man at twenty-one the college man often attains the age of thirty before he becomes self-supporting.

If college men are commercially inefficient, it is not because culture paralyzes practical economy, but because some of the social and economic tendencies of our colleges are at war with common sense. "The college," as has been said by a prominent educator, "must devote itself to the guidance of advanced adolescence, to that sane and self-directed manhood before which the world lies open. It must adapt all its agencies, social and unofficial, as well as academic, to the fulfillment of this purpose, and test every class-room method, every student custom by

its educational tendency, and by its conformity with reality, social sanity, and plans for practical life."

M. WILFORD HICKS, '04.

FOOT-PRINTS.

IVES of great men oft remind us,
We can make our lives sublime,
And departing leave behind us
Foot-prints in the sands of time.

—Longfellow.

When we wander through a graveyard,
The gray tombstones us remind,
That these are the only foot-prints
Nearly all must leave behind.

ERNEST C. TUTHILL, '04.

"THOU ART INDEED MY SON."

"CONFOUND the girls. If it wasn't for that girl we could get Joe to play foot-ball, and the devil knows how we need him. Last year he improved wonderfully, and we'd all counted on him for a back; but then, poor fool, he had to fall in love, and the girl's afraid some one will spoil his looks. Just like women, anyway. Always trying to make men sissies and goody-goodies." Thus Ned Nelson, captain of the foot-ball team, talked and fretted because Joe Wilson, his old chum and companion in his college pranks, had refused to be a candidate for the foot-ball team, and had finally given as the reason that he had promised Gertrude Williams that he would never play foot-ball again. Gertrude was a handsome young woman of the neighborhood—the belle of all the social events of the college. Joe Wilson had met her the year before, and after an ardent and faithful suit had won her. Joe was a big, strong

fellow, well liked by his fellow-students and very popular among the young ladies of the neighborhood. Many a girl looked upon Gertrude Williams with eyes full of envy. Joe's love for her was not simply a flitting boyish passion, but that deep and true love of the heart which, when returned, transforms this poor, wretched earth into a true Garden of Eden.

One Saturday morning of cold December four young students sat in the front room of their fraternity house talking idly and smoking, while they watched the dancing flames of the logs burning in the open fireplace. The mail-carrier's whistle blew and one of the fellows made a rush for the door. He soon returned with a solitary letter and the morning papers. "Well, Joe, you're the only one to draw this morning. Blame it all, don't see why I don't get a letter. Pretty near time I got one from home with some duff," growled Ned.

"Suppose you have to go down town to-night, Joe? Wanted to borrow a dime for car fare?" asked Jack. "I was hoping you'd stay up here to-night, but it's all up now since you've got a letter from Gertrude."

Joe, smiling and blushing a little, took the letter and read:

"DEAR JOE:—I am in a great hurry, and have only time to write a short note. I have been deceiving you all along—not exactly deceiving you—but then I did not love you as much as I have pretended to. Your company was always a great enjoyment to me. You are always so pleasant and jovial, and so extremely entertaining. Then I always enjoyed going out with you; you were always so popular and such a good dancer. But then, you know, your prospects are not very good. Of course, we had plans laid or the future, but you can find some

other girl—yes, lots of them—only too willing to take up the work where I have stopped. Now, what I wanted to tell you is this: Mr. H. proposed last night and I accepted him. You know he is so wealthy, and has such a good social position. We are to be married next month. He is peculiar, I know, but he will let me have all the money I want. I know you will feel real sad when you have read this, but you will be all over it in a few days. You can't blame me, can you, Joe? Hoping that you will find some real sweet girl to take my place, I am, believe me, ever your sincere friend,

"GERTRUDE."

The letter fell from Joe's hand. His face turned deathly pale, and huge drops of sweat beaded his forehead. He sat perfectly still, shivering first with the cold, and then burning with fever. His friends saw something was wrong, and for some time all remained silent. Finally Jack asked: "Anything wrong, Joe?"

He awoke with a start, looked wildly around as though bewildered and blinded by a sudden light. Then he collected himself, and with a great effort at calmness answered: "No; nothing much. Say, Jim, give me some tobacco. Got any papers? I can't find mine." He rolled a cigarette and smoked in silence. The other fellows, seeing that something was wrong, and not knowing how to cheer up their friend, one after another, some with excuses and others in silence, left the room. Soon Joe, also, left the room and sought the solitude of his bed-room, and again read the letter.

She had enjoyed his company, while he had loved her with all his soul—loved her as only God should be loved. Yes, he had even worshiped her, and she had enslaved and ruined him, because his jovial and en-

tertaining nature had pleased her. She had played with him as a little girl plays with a doll, and had cast him aside a broken wreck as soon as a new and more attractive one could be had.

Luncheon came, but he could not eat, and late in the afternoon he stole out of the house alone to walk and think.

* * * * *

The day had turned bitter cold and a heavy snow storm had set in. Late that evening two students came up the hill toward the chapter-house. Just as they turned the corner one stumbled over a form lying close to the walk. He jumped to one side.

"What's that, New?" asked the other.

"A drunk; let's help him up."

"Oh, come on. It's too cold to fool around here. He'll only fall down again. Come on home."

"Yes, Dick, we'll go home; but the drunk's coming with us. Why, he'd freeze to death if we left him here."

New bent down and shook the fallen man; he turned over. It was his friend, Joe Wilson. He opened his eyes, blurred and blood-shot, and stared about vacantly. Both men drew back in fright. What! Joe Wilson, of all men, drunk in the gutter! It seemed impossible. Joe, the model man of their crowd! They must be dreaming; but no, when they looked again there was no mistake. It was surely he.

Between them they half dragged, half carried him up the street and into the house.

He had tasted the deadly drink, and it had drowned for the time the sorrows of his aching heart. The next night two students of a different fraternity brought him home. His friends tried to cheer him up and keep him at home, but it was all of no avail. Before he had entirely recovered from one

drunk he had started another. His money gave out. Then he pawned his clothes for drink. Day by day he sunk lower and lower.

* * * * *

One day a letter came from Joe's home, but this time not from his mother. It was a whole day before his student friends could get him sober enough to read it. The letter was from his uncle, and it also carried sad news, but of a widely different sort than the one he had received several days before. Joe's mother had met with an awful accident, and mangled and bruised had been taken to the home of her brother, where on the same night she had died. The letter ran on telling how her last words had been of her boy; of his love and thoughtfulness toward her; of how he had consoled and comforted her in times of trouble or sickness, and her last words were: "Tell Joe I will wait for him in the land beyond, where all sadness and disappointments are forgotten."

* * * * *

To-day, working among the most wretched and forlorn people of the slums of New York, may be seen a doctor, prematurely old, his face bright and cheerful, yet stained with a great sorrow. His voice soft and gentle, yet commanding. Known by all, loved by all, this man daily toils among the people of the crowded and overflowing tenements, doctoring the sick, cheering the dying, and feeding the hungry. No child of the streets too dirty, no man or woman sunk too low for him to neglect. Often, after a hard day's work, when tired and weary, he sits alone in his little room he seems to hear softly whispered in his ear, "Inasmuch as ye do it unto one of the least of these ye do it unto me," and then as he gazes across the

room at the picture of his mother she appears to smile upon him and say: "Thou art indeed my son."

ERNEST C. TUTHILL, '04.

DEFIANCE.



CUPID! I defy thee,
With all thy pleasing wiles,
On others spend thy arrows,
For them reserve thy smiles.

What good to me, O, Cupid,
If I by thee am caught?
More pain than pleasure ever,
To others hast thou brought.

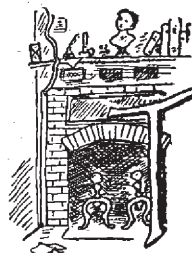
Behind me then, O, Cupid!
Thy face I will not see,
E'en if thy look be pleasing,
E'en if thy manner free.

See, Cupid, I do dare thee;
Aim straightly at my heart.
I grant thee free permission,
Now quickly shoot thy dart.

O, Cupid! I am wounded.
Alas! what hast thou done?
O! thou hast hurt me sorely,
Thou wretched, wicked one.

O, Cupid! I forgive thee,
From out my heights of bliss;
Why didst not teach me sooner
The pleasure of a kiss?

M. WILFORD HICKS, '04.

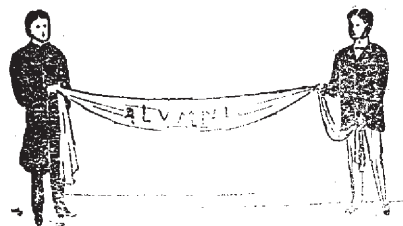


The Editors' Corner.

CLASS spirit, which has been smoldering for several years back, has been fanned into a flame by the action of the class of '04. The Sophomores created a draught by challenging the Freshmen to a wrestling match and a ball game, and have caused the fire of class spirit to burn brightly. The Juniors caught the spirit and challenged the Seniors to a tennis tournament. All these contests have been duly arranged and enthusiastically engaged in by the respective classes. They have given a great stimulus to athletics and have created among the classes a keen but friendly rivalry.

Let the good work go on. What is more conducive of good results in all departments of college activities than keen rivalry? A man will train more carefully to win in wrestling than he will simply to keep his body in good condition. That same man will study harder to excel in a contest than he will to make ninety-five per cent. in term work and examination. Give a man the opportunity of testing openly the results of his work in any department of college activities and he will take care to keep testing privately the results of that work to see what it is worth. He will improve his methods of working; he will subject his results to more and more pressure until he knows exactly what strain they will bear. He will know what he can do. In athletics he will not only be as strong as possible, but he will

also know how strong he is. In his collegiate work he will not only know, but he will also know what he knows. Rivalry will stimulate a man to work ; it will give him an incentive to test his results ; it will give him his physical and intellectual bearing ; it will give him confidence in himself.



(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 Rev. Alexander Hamilton Vinton, D.D., was consecrated Bishop of Western Massachusetts in All Saints' Church, Worcester, on Tuesday, April 22.

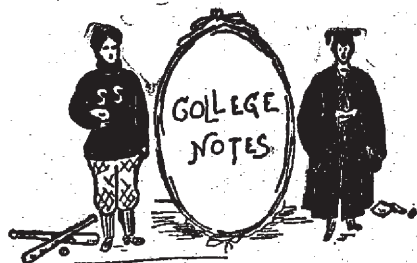
—The Rev. George W. West, rector of Grace Church, Riverhead, L. I., has resigned to accept the Headmastership of Warfield College School, in the diocese of Maryland.

—'01. Arther C. Saunders is reporting for the Detroit Evening News. His address is Crawford House, Windsor, Ontario, Can.

—Bishop of Ohio, the Rt. Rev. W. A. Leonard, who has been abroad visiting the American Episcopal churches in Europe, returned April 15.

—'97. The Rev. S. Wolcott Linslay, curate of St. Paul's, Wallingford, Conn., has been called to the rectorship of St. James' Church, Winsted, Conn. He will enter upon his duties June 15.

—The Rev. Charles S. Olmsted, D.D., was consecrated Bishop of Colorado in the Cathedral of St. John, Denver, May 1.



—The Warden was present at the consecration of Bishop Vinton at Worcester, Mass., April 22.

—All three tennis courts are in use every afternoon. The game is more popular than it was last spring. In consequence the golf links are deserted. The caddies have lost their jobs.

—Durell entertained the Senior class in 17 Hoffman Hall, Saturday evening, April 26.

—The Chapel bell, except when rung at the time of regular services, is used as a fire alarm. A false alarm was sounded after dark Monday evening, May 4, to which several willing people responded. A repetition of this will leave us in the position of the shepherd who cried "Wolf!"

—On Monday morning shortly after midnight, May 5, the Freshmen eluded the Sophomores and buried Algebray. They returned from the funeral and raised a great racket on the campus, to the annoyance of the Professors and upper class men and chagrin of the Sophomores. A neat announcement of Algebray's death and burial was distributed at breakfast.

—The Rev. F. D. Hoskins, D.D., was, on account of illness, unable to keep his appointment to preach here Ascension Day.

—The Groanorgians are improving backwards. "Ain't it?"

—An interesting and exciting event took place on the second terrace of the campus on Thursday evening, May 1, a wrestling match between the Sophomores and Freshmen heavy-, middle- and light-weights.

The portion of the campus used as an arena was decorated with Chinese lanterns and the colors of the contesting classes. The Sophomores with their champions arrived on the grounds first and gave their fair-raising yell. The sound had scarcely died away when martial music was heard in the vicinity of Potter Hall. Then '05 was seen to form in line behind the class drum corps, and march down over the terrace to the waiting '04's. Arrived at the arena they gave their class yell of defiance.

The wrestlers were:

	'04	'05
Light-weights	Elton	Frear
Middle-weights	Rockstroh	Weston
Heavy-weights	Tuthill	Frye

The referee, Mr. Popham, blew his whistle, announced the contestants, instructed the wrestlers and called time.

Weston downed Rockstroh in the first bout for middle-weights. Frye, despite his greater weight, downed Tuthill only after a hard tussle.

Frear and Elton were unevenly matched. Frear, the heavier, downed Elton in the first light-weight bout.

The next contest was a draw between Weston and Rockstroh.

Frye again downed Tuthill.

Frear defeated Elton the second time.

Weston was downed by Rockstroh in the third bout for middle-weights.

As matters then stood, '04 had lost five bouts out of six and had one draw to its credit. '05, too, was credited with one draw, and Weston and Rockstroh came together to decide the middle weight contest. Rockstroh

was downed. The Sophomores had lost everything. '04 yelled for consolation, and '05 yelled for yell's sake and for victory.

—The baseball game between the Sophomores and Freshmen, played on the Zabruskie Field Friday afternoon, May 9, resulted in a victory for the Freshmen by a score of 22 to 33. The batteries and fielders were not in good condition, hence the large score.

Elton and Rockstroh did good work for the Sophomores, but Vanderbilt and Sutcliff did better work for the Freshmen.

'04		'05
Rockstrohc.....	Sutcliff
Eltonp.....	Vanderbilt
Lewisss.....	Ashton
Tuthill1b.....	J. Saunders
Ashton2b.....	Brinkerhoff
Browning3b.....	Smith
Moorecf.....	Frye
Hickslf.....	Brown-Sermor
Buchananrf.....	Freat

Innings, 7. Score: Sophomores, 22 Freshmen, 33.

—At the last regular meeting of the convocation of undergraduates the following officers were elected: C. D. Drumm, '03 Marshal; Elbert C. Addison, '03, Business Manager, Messenger; James F. Elton, '04 Subscription Agent; George S. A. Moore '04 Advertising Agent.

—A number of students will be pleased to hear that David L. Azie has endowed several beds for the use of men who are too weak or tired to stand in chapel during the psalter.

—The committee appointed to audit the books of the previous Business Manager, reports that Mr. Mottram's report, as published in the March MESSENGER, Vol. 8, No. 6, is correct.

—The Seniors resurrected the Algebra Wednesday afternoon, May 7. It will lie in state in the library until June 17, when it will be cremated.

—The Seniors and Juniors played a tennis tournament on the K. T. X. tennis court on Friday afternoon, May 9. The Seniors were defeated by a score of 27—30. Ide, '02, and Mottram, '02, played the first three sets with Addison, '03, and Fish, '03. The Seniors were defeated. O'Hanlon, '02, and Durrell, '02, then played Drumm, '03, and West, '03, two sets. The Juniors were defeated in both.

O'Hanlon, '02, and Durrell, '02, then played the rubber with Addison, '03, and Fish, '03. The seniors were defeated in the first two sets.

	'02	'03
First set.....	1	6
Second set.....	6	3
Third set.....	4	6
First set.....	6	3
Second set.....	6	0
First set.....	3	6
Second set.....	1	6

The Seniors were favorites, and played well in the first two series, but went to pieces in the third. The Juniors played a strong game in the first and last series. They were rather on the defensive in the second.

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.

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