PEACE CONTEST

SYRACUSE WINS

St. Stephen's Represented

On Friday 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. Elmer S. 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, Fordham, 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 Unitarians of St. Stephen's College, on March first, the power, given to the Unitarian Association in 1927 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 section abandoning all claim to any power in the matter of granting class numerals.

For some time a joint committee, composed of committees from our 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 reverse the action taken by it on Oct. 15, 1907. By this action, Convention had placed the power of

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PEACE CONTEST
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The men competed for two prizes of two hundred and one hundred dollars respectively, which were offered through the New York Peace Society by Mrs. Elmer Black, of New York City. The contest was held in cooperation with and under the general auspices of the Intercollegiate Peace Association, which has already organized contests in more than twenty states and is rapidly extending them to others.

M. E. Reitzenberg, of Syracuse University, who was awarded first place by the Judges, 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. Wilbur Van Duyyn, Esq. of Syracuse, as Chairman of the Board of Judges, consisting of President Styer of Hamilton, Dr. John M. Clarke of Albany, and Mr. Van Duyyn, announced that, after considerable difficulty, the Judges awarded the first prize to Mr. Reitzenberg, of Syracuse, and the second to Mr. Karovsky, 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. McClister, Jr. 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's oration is printed elsewhere in the Messenger. A sudden illness, however, prevented his representing the College at Colgate, although every effort was made to insure his presence in the State Contest. Only a few hours before he was to speak, Mr. McClister was notified that he was to go to Colgate. The subject of his oration was "Peace and Christianity."

AWARDING OF NUMERALS
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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 to the place where it belongs, viz., in 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 23rd effectively 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 Epilson 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 at a big "dust" by Messrs. Decelentbach 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 1915 mustaches with a set of 1915 beards.

On Wednesday evening, March 25th, the Rev. A. D. Phoenix entertained the acolytes together with a few friends. The guests included Prof. Hughes, the Rev. Herbert M. Clark, the Rev. L. B. Piper, the Rev. H. E. Carley, and the following students: Armstrong, Bossey, McAllister, McIlvain, Foust, Goodwin, Hale, Hartsock, Martin, Moore, Kumphreyes, Tubbs, Whitechurch and Berger.

"SPRING IN NEW YORK"

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.

Rivermen 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的职业 winds and deep snow, surely can have no other meaning than that the good old summertime is coming. It is hoped that the steady thawing will make way for the snow before any heavy rains fall, as otherwise the resulting unusual spring freestocks might do some serious damage.

Someone claimed to have seen the first blue bird the other day, but a...
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 Annandale
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 talk­
ing 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 just eddy-
thig dow to what it was! Why,
doe you see that by lid is as clear as cad be?" We all want the
summer back again; but summer
will also bring its troubles—the
mosquito, the dust from your ene-
y's auto, the restless 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, cut
off! Sprig is here!

1914

As the next number of the Messen-
ger 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 are to be
dropped into Mac's box, which will
be hung out side of the Editorial
Rooms. Oh, yes, the new hat is a
blue hat with a gold (?) tassel and
14 on its moral side. Meant to
mention it before but I slipped my

UNDERGRADUATE
DOINGS

The Student Council have under
consideration the arrangements for
a big time this spring. It is in rega
d to the proposed tug-of-war be-
tween the Sophomores and Fresh­
man. The scrap will be pulled off
across a body of water, and if the
Fresh succeed in dragging the Sophs
into the drink, the rule govern­
ing the wearing of green caps
will be suspended for the remainder
of the college year. The event will
take place soon after the Easter re­
cess.

Arthur H. Parks, sp., was called
home to Philadelphia, on March 26th,
by the death of his sister. We
all extend to him our sincerest sympa-
thy.

SPECIAL PREACHERS

Recent preacher in the College
Chapel are the Rev. E. A. Lyon,
Carlist Church, Hudson, N. Y.,
the Rev. C. L. Gompf, Grace Church,
Newport, N. J., the Rev. C. E.
Edmands, D. D., General Theological
Seminary, the Rev. F. B. Van
Kleeck, D.D., Grace Church,
White Plains, N. Y., the Rev. G.
Craig Stewart, St. Luke's Church,
Evanson, Ill., and the Rev. R.
Reason, St. Mark's Church, Orange,
N. J.

DRAGON CLUB LECTURE

On Saturday evening, March
28th, a brilliant speaker appeared
before the Student Body in the
person of the Rev. Geo. Craig
Stewart, rector of St. Luke's Church,
Evanson, Ill. The subject of his
lecture was "Chesteron, The Bully
Champion of Christianity." The
Dragon Club is certainly to be com­
plimented upon the excellent spea­
k the they have presented at
St. Stephen's this year.

THE COMING YEAR

Next year, 1914-15, ought to be a
fine one as old S. C. Already
about 80 students, coming from
3 states, have registered, and naturally,
there will be many more on
the list before even Commencemen
takes place. In fact, there
ought to be a record-breaker of an
incoming class, and this ought to
gladden the heart of every St.
Stephen's man, be he Undergraduate
or Alumnus.

SOCIETY NOTICE

It has leaked out that Mr. Joseph
Goosnay entertained a number of
guests at teas some time ago, in his
parent's residence, 95 Dollar Rd.
This is the first time in a number of
years that Mr. Goosnay has entertain­
ed, and it is correctly hoped that
he will enter more vigorously into
social affairs in the future.

Those present were Misses Tacy
Niles, S. M. and George Gownmes,
of Kingston, and Arthur Rolleston
Puck, of the Quaker City.

Note. It will be interesting to
remark that Mr. Goosnay entertained
his daughters, served in such unusual
splendor, from the following
gentlemen—cocoa, Mr. Graymates,
cups, Mr. Pas, cream and icky.
L. C. Cardby.
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, much as we dislike to confess it, the fact remains that this action of the Faculty is an out and out 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 asked 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 have our athletics, they are better at picking up grains of comfort than the Messengers 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 squalors through the new rules, when he might have done better, be made to feel that he is under the gun of student discipline, until he materially improves. The scholarship committee is a good thing, but its function should be not to spur on the way or to pull through the infusion, but to help those who, coming 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 next year, which appeals to us as being very sensible. The plan is this: to make it compulsory for every Freshman and Special Student below Sophomore rank to take part in exercise in the gymnasium, subject to rules laid 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 gymnasm work, so arranged, of course, as not to conflict with classes. All "greenbarn" men would be obliged to attend these classes, except under certain conditions which might consist in excuses; a member of 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 gymnasm work during that season. In order that the work be not too serious a tax on the "greenbarn" 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 the week, as missing done some outside work fairly equivalent to one hour's gymnasm work. From two hours thus done in the gymnasium each week there shall be no extra work. Walking, swimming, tennis, bicycling, handball, etc.
The Rev. E. Nies is, for the time being, priest in charge of the American Church at Nice, France.

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

The Rev. F. W. Cornell 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.

The Rev. G. Henry Oelhoff has recently become priest-in-charge of St. John's Church, Sonoma, California.

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, New York, and later, 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 new duties on May first, at which time the Rev. Wm. T. Capen, 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 STEPHENS MEN IN CONVOCATION SEMINARIES
The General Theological Seminary—
Joseph Boak, '12.
George S. Mullen, Sp.
Harry L. Rice, Sp.
Ellen H. Spear, '11.
Wil. Tinsley Sherwood, '11.
Irby J. Jennings, '12.
Robert J. Parker, Sp.
Carl L. Shoemaker, '12.
Cyril R. Bentley, Sp.

John J. Keeney, '13.
James B. Mahaffey, Sp.
The Western Theological Seminary—
Harold Holz, '11.
George D. Bary, '13.
The Berkeley Divinity School—
Frank A. Whiting, '11.
Charles D. Forrest, Sp.
The Cambridge Theological Seminary—
The Virginia Theological Seminary—
Clarence E. Bonnet, Sp.
The Salisbury Divinity School—
Oscar G. Olsen, Sp.
The Philadelphia Divinity School—
John Tinsley Twelves, 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 be made clear through your columns. It's an old, old question.

Are examinations necessary—are they the last 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 say that the chief value of examinations is to make one review, which does 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 mere resurvey.

Nearly all students as well as professors surely realize that an examination is not necessarily a fail
test of his knowledge; very often, in fact, it is but poor evidence of a student's knowledge of a particular subject. Again, it can not be denied that students can, and often do, "boast along" until examination time when they "plug" and successfully 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 inadequate criterion of a student's knowledge? The question, then, naturally arises, are they the best criterion?

Would not frequent quizzes, properly regulated, accomplish all that final examinations seek to do, and at the same time eliminate their undesirable 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 five weeks, or as often as he thought expedient on all ground previously covered in the lectures, (but it need not be announced before hand when there would be a quiz instead of a lecture), would not the student—if he is to pass the course—have certainly 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 conditions 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 vitiated intellectual ability, is lack of proper application; the student in a blank sort of way, "lets things go" until about examination time. But under this "quiz system," a flunk must be the result of either intellectual inability or complacent intellectual apathy.

S. W. Ede.

Commentarii

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 entries of my "Commentarii," reflections which may in some cases touch more closely our life at College. I append them without further correction, addition, or comment.

This afternoon I read a very touching little tale entitled 'Pollyanna.' It is a story which must appear silly to humble laborer and to educate sage because of the universal love for children. The book also contains a simple, sunny philosophy which must likewise equally be of profit to both laborer and sage. The theme deals with a little orphaned girl who was constantly playing the game, as she called it, and was also teaching others, especially those afflicted with physical or mental ailments, to play it too. The game was simply this: to find in everything that happened, something to make you glad, to discover in every event that aspect for which you could be really and truly happy. That it is possible, in this manner, to be glad, for everything that occurs, is proved beyond a doubt in the life of little Pollyanna. No one need worry how grumpy and crabbed, who came into contact with her, could long resist her sunny character. The most morose natures were transformed and transfigured by her game of gladness. It is such a simple game and yet such a hard game. But it is well worth the effort both to the player and to his associates. The formula is brief and direct: I am glad!"
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. 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 promote courage and assure bravery; that in times of peace our people will become effeminate and lose the strength and 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 frollicking times, fostering their chivalry, were better than the present. But we are mistaken in believing that life contains enough trials and tragedies, without calamity, to develop the heroism of a people—in short, 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.' Rome fell because her old virile stock was exhausted, emaciated, or worn out by wounds and diseases of war. The Romans who went forth to battle to return with their shields or upon them, but returned upon them. Only the sons of slaves, camp-followers, and immigrants from the provinces were left. As one historian puts it: "Only a few remained, and from their blood came forward the new generations." In our own Civil War the men killed on both sides were to a very great extent those of noble stock. It is a historic fact that the interior counties of General Miles, in his famous charge at Gettysburg, who "went down like gamin 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 stepped in line, which set out under his leadership for Moscow; and then at the pulular remnant of twenty thousand ragged, famished stragglers who staggered back across the bridge of Korona the following December. France gave up her best as human
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 devils fighting—this is a 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 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 fiends incarnate, like primeval savage bands. The breaking hearts of mothers and their cry of sore distress Are known, but all unheeded—what matters one life less?

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 glance for a moment at the consequences of war in the light of finance. Here we have no other appalling facts. The debt of our own United States of nine hundred million dollars is small indeed compared with those of other nations. France is laboring under a debt amounting to the proponderous 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 claimed, 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 dominating 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 only then can an international court be effective.

The "Outlook" magazine puts forth the very interesting statement that "there are two ways of securing national power: 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. Evidently, Great Britain believes in the same policy for she starts in as a peacemaker with a navy sufficiently strong to quell disorder anywhere in the world. Germany thinks she would be a peacemaker also,—more than Great Britain. That France increases her army and navy that she may be a peacemaker. This policy can lead only to a financial crash. Even if one nation should choose the second method of securing peace and all others the first (which is highly improbable) it as yet no nation has cared or dared to do it. What peace would there be between them? Why, it would be the peace that would exist between you and me while you hold a revolver leveled at me, having none—or vice versa. It would be peace inspired by fear.—"peace by prostration" as Lord Churchill terms it.

Surely there is a higher, nobler peace than this. Consider the peace that exists today on our northern border. Along that vast stretch of three thousand miles there is not an armed cruiser, a fortification, or even a mounted gun. There is peace of a nobler character. There is peace on earth, good will toward men."

Let us aim to make international peace the highest, the purest, the most perfect peace. Such a peace cannot spring from the cold and lifeless philosophy of the "Outlook." It can spring only from careful cultivation of the seed of international consensus. "Among us it is frequent, consideration necessary to have a comparative nation or to foster that vast pra..."
dices, the roots 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 evermore, but works for the right side ever.

It is only when the weaving stops, and the web is loosed and turned, That he sees his real handiwork; that his marvelous skill is learned.

Ah! the right of its delicate beauty, it pays him for all the cost; No rarer, daintier work than his was ever done by the frost!

The years of man are the looms of God set 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 face. 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 end 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 Lincoln Peak, a colossal statue as a symbol of peace. Can't you see the figure? High on that lofty mountain peak 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 '13

THE LADY OF REVERVUE

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

Her big horse seems kind and gentle;
He's as black as black can be;
Now he gallops o'er the level,
Now he walks, it rains or be free;
Now he stands his head in threatening.

His old bridle loose and bold,
Who is binding as he chases
Fast more times than can be told.

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

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

Now they come, this merry trio,
To an empty between two hills,
Gossyp green with violets blooming,
Daisies white and yellow.

With the lily of the valley
And the blue forget-me-not;
Blossoming shrubs, wild roses mingled,
Still in this sweet fragrant spot.

Link the grace of Black to more standing
Like a steed of chivalry;
Heed bent low he's like a statue
In the splendid scene we see.
Facing him the faithful collee,
Fanning, wags his bushy tail—
Brown and white his hair in patches
Curling and rolling to resume the trail.

And the lady so attractive,
To both love the loving pair
As in white, red ribbons holding
Low-necked blouse, and comedy hair.

With dark tresses, waving gently,
In the breeze with pleasant grace
Danc'd with joy as they go tripping
Fluting about her lovely face.

Ah, she sees that with his flying,
Coming o'er you study brook;
In the logbook call his name;
(See the lady's anxious face)
She admires his brilliant color;
Listens to his every note,
As he sings his wild and thrilling
Melody that none can quote.
IN MARCH
If a body meet a girlie,
On a windy day;
Play the part of true politeness—
Look the other way.

Spatch, the Spring Chicken, has
finished nesting and is again a lively
member of the brood.

1st Stud—"I hear the Sigs are
going to change for their dance."
2nd Stud—"What? Why, what do they think they're doing, the
drunks tonight?"

1st Stud—"Tightrope! Why no.
They simply think that it's a hum-
procedent that makes them give the
dance to the College, so they throw
it overhead."

THE RETORT COURTEOUS
Smiles—"Can't you think I look
like a sport with this mustard?"
One who is near a fugitive—"Bi-
oologically speaking, yes!"

THE UNIVERSAL GAME
The American plays baseball.
The Englishman likes cricket.
The guy Frenchman is delighted
when he's chancing the roulette.
The Chinese man 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's played by every nation,
In the moonlight from above,
I know not why they named it so,
But it's called the game of love.

THE OWL
(as continued from the March number.)
As the birdy finished speaking there
was silence, grim and chill.
And the ticking of the clock ticked
out an age.
Then out uncoiled his figure from
the couch, and loud and shrill,
His voice gave vent to all his awful
gage.
"You greedy, undersized, evil-
minded, feathered fool,
I've a mind to wring your doggone neck
for you,
And then to stuff your carcass, just
to warn each brother owl
That it's dangerous to tattle talk as
we."

Then the twain with dire intent
On quick murder bent
Placed up weapons, as they went,
To slay that bird
But he twisted and he flew
And he squirmed and dodged these
ice
While he turned the stone blue
With awful work.
Then upon the mantel shelf
This scary feathered off
Did perch his sassy self
Quite out of breath.
His pursuers now withdrew
To consult and plan anew
To assure with efforts few
His speedy death.

Now one of the things a man never
had spent
In the wilds of Idaho
Where all of his mornings, he had
been bent
On throwin' a hollow bone,
Now he stood with his Genesis leer
In the twinkling of an eye.
And it certainly would be mighty
queer
If he couldn't catch this guy.

To he made a rope of frazzle
And likewise a running noose.
And he knotted the ends in a wisec
That nothing could withstand.

Then he whisked his image through
The air
And launched it with a smile—
a blazing flash, a jerk, and there
Was Birdy in dumps vile.

They bound the prisoner to a chair
and sharpened a razor blade.
Tell the thing would gleamly split a
hair.

How the bird had grown afraid
And in accents broken, he pled his
cause
And begged for a lease of life,
But they needed this break of human
legs
As they gaily whirled the hooks
Then his pleading changed to form-
sided tears
That was mingled with snot and oath
And he shouted love as eagerly as
"Of my soul I've sworn to keep as a
"
Now listen while I tell you all I've done.
You fellows kind of think you know it all.
Cause I said I put the phone in
The phonograph
And helped professor plan the student's fall.
Last Easter you put up an awful kick
Because you didn't like the bloomin' food
You ordered that mealy butter made
With a rush?
You acted very badly—yes—?
You made
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 he 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
(Dret this weather, ain't it freezin')
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
Max and Nutter 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 L. Mann: a student.

A. Nutter: 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 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 Nutter enters.

N: "Hello Mann, reading the Messenger?"

M: "Yes, isn’t it rotten?"

N: "Laud. As usual, there isn’t a
decent thing in it."

G: "Well, I'll be—"

M: "Who’s the inactive chump who
writes the poems on the first page?
The worst droll I ever saw. I
could do lots better than that."

G: "Well why in time don’t you?"

N: "The story this month is
particularly rotten. One of these
days I'm going to write a story
for 'em with a real plot."

G: "Yes you are, when water freezes
in Kansas."

M: "I've been trying to figure out
for an hour what this fool editor
means. Why the dickens they
don't let the brassy men write
'ems is what gets me."

G: "Birdy 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?"

G: "How long, oh Lord, how long?"

M: "(reading) "Like a mouse in
the desert aloft on the sapphire
Thrice to laugh. By jingo, if they
don’t get some decent jokes
pretty soon, I’ll go dippy."

G: "Good. Hope you do, you lazy
chump."

N: "What's in that fool "Editors
Letter Book" Why the dickens
don't they have some new ideas?
Some old thing all the time!"

G: "Well!"

M: "I'm going for a walk.
Want to come?"

N: "No thanks, I've a date at the
gym. Strong."

Exits M and N.

C: (with a sigh of relief.) "Good
ridance.

Curtain.

Now will you guys wake up?
SAFE!

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1. DUTCH TOUCH

If we catch a man giving utterance to that, moss-grown, 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 victim of ironic inebriety. The trouble is, of course, that we're all so firmly convinced of the absolute truth of the quotation that it limits our intelligence for anyone to suppose, that the susceptibility of youth to the pangs of love in Spring is beyond the immediate ken of our perception.

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

Annandale has that peculiarly romantic heritage of the Hudson valley and Spring is the season which brings it most quickly to mind. Croton'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 Hiawatha. But these spells of Indian joy were superseded 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 simplicity 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 wedding 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 floating through the air,
While we feel our spirits rising
Heavenward on that silver stage.
Ever fonder, ever dearer,
Seems our youth that hastened by,
And we love to live in memory,
When our looks hope fade and die.
Yet like flowers that seem failer,
When the leaves their freshness lose,
So the past these leaves now fading,
Tongues with memory lovelier grows.
The scenes started from their sleep
Had hardly died away.
When forth from out the shadows deep,
The fairy held 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 now you can see your darling again.

Weep for Katrina with eyes so blue;
Weep not for her, for she was true—
Few maidens ever loved as she—
Weep! Weep! it doesn't trouble me;
But 'though I'm not moved by pity,
I admire your courage;
And, if you can guess a riddle,
I will make 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, now what say you?

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

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

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THE ST. STEPHEN'S COLLEGE MESSAGER

DR. W. E. TRAVER
GRADUATE DENTAL SURGEON

POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y.

AND EVEN MORE THAN THIS IS TRUE,
FOR WHEN THEY'RE PRESSED THEY BLOOM.
THE FAIRY VANISHED BUT AGAIN APPEARED,
LEADING ZACCHAEUS THROUGH THE RUINED HALLS,
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HOW MANY TIMES "TWO-LIPS" WERE
FONDLY PRESSED.

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