

MESSENGER

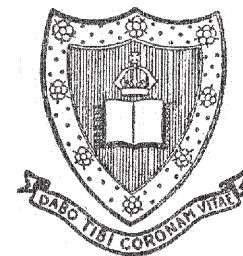
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The MESSENGER

ST. STEPHEN'S COLLEGE

Nov.



1923

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FALL NUMBER

VIA SACRA

Not in gods or idols do we find an end.
Our dreams have feet of clay.
Crumbling into dust before the breath of Time,
They line our sacred way.

Deities still-born, engendered with a life
That has its life in thought
Sprung from fools and cowards who would hang a dip
To play the star they sought,

Mocking us, they grin from out the wrack, each face
A rain carved vacancy.
Worshipping, we tread the way and find, in stones,
The limit of infinity.

—W. W. V., '25.

Geoffrey's Nightmare

Except as an illustration of the mild and steady humor peculiar to Chaucer, the House of Fame is noteworthy only as a stupendous example of the use of scissors and paste in poetic composition. It is utterly without balance, and by no stretch of the imagination can any one conjecture how the author could have carried his work nearer to completion than it now stands. When Chaucer stopped, well along in the third book, he had exhausted all the known references to Fame and Rumor either in heaven, hell, the writings of classical antiquity, or the Renaissance; he had borrowed the images and themes of every writer of note upon the subject, and taken up bodily the methods used by them in supernatural exposition and invocation: and yet he had barely succeeded in outlining for his readers the house of Daedalus, with its dense crowds, its whirling walls, and its sixty miles of length. We must conclude that he never intended to bring the poem to an end, but wrote for his own diversion, or else that his artistic technique had not yet reached maturity. The probable answer is that he made of his labors on the House of Fame an anodyne to soothe the pain of his daily grind in the customs office. There is no appeal, as often elsewhere, to the generosity of a forgetful prince; but there is, in the monody of the eagle, in II, 652-660, this justification for the compensation hypothesis,—

“For whan thy labour doon al is,
And hast y-maad thy rekeninges,
Instede of reste and newe thinges,
Thou gost hoom to thy hous anoon;
And, also domb as any stoon,
Thou sittest at another boke,
Till fully dawsed is thy loke,
And livest thus as an hermyte,
Although thyn abstinence is lyte.”

The bird of Jove then goes on to say that he will take Geoffrey up to the house of Fame in return for labor and devotion paid to “Cupido, the reccheles.” That conclusion is no doubt only an outburst of the romantic mechanism with which Chaucer, in his early work, encumbered himself. But we will return later to the motive. The plot, in brief, runs as follows:

Book I: a discussion of dreams. Here is mine of the tenth of December, (according to Ten Brink, 1383). Hear me invoke Morpheus, and let all unsympathetic folk die on the gibbet, as did Croesus of Lydia.

In my sleep I came to a temple of glass, dedicated to Venus; and there, upon the wall, I saw a tablet of brass which told the tale of Aeneas up to the time of his marriage with Lavinia. I see fit to give about five hundred lines to this episode. Next I left the temple, and found myself in the midst of a great desert. An eagle with golden feathers and human voice swooped down, and caught me.

Book II: up into heaven, after the manner of Enoch's translation. The bird told me I was to have sight of the house of Fame, as a reward for the conscientious labors of my life. The house stood between heaven, earth, and sea; and in my flight I looked down upon the rains, the zodiac, and the milky way beneath me, and was reminded of a number of classical quotations. The eagle left me to find my way into the house, whither, after the manner of widening ripples, came all human words in the shapes of the men who have uttered them.

Book III: Apollo, make my thoughts show clearly through my artless rhyme. The palace stood upon a rock of ice, which was covered on one side

with melted names, and on the other with names still legible. The palace-walls were of beryl, and pierced with countless windows: about these there stood in niches famous minstrels of old, together with Medea, Circe, Hermes, and other sorcerers. Within the golden gates the heralds of Fame cried out. Upon a throne of ruby in the center of the great hall sat the goddess, a mere dwarf at first sight, but later so large that she filled the whole space between earth and heaven. She was covered with innumerable tongues and ears, and sustained upon her shoulders the reputations of such men as Hercules and Alexander. About the walls of the assembly room stood pillars of many different metals, which upheld the reputations of noted authors: Geoffrey of Monmouth stood upon a pillar of iron, because he had told anew the tale of Troy; Virgil had a pillar of iron coated with tin; for Claudian there was a pillar of sulphur.

A dense crowd pressed about the feet of the goddess, and begged for her approbation. Aeolus stood at hand, and in accordance with the nod of Fame he would blow upon his black trumpet of Slander or his golden trumpet of Praise. From Slander came out a stinking smoke, and shrouded companies of the idle and undeserving in a black cloud of condemnation. From Praise issued a breath of balm and of roses, and spread everywhere the reputations of those who had done good deeds, or were modest,—or had some valid reason for wishing their good deeds suppressed. But as often as not Praise also sounded out for evil men, while many of the virtuous were trodden under foot. A man came up to me and began to ask questions about my work, but by this time I was weary of the scene, and begged him to lead me away. He conducted me outside to a valley, where stood the house of Daedalus, or Rumor. This was built of basket work left full of holes, and all its doors stood wide. It was sixty miles long, and whirled about continually. My eagle appeared again, and carried me through a window into the house. I was confronted by a horde of pilgrims, pardoners, and messengers, whose occupation was to tell all manner of tales. These rumors, both good and bad, often flew out of the windows together and became mixed; then they fell into the hands of Fame, who worked her will upon them. *The most eager group of talkers gave rise to tales of love, and from this group a man of distinguished bearing advanced towards me. I could not recall him, but. . . .*

In his Falls of Princes Lydgate referred to our poem as "Daunt in English," which for a long time led critics to see in the Hous merely an attempt on Chaucer's part to make a tour into the supernatural, after the manner of the great Florentine. But J. E. Wells holds that the influence of Dante here is less a matter of structural plan than of general culture and background. To be sure both poets start their cantos with invocations, both find themselves in desert places, and both have guides to the unknown; but there the resemblance ends. The bulk of the Englishman's material is drawn from Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, from Virgil's *Aeneid*, and from mixed readings in the other classics, as well as in the Italian writers of the day. *From Boccaccio are drawn many of the proper names, such as Cupido, Calipsa, and Vulcano. The description of Fame, while reminiscent of Virgil's familiar passage which starts "Fama, malum quo non aliud velocius ullum," is frankly adopted from the Metamorphoses, xii. 39-63. A few comparative lines from each will make this clear. Ovid writes,—*

"Orbe locus medio est inter terrasque, fretumque,
Caelestesque plagas, triplicis confinia mundi;
Unde quod est usquam, quamvis regionibus absit,
Inspicitur penetratque cavas vox omnis ad aures."

In the Hous, II 713-720, Chaucer renders the above,—

"Hir paleys stant, as I shal seye,
Right even in middes of the weye
Betwixen hevene, erthe, and see;
That, what-so-ever in al these three
Is spoken, in privee or aperte,
The wey therto is so overte,
And stant eek in so luste a place,
That every soun mot to hit pace. . . ."

Critical opinion, however, assigns the predominant form and spirit of the piece to the influence of *Le Roman de la Rose*. Chaucer was still under the romantic sway of the Roman, and still expressed himself in its meter. From the old French poem he took most of his prologue about the significance of dreams, together with the King Croesus story. A fragment from each version of the latter will show how well he could "adopt" from the French. The Roman says,—

"Cresus. . . .
Qui refu roi de toute Lyde,
Qu'el vous vuet faire au gibet pendre."

Chaucer turns it, words, charitable spirit, and all,—

"Befalle him therof,
Lo! with swich a conclusioun
As had of his avisioun
Cresus, that was king of Lyde,
That high upon a gebet dyde!"

If we were to judge Geoffrey by our present-day standards of literary morality, he would stand condemned as the most flagrant kind of plagiarist; but we must remember that in his day, and until several centuries later, an author was expected to borrow right and left. Quotations from better-known men were thought to enrich the compositions of the obscure; and a writer's learning, skill, and taste were estimated by the frequency with which he bolstered up his line with fragments from righteous and proven sources.

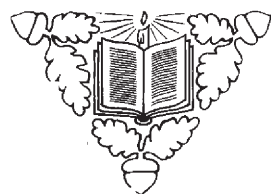
Let us now turn back to a discussion of the possible motives behind our poem. Manly has an interesting theory in this regard; he takes for his criteria Chaucer's later methods as shown in the *Legend of Good Women* and in the *Canterbury Tales*, and argues that the Hous was intended as a mere prologue to a series of love stories. It is probable that the learned doctor here attributes to Chaucer a power of foresight and a degree of constructive skill which he had not yet acquired. He later abandoned both the meter and spirit of the Roman, and tied himself down to the limits of a more balanced style of composition. We might, then, conclude that the Hous was only a literary exercise, symptom of a groping towards a mature sense of form.

Another theory would have it that Chaucer's intention was to write the earliest English autobiographical narrative. His passage through the fires of youth and romanticism would be shown in the temple of Venus episode. The eagle would then have to be viewed as an embodiment of Philosophy, sent to teach him that Fame is a jade who smiles more often upon the unworthy than upon the virtuous. His reason for going to the house of Rumor would be that he might study the lives of other lovers and

pilgrims, in an attempt to see whether or not they found the game worth the candle. This is taking matters a bit too far, for Chaucer's main interest here centers not about conveying information but about displaying pagentry. He will not let the eagle instruct him concerning the celestial bodies, he will not try conclusions with Fame, and he does not speak bitterly against her judgments. His only aim is to strike off word-pictures, and in the end his material runs away with him.

In one important respect the Hous of Fame is signally successful as a work of art: that respect is the clear and convincing manner in which it conveys to the reader the most preposterous notions and images. The fairy tale runs so smoothly that the reader feels no surprise when he is shown the grotesque giantess Fame, or the whirling house of Daedalus, bigger than a whole county. Our expositor wanders through the firmament without the slightest concern, views monstrous distortions of nature without a quiver, and makes his incomplete work—no matter how technically deficient—succeed in leaving a real dream-impression. The poem contains all the calmly supernatural element of a genuine nightmare, where nothing seems impossible, and of which the memory is never a systematic arrangement of logical events, but only a kaleidoscope of visual impressions. We wake with a start, and turn over without regret.

—G., '24.



Some General Reading

The President suggests a few of the new books in the Hoffman Memorial Library which have interested him, not as important merely for specific departments, but as volumes of merit for more general reading.

1. **The End of the House of Alard**, by Sheila Kaye-Smith, is as good a novel as has been published for several years. With marked skill in construction and characterization, the author has given a vivid picture of post-war rural England. Sociologically and psychologically it repays one, and also as exciting reading. Incidentally, this is the first really popular novel for some time which is Catholic in sympathy. Anglo-Catholicism is seen very much as it is.

2. **Three Plays** is by Pirandello, the best-known of the modern Italian dramatists. Fascinating, these dramas are, psychological in form, often puzzling but never stupid. "Six Characters in Search of an Author" is the only one produced as yet in this country. "Henry IV" is to my mind the best.

3. **Greek Sculpture**. John Worrack has prepared a book of plates, with a readable introduction, not too learned, for those who desire not so much a text book as something interesting from the point-of-view of Art.

4. **Damaged Souls** is Gamaliel Bradford's title for his collection of essays on Americans who were not quite normal, and whose abnormalities have made them somewhat suspect in the eyes of history; such men as John Brown, Tom Paine, Aaron Burr, Barnum, etc. Unusually readable and illuminating papers, these.

5. **Life on a Medieval Barony**. Professor William S. Davis has given us here a reconstruction of life in varied phase in the fourteenth century. It is as interesting as any historical novel. It is not wholly fair to the religion of the time, but otherwise as fine-spirited as it is wholly accurate in detail.

6. Isaac Sharpless, who was president of Haverford College until 1917, has told the **Story of a Small College** in a way to enhearten those who believe in small colleges and a bit to confound their opponents.

7. In **Bread** Charles Norris has done his best novel so far. It is a thoughtful study of the working woman, her sociological and psychological reactions. The conclusion is unconvincing, but on the whole, one is impressed by both the honesty and the reasonableness of the positions taken. It is decidedly readable.

8. Nels Anderson, in **The Hobo**, introduces the reader to that least known of all persons in America, the casual laborer. Mr. Anderson knows his subject by reason of personal experiences and contacts. Good to read when one gets homesick for the road.

9. Miss Willa Cathehr has written many good novels, and with one of them even secured a Pulitzer Prize, but probably none can compare for artistic worth with **A Lost Lady**. It is more like a novel by Turgeneff than any American piece of work I know. Its realism in restraint is refreshing after the second-rate stuff produced by Messrs. Dell et al.

10. **Happy Rascals** is just plain fooling, about some wicked English sailormen on a coasting schooner, much in the manner of W. W. Jacobs. A man named J. Morton Howard wrote it.

11. Philip Guedalla, who wrote a book last year on **The Second Empire** which I commended as making history more interesting than a novel, has collected a series of short papers under the title, **Masters and Men**. You mustn't miss this one, even if you have time only for a dip. Especially all good young realists should do it, for their souls' health.

12. The Paddock Lectures for 1922 are by the Rev. Canon O. C. Quick and bear the title, **Liberalism, Modernism and Tradition**. Those seeking for an intelligent discussion of the religious, as distinct from the moral problems facing Christendom might well take a look between its covers.

13. **Figure Painting in Water Colour** is one of a half-dozen of the Studio Year Books which have lately been added to the library. The illustrations are exceedingly beautiful, especially the colored ones. To get them you have to ask the librarian personally. They are not on the general shelves.

14. **The Story of Man's Mind** is an attempt to do for psychology what H. G. Wells did for history, namely give in short compass a sketch of the whole of its development. This is a mighty good book for a man to read who isn't going in for psychology but feels he wishes to know something about it, and that something true. It reads easily. It is by George Humphrey of Wesleyan.

15. Where does science legitimately end and where do philosophy and religion begin? What can and what never can be discovered about truth by man through scientific means and methods? All this forms the subject of the Gifford Lectures for last year called **The Domain of Natural Science**, delivered at Aberdeen by E. W. Hobson, Professor of Pure Mathematics and Fellow of Christ's College, Cambridge. Any of our alumni who are parsons will find this book very helpful. Not that it is a parsonical sort of book—not at all.

16. **Dead Towns and Living Men** is by old New College man named C. L. Woolsey who has been an archaeologist for a number of years, mostly for the British Museum. He is able so to write as to blow away the dust from his profession and let you see its fun and its attraction.

17. **Some Eccentrics and a Woman** is the attractive title of a book of sketches of beaux, belles, and others under the Georges, and particularly the Regency. One Lewis Melville is the author.

18. Words are mighty interesting things to study. They carry about with them humor and romance and other attractive things. For instance, the reader is referred to **English Words and Their Backgrounds**, by George H. McKnight of Ohio State University. There's lots of fun in looking it over.

19. In **The Making of the Western Mind**, Messrs. Stawell and Marvin have attempted the difficult task of outlining the growth of European culture, within the covers of quite a small book. They have succeeded in rather a surprising way. A mighty good book to read for a combination of pleasure and profit.

20. Just before Bishop Charles Williams of Detroit died, he prepared, to be delivered at Vanderbilt University, a series of lectures entitled **The Gospel of Fellowship**. It remains his final message to the world. It is full of his usual clear thinking, warm sympathy, plain speaking, and ability to see the inevitable inter-relationship of personal and social religion. Where are we to turn for this sort of thing, now that Dr. Williams has gone?

Hate Thy Neighbor

"Patriotism," said Dr. Johnson, "is the last refuge of a scoundrel." Whether or not one agrees with him, nationalism, with its concomitant patriotism, is worth serious thought today. A mere infant of less than six hundred summers, it is now driving Europe headlong into the mire of its own prejudices.

In the thirteenth century such a phenomenon had not even been conceived. Englishmen would cheerfully kill their English brethren. An English baron would fight against the French king while the English son led a Norman army against his father, to retain the right to Norman demesnes! The thought that, because a man lived on the banks of the Seine, he should murder one who lived on the Thames, "right or wrong," had never entered anyone's head. However, some years later, came sweeping economic changes. Trade routes were extended, the value of cooperation became more apparent, and horizons were necessarily extended.

There is, in most of us, a desire for attachment. In prehistoric times there was the cave which was home, and the group living there received loyalty. The group to which the affections adhered was, after many hundreds of years, enlarged to embrace a whole town. A man from Birmingham would congratulate himself on the good luck of having been born in Birmingham, and not in Nottingham. He would gleefully go out to kill twenty men from a rival town because a Birmingham merchant had been assaulted. This attraction to the group and the feeling of superiority over the members of other groups, egocentricism, has always been characteristic of "the so-called human race." You recall the animus of Yank, **The Hairy Ape**, because society would nought of him—because he did not "belong."

As the old town economy began to break down, as men saw more of the world and, for the sake of gain, had constant intercourse with merchants from different lands, the locus for the attachment instinct was necessarily extended. Generally, the group was made to include the state.

It might be well to consider the evolution of the state, the institution for which men willingly die if they happen to have been born within it—usually arbitrary—boundaries.

It is hardly necessary to go back of the first groups. The advantages of amalgamation were clear enough and, with the domestication of animals, man became a herdsman. But one cannot live by meat alone, and tillers of the soil were soon part of the same society. This would all have been very fine if there had not been a few people with superior brains and initiative. They saw the possibilities of what Franz Oppenheimer calls "political"—as opposed to "economic"—means, and became cattle thieves. Each group had its fleas upon its back, and one of them would guarantee protection from the rest upon the payment of tribute. The farmer and the herder were only too glad to have security, and the rustlers became a recognized class. They later became the barons of medieval society, and it would hardly be respectful to some of the latter-day "saints" to trace out the rest of the evolution.

In a baronial society there would naturally arise a king who would exercise more or less control over the soldier-rulers and, in time, abrogate much of their authority to himself.

It was under this system that the dissolution of the town economy began and that an international exchange became more general. The merchant-princes were the men with the money, and the kings—they were intelligent in those days—perceived the advantages of gaining their support. Money was needed to carry on the court life and the affairs of state, and the merchants had it. If a king could have an army of well trained mercenaries he could guarantee to the traders a much higher degree of safety than had formerly obtained and in thus gaining their gratitude could gain access to their purse-strings. This was soon effected, and the ruler denominated the domain which he could control—"my country." And the poor bewildered attachment-instinct echoed him—"my country!" There were some battles, of course, over boundaries, but they were finally settled; and if a man happened to live on one side of a brook, a hundred soldiers might see him murdered, from the other side. "C'est un Allemand. Nous sommes Francais," they would murmur.

All the countries of Europe came into being in such a manner. And now it seems as if their being must come to an end. In the thirteen original American colonies we had much the same situation.

Frontiersmen who had left the mother countries were scattered about the American continent. Swedes rubbed shoulders with Dutchmen who were surrounded by Englishmen, who in turn were pushed on the north by Frenchmen and elbowed on the south by Spaniards. Obviously, the old loyalties could not last.

We have, to replace them, the phenomenon of a Dutch-American and an English-American whacking each other upon the back, over their beer, and praising the gods that they have been born New Yorkers and not New Jerseyites! Their brothers in nought but blood are doing the same thing across the North River and up the Sound and, at the same time, blasphemously blessing the inhabitants of Manhattan on account of the newly laid intercolonial duties.

At about the time of Shays' rebellion "New York taxed firewood from Connecticut and farm truck from New Jersey landing at its docks," says D. S. Muzzy. "New Jersey replied with a tax on a lighthouse which New York had built on Jersey soil (Sandy Hook), and the Connecticut farmers formed a nonexportation association to starve New York into brotherly conduct."

As inhabitants of the old countries are notorious for their conservatism, so those of the new are notable for their adaptability. When one man must ride, walk, swim, fight Indians, mend a chair, cook a meal, and treat a sick ox, all within twenty-four hours, he cannot be bound by tradition.

Prices rose in New York and the products of New Jersey and Connecticut brought in no revenue. When one must act or starve, things move quickly. That nationalistic boundaries were suicidal was, before many decades, apparent to the settlers; and in 1789 one great nation came into being, to supplant the American Balkans.

Now let us turn back to Europe. In an area approximately the size of the United States we have twenty odd—I have not counted them in at least a week—nations, many of them smaller than some of our states. If we take a section of Western Europe the size of our nation, what do we find? Greater natural resources than those of the U. S.; greater agricul-

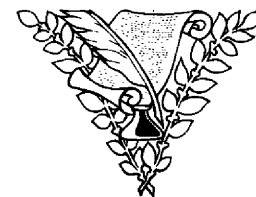
tural lands; huge expanses of forest, more easily reached than the scattered timber lands which remain to us; better trained artisans in larger numbers; and vastly superior technical schools and universities. And yet, in this land of plenty, but not of peace, hundreds of thousands of people are literally starving to death. Disease is rife. Cities are tumbling down. Children are almost universally undersized, as a result of malnutrition. Their civilization is falling away as a result of the leprosy of blind patriotism. This emotion, once so valuable in building up the western world, must die, or Europe will become a desert.

Unless there is a great change, what will be the result? Russia is recovering from her crisis, as is shown by the constantly increasing exports. Austria's condition is doubtful, but with thousands of rickety and tubercular children, her future is hardly cheerful. Patriotic hatred of her was forgotten, and a loan was negotiated. Germany, with practically all her natural resources gone, burdened with a debt she cannot possibly pay, is caught in the vortex with no chance of escape. Her collapse, as is practically axiomatic, will drag down her neighbors. England and France are like drunken sailors. Both sharpen their knives continually and neither dares to lose sight of the other's movements. England, perhaps, with her flexible government, and with her world-wide dominion, may come through the gauntlet unscratched, but the present economic condition, with its concomitant of thousands of unemployed, is a sufficiently clear indicator of blood ahead. The low countries and Scandanavia exist by feeding their larger brethren, and if there is no money to buy food, they must be carried along.

Suppose this anomaly—patriotism—did not exist. Suppose Napoleon had been able to create a European nation. Obviously there would have been no war. There would have been no reason for a little pink spot on the map, Austria, to declare war on a grey spot; indeed, if there were no such conception, there would be no difference in color; fighting would appear as absurd as it really is. Imagine a New York delicatessen dealer shooting a Hoboken rival because the latter was expanding his liverwurst trade! If there were no nationalistic conception it would not matter at all on which side of the Rhine the Ruhr iron fields happened to be.

There are two alternatives—the United States of Europe or ghastly, slow starvation. Someone has said that empty stomachs make clear minds.

—W. W. V., '25.



Canticle

All near to Rydal Heath there stands
The Crown, by Toby Maye,
And right good cheer is found thereat
For man and beast, both night and day.
And four friends drink around the fire
Now candle light has come,
And hoarfrost shimmers on the byre,
And night winds moan, a dismal choir,
Outside the window pane.

The beasts in barn are bedded down
With fragrant straw, content;
And through the great room of the Crown
There breathes an autumn scent
Of marigold, and rosemary,
And walnuts stored in barrels three,
And onions and red peppers strung
In loops and from the rafters hung.

Now Chapman John from Dinnesmere Fell
Has drained three pots—or four;
And sturdy Tim from Holywell
Can stand but little more;
And Diccon Whyte from Rydal Shore
—Who ventured at Hell's Hound, but missed,
Strong Dic, whom cold Tiphane once kissed,
Who burst the millstone with his fist—
Is easing to the floor.

Then up sways Wat the friar-minor
And rears aloft his tonsured head,
Round as the moon, and full as red,
Though neither clear nor cold.
No dainty clerk is he, men say;
He sits at Toby's all the day,
And hoists him many a foaming pot
And leads this sounding glee:

“Come give a rouse for the marigold,
And a rouse for rosemary—
Twin flowers twain of our Fair Ladye—
Bright fee for a pilgrim bold.

“And give a rouse for the Crystal Tree
That stands at Heaven's Brim,
For in it perch God's gentle doves
And flocks of Cherubim.

“In the shadow of that Blessed Tree
Is lodged a blissful companye,
And in carven cups of rare device
Glows the new-pressed Wine of Paradise—
For a rouse, sweet knaves,
For a rouse.

“Hear how the silver leaves do sing,
Look where the swallow dips her wing;
The daffodils and grasses slim
Bow down before the face of Him!
So swing your fragrant cups on high,
The Goodly Fere goes striding by—
Give a rouse, sweet knaves,
Give a rouse!”

—Ignifer.

DESIREE

Her eyes remind me of a faun's . . .
They are young and tender and bright with desire.
And there is a look in them that will not wait!
When she is gone I feel their troubled gaze
As though she would call me back
For something I had forgotten. . . .
Perhaps it is my lost youth!

In the moonlight her face is a magnolia flower—
Bewitching, insolent in its youth and promise. . . .
And when I hold her in my arms
She turns her face for a moment away
Before she lifts it, obedient,
To meet my lips.
I wonder—is Youth laughing at me?

—E. N. V.



Falbrough

Falbrough is a small village in the Adirondacks, not far from Lake Placid. Since a state road has come in, the place has, to a great extent, become modernized, and fallen in line with other tourist towns: there are electric lights and soda fountains; new cottages are going up every year, and a general "booming" atmosphere prevails. There are still a few old figures who do not fit into the new picture; but ten years ago the village was one of the most interesting anachronisms in the country. It is an accepted fact that small mountain communities tend to preserve old ideas, or at least to be immune to new ones; but no one who has not lived in such a back water can imagine to what an extent this is true.

* * * * *

My first visit to Falbrough was in the summer of nineteen hundred and ten, the year of Halley's Comet. No corn was planted that season until the end of June. As Hank Nevins remarked: "H'ain't no use doin' work we won't never get no good of; the world's comin' to an end."

* * * * *

Perhaps the most interesting feature of the place was the religion of the "Holy Rollers." Camp Meeting, Revivals, and such like extremes of perverted Evangelism are common enough in this country, but I have never known the principle to reach quite such a degree, or to be carried on quite so continually, as in Falbrough. The members of the "Holiness Society" were without doubt the meanest, and generally lowest group of mortals that I have ever encountered; but they spoke of themselves as the "Saints," and were absolutely sure that for them alone was the Kingdom of Heaven.

Every meeting of the church which the profane called "Holy Roller" was an emotional orgy. Men, women, and children, one after another, would get up and "bear witness." Self-glorification, bitter reviling of outsiders, were opening wedges. Then came testimonies of salvation, and the literally grovelling confessions of sin which gave the church its name.

Joe Hazleton's description of a recent victory over temptation is fairly typical. You must imagine his speech delivered in the height of exaltation, punctuated by the listeners with excited and approving ejaculations of,—"Glory be!" "Amen!" "Bless Jesus!" "It's true, O Lord!" "Praise God!" and the like.

"Brothers and Saints, the Devil's been after me, but Jesus was right on hand, and He saved me. Last Monday I went to the Forks to git me some shoes. I got 'em all right, an' about five o'clock I started comin' back home. Then I begun to want to turn around agin. I knew it was the Devil tryin' to make me do it, so I come right ahead. But it got worse and worse, an' the Devil would 'a had me sure if Jesus hadn't been fightin' for me. At last I said to myself: Look here—don't you let Christ do all the work; you git out of your rig an' pray.' So I got down on the ground an' prayed to God to help me an' he did. Glory! Praise God! then I got up, an' I didn't want to go back any more, an' I come home. But I know just as sure as I stan' here, if Christ hadn't helped me, the Devil would have got hold of me, an' I would have turned around and gone to the movies. Bless Jesus', Amen!

It is a little hard to realize that the reference to the movies is neither a joke nor a claim of absolute virtue, free from even the faintest tinge of

sin. In a fairly "wide open" town, there was nothing he could have done which, in the eyes of his neighbors and himself, would have been as wicked as going to a picture show.

Another confession was that of the man who had prayed for fifty dollars so that he could give it to the church. He got it, and bought a pig. But the testimony of Aaron Hughes was the cream of the lot: "Brethren an' sisters, I stand before ye a saved man. Ye all know what I useter be, an' ye know what I am now. He done it! Jesus done it! Praise the Lord! I was a miserable, low down sinner, an' I warn't worth it, but He saved me. I was the meanest man in the Adirondack Mountains. I useter treat my wife somethin' awful, brothers,—somethin' awful! Praise Jesus I don't do it no more! Every Monday in our house was allus a blue Monday. I was a low down drunk an' not fit to live, but Jesus saved me when I was goin' straight to Hell.

"One day I was out in the medder blastin' a rock. I didn't git away quick enough, an' the dynamite blew me up in the air. Brothers, I found Jesus up in the air, an' I've had Him ever since. I ain't mean no more; I'm saved."

Dynamite is strong medicine, even for the soul, and the neighbors say that Aaron was a changed man after his accident, and that the change lasted. Most of the brethren, however, have to be reconverted about once a year, with no results very noticeable to any one but themselves, even during their periods of salvation.

Frank Morse, who owned the hotel and most of the rest of the town, was of an entirely different mould from the majority of the inhabitants. He let not his left hand know what his right hand did; and if he had not kept his right hand pretty busy in the lean winter months, Falbrough would have had a much heavier death rate. But because he was not a "Saint," his holy neighbors considered that he was bound straight for hell, and was, meanwhile, a blot on the community's reputation; wherefore they sent a committee to show him the error of his ways. The delegation tried hard to convince him that he ought to be ashamed of himself, and reform.

"———," said Frank, "are you tellin' me what I ought to do? Look here! the whole gang of ye tell everythin' bad ye know about me; an' then I'll tell all I know about you, and we'll see who comes out on top." The Arabs folded their tents.

Frank has a mortgage on the Holy Roller's Church,—a situation that so tickles his sense of humor that he has not taken advantage of several opportunities to foreclose.

* * * * *

Ben Ingles, the blacksmith, and his family, were particular friends of mine. I never did find out how many children he had, but I know that there were four of them in the same grade at school at the same time. How they ever learned to talk well enough to get into school at all is a mystery; for Mrs. Ingles spoke a queer kind of Canadian-French, very slurringly, and with amazing speed; and while Ben used English, most of his words are not in the dictionary.

Besides being the best blacksmith and champion horse-shoe pitcher of the district, Ben was a fisherman of great repute. His methods were certainly effective. I once tried to convince him that it wasn't sporting

to use a "spinner" with three triple hooks for brook trout. My stupidity was beyond him. "Hell! don't ye see that if ye 'give them a chance' they're like to git away from ye?"

* * * * *

Jim Rock always had a particular hold on my imagination. In the first place I was thrilled at learning that he was partly of Indian blood. My interest became gruesomely acute when I discovered that it was common knowledge that his father had traded his mother for a shot gun. Besides, he and his brother Mose were usually in trouble often enough to hold the attention of the audience; they lived under the shadow of continual rumors of illegal venison, wandering sheep, and similar matters. Their house was fascinating to a small boy,—the dirtiest and messiest place I have ever seen.

This was a dozen years ago. Now Jim has reformed. His house is as neat as a Dutch kitchen. He shaves every day. I am told that the baby is a shining example of motherly care. Mose has had to leave the house and shift for himself. Obviously, the reason for all this is that Jim is married. But the beauty of the situation lies in the fact that the paragon who has affected this transformation is a gypsy maiden who still supplements Jim's earnings by telling fortunes.

But for all the improvement she has made in his habits, she has not been able entirely to clear his nature of its wild heritage. Last summer, while working in the shop, Jim badly hurt his right eye. A certain Mrs. Robins, an ardent Christian Scientist, tried to help him. The patient was not very receptive. "Now Jim," she said, "that doesn't really hurt you. You think it does, but it doesn't really. Tell me it doesn't hurt."

"But it does hurt. Ain't no use sayin' it don't—it hurts like the devil."

The healer turned to his wife. "You tell him it doesn't hurt. He'll believe you."

"Damn you, I tell you it does hurt," said Jim, and left the house.

After all, his scepticism was not complete; for when he told us the story he advanced the belief that Mrs. Robins had "put the evil eye on him," and was responsible for the continual failure of the eye to heal. My father, remembering Jim's rather dark past, tried to convince him that he was wrong, and for the time apparently succeeded. But since hearing, a few weeks ago, that Jim has finally lost the eye, I should hate to insure the life of the object of his suspicion.

* * * * *

Conservation is an idea that has never made much of an impression on the Falbrough country. The game laws have about the same rating there that prohibition has in other parts of the state, and the forests themselves fare no better than the deer. A few years ago the legislature passed a regulation that men called upon to fight forest fires should be paid three dollars a day, which was at that time good wages. Thereafter, any man who lacked the price of tobacco would set fire to a mountain. The measure cost the state many hundred thousand dollars before it was rescinded.

* * * * *

When I first knew Falbrough the automobile had not arrived. There were only two cars anywhere in that part of the country, and the men, to say nothing of the children, would go a mile to see one. All travelling was

done by "horse and rig," although the country was obviously designed only for the horseback rider and the pedestrian. The thirteen mile drive to Lake Placid took three and a half hours. There was not a saddle horse in the town, and walking was regarded as one of the forms of idiocy manifested by "city-boarders." Frank Morse used regularly to hitch up his mare when he had to go from his hotel to his store—a matter of not quite two hundred yards.

Now the Flivver has come. It has driven out most of the "rigs" in its usual manner; but it has reversed its ordinary effect and brought in saddle horses. The summer colonists demanded them, and they were produced—scrawny brutes, which are mounted indifferently from either side and are equipped with bridles made over from head stalls, with the blinders retained. They are not at all bridle-wise and have to be "steered like a ship." Falbrough is progressing.

—Louis M. Myers, '25.



The Greecy Gods

Why did ye die, ye sturdy gods of Greece?
Or being dead, why come to life again,
To plague us in new and degraded forms?

Apollo and his muses, moving light
Across the mead at dawn to wake the birds,
Joyed the heart and filled the world with glee.
But what shall we say to him who calls himself
Now Musagetes, with his scarecrow crew?
His lyre is broken and his chaplet lost,
And he is old and mirth sits heavy on his brow.
Euterpe limps, and finds in ugliness
Solace of her own degradation
From the day when Sappho she inspired.
Melpomene is like a drab who trails her robes
At night thro' Regent Street, yet plays the tragic queen withal.
Minerva broods, not in the portico
Or in the shades of generous groves,
But in steam-heated halls where football holds
Chief place of honor and where noble thoughts
Are smothered by the fear of heterodoxy.
Mercury himself has lost his wings,
His occupation gone, for soulless instruments
To-day his message speed at so much per;
While he, disconsolate, eats out his heart,
The victim of efficiency,
No longer Bacchus rides, with vine-crowned brow,
Companioned by his merry troupe, but doped
With poisoned hootch, drools temperance tales
To Maenads in reformers' mournful garb.
And Jove—it is to laugh!—the king of gods
Sits high upon his throne, 'tis true,
But decked in oriental robes
And with the crown of Mammon on his brow.
Only his vices are intact, for see!
His hand is backward stretched for timely baksheesh.

The dead should not arise to drag their bones
Into the halls of skeptic generations.
What god but Mars, who never died
But waxed in stature and in strength, need we
To consummate destruction of the world?

—William Wallace Whitelock.



A Post-Mortem: Berlin

If you have known somebody—clever, scintillating, magnetic—have been fascinated by the change of moods and expressions; have watched his eyes dilate and contract, the play of lively features, the mobile quality of the living skin; and then have seen that person die. . . . a cold and moveless thing remains, where once there was the warmth of life. There is no expression; only a chilling, speechless silence. Berlin even a year ago, before the occupation of the Ruhr Valley by the French, was in many ways comparable to such a dead person. Today she is in fact a city without a soul.

Do not misunderstand me. There are, it is true, hundreds of Americans spending millions of marks and living royally; but so also on a corpse are there millions of maggots living royally; yet you would hardly say that they contribute to real life in the corpse. Even so are the Americans.

Before the war Berlin was the cleanest city in Europe, and boasted the fewest slums; but now you can skid merrily down "Unter Den Linden" on almost frictionless mud, and a French farmer would rejoice in the choice abundance of manure in the roadway. As for slums, I defy even London to hold her own in competition with the poorer quarters of Berlin. Now there is an atmosphere of pinched and desolate neatness; a hopelessness in spite of itself, as against the London hopelessness because of itself. In Berlin it costs a chambermaid nearly two months' salary to buy a pair of shoes; coal is expensive and scarce, and winters are long. In a place nearly as far north as Labrador and as damp as London the wind sweeps over the great eastern plains, from the frozen Baltic, with a searching tooth; it has been warmed by no Gulf Stream.

In the hospitals and private nursing homes the trained nurses, formerly the best paid and still the most intelligent workers, the real heroes on the German side in the war, receive the equivalent of one dollar per month, with three meagre meals a day. They get for breakfast black coffee with a piece of "swartzbrot" and jam,—no milk, no butter; for dinner a heaped-up plate of vegetables cooked in meat juice; and for supper they are given cold meat cuts, "wurst," and rolls and cheese, with a bottle of beer. They are on regular twenty-four-hour duty in the private hospitals, sleeping in the patient's room so as to be on hand in case of need. And yet any such private wage-earner is much better off than any of the public officials, who are paid at a rate of one-third the equivalent of their pre-war scale in comparison with the present purchasing power of money. The result has been seen in the bribery of officials, from policemen to state prime-ministers, in a way never before known in Germany. These are the simple facts. They have a perfectly logical reason for existing, but the explanation is too involved to be given in such a short account as this.

Now let us go around to the resorts of amusements—which are legion—or to the opera. Try, if we are strong, to get into a taxi during rush hour. What do we see? "Germans, Germans everywhere. . . ." are filling every place; dressed as they never were before, wearing one fur coat and carrying another on the arm. Germans are drinking the rare wines, and even French Champagne at a dollar a quart; are wearing jewels which are as expensive in Berlin as in Paris. These, however, are not the majority of the inhabitants: these are the war-profiters—"Pushers," as they are called—and the post-war speculators. For them the printing presses in the Treasury are working day and night to print the paper money, with which, by means of a system of mutual, intranational trust, these Germans buy and sell, speculate and gamble; and which they finally exchange for

sterling pounds or dollars. These honest patriots are making the English and American "Auslander" pay their indemnity for them by means of innumerable petty taxes, the rate of exchange, and a two to three hundred per cent charge, for any purchase, over and above the price paid by a native German. This increase is administered to a foreigner like an anaesthetic; as much as he will stand without affecting the heart. For the opera we paid seven times native price.

There are other anomalies in Berlin. Take for example the "Sieges Allee," or Victory Lane; flanked on either hand by white marble statues of all the past and buried Hohenzollerns, it stretches from side to side of the central park of the city called the "Thiergarten." These statues represent them all, from the first Marquis of Brandenburg down, through Frederick the Great, to the first Emperor William,—a monument to the colossal vanity of his grandson. They are pointed out by gleeful natives as an example, nay proof positive, of the insanity of the man. And yet during the revolution not one single statue was harmed, defaced or even removed. Drive down "Unter den Linden" and you pass under the Brandenburger Tor, a triumphal arch so typical of European capital cities as to require no comment. On every side are throngs of people—just people. No person is there who stands out or is any way remarkable, except at intervals some horribly mutilated veteran, crouched on the pavement in a corner of a building. He exposes his shattered stumps or crushed breast with a seeming indifference to the freezing cold. Still further down you pass the palace—large, dirty and dead—of the former Crown Prince. Where are the guards in their gorgeous uniforms? Where are the Death's Head Hussars? There were no finer horsemen in Germany. Where are the blue-gray, fur-collared cloaks, in which the colonels of old time were wont to swing with proudly stepping tread through the streets, as if to "Tread on air and meditate celestial things?" Possibly they still meditate celestial things, possibly some of them still tread on air, but I doubt whether both in combination. Let us leave them and drive down to the Franz-Joseph Platz, where stands the National (former Imperial) Opera House. Here no vicissitudes have caused the daily show to cease. They are playing "Salome," familiar to most people and short enough to admit of slight discussion.

We are compelled to deposit our hats, coats and sticks at the garderobe, after having our tickets scrutinized at the barrier. The custom of taking off outside wraps is compulsory, although the reason is not generally known. In the time of Napoleon the gentlemen of his court, who wore short rapiers, had an inconvenient habit of settling disputes between the acts in a bloody, riotous, and altogether effective manner. To ensure the discontinuance of this nuisance Napoleon commanded all gentlemen to leave hats, cloaks, and swords outside in the vestibule; and in order better to realize the beauty and splendour of his ladies, he further took the opportunity to make them leave their wraps. So strong was his influence that it spread this practice all over the continent. The rule is still enforced in Germany, to the great and abiding discomfort of visitors.

From the entrance hall we are led by a bowing attendant up a red-carpeted stairs to a white and golden door. The attendant carefully unlocks this and ushers us into the Imperial box, now called "great-middle-box" in which there are about a dozen small and uncomfortable red velvet chairs with gilt legs. We are now in the centre of the Grand Tier, about one hundred feet from the stage, six feet above it, and at the right height to enable us to see over into the orchestra pit; also at the right distance to avoid noticing how venerable a person is Salome, how corpulent a sage is the

youthful ascetic, Johanaan. Had the Germans a keener sense of humour, were they more selfconscious, they would conduct most of their opera behind a screen, and thus spare themselves the incongruity of a "great Flanders mare" gyrating through the mazes of the Dance of the Seven Veils; massive, but not alluring; oppressive, rather than seductive. The Germans would also spare themselves the prolonged thrill of a middle-aged Siegfried, as he makes up his innocent mind to kiss the sleeping, vast Brunnhilde, bracing himself to overcome his cautious modesty. This play, Salome, was a German translation from the English by a German; the English was translated by another German from the French of the Irishman, Wilde. The combination of effects can better be imagined than described. Suffice it to say that this final form is the story of a spoilt child, who wants some thing very badly and is punished for getting it. Strauss has so far re-fused the themes that the decadence is neutralized and there is left only a well-rounded synthesis of what was dominant in the principal characters, but more especially himself: no Wilde remains; it is Strauss' mystical spirit music, spun around a theme of Tschaikowsky, which the worthy Doctor "lifted" bodily, "sans peur et sans reproche," and resolved into the motif for Salome herself.

All through the performance this audience—drab, mouse-coloured, and devout—sits silent and rapt, while I fill the orchestra stalls with the many-coloured uniforms, stiff backs and flashing monocles of another period, another people. On either side of the central box are now sitting good people who would rather miss a meal than miss the opera. These people will parade around the building between the acts, and discuss the structure of the play. They will pick out the themes, and criticize them thoughtfully and constructively, whilst they drink dark beer and munch sausage and cheese sandwiches. They will also overlook anything subtle, such as the vague but emphatic Mighty Wings. Fifteen years ago these boxes at either side were filled by the beauty and brains of northern Europe, and vied with Vienna in the display of lovely necks and arms, in the sizes and grace of the tiaras, and the musical chatter of French, cultivated German, or English. And the fans you saw... each, by its shape or colour, subtly expressed the person who waved or the person who had given it. The German, a peerless lover before marriage, used to delight in giving costly fans to his lady. In those days a stately old lady queened it over all, and was the more beloved that she had the most difficult of Germans to husband; Wilhelm respected her goodness, yet was never considerate of any but himself. But now no triumphant anthem hails the monarch as he enters; nor, when the play is done, does the audience turn from the stage to the box and rise up to salute the Majesty, as he moves to go. Quietly they gather up their programs, and silently they file into the night. Already they begin the eternal question "how does the dollar stand?" Still questioning, almost furtive, they make their ways towards home. Imperial Berlin is dead.

—Bedford Shope, '25.



Kairete, Nikomen

A New York paper announces that a stele from the field of Marathon, memorial to Elpines and Eunikos, has been unveiled in the Lewisohn Stadium. "The President of the Board of Aldermen made a speech of acceptance on behalf of the city. Attacking the Ku Klux Klan, he contrasted the loyalty of the ancient Greeks to 'the grotesque and clownish bigotry of the Invisible Empire, whose members are a menace to our civilization.'"

Elpines, name of ever-hopeful Youth;
Eunikos, word triumphant for the state;
Your virtues gained the day: immortal Truth
Preserves the trophy we now desecrate.
The characters on this gray stone relate
Your two-fold strife; the sun Hellenic shone
On Medes kept from the traitor-opened gate:
You fought a double foe at Marathon.

Those lengthy walls were weakened by the tooth
Of greedy democrat; and civil hate
Ran high, against the statesman without ruth
Who set a golden price on Athens' fate.
The long-haired Medes were routed; all too late
The spoiler fled the town he'd fattened on;
The victors met him at the unbarred gate,
And crushed a second foe at Marathon.

Survey our new metropolis uncouth,
Where twice two million men discuss the hate
That grows between Judge Landis and Babe Ruth,
Or how the Army sealed the Navy's fate.
Laugh long, Greek heroes! you were truly great;
Laugh long at us. Poor timid shades and wan,
We plod through books to find what food you ate,
Who smote your double foe at Marathon.

Envoi

Prince, oligarch of this great city-state,
Hold firm the swivel chair you sit upon.
We mock the hooded Klan of which you prate:
We seek the second foe of Marathon!

—G., '24.



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The Messenger appears three 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."

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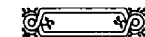
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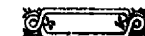
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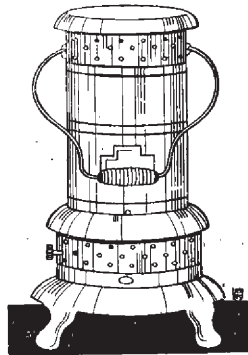
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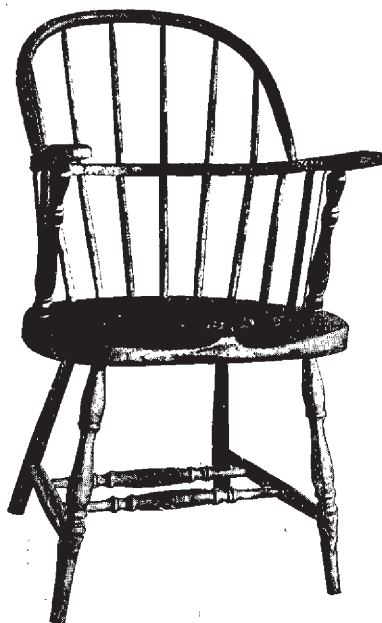
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