

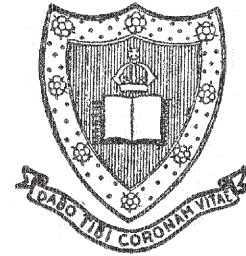
MESSENGER

Vol. [?] No. 4 July, 1923

Page 1	Wild Geese William W. Vogt The Catholic Church and the World [incomplete]
Page 6	Charity
Page 7	En Voyage C. M. Andrews
Page 11	Well-Meant Verses Lines on Reading Swinburne At 2 A.M., After Examinations Confession L. M. M. Cigarette Smoke
Page 12	Some Books for Summer Reading
Page 14	The Jungfrau (From Interlaken on the eve of the Assumption, B. V. M.) Herbert S. Hastings
Page 15	The Chain Gang G.

The
MESSENGER
ST. STEPHEN'S COLLEGE

July



1923

CONTENTS

WILD GEESE <i>Verse</i>	- - - - -	William W. Vogt
THE CATHOLIC CHURCH AND THE WORLD	-	The President
EN VOYAGE	- - - - -	Luke C. M. Andrews
WELL-MEANT VERSES	- - - - -	Louis M. MYERS
SOME BOOKS FOR SUMMER READING	- -	The President
THE CHAIN GANG	- - - - -	George A. Libaire

SUMMER NUMBER

Wild Geese

Like drunken gods, above the South Winds flying,
They sweep beneath the threshold of the skies
And sonorous, their voices chant a tocsin,
Lest men forget that Freedom never dies.
High flung above the smudges of the cities,
An ordered liberty their only guide,
Swift winding through the mazes of the cloud-rack,
Adown the sky line's mountain rim they slide.

As in the night they disappear
There falls a darkness over earth
That is not merely dearth of sun,
To vanish at the dawning's birth;
The ebon mountains standing hard
Against the world-edge, bare their teeth;
The flock's cloud writing fades away
And breath of men creeps close, beneath.

From out the sedge, at some far tundra's brim,
A gander lifts his head, and with a cry
That sinks and drowns beyond the distant bogs,
He spurns the earth and plunges through the sky.

W. W. V., '25.

The Catholic Church and the World*

"The Stone that smote the Image became a great Mountain, and filled the whole Earth." Daniel 2:5.

This text was used frequently by John Henry Newman. Perhaps a new sermon may well be preached upon it. It is from Daniel's disclosure to Nebuchadnezzar of the meaning of his dreams. The King had seen an image with a head of fine gold, arms of silver, belly and thighs of brass, legs of iron, and feet of clay. The prophet said that it was the image of the kingdoms of the world. Then Daniel foretold the rise of Christianity in these words:

"Thou sawest till that a stone was cut out without hands, which smote the Image upon his feet of clay, and brake them to pieces. . . . And the stone that smote the Image became a great Mountain and filled the whole Earth."

1. Out of the ancient world Christianity alone has emerged as a living thing. The beauty that was Grecian civilization is noble, but dead. The mystery that was Egypt is enthralling, but decayed. The power that was Rome is a great dream, but only a dream, enshrined in ruins and old books. But the Christian Church, alone of ancient kingdoms and civilizations, survives. What we know of ancient things else we know mostly through the Church. She has preserved the relics of the rest, and colored their memories in her own good pigments. She has made us remember Greek beauty and forget the sensual degredation which spoiled that beauty; remember the romance of Egypt and forget the millions of sweated slaves beneath the lash; remember the vigor and sturdiness of Rome and forget her heartless exploitation of the world.

Who would have thought in the days of Augustan glory that a little group of Jews in an upper room of a petty rural city, Orientals of a race even then despised, waiting on a Hebrew feast day for they knew not what, for something they had been promised by an hare-brained carpenter who not long before had been strung up as an anarchist by Roman law—that these men held in their feeble possession the seeds of a Kingdom destined to survive when Roman roads were filled with weeds and Roman eagles antiquarian curiosities and Roman ways of looking at things almost laughably out of focus and Rome herself a heap of ruins?

Yet so it has been. Yet so it has been.

Why? Wherein lay the weakness of these mighty earthly kingdoms?

The Image shone with gold and silver and was girt with brass and iron. Luxury and force! Are not these the common bases of success in nations? Surely if a people is strong and wealthy, men say, it must be destined to survive! Surely the efforts of great statesmen, wise patriots, have ever been and ever ought to be the making of nations rich and armed for maintainance. I have nothing to say to the contrary. The trouble with the Image Nebuchadnezzar saw was not that its armor was firm and its head and arms encased with precious metal. It was not the head or the arms or the breast or the legs which were to prove vulnerable before the Stone. It was the feet of the Image. They were made of crumbly clay. Build you a kingdom never so apt for wealth, never so strong in armor: unless its basis is sound it will fall before a shrewd, directed blow.

What is the true basis of a kingdom, of a state, of a civilization, without which all force and all wealth prove unstable? It is the recognition of the sacred worth of human personality, of the worth-while-ness of a man as man. Greece built her superstructure of beauty on general slavery

complacently endorsed by even her noblest philosophers. The moans of ancient serfs sound sadly still across the Nile-watered plains. To a Roman, man as man was a non-existent concept. The Church of Jesus Christ came into a world where Greece and Egypt and Rome had coalesced, and it attacked the whole great composite structure, bidding the exploited, the enslaved, the despised, to remember that they were the sons of the Most High God, temples of the Indwelling Spirit of Deity; and in the simple power of restored self-respect it knocked the kingdoms of this world into a cocked hat.

"Be ye not conformed to this world," said Paul the tentmaker to them, "but be ye transformed by the renewing of your minds." It was an amazing message to the sword fodder of the Roman armies, the wealth producers of a state which used and starved them that the empire might be decked in precious metals. "Now are ye the sons of God, and it doth not yet appear what ye shall be." "In Jesus Christ there is no distinction between Greek and barbarian, Roman and non-Roman, bond and free, exploiter and exploited." "With God is no respect of persons." The thing that gave the Church its power, the thing that makes it forever irresistible, is that it reveals, on the authority of Divine revelation, on the authority of Jesus the Everlasting God, the latent worth of every man because he is a man. A Kingdom of God with that foundation can smash, has smashed, and will ever smash, any and every sort of social system, empire, civilization, no matter how wealthy, no matter how well armed, which builds upon another basis.

It is hard for men to learn this simple lesson. One need not multiply instances. Just one will suffice, our own America. There are plenty of folks who think America can survive and prosper if only we can make her wealthy and also strong. They point with pride to our large cities, our gold reserve, our great banks, our manifold and intricate means for and methods of ostentatious luxury. They advocate ever bigger navies and stronger armies wherewith to protect our wealth from foreign envy. They shout aloud the necessity of keeping out the wicked agitator, and of the danger which threatens from England and the peril which is imminent from Japan. "Give us" they say, "heads of gold and arms of silver, belly and thighs of brass, and legs of iron."—And they are ignorant enough of history to fail to see that the greatest danger, the only real danger facing America for at least one hundred years, is that the "little people" will remember their inalienable rights to life and liberty and the pursuit of happiness and say "To Hell with America, Her feet are clay." And if her feet shall have become of clay, to Hell she will go. But the Church of Jesus constant shall remain.

But, you will say, is it not possible that now that this Stone, the Catholic Church, has become a great mountain, and fills all the earth,—is it not possible that she too may have developed feet of clay? May it not be that she too has forgotten the essential worth of man as man? Is it not conceivable that this Kingdom of God has been captured and exploited by the wealth worshippers and by those who put their trust in reeking tube and iron shard? Sometimes it has looked much that way. No sooner had Christianity smashed the exploiting Roman empire than that empire, pretending conversion, sought to manipulate the Church to buttress her tottering imperialism. But she did not succeed! She died, did ancient Rome, died of her own dry rot; and the Kingdom of God woke from the lethal fumes of imperial patronage. Once more with eye un-narcotized she saw the Mass and heard the Creed and laid hold on Jesus, shouted with joy at the glory of Him and the true worth of His children.

So has the Catholic Church done more than once, nay, more than a dozen times in the nineteen hundred years that have intervened between

the first Whitsunday and now. Always the kingdoms of the earth, destroyed by her, seek from within to deaden her, to make her forget, to use her to bolster up their wickedness. Always they seek to modernize her, very speciously, very cleverly, to persuade her to let go her ancient Creed and to supercede the Mass,—to let go the symbol which exalts the Christ and exalts men too into blazing equality before His Incarnate Deity, to supercede that ceremony where, before an Altar, king and peasant are no longer king and peasant, but two equal men. So in the earliest days her enemies, masking as her friends, sought to confuse her in Oriental mysticism; so, later on, in the fourth and fifth centuries, imperial patrons sought to promote Arianism or Unitarianism, hoping to reduce Christ's unique personality to human level and so reduce his commanding authority as Lord over even emperors; so in the Middle Ages did lord after lord seek to exalt his temporal authority over things spiritual; so did the early Victorian capitalists seek to use the Church to urge exploited men to grovel here below and to hope for heaven and to be content. So to-day the powers of the world, working within the Church, promising financial assistance and preferment, building expensive fabric for worship, encouraging every sort of modernism which would minimize Jesus, bidding priests enjoy luxury and be men of the world,—sometimes wearing round collars, once in awhile wearing a mitre or a magpie,—so today do the powers of the world, working within the Church, seek to wrench God's Kingdom to the support of all that is evil, all that is clay-footed, in our day.

But he who fears unduly for the outcome has neither much knowledge of the past nor much faith in Jesus Christ. He said that even the gates of Hell could not prevail against His Church. They have not. They will not. In easy times, it may be, men will murmur the Creed and sleepily miss the implication of our peasant-carpenter-God, Jesus Christ. It may be that in easy times men will come to Mass and Communion, unperceptive of the social dynamite involved in approaching a God before whom none is master, none is man, not perceiving the one Body and the one Blood and the Lord within them; in easy times men may sing Magnificat and not see that the wildest communist never dared utter words more contemptuous of things as they are; and men in easy times may mumble ancient prayers they do not understand. It may seem that the world has conquered—in the easy times.

But the mills of God keep grinding and times come which are no longer easy, when the clever chaps who have been running things and people and calling all men to admire their canniness, and using or seeking to use the Church to bolster themselves up withal, are seen to be a stupid and wicked lot, forgetful of the worth of men as men; times when wealth is gangrened and mere arms of no avail. Then does the Church arouse herself and sing Magnificat with meaning, and shouts aloud the old prayers, and means the Creed as well as says it, and goes to Mass and Communion with a new-found awe, and says "We are the sons of God. Down with this Image. Look you, look! Its feet are crumbly clay!"

And another kingdom perishes, while Holy Church goes on.

Those are the great times in this world when, led by Jesus' spirit, the people discover that accidental differences between men matter not at all, when Parthians and Medes and Persians, strangers from Rome, Jews and Genties, Cretes and Arabians, hear ringing in their ears the wonderful works of God.

And to keep the Catholic Church alive and ready for those days of Pentecost, to preserve Her faith and to hand on down Her sacraments—the

truth and the life—that is enough to challenge us to give our little all. Things else perish. This alone remains.

The Spirit and the Bride say come. Lord Jesus, give us grace to love the Catholic Church.

*This sermon was preached by President Bell at St. George's, Hanover Square, London, on July 8, in connection with the opening of the Anglo-Catholic Conference.

Charity

Beggar Breeze

In a garden for repose,
Asks for kisses, in his hunger,
Of the Rose.

She, in pity,
All her richness doth disclose;
And with him her spirit's largess
Outward goes.

By the roadside
Crippled blindmen sigh and doze
Till the Breeze; then, grateful, whisper:
"Ah, the Rose!"

— '98.

En Voyage

The outstanding features of a long journey are like an old Egyptian bas-relief, where only the important factors which are to be handed down as monuments stand out from the stone. The details of the picture are lost in the back-ground, and the common events are passed over. I am thinking of the last trip from Japan to England by way of the Mediterranean.

We left Yokohama on a very bright day in the early summer, and such was the glamour and interest of new surroundings on ship board that I, child as I was, did not feel, at that moment, a very keen sense of loss at the parting from my parents. Many of the Japanese who had known my grandmother for quite a number of years, and my sister and me from baby-hood, had come up to see us off, bearing gifts of fruit and candy. I might remark here that a Japanese, even today, will never send flowers to a friend. They wither and die, and symbolize death.

Those who have not travelled abroad can not imagine that peculiar feeling which one has at the beginning of a voyage. There is the smell of fresh paint which meets you when you first go down the corridors, the feeling which is associated with that smell, of uncertainty over countless things. Out on deck everything is turmoil. Officers, sailors and passengers rush hither and yon, orders are shouted, whistles pipe, and from somewhere comes the blare of a band. There are hasty and tearful farewells, messages shouted back and forth between ship and pier. Gradually order is restored on the quay as the last visitors scurry ashore. Lithe natives toss aboard the last baggage and cast loose the ropes, the whistle drowns out for a moment the calls of parting friends, you suddenly realize that you are moving, and a queer feeling of strain possesses you until the shore with its waving throng, and the break water, are past.

Nagasaki and Kobe were remarkable chiefly for bad weather. We had barely got into the straits when a nasty sea struck us and, as we neared Nagasaki, it got worse. We stayed there to coal ship. Bamboo scaffolding seemed to spring up from the barges against our sides, and the coolie women mounted it, below the chutes. Great baskets weighing two hundred pounds or more were passed up hand-to-hand and emptied into the runways which led to the bunkers. Those women stood there hour after hour, passing the baskets without any visible signs of fatigue. The last woman would toss the emptied containers with a peculiar spinning motion, so that they landed one in the other on the floor of the nearest barge. We went ashore and back into the nearby hills to see the cloisonne and damascene works. At one place there was a tea-house set on the edge of a ravine, down one end of which fell a long plume of water, a fall which was noted for its beauty: From among trees at the edge of the cliff shot this white ribbon, sown into the dark green shade of the bottom to splash away out of sight.

Fu Chow is an example—the only example of a native Chinese town that we saw. I hope it will be the last. The steamer went as far up the Yangtse as it could, and from that point we went on by launch. Having reached the dock, we went ashore and crossed a long bridge into the town itself. The streets were from fifteen to twenty feet wide and were paved with huge blocks of stone. The sewage rested in the cracks between these slabs, and all the refuse of the last few decades seemed to be raising a stench to high heaven from these very convenient cess-pools. Three-story houses leaned against each other in an arch, a sort of triumphal arch to the god of bad odors. The ground floor of each house seemed to be given over

to small shops which contributed other smells to those already fighting to impress themselves upon the consciousness. Through it all poured a sweating, dirty stream of natives, shouting, yelling and jostling. Curs of all descriptions ran about, snarling and fighting. We did not wander long in such a place. Much as I have heard of the admirable qualities of the higher class of Chinese, the one glimpse I got, wholly one-sided and inadequate as it was, of the poorer classes, has spoiled any love I might have had for the "Sleeping Giant."

Two things preserve Sinapore in my mind; first the divers and secondly a fight. We were only half-way in to the dock when a fleet of dugout canocs came racing to meet us. They were manned by boys and men of all ages. How they handled those thin little boats and kept them from turning over as they dove out and climbed in, was a thing no white man could understand. A couple of coins would flash in the air, and as they struck the water, every canoe would rock with the sudden dive of its owner. Brown bodies would gleam for an instant in the sun, the water would fairly boil, and one of the swimmers would shoot up to the surface with the money in his hand. In a second every man would be back in his boat, and would circle around ready for the next coin.

The other incident was one of far shorter duration, but the action was so intense, the whole thing such a kaleidoscope of volcanic motion, that few of the witnesses will ever forget it. A number of Austrians were seeing off one of their friends and they all fairly well under way toward intoxication. They had taken it into their heads to torment one of the crew, a huge Scandinavian. What deviltries they had been through before they reached the quay no one knew, but as they got to the gang plank the ring had closed about the sailor and the leader went close to him. We could see him talk for a moment and then things began to happen. With absolutely no warning, with no gathering of muscles, the fist of the seaman suddenly shot out. It cracked against the other man's jaw like a pistol, and before he hit the ground another of the tormentors had received his quietus. The sailor had evidently gone berserk, and despite the grave way in which his opponents surged over him, he laid them out right and left. He was here, there and everywhere, crashing, smashing this way and that, a whirling deadly mass of dynamic power. He was too quick to be touched by concerted action and of too hard a physique to be affected by the few solid blows that landed on him. Men dropped before his vicious rushes, to stagger up and be knocked flat again. Suddenly we saw the first mate, a tall, powerful chap, running down the gang plank with a marlinspike in his hand. He shot into that turmoil of darting, diving, swift-licking fists and the berserker dropped under a crack from the marlinspike. For just a moment the mate spoke to the group of men, and those who were still on their feet turned like scolded school boys to help us their comrades. Two sailors came to take their mess-mate aboard, and the queller of the disturbance replaced his weapon and coolly went about his duties. The whole thing had taken two minutes at most, but we who saw it—well, my breath still comes fast when I think of it.

We had been out of the harbor less than two days when we got into the tail end of a typhoon. A bad storm at sea is another thing that people can not imagine who have stayed on land all their lives. We were on a large vessel, but it was tossed about like a shuttlecock. Portholes were screwed tight, racks were put on the tables and life lines were rigged everywhere. Some of the waves broke up on the boat-deck, and it was as much as one's life was worth to attempt a walk on the promenade deck. A few of us were still up and around the second day, but the majority kept their bunks the whole way to Aden, and the sounds from below were not pleas-

ant. There is a noise, or a composite of many noises, peculiar to a ship in a heavy sea. The back-ground is the deep throb of the engines, with a sudden shuddering racket as the screws are lifted free. The wind screams and a wave all at once swashes and hisses viciously across the deck above you. Always, over the tumult you can hear the agonized groans and retchings of some poor unfortunate who is trying not to turn quite inside out. You stand outside a doorway on the deck, ready at any instant to duck out of danger. The salt air stings your nostrils and the spray whips across your face. The surge and clamor of the sea, the lift as the ship, burying its nose in a wave, ploughs through and over, the sudden lull and fresh tumult of the storm, the sight of a sailor racing for dear life to cross the 'tween decks without getting soaked—it all combines to make you glad you are alive, and to feel that the particular spot you occupy is a fine place to be. As I was not at all sea sick and had made friends of many of the sailors, who permitted me all sorts of liberties, I thoroughly enjoyed that storm. It blew us hundreds of miles from our course and put us several days behind schedule, but all that meant nothing to me. I managed to amuse my grandmother and sister for a couple of hours each day and evaded the more embarrassing questions put me, so that I lived a life of unalloyed pleasure.

Port Said gave me several thrills. Our morning there was spent in sight seeing. We saw several mosques—where we had to cover our feet with special slippers to keep from contaminating the floor—and the various places to which grown-ups usually insist on going. In the afternoon, however, I had my share of enjoyment. To start with, I had a donkey ride. Looking back upon it, I can not understand the amount of pleasure I derived from sitting on a large, dirty white, long eared beast while its master, who might have answered to the same description, ran along behind and belaboured it with a cudgel. However, I was much grieved when I was forced to dismount, and was highly indignant when I later saw another boy on "my donkey." Our party was seated at small tables set on the sidewalk under an overhanging veranda. A conjurer appeared and set about his tricks, much to my delight. I need not go into the old mango trick, the basket trick, and mind reading, which have come to be classed almost as an art in some parts of the Orient, but they pleased me mightily.

At last we were in the Mediterranean, the color of which is like the blue of no other body of water. People claim it is because of the skies peculiar to that part of the world. Whatever are the properties of that water, it at least proved to be the grave of one of the men on board. A stoker's head was turned by the heat so that he drank half a bottle of laudanum and dove over the stern. I have since thought that the way in which the ship was handled from the moment "Man over board" was heard till it again took up its course was one of the prettiest things I have ever seen. In less than two minutes one set of screws had been reversed and the vessel was swinging about in a circle. A boat's crew were at the davits and life preservers were in the water. As the life boat came down the falls, the first mate vaulted the rail and landed in the stern with one foot on the tiller. When the keel touched the water, he freed his end of the ropes with one dextrous backward kick at the hook. From the time they left until the boat was again in its place he stood there, steering with one foot, and balanced himself easily as they rose and fell with the waves. Although many of the passengers had seen the drowning man after the alarm was given, only his hat remained floating, for his would-be rescuers to find. They returned with the life-buoys and were shot up to the boat-deck, we swung back on our course, and—the incident was closed. Many of us, however, could not sleep that night. It gives one an eerie feeling to have

watched the search for a man who a few minutes before was alive and doing his round of work. The quick, organized action, the cool matter-of-factness with which the affair was handled, and the thought that we were leaving behind what had been one of us, all combined to give us a queer sensation.

On Sunday morning we went to a service in the cathedral at Genoa. The communion was sung in Latin by priests who did not look over clean. The marble floor of the great nave was covered with camp chairs which the congregation dragged about to suit themselves. At the offertory, the vergers came down what was left of the aisles with velvet bags hung on long rods. They jingled the coins loudly and greeted those friends who were not beneath their notice and created an atmosphere of general good fellowship. On the whole, I was not very favorably impressed with the service.

From Genoa we were supposed to go to Gibraltar, but when we were twelve hours from harbor the course was changed and we ended up at Vigo, in Spain. We were there five days before we knew what the trouble was. War had been declared; and, as our boat was of the North German Lloyd line, the captain preferred internment in Spain to capture by the British. The thing which everyone was trying to do was to get away as soon as possible. Two Dutch vessels and an English boat touched at Vigo, but they slipped away in the night, and only a very few were able to find passage in each ship. As my grandmother was American, we went to the United States Consul for aid of advice, but he was a young chap, very much impressed with the importance of his position and did little but talk to no purpose. After twelve days, we went to the British Consul, on the plea that we children were English. This man was past middle-age, dignified, and courteous. He listened to everything that was said but was very non-committal. Two days later, however, a British vessel came in, and he saw to it that we, with about ten others, were taken aboard. He attended to our baggage and was thoughtfulness itself. The ship was the S. S. Alcantara, bound for Southampton with a cargo of silver-bouillon. This was its maiden voyage and everything was in wonderful trim. Guns had been mounted fore and aft, so that wherever the enemy might be, two could be brought to bear. From the moment we got up on deck, it was evident that discipline and wartime measures were in effect. There was a snap to the orders and an instant precision in their execution which bespoke a crew trained differently from those of common passenger-ships. At night every porthole was darkened, and I saw a sailor snatch the match out of the hand of a man who was lighting a cigarette on deck, after dark. We had been out of sight of land for two days when smoke appeared on the horizon and a cruiser, long and grey, gradually drew up to us. Signal flags suddenly broke out in a whipping line of color, answered from our ship by another string. A second message came from the man-of-war and we slowed down but kept moving. There was a sudden roar across the space between the two vessels as a shot was sent over our bow, and a geyser of water sprang up far out beyond us. It did not take long for us to stop. A boat came across and its crew mounted to the bridge. All this time the passengers were half-wild with uncertainty. The pessimists declared that we would be sunk by this German. The mad cheering which followed semaphore work between the ships and the sudden appearance of a French flag at the stern of the cruiser was very eloquent of the relief we felt. Two more warships stopped us before we reached England, one British and the other French. It is probably needless to remark that it was unnecessary for any more shells to be put across our bows. We were in sight of land and within a few hours of Southampton harbor when we received a wireless stating that the passage was mined, and we were forced to go all the way around to Liverpool.

By C. M. Andrews.

Well-Meant Verses

I.

Lines On Reading Swinburne

At 2 A. M., After Examinations.

When I am dead, and the years that come thereafter
Roll into centuries and cycles slow,
What will become of all my tears and laughter,
Joys and woe?

I, who have loved thee with a love outburning
Comets and hell, till I am seared of fears,
Shall I be under earth, unquenched of yearning
Through the years?

I, who have drunk of life (and chewed the glasses),
Shall I be punished till the end of time
By heavy labor, pushing up the grasses?
How sublime.

II.

Confession.

And so the worst is said: no more of that.
My heart is lighter, now that I've confessed.
It's queer how greatly one may be oppressed
By such a thing. It must be so a rat
Feels when the trap that holds him overturns
And he is free again—as I am free.
And now—goodbye. You're lucky—done with me.
And I—what matter how I feel? One learns
To bear all things, they say, and so I fan
My courage and attempt to still my fears:
Hard as it is, I'll conquer at the last.
And you, I beg, forgive me if you can.
You think me heartless, after all these years
To leave you now; but, Davey, I have passed!

L. M. M. '25.

CIGARETTE SMOKE

A little curl of smoke goes up,
Sweet incense to the last discovered god—
The one who gives us peace:
Who ever, without failure or delay,
Repays each offered sacrifice,
And asks no other service than that we
Prepare us to receive the gift he sends.

Some Books For Summer Reading

President Bell selected the following books from some late additions to the College library. No volumes of merely technical interest are included, but rather books of a more general appeal.

1. **The Land of the Blue Popp.** The eminent British naturalist, Mr. F. Kingdon Ward, F. R. G. S., went through Thibet a few years ago in search of specimens for an English botanical collector. This recounts his experiences. It is as fascinating and as thrilling as fiction, and reveals botanizing as a profession requiring daring, ingenuity and manliness more than the general public supposes.

2. Mr. Thouless, who is professor of psychology at the University of Manchester, and who was formerly a fellow of Corpus Christi, Cambridge, some time ago was asked to a theological college. The result is a volume entitled **An Introduction to the Psychology of Religion.** It is admirably comprehensive, and has the added merit of explaining carefully the nomenclature of the new psychology. It is as illuminating a volume as I have read in five years.

3. If you wish a well-written romance, a Frank Stockton-y sort of thing, about four women who spent a spring in a rented villa in Liguria and were all made over, get hold of **The Enchanted April** by the author of Elizabeth and her German Garden.

4. Edgar A. Robinson has been described as America's greatest contemporary poet. The long narrative in verse, called **Roman Bartholow**, just published, will not enhance his reputation much. A good deal of it is just plain stupid. But it is worth reading for the good bits hid in the rubbish.

5. On the other hand, a book of exceedingly good poetry is **The Ballad of St. Barbara**, by Gilbert K. Chesterton. The title poem contains embedded in it one of the great modern English things in ballad form. Some of the other verses are extraordinary. The "Elegy in a Country Churchyard," very different from Gray's, and the "Songs of Education" are Chesterton at his biting best.

6. The Oxford University Press last year issued **The Oxford Book of German Verse**, a worthy companion volume to the similar volume of English verse which is now an indispensable anthology. It has examples ranging from the Minnesingers to contemporary poets. The volume, which is of course in German, is ably edited by Gerhart Hauptmann. Our British cousins, it will be seen, are through indulging in petty hate of things German.

7. Mr. Upton Sinclair has at last written a book on the higher education. He calls it **The Goose Step**, because, according to him, our higher cultured institutions are both Teutonic and sycophantic, and controlled by big business until they have no more individuality or independence than a row of German privates. The book contains a great deal of fact, true and challenging. Unfortunately Mr. Sinclair's tendency to be smart and nasty-tempered will prevent those facts receiving the attention they deserve. St. Stephen's College fare better than most of them.

8. In **Magic Lanterns**, Miss Louise Saunders, the author of that delightful one-act bit of fun, "The Knave of Hearts," has given us a few more interesting short plays. Those who like the amateur stage, and those who enjoy reading plays, will find some good amusement in this book.

9. Harry Kemp is no longer one of the younger generation. He has turned forty. Our young people delight to read him, however. He has ability and vulgarity, vision and dirt, virility and loudness, poetry and bumptiousness, mixed in about the proportions that the younger folk admire. Whatever one may think of this, there is no denying that his semi-autobiography, **Tramping on Life**, makes mighty interesting reading.

10. If you are desirous of knowing how the modern liberals are thinking of getting a reunited religion without any creed, thus defying Solomon and making a brand-new thing on the face of the earth, read **The Community Church** by Albert C. Zembrunnen. I was astonished. Jules Verne never wrote anything more extraordinary. Only, it isn't meant that way.

11. Mr. Hilaire Belloc is a master of English, not merely of putting words together, but of putting thoughts together, in that misused tongue. In his **Marie Antoinette** one finds the sadness and the nobility and the simplicity of a Greek. The queen moves on toward death, the helpless victim of a dying age. Would that we might have more such biography!

12. Here is a marvel, brethren. Thorstein Veblen has written a book in which is no sociological patois, a book which one can understand, a book as lucid as "The Theory of the Leisure Class" is turgid. It is called **The Engineers and the Price System**, and is an analysis of the tremendous waste involved in our present capitalistic production and a statement of how our engineers are the most potent agents in promoting industrial revolution. What a book for the National Civic Federation to read!

13. One remembers that delightful biography which Cornelia Stratton Porter wrote a year or two ago about her husband, that brilliant American economist who died in the midst of most promising sane liberalism. Mrs. Porter has been living with employed girls lately and tells here experience in **Working with the Working Woman**. In this book the woman is neither a sentimental victim nor a moron, but a real person. For this relief, much thanks!

14. If you like the sort of fantasy in the Roman manner which Eden Philpotts loves to write, get hold of **Pan and the Twins**, and rejoice.

15. Gilbert K. Chesterton did a book some time ago which has not been read as widely as it deserves; and which has just been added to the library. It is his **Victorian Age in English Literature**, which throws more light on the subject than most books twice the size and cost. The price is only a dollar. Like everything this man writes, this salts wisdom with humor.

16. **The Old Drama and the New.** Here that veteran dramatic critic, Mr. William Archer, damns the classics and extolls modern realistic drama. He seems to think that the stage has no other function than to register facts. Probably he prefers photographs to painting. The book is interesting for its wealth of material; and it stimulates me at least by antagonizing me.

17. Lytton Strachey, whose biting essays on Victorian personages are familiar to everyone, has, in **Landmarks in French Literature**, put into small compass facts that many desire briefly; and has done it with fine critical sense. The volume costs only a dollar.

18. Of Marguerite Wilkinson's **The Great Dream** one can only say that it is the sort of lyric poetry that one keeps hoping to find and does meet with only every few years.

19. Channing Pollock wrote a play called **The Fool**. It has now been published. Some people maintain that it is all about being a Christian. That may be why people don't like being Christians. It struck me as being upper middle class hokum.

20. A penetrating and interesting study of **The New German Constitution** has been made by M. Rene Brunet, professor of constitutional law in the University of Caen. This French scholar has made a scholarly and dispassionate analysis. Intelligent people, whose attitude toward the new Germany is more than merely vituperative, will be glad to get this book.

Four of us were seated about the table, concentrating on the business in hand with the utmost of silent intentness. A window was open to alleviate the closeness of the room. There was absolute silence, except for an occasional remark or a sudden heated discussion, abruptly stilled. All at once a little gust of wind snatched an unsealed envelope from the table and carried it out the window. A chair crashed to the floor as one of us raced to see where it would land; for in that small rectangle of paper, in curt figures pregnant with meaning, was the essence of all the work we had put in throughout four hours of steady concentration. If some one should get it—! If it should be lost—!

"Watch here!" I ordered, and sped out of doors. A voice from the window called directions softly, suddenly ending in a cry of alarm as the wind picked up a white object and carried it out of the circle of light. I tore after it into the night, to pursue a mocking, devilish will o' the wisp, that fluttered and stopped, taunted and eluded me, half seen in the faint light from the stars. My foot caught in a root and I crashed on my face—on top of the paper. Back again in the house, the voice of my partner called to ask if I had it. I looked at my find in the light from the window and gave a sigh of relief.

"Yes," I answered, "This is that blasted bridge-score!"

THE JUNGFRAU

(From Interlaken on the eve of the Assumption, B. V. M.)

The shadows of the Lauterbrunner vale
 Are purple covered steps before her throne,
 Where, standing with her face and hands upthrown
 And hidden from us by her floating veil,
 Her radiant body glows. She is the Grail
 Whose body crystalline Love's roseate tone
 Reveals. A temple with a radiance of her own
 Beside which the Shekina light were pale.
 Now, though her mortal glory pass from view;
 Death, like a cloak of shadows, fold on fold,
 Be drawn about her; feet and hands grow cold;
 One lovely shoulder only hold the glow;
 That, too, be hidden; still we gaze; till lo,
 She stands immortal in her robe of blue.

Herbert S. Hastings, '98

The Chain Gang

Pier Dvolsky, a count of the Austrian Empire and a member of one of the oldest Magyar noble houses, was hard-pressed for ready money. Circumstances had forced him to become Deputy Sheriff of Citrous County, Florida; but come what might he still insisted upon the gratification of two habits formed in earlier and more affluent days: he would always wear kid gloves of the most expensive brand, and he would smoke nothing but cigarettes of the choicest Turkish tobacco. Upon this chill morning near the end of February he found himself in sore straits; his meager salary for the winter quarter was nearly all spent, his last pair of Cross gloves had burst at the thumbs, and—hardest to bear of all—in his pocket was a pack of "Dromedary" cigarettes. This sad state of affairs had come about in spite of the utmost caution on Dvolsky's part. He had moved to the cheapest rooming house he could find; he had learned to do the greater part of his own laundry; he had even tried to dispense with week-day breakfasts. It was plain that he still had much to learn about the economics of Floridian petty-officialdom. Take for instance Yates, the deputy of Rivers County, who lived just across the line, not five miles away. He had a wife and three children; and yet he managed to keep an automobile, two horses, and an attic full of excellent whiskey. Dvolsky knew that Yates' salary could not be much greater than his own, and as he drew a "Dromedary" from its yellow paper-and-foil package he indulged in some idle speculation as to how the other man was able to fare better than he. The last time he called upon Yates his host had almost resorted to force to make him stay for dinner. He had plied him with such drinks as the Hungarian had not tasted since he had crossed the Atlantic. He had made his guest spend the evening at cards, in order that he might eat broiled quail and drink beer at midnight; and when they parted—a bit unsteadily, and almost with tears—Dvolsky had felt a flat box pressed into his pocket. He had somehow managed to forget that last occurrence in the pleasant evaluation of the moment; but the next morning he had found the box, and discovered that it was filled with Turkish cigarettes of a famous and costly brand. Upon the thick smooth paper which cased each of the oval cylinders of tobacco was stamped, in gold, the monogram of the Deputy Sheriff of Rivers County. The Hungarian had wondered at the time whether the American was making a display of his good fortune and better judgment; or whether he hoped to gain something in the way of favor and assistance from the officials of Citrous County; or whether he merely felt free to spend for the pleasure of spending. But since then nearly a year had passed, and no requests for help had come from Yates; nor had there been any gossip to the effect that he habitually overspent his income. Dvolsky knew that the American had no independent fortune, for the story of his early life as an errand-boy in Atlanta was served up afresh every time Yates did anything worthy of note. The entire situation was strange beyond comprehension.

A heavy hand was laid upon the count's shoulder, and he felt himself swung about, to face the very man of whom he had just been thinking. Yates was dark and florid, about forty, with a slow, drawling speech. His nostrils commonly flared and contracted as he breathed. Upon this occasion they were wide-spread, like those of a frightened horse.

"Boy, lemme smell! What's that you're smokin'?" He seized the count's wrist, and twisted it about until he could see the familiar red dromedary stamped upon the butt of Dvolsky's cigarette. The kid glove, frayed with use and repeated washings, split across the palm at the unwonted strain. Yates shook his head in a nonplussed manner. "O lordy, lordy! Boy, you come get into my car, an' ride home with me. You an' me's goin'

to eat a meal together before you starve, an' after that I'm goin' to give you a lecture. What if ol' Jeb Hartley should come back now, an' see a fine young bird like you starvin' where he lived like a king, an' banked near fifty thousand into the bargain? 'T'wouldn't hardly do for to tell you too much right off at the start, I don't suppose: 'might turn your haid. But just a pointer or two ought to set you in the right way. Come quiet now, or I'll han' cuff you."

Dvolsky was too nonplussed to resist, and the sound of the word "dinner" was an added attraction to him. He had eaten nothing but dried prunes that morning, and after such a meal no man of twenty-five could refuse an invitation to dine.

"Jus' you an' me together," Yates was saying. "M'wife's gone an' took the kids up to Jacks for the week-end, an' me an' Henery have to keep house. He's shot some quail, an' you an' me'll have 'em for lunch, same way as we had 'em for supper last time you was over. An' then how I will razz you!" During the ride to Yates' home the talk continued to be as a stream which flowed always from the same direction, while the Hungarian saturated his lungs with the first real smoke he had inhaled in over a week.

Several hours later the two deputies sat with their feet on the rail of a veranda and watched the tiny ground-doves at play upon the close-cut lawn of Bermuda grass. The American had talked himself out, and the Hungarian was turning over and over in his active mind the startling truths he had been told. There was no sound except the dry "flip-flip" of palm fronds in the warm breeze and the restless twittering of the doves. Beside each of the men stood a small bamboo table, which held a number of bottles in varying degrees of emptiness, and a tall glass filled with bright green leaves, fragrant and ruffled. Even Yates felt that life, at that moment, was so pleasant that words would be out of place. They sat silently, the one in active thought, the other in a state of warm and self-satisfied drowsiness. Towards evening Yates roused himself with a sigh and rinsed his hands with sodawater from a siphon that stood at his side.

"Well boy, do you reckon as how you've took note of everythin' teacher said, an' got your lesson all down pat? If you have, we'll call up d'Ambra from Alola an' Reed from Doravill, an' make 'em come over here to see you. No ust runnin' after 'em, or they'll think you ain't to be trusted. An' mark my words, you let them do the talking, an' let them make out the lists of men they want. They ain't nothin' for you to do but sit tight an' name your price when the time comes, like I tol' you to."

Dvolsky nodded. He had just been introduced to the modified system of peonage which now prevails in the south, in place of that cruder method popular after the Civil War. He had been told that he could increase his income if he would consult the engineers in charge of road-construction in his county, and find out from them the names of laborers whom they would be able to use with profit in the chain gangs. After that he would have to do nothing but trump up a charge against each of the men on his list,—an easy task among young negroes, for the most part unmarried, whose sole use for money would be for gambling and drinking,—and then deliver them as soon as possible to the contractors. They would pay him something per head according to previous agreement; and also monthly instalments for every thirty-day period of conviction in excess of one month. It all sounded simple enough, but Yates had spent hours in an attempt to explain fully the beauties of the system. His mind was full of illustrations, both from his own experiences and from those of others before him, Dvolsky felt that the hardest days of his exile were now over, since that store of precedent, practical knowledge, and good-will would always be open for his use and consultation.

Reed and d'Ambra stayed far into the night to haggle over terms, but in the end an agreement was reached and a list of names submitted. The count had heard something against almost every one of the negroes whom the two contractors had chosen as eligible, and his mind immediately set to work at the task of making plans for their conviction. He saw at once that his life was going to be one of ease and pleasure: he would be compelled to do nothing but let the report spread about that he was "after" any certain man, and straightway—for a slight consideration—news of that man's misdoings would come to him.

When the engineers had gone he stayed for a few moments to thank Yates, but that worthy did not wish to listen.

"Now jus' you run along, boy, an' remember what ol' Randolph B's. tol' you. Jeb Hartley, what had your county before you, give me my start, an' I've always felt like I had a debt to any depity of Citrous. We all have to get a start somehow, an' we cain't never tell when it'll do us good to have someone over the county line what feels well disposed towards us. Now Jus' you run along before you get me all flustered." He had lent Dvolsky one of his horses to carry him home, and now he smacked it resoundingly upon the flank with his open palm. The count trotted happily away, and Yates—his face agrin with amusement—watched him as he bounced out of sight down the moonlit path, in an uncomfortable attempt to fit the riding manners of an Hungarian cavalry officer to a narrow Mexican saddle.

* * * * *

One bright morning near the end of April in that same year Deputy Sheriff Count Dvolsky rose from a leisurely breakfast, and set out to call upon his friend Yates. He stood upon the veranda of the private residence where he had taken rooms, and whistled for his horse. A small darkey boy led it around from the stable, and held the bridle while the count mounted. He settled himself comfortably in the roomy English saddle, and at a hand-pace rode out between a double row of poinsetteas to the state highway. There he was halted for a moment by the passage of a gang of negro laborers on their way to work. The right foot of each of those men was chained to the right foot of the man behind him, and all of them were dressed in grey cuit striped round and round with black. As he watched them pass Dvolsky took a silver cigarette-case from his pocket, and drew from it a cigarette stamped at the butt with his family crest, in gold. A few fine threads of Turkish tobacco had become loosened from one end of the cylinder, and to settle them in place the count tapped the cigarette upon the back of one faultlessly-gloved hand.

G. '24.

THE MESSENGER

Editor-in-Chief
GEORGE A. LIBAIRE, '24

Associate Editors
LOUIS M. MYERS, '25
GILBERT M. SMITH, '25
ALAN H. TONGUE, '24
WILLIAM W. VOGT, '25
CHARLES WILSON, '24

Exchange Editor
GILBERT KING, '25

Reporters
LAWRENCE SHOVER, '26
PAUL TITUS, '26

Business Manager
CHARLES HORTON, '26

Assistant Business Managers
PAUL PFISTNER, '26
FREDERICK SCOTT, '26
BRENT WOODRUFF, '25

Circulation Manager
A. A. PACKARD, '26

The Messenger appears four times annually.

The Messenger Proof Sheet is published semi-monthly during the college year.

Subscriptions and other business communications should be addressed to the Business Manager.

All subscriptions over-due will be discontinued.

Price of subscription: The Messenger \$1.00. The Messenger Proof Sheet \$1.00.

"Entered as second-class matter October 26, 1922, at the post office at Annandale-on-Hudson, New York, under the Act of March 3, 1879."

Hickok Music Co.

Poughkeepsie
SHEET MUSIC
Instruments and
Supplies

Order
by Mail *Brunswick*

TRIEBEL'S GARAGE &
MACHINE SHOP, Inc.
RED HOOK, N. Y.
Auto Supplies and Accessories
TAXI SERVICE

SEIDEN'S FOR AUTO SUPPLIES

357 Main St.,
POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y.
PHONE 1374

Spring and Summer Athletic And Sport Goods

—FOR—

College Needs

Are Now on
Display

Mail Orders Promptly and Satisfactorily
Executed with Privilege of Exchange

VON DER LINDEN'S POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y.

FIRE INSURANCE AND REAL ESTATE
G. W. PLATT, Agent
RED HOOK, N. Y., R. F. D.
Long Distance Phone 19 F 4
Representing
Glens Falls Insurance Co., Royal Insurance
Co., Home Insurance Co.

Stock & Cordts

FURNITURE

Everything For Your Room
KINGSTON, N. Y.

VARIAN'S Sea Food Market

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL
Always Fresh
POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y.
452 MAIN ST. PHONE 727

Est. 1885
WHITE PIGEON **W P** BRAND

Annandale Exchange Farm Products

Apples, Pears, Peaches, Grapes,
Strawberries

Tel. Red Hook 23-F7
RED HOOK, N. Y., R. F. D. 3

COMPLIMENTS OF

MacDonnell Fruit Co.

POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y.

John Henry Stores

Incorporated

EVERYTHING FOR THE HOME

Florence Oil Stoves

353-355 MAIN STREET,
POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y.

GO TO

The Notion Shop

RED HOOK, N. Y.

SANITARY ICE CREAM PARLOR

For High Grade Stationery, St. Stephen's
Pennants, Place Cards, Tally Cards, Fish's
Samoset and Belle Meade Sweet Candies.

Cox Sons & Vining

131-133 EAST 23rd ST.,

New York

Caps And Gowns

Hoods for all degrees—Church
Vestments

WOOD'S

Modern Drug Store Goods 288 Main St.

POUGHKEEPSIE'S

Mirror Candy Shop

POUGHKEEPSIE'S

Famous Soda Grill

POUGHKEEPSIE'S

Leading Drug Store

"Say It With Flowers"

Saltford Flower Shop

286 MAIN STREET

Poughkeepsie, New York

'Phone 538

The Greatest Store Between New
York and Rochester

ROSE - GORMAN - ROSE

KINGSTON, N. Y.

Everything for Everybody
Everything for Everybody's Home

HARRY F. PITTS, O. R.
Optometrist

C. V. L. PITTS & SONS
Jewelers

314 WALL STREET,
KINGSTON, N. Y.

ENCOURAGE HOME TRADE

BUY IT AT

AU COCK'S

RED HOOK, N. Y.

Rugs Curtains
Couch Covers

P. Secchi

C. Cerilli

Garden Tailors

EXPERT CUSTOM TAILORS

Repairing, Pressing, Cleaning, Dyeing and
Remodeling

8 Garden Street, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

Two Doors from Main Street

THE STRAND GRILL

HOTEL RESTAURANT

(Formerly the Colonial)

Known from the Atlantic to the Pacific

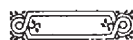
Come In When You Want A

Good Feed-You'll Like It.

STEAKS OYSTERS CHOPS

6-8 Washington Street

POUGHKEEPSIE, NEW YORK



Nearest Hotel to

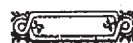
St. Stephen's

HOFFMAN INN

"ON THE POST ROAD"

At Red Hook, N. Y.

Accommodations for Tourists



MEN OF ST. STEPHEN'S

Can you do better with your life and your education than
to give them to God, His Church and your
fellow men in the Sacred Ministry?

Nashotah House

A THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY

Founded 1842

A three year course for college graduates, covering all
the subjects required by the Canons.

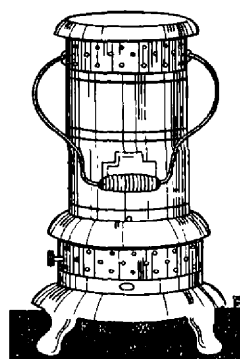
Elective courses give the candidate an opportunity to
specialize.

Some scholarships are available.

Nashotah offers unique opportunities to men who value
the Catholic faith and practice.

Write for a catalogue.

THE VERY REV. BENJ. F. P. IVINS, D. D., Dean
Nashotah, Wisconsin.



USE ONE OF THESE
PERFECTION OF FLORENCE
OIL HEATERS
FOR CHILLY FALL DAYS

These oil heaters will keep your rooms
comfortable on chilly Fall days when a
furnace fire is unnecessary. It will pay
for itself by saving your coal for cold
weather, and in Winter time it can be used
to advantage for heating parts of the
house that are difficult to keep comforta-
bly heated. A full line of Perfection and
Florence Oil Heaters in stock. Prices
from

\$6.75 to \$14.00

J. A. CURTIS, RED HOOK, N. Y.

HEATON'S SHOES

Ladies' and Men's
SHOES OF QUALITY

351 Main St, POUGHKEEPSIE
Next First National Bank

Terminal Barber Shop

NEW MARKET STREET
POUGHKEEPSIE

CRAUERS

Books and Magazines, Crane's Station-
ery, Eastman Kodaks and Supplies, Tennis
Rackets and Balls, Picture Frames Made to
Order, Office and School Supplies, Flags,
Flag Decorations, Flag Poles and Brackets,
Complete Line Photo Supplies, Developing
and Printing, 24 Hour Service.

Forsyth & Davis, Inc.

307 WALL STREET, KINGSTON, N. Y.

Try "AMBLER'S" First

For Note Books, Fountain Pens, Typewriter Supplies, Dennison Goods, All Stationery Items

AMBLER-MATTESON, Inc.,
366 MAIN ST., POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y.

C. H. PERKINS, M. D.

Optometrist and Optician
Eyes Scientifically Tested—Glasses Perfectly Adjusted
286 MAIN STREET
Established 1892 Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

Frederick A. Smith

PORTRAIT PHOTOGRAPHER
MAIN ST.,
POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y.

Nelson House Barber Shop

5—SELECTED EXPERT BARBERS—5
MANICURING
A SHOP OF REAL SERVICE

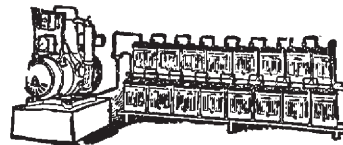
The A. V. Haight Company

PRINTERS AND BOOKBINDERS
Twenty Liberty Street
POUGHKEEPSIE, NEW YORK

Official watch inspectors for New York
Central Lines

Zimmer Brothers

DIAMONDS, WATCHES AND JEWELRY
Expert Repairing
329 Main St., (North Side)
Poughkeepsie, N. Y.



FLASHLIGHTS ACCESSORIES BULBS
POUGHKEEPSIE ELECTRICAL SHOP
STRAND BUILDING

CHAS. KLEINE

Painting and Decorating
Contractor

PAINT SUPPLIES
488 BROADWAY, KINGSTON
Phone 433-W,

ARCHITECTS

St. Stephen's Memorial Gymnasium

HOPPIN AND KOEN

4 East 43rd Street, New York City

LET GINDELE

EQUIP
YOU FOR

Basketball

WE CARRY A COMPLETE STOCK
154 MAIN ST., POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y.

WE ARE THE PEOPLE TO FURNISH
YOU WITH

WINCHESTER

GUNS, RIFLES, AMMUNITION, FOOTBALL and BASKETBALL GOODS

C. D. Johnson Hardware Co.

POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y.

LUCILIUS MOSELEY

31 MARKET ST.
Opposite Nelson House

Men's Furnishings, Caps,
Imported Golf Hose
Fine Neckwear

SPECIALLY SELECTED SPORT SHIRTS

MOSELEY'S

FURNISHINGS OF THE BETTER KIND

To Be Well Dressed—

for every occasion is the desire of all men who have due regard for their personal appearance.

College Men particularly value the prestige of the right clothes at the right time.

WE HAVE THE RIGHT CLOTHES
ALL THE TIME

Here—ready to put on—and expert tailors ready to adjust any detail that might be necessary to complete a perfect fit.

Men's and Boys Clothes
Furnishings—Hats—Shoes

M. SHWARTZ & CO.

The Home of Good Clothes
Poughkeepsie

Pianos – Victrolas – Records

DEVELOPING AND PRINTING

E. WINTER'S SONS

JOHN STREET KINGSTON, N. Y.

Liggett's Chocolates

Kodaks, Candies, Writing Paper, Post Cards
Flashlights

PRESCRIPTIONS A SPECIALITY

Our Sodas Are The Best in Town

THE REXALL STORE

The Red Hook Drug Store

RED HOOK, N. Y.

NELSON HOUSE

POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y.

The Leading Hotel of the City

E. P. COUGHLAN, Prop.

KODAKS

DEVELOPING AND PRINTING, ALSO
ENGRAVING, PICTURES AND
PICTURE FRAMING

Raymond's Art Shop

318 Main Street, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

Cotrell & Leonard

ALBANY, N. Y.

Makers of

CAPS — GOWNS — HOODS
For All Degrees



RICH GOWNS FOR
PULPIT AND CHOIR

Send for illustrated bulletin and full
information

Telephone 37-F-5 Established in 1892

Post-office

Erwin Smith

GROCERIES AND GENERAL
MERCHANDISE

Annandale-on-Hudson, N. Y.

Kingston Candy Co., Inc.

KINGSTON, N. Y.

WHOLESALE CONFECTIONERS

"Where you get the Best Quality
and Prompt Service"

CAPITAL, \$75,000

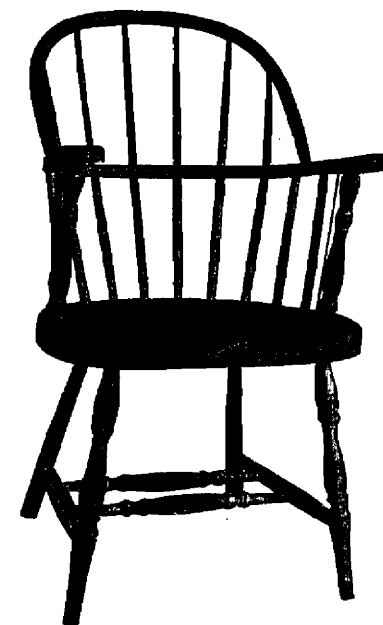
SURPLUS AND PROFIT, \$88,500

First National Bank

RED HOOK, N. Y.

Accounts and New Business

Solicited



These Chairs finished in the following
finishes: Antique Oak, Flemish Oak, Ma-
hogany, Ivory, Blue and Orange, Gray and
Black, Plain Blue or Green and White.

FOR ONLY \$10.00

GREGORY AND COMPANY
KINGSTON, N. Y.

Wm. McMichael

Official Taxi for St. Stephen's

Livery and Teaming

Automobile for Rent

ANNANDALE-ON-HUDSON, N. Y.

IRVING J. STALEY

RHINEBECK, N. Y.

THE BUILDER WITH THE MOTTO:

“Build Right the First Time”

NOW WORKING WITH THE REST FOR A GREATER ST. STEPHEN'S

WEED MUSIC SHOP**Victrolas and Records**

EVERYTHING IN MUSIC

Records Sent By
Mail Insured Free

294 MAIN STREET, POUGHKEEPSIE

"Hello"

1404

When in Kingston Visit**CANDYLAND**

FOR

Home Made Candies, Ice Cream and
Light Lunches

Opposite Keeny's Theatre WALL ST.

KINGSTON, NEW YORK

Ostrander & Woolsey

KUPPENHEIMER SUITS

MICHAELS STERNS SUITS

\$30 \$35 \$38 \$45

We rent and sell Tuxedos and
Full Dress Suits

Kingston, Head of Wall St. N. Y.

ADVERTISE IN

THE MESSENGER

**The Leading Theatres In
Poughkeepsie Are****STRATFORD****"THE THEATRE
BEAUTIFUL"**The Greatest Screen
Productions made are
shown at this Theatre.
Music by the Stratford
Concert Orchestra at
Every Performance.**BARDAVON**

Formerly Collingwood

**A PLAYHOUSE
DE LUXE**Now Open
Playing
High Class Stage and
Screen Productions**LIBERTY**A Cozy Home of
Photo Plays where
Double Features are
Shown Every Day in
the Week except Sun-
day.**NOTICE**A list of the Attractions Playing at the STRATFORD THEATRE
will be Posted on the College Bulletin Board Every Monday.**Wood-Young Co.**

POUGHKEEPSIE

When Mr. Edison was getting up his test for college men
you'll notice he didn't ask any questions about style. Per-
haps he thought that would be too easy.College men know how to appreciate good clothes all
right; want the best they can get. That's why so many of
them come to us.HART SCHAFFNER & MARX CLOTHES
KNOX HATS BERG HATS
WILSON BROS. UNDERWEAR
FASHION KNIT CRAVATS ENGLISH HALF HOSE
AND ALL MODERATELY PRICED