

MESSENGER

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1922

The Messenger

St. Stephen's College



Spring Number

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THE MESSENGER

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A false atmosphere pervades our campus. The professor is distant and cold; the student worried and irritable. Lights burn late, strong coffee is the vogue—everywhere one comes in contact with tired and gaunt

visages. Time tables are consulted often. Prospective candidates for the profession are investigating the wages and working conditions of bricklayers. Yes—another semester has passed and examinations with their accompanying woes are upon us.

One begins to wonder when our ever progressive American college and university are going to realize the futility and evil of the present examination system. That it is possible to grade fifty hours of collegiate work by demanding answers of ten catch questions seems the height of folly. Yet, such is the universal practice of our American system. The average examination is not a test of general knowledge, it is a test of the mind-reading prowess of the student, his ability to fortell the question.

Any system that makes the examination the big thing and the course a minor detail is wrong. It is not strange that three quarters of our American youth who display sheepskins, have not the elements of a cultural education. A man's knowledge of the subject matter of the course should be the deciding factor in grading, if there must be grades. Final examinations with their attendant evils must go. A more fair and efficient system is bound to evolve itself.

THE SPIRIT OF SPORTSMANSHIP.

A little over a year ago when our football team went to Alfred College the students there learned our cheer and cheered our team at the game. By so doing they exhibited a spirit of true sportsmanship, for our team had gone to Alfred unaccompanied and hence had no one to perform this service for them. All the hospitality which Alfred offered could not have been greater than this one magnificent act. It will be long remembered as a master stroke of sportsmanship.

But why was it true sportsmanship? And what is true sportsmanship anyway? Is it not the spirit of fairness in any contest, the desire to give the other fellow a square deal?

It is. And it is even more. It is actually giving him that square deal, even to the extent of giving him the benefit of the doubt if such should arise. This is the spirit which has always animated the best American athletics. It demands that the contestants be pitted against each other upon a footing as equal as possible so that real worth, skill, strength, speed, and team work shall be the determining factors, and not unfair advantage and foul play. That is why the act of the students at Alfred was good sportsmanship; it was an endeavor to put both teams upon as equal a basis as possible.

There was once a college which prepared for a home game in football by pasting in every student window huge signs which read, "Beat the Aggies." When the Aggies arrived they looked up and beheld the kind of sportsmanship they had to face. How their hearts must have fallen when they saw what a picayune spirited crowd they had to deal with! They went out upon the athletic field and were beaten by the home team and—bad sportsmanship. And upon leaving, the last thing they saw as they looked back was that taunting, boastful sign which now read, "We Beat the Aggies."

They lost, perhaps to a superior team. But without a doubt they were not given a fair deal. They were not treated in a truly sportsmanlike manner. Immediately upon arrival, they were handicapped by a slap in the face, as it were. As if it made a tremendous amount of difference whether the home team won or lost so long as the game was well played! The home supporters failed to remember that the true purpose of sport is recreation, diversion, pastime, play, fun, and that a sportsman is one who competes fairly in any contest according to the rules, and the spirit of sportsmanship. They forgot that the game should be played for the game's sake and not with the sole purpose of winning whether "by hook or by crook."

But of what use is good sportsmanship? Is it beneficial to any individual? Is the world at large any better off on account of it? Decidedly yes. By fearlessly placing himself upon an equal footing with his opponent the true sportsman gives himself more for which to fight. Consequently a victory for him will be greater; it will show more real ability. The very act of foul playing or taking unfair advantage is in itself a confession of weakness. This is very much akin to self-pity—one of man's worst enemies. But the good sportsman is a joy to himself as well as to others for he is never weighted down by any petty desire for revenge, nor does he ever even think of playing unfairly. He knows that it is better for him and for everyone else to play fairly.

Sportsmanship is the very heart and soul of American college athletics and the truly college bred man is a good sportsman because he knows that bad sportsmanship is a mark of ignorance.

To the new men who are to be the college strong men to-morrow this subject is commended for further consideration because the time is not far off when they will be guiding student activities. And may they always be inspired and guided by that portion of the College Prayer which says, "In our work, give us the spirit of understanding and perseverance; in our prayers, the power to draw nigh to Thee; and in our games, true sportsmanship."

Campus at Moonrise.

Moon thrown streams with shadow
bridges
Through the mazes of the night
Wander singing o'er the ridges
Shedding mystic fairy light,
Till in lurking elfin caves
Where the fay-queen flits and hovers
Dies the tinkle of the waves,
Known to only fairy lovers.

—W. W. V. '25.



A NECESSARY DESPOT.

When we think of Russia today we picture a huge, tawny beast roaming unleashed and wild through cold and dismal forests. Few consider her in another aspect and in her true light—as just a child, overgrown physically and a prey to such physical and social conditions that prevent a mental development in keeping with her size. We who live in a country far enough advanced in technique and education for popular government can very easily have "Give me liberty or give me death" slogans. We like such ideals and we don't see why they should not be at least aimed at by all corners of the earth. But we forget that to Russia liberty means death. It could never have survived as a nation through all these centuries—no, nor could it survive in its present state today—governed by any ruler that was not absolute and despotic. How does its history bear this out?

The heart of Russia is Moscow. Its growth as a nation has been from the inside out. With Muscovy as the center Russia has spread out in every direction, the Muscovic dukes by their conquests gradually adding new territory as a huge snowball is rolled up from a small piece at the center. These dukes had convenient transportation facilities in the natural network of rivers which spans Russia. By the Volga they finally reached the Caspian sea, by the Don, the Black sea; northward the Onega and the Dvina conveyed them to the border of the White sea; the West Dvina was the natural pathway to the Baltic. All of the larger rivers taking curved courses to the sea, were interlaced with numerous smaller riv-

ers. Thus all of Russia was accessible. During the fifteenth century at the time of Ivan the Third and Ivan the Fourth, the Dukes of Moscow became Tsars of Russia. At this time came the expansion over Siberia, again by means of the inter-locking rivers, not unlike the western expansion of the United States.

Keeping pace with the growing size of the country was the increase of despotic rule. The larger the territory to govern, the firmer became the hand that governed until by the time of Boris the subjection of the Russian peasant became complete. The peasant was ignorant to the extreme. Russian rulers could not reason government into people who could not comprehend what government meant. They took the only means left—force, and it was no gentle force they used but a cruel, merciless, and bloody force. When the people of Astrakhan displeased the Tsar what did he do? The enormous territory to cover and the lack of rapid transportation facilities prevented him from merely taking a week-end trip down to Astrakhan to remonstrate with its inhabitants as a ruler in a small land like England could have done. But no, the Tsar had to organize an expedition; his journey was one of weeks and when finally he arrived it was no wonder that he balanced the hardships of the trip by the pleasure of a wholesale butchery of the offenders. Naturally enough he wished to teach them a lesson that would make a second trip unnecessary. And that is the way the cruel and pitiless Tsar became cruel and pitiless and that is the way he was able to hold the power. The

most cultured and humane American would have ruled the same way or else he would not have ruled at all.

Further because a Russian ruler had to be despotic in Astrakhan and Archangel he became despotic in Moscow itself. The process of ruling Russia has had like the taming of an elephant. The elephant is large; he is thick skinned. To make an impression on him he has to be whipped with a lash that would kill a horse.

And now today what is the condition? Russia has not shrunk in size; the technique of transportation has improved very slowly; the population for the most part is as ignorant as in feudal days. The Tsardom with its base ideal of the permanent subjugation of the masses has disappeared. A temporary attempt was made by Kerensky with the right ideal of enlightenment and improvement of the masses by means of popular government. He failed miserably. The form of government that was working well in this country would not work at all in Russia because the education and technique of that country had not advanced sufficiently to counteract the natural social and physical maladjustments.

Again we have a different form of government in Russia which is functioning at the present time—the Bolshevik regime. The rule is protested by all civilized nations who point to the deeds of Lenine and Trotsky as being just as cruel and harsh as those of the former Tsars. And they are just as cruel and harsh. Spies work in all parts of the country to report any anti-Bolshevik uprisings just as the spies of the Tsars kept their rulers informed as to anti-imperialistic designs. And the punishment of offenders has not softened perceptibly. What does this mean? It means that Lenine and Trotsky are ruling Russia with the ultimate ideal of Kerensky but with the government mechanism of the late emperor Nicholas. It means that these two men have realized the futility of gentle methods with a peo-

ple who have not been educated up to gentle methods. The Russian Wolf cannot be nourished on sweets and dainties—not yet.

Tyranny or anarchy. Must this always be the choice of Russia? No, true popular government will be possible in Russia as soon as the people can be educated to understand government and the administration of government instead of merely swallowing it whole and when technique of civilization—transportation, commerce, communication—can be developed so that the natural obstacles which block the pathway of Russian progress may be eliminated. That this development in Russia is beginning to take place we have reason to believe but that the process will be a long and difficult one extending long after Lenine and Trotsky have passed—is most certain. The soil of Russia, so long the home of perfect despotism, needs careful cultivation before the seed of any real and lasting democracy can be sown.

Blest Night.

The shades of eventide draw nigh,
The sun sinks deep within its nest,
Morpheus seeks his shining crest
And all the world looks to the sky.

O sombre night, O darksome night,
To thee all that is sweet and blest,
To thee a tired world looks for rest
From a day of toil and of strife.

O'er sea and land, on hill and dale
You spread your wondrous shade so pure,
So mortal man must feel thy lure,
As slow and bent he turns his sail.

Children in their cradle embark
On a refreshing ship of sleep.
A mother by her hearth doth weep
For her child who must soon depart.

'Tis true to thee the world doth turn
For much of sin and crushing crime;
But ne'er-the-less in thee I find
Abundant blessings in earth's urn.

—G. D. L., '22.

Mount Mansfield.

Below, there lay a land submerged,
remote,
Of moveless trees, and meadows pale-
ly gold,
Caught in the sun's clear amber, fain
to hold
From change what Time would fain
to change devote.

Then, as quick-falling night those
longings smote,
Far in the depth lights gleamed, the
lights of old,
Small points that flickered, as from
hearths grown cold,—
What might such scattered sunken
sparks denote?

O'er that vague alchemy of light and
fire
The Mountain lifts, incurious, austere,
He counts not sparks to whom the
stars are near,
Nor thrills to swift mutation of de-
sire.
The dread, the charm, of change alike
unknown,
He would presume to turn Time's self
to stone.

—John Mills Gilbert.

New College Song.

St. Stephen's Colors

(Tune: "Auld Lang Syne")

Who would not go to Annandale
And climb once more the hill
To find the College at the top
With welcome for him still!

Refrain—St. Stephen's colors must
not fall!

Up, up, with S. S. C.
The red must lead our loyal love
To deeds of loyalty!

Time tries his best to make us old,
But, safe beyond his ken,
The College keeps the fount of youth
For all St. Stephens men.

Refrain.

Years come with calls to larger things
New tasks the doing wait;
The Future with insistent hand
Knocks at the College gate.

Refrain.

Who would not work for S. S. C.
That stablished on its hill
The dear old College, through
years
May keep its welcome still!

Refrain.

—John Mills Gilbert, '90.

A Portrait.

He strides into the aisle with stately
grace
(Three minutes late) and, kneeling at
his place,
A moment yields devotion to the
Lord—
Or to Convention—Something is
adored.

Then rises, folds his arms, his face
serene,
And with unmoved expression views
the scene,
Nor even stoops to smile at those who
pray,
But meditates in his Olympian way.

He with the others kneels or sits or
stands,
But ne'er profanes with unbelieving
hands
The Hymnal nor the Psalter, nor pays
heed,
But with his ear, to Prayer, Response
or Creed.

Among, not of us, does he stand,
aloof—
A stranger underneath the Chapel
roof.

—L. M. M., '25.

News Review

SOCIAL

'23 to '22.

Memorial Gymnasium fairly shook with the merriment of dancers on Junior Prom. night, November nineteenth. It was 1923's first jump into the social lime-light as juniors and they spared not time, nor even limb, to put their dance in the favored place alongside those long-to-be-remembered dances of old, at the same time adding to this affair a distinctive touch of its own. This time the ball began with a well-ordered Grand March which terminated in a colorful "S."

Throughout the evening Zita's orchestra of Albany, rendered music that was not only an incentive to the harmonious rhythm of those on the floor but was a treat to the listeners as well.

The deep black and vivid orange of the new Junior banner was echoed over the whole gym. in a more subdued tone by low-swinging streamers which seemed to sway in the rhythmic motion of the dancers. The color effect fitted in well with the autumn season; the happiness of all was characteristic of a good harvest time.

The patronesses included Mrs. Bell, Mrs. Kaltenbach, Mrs. Upton, Mrs. Kuyk, Mrs. Shero, Mrs. Davidson, Mrs. MacDonald, Mrs. Prince, Mrs. Muller, Mrs. Strong, Mrs. Dean, Mrs. Aldrich.

The guests of 1923 were as follows: Dr. and Mrs. Upton; Prof. and Mrs. MacDonald; Prof. and Mrs. Kaltenbach; Dr. and Mrs. Shero; Prof. and Mrs. Prince; Mrs. Kuyk; Dr. Muller; Miss Preston with Dr. Davidson; Miss Littell with Prof. Fowler; Miss Rolins with Dr. Edwards; Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Barry; Miss Adams of Red Hook, N. Y., with Keedwell; Miss

Kelly of New York City with Stretch; Miss Jones of New York City with H. Smith; Miss Van Tuyl of Kirkwood, Ill., with Koch; Miss Richardson of Barnard College, with Wellford; Miss Marple of Vassar, with Kastler; Miss Meakim of Poughkeepsie, N. Y., with Simmons; Miss Rafter of Port Washington, L. I., with A. Richey; Miss Hake of Hudson, N.Y., with Langdon; Miss Jackson of Washington, D. C., with Lyte; Miss Simmonds of Troy, N. Y., with Sayre; Miss Heym, of Chicago, Ill., with Cleveland; Miss Sanderson of Syracuse, N. Y., with Howell; Miss Raymond of Poughkeepsie, N. Y., with Coffin; Miss Gibbon of Poughkeepsie, N. Y., with Andrews; Miss Haynes of New York City, with Lown; Miss Curtis of Red Hook, N. Y., with Kroll; Miss Cluett of Poughkeepsie, N. Y., with Stewart; Miss Horsley of Vassar, with Fitzgerald; Miss Locke of New York City, with T. Richey; Miss Blanchard of Hackensack, N. J., with H. Phillips; Miss O'Rourke of New York City, with Wood; Miss Shaunessy of New York City, with King; Miss Russel of San Francisco, Cal., with Woodruff; Miss Walsh of New York City, with Leonhauser; Mrs. Lord of Kingston, N. Y., with Clark.

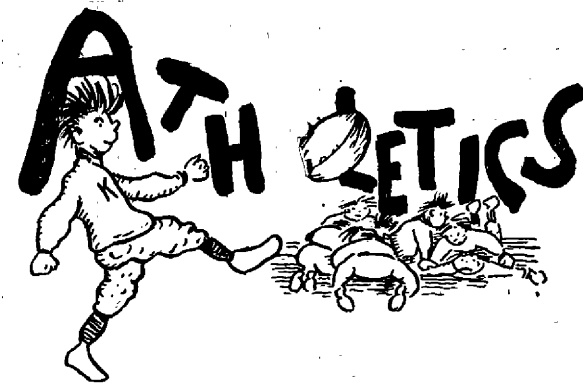
1925.

The Frosh have a plan whereby they expect to rid the campus early of its "examination blues." They have set the Freshman "hop" for February the tenth. Zita's orchestra has already been secured.

Between Artists.

R. O. Fischer:—"You actors usually overestimate your ability."

De Foot Lyte:—"Yes," I know of several who imagine they can play Hamlet as well as I can.



Basketball.

Twenty men responded to the call of Major Prince for basketball practice on December 5th. Since that time they have been working consistently and are developing rapidly. Prospects for a creditable team are excellent. The following men make up the squad: White (Captain), Coffin, T. Richey, A. Ritchey, Bittner, Judd, Wellford, Tite, Myers, Lown, Noble and Langdon.

John B. Lyte, manager, reports the following schedule:

Jan. 14—N. Y. M. A. at Cornwall.
Jan. 21—Albany State at Albany.
Jan. 28—Rennsalaer at Troy.
Feb. 3—G. T. S. at New York.
Feb. 11—Eastman at Annandale.
Feb. 18—(open).
Feb. 25—Albany State at Annandale.
Mar. 4—(open).
Mar. 11—(open).
Mar. 18—Eastman at Poughkeepsie.

Baseball.

Candidates for baseball are already looking forward to one of the most ambitious schedules in the athletic history of the college. The following games have been arranged:

Apr. 1—Red Hook Village at Red Hook.
Apr. 8—Manhattan at New York.
Apr. 15—Rennsalaer at Troy.
Apr. 22—Albany State at Annandale.
Apr. 28—Clarkson Tech. at Potsdam.
Apr. 29—St. Lawrence at Canton.
May 6—Albany State at Albany.
May 12—Kent at Kent.
May 13—Trinity at Hartford, Conn.

May 17—Hotchkiss at Lakeville.
May 20—N. Y. M. A. at Cornwall.
May 27—Manhattan at Annandale.
June 3—Eastman at Annandale.
June 11—Alumni at Annandale.

Football 1922

At a meeting of the 1921 football team, Otto T. Simmons of East Hampton, L. I., was elected captain for the ensuing year. The schedule already completed calls for nine games. Rennsalaer, Rhode Island State, C. C. N. Y., and Albany State are all newcomers. The schedule:

Sept. 23—St. Lawrence at Canton.
Sept. 30—Rennsalaer at Troy.
Oct. 7—C. C. N. Y. at New York.
Oct. 14—Rhode Island State at Kingston, R. I.
Oct. 21—University of Buffalo (Pending).
Oct. 28—Eastman at Annandale.
Nov. 4—N. Y. M. A. at Cornwall.
Nov. 11—Conn. Aggies at Storrs, Conn.
Nov. 18—Albany State at Annandale.

Athletic Notes.

John B. Lyte, '23 was elected captain of baseball for the coming season at a meeting of the members of the 1921 team held on December second. Lyte, a brilliant outfielder, lead his former team mates in batting during the past season.

Otto T. Simmons broke his ankle during basketball practice on December 14th and has been forced to retire from the squad for the remainder of the season.

Inter-Class Competition.

The inter-class games instituted by Major Prince last year and which are participated in by all Specials, Juniors, Sophomores and Freshmen who are not on the basketball squad are well under way. Much interest is shown in these games both by the respective classes of the contestants and by the unbiased spectators. The Sophs have an easy path in basketball, and are holding their own in indoor baseball and in volley ball. The standing of the teams follows:

Basketball			
	Won	Lost	Per cent
Juniors	0	2	000
Sophs	3	0	1000
Specials	0	1	000
Frosh	1	1	500
Baseball			
	Won	Lost	Per cent
Juniors	1	0	1000
Sophs	1	1	500
Specials	0	1	000
Frosh	1	1	500
Volley Ball			
	Won	Lost	Per cent
Juniors	0	1	000
Sophs	1	0	1000
Specials	0	1	000
Frosh	1	0	1000

THE A. A. DRIVE.

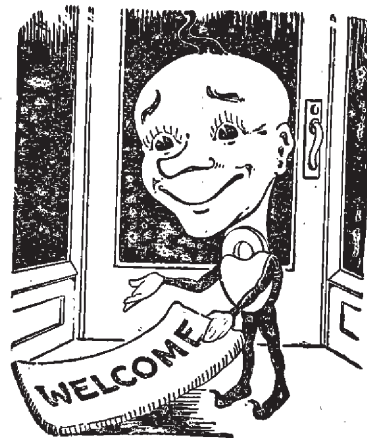
A campaign to raise \$1000 for athletics was inaugurated by the Athletic Association just before the Christmas holidays. The three fraternities and the body of non-fraternity men joined in writing personal appeals to the alumni of their respective groups. So far only about one-tenth of the necessary amount has been subscribed.

If athletics at St. Stephen's are to be made a success it is absolutely necessary that this money be raised. The schedules for this spring and next fall will show what a marked improvement has been made in athletics here, but in order to keep what has already been gained, money must be had now. Debts must be paid, obligations must be met.

The following subscriptions to date are gratefully acknowledged:

Cuthbert Fowler\$ 5.00

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Ernest M. Bennitt	5.00
D. S. Hamilton	5.00
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Frank J. Knapp	10.00
Robert MacKellar	5.00
Jos. G. Hargrave	5.00
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Thomas L. Small	2.00
John R. Atkinson	5.00
J. M. Blackwell	15.00
F. S. Crunden	10.00
A. G. W. Pfaffko	2.00
E. H. Spear	10.00
S. R. Brinkerhoff	1.00

Total to date135.10

Checks should be made payable to the Athletic Association of St. Stephen's College and sent to Alban Richey, Jr., Treasurer.

THE FLAG RUSH.

It was a great scrap! Well worth the price of admission—and blood-thirsty enough for the most rabid of Nietzsche's disciples! It actually started long before scheduled time, for Scene I was played behind closed doors, with all the secrecy and brotherly love of a peace conference.

In the wee sma' hours of November 1st, hordes of husky Sophs visited three unsuspecting and supposedly prominent members of the Freshmen Class, and after much persuasion, convinced them that a night trip to Poughkeepsie would be the most delightful diversion imaginable. The ride itself was uneventful, and as comfortable and smooth as any subway rush. Once there, the gallant hosts—Messrs. Andrews and Fitzgerald—tried to make the Frosh, (Willard,

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Noble and Tite), feel quite at home in the wind swept hayloft of an ancient barn. Strange to say, however, the Frosh were most unappreciative of the hospitality, and shortly after day-break Tite took French leave in spite of Luke Andrews' vigil. No forwarding address was left.

Tite, broke and clad to fit the part—in trousers and two burlap sacks in place of shoes, succeeded in talking a poor, unsuspecting Poughkeepsian out of a dollar and called Walker on the phone, just before "Ricky" called him in French. A rescue party was speedily organized with Billy McMichael at the helm. A little later, another Frosh, Prouse, "borrowed" the aforementioned citizen's car thinking it belonged to the Sophs, and started to look up Noble and Willard. Fortunately for him, the police force was out to breakfast.

Finally, after much Wild West excitement, the clan gathered all its members together and started back to college.

Scene II began with the almost unexpected firing of President Turney-High's hit-or-miss pistol. The Frosh gathered around the tree from which proudly floated the lily white banner (nee sheet) of '25. Lined up in attack formation were the Sophs—battle, murder and sudden death flashing from every eye. With a wild yell they charged. The Frosh held ground, and made a noble counter attack during which MacLean scrambled up the tree in the capacity of rear guard. Soon all was individual conflict, with brave, Herculean deeds galore. The number of the blesse ran high among the Sophs and the field ambulance corps was kept busy picking up the pieces.

Outnumbered three to two the Sophs stood little chance of gaining their objective, for there were always five or six Frosh around the tree to handle the lone Coffin or Lewis or Brown or MacHenry who had succeeded in subduing his opponent and was thus free and anxious for more fighting.

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things must end, so did this deadly conflict—just fifteen minutes from the time it started. A second time the pistol cracked and the war was over.

The Freshmen won, as the Sophomores were unable to bring down the banner. For the Frosh it was a glorious victory—they met and completely vanquished the Sophs. For the Sophs it was a glorious defeat—they went down against tremendous odds in a magnificent fight.

And—A good time was had by all.

ADMINISTRATION.

The Endowment Campaign.

The St. Stephen's College Endowment Campaign for \$500,000 will be carried on between March 13 and April 3, according to decision of the executive committee. The funds to be received from the campaign will be used for improvements on the campus, including a new dormitory and a new laboratory building, and will provide permanent endowment for faculty salaries.

Although the intensive campaign will not be waged until March, the intervening months will be used for building up a strong organization among the alumni and the parishes and in the distribution of publicity, so that those from whom gifts are expected will be prepared for solicitation. Every effort will be made to thoroughly inform the alumni, and other Churchmen who might be interested in St. Stephen's, concerning the needs of the college, its place in the life of the Church and Nation, and its possibilities for continuance in service and growth.

Quite aside from the funds that will come to the College, the campaign will have enormous value in making St. Stephen's known far and wide as one of the representative small colleges of America, and a unique institution of the Church. The publicity program will be carried out through pamphlets and bulletins mail-

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McDonald presiding. During the course of the dinner "Pater Christmas" graciously appeared and added to the festivities by greeting the gathering with song, to which all cheerily responded. After the more substantial viands had been disposed of, President Bell, presiding at the head of the table called, as is the custom, on the youngest man in College to tell the Chef to bring in the desert. This time, as it happened, there were two of him, and together they escorted Mrs. Chef, proudly bearing a gigantic plum-pudding, blazing in what must have been genuine Prevost sauce. The pudding was served by English Noblemen, whose shields attached to their breasts conveniently disclosed their titles—Sir Loin, Baron Land, Duke Smixture, Earl E. Bird, and Count Your-Change.

Following this, the "Crater Was-sail" was brought in, attended by several men, fantastically attired as jesters, each of whom sang a verse composed for the occasion. Next in order were the speeches. Dr. Muller won the honors in this, singing for us several dainty ditties, to which we all supplied the touching words of the chorus "Tara tara, tara ta boom de boom de boom." Up to the present, Mr. Fowler has modestly declined to accept any of the praise due him for his share, as singing instructor, in Dr. Muller's success. Others who spoke were Dr. Davidson, Dr. Upton, Dr. Torok, Mr. Turney High, and Dr. Hensell's gown. After singing the Alma Mater, the affair ended pleasantly with the interchange of Christmas greetings.

Head on.

"Awful accident last night—car turned a corner."

"No reason for an accident, was it."

"Yeh. There wasn't any corner."

—Yale Recor.

Instructor: "Frank, tell the class about the Cushosis. What was it."

Frank: "It was-er-it was a piece of music played on the newsphone."

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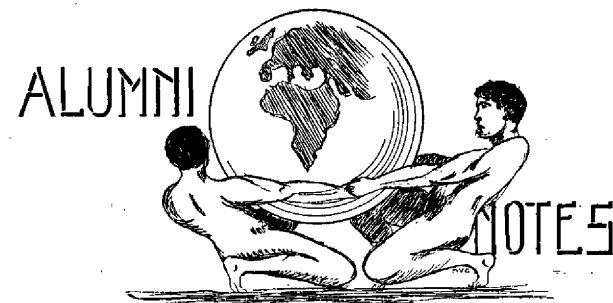
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MERCHANDISE

Annandale-on-Hudson, N. Y.



Rev. Cuthbert Fowler, '01, Editor.

The "Messenger extends New Year's greetings to all the alumni. 'Mid snow and ice, or 'neath the spreading palms of the tropics, on the arid plains of Colorado or in the hurly-burly of Philadelphia, where'er you are, we wish you joy, happiness and success in your work.

Another hope for the future has been dashed to the ground! The Registrar had received from the News Editor an admission card to be filled in with the name of Secretary Wilson's son (see last issue of the Messenger) and filed away till the aforesaid son should arrive at college about 1938. But word is received from the fond parent that this son is a girl. However, we refuse to give up hope altogether; St. Stephen's may be "co-ed" by that time.

The Treasurer of the Alumni Association asks the Editor to say that since last commencement very few dues have been received from alumni, in fact, about one (Yes, Mr. —, that was yours.)

The alumni of earlier days (but not so long past) will learn with regret of the death of Andrew Gedney at Red Hook on Dec. 31. "Judge" Gedney was a "pie-ous" benefactor of the college for many years; a photograph showing him in characteristic pose on his (hot)-dog-cart is hung in the dining hall among the alumni. Just which class he belonged to the records of the college fail to show, but he marched in the alumni procession on Commencement Day for many years.

'Tis averred, too, that he helped many a man to a B.A. by "reading trot" before exams. Though seldom on the campus in recent years, his interest in St. Stephen's welfare was constant and warm.

Anton Blaum, '09, visited the campus a few days in the fall. Mr. Blaum has been for a number of years in educational work in the Orient; first in the Prefectural Middle and Commercial School, Fukui, Japan, then as instructor in history and German in Provincial College, Chengtu, China. For two years he was instructor in St. Paul's School, Tokyo, Japan. He is at present doing post-graduate work in New York University, from which he received the degree of M.A. in 1914.

Another visitor to the campus this fall was the Rev. W. W. Ridgway, '14. He is selling motion picture machines to churches, church schools and church colleges. His is the best machine of its kind on the market. The demonstration given in the gym. was enjoyed by all present. We wish him success in his new venture.

Rev. Wallace Gardner, '06, entered upon his duties as rector of St. Paul's, Flatbush, Brooklyn, last November. He was for eight years chaplain at St. Paul's School, Garden City. Associated with him in the parish is the Rev. George S. Mullen, a former student of St. Stephen's.

Rev. John N. Borton, '13, is now rector of Grace Church, Buffalo, N. Y.

Letters received from George S. Gresham, '19, indicate that he is happy and contented in his work, teaching at St. John's College, Shanghai, China. Gresham and Sandford, '15, are attracting several of our alumni to foreign fields of labor, as teachers or preachers.

Rev. Culbert McGay, Sp. '01, for a number of years rector of Grace Church, Bath, Maine, resigned his charge last fall. He is now at North East Harbor, Maine.

Rev. S. R. Brinkerhoff, '05, is now at Mount Kisko, N. Y.

James W. Albinson, ex-'18, is at Butler, N. J., where he finds time to combine lay reading with his Marine Insurance business. (We feel it unnecessary, however, to assure our readers that he is not on that account to be taken for a Baptist). For the last six months he has been in charge of St. Paul's Mission; he has built up the Sunday School and presented a large class for confirmation.

Frank M. Heal, '17, is in charge of the Freshman Basketball League of Wilmington (Del.) High School. Heal is absorbingly interested in every phase of work with boys. He has been on the staff of this school for several years.

Out of some ninety students at the General Theological Seminary, New York, this year, seventeen are accredited to St. Stephen's. This is far in excess of the number from any other institution, and probably the largest number of St. Stephen's men ever at the Seminary at one time.

On December 28, 1921, Miss Alida E. Franklin became the bride of Edwin A. Leonhard of the Class of 1914. The ceremony took place in Jamesburg, N. J.



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Fraternity Notes

Sigma Alpha Epsilon.

Sigma Alpha Epsilon reports the pledging of Corwin '25 of Newburgh, N. Y.

Moore, ex-'21 and Craig, '23 have announced their intentions of returning to college in February to complete their courses.

Eulexian.

The following men have recently been pledged by the Eulexian Fraternity: Brickman, Sp., Bean, '24 and Hall, '25.

Kappa Gamma Chi.

K. G. X. has pledged the following men to date: Drake, '25, Donegan, '25, Jones, '25, Prowse, '25 and Tite, '25.

Da Talk From Eetaly.

(With apologies to T. A. Daly)

A talk ees come from Eetaly
Dat oughta be in Rome,
An' ever'body's spikin' heeem—
I weesh he stay at home.

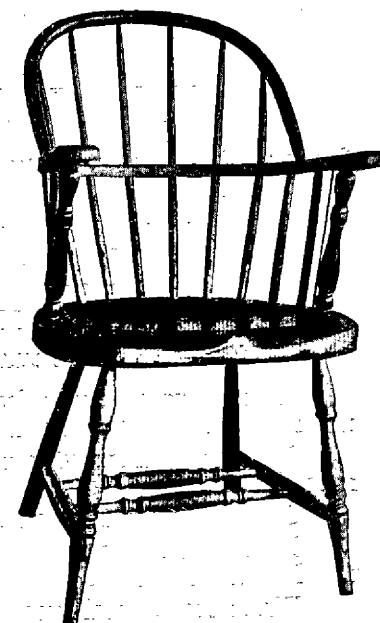
Dey all say, "W'at's da mat'?"
An' Reechey, "I feel seeck!"
An' Jones, "Hey quiet cha keed'n,"
Eet meks dem all look teeck.

An' ever'body swallow heem,
Ol' English, he look pale,
He's feelin' lak he was in Rome,
Or lak a fiar sale.

Da talk meks me see Carmine Street
Wit macarone an' rope
Of garlic, an' da smell dat's lak
Da islan' w're dey mek dat soap.

A talk ees come from Eetaly,
A talk dat looks lak Rome;
Eet meks me seeck—too much of eet,
I weesh eet stay at home!

—W. W. V., '25.



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G. Frank Shelby to Speak at St. Stephen's.

G. Frank Shelby, national General Secretary of the Brotherhood of St. Andrew in the United States and associate editor of St. Andrew's Cross will come to St. Stephen's on March 25th, under the auspices of St. Andrew's Club and will address the college students that evening in the college chapel. This is the first time, in many years, that a national officer of the Brotherhood of St. Andrew has ever visited St. Stephen's. Mr. Shelby is recognized as being the best orator on the national staff of the Brotherhood of St. Andrew and his coming is being looked forward to with a great deal of interest. Mr. Shelby's subject will be, "A Man's Job." The whole college is especially invited to attend this meeting.

The program of St. Andrew's Club,

for January, February and March is as follows:

January 7—"Saintliness" by Samuel Sayre.

January 14—"Preparation for Holy Communion" by Dr. Henzell.

February 4—"The Responsibility of Friendship" by Herman Smith.

February 11—"The Keeping of Sunday" by Fred Barry.

February 11—"The Holy Communion" by Prof. E. Cook.

March 4—"Happiness" by Wilbur Lown.

March 11—"The Advantage of Prayer" by John Wellford.

March 18—"Preparation for Holy Communion" by Rev. C. Fowler.

March 25—"A Man's Job" by G. Frank Shelby.

There will be no meetings on January 21 and 28 due to examinations, and no meeting on February 25 due to a varsity basketball game.

'25 TO THE FRONT.

With much red light and many a wounded heart the Frosh made their first bid for social recognition on the night of Friday, February tenth. Memorial Gymnasium, Zita's orchestra, Donegan and other paraphernalia went far to smooth the path of pleasure, but the recent Mid-terms provided a gloomy back-drop against which every joy stood out with unusual brightness.

A Grand March opened the affair, led by '25's most popular president and his partner. Dancing in the usual manner from then until the Intermission, when the significance of the red lighting became apparent; gambling was resorted to, the Reverend, the President, conducting a raffle in the interest of the Endowment Campaign. A two-pound box of fudge made by Miss Helen Hohl of Vassar was the prize, and was won by Mrs. Kuyk. Then followed more dancing, accompanied to the close by a steady down-pour of streamers and confetti. All unite in declaring that St. Stephen's has seen no dance so successful and so enjoyed by everyone since the Junior Prom. of November, 1921.

Those who acted as patronesses for '25 were Mrs. Bell, Mrs. Davidson, Mrs. Upton, Mrs. Shero, Mrs. MacDonald, Mrs. Kaltenbach, Mrs. Prince, Mrs. Muller, Mrs. Kuyk, Miss Rollins, Miss Littell.

The guests were: Dr. and Mrs. Bell; Dr. and Mrs. Upton; Mrs. Kuyk; Miss Savage of Hempstead, N. Y., with Langdon; Miss Rollins with Wellford; Miss Curtis of Ballston Spa, N. Y., with Howell; Miss Henderson of Troy, N. Y., with Craig; Miss Gerdon of Troy, N. Y., with Lyte; Miss Hutches of Patterson, N. J., with Simmons; Miss Adams of Red Hook, N. Y., with Dickerson; Miss Budd of Red Hook, N. Y., with Kroll; Miss Flanders of Utica, N. Y., with White; Miss Littell with Kolb; Miss Harris of Barrytown with McHenry; Miss Hopstatter of Nyack, N. Y., with Osborn; Miss Horseley of Vassar, with T. Richey; Miss Hohl of Vassar, with Bouton; Miss Cluett of Poughkeepsie, N. Y., with Coffin; Miss Plass of Barrytown, with Buchanan; Miss Willard of Bayside, L. I., with Willard; Miss Curtis of Red Hook, N. Y., with Prouse; Miss Wilmerding of Staten Island, with Tite; Miss Marshall of Schenectady, N. Y., with Jones; Miss Warren of Vassar with Donegan; Miss Clapp of Vassar with Myers; Miss Gibney of Newburgh, N. Y., with Corwin; Miss Fish of Vassar with G. Smith; Miss Cooper of Roselle, N. J., with Walker; Miss Jackson of Washington, D. C., with Bessom; Miss Walsh of New York City with Leonhauser; Miss Petry of Hudson, N. Y., with Stickel.



THE POLISH SHOWER BATHS.

"American College Boys Give Shower Bath. Englishman Adds Half Ton of Soap."—So ran the headline of a recent news item that our readers have probably observed. Yes, the matter was reported quite correctly. For the benefit of those who may be interested we print further details.

When abroad this summer, observing conditions in European colleges and universities, our President was especially moved by the conditions under which Polish students were endeavoring to secure an education at the University of Warsaw. No dormitories of any sort were to be had after the war, but the students, not at all daunted, contrived to raise sufficient funds to convert an old army barracks into quarters which answered the purpose of dormitories, although they were far from suitable. This much had been accomplished when President Bell arrived, but they were at the end of their resources, and saw no way to obtain such a great necessity as shower baths. Immediately upon returning to St. Stephen's, the President appealed to the student body, and the fund necessary was soon forthcoming. The baths are now installed and in operation, and an English Soap-manufacturer has added a gift of one thousand pounds of bath soap. The showers are marked with the following inscription. "These baths were presented to the students who live in this building by the students of St. Stephen's College, Annandale-on-Hudson, N. Y., U. S. A., as an evidence of Christian comradeship."

If I was your son, I'd give you poison. If I were your father I'd take it.

Prof: "Young man, arn't you running amuck?"

Stewd: "No sir, a Ford!"

Dr. Davidson on Prospected Roman Tour.

Dr. Davidson to guide: Estne hic Circus Maximus?

Guide in vernacular: Si, Signor.

Dr. Davidson: Ubi est tentorium?

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(Cuthbert Fowler '01, Editor.)

The Campaign is on! It is already a success, for it has reminded the alumni, with the definiteness of a bawling-out from the "Don" for chapel-cutting in the old days, that it is up to the **alumni** to support their college, not with ringing speeches at commencement, but with kale. It's a new idea, but a good one.

One of the advantages of being a Very Small College is that every man who can play football feels obliged to go out for it; so with baseball or a glee club. We could have every man in college flipping poker chips on a felt table cover if we would organize tiddledy-winks as a major sport. Because the college is small, the proportion of men in active participation in student activities is very high. Consequently when the alumni are called into action the proportion of response is high. The eighty men who, back in the nineties, could put a team into the field against Union, Hamilton and N. Y. U. can be counted upon, in that same spirit of getting every man out, to meet the present need, and make this campaign another victory for the college.

It is a new experience for the MESSENGER to have more news about the alumni than it can print. From time to time we have sent out here and there a questionnaire which bears a slight resemblance to an Income Tax form. It was not, however, to be answered with a cheque. We wanted information. And we got it! The response was prompt and abundant. We would like to be able to publish all that we now know about the alumni. We want to say to those who replied that we appreciate their interest. We

feel that we have got in touch with alumni who were before only names—sometimes good for \$5.00 to the Athletic Association or a dollar for the MESSENGER, sometimes not.

We have got, through these replies, a cross section of the alumni both stimulating and interesting. Here are summarized a few of the salient facts: (1) Some of the alumni have children, some have not; some of these children resemble their fathers, others their mothers, some look like uncle Bill; (2) some of the alumni were married before June 16 last, but some were not. Very few, it appears, were married on that day! (3) Few have entered on any new work since last commencement; a few have gone into boot-legging, one has started reading the campaign literature and now has no time for anything else; (4) all the ex-editors think the MESSENGER was much better in their day than now; everyone else thinks it is better now (replies to this question were to be treated confidentially, we are doing it); (5) 97.356% have been touched for the Athletic Association, 97.355% don't say whether the operation was successful; (6) Several report they long for the old-time commencement out-of-doors, when they didn't have to listen to anything but the band; (7) A few are going to use the cost of a trip to college for commencement for the Endowment Fund this year; (8) their present occupations vary; some are packing pickles, others are salting down sermons, a few are busy with perambulators, one is pushing a baby-carriage (is there a place to-day which boasts no Ford service station?)

We conclude that they are just like other Alumni I Have Known.

Charles S. Armstrong, '14, has recently become rector of St. Matthew's Church, Jersey City.

William E. Berger, '17, is now at St. Mark's Church, Beaver Dam, Wis., which prompts us to add that he is probably working like ——— that's Berger all over.

Arthur B. Dimmick, also '17, is at a place they call Memomomie, Wis., but we don't like to say it out loud.

John Warren Day, '13, who was chaplain in the A. E. F. during the war, and is now chaplain of Sapulpa (Okla) Post, A. L., and of the O. R. C., was married on Aug. 6th, 1921 to Miss Harriett Mason Lanning.

Joseph Groo Hargrave, '06, is with the Heinz Pickle Co., Pittsburg; he says he has a few pickles of his own.

William T. Sherwood, '11, is rector of St. John's Church, Cornwall-on-Hudson.

Elwyn H. Spear, '11, has a unique position as professor of ethics and homiletics in the theological school of the Russian Orthodox Church in Tenafly, N. J.

Lawrence F. Piper, '11, of Concord, N. H., is secretary to the Diocesan Convention, and private secretary to the bishop of New Hampshire.

William Ives Rutter, Jr., ex-'97, is secretary to the Church Historical Society, with office in Philadelphia. His business address is Federal Reserve Bank, Philadelphia.

George E. Spitzli, '17, is in business in Utica, N. Y.

Julius E. Tikiob, ex-'16, was married in Christ Church, Hudson, N. Y., on New Year's Day, to Miss Mary Helen Pitcher, of Hudson. Mr. and Mrs. Tikiob are now living in McKeysport, Pa.

Office of the Alumni Editor, of "The Messenger."

St. Stephen's College, Annandale-on-Hudson, Dutchess County, New York State, U. S. A.

Dear Sir:

The Autumn Number (1921) of "The Messenger," has beaten the arrival of the Prince of Wales in Madras, by four days; and the return of



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the sad remnants of what used to be, perfectly good clothing, from the hoby, or Indian Laundryman, by one week. Therefore, you may see how completely your periodical monopolizes the arena, and how utterly useless it is for any side-show to expect a look-in.

In self-defense, I take the initiative in presenting my name and reputation for the "Cuthbert Fowler, '01" column, before that juggler of cognomens and past histories has any chance to present his version.

Anyone who attempts to talk to the average American about India, must make up his mind to start at the very beginning, for everything is so totally different here, in every respect, from things American, or even European. One could romanticize, moralize, geographize, geologize, and all the other "izes," for ever, and still much to be told remains.

Two years in war-torn France taught me to love that country, and I understand the people there and their customs, very well indeed. However, not so quickly does one become acquainted with India—one could spend a life-time here, and then not find out all that there is to find out. These people are as remote from us as the planet Mars, and Kipling said something when he speculated upon the likelihood of East meeting West. The natives will trust you and respect you, and speak your language, but there is a line over which they do not wish to step, and over which you can't whether you be a layman or a missionary.

India is a huge country of distances,—magnificent distances—in which the southern portion is quite different from the northern. It is South India that I know best, with its queer customs, peculiar rites, fantastic psychology and unique philosophy; intricate and rigid system of social orders; odd business and ethical standards; all of which offer plenty of room for discussion.

Although Great Britain controls most of India directly, there are still a few native rulers flourishing among the fairy tale thrills of palaces, perfumes, jewels, elephants, etc. Mysore

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State is such a kingdom, with Mysore City as its capitol, from which the highly educated Maharajah controls the affairs of his people, and the exploiting of the many natural resources, one of which is gold,—at the famous Kolar Gold Fields.

Among a host of other titles, the Rajah holds that of "Chancellor of the University of Mysore," an institution of five years standing, granting six or seven degrees, and all represented by very beautiful academic hoods. Several weeks ago, I was invited to deliver an address to the Faculty, Alumni, Undergraduates and Senate of the university, on the subject of American College Constitutions, to guide them in amending their own. It was with a distinct thrill that I felt the name of St. Stephen's College slide out over my lips, as I addressed my turbened, caste-marked audience. I was no more in India than I was on the moon,—I was in Annandale again, before our own Convocation, arguing law and the constitution with,—not Turney-High,—but with a solon of my own day, 1914.

Not yet have I sallied forth into the jungle after parlour rugs, (even tho' I shall have a parlour of my own, before the year is out), or mantel ornaments, but nevertheless, elephants, camels, monkeys, and such like, are no strangers to me. During one of my trips into the interior, two monkeys invaded my sleeping quarters sufficiently well to impress upon me the origin of the term "monkey business."

There is much of the barbarian left in these earringed, braceleted, toe-ringed people, and you would think so, if you could see them placing garlands of flowers about the Fly Sahib's neck, and inserting lemons into his fists, as a sign of respect to him. Lemons have a different significance at home,—but, didn't I warn you at the start that there was **nothing** the same out here?

As far as I know, I am the only one with St. Stephen's blood in my veins within a radius of at least 6000 miles, so, while the tendency to form an

Alumni Association is strong within me, the performance is nill. Gresham and Sanford, in China; Kroll in Honolulu,—we might get together and hold meetings by wireless, but then none of us would have any change left with which to subscribe to the "Messenger."

I'll wager that no one in College today knows anything about India, except that an expedition to reach Mt. Everest, is in progress. How large a country is India? How many Rupees a day does it cost me to live? How do I converse with the natives? How do we shovel away the snow, and how do we ever struggle through a hard winter? See! I knew you would be stumped. Nor will Kipling's "Bar-rack Room Ballads," or his "Kim," enlighten you about South India.

As for my work here, it is very interesting and educational. In the near future, I expect to become a member of the "American Institute of Electrical Engineers," and of the "American Society of Mechanical Engineers," in my capacity here as Lubricating Engineer. Also, the Benedict's Club will gain a new member.

My hearty congratulations to the Messenger Board, for the newly dressed periodical; my profound regards to my old friends on the faculty; my salutations to the new dietician, librarian, (ladies first), and professors; greetings to President Bell, who has so recently visited the France I love so well; salaams to my contemporary fellow-alumni; a grip of the hand to the "old timers;" "cheerio" to the undergraduates; best wishes to Will Cohalian; good luck and a Happy New Year to you all.

Faithfully and sincerely in St.

Stephen's College,
(Signed) "Ned" Ely, '14.

She—Do you know the Barber of Seville?

He—I am not acquainted with him, because I always shave myself.

—Le journal Amusant (Paris)

The animal which approaches nearest to man is the cootie.

"DR. BELL'S NEW BOOK."

The Morehouse Publishing Co. of Milwaukee, will publish on March fifteenth a new book by President Bell entitled "The Good News." Dr. Bell, when asked about the forthcoming volume, said:

"The title is, of course, just a translation of the word "Evangelium" or "Gospel." In the book I have tried to reproduce the instructions on the Elements of religion which I first gave in camp and which I have since given to hundreds of men in a dozen universities and colleges. I don't know whether it's worth much or not; but a number of men have asked that it be printed."

The price is \$1.35 per copy.

UNDER THE LYRE TREE.

A well done stake is the rarest thing in college.

"I'll try to dig you up a couple of girls for tonight."

"If you don't mind, we'd just as soon have live ones."

First Stude: "First I kissed her on the nose and then I kissed her on the chin."

Second Stude: "Well, what of it?"

First Stude: "Well, between the two I had a great time."

Bachelor: "The only reason why I have not married is that I never have been able to find a woman who is entirely different from me in every respect."

She: "Oh, surely you can find some nice, decent, respectable girl who would make you a good wife."

I kicked a skunk as he went by,
The skunk was incensed, so was I.

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He: "I spent a lot of money at Kelly pool this winter."

She: "Did you like it as well as Hot Springs?"

Super: (to Fitzgerald, who was mumbling through the translation) "Louder, Fitzgerald, louder. It's snowing outside."

Mr. King—You don't seem to worry much about your debts.

Mr. Jack—No, I always borrow from a pessimist who doesn't expect to get it back.—Stanford Chaparrel.

Free Verse Writer—O, father, poets are born, not made!

"See here, son! Write all that durn rot you want, but don't you go blaming mother and me for it; we won't stand for it!"—Pitt Panther.

A busy guy is Henry Hurls—
He's always picking up strange girls.
But don't think he's a sporting gink—
He just works at the skating rink.
—Ohio Sun Dial.

Daughter—How do you like my new party gown, father?

Father—Why, daughter! You surely aren't going out with half of your back exposed?

Daughter (looking in mirror)—Oh, father! How stupid of me. I have this dress on backwards.—Chicago Phoenix.

1923—I was walking down the street last night and picked up a wonderful girl,

1924—What did she do?

1923—"She just said 'Thank you,' and walked away."—Colgate Banter.

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