

# MESSENGER

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# The Messenger.

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VOL. XVII

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## CAROLUS REX MORITURUS LIBEROS SUOS SALUTAT

Infantes mi! Parvule carissime O fili—  
Et tu, mea filia, Elisabeta!  
Potestne esse ut mei hi donarint iudices  
Felicitatem hanc ultimam, saevi,  
Mihi Regi ut nunc viderem vos carissimos  
Caperemque ambos dulci in complexu arto?  
Nimias breves esse has pacis moras!  
Quibus, etsi tam crudelibus, libens—  
O quam libens! ego veras agerem gratias  
Nisi speciosa in hac clementia  
Nimis ego sentirem ab eis me irridere nunc,  
Ut eo aegrius ferrem sortam meam:  
Cras enim erit mihi dicendum ambos valere vos.

Ecce autem filiam Elisabetam  
Perterreo copiose ut fleat: O desine  
Maerere, cara—non intellegis.  
Ades, mi fili, ades; et tu, carissima:  
Et colloca proxime hunc sinum  
Capita ista amata, ut lacrimulas abstergeam  
Quae manant, nescientibus causam  
Vobis, columbis trepidis infelicibus!  
O lacrimare noli, parvula—  
Num filiam pater suam sic territat?  
Quin siccos esse oculos vides meos,  
Et nonne sentis quam facile subrideam?  
Tibi item licet ridere—quare non?

Sed nescio quid susurras tu—rem intellegis  
Totam, atque cognosti aegritudinem  
Discessus mox futuri? Tandem, dixerunt  
Numquam esse nos revisuros inter nos?

Nonne innocenti tibi crudeles parcere  
 Voluerunt, ut, tuo dolore, eo  
 Magis Regem suum cruciarent? Vae nobis!  
 Solamne habent invidiam, ac non illam  
 Quam caritatem semper Christi praedicant  
 Signum esse? Nonne misericordiam  
 Regi sciunt praebere, vice odii tanti?  
 Vae miserandis plus hominibus quam nos!  
 Vero, istorum miserere, non patris, cara!  
 Sed istis te cura ne committas;  
 Flagitiose Regem suum fefellerunt—  
 Se in liberis inopibus parvulis  
 Injuriosiores tanto praebebunt.

Visendo autem datum ocus fugit  
 Tempus, nec dixi adhuc quae volui dicere:  
 Te enim alloqui volo, Elisabeta,  
 Paucis, quarum nisi eris oblita, dicito  
 Fraterculo huic olim, cum natu erit  
 Major, et item fratribus absentibus tuis,  
 Jacobo Caroloque, regibus  
 Futuris: ne obliviscaris, O filia,  
 Rei huius! Quid, numquam desistere  
 Potes mente in tua hanc tenere rem, dicis—  
 Bene est! Ita, audi, anima carissima,  
 Et mitte lacrimas profundere, obsecro—  
 Vero, possunt privare vita me,  
 Sed anima salva in Domini tutela est mea;  
 Et concedet Deus nobis clemens  
 Ut in aedibus conveniamus coelestibus  
 Pulchrisque, non post annos permultos.  
 Tametsi enim ut vir pravus qui peccavi sum,  
 Rex, contra, semper fidum—id scit Deus—  
 Ecclesiae Sanctae Christi servavi me—  
 (Eaque causa moriturus sum cras!)  
 Confido itaque ignotum peccatis meis  
 Deum omnibus: quapropter, noli sic  
 Lacrimare, filia amata, sed considera  
 Quam tibi rem totam volo aperire nunc.  
 Olim cum venerit filius ut regnet hic  
 Sua in paterna patria, dicito—  
 Venturus nam est, id scio: numquam Regem audebunt

Procul tenere abhinc!—Tum, filia,  
 Facito ut semper velit frater consistere  
 Tutela Christi Ecclesiae Verae,  
 Sicut ego quoque semper fui quam maxime!  
 Cum in Papam atque omnia iniqua Paparum  
 Ei mandato ut semper facta consulat,  
 Tum in nequiores Jesuitibus  
 Istos, qui “Puritanos” se vocant ipsi—  
 Qui tota in Regno Ecclesiaeque avent  
 Et obturbare et funditus divellere—  
 Omnem legem, imperium, ordinem—omnia!  
 Vero, Antichristi vereor ne isti veri sint!  
 Tuo ut fratri praecipias te obsecro,  
 Se totum ut Causae det dehinc paternae illi:  
 Ecclesiamque ut Sanctam amet Veram—  
 Atque in odio ut teneat eiusdem Causae omnes  
 Inimicos: Sacrosancta enim est Causa haec.  
 Studeatque item Hooker opera tota noscere,  
 Quae et tibi legenda sunt, mea filia:  
 Et saepe item in manibus habenda Laudis sunt  
 Scripta, in “Romanum Antichristum” facta;  
 Tum demum, illius sermones pernoverit  
 Episcopi Andrewes sancti: sic bene est.

O filia et parvule fili—valete nunc.  
 Mandati num immemor eris tu, cara?  
 O valeatis, mihi omnium carissimi!  
 Moriturus jam proficiscar hinc Caro  
 Pro Domino Jesu, humilior oro, martyr.  
 Ne maereatis itaque, amati, nunc—  
 Multo est gaudere satius, convenitque illud.  
 Capita ambo flosculos ut osculer  
 Mihi denuo sinite . . . Deus vobiscum, oro!

Valete!—Digressuri vero nunc,  
 At vita in sempiterna illa congressuri  
 Nos sumus; et sempiternae amabimus,  
 Beatiusque illic, quam hic facere nunc potest.  
 Ita, amore sempiterno: vero, illic  
 Veniet discessus nullus, neque rursus dolor,  
 Nam Lux ipse est Deus . . . Valete nunc.  
 W. T. Sherwood, '11.

## MT. SAINT MICHAEL.

BY C. I. SHOEMAKER, '12.

ALL day long I had been riding among the craggy foothills of the San Bernardino Mountains. Now and then, high on the cliffs, sounded the shrill cry of an eagle. At other times the silence was troubled only by the incessant squeaking of the saddle or the rolling of a stone. The sun was fast sinking over the hills. Deep down in the gully Marjove River glittered like a thread of silver under the reflected lights. Through a rift in San Fernando I caught glimpses of the ocean, placid patches lying quietly under cerulean skies, and beyond, humid vapors simmered whitely. A deeper silence began to sink over the purpling hills. The air became thick and heavy. My jaded pony picked his way more carefully along the faint trail.

For hours I had passed no sign of habitation and I became uneasy about my night's lodging. On the top of a ridge, miles beyond, I could see a mass of ruined buildings, evidently the remains of an old monastery. The trail wound past it, but there was little chance for rest there. To add to my uneasiness, dark clouds rolled up from the west as night closed in. Soon great drops of rain flattened themselves on the hot rocks and spattered on all sides. I quickly unslung my poncho and by the time I was ready for the storm it was on: a steady rain which pounded on rocks and crags with the rush of a mighty torrent.

I could not see ten feet ahead of me, therefore I let the reins fall over my horse's neck and trusted entirely to his secure footing and sense of direction. For an hour or so the trail ran steadily downward, then having crossed a small stream, already rushing and foaming, it wound steeply up. The long day's ride was beginning to tell. Sharp pains shot up my back and my legs were numb from the saddle down. My tired pony swayed slightly and his head hung low, nose almost touching the ground. I knew he could not keep up the pace all night and, unless we soon found shelter, we should be forced to spend the night under a tree.

Then I recalled the ruins I had seen early in the evening and which we must be nearing by this time. Even the walls would be a protection against the chill wind. Cheered by this thought I hurried the pony along and we were soon on a more level trail at the top of the ridge.

To my great surprise and joy, I could see, far ahead, many lights shining across the wet night. As we drew nearer I found what I had taken for a mass of ruined buildings to be a well preserved monastery. I had thought that all the monasteries in that part of California were long since deserted and in ruins. A heavier downpour forbid any reflections and I hurried toward the shelter.

As I neared the building, I caught snatches of an old world tune, then words, at last whole lines:

"Angelus pacis Michael in aedes  
Coelitus nostras veniat."

I clattered up to the front door and it was thrown open. A great shaft of light pushed back the night and two brown robed figures stood in the doorway. One stepped to my horse's head and waited for me to dismount, the other held out a welcoming hand. I slipped from my pony and followed the monk.

Through long halls and great rooms hung with rich tapestries and old Spanish prints I followed the silent guide. In the large refectory a bounteous but plain supper was laid out. Motioning me to a seat the guest-master sat down opposite me. Every want was anticipated and fulfilled, but no word was spoken. Down the long corridor resounded the chant, "Princeps gloriosissime, Michael Archangele, esto memor nostri." I finished off my supper with a cup of black coffee, my guide arose and I followed him back through long halls into the chapel. In the choir knelt a score of brown robed, cowled figures. The altar was ablaze with lights. The odor of stale incense hung heavily on the air. I sank to my knees at the back of the chapel. The office went on; here and there I caught a familiar phrase. A thrill ran through me as I recognized the last; "Fidelium animae per misericordiam Dei requiescant in pace. Amen."

The monks shuffled out and the lights were extinguished. The brother who had welcomed me glided up and silently motioned me to follow him. I was shown to a bare cell, furnished only with a stone bench, used as a cot, over which were flung a lot of sheep skins.

I had just stretched out on the cot when a light knock sounded on the door. Slowly the door opened and the old man who, during the office, I had decided was the abbot, entered. I rose quickly as he crossed the room. He stood before me and reached out his hand. Instinctively I held out my hand, into which he dropped a small iron crucifix. In my surprise I tried to thank him, but before the words came he had given me his silent blessing and departed. I placed the crucifix in an inner pocket and again lay down, attempting to review the events of the day, but the long ride and the pounding of the rain upon the roof soon brought on a deep sleep.

All night strange dreams of knights and monks assailed me. Towards morning I slept fitfully, half waking and turning. Every bone in my body ached. The warm sunlight streaming through the window and buzzing of flies made sleep impossible and I painfully got up.

Half dazed I glanced about me. I had been sleeping on a hard stone bed, no skins were anywhere visible. Not even the sash remained in the

window. Rusted, wrought iron hinges hung to the door-way but there was no door. Trembling, I seized my knapsack and hurried into the hall. The blue sky was over my head. Piles of moss covered stones lay along the hall, while ferns and small bushes clung to the rough sides. A lithe snake dropped over the side of a sunny rock and disappeared among the debris. Through the twisting halls I found my way to the chapel. The roof and windows were gone, and one side had fallen in. The walls were covered thickly with vines and trees grew through the gaping windows. A couple of frightened sparrows flew screaming from a bush growing upon the wrecked altar and I rushed from the building.

The late September sun was already high; flowers nodded on all sides and the air hung heavy with their odors. Far off I sat down to rest and steady my nerves. The neighing of my horse brought a reality to me and guided by the sound I soon found him tied in a ruined stable. He had been rubbed down and dried. The saddle stood in a corner. I know not how I got the saddle on, but I do know that in a minute I was galloping down the narrow trail at full speed. In time my fear partly left me and I rode slowly, trying to fathom the mystery. I knew a good smoke would help me fix things up. Quickly I filled up and reached for a match in an inner pocket. I felt a rough piece of metal and on taking it out found it was an iron crucifix! My pony was sure footed, or that next ride would have been my last.

In an hour I approached the small village of San Jacinto. The whole town was in festive array. All sorts of games were in full swing. In answer to my question I was told it was the feast of S. Michael and All Angels.

Worn out and puzzled I stopped at an inn, where I decided to spend the day. A good breakfast somewhat quieted my nerves and I took a walk through the village enjoying a smoke and talking to the children. At the edge of the village I met the parish priest, with whom I started to talk. Guarded questioning soon brought out the story.

Shortly after the time of Cortez the Franciscans had founded a monastery on the mountain far above the town. Although they tried to work among the Indians they somehow never gained their friendship. One night during Lauds on the Eve of S. Michael, their Patron Saint, a band of Indians attacked them and killed every one. That was all the story, but the old priest said there was a legend that on the Eve of S. Michael and All Angels the monks return and say Lauds. Some travellers had frequently brought wild tales of having seen lights and heard songs while passing on that night.

I thanked the old priest for his story and slowly returned to the inn. That all happened years ago. I still have the crucifix.



### Frühlingssehnen.

Nun will es wieder blühen  
Um's stille Sanft Stephan,  
Da fanget auch mein Sehnen  
Und Leiden wieder an.

Ich weiß nicht was mir fehlet,  
Ich weiß nicht was ich will;  
Es nagt mir was am Herzen,  
Und nimmer werd ich still.

Der Bach mit seinem Rauschen  
Der hat mir's angetan;  
Die Wolken die dort wandern,  
Die sind auch schuld daran.

Ihr Wolken zieht vorüber!  
O Bächlein rausch' vorbei!  
Ihr solltet mir nicht sagen  
Wie schön das Wandern sei.

E. M. Schleicher.



### MY ISLAND.

BY H. HOLT, '11.

Did you ever, after a long struggle upstream against a strong current, when you were tired and worn out, come to a little island in the middle of the river—a little island with cool, overhanging trees trailing in the water, and long grass growing down to the very stream's edge? Did you ever, rounding a bend suddenly, come on such a sight, and have the feeling that it was all yours—that no one had ever trodden it before—that here you could stop and say to everyone "I discovered this?" And then did you ever land and find a picnic party in full swing on "your island?" Did this ever happen to you?

The feeling that comes over you at such a time is, in a single word, "awful." Such is the feeling which an inventor must have when, after long years of work, he finds that someone has patented his machine already. It is such a feeling that an author must have when he has written a particularly satisfactory book or essay and then some critic says, "Yes, but the idea is so old."



The elation which follows a supposed discovery has only an equal in the disappointment which follows the knowledge that it is not a "discovery" after all. Let me illustrate what I mean.

Some time ago I picked up a volume of poetry and in just glancing it over I came across this:

"God gives all men all earth to love,  
But since man's heart is small,  
Ordains, for each one spot shall prove  
Beloved over all."

It is not much of a poem, perhaps, but I was pleased beyond measure at finding it. I was a discoverer—it was mine. You say it is not much of a thing to discover. I must confess it wasn't; but you will remember that neither was the island. That stanza was *my* island. Then, just as I sat me down to hug my possession to myself and to enjoy thoroughly my find—I heard some one quote it in his conversation! Quote *my* stanza!

Can you imagine how I felt? Cheated of my treasure, robbed of my newest pet! As I was imagining that I had really found some thing, I found that my "island" was only a common picnic ground after all, that people had been going there for years—and I was the only person who did not know it!



#### THE PATHS OF KNOWLEDGE.

Those years gone by, so indistinct,  
Were full of wonderment.  
The many paths that shed their light  
Upon me as I went,  
Were clad in strange fantastic garb,  
And each day changed, it seemed,  
Those paths—oh myraid paths were they!  
Crossing each other here and there,  
And labeled, too, in broad, distinctive type:  
Yet I had not the power to place them fixed—  
Forever fixed—in their respective spheres.

But now anon they clearer grew,  
And straightened by themselves,  
Until, at last, I saw them lead  
To one broad avenue;  
And empty there their aspect weird  
Of hazy atmosphere  
Into a realm of definiteness,  
Where all seemed set and clear.  
And as I stand upon life's brink,  
With wider vision fraught,  
I see the same paths start anew;  
And straight they lead far on, until  
In distant realms of thought they meet again,  
And broaden to my view.

V. Richards, '13.



#### DEFENDING TRADITIONS.

BY C. T. BRIDGEMAN, '13.

EVERY year men question the reasonableness and usefulness of the traditions of the College, which have been upheld by each succeeding class for many years up to the present time. They see in them all, and especially in the apparently rather frivolous ones, only useless and unrelated bits of custom which have no possible excuse for their perpetuation, other than their antiquity. But it is through the very fact that they *are* connected one to another by inseparable links, that they form a background or framework upon which all the social life of the College rests. To be sure, the connecting links between the various customs are not very evident at first sight. For this reason, it would be well to consider them for a moment, and try to find how they are joined together.

With each returning September there are new men from preparatory schools entering College, who have no previous knowledge of the life in our institution or of the traditions and standards of the College. Consequently, in order that they may adapt themselves to their new surroundings, it is necessary that they should be shown their new duties by the upper-class men. For this purpose, the Seniors being the oldest and most experienced class in the College, empower the Sophomores, who have them-

selves just emerged from a state of discipline, to take charge of the Freshmen and see that they conform to the recognised standard of deportment in the College. This course is often not very pleasant for the new men, as harsh methods have to be employed as a last resort. But in order that they may not feel entirely without sympathisers, they invite the Juniors,—who, the preceding year, were the taskmasters of the present Sophomores,—to a banquet; and in this manner cement the bond of union between the two classes and secure for themselves supporters in time of need. Soon after this the Freshmen, feeling too confident in their new found allies, become over-bold, and raise their banner on the campus, daring the Sophomores to remove it if they can. A struggle ensues, with varied success. But with this sign of rebellion from the new men, a stricter discipline is inaugurated, much to the discomfort of the Freshmen!

In February, the Freshmen endeavour to show their ability to do their share in one of the important phases of College life, the social side, by inviting the whole college to their annual Ball. This act of theirs produces for them among the upper classmen a certain recognition of their increasing dignity and abilities, which, however, is somewhat shattered for a time, when in April the Freshmen, in their joy at having passed the first mile stone in their College course—in short, the mid-year algebra examination—, become so wildly anxious to cast the hated book forever from their sight, that they place it in a coffin, and on some dark night, bury it in a neighboring field. The Sophomores, considering such boyish glee quite unbecoming in collegians, try by every means to find the coffin and dig it up, but their efforts never have been successful. After this humiliation of the Sophomores, until the end of the term the hostilities gradually die out, and at last in June the Freshmen are acknowledged worthy successors to the Sophomores.

The next year, the new Sophomores, supported by the Senior class, administer to the entering Freshmen the medicine which they themselves received the year before, while the members of last year's Sophomore class are now Juniors, allies of the new Freshmen. As a final token of respect to their former taskmasters the Juniors give a dance in honor of the Seniors during their last week at their Alma Mater. In Commencement week the graduating class disinter the algebra which they buried three years before, and invite the Juniors to the burning of it. At this meeting of the heretofore rival classes, the Seniors pass from mouth to mouth the "Senior's pipe" which for many years has been the possession of each successive Senior class. They then entrust it to the Juniors, who smoke it as a sign of everlasting peace henceforth to exist between the two classes. Then with appropriate ceremony the Seniors entrust the duty of caring for the student body to their successors, who have been prepared by three long

years work to preserve the traditions and maintain the atmosphere of the College. As a memorial of their loyalty and love towards their Alma Mater, the Seniors plant on the campus their class tree and set at its foot a stone inscribed with their motto and numerals, as a perpetual reminder to all generations of their deep desire for the good of the College.

We thus see that all the separate customs and practices can be worked together into one continued series of events which follow one another in logical order. We, moreover, perceive that instead of being unreasonable and useless, they have throughout a constant purpose; which is, to prepare the men to fulfill the duties of a collegian, and bring each class into close contact to the other classes in all the varied relations of College life. And aside from the fact that they are connecting links between the classes, they form the backbone, as it were, of the College life, upon which all the social happenings depend. They furnish incentives for most of the College activities, and give the men ample opportunities to display their enthusiasm and show their love for the College by upholding and perpetuating the traditions which, for the last half century, have been so much a part of the College life.



### SONNET.

The earth lies basking in the noon-day heat,  
 But 'neath this shade doth dreamy peace abound.  
 The odor of the lilacs, cloying sweet,  
 Steals opiate-like to shut out sight and sound;  
 All faint the droning murmurs of the bees  
 A-hover in the honey-laden air,  
 Blend with the tiny rustlings of the trees  
 And with them in my lazy day-dreams share.  
 Now o'er my drowsy senses steals a note—  
 An oriole's!—So rapturous its tone,  
 Methought it fell from some sweet fairy throat,  
 So crystal-clear, in purity unknown  
 To mortal ears: O golden bird divine,  
 What voice can hymn the Summer's praise like thine?  
W. T. Sherwood, '11.

## GILBERT KEITH CHESTERTON.

## A STUDY OF HIS MESSAGE.

BY L. F. PIPER, '11.

WE are living in an age when the production of books is intensely rapid, the market being flooded with an enormous number of literary efforts. It is not easy to determine which of these, if any, are destined to live on as great works, for this depends, not on the reception accorded a new author, not on the start a temporarily admiring public may give him, but on the value of his message to the human race at large. The purpose of this paper is to try and determine what the message may be, which is set forth by a man who is already attracting much attention, and who has a large number of loyal supporters who would accord him the position of a thinker to be classed with Ruskin and Carlyle—Gilbert Keith Chesterton.

When a man feels that he has a message for mankind, unless he is a bigot or a fool, he has some strong reason for thinking that humanity stands in need of the word that he can speak. He has, at least, a firm conviction that the human race has been awaiting his message, and that it is his duty to deliver this message, of whose need he is thoroughly certain. If the world is unconscious of its extremity, the author is first obliged to awaken the sleeping intellects, point out the deficiencies that exist, and show to men the need of the help that he is able to give them. If we take the author's viewpoint, and see the world as he sees it, we can more readily determine whether or not his message is necessary and suitable. A proper appreciation of the reason for the message will materially aid to a proper understanding of the message itself, for with the author's viewpoint in mind it is much easier to study his work and see its application and value. And so with Mr. Chesterton. We are to look first at the conditions, as he sees them, of things in general; and then see what cure he would prescribe. Whether we will agree with his prescription will first depend on whether we agree with him that there is need of a prescription at all.

As Mr. Chesterton sees it, the condition of affairs is about this. Through the ages humanity has been advancing towards some unknown goal, impelled by a desire for happiness. As shown by the writers of our own day there is a temporary hesitation in this progress, which may be particularly serious in its results because it is not particularly serious in its reasons for pausing.

Anyone who has wandered through the woods on a quiet summer's day, with no particular destination in view and no more serious purpose than to enjoy the silent beauty, has undoubtedly been confronted at times by the necessity of choosing one or the other of two paths in order to continue the

walk. The paths may be equally attractive, both may appear to go in the general direction which suits the fancy. If there is nothing to dictate a choice, any trivial thing may be enough to decide which one shall be explored. Just in this same way, says Mr. Chesterton, the human race is pausing to consider, in a care-free sort of way, which path it shall take, the path of religion or the path of secularism. The serious fact of it is that the human race, like the wanderer in the woods, is very apt to decide through mere caprice. To carry on the analogy of the wanderer, it is obvious that if he could know that one of the attractive paths loses itself in swamp and desolation he would not choose that one, but take the other. So, if humanity were to know that one of the inviting paths leads to "quagmires of sensuality," with all the misery and degradation that implies, it would undoubtedly take the other. Mr. Chesterton is certain that the path of secularism is the sure way to ruin, physical, mental, and moral, and he would establish a warning guide post at the branching of the ways. He would seek to turn humanity away from secularism and its consequent danger, to prevent the catastrophe that can only be avoided by a heart breaking retracing of steps once the wrong path is entered.

The two works of Mr. Chesterton which particularly present his message are "Heretics" and "Orthodoxy." The proposition which is the basis of "Heretics" is this. "The most practical and important thing about a man is his view of the universe," or "Every man must hold a metaphysical system, and hold it firmly." "Orthodoxy" is an attempt to show that this view of the universe should be that which is the basis of the Christian religion. We can hardly express a thought that does not depend upon our conception of the universe. When this conception is not stationary, but continually changing, the ideas of a man cannot escape being confused and frequently contradictory. The system, therefore, must be definitely fixed and logically adhered to, and every man must bring his thoughts into harmony with this view of the universe. For "the question is not whether the theory of the cosmos affects matters, but whether, in the long run, anything else affects them."

That man's will is the greatest thing short of the deity is frequently and forcibly emphasized by Mr. Chesterton, although, of course, it can hardly be considered an idea original with him. From this it follows that it is not only within the power of man to think, but, and here is another point that Mr. Chesterton continually dwells upon,—it is man's sacred *duty* to think. In the eyes of Mr. Chesterton, the greatest crime a man can commit is mental suicide, to refuse to exercise the faculty that makes him god-like, to blindly accept the dicta of others, to allow his ideas of the universe to collapse and not feel that he too is included in that cataclysm.

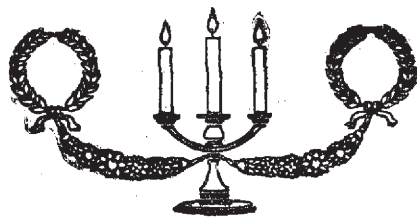
There is one man with whom in aim as well as in method Mr. Chesterton



may profitably be compared. This man is Thomas Carlyle. Both men studied their own times and both saw that the people were inclined to allow others to do their thinking for them. Both recognized the necessity of independent thinking for every member of the human race. Both strove to show this necessity by means of startling utterances, but Carlyle startled people with new truths, while Chesterton startles us with new thoughts about things so old that we have forgotten that they are truths. Carlyle aimed to tell the truth about the things of which men must think. Chesterton forces us to think of those things which we consider to be true.

It is by such a comparison that we best may learn what is the real place of Mr. Chesterton in the ranks of thinkers. Unlike Carlyle, Mr. Chesterton does not present us with new ideas which must revolutionize our conception of the truth, but rather he seeks to confirm our ideas as to the value and purpose of the truth.

The message of Mr. Chesterton to mankind in general, briefly summed up, is—Man must know what his attitude toward the universe is; he must act according to this belief; he must conduct himself by his own judgment; he must show by the consistency of his thought the truth that underlies his life. The system that will best serve man in attaining this, is the system set forth by the Christian religion. All this is not new, nor original with Mr. Chesterton, but is presented by him in such form, and with such an unusual attitude towards life, that it commands attention and forces the reader to think for himself and make some decision in regard to his philosophy of life. The brilliant exaggerations and startling paradoxes with which Mr. Chesterton's work abound accentuate the truths which they clothe, and not a little of the value of Mr. Chesterton's work lies in this clothing, for it renders possible a philosophical understanding of the truth on the part of those who are not prepared to study the works of more abstruse thinkers. Most works of philosophy and morality are intended for those who wish to think for themselves. Mr. Chesterton's works are intended to make men think in spite of themselves.



## The S. Stephen's College Messenger.

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**All Alumni and Former Students who expect to participate in the processions and services of commencement week, are reminded that they are to provide themselves with academic gowns; and those holding degrees, with appropriate hoods.**

With deep regret we learn of the resignation of Mr. Upton as Professor of English in this Institution. We who, with him, are this June to go forth from S. Stephen's for good and all, and those who have more recently come under his supervision, can alike bear witness to the thorough, painstaking work which he has done here. We realize, one

and all, the debt of gratitude that we owe Professor Upton, for the great help and inspiration that his courses have been to us, for the tireless energy and unceasing devotion he has shown in his labors for the College as a whole, and for the valuable help and interest he has taken in the lives of the men in a personal way. We feel that his loss is indeed a heavy one for S. Stephen's, and his place well-nigh impossible to fill.

It has recently come to our ears that certain critics of this College, who have no very intimate knowledge of the Institution or of its men, have been saying that S. Stephen's does not turn out scholars. In other words, according to them, this College is not fulfilling the duty for which, as a college, it exists. We do not know the source of this complaint, or how the rumour started; but, unfounded as it is on a thorough examination of the men and their work, it seems a bit unfair. It is like slandering a man's character—so easy to do, but so hard to disprove. In fact, there is but one way to convince people of the falseness of such a slander; namely, to point to the work actually done by the undergraduates of the College. We fear that our detractors will not take the time or trouble to look

up this work. But we would at least have them notice that the first prize in Mathematics, in the recent intercollegiate examinations of the Association for Promoting the Interests of Church Schools, Colleges and Seminaries, was taken by Mahaffey—a S. Stephen's Sophomore. Does this look like poor scholarship? Moreover, the prize was taken in a subject commonly

considered one of the "minor," unimportant branches in S. Stephen's. Such work as this does more to defend the college in the eyes of its critics (that is to say, in the eyes of unbiased critics) than all the hysterical shrieking of "untrue." The critics do not hear the shrieks; but we feel that they cannot help noticing the work, unless they are wilfully blind.



## College Items.

The proposed exhibition of photographs taken by the students in the vicinity of Annandale, will be held Commencement week in the Library.

The dance given to the College by the New York Sigma Phi chapter of the Sigma Alpha Epsilon Fraternity took place in Preston Hall, Friday evening, May fifth. It was in every sense a huge success, and it is safe to say that it was the best attended "hop" that has been seen at St. Stephen's for many a year. A novel and attractive feature was the use of electric lights, whose beauty, and coolness, too, added much to the enjoyment of the evening. The rousing cheers at the close of the dance given for *Σ. A. E.* showed a vim and vigor that was heart-felt and genuine.

The Glee Club Concert to the Alumni will take place Tuesday evening of Commencement week.

As last year, tennis tournaments are in progress; two cups having been offered by Dr. Rodgers as a prize for the doubles, and a racquet by Prof. Robb as the prize for the singles.

The Annual Meeting of the Convocation of Undergraduates, held May 13th, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year:

Marshal, George Thurauf, '12.  
 Senior Members of the Student Council, Fernsler, '12, and Boak, '12.  
 Junior Member, Borton, '13.  
 Special Student Member, Whitcomb.  
 Member of Finance Committee, Parker.  
 Editor-in-chief of MESSENGER, Rhea, '12.  
 Associate Editors, Bridgeman, '13, and Whitleigh.  
 Business Manager, Fernsler, '12.  
 Assistants, Whitcomb, and Prout, '14.

The Marshal-elect appointed as his assistants Fernsler, Boak, and Rhea.

The President of Convocation for 1912-1913 will be Elroy Jennings, as President-elect of the Class of 1912; Boak, Vice-President; Fernsler, Secretary and Treasurer.

### IN "GREEK TESTAMENT."

*Professor:* What can you say of the frequency of the Aorist in this construction?"

*Sleepy N:* "Its frequency—er, its frequency is rare."

(We understand, however, on reliable information, that the Future Subjunctive is even rarer!)

### GLEANINGS FROM

#### FRESHMAN THEMES.

"Her father had succeeded greatly."

"A constant state of vascillating."

"We usually are troubled with nightmare during sleep."

"The chicken is a land animal, the duck a water-fowl."

An exchange reports a rumor of an English student inquiring in the library for "Moses, in an Old Manse." This recalls a startling request made not long ago by a student of History, who desired books relating to "Education in America during the Middle Ages."

We love our torridity—but oh, humidity!

*Latin Prof.:* That will do for translation: now, who was Hymen, referred to in line sixty."

*H. H. P.:* "He was a god, sir—the god of war!"

### OVERHEARD AT A FRESHMAN

#### ENGLISH CONSULTATION.

*Senior, to trembling Freshman:* "Now, ahem! I find in one of your themes the expression, 'tightened up.' You wouldn't use that expression unless you were referring to machinery of some sort, would you?"

*Quaking Youth (stammering apologetically):* "Well, you see, I got into the habit of saying that because most of my relatives are mechanics."

The freshman class has been asked to contribute the sum of \$20,000 needed for the completion of the new gymnasium fund and men have been appointed to solicit subscriptions in the different dormitories.

(We hasten to explain that the above refers to Dartmouth, not S. Stephen's.)

*Late arrival at lunch:* "What is that?"

"The Capitol at Albany is burning."

"Oh. Please pass the water."

## Alumni and Former Students.

'76—The Rev. J. D. Herron, late of the Staff of St. Paul's Cathedral, Cincinnati, Ohio, is now priest-associate with the Rev. George N. Eastman at the Church of the Epiphany, Walnut Hills, Cincinnati.

'93—The Rev. Charles Fiske, rector of the Church of St. Michael and All Angels, Baltimore, Md., on Sunday, Mar. 19, presented for confirmation a class of seventy-five, of whom thirty-five were adults. This is the largest class ever confirmed by Bishop Murray.

'94—(A clipping from *The Churchman*.)

"St. John's, Los Angeles, has erected a commodious parish house which was occupied for the first time at the recent annual parish meeting. The cost of the building was \$12,000, of which sum \$7,000 has already been given. There are ample quarters for the Sunday school, the working guilds, Woman's Auxiliary and other parish activities. Within the six years of the Rev. Lewis Gouverneur Morris's rectorship, St. John's has grown from a comparatively small parish to one of the leaders in the diocese of Los Angeles. Active communicants now number 687, with 1,500 baptized persons coming under the ministrations of the parish; 137 communicants were added to the

parish list during the past year and 38 persons were baptized. The attendance at Sunday-school has doubled. An indebtedness of \$12,550 has been cancelled, the new parish house provided for and all apportionments and obligations met in full."

'05—The Rev. Frederick T. Ashton, of Hyde Park, N. Y., has accepted the rectorship of St. Paul's Church, Salem, N. Y.

The Right Rev. Frederick Foote Johnson, D.D., Bishop of South Dakota has been elected coadjutor to Bishop D. S. Tuttle of Missouri.

The Rev. Karl Reiland, rector of St. Andrew's, Yonkers, N. Y., has preached this Lent at union services in Hartford, Albany and Pittsburgh, at noonday services in Philadelphia, and to students in Berkeley and Philadelphia Divinity Schools, all the while keeping up the work of a parish of more than 1,000 communicants.

St. Alban's church, Centredale, has been duly organized and incorporated, with the Rev. Edmund C. Bennett as rector.

A new Sunday-school has been opened in Minneapolis at 1424 West Lake street, and is in charge of the Rev. Harry B. Heald.

## Exchanges.

"Real Humor," says a recent contributor for *Everybody's Magazine*, "is even as bread upon the waters—it returns to you after many days with somebody else's name signed to it." It is almost like meeting an old friend to find our favorite funny stories reprinted by various "Exchanges," when honestly tagged with a modest—*Ex.*, but it was with some surprise that the Exchange Editor recently found a whole story taken bodily from the columns of *The Messenger*, with no indication of the fact that it was "borrowed,"—to put it politely. When there is anything in our pages that is of value to others we are very willing that use should be made of it, but we are just human enough to desire a bit of credit for our work. As a matter of personal opinion we think that there are a number of things more worthy of being reprinted from our pages than the story that was selected.

The trials of proof-reading are well known to us, so it is with sympathy rather than criticism that we read in an exchange "he heard another footstep approaching."

The *Spring Number* of *The Normal College Echo* is an issue that deserves special mention. The arrangement of the paper is admirable, and its contents a credit to the college, the editors, and the contributors. Much thoughtful work char-

acterizes this paper. The essay on "Turner and Wordsworth" as interpreters of nature shows much power of sympathetic interpretation.

"You say he was loudly dressed. What did he wear?"

"Some kind of crash!"—*Ex.*

There is a creature named Slim  
Who is so exceedingly thin  
That when he assayed  
To drink lemonade  
He slipped through the straw and  
fell in.—*Ex.*

"Mother, I broke a brick in the fireplace."

"Never mind, dear, but how did you do it?"

"I pounded it with father's watch."—*Ex.*

"Can a cowhide in a shoe store?"

"No, but calfskin."—*Ex.*

*Son:* "I got 100 today, mother."

*Mother: (Delighted):* "How did you get it?"

*Son:* "Forty in Trig. and sixty in English."—*Ex.*

"Are you ill? Let me see your tongue."

"Ah, it is no use, doctor, no tongue can tell how I feel."—*Ex.*

A LOVE PLAY IN THREE ACTS.

Act I. Caesar—Maid One.

Act II. Sees her—Maid Won.

Act III. Seize her—Made One.

—*Ex.*

## SCIENTIFIC SPEECH.

## OLD STYLE.

"How doth the little busy bee  
Improve each shining hour,  
And gather honey all the day  
From every fragrant flower."

## NEW STYLE.

In what manner doth the diminutive  
industrious *apis mellifica*  
Utilize each twenty-fourth part of a  
revolution of this mundane sphere

upon its axis illuminated by solar  
radiation.

And accumulate the sweet, syrupy,  
nectarious secretion, during the  
entire period extending from dawn  
to dark,

From each individual combination  
of the organs of reproduction in a  
phenogamous plant having a vol-  
atile emanation of perfume grate-  
ful or agreeable to the sense of  
smell.—*Ex.*

