

MESSENGER

Vol. 10 No. 5 January, 1904

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S. Stephen's College Messenger.

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Vol. 10.

JANUARY, 1904.

No. 5.

VESPERS.

Over the mountains sinks the sun,
Another day of toil is done:
All thanks to Thee, O Lord, ascend,
As low before Thy Throne we bend.

Calm flows the placid river deep,
And shades of evening round us creep
Oh keep us safe this night from fear,
Make us to feel that Thou art near.

Red sinks the sun into the west,
Make us to know and love Thee best:
Oh cast all doubts and fears away,
And give us light at close of day.

QUONDAM QUINDECIM.

A WORD FOR THE SMALL COLLEGE.

Bigness is not necessarily a blessing, in colleges, or even in incomes. The late Archbishop Benson once said to our American bishop who was visiting him at Lambeth Palace, that he never knew what it was to be poor until he became Archbishop of Canterbury. Many a boy has never known the feeling of utter loneliness until he has found himself a stranger in one of our giant American Colleges.

It would be insincere, plainly and palpably insincere, to say S. Stephen's men, alumni and undergraduates, do not desire their college to be larger than she is now. But their ideal for her is not that she may become a Harvard or a Yale under Church auspices. She would lose one of her greatest charms one of her most valuable characteristics, should she ever cease to be a small college.

It is not necessary that the defender of the small

college should seek far for arguments in favor of his theme. The arguments are ready to hand in an article published in the *Harvard Graduates Magazine* some years ago by Mr. Frank Bolles, then Secretary of Harvard College.

The ideal of college life is that each collegiate institution shall be of such a size as to constitute a social entity. Each college should be a well regulated social community. As soon as the college grows to such proportions that it is impossible for the undergraduates to know personally their professors and tutors, and *vice versa*, that moment college life loses one of its greatest charms and advantages. In 1850 Harvard had an enrolment of 300 undergraduates. In 1900, the number was 3000. The system of government and (more important still) of social life among the students, which was satisfactory in 1850, is out of date and unsatisfactory to-day. In the article above referred to, Mr. Bolles says, "In the present state of affairs student social life is stunted and distorted. . . . There is something very ugly in the possibility of a young man's coming to Cambridge, and while here sleeping and studying alone in a cheerless lodging, eating alone in a dismal restaurant, feeling himself unknown, and so alone in his lectures, his chapel, and his recreation, and not even having the privilege of seeing his administrative officers, who know most of his record, without having to explain to them at each visit who he is and what he is, before they can be made to remember that he is a living, hoping, or despairing part of Harvard College." . . .

"It is only by a fiction that the Recorder can be assumed to have any personal knowledge of even a half of the men whose absence she counts, whose petitions he acts upon, and against whose delinquencies he remonstrates; yet the fiction is maintained while its absurdity keeps on growing. . . . If the rate of growth and our present administrative system are maintained, the Dean and Recorder of Harvard College will in 1950 be personally caring for 6,500 individuals, with all of whom they will be presumed to have an intelligent acquaintance."

It was President Garfield (was it not?) who said that his ideal of a university was a pine plank with a bright boy on one side of it and Mark Hopkins on the other. There spoke the loyal son of Williams. The S. Stephen's man who studied at Annandale between 1862 and 1898 knew what it was to be on the opposite side of the pine plank from Robert B. Fairbairn; and he grows more and more thankful as the years pass that the plank was not a wide one, and that his side of it was not overcrowded.

It is interesting to note, in days when the struggle for students about to enter college is (to speak moderately) exceedingly strenuous, that the secretary of Harvard College should be raising his voice in favor of what may be termed a smaller unit for collegiate life. His suggestion of a remedy for the condition of bigness and social unwieldiness at Harvard which he deplures, is as follows:

"If the college is too large for its dean and administrative board to manage in the way most certain to benefit its students, it should be divided, using as a divisor the number . . . which experts may agree in thinking is the number of young men whom one dean and board should be expected to know and govern effectively."

Is not this an invitation to return to the practice of the great English universities, whose social life among their members is regulated by the fact that each university is an aggregation of small colleges? At Oxford and Cambridge it is the college which is the social unit, and not the university. And the importance placed upon the social life of the undergraduate at either of these universities may be estimated from the fact that "dining in hall," i. e. with the collegiate body composed of undergraduates and dons, is more strictly enforced than any duty (probably) of undergraduate life. Some of the restrictions to which the English undergraduate is subjected seem puerile to the American boy, who is allowed almost entire freedom when he enters college, as to how he shall spend his time when he is not in attendance on some college duty. But the fact remains that the English system

produces a most delightful and helpful and stimulating condition of companionship and good comradeship among all the members of a college. And it most not be forgotten that this state of affairs is due to the fact that the social unit in English University life is the small college.

The Oxford Calendar for 1903 shows that there are 3,274 undergraduates on the books of the 22 colleges of that university. This is an average of about 149 to each college. No Oxford college has as many as 300 undergraduates this year, and only five have 200. These are Balliol, 244; Christ Church, 298; New, 290; University, 200; Keble, 230. Cambridge has 2,537 undergraduates in residence this year at her 18 colleges—an average of about 141 at each college. Only four Cambridge colleges have as many as 200 undergraduates now enrolled. These are, Caius, 211; Pembroke, 213; S. John's, 216; and Trinity, 542. With respect to the last named college (by far the largest at either university) it should be said that a tendency is noticeable among its students to separate into different social groups. Its size is too great to permit of quite the same social unity which is noticeable in other colleges.

The small college has nothing to be ashamed of because it is small. Give us 100 or 150 good men at S. Stephen's, with a faculty imbued with the spirit and learning of Dr. Fairbairn, and we shall not envy any college in the land.

C. A. J.

YULE-TIDE MEMORIES.

Somewhere along about the time when the mornings are dark, the afternoons short, and the air is crisp and cold, there comes all at once from I don't know where, the Merrie Christmas feeling. It creeps along by means of the gold and green and red of Christmas magazines, and the brilliancy of store windows, through the appearance of the vendors of holly and mistletoe who make the street corners one mass of greens, to the quiet Night itself. Then when

Christmas morning is broken into by the sweet jangle of Chimes far off, the Christmas feeling grows into reality. And Christmas, not only the great religious festival, but for the very reason of its religious meaning, the most joyous of all the world's earthly reasons besides, leads the mind into pleasant channels of thought, it makes you think of Christmastides gone by.

You can sit in front of your fire, with the light turned low, and—so easily—put yourself back into the days when you were a child—a very little child—in your night-clothes, on a great rug before another fire. The fire-light cast weird shadows over all the room, it made all sorts of fantastic shapes among the evergreen wreaths and tinsel in the far corners. It lit up your mother's face, so that it and her very voice were full of mystery. And the most mysterious thing of all was the bulging stocking, from which you drew, first, a toy, then a layer of raisins and nuts and candy, then another gift, and so on, till you reached the very tip of the toe. Then you forgot the wonder of it for the delight of seeing how many toys you could make go all at once. Ah! those early Christmas mornings are the very happiest moments of all one's life.

But are they? How about other recollections of Christmas? There are boyhood's Christmases too, you must not forget that. Perhaps some old boy is thinking of his fourteenth Christmas, when the family took the train to a country station, where they were all muffled up in rugs, and he knew for the first time how sweet the jingling sleigh-bells can sound. His grandfather, or his uncle perhaps, or his aunt, met them at the house-door. How jolly those greetings were! But one thing the boy remembers, a vision rising above all others. It was the magnitude of that dinner. Two helpings of pie proved at last that his capacity was limited. He couldn't eat all of the second piece. Ah me!

And there was a Sunday School Christmas Tree at the school-house in the evening, when some unknown person gave the boy a pair of skates. This wasn't

like the entertainment in the city churches, for everybody knew everybody else. The girls weren't a lot of stuck-ups who huddled in a corner and talked doll, they seemed to enjoy romping with the boys. It didn't take long to get acquainted. He and the other boys spent the next day skating on the mill-pond, and they had a bon-fire in the evening on the ice. And

"By jove!" the old boy thinks, "There was lots doing that year." Yes, indeed, that was a Christmas to talk about.

One little sprig of mistletoe, pressed under a small glass, and over the picture of a fair face that—but there, we would do well to attempt no description,—hangs above a certain boudoir table; and when the hundred and one mementos in that room begin to compare notes, all alone in the dusk of evening, the mistletoe tells the tale of the Christmas it remembers.

Almost out of sight, in a cozy corner of the library, it was hung one Christmas eve by a young girl and her husband. Then laughing, they tried it to see if it would do. At first the mistletoe was so disappointed because it was not allowed to hang in prominence in the bright double rooms just outside, that were doing service as a ball-room for a Christmas party. The library was dim, and the corner darker yet.

How the little mistletoe did cry with loneliness when it heard the riot of Christmas games that evening! Till a face emerging from a white frock with but one great red rose at the shoulder, peered into the library. "What an eery light that fire gives!" she said, "Wouldn't you expect to see an elfin dance going on in here on Christmas Night?" A deeper voice answered, "Yes." Its owner was thinking so hard that he didn't hear what she has said. They both sat in the cozy corner and talked. Then he talked more earnestly and she listened. Then he began to talk slower, and the mistletoe couldn't hear a word he said. Then he stopped.

She must have said something, however, for the man's voice came out with fire. "Then O, for a mistletoe,—for I suppose if there was one here you'd

let me kiss you, wouldn't you?" This time the mistletoe heard her. She said, laconically and so provokingly, "Yes, but there isn't any." "Oh! Oh!" cried the mistletoe, "Look up here!" in its eagerness it forgot the law of flowers and spoke out loud. He did look up.

And then before they knew it, some one entered the room. "Ned, Barbara, *why* don't you come? We're all ready and waiting,—have been calling you for five minutes. You look as though you had forgotten there was such a thing as a guessing contest." They had.

So the mistletoe loves to talk about one Christmas—and so do two other persons,—while still other persons have their own varying recollections of the same dear old holiday. Some love one and some another, and each looks back to his own as the happiest of all the days of the year. Only the crusty old bachelor, who never was a boy, he, poor thing, has none.

Q.

THE TRUE COLLEGE MAN.

It is surprising to know that so large a proportion of the men in our American Colleges to day falls into the category of those commonly called drones. They are quite ready to come to College and reap all the glory and profit in sight without the slightest expenditure of energy in return. They go away and forget their Alma Mater and all that she has done for them as most likely some of them have done towards their own natural mothers. The College can exclaim to these with equal propriety, "how sharper than a toothed serpent it is to have a thankless child.

In every college there is a certain class of men called the true college men, who do all the work for the entire undergraduate body. They realize the great advantages which their college is conferring upon them, and, like the grateful son, they are only too ready and willing to perform some office of kindness for her. The larger class of the students on the other hand, either through laziness or lack of inter-

est, which is equally as bad, stand by and allow their fellows, few in number to do all there is to be done. I leave it to the reader to conjecture which class of men will likely attain success in life. Is it the son who is dutiful, grateful and ever thoughtful, even after leaving the threshold which witnessed his early training, of the one who gave him that training and care, or is it the son who has disregarded his early training and trampled upon all that he has been taught to consider sacred, nay, who has even forgotten his parents? It requires no very discerning mind to perceive that there exists between the College and her sons a very analagous relation to that of the son and his own parents.

Some students think it is their bounden duty when they come to College to spend every portion of their time in study. They tell you that they come to college to study and that they intend to do so. Is there any wonder we find so many one-sided, impractical men among one list of college graduates. It is the inevitable result. All through college their efforts were directed towards one thing, and when they leave the college, they are "one thing" men, if I may use the term. Without commenting on the advantages to be derived from cultivating the three sides of our nature, it seems to me that their might well be added a fourth, the practical side, and it is just this that the college man wants to develop. I know of no better way to do it than to take a part in more than one of the institutions of the college. All study is bound to make a man theoretical. When he gets out in life he must know how to do things, and by doing things in college for his college he will stand a better chance for succeeding as a man of action and affairs than the man who thinks that the highest honor he can confer upon himself and upon the college of which he is a member is by continually poring over his Latin and Greek texts. For my own part I consider that the practical knowledge to be derived from running a college paper is now, and will in the future be worth more to me than any one subject throughout the entire course. This is likewise true with other

institutions of the college, which simply because they demand a little hard practical work at times are looked down upon whereas they ought to be regarded as conferring a high honor, in giving an opportunity to serve one's Alma Mater and to acquire practical knowledge.

The student who has his eyes continually glued to his book will never become a thinker or leader. To be those he must be up facing practical situations. There are many such situations in college which he can turn to his own immediate profit. President Irving, of Western Reserve University was right when he said that the American College must, to succeed, lay more stress upon making thinkers of its students: men who will be leaders and masters of situations. One can observe that his suggestion is being partially carried out in the elimination of many needless and theoretical studies from the curricula of some of our colleges and universities and the substitution of others which will necessitate the student's using his mental faculties practically and profitably rather than after the manner of a certain machine-like operation. But before any college can be of lasting good, it must teach her men to be true college men with an abiding sense of gratitude for the privileges they enjoy.

ROBT. E. BROWNING, '04.

BILL.

What a massive hulk of good nature old Bill Burgett was! As he walked toward you, and you took account of two slender streams of tobacco juice running out of the corner of his mouth, down his neck, and losing themselves in the expansive bosom of his grey woolen shirt; of his extensive "Bay window," which would reach your vicinity a full half second before Bill himself arrived, of his much patched blue-jean overalls, the legs of which were a foot too short, so that his fastidious tastes led him to lengthen his suspenders to such a degree that the crotch of the overalls, was almost on a level with his knees,—as

you took account of all these things your first impulse was to burst into laughter; but when you caught a gleam from his good natured blue eyes you felt that you wouldn't hurt his feelings for the world, and restrained yourself.

And how he did enjoy a practical joke, on somebody else, of course! One day Lewy Carl, the other car inspector, had gathered a large sack of the coal which had fallen on the tracks from the cars, and had deposited it in the shanty, until dinner time when he would carry it to his home about a quarter of a mile so that his wife Ann might have enough fuel to enable her to do the week's ironing.

Bill of course espied the bag after Lewy had gone about his work, and promptly dumping the contents into the coal bin, he filled the bag about three-quarters full of the old scrap-iron which lay outside in great profusion. On top of this he spread a thin layer of coal and put it back in its place as though it hadn't been touched.

Poor Lewy puffed and blowed and groaned as he carried the heavy burden home, like the wheezy old engines which it was his duty to overhaul. "Gosh, Ann," he said when he arrived, "That's the heaviest durned bag of coal I've curried in many a day!"

Well—of course there was war in the Carl family when they learned the real contents of the bag. Ann, who could be a regular she-devil when the humor took her, felt pretty certain as to who was at the bottom of it. "Nobody but old Bill Burgett, the sloppy old molopus, would do such a thing. Nobody else around that station would'a thought of it." But just the same she slammed things around at a terrible rate, and vented her spleen on poor Lewy, on general principles. If he hadn't been such a dunce he might have known in the first place that that sack was too heavy for coal and avoided making such an ass of himself as to carry it a whole quarter of a mile.

Imagine the effect then, when in the midst of this bedlam old Bill appeared in the door-way and meekly asked whether Ann couldn't let him have a few celery plants. It was the camel that broke the straw's back.

Ann made a grab, and as the nearest thing at hand was a flatiron, Bill got it squarely in the midst of his capacious "Bay-window."

But life was not all a joke with Bill. When the occasion demanded he was capable of braving the most imminent danger with never a thought of self. Some weeks after the celery plant episode, he and Lewy were repairing a Jenney coupler on one of the cars of a long train. Lewy was under the car, while Bill was, as usual, outside, where there was the least work, directing operations. Suddenly they heard the signal to shift the cars. As Bill stepped out of danger he heard a cry from Lewy, "My God, Bill, I'm caught!"

The engine was around the curve so Bill couldn't signal to the engineer to wait. In an instant his plan was made. He rushed to the side of the car, reached under and grabbed Lewy under the armpits, bracing his feet against the rail. He heard the cars around the curve begin to bump as he gave one tremendous jerk. The jerk threw Lewy out of danger, but alas for poor Bill! His foot just slipped over the rail as the car moved and the cruel wheels passed over it. It had to be amputated at the hospital several inches above the ankle.

After the operation, Ann was led in by the surgeon. As her eyes, filled with tears, met those of old Bill she said in a broken voice—"Bill, me and Lewy wants to take care 'o you when you come out. You know you haint got nobody to look after you. We haint got very much but we want you to share what we have." Two big tears rolled down over Bills honest old face as he silently grasped her hand. "And—why—say Bill," as she reached out a little basket with a snow-white napkin thrown over it, "Here, I—I brought you a little of our early celery."

HINKEL, '05.



EDITORIAL.

This is the time of resolutions, New Year's resolution. The small boy resolves to be good, to go to Sunday School every Sunday, to stop teasing his little sister and to tell no secrets to his big sister's "best fellar." He resolves never again to cover pussy's feet with molasses to make her a high-stepper or to tie her tail to Fido's. He shall be strictly virtuous and pious from now on. But, alas, how long do his resolutions last? Feeling sorry for poor pussy he gently strokes her back, but pussy, looking for a repetition of the old tricks, decides to beat him out this time. Sp! Sp! hisses pussy and the poor boy shakes his hand in pain and with his pocket handkerchief dries the blood flowing from four ugly scratches. All his good resolutions are forgotten; pussy gets the punishment and torture she had expected. Then the boy remembers his resolutions—some are already broken, so he decides to forget the rest and make a good start with a new crop next New Year's day. The young man resolves to smoke no more cigarettes and the girl to chew no more gum and these resolutions are generally carried out religiously for about twenty-four hours. In the college the grind resolves to grind away for another year and run the risk of becoming a physical and mental wreck. The athlete and the social sport remember they want their degrees so they resolve to pay more attention to their studies and less to other duties.

These are but a few of the many resolutions that are yearly being made round about us. Now here at S. Stephen's we students have a chance to make a resolution, not a foolish, meaningless one, but one which will yield benefits for us and for our Alma Mater. At the beginning of next semester Dr. Harris enters upon his duties as warden of S. Stephen's. Let every student earnestly resolve to support Dr. Harris in every conceivable way. He is the head of the College we love, and to him is due unbounded respect and obedience. Let us give him a rousing, hearty welcome, showing him from the start that we

are in sympathy with him and intend to support him during his administration. Remember that unless the governed and the governor work in harmony no material progress can be made. On Dr. Harris' shoulders is placed a heavy burden; he is taking up the wardenship when S. Stephen's is in a critical condition. We are very small in numbers and the outlook for next year is not any too encouraging.

Here is a splendid chance to put to practical use some of the college spirit we so proudly boast. Be faithful to your Warden and in so doing be faithful to your College. If we do not agree with the new Warden's methods we can at least keep silent. It is our part to obey and not to dictate or even offer suggestions. Let us hope that next semester will mark the beginning of a new epoch of prosperity for S. Stephen's.

At a meeting of the Trustees of the College, held December 3d, the Rev. T. R. Harris, D.D., rector of S. Mary's church, Scarborough, was elected to the Wardenship of S. Stephen's. Dr. Harris is a graduate of Harvard and has had considerable experience both parochial and educational. He has for many years acted as Secretary for the Church Congress, he is well known in the Diocese of New York as Secretary of its convention, has been for a long time connected with the training of candidates for Holy Orders, and has acted for many years as examining Chaplain in the Diocese of New York, and also as Secretary of the Board of Trustees of the General Theological Seminary. Dr. Harris has accepted the election and intends to take up his new duties February 1st.



With a feeling of deep regret and sorrow we announce in this number of the MESSENGER the death of Mr. Duncan O'Hanlon, 1902, which occurred on New Year's Day at the home of his mother, in Alexandria, Virginia. Mr. O'Hanlon had gone to Virginia to spend the Christmas vacation and while there contracted pneumonia which after an illness of four days, resulted in his death. A few days later his mother died of the same disease.

After graduating from S. Stephen's Mr. O'Hanlon entered the General Theological Seminary of New York City and at the time of his death was a Middleman.

COMMUNICATION.

To the Editors of the Messenger:

We humbly beg to announce with due meekness that the Freshman Ball will be held, with your kind permission, on Thursday evening, February 11, 1904. As this is to be a fancy dress affair we respectfully, very respectfully, ask that every eligible person wear some kind of dress, that is—well—er—hang it! you know what we mean. May we ask you to impress this request upon your partner along with whatever other impressions you may give her? If *she* is bent on wearing an evening gown you might even threaten to leave her at home. As a further ban the freshmen have solemnly vowed not to dance with evening gowns, that is, not their own, but those of the ladies, no! it isn't that either, but *vous savez*.

Very, very obediently,

THE FRESHMEN.

EXCHANGES.

Take a man, place him in a comfortable arm chair in his own home before an old-fashioned wood-stove, on the day before Xmas; then ask him to write the Exchange column. Confess it's a pretty hard thing! Certainly.

But as for the facts in the case, there are some very good things to be noticed in the different college papers for *last time*.

I'd very much like to quote the whole of that "White and Gold," and besides that, I'd like to say that the advertisements are as good as I have seen, even taking into account our Eastern New York journals.

The *Alfred Monthly* has a very nice story, "College Life;" and "The Scribe at a Football Game," in the same paper, is not bad either.

In the *Mount Holyoke* is found "The Madonna of Fiesole," by Ruth W. Waters. It is a story of an Italian artist and is well worked. The following piece of verse in the same paper speaks for itself—yes, and for the rest of us, too:

TO THE HOLLY.

Scarlet berries and leaves of green,
Ragged branches that serve to show
Ruddy clusters, while bright between
Firelight flickerings come and go.
Simple vision, and yet we know,
Everywhere at the cheerful sight
Laughter ripples and faces glow,
Deeds grow kindly and hearts grow light.
Roses rule us by beauty's right,
Lilies tell of the life divine;
Priestly power and monarch's might,
Humble holly, alike are thine.

—ROWENA KEITH KEYES, 1902, in *Mount Holyoke*.

Again the *William's Lit.* has arrived. How glad I am to see the prodigal once more. It comes back full of life and vigor, not weak at all. The frontispiece is of the Thompson Memorial Chapel, which is in process of construction. Next is "The Weakness of Valori," by George B. Dutton. It is one of the

best stories of the month. "Chiaroscuro," by Albert D. Buchanan, is also well worth quoting.

CHIAROSCURO.

Dark, dark, doubly dark,—
 No light shines out the quay;
 A sail, a rock, a thunderous shock!
 The foam froths o'er the stricken bark;
 Wild, shrieking men,—a shiver,—then,
 Then Death laughs loud in glee.
 But dark, dark, wicked dark,
 O damned dark the sea!

Light, light, dancing light,
 The beacon flares to sea.
 A ship, a shoal, a snaring roll,—
 One man to guide the course aright;
 Again, again, she wheels, and then
 Serenely sails to quay.
 And light, light, laughing light,—
 So blessed bright and free.

2 POTTER HALL.



REV. THOMAS R. HARRIS, D. D.

(By courtesy of *The Churchman*.)

