

# MESSENGER

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# The S. Stephen's College Messenger.

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## Some Tendencies in College Journalism.

THE past twenty-five years have, of course, made many changes; but it may be fairly questioned whether any of these which affect college matters is more puzzling, than the change in the character of the articles submitted to our college periodicals. Along with a vast material development and what we blandly refer to as a general broadening of the college curriculum, has come a change in the direction of literary activity, which, however hopeful it may have seemed in its incipient stages, has now assumed a proportion and character which to say the least is not without its dangers. To understand the importance of this revolution, it is only necessary to look over a file of old college magazines. Dissertations on the most abstruse psychological subjects jostle studied and sometimes finished translations of the classic poets. A junior occupies six pages with an article on "The Influence of Aryan Myths on the Poetry of the Elizabethan Age." Where he got his information is an open question and, in this age, life is too short to institute a thorough search through dusty files of the *North American Review* and *Atlantic Monthly*.

In other words, the collegians of the early seventies did a class of literary work which is almost unknown in our own day. The short story was practically unwritten. Now, everything from a serious theory concerning some abstruse psychological phenomenon down to the most trivial conceit, finds expression in the short story. The essay in its highest literary form is as rare as August violets; and the dissertation, half sermon and half ethical monograph, has literally turned up its toes to the daisies. Perhaps it is a subject of congratulation. The immature efforts of the average B.A. in his inaugural address is bad enough, but the struggle of a Junior with "The Relation of Atmospheric Harmonies to the Human Entity" must have inflicted exquisite agony on the foolhardy individuals who, being possessed with any considerable fraction of common sense, lacked the courage to decline to investigate such an interesting subject.

There is a general complaint that collegians are not doing as good literary work as they did twenty-five years ago. The statement is not quite correct. They are not doing the same class of literary work it is true, but it is not only the class of work that has changed, the quantity has decreased. If less work could be taken to imply better work, there would be no cause of complaint; but it is universally admitted that the interest in all kinds of literary work is falling off. One explanation is that the development of athletic interest is the cause of this, but the fact remains that the athletic type of student is not, and never has been, synonymous with the literary type. There are no doubt many local causes, but one fact seems to stand out prominently and demand notice.

The modern collegian seems to have lost the art of expressing his thought in abstract terms. He shrinks from reducing his philosophic ideas to the form of proportions; but chooses rather to express them in a covert form, half developed, and enveloped in a mist of doubt and inaccuracy. No one denies that much of this philosophizing which was published in the college magazines of twenty-five years ago was often, if not habitually, immature; still it was a powerful factor in mental development. Young men ought always to be reasonably humble in their opinions, but it is better mental exercise to take up and defend against all comers some idiotic proposition concerning re-incarnation, or demoniacal possession, than to spend indefinite periods in spinning out some inane love yarn which in nine cases out of ten lacks in every literary element except spelling—and even that is sometimes incorrect.

A closer study of literary models is also desirable. A few years ago half the summer resorts in America were disfigured by what we euphoniously called Queen Ann architecture, and of late years this same fantastical exaggeration of style has fastened upon several writers of real ability and a host of collegians have aped them. A story told in good, straightforward and elegant English is rare enough to attract considerable attention. Verse is almost as bad. Men who have natural talent are too slothful to write finished sonnets or odes, but choose rather, to write wretched little squibs of four lines, with no merit but the pun they contain.

These are tendencies which exist, and every one conversant with college journalism has ample opportunity to investigate them further; but except as that investigation may tend to their correction it is a useless task. A careful fostering of the philosophical faculties and careful study of literary models will help us to make our college magazines really useful and give us that mental training which, after all, is the most important part of a college education; and notwithstanding Mark Twain's assertion that "it is better not to know so much, than to know so much that isn't so," it is better to think wrong, than not to think at all.

*Watson Bartemus Selvage, '98.*

### Jacinta.

AT some period in the march of time, all men will journey through the shades of by-gone days, and then, I think, they will meet the phantoms of former and perhaps forgotten sins. There was one man I knew who went through life with a smile on his lips and never looked back save to jest of the wrongs he had done in life. Perhaps his greatest punishment will be that in some distant day all those dim and forgotten phantoms will become real, and as one fades from sight another will be born to stand by his side and compel him to think. To-night I was sitting in the alcove of a large ball-room. As I sat looking out, through a multitude of plants and flowers, I could see men and women laughing and talking. It was a ball of all nations; foreign diplomats, in uniforms; here and there men with crosses and sashes of honor. Some of them had been great soldiers, others great diplomats, and with them were women in gorgeous costumes, covered with jewels which danced and glittered in the soft light. Then the orchestra began a waltz, dreamy at first, and, as the music floated on out of the open windows, it carried me with it; far away, until I forgot the ball, the dancers, and the music-flooded room. The scene changed and brought back to me the last time I had heard that waltz.

My regiment was then stationed just over the Mexican border; a wretched town, run over with the scum of the states and Mexico. The town consisted principally of low, dirty hovels, scattered between bar-rooms and dance halls. It would be wrong to say that the town contained none but low Mexicans and outlawed Americans, for I remember, soon after our arrival, noticing a very striking pair. She was a very beautiful girl, with jet black hair and deep wistful eyes, innocent eyes, I thought, for such a place. All I remember of the man was his way of looking at her, and I thought at the time, that I should not care to interfere with his love-making. It appeared that she lived on the outskirts of the village with her mother, whom she supported by dancing and singing in one of the so-called places of amusement. Strange as it may seem, she was never annoyed by any of the rough men of the place. Perhaps her fierce lover had much to do with this. There was with us, at this time, a wild, young soldier named Lieutenant Arnold, whose only virtue in my eyes was his bravery under fire.

One evening, as I was returning to the barracks, I met Arnold walking with the girl whom I had noticed upon our arrival. He did not see me at first and I heard him say, "Oh! but I have no fear of him, Jacinta." Then I passed on. I met him with her quite often, and sometimes I would know when to expect them, for first I would pass her old lover silent and gloomy; soon after I would overtake Arnold and Jacinta.

She seemed very happy and Arnold—well, he was amused. I warned him one day and he only laughed. "But man," I insisted, "don't you know that

her Mexican lover follows you everywhere? His passion will become too strong for him some day." Still he put my advice aside with a jest. Once I asked him what he intended to do. He made some reply about the girl merely amusing herself, as he was, and that soon our regiment would be recalled. I told him that he was ruining her life. This too he made light of, so I left him in anger, telling him to run his own course. The long, hot days dragged slowly. In the town the villagers slept all day, and at night woke up to drink, dance, and sing, until another sun arose dry and *hot*. Still Arnold went to walk with Jacinta. Our orders came to leave Mexico. That last evening I went into the village to find one of the youngsters for whom the good news had been too much. I visited several places and at last started for the Hall of Joy, where Jacinta sometimes danced. In those southern climes the moon always seems larger than elsewhere, and I remember that this night it appeared almost unnatural. A great, silver disk, that smiled down upon the earth unmoved by all the sights of love and hate, of vice and virtue.

The gaunt, frame building loomed up against the rocks, casting wierd nightly shadows upon the ground. Out of the window floated that same waltz I heard to-night. I drew near and looked in. There were many such places in the West and the sight I saw to-night was not an unfamiliar one. There was the usual dilapidated orchestra; careless men and reckless women. On the wall some dirty, ill-smelling lamps sputtered and flared in the evening breeze. Then I found myself listening intently. Two voices were speaking and I failed at first to locate the persons. The man was speaking in a hard, constrained way; then I heard Jacinta replying to him.

"Why won't you leave me in peace?" "You have followed me everywhere lately, and," she paused as if to summon up all her courage, then went on, "I am afraid of you." The man laughed, but there was an unpleasant note in his mirth. "So now you are afraid of me, of me who was always your protector, whom you always trusted, until that trifler came to turn your head." He paused a moment, then continued in a fierce manner. "I tell you, you are a fool to trust him, he never intends to marry you. Send that man away, Jacinta, you must leave him and come back to me. That Arnold does not love you; he is simply amusing himself with you."

"Stop," Jacinta commanded. "He is all what you are not and I will never, never, send him away. But I shall tell him of your insult and he will whip you as he would a dog." The man gave a low cry of rage and then I heard the sound of one fighting for breath. I dashed around the building; but, fool that I had been to wait, I was too late. Something cold and bright flashed in the light of the moon and Jacinta fell into my arms as the darkness swallowed up the murderer. Gently I bore her into the house. The army surgeon was summoned, but before his arrival she had passed away. As she lay dying, she told me her pitiful story. She had trusted Arnold. I did not tell her the

truth; that would have been useless. Her only fear was that her old lover might find Arnold and kill him. She told me that she had loved Arnold and that he had promised to marry her and take her home with him. He had told her to meet him that night so that he could make all arrangements for their trip home. All that evening she had been waiting for the man who had never intended to come. She had met with her old lover; a quarrel had arisen in regard to Arnold and when she refused to leave him, the Mexican had struck her.

I promised to send for Arnold; but she died soon after. Perhaps it was best for he would not have come. He was dining with the General's wife. I told Arnold and he shrugged his shoulders and remarked that it saved him the trouble of leaving secretly. Arnold is here at the ball to-night. I heard an acquaintance of his ask him how he liked Mexico. "Rather dull, and if it had not been for the girls — one might have been bored to death." Perhaps it is the music that brings that scene so vividly to my mind; but I can see Arnold through a red mist of blood. Well, why not? For I loved Jacinta with all my heart, and the mills of God grind so slowly.

*Angus Mackay Porter, '99.*

### Our Library.

SHOULD any alumnus of S. Stephen's enter the college library to-day he would be gratified at seeing the immense and important change that has taken place since his day at Annandale. The magnificent library building would certainly make him feel proud of his college. Within, another revelation is in store for him. The twenty thousand volumes which were once dust covered and recognized only by their position on the shelves, have received considerable attention at the hands of those interested in the library. Last summer, the librarians, assisted by several of the college students, undertook the arduous task of classifying the library. A copy of the "Dewey Decimal Classification" was procured and the work was begun soon after Commencement. Throughout the warm summer months the loyal men continued their work. By herculean efforts the classification was completed by September, and that month presented a decided change in the condition of our books. The amount of work done was simply marvellous; sneered at when beginning the work, the fellows labored incessantly, and inexperienced as they were in this very difficult task, presented the body of students with a partially classified library. Roughly classified, it is to be sure, but yet satisfactory for the time being; only those experienced in library work can appreciate the true value of what has been done.

An idea of the Dewey system of classification may be introduced right here to give the uninitiated a little light on the subject.

"The field of knowledge is divided into nine main classes and these are numbered by the digits, 1 to 9. Cyclopedias, periodicals, etc., so general in character as to belong to no one of these classes, are marked naught (0) and form a tenth class. Each class is similarly separated into 9 divisions, general works belonging to no division having naught (0) in place of the division number. Divisions are similarly divided into 9 sections and the process is repeated as often as necessary. Thus, 512 means class 5 (Natural Science), Division 1 (Mathematics), Section 2 (Algebra), and every algebra is numbered 512. The claims of the system may be summed up as follows:

Compared with other systems it is less expensive; more easily understood, remembered and used; practical rather than theoretical; brief and familiar in its nomenclature; best for arranging pamphlets, sale duplicates and notes, and for indexing; susceptible of partial and gradual adoption without confusion; more convenient in keeping statistics, and checks for books off the shelves; the most satisfactory adaptation of the card catalogue principle to the shelves. It requires less space to shelve the books; uses simpler symbols and fewer of them; can be expanded without limit and without confusion or waste of labor, in both catalogues and on shelves or in catalogues alone; checks more thoroughly and conveniently against mistakes; admits more readily numerous cross references; is unchangeable in its call numbers, and so gives them in all places where needed, as given in no other system; in its index it affords an answer to the greatest objection to classed catalogue, and is the first satisfactory union of the classed and dictionary system."

The above sketch taken from introduction to the D. C. as it is commonly called, serves to illustrate the value of classification.

"There still remains enough for the friends of the library to do. Almost as useless as is a book without an index, is the library without a catalogue. It has been said that there is no place warm enough for an author who writes a book without an index. The case may apply to the librarian who desires to run a library, college or public library, without a catalogue."

S. Stephen's library, with its valuable collection of books, *needs* a card catalogue and before long, it is hoped, will have one. The compilation of the catalogue is a work that the librarians dare not undertake because of their inability to produce a suitable one; it would be a waste of time and money on their part to attempt to write one and in the end it would be quite useless. The librarians have sought and received estimates for cataloguing the library and soon intend to present the case to the proper authorities. Their endeavors will certainly demand some recognition, and it is hoped that, as we have a most magnificent library building, we may also have a classification and catalogue that cannot be surpassed, the lack of the latter being very evident at the present time. Laboring under difficulties, the librarians are yet proud of the library in its present condition. The shelves of magazines, pamphlets

and miscellaneous papers, which were for so long an eye-sore to the patrons and visitors of the library, have also received some attention. The magazines in unbound form have been separated into volumes and placed on the regular shelves. Miscellaneous unbound matter has been carefully examined and put into respectable shape so as to be consulted. On the main floor of the library, three or four stacks have been reserved for books constantly in use. Encyclopedias, dictionaries, and standard literary and scientific works are among them. These books are to be marked "R" (reference), and will not be loaned to students.

A new system of loaning books has also been introduced and before any great length of time the old ledger will be out of use entirely. The short-coming at present lies in the finances. Money lacking, cards cannot be purchased to conduct the system properly. The librarians are encouraged in their work by the increased demand for books. Since college opened in September the library has been frequented much more and many more books have been loaned to students than in the last *two previous years*. Moreover, let all the students remember that our collections of books are materials for common and constant use; and not precious treasures hidden away, and the success of the library is assured. The librarians are capitalists loaning their possessions for the constant accumulation of wealth, not for themselves, but for their patrons.

*O. F. T., '01.*

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### A Definition.

IT was a brilliant gathering. Here was a group of Dress Suits about an Evening Gown, and there several Dress Suits were dancing with several Evening Gowns. But there was one preëminent Dress Suit, and one bright, particular Evening Gown.

The Dress Suit, which was called a Duke, was said to have a pedigree a yard long. The Evening Gown had wealth galore and was called an heiress.

The Evening Gown, a petite, demure young thing was accompanied by a stout, portly Evening Gown which was called Mamma.

Soon the preëminent Dress Suit was led over and introduced to the bright, particular Evening Gown, and with courtly courtesy proceeded to make itself agreeable to the Evening Gown.

\* \* \* \* \*

There were many more brilliant gatherings; the Dress Suit and the Evening Gown were always present. Bye and bye it was rumored, that the Dress Suit was in love with the abundant wealth of the Evening Gown, and that the Evening Gown was in love with the pedigree of the Dress Suit; and, what was more, the Evening Gown called Mamma signified its consent by its benign smiles.

So it came to pass that the Evening Gown and the Dress Suit were married, and went to live in a magnificent brown stone mansion, and often invited many other Dress Suits and many other Evening Gowns; and it was all called Society.

*J. Paul Graham, '01.*

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### ANNANDALE VERSE.

ALPHA AND OMEGA.

(APOLOGIES TO H. W. L.)

THE Ides of June were falling fast,  
As his exams a Freshman passed,  
A youth, who worked both hard and late  
And passed exams at ninety-eight;  
A Freshman.

His Sophomore year was one of rest,  
He did not try to do his best,  
Nor yet, to do his work so well,  
In consequence his av'rage fell.  
A Sophomore.

In Junior year, as year before,  
He worked and loafed; but loafed the more,  
So less and less the av'rage grew,  
He passed exams at eighty-two;  
A Junior.

In Senior year his work he passed,  
Commencement Day he reached at last;  
But this we surely know is true  
The good Professor kicked him through—  
A Senior.

*E. D.*

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### SONG OF THE SAILORS.

From the French of Emile Souvestre.

COME, let us sing and drink the full glass;  
We've had pleasures, but little of sorrow;  
And if the wind changes, good-bye to the land!  
We will sail from the harbor to-morrow.  
The sky is serene, and brisk is the breeze;  
The sun in his noblest endeavor  
Shines on, while our song wafts its way to the shore:  
"Hope! Hope! for God leads us ever."

But when the great billows were rocking our ship,  
'Mid the noisy storm, some one was singing;  
The cabin-boy's voice rang sweet thro' the air,  
High up in the midst of the rigging,  
Despite the dark waves, and the furious storm,  
Loud winds, and tempestuous weather:  
"Hope! Hope! brave companions and be not afraid!  
'Tis God who is leading us ever."

*Alfred Reed Hill, '01.*

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### AD DORMIENTEM.

SO rest here in my arms and sleep, nor fear,  
All nestling close against my heart, thine eyes  
To close, thy wearied limbs relax with sighs  
Of trust: for while thou sleepest I so near  
Will be, that even dreams shall not be here,  
Save visions sweet, that out of love arise,  
Reflections of my soul on thine: Love tries,  
And shall succeed, to pierce all barriers, Dear.  
Soft curtain'd eyes, so soon I crave your light;  
Sweet yielding lips, the gates to my new life;  
Fair resting curves of face, so oft love-seal'd—  
Mine, mine thou art! But now I wait my right,  
'Till wakening comes with richest blessings rife,  
And all my wealth in thee be new reveal'd.

*Herbert Seymour Hastings, '98.*

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### SUGGESTED

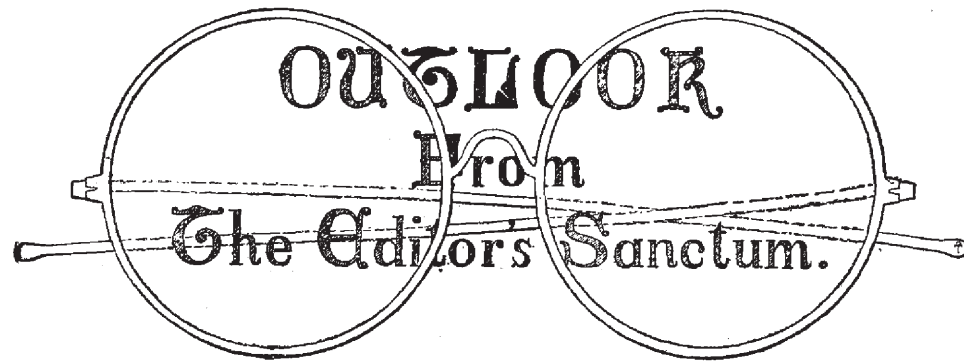
BY THE FRESHMAN BANNER.

WHEN these signs ('01) are seen  
We know what they mean:  
That class of verdant young scholars;  
But if stood on their head  
They then read instead,  
That *per capita* fine of 10.

*H.*

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A Freshman Definition—A Pentagon is a quadrilateral having five sides.



WITH this issue the present Business Management severs its connection with the MESSENGER. It is a thankless task with few, if any, redeeming qualities, and the Business Manager often does more for the paper than all the editors combined. Manager Judd has worked faithfully and the Editorial Board takes this opportunity to express their appreciation of his service.

One of the duties of a college paper is to keep before the student-body the duty of every undergraduate to the academic community. One of the duties of the individual is to uphold the honor and reputation of the College, and we do not hesitate to give it as our opinion—and if necessary we shall not hesitate to act on that opinion—that when a member of a college disgraces the institution it is the right and the duty of the Convocation of the Undergraduate to force the offender to leave Annandale. There are certain offences against the reputation of S. Stephen's which are becoming all together too common, and it is high time that a strong public opinion should be created in our colleges and that such men should be sent to Coventry, Halifax, or some other convenient place, where the reputation of their institutions shall not be affected by their actions.

One sometimes wonders what the average collegian would give as a definition of borrowing. As the result of nearly four years of observation, the editor is led to imagine that borrowing consist in appropriating the goods of a fellow student without apology or thanks. To a Vassar Soph. we are indebted for the following pithy remarks on the subject: "It (borrowing) means to take a thing and not return it. When your friend has something that you very much desire, you go and borrow it, which means that it is yours until your friend or someone else wants it. This borrowing is not confined to stray, decorative or useful articles, but extends to clothes, and is indulged in freely by all, showing a phase of communism not found elsewhere." Now all this "communism" is very touching, but when a man in his senior

year comes to look over his books and finds that nearly half of them have disappeared, he forgets his political economy teaching concerning communism and makes frantic efforts to recover his belongings. The fact is, that a man who borrows things and doesn't return them after a reasonable time, is guilty of culpable negligence, and there comes a time when "theft" is hardly a harsh charge. It is no joking matter, and when a man forgets to distinguish between "meum" and "tuum," it is time that he was thoroughly stirred up and made to understand the enormity and sinfulness of his negligence.

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### Notes and Comments.

—On February 21, the class of 1901 gave the annual Freshman Fancy Dress Ball. The attendance was large, and there were more in fancy costumes than ever before. The Dance Programs, which were hand painted, were unique and pretty.

—At a meeting of the Athletic Association it was decided to organize a Track Team, and to make arrangements for a Field Day. Wheeler, '98, has been put in charge of the candidates for the team.

—Rev. John B. Van Fleet, B.A., '91, of Grand Island, Neb., has recently been appointed a member of the Diocesan Committee on Christian Education. He is also Chaplain to the Bishop.

—The Alumni who have visited during the month are: Rev. John Robert Atkinson, B.A., '90, who preached in the College Chapel March 1; Rev. Frank B. Reazor, M. A., '79, who preached March 10; Thomas Worrall, B.A., '95; Edward H. Young, B.A., '97; Adelbert McGinnis, '97 Sp., and John C. Davis, ex-'96.

—One day early in March, a number of students assembled on the campus and burned the flag of Spain. Greatly exaggerated reports got into several New York papers. On S. Patrick's Day a few students formed a parade, and a few ridiculous speeches were made. Now we expect to see in the papers reports of a magnificent procession, banquet, toasts, and a few other details beyond the imagination of anyone save a newspaper reporter.

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