A Hero of the Thirteenth Century
Arthur Paul Kelly, 1901

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Portrait of R.B. Fairbairn
A Hero of the Thirteenth Century.

We live in an age of higher criticism. No longer is history looked upon as a mere record of a dead past. It has on the contrary become a living force, and plays no insignificant part in determining the destiny of things today. The living present has its roots deep down in the past, a past which the renascence of history together with a fondness for criticism and erudition (characteristics of our time) have made well nigh a living past.

Men have come to recognize that history has its lessons for every sphere of human activity, hence we rummage old libraries, we excavate, and guard with jealous care the precious relics exhumed (literally and figuratively) from the ashes of the past.

Every age has its historic and philosophic lessons, but none in richer store than the thirteenth century, the age of chivalry and romance, feudal lord and trodden surf, the age of religious zeal which bordered on fanaticism. Its poetry, its dreams, its enthusiasm, its generosity, its daring, these entrance us while they persuade us of its vigor.

How the world teemed with life, how men longed to devote themselves to some great and holy cause when the last vestige of the sensuous pagan life was gone! The world had drunk deep of that cup of sensuality, but its Pompeii and Herculaneum at last were buried. Its passions were sated, and no longer could the intensity of the religion of sense gratify the burning souls of men. Intensity there was indeed, but not of the pagan kind. The pendulum of human intensity had swung clear back. A lofty zeal and spirit of heroism, befitting the dawn of a new era, had taken the place of the decadent ambitions of pagan life, and in the thirteenth century the fires which consumed
the souls of men were not such as burn themselves out in an ever sating, but never surfeited, sensualism.

All Europe, though more parcelled out than ever before, caught the fire of the age, and awoke to an European consciousness to play its part in the impending crisis. The clouds and storms had come. Clouds of religious and political revolution which had they burst in all their fury, with no gleam of sunshine to brighten the horizon, would have succeeded in the proclamation of the so-called rights of the individual conscience three centuries before the Reformation.

Such was the age in which we find Saint Francis of Assisi. An age of power and charm, more interesting, perhaps, than any age since the childhood of Christianity; and one of the chief figures to which this interest attaches itself is St. Francis. A profound popular instinct enabled him to bring religion to the people with a new-born force, and his compassionate heart was touched by the “widowhood of his Lady Poverty, who from Christ’s time to his own had found no husband.” It was to this Lady Poverty that St. Francis and his followers carried their message of consolation—the people—whose condition was poverty and suffering. So in the beginning, that movement which was destined to result in a new family of monks, was anti-monastic.

St. Francis embodied the characteristics of this striking period of history in their plenitude. He owed nothing to Church or political faction, and if he did not perceive that his preaching was revolutionary in its bearing, it would seem, by his refusal to be ordained Priest, that he devised a superiority in the spiritual priesthood.

Taught of God, he turned all the mighty energies of his soul towards the uplifting of his fellowmen. Energies common to the age, but finding their fullest development in St. Francis. In his fellowmen he saw the image of God, and it was towards this image that the soul yearned.

Scattered here and there throughout the world are people capable of mighty heroisms, in whose souls germinate the seeds of conquests mightier than the conquest of a nation, if they can but see before them a true leader. St. Francis became for these the guide they had longed for, and whatever was best in the humanity of the age hastened to follow in his footsteps. In such numbers did the spirit of the age bring together these heroic souls, that even in his own lifetime he could collect to keep Whitsuntide, five thousand of his Minorites. So was fulfilled his prophetic cry. “I hear in my ears the sound of the tongues of all the nations who shall come unto us: Frenchmen, Spaniards, Germans, Englishman. The Lord will make of us a great people even unto the ends of the earth.”

Arthur Paul Kelley, 1901.
The S. Stephen's College Messenger.

Thou minute little epicure!
A love so binding, strong, so sure,
As thine; which would not e'er endure
A separation for a day,
Were worthy of a poet's lay.
Most sad it is that thou wast slain
By such poor stuff as Stephen Crane.

Horace Wood Stowell, '01.

“Reveries of a Senior.”

"While the God slept, Discontent stole the sands from the hour-glass; so Time perished.

"WHEN man advances from the busy noon toward the quiet evening of life his exclusive interest in the objects which have absorbed his manhood is relaxed, either through physical infirmity or the success which it satiates, and perhaps the disappointments which weary a man with life. In place of an intense and absorbed devotedness to the present there is a more frequent review of the past. Old scenes are described, old books are read, old companions are talked of and old stories are repeated."

John Stanhope closed his book with an impatient snap, and walked to the window. The last days of his college life were gliding swiftly by, and with them had come deep regret for old days, old friends, and old pleasures. It had been very pleasant to be a popular man at college and to consider himself of some account among his fellows; but the fact forced itself unpleasantly upon his mind that soon he was to be kicked out. From being a very large gold fish in a private aquarium he was to become a very small minnow in the social ocean of the world.

Some men passed under his window singing,

"Where, oh where is the grave old Senior?
"Where, oh where is the grave old Senior?
"He's gone out from his Alma Mater
"He's gone out from his Alma ——"

The song grew fainter and fainter, then died away.

John sat on the window seat and looked down to where the ivy-covered chapel nestled among the trees, then far away over the green fields, across the silent river, to where the mountains stood out blue and sombre against the sky; as he looked they seemed to rise higher and higher until they hid the sun from sight, leaving only a faint after glow of color. As the bell ceased toll-
ing a tardy spirit rushed madly down the hill, his gown streaming behind him like the pinions of some “winged herald of the night.”

What memories of happy days those gowns brought back; and above these memories arose the thought, “could I only live them over again!” The light grew dimmer and dimmer; now it was almost dark. “I wish,” said John, “that my chum hadn’t gone to chapel. If I were only a Freshman,” he mused, “I would almost enjoy getting up a lesson in ‘Horace.’”

He heard an apologetic sound, as of one clearing his throat. John turned. He was not surprised, why, he could never explain. He remembered seeing a pair of short steps and an open door where the mantle formerly stood. Then he heard a thin, sharp voice saying, “I wish you would light your lamp, it is so beastly dismal in here.” “I beg your pardon,” John heard himself replying, “but the fact is, I have been so engrossed in my own gloomy thoughts I did not notice your entrance. I’m sorry, but my lamp has burnt out, and they don’t allow us to have oil in the rooms. I will light a candle. Oil cans might set fire to the stone buildings, you know.” John lighted the candles, and turned to look at his visitor. The new-comer was very tall, with long white hair and beard, both thin in spots, which gave his head the appearance of a moth-eaten, white fur rug. Around his shadowy form was wrapped an old white toga. “Won’t you sit down?” asked John. In reply the stranger drew himself up to his full height.

“I am Rhadamanthus,” he said with dignity. “Oh,” murmured John. “I repeat,” said the shade, “that I am Rhadamanthus, with an accent on the Rhad.” (This sternly.)

John apologized, and asked the shade to sit on the couch. He also told him to put some of the pillows under his head, and to consider himself perfectly at home. John went on to explain that as he had always found his name last in the trio of Judges, he had come to the conclusion that Rhadamanthus didn’t cut much ice—that is, shovel much coal in the place where he came from; but he continued, “I am very glad to have been mistaken.” Rhadamanthus blushed. “That part always worried me,” he said; “and the only way I can account for it is the Hebrew influence upon Greek construction.”

John didn’t know that Hebrew had any influence upon Greek construction, but he let the point pass. “Do you smoke?” asked John. A smile lit up the solemn face of the old Judge. “I must confess that we are rather addicted to smoking down there,” he answered, as he took a cigarette, and leaning over he lit it from one of the candles. Then he drew in a long puff of delight, returned to his place among the cushions upon the couch, his knees drawn close up under his chin, and the loose folds of his long toga thrown gracefully about his attenuated form. Again Rhadamanthus drew in a breath of smoke, then looked suspiciously at John. “What brand is it?” he asked.

The following day he received a check from home, and at once became “blue” and dismal, trying to think why the check had come—no, hadn’t—yes, had is the word. Then one day he fell ill, sore and bruised, the next day he played foot-ball. Once he fell very much in love, and it was a good six weeks before he met the girl.

He was called before the Faculty for chapel absences, and knew he was being rebuked for a breakage of college law he was bound to commit. So things became worse and worse. His beard left him and he found himself becoming fresh, in college nomenclature.
Old friendships were torn asunder until he was driven almost mad. He had come to the last degree of toleration, when he felt a hand laid upon his shoulder, and the voice of his chum saying, "Come! wake up, John, the last gong for tea has sounded." John jumped to his feet. There were beads of perspiration upon his forehead. "Gene," he said, as the two walked arm in arm down stairs, "if you ever hear me complain again of my present lot in life please kick me. No, I won't tell you now. Wait till after tea. But if you love me, don't waste good, precious time in regrets for what has been."

George Crafton Stanhope, '99.

Three Quatrains of Friendship.

TO MY BOOK-CASE.

BOOK full of joy, I on thee gaze,
In truest fellowship, good will.
Thou ever shortenest my days
And sharedst moods, both good and ill.

TO MY BOOK FRIEND.

Thou charming, sympathetic friend,
My obligations I confess
For all that thou to me dost lend
Of looks and thoughts and happiness.

TO "HER."

Thou choicest of fine books, indeed,
In bindings rarest, clasp'd with gold;
The heart that would not for thee bleed
Were bloodless; of inhuman mold.

H. W. S., 1901.

The Biter Bit.

JOHN SMITH, private detective, sat in a sheltered corner of the steamer's deck and moodily watched a fair, feminine figure as it gracefully drifted from point to point within his range of vision. She was taking her morning walk, occasionally pausing to gaze at the distant shore line, seemingly with many pleasant anticipations of the landing soon to be made. She was the popular ideal of a beautiful woman, tall and well formed, of aristocratic air; and she had the demoralizing eyes of the professional beauty. A glance from those soul-windows and a gleam of beautiful teeth, usually ensnared the victim as easily as woman could wish. Our hero, world-worn man that he was, had fallen under her hypnotic power; and hence his gloom this last day of the voyage, as he watched the witching cause of all his trouble and tried that task of old—the reconciliation of love and duty.

Three months previous to this time he had been called to the chief's office for a consultation with his superior and a prominent jeweler. The latter, in a few words, made known his belief that a large quantity of diamonds were being smuggled into the city. He had no clues; but knew, merely, that such was the case; and that a certain feminine buyer for a rival house was suspected of bringing them in. This information, certainly, was meagre; but it was worth a good round sum to apprehend the smuggler, and Smith had been detailed upon the case at once.

He took passage on the same steamer with the suspected Miss Thompson, after a vain effort to gather evidence at home. On the outward passage he occupied a berth in the steerage, in order that he might run no chance of meeting her until his plans required it.

When they reached the other side he kept a careful and constant watch upon her movements, without, however, discovering any clue. He knew of every purchase she made. Her buying had been done with skill and judgment. It was all done openly; and Smith had a list of her purchases, including valuable jewelry and precious stones. Nevertheless, he was morally certain that everything on his list would be found by the custom officers, in the regular way, and subjected to the claims of duties. So careful, indeed, had Smith been, that when she called on a dentist for treatment, just prior to sailing, he had known her every move. Everything she did was correct and regular; and it might even be said that her fascination for him dated from the time when he began to know and appreciate the careful, ladylike manner in which she conducted herself while abroad. At all events he had long since put aside the thought of finding evidence to convict her of smuggling.

To save time let it suffice that when she took passage for home Smith had a cabin berth on the same vessel. He soon made her acquaintance—for professional reasons, ostensibly; really—well, it was perfectly natural.

Before the voyage was two days old he had begun to think all sorts of elevated and impossible thoughts regarding her. Like all other men in the same position, he was forcibly struck by the poverty of adjectives in the English language. Through it all, however, his professional pride prevented him from giving her a clue to his feelings.

His gloom on the morning when we meet him was due to a struggle between his human and professional selves. He told himself that it was his duty to find evidence of crime against her; though he could prove her guilty of nothing more than stealing his heart. "That," he reflected, "may or may not be
a diamond; but I could swear that it is the only one secretly in her possession."

In the midst of his soliloquy she passed him with a gracious nod. He sprang up to follow her. She knew he was coming, and turned back with her fascinating smile.

"I am just going to my room, Mr. Fortescue (he thought that had more tone than "Smith"). I want to make arrangements for landing; to touch up my faded complexion, you know"—this with a fetching smile. "The pilot boat is yonder, you see; and we shall soon be in port."

Mr. Fortescue said something about complexions (in particular) that brought her teeth once more in evidence. Then, offering her his arm, they descended to the lower deck. Leaving her at the door of her room, Smith wandered up and down the passage a prey to his ecstasy and professional contempt of himself. After awhile he drifted back to her door and stood leaning against the jamb. She seemed nearer to him while he stood there; and even if she should suddenly come out he thought he could frame some romantic compliment to account for his presence there.

As he stood and alternately smiled or frowned at his thoughts, he heard a scamper of feet on the deck above, followed by loud shouting. Straightening up for a moment expectantly, he became aware of an intense excitement above; and the next instant felt a lurch of the vessel which hurled him against and through the door of Miss Thompson's room. The shock brought from that young lady a scream; and she received her admirer with another. He, with thought only for her, struggled to his feet and took a step across the cabin to where she lay, a huddled heap of humanity and dressing gown.

"Are you hurt, Miss Thompson?" he gasped. "The ship has been wrecked and is rapidly sinking; but I will save you."

Her only answer was an hysterical scream and a smothered request that he would leave her. In his desperate fear that the ship was sinking, he had no such intention but proceeded to lift her in his arms. Despite the fact that she struggled fiercely, keeping her face concealed, he succeeded in carrying her from the stateroom. Finding her efforts unavailing she uncovered her flushed face and screamed: "Let me go, you brute! I want my teeth. Let me—I will, I tell you; I don't want to be saved—I want my—let me go—," and with reiterated screams she clawed at his face like one demented.

All this would have proved useless; but in the course of those peculiarly uttered words Smith had a glimpse of toothless gums and sunken cheeks. The glimpse appalled him. His arms lost their desperate strength and his struggling burden slipped to the deck, only to bound up again and back into her room.

As she stood up something dropped from the folds of her dress. Smith stooped to pick up the object just as a steward came hurrying through, saying as he ran by, "No damage done; bumped into the pilot boat." The detective, however, had no thought for the ship. He had in his hand a set of false teeth and a dazed feeling somewhere in his heart. In a way he comprehended that Miss Thompson had, at the moment of the shock, fallen to the deck and dropped, probably from her hand, these beautiful teeth which had bitten quite into his heart. But what startled him now was the fact that one tooth was broken and that from a perfect setting of a half tooth shone a brilliant diamond! As his brain slowly cleared he uttered a curse on his folly and turned—to confront a raging tigress.

"Give them back," she hissed, through her toothless gums. "Give them back or I'll—," and she flung herself recklessly upon him. No use; strong arms bore her to the floor and held her panting and raving like a madman. The steward had gone but a step or two and now came back to lend a hand to the detective, whose business was quite well understood by him.

The arrest was somewhat irregular; but when the vessel reached her dock Miss Thompson had, in her raving, made some admissions which justified the detective in escorting her at once to police headquarters. There she was promptly dealt with.

Thinking it all over afterward, Mr. Smith decided that he had been badly "bitten"; and still keeps the false teeth—broken, in order that their contents might be removed—to prove the fact whenever he choose to tell the story.

"Potter Hall, '99.

The Legend of the Triple X.

The S. Stephen's College Messenger.
It is not poisoned for you see
I first, myself, will drink;
That better liquor ne'er was made,
You, too, will surely think.
The Yankee took a little drink; In the '1
Since
The Sultan and the Visier laughed
The second one whose turn it was, Departed in good cheer.
And had
So
And sure enough! from laughing, burst And how they both became so good
"Thy rhen one put on the Visier's
An 'd hide their bodies 'neath the throne, How these things happened years ago,
And straightway racked their minds for plans How Allah gave the formula
The other with the Sultan swapped,
Its worth I ·would
Oh master," cried he, "this is
That Allah in his glorious
You,
That Allah came one night,
Exchanging for his own; Even to this day.
If
Just like
Hooray!" the
And each one took a pull. They reigned in peace for many years,
This drink bath power occult!
Asked
Or
That they should not
A blood-vein in his bead. That Allah came one night,
To meek as any slave,
That night a week into the Mosque,
The words inscribed upon their tombs
In his most wondrous way.
The Sultan and the Visier, too, Had been transformed by him, And changed much in countenance, In mind and soul and limb.
And that the Sultan bade them come— That none from this must shrink— That night a week into the Mosque, To taste a heavenly drink.
So all the people came that night, From cities far and near; And, having drank the potent brew, Departed in good cheer.
The people marveled at the change, These so controlled the throne, That their renown went far and wide, And came to every zone.
They reigned in peace for many years, With firm but gentle hand, Until one night, they sailed away— Back to their native land.
At home they used the wealth they brought; And when they came to die, The words inscribed upon their tombs Were Triple X Pure Rye.
How Allah changed the Sultan cruel, And made him good and brave, The Visier, too, from being proud, To meek as any slave.
And how they both became so good That Allah came one night, And after happy years of reign Took both to realms of light; How Allah gave the formula To ease the throat when dry, To make a drink of wondrous might Called Triple X Pure Rye;
How these things happened years ago, May still be seen, I know.
Upon the royal record's page Even to this day.
J. Paul Graham, 'er.
official relation which Dr. Fairbairn has so long borne to the College, and to mark our very real sense of the greatness of the loss sustained by the College in the withdrawal of his counsel and guidance. That we desire to convey to Dr. Fairbairn the assurance of the continued affection and respect which will follow him into his retirement, and which will always seek to express the love and regard for him borne in our hearts in the years of training at his hand. That we assure him of our earnest prayers for his continued health and strength, and of our confident hope that he may enjoy the many years of quiet rest and peaceful retirement which the labors and the zeal of a life nobly spent most richly deserve.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to Dr. Fairbairn, and that they be printed and a copy sent to each alumnus and former student of the College.

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**College Notes.**

—Rev. A. H. Grant, ‘92, of Otego, N. Y., has resigned his charge.

—Prof. G. W. Anthony preached in Pittsfield, Mass., on Sunday, Nov. 20th.

—Rev. F. C. Steinmetz, ‘93, of Philadelphia, has taken charge of Christ Church, Ridley Park, Pa.

—We are glad to hear that Dr. J. C. Robertson is rapidly improving in health. He has returned to Washington, D. C.

—Among the Alumni who recently visited the college was the Rev. Thos. B. Worrall, ‘95, of Holy Comforter Church, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

—The faculty of the college adopted a new "cut system." Needless to say it is much appreciated by the students, and there will be less "sickness" in the future.

—The German Club has decided to give five dances during the college year. The schedule is as follows: December 7th, January 11th, February 1st, April 5th and May 3rd.

—Rev. J. M. Blackwell, ‘92, of Mechanicsburg, Pa., Secretary of the Alumni Association, stopped at the college for a short visit on his way home from the Alumni Banquet in Albany.

—The Mask and Gown Club have begun rehearsals, and will make their first appearance for the season at Starr Institute, Rhinebeck, N. Y., December 10th, presenting a "Bachelor of Arts."

—Due to the efforts of Rev. Mr. Paddock a study class has been formed in connection with the Missionary Society for the purpose of keeping track of the great foreign missionary movements.

—Charles B. Dubell of Wilmington, Del., made a visit to the college on his way to the Adirondacks for his health. His friends will be glad to learn that he is so far recovered that he contemplates renewing his Seminary Course soon.

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**Library Notes.**

—The circulation for the past month was 141.

—The library is now open for reference only on Saturdays from ten to one o’clock, in addition to the regular hours.

—The following is a list of books and pamphlets added to the library during the past month:

Mary Queen of Scots, a study by "Anchor," Waterloo, Campaign and Battle, by John Watts DePeyster; Bothwell, an historical drama, by John Watts DePeyster; Genuine Letters of Mary Queen of Scots, by John Watts DePeyster; Prussians in the Campaign of Waterloo, by John Watts DePeyster; The Rock, The Church of Rome, by Lord Robert Montagu. All of the above were presented by Mr. J. Watts DePeyster. Lake Mohonk Conference, 4th annual report for 1898; Western Reserve University Bulletin, 1898–99; Cambria Steel, a treatise on structural steel, by Cambria Iron Co.

—The following reports from the University of the State of New York:

Examinations Department Report, 1897; Regent’s Report, 1897; Extension Dept. Report, 1896.

Also the Cosmopolitan and Scribner which is presented monthly by Dr. Hopson.

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**The Tandem.**

Cupid rides with love-tipped darts,
While lovers skim the moonlight road.
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Potter Hall, ’99.
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