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St. Stephen's College

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PEACE CONTEST
SYRACUSE WINS
St. Stephen's Represented

On Tuesday evening, March thirteenth, the Third Annual Contest of the New York Intercollegiate Peace Association was held at Colgate University, Hamilton, N. Y. The orations were delivered in the auditorium of the First Baptist Church before a large and attentive audience, which evinced appreciation from the beginning to the end of the long program.

Dr. Homer Z. Bryan, the President of Colgate, presided and introduced the speakers representing eleven colleges and universities in the State. The institutions sending men to the contest were Colgate, Cornell, Hamilton, Columbia, Syracuse, New York University, St. Lawrence, Manhattan, Brooklyn Polytechnic, the College of the City of New York and St. Stephen's.

The speeches were interesting and splendidly delivered, without exception. The speakers from Colgate

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AWARDING OF NUMERALS
Power Formerly Held by A. A. Transferred to the Different Classes

At a recent meeting of the Convention of the Union, University of St. Stephen's College, on March first, the power, given to the Athletic Association in 1897 by Convention, to award class numerals to men who are deemed worthy of them, was taken away. The assembled body also provided for any other legislation bearing upon this matter, which might possibly have been overlooked, by passing a resolution abandoning all claim to any power in the matter of granting class numerals.

For some time a joint committee, composed of committees from the four classes and from the Athletic Association, had the matter in hand, and this body drew up a communication to Convention requesting and recommending that it rescind the action taken by it on Oct. 15, 1907. By this action Con

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PEACE CONTEST
Continued from page 159

The contest was held in co-operation with the general auspices of the Intercollegiate Peace Association, which has already organized contests in four more cities, which will represent New York State in the contest of the north Atlantic group of states which will be held May first in the Great Hall of the College of the City of New York.

While the Judges were arriving at their decision, the Colgate Mandolin Club entertained the audience, William Van Duyen, Esq. of Syracuse, as Chairman of the Board of Judges, consisting of President Stryker of Enfield, Dr. John M. Clarke of Albany, and Mr. Van Duyen, announced that, after considerable difficulty, the Judges awarded the first prize to Mr. Reitzenberg, of Syracuse, and the second to Mr. Knowles, of the College of the City of New York.

After the Colgate men had sung their Alma Mater in an impressive manner, the audience dispersed, many of them going to the home of Prof. Moore, where a reception was held for Mrs. Black. At a late hour, the men found their way to the various fraternity houses and dormitories and the State Contest of 1916 was officially at an end. The inspiration to further efforts in the cause of peace, and the kind hospitality of Colgate will long be remembered, however, by the men who were present.

St. Stephen's was represented by Charles E. McAllister, '14. At the local contest held at Annandale on March third, Harold D. Nichols, '16 was declared winner by the Faculty Board of Judges. Mr. Nichols' oration is printed elsewhere in these pages. A sudden illness, however, prevented his representing the College at Colgate, and since every effort was made to insure his presence in the State Contest, only a few hours before he was to start, Mr. McAllister was notified that he was to go to Colgate. The subject of his oration was "Peace and Christianity."

AWARDING OF NUMERALS
Continued from page 159

Awarding the class numerals in the hands of the Athletic Association. The report of the Committee was received and acted upon, and in addition, the further action, as mentioned above, was taken.

The relinquishing of this power by Convocation automatically restores the granting of numerals in the place where it belongs, viz., to the individual classes. Why it was ever taken from them in the first place, it is hard to surmise, but the action taken on the 21st effectually clears the matter up, and definitely settles any troubles or disputes which have arisen, or may yet arise, in regard to it.

THE SPRING DANCE

This year the spring dance will be given by the New York Sigma Phi Chapter of the Sigma Alpha Epsilon Fraternity. It will be held a week or two later than usual, on the evening of Friday, May 15th. The "Sigma Alphas" are already hard at work planning for the event, and mean to make it the best ever. The Faculty, students, and their friends are cordially invited to attend.

On Thursday evening, March 18th, the Class of 1915 was entertained as a big "hustle" by Messrs. Dockenbach and Bond in their rooms, 16 McVicker Hall. The Juniors had some time, becoming so enthusiastic that during the course of the evening they decided to give the College a shock by running an opposition to the 1914 mustaches with a set of 1915 beards.

On Wednesday evening, March 25th, the Rev. A. D. Phoenix continued the acolytes together with a few friends. The guests included Dr. Rodgers, the Rev. Herbert M. Clark, the Rev. E. E. Piper, the Rev. R. E. Centres, and the following students: Armstrong, Bosley, McAllister, McConnell, Bond, Goodwin, Hake, Hartwell, Methay, Mercer, Humphreys, Tabor, Whitney, and Seger.

"SPRING IN VIRGINIA"

Although the nights are still cold enough to remind us of the past winter, each day brings a warm enough to melt more ice and snow, and to draw a little frost from the surface of the ground. The winter having been so severe, and the full of snow so heavy, we shall probably have our real spring later than it has arrived for a number of years. Farmers claim that it is even possible for the annual breaking up of the ice in the Hudson to be delayed until the first week in April. But the warmer air drawing up from the south, and the bare ground becoming visible after so many weeks of very north winds and deep snow, surely can have no other meaning than that the good old summer is coming. It is known that the steady thawing will make way with the snow before any heavy rains fall, as otherwise the resulting annual spring fogs might do some serious damage.

Someone claimed to have seen the first bluebird the other day; but

The St. Stephen's College Messenger
that particular day was ushered in by a flurry of snow, we claim that the person in question only saw a sparrow, which had turned blue with the cold. Another man told of seeing a couple of robins down the road, but we would first cautiously ask if they had on their rubber boots. If not, the man was sadly mistaken, for no robin would come to Amanda at this time of the year without either rubber boots or a rowboat.

Of course, this is the time for the optimistic ones to come around talking like this: "Yes, sprig has cub. Beautiful, warm, health-giving sprig! What? Oh, yes, I have got a little cold id by head, but it is eddy-thig dow to what it was! Why, do you see that by head is as clear as can be?" We all want the summer back again; but summer will also bring its troubles—the mosquito, the dust from your enemy's auto, the rust from your neighbor's phonograph, the bee that backs out against your thumb when you attempt to pick a flower. Then we will want winter again. Winter, did you say? Aw, cub off! Sprig is here!

1914

As the next number of the Messenger will be devoted to the Senior Class, we feel that all the material possible concerning the new caps worn now and then (now by some, then by others, we guess) by the class of 1914, should be printed therein. If each individual of the Student Body will please write out just what he thinks, we will be glad to print it. Contributions not to be dropped into Mac's hat, which will be hung out side of the Editorial Rooms. Oh, yes, the hat is a blue felt with a gold (?) tassel and '14 on the hat side. Meant to mention it before but it slipped my mind.

UNDERGRADUATE DOINGS

The Student Council have under consideration the arrangements for a big time this spring. It is in regard to the proposed tug-of-war between the Sophomores and Freshmen. The scare will be pulled off across a body of water, and if the Freshmen succeed in dragging the Sophist into the drink, the rule governing the wearing of green caps will be suspended for the remainder of the college year. The event will take place soon after the Easter recess.

Arthur M. Parks, sp., was called home to Philadelphia, on March 25th, by the death of his sister. We all extend to him our sincerest sympathy.

SPECIAL PREACHERS

Recent preachers in the College Chapel are the Rev. E. A. Lyon, Christ Church, Hudson, N. Y., the Rev. C. G. Combs, Grace Church, New York, N. J., the Rev. C. E. Edmonds, D. D., General Theological Seminary, the Rev. F. B. Van Kleef, D.D., Grace Church, White Plains, N. Y., the Rev. G. Craig Stewart, St. Luke's Church, Evanston, Ill., and the Rev. P. E. Keegan, St. Mark's Church, Orange, N. J.

SOCIETY NOTICE

It has leaked out that Mr. Joseph Goosby established a number of clubs at rocos sease time 1914. His potential residence, 98. Dollar Room. This is the first time in a number of years that Mr. Goosby has established, and it is correctly hoped that he will enter more vigorously into social affairs in the future.

Those present were Messrs. Thomas Nigger Smail, George Greyvemaker, of Kingston, and Arthur Johnson, of the Quaker City.

Note. It will be interesting to remark that Mr. Goosby collected for societies, served in such unextolled splendor, from the following gentlemen: coffee, Mr. Goosby, cups, Mr. Pax, cream and jellies. L. C. Cashin.
The St. Stephen's College Messenger

Vol. XX. April, 1914. No. 7

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The Messenger is published monthly from October to June by the students of the College. Subscriptions and other business communications should be addressed to the Business Manager.

The Messenger is sent to subscribers in advance, 25.00 a year.

Entered at the Post Office at Amherst, N. Y., as second-class matter.

Editorial.

The liberal and highly commendable action of the Faculty in granting the request of the Athletic Association for a modification of the eligibility rules governing participants in athletics does not lessen in any way the burden of responsibility which rests upon the shoulders of the Athletic Association, the athletes, and the student body of this college. On the contrary, that responsibility becomes greater in the same proportion as the rules themselves have been made less strict. The standards of St. Stephen's must not be lowered to correspond with the more lenient rules. We will, indeed, be brought to an unhappy pass if our ideals as to what constitutes a St. Stephen's athlete are to be synonymous with these new regulations.

In its editorial columns of two issues ago, the Messenger declared its opinion that the rules should be modified, and we have not changed our mind in this respect. Nevertheless, as much as we dislike to confess it, the fact remains that this action of the Faculty is an act and an act of concession to our weakness. The sooner the student body of the College realizes this, the better it will be for ourselves and for our reputation.

The Athletic Association evidently does recognize this poignant truth. The energetic action of the scholarship committee in appointing some six or seven tutors to assist and direct the men who are down in their work is commendable, though the necessity for it is deplorable. But we do not believe that the body of athletes outside of the Association and, most of all, the student body as a whole, either realize that they stand convicted of weakness or have any strong sense of the responsibility that they are under in this matter of scholarship.

Yet the facts, it seems to us, are these: because of scholastic weakness, we cannot put out athletic teams on the eligibility basis which might normally be expected of us. Therefore, the Faculty have been forced to treat us with unusual gentleness lest our athletics be ruined. In the light of all this, if the student body finds anything to rejoice at in the new rules, other than that we still have our athletics, they are better at picking up grains of comfort than the Messenger is. But we do not think that there are many students here, who, when they see this question in its true light, will be at all pleased with the situation.

Well, then, to use a homely phrase, "What are we going to do about it?"

How shall we cure this weakness that is so apparent? The Messenger suggests that every man in college be determined that, if it is necessary to have light rules in order to meet certain exigencies, at least this shall not result in a lowering of our ideals, and that every athlete who bears a reserve through the new rules, when he might have done better, is made to feel that he is under the best of student discipline, until he materially improves. The scholarship committee is a good thing, but its function should not be to turn on the way or to pull through the indifferent, but to help those who, owing to college under handicaps, honestly need assistance. The man who is down in his work through his own fault or carelessness should have his marks "boosted," not by the scholarship committee, but by the force of student opinion.

We have heard rumors of a suggested addition to the Freshman rules for this year, which appeals to us as being very sensible. The plan is to make it compulsory for every Freshman and Special Student below Sophomore rank to take part in exercises in the gymnasium, subject to rules held down by the Athletic Director and the Gymnasium Committee.

The work would be planned by the Director and the committee. There would be scheduled three hours each week for gymnasium work, so arranged, of course, as not to conflict with classes. All "green-card men" would be obliged to attend these classes, except under special conditions which might consist of a course in the practice squad of any athletic team who is present at three practices each week during the playing season of that team would be exempt from gymnasium work during that season. In order that the work be not too serious a tax on the "green-card man's" time, it is planned that there shall be a system of equivalents; no cuts shall be allowed, but a student may absent himself from one of the three scheduled hours in any week, provided he registers before the end of that week, as having done some outside work fully equivalent to one hour's gymnasium work. From two hours thus done in the gymnasium each week shall be no excuse. Swimming, running, tennis, baseball, basketball,
The Rev. The Rev.,

The Rev. to the canons

as the time being, priest in charge of the unit of the "green-cap" squad, that Sophomores, Juniors and Seniors will take voluntary gymnastic work. The plan is not yet perfected, and any comments and suggestions from students and other subscribers will be welcome in the Editor's Letter-Box.

Alumni and Former Students

'81—The Rev. W. E. Nies is, for the time being, priest in charge of the American Church at Nice, France.

'86—The Rev. A. Cleveland Clark is in temporary charge of St. Luke's Church, Utica, N. Y.

'91—The Rev. F. W. Womack of Grace Church, Millbrook, N. Y., preached in Christ Church, Red Hook, on March 17, and paid a visit of a few hours to College at that time.

'99—The Rev. G. Frank Eder, '99, has recently been priest-in-charge of St. John's Church, Sonoma, California.

'13—The engagement of Miss Margaret Greer of Pasadena, California to Hambleton Boyd Mahaffey of Altoona, Pa., has been announced. Mr. Mahaffey visited the College for two days during the early part of March.

On March 10th, the Rev. George H. Toop preached at Christ Church, Red Hook.

After his ordination in 1902 Mr. Toop worked for two years as assistant in St. John's Church, York, and in 1903 he accepted the rectorate of St. Luke's Church, Rittenhouse. Recently the Church of the Holy Apostles, Philadelphia has extended a call to him and he has accepted. Mr. Toop will assume his duties on May first, at which time the Rev. Wm. T. Capper, the present rector, will take up his duties as Bishop Co-adjutor of West Texas.

The Rev. James Sherrin has been travelling in Europe this winter and has contributed several letters of general interest to the "Living Church."

In a contest here last year, John Wesley Twelves, Sp., was awarded the President's prize for extemporaneous speaking. Since then, Mr. Twelves has distinguished himself at the Philadelphia Divinity School, where he is now a student, by winning a prize for the best reading of the Scriptures and Church services, in the Seminary.

ST. STEPHEN'S MEN IN SEVEN SEMINARIES


Joseph Book, '12.

George E. Mullen, Sp.

Henry L. Rice, Sp.

Elwyn H. Spear, '11.

Willie M. Sherwood '10.

Riley J. Jennings, '12.


Carl L. Shoemaker, '12.

Cyril R. Bentley, Sp.

Editor's Letter Box

Mr. Editor—

A perplexed student seeks enlightenment on the subject of examinations, and, having failed by various other means, hopes his intellect may yet make clear through your columns, it's an old, old question.

Are examinations necessary—are they the best means to a desired end? If not, why are they so universally employed?

Without doubt the desired end to which examinations are the generally accepted means, is the test of a student's fitness to continue in his studies; or if he has finished, by which he is credited with a successful completion of them. But are they—I refer to the so-called "mid-years" and "finals"—the best, that is, the necessary means?

Some may say that the chief value of examinations is to make one review, which doesn't seem to take into account the fact that a study, to be remembered in its essence, should be so learned that a review is unnecessary. Of course I mean, by review, hard study and not merely resurvey.

Nearly all students, as well as professors, surely realize that an examination is not necessarily a fair
test of one's knowledge; very often,
in fact, it is but poor evidence of a
student's knowledge of a particular
subject. Again, it can not be de-

duced that students can, and often
do, "plug along" until examination
time when they "plug" and success-
fully pass the required examinations.
In this case the student may or may
not have a fair knowledge of the
subject; but in any case, having
learned it quickly, he will the more
quickly forget it.

Is it not therefore just to say that
at best, examinations are a very in-
adquate criterion of a student's
knowledge? The question, then,
naturally arises, are they the best
criterion?

Would not frequent quizzes, prop-

erly regulated, accomplish all that
final examinations seek to do, and
at the same time eliminate their un-
desirable features?

For example, let us take a lecture
course in which there are no oral
recitations. If the professor were
to give a test about every two weeks,
or as often as he thought expedient
on all grounds previously covered in

the lectures, (but it need not be an-
nounced before hand when there
would be a quiz instead of a lecture),
would not the student—if he is to
pass the course—have constantly a
more or less logical mental content
of the subject?

Would it not also work out nearly
as well in other courses, perhaps
varying slightly as different condi-
tions might require? Would not
this method develop the students'
observation and associative ability
and thus greatly increase his power
of memory—and this is more than
examinations do?

Finally, would not such a system
reduce in a large measure the number
of flunks by removing the cause?
The cause of most flunks, not due
to other intellectual inability, is
lack of proper application; the
student in a blind sort of way "lets
things go" until examination time.
But under this "quiz system," a flunk
must be the result of either intel-
lectual inability or complacent intel-
lectual apathy.

S. W. Eade.

Commentaries

Once more through the indulgence
of the editors (because they had
space to fill, perhaps you will say)
a few of my chance observations
have found their way to the pages of
the Messenger. This time I am
going to bring you back from China
and Peru, where we were supposed
to have started last autumn, to our
own environment. I intend to give
you some of the more intimate en-
ter of my "Commentaries" reflections which may in some cases
 touch more closely our life at Col-
lege. I append them without further
 correction, addition, or comment.

** * * * * * * * * * *

"This afternoon I read a very
touching little tale entitled 'Polly-
anna.' It is a story which must
appeal to humble laborers and
children because of the universal
love for children. The book also
contains a simple, sunny philoso-
phy which must likewise equally
be of profit to both laborer and
sufferer. The plot deals with a little
orphan who was constantly playing
'pollyanna,' as she called it, and was
also teaching others, especially those
afflicted with physical or mental
sorrows, to play it too. The game
was simply this: to find in every-
thing that happened, something to
make you glad, to discover in every
aspect of life that which could be
really and truly happy.

That it is possible, in this manner,
to be glad for everything that
comes, is proved beyond a doubt in
the life of little Pollyanna. No one
no matter how grumpy and crabby
who came into contact with her,
could long resist her sunny charac-
ter. The most morose natures were
transformed and transfigured by her
radiant happiness. It is such a
simple game, yet such a hard
\game. But it is well worth the ef-
fort both to the player and to his
associates. The formula is brief
and direct: I am glad!"

** * * * * * * * * * *

"Tonight one of my classmates

came into my room and spent
a couple of hours lolling in an easy
chair as he entertained himself by
rolling away on an ancient and
curious pipe. After a number of in-
convenient answers in response to my
attempts to draw him into a con-
versation, I decided to leave him to
his own thoughts. Finally, tearing
out a small scrap-book from his vest-
pocket, he made an entry. As he
was about to return the book to his
place, he noticed the pitcher and
interested expression on my face.

Immediately a good speed over its
countenance as he handed me the
open diary. The story, which ex-
plains his two words of "revosio,
needs no further comment. Here it is:

An evening of retrospection! The
two years of eight years ago
and
are now. Two sets of memories:
Both fresh and vigorous! But one
cannot complete the other in the
same way. May the first anniversary
of the last set prove more produc-
tive than that of the former! Why?
Well, just because! The inevitable
reason—if there's a woman in the
room."

** * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

Peribius sapsalis solo

** * * * * * * * * * *

"Last night I attended an exhibi-
tion which seemed to be very sus-
icious for the future satisfaction
of one of the college books of St.
Stephen's. I refer to the need for
some care in the commencement of
a man's physique. The lack of such
care so far in the history of the Col-
lege has been a failure to carry out
its ideal of the complete well-
rounded training of a Christian
man of culture and refinement.' No training which neglects a man's body can be either complete or well-rounded (except perhaps in the matter of shoulders). We need a course in physical education at St. Stephen's. For such a course we need a real gymnasium, simple but adequate equipment, a physical director and the proper spirit. Last evening's exhibition demonstrated most forcibly the fact that we have the director and the proper spirit. The work accomplished under such adverse conditions in calisthenics, on the parallel bars, and with the Indian clubs, is most commendable. Such success and enthusiasm should be rewarded, at least, by added equipment, and ought to be encouraged by the providing of a new gymnasium."

"When wealth is lost, nothing is lost; when health is lost, something is lost; when character is lost, all is lost."

Observer.

FROM WAR TO TRUE PEACE

Lexicographers have informed us that peace cannot be contemporary with war. War! The word brings before us a mental picture of the battle-field, upon which questions of all kinds have been and are being decided by the sharp logic of deadly missiles.

That anyone should seek to justify war seems impossible when we consider the grave penalties that have been paid in consequence of it. Yet, such is the fact. It has been maintained that an occasional war is necessary in order to preserve courage and assure bravery; that in times of peace our people will become effeminate and lose the strength and more masculine virtues.

If that is true, then barbarous tribes that live on what they obtain by force rather than industry are fortunate indeed, for they are constantly habituated by their surroundings to deeds of daring and trials of strength. Then the old feudal times, fostering their chivalry, were better than the present. Then we are mistaken in believing that life contains enough trials and tragedies, without war, to develop the heroism of a people—in short, if that argument is valid, we are mistaken about civilization.

Again, it has been declared that war is necessary in order that the world be not over-populated. What class of citizen or subject does war remove, I ask? Back comes the answer, strong and clear: "The bravest and the best." France lost because her old virile stock was exhaused, exterminated, or worn out by women and diseases of war. The Romans who went forth to battle to return with their shields upon them, but returned upon them. Only the sons of slaves, rampalllowers, and immigrants from the provinces were left. An historian puts it: "Only towards the end of the war were the men killed on both sides; in a very great extent those of noble birth. It is a historic fact that the informal northeast Virginia General Order, to his famous charge at Gettysburg and which "went down like rain before a hailstorm" was the very flower of the Confederate infantry. Even if these were all, and we have but to mention Sharpsburg, Fredericksburg, and Cold Harbor to realize that they are but a handful, their loss to the nation in the war they would have played in the development and settlement of the new West and in the solution of the social and economic problems of our day, could not be estimated. Again, look at Napoleon's wonderful army of six hundred thousand men, the finest that ever stood in line, which set out under his sedate cry for Moscow; and then at that pitiful remnant of twenty thousand including, famished雯peating the same phrase of "Korno the following Desmoulin. France gave up her best as nation
food for powder. Is it any wonder that after the Napoleonic era the average stature in France decreased two inches and that one of the greatest problems of France even a century later is that of decreasing population?

I

"Cease your devil's fighting—his shame that it should be With human against human, and the graves across the sea We educate our children, we cultivate their brains But war for added empire, and think only of its gains The voice is faint from out the vast and scathing multitude To stay the brutal cannon, to appease the murderous feud The last of battle's in our hearts and blood is on our hands We fight like beasts incarnate, like primeval savage bands The breaking hearts of mothers and their cry of sore distress Are known, but all unheard—what matters one life lost?

II

"His life I'll give, but not his death!" declares our motherhood; "His country cannot use a corpse to serve the public good!" My son's brain, brawn, and muscle he offers as his dower; The mighty force of intellect shall be our nation's power His bright, red blood shall daily give its living, surging force Not spilled upon the earth with death and sorrow in its course. Let judges, mighty judges, with wisdom calm and cool Decide the weighty question, the vital one of rule!"

But, however, before we turn to the consideration of arbitrary settlements, let us gaze for a moment at the consequences of war in the light of finance. Here we have to face appalling facts. The debt of our own United States of nine hundred-thousand million dollars is small indeed compared with those of other nations. France is laboring under a debt amounting to the post-warous sum of six billion dollars, while Russia ranks second with four and one half billions. Proceeding step by step down through the debts of Austria-Hungary, Germany, Great Britain, Italy, and Spain we arrive at that of Japan which is one and one third billion dollars. It was this terrible and growing burden of the nations of the world, striking at public prosperity at its very source, that forced the leading nations to seek for international peace. The emperor of Russia led the way by inviting all the nations in diplomatic relations with the Russian court to attend a conference at the Hague, Holland, in 1899, for the purpose of discussing matters pertaining to war and the settlement of international disputes by arbitration. As a result a permanent Court of Arbitration was established which has achieved more or less success, having settled a number of disputes referred to it. But it has no power to enforce its decisions. Right there, it is seen, in its lack of any executive power, lies its great weakness.

Following upon this came the suggestion that an International Court to determine the issues between nations, be established with adequate means to enforce its decrees. In support of this suggestion it is argued that, were we to put it into practice, forts and navies and big guns would disappear just as feudalism disappeared when courts of justice, with executives to enforce their decrees, were established. But, would they? Surely not, while the present conditions exist. Consider the conditions along the border delimiting France and Germany. On either side are numerous fortifications, and countless troops ready for instant action. Each nation regards the other with suspicion and distrust. Before you may hope for the disappearance of their forts and navies and big guns you must change that spirit of distrust and hostility into one of trusting fellowship. That is the first step and when it is accomplished the disappearance of armaments will naturally follow. Then and then only can an international court be effective.

The "Outlook" magazine puts forth the very intéressant statement that "there are two ways of securing national peace by being so weak that we cannot fight, by being so strong that we do not need to fight." The "Outlook" declares its belief in the second method. Brilliantly, Great Britain believes in the same policy for she starts in as a peacemaker with a navy sufficient-
dice, the rents of which are buried deep in the past, in order to display what we deem an adequate degree of patriotism. Never was there a more deadly or dangerous fallacy. Just as well might we argue that in order to exhibit filial love and true devotion to our family it behooves us to hate every other family in town. The law of love applies to the broad stretches of life as exactly as in personal ethics. It is a principal of profound importance that we should love our neighbor nations as ourselves.

Peace and love go hand-in-hand. Even as true love is that love which has been built up through the process of time, so true peace, which will bind all nations together, will come not through the amenities of diplomacy but as a growth of that higher patriotism that learns to look with disinterested eyes on the concerns of other nations as though they were its own.

In striving for such a lofty ideal we are bound to meet discouragements, and not being able to attain our goal at a single bound we must advance step by step, being reasonably content so long as we do make some progress in the right direction. And,

"Let us learn a useful lesson—no braver lesson can be—
From the ways of the tapestry weavers on the other side of the sea.

Above their heads the pattern hangs, they study it with care;
As to and fro the shuttle leaps, their eyes are fastened there.

They tell this curious thing besides,
of the patient, plodding weaver:
He works on the wrong side ever-more, but works for the right side ever.

It is only what the weaving stops,
and the web is loosened turned,
That he sees his real handwork;
that his marvelous skill is learned.

Aft the sight of its deficient beauty,
it pays him for all the cost;
No rarer, quaintier work than his was ever done by the frost!

The years of man are the looms of God left down from the place of the sun,
Wherein we are ever weaving till the mystic web is done.

Weaving blindly, but weaving surely each for himself his fate,
We may not see how the right side looks, we can only weave and wait.

But looking above for the pattern, no weaver has need to fear;
Only let him look clear into the heaven—the perfect Pattern is there.

There can be no better lesson than this for those who seek to weave together all nations of the Universe in unity and concord, for the great

and they have in view is righteousness, justice between man and man, nation and nation. Realizing this fact, when war was averted between Argentine Republic and Chile, the arbiters erected, at the summit of the Andes Peak, a colossal statue as a symbol of peace. Can't you see the figure? High on that lofty mountain yon it towers, with broad heaven for its background. It is the figure of Christ, the symbol of true peace, perfect and everlasting—"the Peace of God which passeth all understanding."

HAROLD D. NICHOLS '83

THE LADY OF REVÉVUE

Near the site of Jardin Fleuriest, In the wood of Revévue, Where are flowers pink and golden With their fragrance ever new, We can see a lovely lady Horseback riding 'mong the trees, By a sparkling brook that's babbling On its way to pastured meads.

For big nose seems kind and gentle;
He's as black as black can be;
Now he goes over the level, Now he walks, if reins are free;
Now he shoes his head in threatening.

His old black charger bold, Who is balking as he chances Fast more times than can be told.

Ah, this sport for this fair lady As she breathes the morning air; Hear her call the fleeting colt; See her stroke the wavy hair

Of "Blackie" mane so long and glossy; Hear her sing with charming voice; See her smile, how pure and happy, Making nature's soul rejoice.

Now they come, this merry trio, To an open space and hills, Cheery green with vines blooming. Tulips white and daffodils

With the lily of the valley And the blue forget-me-not; Blessing shrub, wild roses mingled, Sun in this sweet fragrant spot.

Mark the grace of Black there standing Like a stead of chivalry; Head bent low he's like a statue In the splendid scene we see. Singing him the faithful colle, Farming, wags his bursy tail— Brown and white his hair in patches Pleading to resume the trail.

And the lady so attractive, Who both love the loving pair Is in white, rod ribbons holding Interwoven browse, and comedy hair With dark tresses, waving gently In the breeze with pleasant grace "Come with joy as they go tripping Pounds about her lovely face.

Ah, she sees that red-hair flying. Coming o'er your study from (See the lady's anxious look) She admires his brilliant color; Listens to his every note, As he sings his wild and dwelling melody that none can guess.
The St. Stephen's College Messenger

But her face seems sad, impatient
And her pleasant smile is gone!
What pray troubles our dear lady?
His is not a pensive song;
Swinging there his chirps and twitters,
Hops about in ecstasy;
Sings again in tones of gladness,
Leaving then the favored tree.

See now how she smiles and blushes
And her cheeks have flaming glow,
As the bird is disappearing.
'Cross the wood he joins his own,
Reach down she plucks some roses
From the highest bush hard by,
Puts them in a bouquet pretty
On her bosom with gentle sigh.

Hearken how she sings her wish:
"That my lover on the sea,
Passing high and frightful waters,
May in safety come to me;
Let it be as thou dost promise,
Grant the wish I hold so dear;
Thy sweet songs—gently welcome;
May they help me nought to fear."
(We have learned in Jardin Fleuriste
It is said in Revesvan:
"If a red-bird comes sighted,
You may have a wish come true,
If he sings and then goes flying
As the wish is just complete."
And we know it is the answer
For our lady's blushing sweet.

She appears so very happy;
(May she have the wish she made)
Cooing "Colgie" she is singing,
Urging Black across the glade:
"Come good Pet we'll hurry homeward
Making foolish Laddy run;
Ere we leave him in the distance;
Come, the race is just begun."

IN MARCH
If a body meet a girlie,
On a windy day;
Play the part of true politeness—
Look the other way.

Spirit, the Spring Chicken, has
finished mending and is again a lively
member of the brood.

1st Stude—"I hear the Giga are
going to charge for their dance."
2nd Stude—"What? Why, what
do they think they're doing, the
darn sights?"
3rd Stude—"Tightwad! Why no.
They simply think that it's a ban
precedent that makes them give
the dance to the College, so they throw
it overboard."

THE RETORT COURTEOUS
Swarie—"Can't you think I look
like a sport with this mustache?"
One who is now a fugitive—"Biologically speaking, yes!"

THE UNIVERSAL GAME
The American plays baseball.
The Englishman flies cricket.
The Frenchman is delighted
When he's chasing the roulette.
The German plays fan-tan
To while the hours away.
In fact, in every corner,
There's a game for every day.
There's but one that's universal,
It's a game that's best of all.
It was played by Eve and Adam
And accounts well for his fall.

In March
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On a windy day;
Play the part of true politeness—
Look the other way.

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And accounts well for his fall.
Now listen while I tell you all I’ve done. You fellows kind of think you know it all. Once I said I put the phone in silence. And helped professor plan the student’s fall. Last Easter you put up an awful kick. Because you didn’t like the bloom-in’ food. You never used that raisin butter made you sick. You acted very badly—you—? I never made. But you didn’t place the blame where it belonged. For mine was the responsibility. For my sins other folks are often wronged. They often suffer what should fall on me. And many other things I’ve said and done. Last week I let the furnaces go out. And general wrath fell on poor Russell’s head. (That A. had done it, no one had a doubt.) Last autumn Kitty dashed behind the goal. My whistle called him back. I lost that game. That goal from placement lies upon my soul. But ‘twas you chaos hung your heads in bitter shame.”

Now I’ll reveal my station. And allay your indignation And dispel the consternation That’s been roused by me I fear For it’s now the Christmas season (Great this weather, ain’t it freezein’) Which is quite sufficient reason To wish everyone good cheer. (To be continued)

NOTE: The author of the following is in doubt as to what to call it. It is so obviously true to life that it seems little like play acting. One critic has said that the parts of Mann and Luther are so simply, yet so perfectly constructed that any one of sixty men in college might play them.

Scene: A college room in the evening.

Leo. E. Mann: a student.

A. Luther: ditto.

The Ghost: spirit of a former editor who has gone to his hard earned rest, and who is both visible and audible to the audience, but neither one to the other two characters.

The curtain rises upon Mann seated with his feet perched on the table and the last number of the Messenger in his hand. He is scowling. The ghost is reading over Mann’s shoulder. A knock at the study door and Luther enters.

M.—“Hello Mann, reading the Messenger?”

N.—“Yes, isn’t it rotten?”

M.—“Well why in time don’t you?”

N.—“The story this month is particularly long. One of these days I’m going to write a story for ’em with a real plot.”

M.—“The you are, when water freezes in Kansas.”

M.—“I’ve been trying to figure out for no hour what this fool editor means. Why the dickens they don’t let the bunny men write ‘em is what gets me.”

G.—“Briny man? Ye gods!”

N.—“That’s the way everything in the place goes. Do you suppose for a minute they’d accept anything that an outsider wrote?”

M.—“How long, oh Lord, how long?”

M.—“(reading)” Like a mouse in the desert aloft on the sphinx. Time to laugh. By jingo, if they don’t get some decent jokes pretty soon, I’ll go dippy.”

M.—“Good. Hope you do, you lazy chump.”

N.—“What’s in that fool “Editor’s Letter Box?” Why the deuce don’t they have some new ideas? Some old thing all the time?”

M.—“Oh I’ll tell you.”

M.—“Well I’m going for a walk. Want to come?”

N.—“No thanks, I’ve a date at the gym. Strong.”

-end-

T.—(with a sigh of relief) “Good riddance.”

Curtain:

Now will you guys wake up?

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A DUTCH TOUCH
If we catch a man giving utterance
to a round, matured, and
ancient expression, "In Spring a
young man's fancy lightly turns to
thoughts of love," these days, the
great temptation is to accuse the
unhappy utterer of bronchial
imbecility. The trouble is, of course,
that we're all so firmly convinced of
the absolute truth of the quotation
that it masks our intelligence for
anyone to suppose, that the suscepti-
bility of youth to the pangs of love
in Spring is beyond the immediate
knock of our preception.

The sighing breezes and warm
zephyrs gradually fill our slumbering
senses into that delightful state
known as contentment and we pass
hours and days of precious time in
the invincible bond of romance and
dreams.

Annandale has that peculiarly
romantic heritage of the Hudson
valley and Spring is the season
which brings it most quickly to mind.

Cruger's Island and the bubbling
waters of the many rivulets which
find their way into the great Hudson
stream, have undoubtedly seen
Indian romance which can compare
with that of Hiawaths. But those
spells of Indian joy were super-
seded by the romances of old
Amsterdam and Holland.

Today with our complex modern
theories, with our intricate science
of eugenics, we can do well to stop
for a moment and recall the simpli-
city and happiness of the old love
tales of the Hollanders, the tales
that had not only men and women
and love, but fairies, too.

As, on a certain evening in the
vicinity of the Highlands, a wed-
ing took place between a Mr.
Hendrick and a Miss Katrina.
Just as the "you do" and the "I
will" had made the two one, a fairy,
came into the room and took away
the lovely bride. Hendrick devoted
most of his time to weeping until it
was reported that, in the vicinity of
a deserted mansion, two fairies were
seen. He examined the old deserted
halls by moonlight, but, Katrina
was not to be found. Overcome
by grief, he seated himself on the
doorsteps and sadly hummed the
following lines:

"It is sweet to sit at evening,
When the west is painted red,
And to think of friends once with us,
Of the living and the dead.
It is sweet to hear at midnight,
Music stealing through the air,
While we feel our spirits rising
Heavenward on that silver stair.
Ever fonder, ever dearer,
Seems our youth that hastened by,
And we live in love's memory,
When our fond hopes fade and die.
Yet like forest that seem fairer,
When the leaves their freshness lose,
So the past those leaves now fading
Tingled with memory lovelier grows.
The scenes started from their sleep
Had hardly died away.
When forth from out the shadows deep,
The fairy led her way;
No shadow she threw in the moon's pale beam,
But like a passing form of light,
Presented herself to our hero's sight—

"Quite lost in sorrow and his dreams—
And thus the fairy began to say:
I've watched you, Hendrick, for many a day,
Weeping and wailing, but all in vain,
For we'll see you never daring again.

Weep for Katrina with eyes so blue;
Weep for her, you may, for she was true—
Few maidens ever loved as she—
Weep! Weep! it doesn't trouble me;
But 'tis sad for Hendrick's fate,
For he will never be found in after years.

I will mark you, too, immortal,
So that you can live forever
With your darling, your Katrina.
Where grows the flower, and what's its name,
Which blooms in winter and summer the same,
The language of which some say is true,
Some say is false, over what say you?

"Our hero knew not what to say
In answer to the cruel lay;
But a muse, from a bright and distant sphere,
And even more than this is true,
For when they're pressed they bloom anew.
The fairy vanished but again appeared
Leading Zatrina through the ruined halls,
And in the silence of that midnight hour,
Again were joined those hands once rudely torn.

We leave the hero here to guess the rest,
How many times "two-lips" were fondly pressed."

The fairytale finished but again appeared
Leading Zatrina through the ruined halls,
And in the silence of that midnight hour,
Again were joined those hands onc rudely torn.

We leave the hero here to guess the rest,
How many times "two-lips" were fondly pressed.

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For further information, address:

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