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The Ways of Life.

IN MEMORY OF SISTER ALOYSIUS.

AND is this death, to take Life's very Bread,
And with her High-Priest Christ go hand in hand
Into that—shall we call it—shadow-land,
Where day's dominion is forever spread?
And should we mourn that lights about her head
Stand as four great archangels there might stand,
That now she lies as deathless vows had planned?—
If this is death, then she indeed is dead.

For she had need no more of word or sign,
For she has passed from darkness into day
Where there is no more fear, or loss, or strife.
Than we she was more wise who did not pine
To leave the body's broken house of clay,
Who knew the truer name for death is Life.

C. L. O'D.

The Architecture of the Renaissance.

BY RICHARD WALSH COLLINS.

THE term Renaissance as applied to architecture means not only the rebirth of interest and a clearer insight into the variable forms of nature but also a revival of the classic forms and principles of antiquity.

With this definition in mind the student may clearly discern, in the work of the sculptors during the closing years of the fourteenth century, the first indications of a new style, and may point to the well-known example of the competition for the baptistry doors of St. John's in Florence as the line of demarcation between the death of a worn-out style and the birth of a new and vigorous one, the natural outcome of the complex social, historical and geographical conditions that prevailed during that period. Among the combination of causes that produced the Renaissance may be mentioned the following as worthy of particular consideration—first and most important the predominance of the Christian religion, the political prominence attained by the popes and cardinals of that period, each being virtually a Roman emperor with attendant satellites, their patronage and encouragement of the various arts and the renewed interest in ecclesiastical architecture with the result that in every important city of Italy Renaissance churches were erected on a grand scale.

Secondly, the renewal of interest in the classic authors of Greece and Rome, and the consequent familiarization with classic styles undoubtedly influenced the taste of the builders of the nations.

Again, the remains of many monuments of Roman art, scattered throughout Europe courted investigation and emulation while the prosperous condition of the people enabled the cities to erect splendid edifices.

Moreover, the reigning style of Architecture, the Gothic, had been introduced from and perfected in a foreign country, was never fitted to the traditions or circumstances existing in Italy, was never nationalized, and was fast hastening to decay.

With such conditions the consequences are evident, and it only awaited the arrival of a great artist to lay the foundation for the revival of the fine arts. The invention of printing, which aided the spread of knowledge and rendered its acquisition possible by the masses, promoted the spirit of learning among the Teutonic races and this renewed vigor in thought and literature was accompanied by a new building era in northern Europe; while in England civil and domestic architecture received a fresh impetus from the distribution among laymen by Henry VIII of the lands

and wealth of the monasteries, confiscated by the crown when the rupture occurred between the pope and the English king.

In France the Renaissance gained prominence upon the distribution of Italian workmen and artists throughout the country. These men who had followed in the train of Francis I, after his successful invasion of Italy, brought with them the ideals and practices of the Renaissance and speedily gained the attention of the beauty-loving French by the excellence of their work.

In its nature the Renaissance consisted largely of a reversion to Roman principles and methods judicially tempered and beautified by the assimilation of Grecian models and practices, while its limitation to the Latin Teutonic races clearly demonstrates its racial significance, for great races always express themselves distinctly in their architecture and can usually be better identified by their arts than by their languages, since the art of a country is usually preserved in the monuments she has raised which are not subject to corruption, while its language is merely a development of an inherited tongue. Thus the new style was merely a reversion to a type, seen long ago in the temples of Greece and the basilicas of Rome, the combination of the Athenic column with the Etruscan arch, pediment and dome.

Its stone character and graceful mouldings speak directly of the days of Augustus and whisper of a wooden origin beyond the palaces of Homeric kings. Although such authorities as Ruskin and Ferguson, not to mention Cram of present-day fame, declare the architecture of the Renaissance failed to be a natural issue of a country's civilization and a record of history since it consisted only of copyism, such a criticism seems unjust as it is but natural to demand the best that tradition has achieved and to revive whatever appears helpful in procuring the desired results.

If we study the history of Architecture, we discover that the Ptolemaic era in Egypt was a Renaissance of a Theban type just as the golden age of Augustus and Hadrian at Rome were Greek revivals.

It would appear clear therefore that all who consider Renaissance Architecture merely an imitative style or scenic affectation and place it in a different category from preceding styles greatly err since the new style was more distinct from the Roman than the latter differed from the Greek. It is an admitted fact that the Renaissance degenerated into mere copyism and so died, but that only proves the contention that a style which does not conform to the spirit and needs of an age is doomed by a natural law and can never attain prominence.

The earlier and culminative works of the Renaissance bear no traces of insincerity, but are the true expression of the conditions of that time and it is by this standard that a style must be judged; regarded merely as a history of the period and the people; written in lasting tablets of stone, the Architecture of the Renaissance is one of the most luminous of all historical records.

By the operation of the universal law of natural selection it has depicted the awakened enthusiasm of the period, all the beauty and glory of the old world, the new thirst for culture, the social and religious habits of the people, the disposition of the various rulers, in a word, the conditions existing at the time in the government, the industries and the fine arts. There are three distinct periods in the development of Renaissance Architecture: the first period from the year 1420 to 1500 was the age of adaptation, development, and varied imagination; the second period embraced the early portion of the sixteenth century, and during this building era the best examples of the true Renaissance Architecture were erected. The third and last age, from 1540 to 1580, marked the degeneration of the new school, all inventiveness and imagination being strictly subdued and sacrificed to the established canons.

During the first epoch we are bewildered by the creative powers of the enthusiastic builders and the indiscriminate mingling of all forms of beauty, a tendency to use ornamentation too freely, without due regard for strictness of design. The details borrowed from the models of antiquity were fantastically changed and colored, being in truth a new birth, the product of vivid forces moved to creativeness by admiration for the beauty and strength of the past. During this earlier period the decorator and builder were inseparably connected, and the most successful architect was he who combined in himself the greatest knowledge and capacity for the allied arts.

The second era was noticeable for rectifying

the mistakes of the early group, and the striving after new classic forms was more amply realized. A chastened taste curbed the reckless imaginations without sacrificing the beauty of the construction or lessening the charm of the structures, for these later builders cunningly subordinated beauty in detail to the true grandeur of simplicity and unity of effect.

The third age comprised men who adhered closely to classic models who had lost the glory and grace of the Renaissance; the springtide of beauty and strength was over, and old age and senility had marked the style of the idealists for its own. We have already seen that the beginning of the Renaissance may be dated from the erection of the Baptistry doors of St. John's in Florence during the early years of the fifteenth century, and to Brunelleschi must be rightfully given, as a result of his untiring efforts, the credit for the birth and early development of Renaissance Architecture, while his influence in the allied arts was powerful enough to introduce the new movement among them. The city of Florence, situated in the heart of Italy and carrying on an immense foreign trade with the Orient was during this period the greatest intellectual influence in the country and appears the rightful birthplace of the new style; in form the city and its dependencies were a Republic and in them existed fixed ideals of personal freedom and popular government; while purity of taste and firmness of judgment combined with scientific accuracy were always distinctive of the Florentines and are discernible in their public works.

The Renaissance drew its first great artist from a Florentine goldsmith's shop, which seems alike to have served the purpose of painter's studio, sculptor's and decorator's workroom and general home of the allied arts; indeed these masters knew but one art, and their whole spirit was opposed to the modern idea of division of labor. Thus pupils were often sculptor, painter and architect in one, able to combine all three in a harmonious whole for the production of some important edifice. Brunelleschi was the product of such environment, and when his design for the Baptistry doors took only second place, his somewhat exclusive nature determined him to enter another field where he might gain the desired pre-eminence, accordingly, he proceeded to Rome where he studied the principles of classic architecture for four years, then returning to Florence prepared to complete the cathedral of Santa Maria Del Tiore, begun over a century previous; and in the year 1420 he was appointed to carry the building to completion; the chief difficulty being encountered in the construction of the enormous dome with its diameter 138 feet and height of 133 feet, and it was not until after his death that the building was finished. Although largely Gothic in principle it demonstrated the benefits possible from using Roman examples and methods and rendered subsequent achievements in Renaissance Architecture possible. The huge blocks of rusticated masonry employed by Brunelleschi and contemporary artists in Florentine palaces and cathedrals give the impression of strength and ruggedness, while the absence of carved details mark the simplicity of the style. It is in Brunelleschi's smaller works however, that he shows most clearly his foundation of the Renaissance and paves the way for the new revival. Michelet, in speaking of the erection of the great dome by Brunelleschi, declared that "The colossal church stood up simply, naturally, as a strong man arises in the morning without the aid of a crutch," and so it was with the coming of Renaissance; the Italians valued the strength of simple perspicuity; all the best works of their builders are geometrical ideas translated into stone, and the cathedrals of Italy faithfully depict the nature and emotions of the people, their love of beauty and refinement, their intense religious convictions and the degree of freedom they enjoyed.

Owing to the brevity of this discussion it will only be possible to choose the foremost architect of each period of the Renaissance and depict his influence upon his country's structures, and Brunelleschi embodied the best features of the formative stage.

The second or golden age also produced its genius—Bramante; little of whose work remains unharmed, but the influence he exerted upon contemporary artists was the most profound. He first showed the unity of effect and grandeur of simplicity to which mere beauty of detail must always be subservient. Under Bramante's leadership the faults of the first group of builders were largely overcome, and the new style firmly established.

Instead of the luxuriant use of all manner of ornament, we see the influence of a chastened taste directing the workmen and producing

the perfect specimens of the true Renaissance without yielding beauty or magnificence. The style was refined, construction work was more advanced and the general details better understood. Bramante arrived upon the scene when the mechanical means were perfected and the allied arts had reached their highest development. His early training in Lombardy had accustomed him to the free use of clustered piers, semi-circular apses and niches, and these elements of design he introduced into Italy determining its whole architectural future.

The church of S. Mario Della Consolazione at Todi, and the unfinished cathedral at Pisa enable us to form a true estimate of the value of Bramante's work and his refined and noble instincts. It is during the golden age that the influence of the Catholic Church is most pronounced, for Pope Julian II having determined upon the erection of a new vatican and a magnificent cathedral, and being a natural admirer of all that was beautiful in the allied arts, gathered about him the foremost artists of that day; he brought Bramante from the service of Ludovio Sborga, Michael Angelo from the Medici, and Rafferello from Perugia; the wealth and power of the Church, the forcible, ambitious, and statesmanlike qualities of the Pope, the presence of the aristocratic families in Rome, the social rivalry, all combined to make Rome the scene of the culminating epoch of the Renaissance. When Bramante visited Rome he soon attracted the attention and interests of Julius II who became his friend and patron and intrusted him with the erection of the Vatican and St. Peter's; this great cathedral still retains, despite the various modifications, many essentially Bramantesque features, especially the distribution of the piers and the rounded niches.

Bramante founded no school, yet the result of his influence is everywhere apparent throughout Italy, among his most noted followers being numbered Raphael Guilio, Romano and Perruzzi.

Throughout all Bramante's work he shows great originality in his treatment of classic forms and their adaptation to the conditions under which he laboured, but he naturally profited greatly from the examples of those who had preceded him. It is in Venice that the Renaissance of the fine arts developed most slowly, and the period of perfection arrived rather late there, but no city is richer in monuments of the florid style, nowhere else does the architecture change so imperceptibly into the revival, always retaining the impression of a splendor-loving people, the universal characteristic of the true Venetian. Although republican in form Venice was proverbial for its tyrant oligarchy, and the venetian art of this period unmistakably shows the lack of individual liberty.

The greatest genius of all the Renaissance must not be omitted, and Michael Angelo may well be added to the list of the builders of the golden age. In architecture, as in sculpture, he bequeathed to succeeding generations masterpieces of invention and genius, unrivalled in their splendor and beauty. He seemed to work from no model, to obey no law, but depended solely on his own instincts which always led him triumphantly past the dangers that engulfed the lesser men who attempted to follow in his footsteps, and could not succeed, being doomed to failure in advance by their own limitations. These began the decadence of the Renaissance through their efforts after originality and new effects.

Michael Angelo lived man's allotted fourscore years and ten, being ninety-one years old when he passed away, retaining to the end his youthful vigor and genius. He is easily the central figure of the Renaissance, being the connecting link between the second and third epochs. He paid no heed to classic precedent, but dealt as masterfully with the forms of architecture as with the human figure, indeed in the sagraestia Nuova of S. Lorenzo he created a novel framework to enshrine his miracles of sculpture enhancing the massive forms above the medician tombs by the slightness of the mouldings and pilasters, yet this chapel proved a stumbling-block for subsequent architects by encouraging them to violate the established canons of architecture and propriety.

His largest architectural work was the completion of St. Peters begun late in life at the instance of Pope Paul III who urged him to undertake the commission. Pope Leo had succeeded Julian II, and like him was an ardent admirer of the fine arts and the patron and protector of the artists of his period. His reign was short, but far-reaching in its effects; it is said that Lorenzo de' Medici declared that of his three sons Julian was good, Peter a fool, and John was prudent and the latter became Pope Leo X, reigning from 1513 to 1521. He proved

himself equal to his difficult position, but died suddenly after attaining many beneficial results during his short primacy. The Romans could not forgive his dying so quietly after spending so much money, and pursued his corpse with insults, crying "Thou has crept in like a fox, like a lion hast thou ruled us; and like a dog hast thou died," but aftertimes have designated his century a great epoch in the progress of mankind.

Pope Leo, although singularly fortunate, always displayed liberal kindness, great activity of intellect, a ready perception of good in others and above all, owes his success to his solicitude for leading facts only, being never concerned with the details. But to return to Michael Angelo, when he undertook, owing to the request of his patron the completion of St. Peters he threw himself heart and soul into the work, and it seems doubly unfortunate that he did not live to complete the task assigned him, as the effect of the great dome, his supreme achievement, is sacrificed by the changes in his plans made by later architects.

This dome of St. Peters is all that is majestic. It secures the entrance with abundant light and dilates the imagination with the sense of immense space. It is this dome that makes St. Peters the adequate symbol of the Church; the mighty temple is the shrine of Catholicity, the center of the spiritual activity of the universe, and represents an age when the Popes were the acknowledged intellectual chieftains of the whole world and it still stands, giving promise of the unchangeableness of the doctrines it represents. The original plan drawn by Bramante of this church was in the form of a Greek cross surmounted by a vestibule fronted with six mighty columns.

After Bramante's death, Raphael took charge, and in 1535 Michael Angelo was appointed sole architect. He reverted to the plan of Bramante, but changed the dome and the general details, he raised the central structure as far as the drum of the cupola before death claimed him, but unfortunately his plan was changed and the altered nave and vestibule spoiled the effect of the dome.

The Vatican and St. Peters are the one group of Roman buildings that in scale and monumental appearance more than hold their own with the old Roman work, showing the truthfulness of architecture as the stone book of history. For in St. Peters is writ large the importance of the Church in the world of the sixteenth century, the character and aspirations of its rulers, and the spirit and aims of the constructors of this fabric. The palaces of the Vatican and cardinals stand in the place of the Palatine hill and the Pantheon of the Olympic deities is superseded by the Church of the Christian world.

A decided characteristic of the Renaissance architects of this period was their passion for the human figure, impressing it upon every detail of architecture and its accessories, the whole interior decoration often being completed along these lines. The Sistine chapel is the most extreme example of this tendency. It is the work of many artists, but is chiefly remarkable for the rich ceiling and the last judgment shown on the altar wall, both by Michael Angelo, the remarkable genius who combined sculptor, painter and architect in one, producing a singular type of majesty and grandeur. It will not be amiss here to mention Raphael, the privileged artist of Leo X, who has remained the peerless painter of all times. Before his efforts the heathen models were always reproduced, but Raphael felt painting should, above all, represent the life of the soul, the leading element of Christianity, and his wonderful representations of the Virgin Mary witness his success. He was appointed by Pope Leo X to finish St. Peter's Church, but died at the age of thirty-seven, before he had time to leave much impression on the huge task assigned him. It seems to be the universal fate of all renewals, both in architecture and the allied arts, that they rise in bold and original work, inspired by the prototype, indulge in a period of original creation and excellent taste with imaginative inventiveness, and then, as the fever burns out, revert to the original forms and lose all vitality.

This is clearly discernible in Italian Renaissance. The work of Brunelleschi and Bramante, representative architects of the first two periods, was inspired by late Roman models, while the later artists reverted to the Augustan age and finally expired in Palladio's almost Grecian work. It does not follow, however, that because of this retrogression the whole Renaissance was false and insincere, for the brilliancy attained by the early artists was too high a standard to be kept up, and deterioration naturally followed; the revival collapsing almost as suddenly as it arose.

The causes of this decline are many and varied, chief among them being the absence of prosperity and liberty, the evil effects of Michael Angelo's vitiated style and finally the reduction of classic architecture to a set system of rules and regulations.

The decisive cause of the decay of the Renaissance was due principally, however, to the loss of conformity to constructive principles and the chief responsibility for the failure must be attached to Michael Angelo, the greatest genius of the period, whose daring brought ruin to the less-gifted imitators. The cleverest architect of the decadent period was Palladio of Vicenza. Although unfortunate in his period, he made the most of his opportunities and showed what could be done on a small scale and without expensive materials; indeed to his influence must be accredited all that is commendable in this epoch as he firmly stemmed the tide of decadence in his native Vicenza and his influence penetrated to Vienna and made the Renaissance work of this city immeasurably superior to that of Rome and Genoa, other art centres at that time.

Palladio's cleverest work achieved at the age of thirty-one years during 1549 A. D. consists of the arcades around the town hall of Vicenza, in form a modern basilica and unique in its kind. Some of his principal works are the façade of San Francesco Della Vigna, and the Redentore located at Venice, composed of simple materials and with little ornament, these give wonderfully rich effects and show the cleverness of the designer.

Palladio is particularly well-known and admired throughout Europe, and in a lesser extent in this country, because of his work on Architecture, which has been much translated and widely used. He is the last of the great Renaissance builders of Italy; with his death the true Renaissance ceased to exist save in the monuments of its glory. The Renaissance in France began with the presence of the Italian artists who returned in the train of Francis I.

Among the more noted of his followers were Leonard Da Vinci, Cellini, Vignola and Cortona, while in later times the artist Bernini came as the guest of Louis XIV. These gifted builders grafted Renaissance details upon Gothic forms and erected the famous chateaus along the banks of the Loire River. Very few churches were built during this period, since the Reformation gained practically no foothold in France until the eighteenth century and the churches erected during the Gothic period were amply sufficient for the needs of the Catholics. The most noted works of this period are the De Blois built for Francis I and containing the famous staircase tower; and the Louvre, in Paris, the most important building of the style since its construction covered the entire Renaissance period; it consequently showing a complete history of the progressive stages of French Renaissance. The examples in church Architecture consisted mainly of altars, doorways and additions to churches, in which Renaissance details were grafted onto Gothic forms; a good example of the French Renaissance church is the Pantheon, Paris, in plan a Greek cross with a triple dome. It was during the last period of the French Renaissance that the Rocco style came into prominence, it was signalized by sinuous frontages, broken curves and strained originality; the Jesuits adopted this method of construction, and it may be seen throughout the Jesuit churches of Europe characterized by too much ornamentation, twisted columns and contorted figures.

The English Renaissance was started with the action of Henry VIII when he suppressed the monasteries and freely distributed his confiscated wealth and treasures among his courtiers. Among the contributary causes may be mentioned the period of architectural depression that followed the war of the Roses and lasted until the close of the fifteenth century; the invention of gunpowder, which rendered ancient castles obsolete and no longer desirable. These various causes had united in stultifying the architectural work and when the impetus arrived numerous builders came into prominence.

The principal transitional styles were the Elizabethan and Jacobean which finally gave way to the Anglo-classic or seventeenth century style. The most prominent architects of Renaissance fame in England were Imigo Jones and Sir Christopher Wren. Imigo Jones had studied in Italy and the spirit of the Renaissance had claimed him for its own; accordingly on his return to England he devoted himself to furthering this style with great success, although many of his designs were checked by the ban of the commonwealth. His style is plain and severe, being similar to Palladio's whose work is scattered throughout Italy. The best example

of his work is the Banqueting House, Whitehall, a portion of a royal palace, beautiful in design and execution.

Sir Christopher Wren, who shares with Jones the honor of perfecting the Renaissance work in England, was a scholar and a mathematician who became interested in Architecture during a visit to France, where he studied construction work and in a measure adopted it, so that his work follows the French school more than the Italian.

All his designs show much attention to detail and symmetry of parts, the best examples being found in the numerous churches he erected throughout England; St. Paul's, London, is especially noted, being a perfect specimen of his genius. The exterior is very effective, grouping well with the central dome, which is probably the best example of its kind in Europe; the projecting masses of masonry giving a noble appearance to the passerby. The three centuries touched upon in this article have given us the principal examples of the Renaissance, Italy of course being the mainspring of the entire revival.

The thoughtful student when sifting the evidence brought forward can see little reason for the popular belief, so frequently advanced that the Renaissance is the result of the so-called Reformation; as a matter of fact, the heart of the classic revival, Italy, was scarcely touched by the influence of the Reformers, yet she produced the real masters of this great epoch and the influence of her sons carried the Renaissance triumphantly throughout Europe.

A more logical conclusion would be, therefore, that the Gothic style was unsuited to Italian natures and conditions, and these same natures, stirred by the revival of classic literature, burst forth in full glory with a style of their own that fully expresses their national habits, religion and character.

"GREAT minds receive the influence of great minds, and they are often most original in making their own that which they have borrowed. Dante compels into his service all that was known in his day, Shakespeare takes whatever suits his purpose, St. Augustine is inspired by Plato, St Thomas is the disciple of Aristotle. There is in living minds a circulation of ideas, as in living bodies there is a circulation of material substances."

Homeward.

NOW does she lay her down to sleep
When the heat of the day is o'er
And the weary hands that knew no rest
Are still forevermore.

Now are the lips forever closed
And the wondrous eyes grown dim,
And the gifts the good God loaned to her
She now brings back to Him.

Tears there are none upon her cheeks
Save the tears that her children shed,
For she laid her down like a weary child
That seeks its trundle-bed.

And they dug a simple grave for her,
From the bustling world apart,
But she still lives on in memory
In many an aching heart.

Now does she lay her down to sleep
In the heart of the silent sod,
With a childish trust in Him above,
Her Father and her God.

The C. S. & I. Through Oakmead.

BY T. D. MOTT.

CHAPTER I.

"Well, we're stuck kinda. I can't make this old bus go another inch."

"Oh Archie, we must hurry. They will be after us soon and I'm sure they'll catch us."

"No use, little girl, we've broken a piston rod and it's up to us to walk," replied Archie.

Archibald J. Amerton, familiarly known as Archie, was, without a doubt, in a very unpleasant predicament. Here he was in the process of eloping with the daughter of Lawrenceville's most prominent citizen, Hon. Dollivar H. Tilden, the local railroad magnate, stranded on a country road somewhere within a radius of twenty miles from that city.

With a fond farewell to the Hon. Dollivar they had started off together ostensibly for an afternoon in the motor. It was now nearly seven and the late summer sky was fast darkening with the approaching night. Since it was past the dinner hour the eloping couple knew that they had been missed and felt sure that

old Dollivar would soon be hot on their trail.

"Oh Archie," wailed Linda, "how will we ever get to Oakmead to-night? We haven't the slightest idea where we are, and it's a long way past supper time,"

"Well, come on, I see a light over there," returned Archie starting up the road with Linda at his side.

CHAPTER II.

Old Oliver Badger put down the paper he had been reading and hastened to the front door in answer to a rather timid knock. Peering out into the darkness, Badger beheld a dusty, hungry-looking young man and a very pretty girl who likewise showed traces of hunger.

"Can you let us have something to eat?" queried Archie hurriedly. You see our machine has broken down and we're quite a distance from Lawrenceville."

"Reckon we can give you something if you are not too particular what it is," returned Badger good-naturedly.

When Linda and Archie were seated before a table loaded with a large quantity of cold meat, large glasses of cool creamy milk, huge slices of bread and butter, old Oliver Badger ventured to open a conversation.

"So you live in Lawrenceville, do you?" he asked mildly curious.

"Well, you see, ah—that is not at present," returned Archie embarrassed. "We're eloping and we don't care to come in contact with Lawrenceville for a while yet."

"Oh, I see," softly remarked Oliver peering at them sharply from behind his iron-rimmed spectacles.

"You know old Dollivar Tilden, her father, don't exactly favor me, so we had to run from the old meddler," continued Archie freely.

"Archibald, please speak more respectfully of father," returned Linda sharply. "Why, to hear you talk, one would think him an old grouch. He is not old and he is the best father in the world.'

"Well he *is* a grouch, Linda. You know how he forbade us seeing each other. He might at least have acted decently," replied Archie with some heat.

Linda did not choose to reply to this burst with a toss of her head. She set to satisfying her hunger.

After all, she meditated, had she not been a little hasty to elope with Amerton? It had all been so sudden. His persuasive blandishments and the ardour of his love had carried her off her feet.

"Oh, I say, you are not the daughter of Dollivar H. Tilden, the railroad magnate, are you?" hastily interrupted Oliver Badger.

"Yes, do you know father?" returned Linda.

"Well, I guess I do know him," replied Oliver. He did not add, however, that his dealings with him had been in a futile effort to have the new C. S. & I. division run through Oakmead. The rejection of Oakmead for the neighboring city of Stanton had come but shortly before and meant the making of the rival city at the expense of Oakmead.

"So that's how the land lies, is it?" ruminated Badger to himself

"I wonder if—" what it was he wondered was never disclosed to the world, for he broke off shortly with an exclamation.

"By heaven, I'll do it," he decided, bringing his fists together, "for the good of Oakmead."

CHAPTER III.

Hon. Dollivar H. Tilden had dined alone—a rare thing for him. Linda had not returned, but he was not greatly worried, thinking she had been delayed and would return shortly. The telephone interrupted him and he hastened to answer it, thinking it might be Linda.

"Hello, is that you, Tilden?" came the voice over the wire.

"Yes, yes, who is it?" he answered.

"This is Oliver Badger speaking. Say, Tilden, I suppose your girl has not returned yet, has she?" Badger asked feeling his ground.

"No."

"I thought not. Well Tilden she isn't likely to return very soon either. She eloped this afternoon with young Archibald Amerton."

"What!" exclaimed Tilden fiercely. "Impossible! Why, the young jackanapes!"

"Say Tilden," continued Badger cooly, "you better come out to my place at once. I might be able to tell you something about your daughter."

CHAPTER IV.

"Good evening, Tilden," greeted Oliver as the great man entered the gate.

"Let's get down to business at once. Your daughter and young Amerton are inside. They have already had their first quarrel. Yes, they argued over you. He called you an old meddler. But say, Tilden," softly purred Oliver, "wouldn't this make a fine story for the morning papers."

"Daughter of railroad magnate in daring elopement."

"You dirty scoundrel," thundered the Hon. Dollivar. "I won't have the press get hold of that story if I have to buy every paper in the country, and, what's more, I'll not let Linda throw herself away on young Amerton. All he wants is a chance to get his hands on my money bags."

"Now, Dollivar, don't get excited. If you are sensible you won't have to buy any papers and your daughter won't marry Amerton."

"Just sign this statement, putting Oakmead on the route of the C. S. & I."

"You confounded blackmailer," roared the Hon. Tilden.

"Oh no, Tilden. Not blackmail, just business," said Oliver.

Even as You and I.

There was a beautiful moon shining through the clouds of a beautiful night in June. They sat in a beautiful park near a beautiful lake. She said, "Do you love me?" He said, "I do." He did.

A few hours later they were saying good-night at her gate. They had said good-night a great many times before during the last half hour, but somehow there was a vague, indefinable something that kept him there; a force that held him; an impelling force that told him to do something, yet did not tell him what to do.

He really wanted to go, so he said good-night again; she really wanted to go, so she said good-night again, and yet she lingered; and so did he.

Somehow there seemed to be something wrong with that good-night. Something was lacking. He did not know just what it was; she did; and yet he stayed; so she stayed.

Again she said, "Do you love me?" Again he answered, "I do." She asked for proof. He leaned over the gate; she leaned over the gate; just then the moon sailed behind a cloud.

She went to bed and dreamed of a pretty little bungalow on Hill St. He went home and stayed up until three o'clock in the morning madly pacing the floor. How could he ever get back that engagement ring he had given the other girl? P. C.

Varsity Verse.

A REVELATION.

I never knew until we met to-day,
That all the dawn was hidden in her heart,
I never felt till now that her soft eyes
Were pools of light from where the sunbeams start.

I walked beside her in the silent dusk
Through childhood's happy school days long ago,
Nor ever saw the rose flame in her cheek
Nor dreamed her soul was whiter than the snow.

But oh! to-night at the grey parting hour
Her sadness like a tempest swept away
The veil that had concealed her loveliness—
And lo! my poor dim eyes beheld the day.

George Holden.

VACATION MEMORIES.

After the short vacation days are fled,
Our young hearts throb with mingled joy and sorrow,
Sorrow for what has passed out of our lives,
Joy at the thought of what may be to-morrow.

And as we pore over our dreary books,
Our dimming eyes the words no longer trace,
For on the misty page we seem to see
The dreamy sweetness of *her* lily face.

Ralph Joseph Mills.

MY LITTLE GIRL.

She is my little girl
And I love every curl
That goes tumbling down her white cheeks;
There's a gleam in her eye
Like a star in the sky
And her voice is a song when she speaks.

And her smile seems to start
A queer leap in my heart,
O I've wondered so often if she
Ever feels a swift throb,
Half a laugh, half a sob,
When she's shedding her beauty on me.

And I wonder if we
Will contentedly be
Settled down in the vale of the rose,
Where the dawn will arise
With her opening eyes
And the evening will come with their close.

O she's my little girl
And I love every curl
That is clustering over her brow,
Though the on-coming years
May be deluged with tears
To be true to the end is our vow.

William A. Curley.

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Sister M. Aloysius.

One more well-known figure passed out of the complex, busy life of Notre Dame University when Sister Aloysius died at the convent infirmary last Wednesday morning. After the great Father Sorin himself, Sister Aloysius, perhaps, ranks next in years of active service at the University; and the tribute which all the University,—students and teachers, priests and brothers,—paid to this woman at her funeral last Friday is proof of the marked esteem and affection in which she was held.

Sister Aloysius arrived at Notre Dame some forty-three years ago and became a novice in the community of the Sisters of the Holy Cross. From then to now, with the exception of one year at Watertown, Wisconsin, she was the gentle despot who ruled St. Edward Hall, helping by every good device that came to her wise head to make her "Minims" better and brighter. She came to the Notre Dame of the seventies, a simple Irish girl with a sweet brogue and blue eyes. The great Sorin saw her, took kindly to her soft voice and her Irish manners; and with that insight for selection which he possessed above the rank and file of men who lead, he said to Honora Mulcair—the Irish girl from County Limerick where the river Mague widens and mingles with the Shannon—"Honora Mulcair, hereafter you shall be called Sister Aloysius;" and in thought he added,—"You shall take care of my Minims,—my Princes,—down the years."

This, then, was Sister Aloysius' contribution to Notre Dame for the past forty odd years; she made young boys from six to twelve who entered the grammar school of the University gentle and thoughtful, strong, studious and resourceful. How she did this was her secret. One might call it the "Aloysius system," her method of handling her Minims. Sometimes a "lecture" in the parlor in which the evil-doer was shown the evil of his ways had a chastening effect. Again, if a Minim did a good deed, rendered some kindly service, he "got praise from Sister Al" and went off with a happy heart. Perhaps when one says Sister Aloysius' system was her personality one arrives nearest the truth.

However, Sister Aloysius was not merely the gentle despot of St. Edward Hall who helped to fashion men out of Minims. She was a Notre Dame figure. Just as Father Sorin and Father Walsh and Father Granger and Father Corby stand large and apart, so too, Sister Aloysius will hold her own chosen place in the gallery of Notre Dame's great ones forever and ever.

Her activities were as varied as her personality. She made a garden of paradise out of the sand-pit in front of her St. Edward Park. The air was always sweet there in summer, and when the late autumn came you were sorry the "serpentine" and the "star" and the "Ave Maria" had to be taken away so soon; that they could not always bloom and sweeten the place. Just so you feel about Sister Aloysius herself. Then sometimes she would be out in her park with her Minims in the gray morning while the rest of the University was sleeping. She would say: "Philip, come here to me. Put this geranium here,—right here. That's it. Now put the earth around it gently with your hands." And so they would work—"Sister Al's Minims," as everybody called them—raking, hoeing, planting, carting off rubbish and brown pots with the flush of young life on their eager faces; and Sister Aloysius stood watching them,—the general of the young army of happy toilers.

Were you in any kind of trouble, you went to Sister Aloysius. Was a sudden death to be announced—why, who else but Sister Aloysius? She had mastered the art of telling a harsh truth in soft words. In sickness, in loss, in any unexpected event that can happen in a big family of a thousand and a half, Sister Aloysius was there, the friend and helper.

She grew up with the place and like the place

grew old; but in growing old she kept her heart young. She saw Father Sorin and Father Walsh and so many of her friends pass out and take their narrow places back at the cemetery; she grieved over their going, but not as one who looked back hopelessly and saw no promise for the future. She met new conditions, and never held the idea that every change is bad because it is a change. Her heart was full of cheer and hope. She gave of her sympathy and wise counsel, and one always felt she gave as a friend.

She died in the midst of her service; quickly, but well prepared. She will be missed at many places many times every day; most of all she will be missed when there is trouble.

All said, it seems more fitting that she went out in the late afternoon of her life, while her feet were still able to take her to duty. We will think of her as she was before she went, the woman of affairs helping here and watching there; the resourceful woman, meeting every difficulty with some wise settlement, every trouble with unobtrusive sympathy.

God rest her! It is long years since she saw the daisied earth of home; but the simple faith and the piety and the vast charity—these she kept as tender and as fresh as when she first brought them from the Land of the Saints.

Her friends and co-workers await her—Father Sorin, Father Walsh, Father Corby, Father Regan. One fancies they stood with bared heads as she was borne past them back at the cemetery on her last journey. One believes and hopes and prays they will welcome her into heaven. *P. J. C.*

We print here the personal part of the funeral sermon preached by the Reverend John Cavanaugh, C. S. C., President of the University

Now, if I have at all interpreted aright the philosophy of life and success, surely the beloved friend whom we mourn to-day was pre-eminently wise in the conduct of her life and signally successful in gathering its sweetest and noblest rewards. Born in the middle of the last century, in the Island of saints and scholars, in her earliest years she breathed the atmosphere of Christian faith which profoundly influenced her whole after life. There has never been in the world a more spiritual people than the Irish people. If ever there was a nation that may appropriately be called a martyr nation it is that noble people who during the long night of penal woe witnessed to their faith even to the shedding of blood; if ever there was a people that had a keen vision of the supernatural it is that people to whom the world to come is more real than the world that is. Happy was she in having these centuried traditions of faith which became the great impulse in her life, which possessed her like a grand passion from the days of her childhood, on through her youth, and her middle age, and her maturity, until last Wednesday when she laid her body, worn but unweary, down in death, when for the first time her unresting hands were folded in everlasting rest from labor. As a girl of twenty-five she flung her fresh young life at the feet of her spiritual superiors, soliciting austere adoption as a daughter of the Holy Cross. On August 15th, 1875, she made her religious vows. Let those who knew her best during the forty years which have since elapsed witness to her fidelity to that divine betrothal. From the moment when the first moral splendor of the religious life burst upon her vision she dedicated herself to it with an enthusiasm that became her very life; from that day she knew no standard but the standard of the Cross, and she followed it as faithfully as the Magi followed the Star. When Sister Aloysius came to Notre Dame, that wonderful man, Father Sorin, was in the heyday of his strength and power. For thirty years he had been laboring among what was then the outposts of civilization, upbuilding in the wilderness the University of Our Lady. Nothing in all the marvellous career of that marvellous man is more amazing than his power to inspire others with his own spirit and his own enthusiasm. In the warm-hearted, imaginative and enthusiastic young Irish girl he found a responsive spirit. I have known most of the great figures in the development of Notre Dame. They were saintly, they were talented, they were zealous, they were consumed with a divine enthusiasm. In none of them was the union of these qualities more evident than in Sister Aloysius, in none of them was the spirit of the founder more exquisitely crystallized.

When the history of Notre Dame is completely written, no chapter in that beautiful and brilliant story will be more heroic than the part the Sisters have borne in the work. Since the day when Holy Mary gathered her Divine Babe to her bosom and breathed the perfume of her breath into the roses of His cheeks, woman has been the great lover of Christ; since the day when Holy Mary followed her Divine Son, hounded, and beaten and blood-stained, through the streets of the deicide city, woman has been the great follower of Christ; since the day when Holy Mary taught her little Son the elements of our human wisdom—He, the Mighty God, whose voice is the thunder, whose willing servants are the lightning bolts of heaven, whose chemistry is the rainbow, whose mathematics are the orbits of the stars, who washed the lily in eternal snows and dipped the rose in the molten sunset, who wrote the story of creation in the stony strata of the earth and folded them up like the pictured pages of a book—He chose to spell His way through the rudiments of our human knowledge at the knees of His Blessed Mother, and since that time noble women have been the teachers of all high and holy lessons. Someone has asked why the world has never erected a monument to any woman. The answer is that every great man that has ever lived is himself a monument to some good woman. I am thinking

not only of the work of the world but also of the work of the great saints in the Church, when I say that it has hardly ever happened that any man has carried on a great and sustained work without the inspiration, the encouragement, and the counsel of some good woman. Who can estimate the debt that Notre Dame owes to the Sisters of the Holy Cross; what tongue shall fittingly pay them tribute? Not until the day of final judgment when curtains shall be torn away; delusions dispelled, veils lifted, false standards destroyed and absolute truth revealed to the world, shall it be known what a large share the Sisters have had in the growth and development of Notre Dame. I am not forgetting the sublime sacrifices of the noble priests who have dedicated their fine talent and their rich spiritual natures to the work with a heroism that can never be sufficiently appreciated or cherished. I am not forgetting the matchless loyalty and fidelity and courage and self-sacrifice of a great army of brothers who in various obediences have labored with a courage and enthusiasm and a zeal that were heroic and saintly. I believe I am best discharging my duty of loyalty to the memory of the priests and brothers of the past and best interpreting the feelings of the priests and brothers of the present when I give thanks to Almighty God for one of His best gifts to Notre Dame—the faithful, loyal, devoted and heroic Sisters of the Holy Cross. The history of their labors day by day is like the simple annals of the Saints; their days have been filled with plain and homely duties; the record of their services and sacrifices is not inscribed on monuments of brass or marble, but it is written on the hearts of grateful men, it is painted on the unforgetting intelligences of the Angels, and the story of it is written in the Books of God. I hold in my heart the memory of some great Sisters—Sisters of superabounding energy and brilliant ability and enormous influence within the history of Notre Dame. It is my deliberate judgment that there has never been among the Sisters of the Holy Cross at Notre Dame any to whom the University owes so much. When she began her work St. Edward Hall was only a small room on the first floor of the Infirmary; it is due almost entirely to her that it is now the best school for young boys in America. So far as ability goes she might have been President of the United States. Her ideals of education were the very highest; but unlike some acid Puritanical idealists, she had a broad, kindly and tolerant spirit. No sour or bilious philosophy ever found hospitality in that royal soul. Her optimism was as radiant and serene as the heaven for which she labored. If she found difficulties in her work she neither created them nor reported them. Her gift of rich Celtic humor kept her sane and beautifully poised in all her intensities and enthusiasms. During the more than forty years of her work in St. Edward Hall between four and five thousand boys have felt her influence. Their lives have been touched and consecrated by her teaching, her counsel and her piety. Indefatigable in laboring for her school, she never asked anything for herself; her generosity to others was as bountiful almost as the spirit of God Himself, but to the end of her days her life was as self-sacrificing and her spirit and religious poverty as perfect as that of an anchorite in the desert. She loved the beauty of the House of God; her love for the Church was like that of the great Apostle Saint Paul. She was proud of its historic splendors, of its great victories in the past; she was happy in its conquests in the present; she had a noble devotion to its priests and a fine reverence for their character and dignity. And because of all these things she exercised a piety and power upon all who came under the magic of her influence, and she will live always in their lives, in their memories and in their affections.

Of her religious character it should be enough to say that she was a model Sister of the Holy Cross. She united wonderfully the spirit of prayer and the spirit of labor, "A Mary in the House of God, a Martha in her own." Every day, though seemingly full of labor, was a devout preparation for death. The Emperor Charles V, one of the mightiest rulers in the history of Europe, resigned his monarchy, abandoned the glories and splendors of court life and retired to a monastery. "On one occasion," says Father Elliott, "he had the monks celebrate his funeral rites. His coffin was set upon the altar, and he himself was among the mourners. He heard his name chanted as among the dead, he saw the coffin lowered into the vault. It deepened within him the sense of the vanity of all human greatness, and the sole and supreme dignity of divine things." Such must have been the daily prayers of Sister Aloysius. Her faith and her piety, though evident always, was never more impressive than during the last moments of her life. When her noble mind had yielded to the weakness of the body, and delirium of death had come upon her, in that unconscious condition her lips repeated the beautiful words of the prayers for her departing soul, which she must have memorized and uttered habitually in the days of her health and strength and preoccupation. It was a beautiful and holy ending to a beautiful and holy life.

Sister Aloysius is dead. Her work is done, though her holy influence will remain. The University which she served so long and so loyally will treasure her memory forever. The Community which she adorned will be the richer for her great life and the example of her virtues. She, who never asked anything for herself in life, now craves the charity of your prayers. Pray that whatever imperfection may have touched her life may be washed away by the redeeming Blood; pray that she may be speedily admitted into the land of refreshment, life and peace.

Eternal rest grant unto her, O Lord, and may perpetual life shine upon her! May her soul, and all the souls of the faithful departed, rest in peace!

Alumni Hall.

Another large building will be erected at Notre Dame within a few months. A $125,000 alumni building, to be known as Old Students' Hall, is to be added to the new library on the quadrangle. A special meeting of the building committee was held at the University recently and final plans were made for the new structure.

The committee which met on Jan. 7 at Notre Dame was composed of the following men: The Rev. William A. Moloney, secretary of the alumni association; Byron V. Kanaley of Chicago, Ill.; Judge John Eggeman of Fort Wayne, Ind.; Patrick Sullivan of Chicago, Ill.; Warren A. Cartier of Ludington, Mich.; Joseph O'Connell of Chicago, Ill.; and Lieut.-Gov. O'Neill of Indiana. The Hon. William P. Higgins of Boston and William McInerney o South Bend, Ind., could not be present.

Although the plans for the building were not made public, it was fully decided to have the laying of the corner-stone of the new building one of the big events of the Commencement exercises in June.

It is the plan of those in charge to have the hall completed within a year so that it will be ready to accommodate the guests at the seventy-fifth anniversary of the founding of the university. The new building will be erected directly across the drive from Corby Hall and will face that hall. It will be on the newly added drive which passes the new library site. Plans are now well underway for beautifying this spot, and Notre Dame will then have one of the largest university campuses in the United States.

Funds for the erection of the building will be collected from among the old students of the University. A subscription list was opened at the Commencement last June and ten thousand dollars was subscribed. A vigorous collection campaign will be opened at once by the building committee.

Personals.

—The marriage of Miss Bessie Amelia Koster to Mr. Harry J. Myers (old student) took place at Francesville, Indiana, January 1st. We offer congratulations and best wishes.

—Jas. F. O'Brien (C. E., '13) and his brother, Dr. William A. O'Brien (old student 08–09), recently located in Detroit. Jim has spent a successful two years doing railroad work in Iowa. William has opened an office at 1524 Hamilton Blvd.

—In Detroit, Notre Dame stock took a leap upward on December the 10th, when six of her enthusiastic sons met as a committee to formulate plans for a Notre Dame Club. Those present were: Henry Wurzer (LL. B., '96) chairman; Thos. L. K. Donnelly (C. E., '04); W. J. Redden (B. S. A., '13); treasurer D. J. Pepin (E. E., '14); J. E. Sanford (Ph. B., '15); R. J. Kelly.

—Mr. Alexis Coquillard, of South Bend, son of the first student at Notre Dame, has announced his candidacy for the nomination of treasurer of St. Joseph County on the Republican ticket. The Indiana primaries will be held March 7, 1916.

—The marriage is announced of Leni Leoti Leeper, of South Bend, and Donald Munson Hamilton (LL. B., '11). Don is an immortal of the gridiron and one of our most loyal Alumni. Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton will be at home after March first at Columbus, Ohio.

—Mr. Benedetto D. Pasquini, former instructor in Italian, is now Lieutenant in the Italian Army. An infection of the throat disqualified him for service in the Alps where the Italian troops are most engaged, and has resulted in his appointment as an instructor of recruits. A fresh batch of recruits pours in every week from every corner of Italy. His address is Depotiso, 81st Infantry, Rome, Italy.

—On December 18th, in Bryan, Ohio, Mr. J. Frank Hanan (LL. B., '07; LL. M., '08) and Miss Lottie B. Slack were united in matrimony. They will be at home after January 1st at La Grange, Indiana. The groom is one of the heaviest of our Alumni, and is also one of the weightiest men in the Law in the community in which he lives. We extend congratulations, and wish Mr. and Mrs. Hanan a long and happy life.

—Dr. Charles L. Mix, Chief of the Medical Staff of Mercy Hospital, Chicago, and Professor of Clinical Medicine at Northwestern University Medical School, has notified Dr. Frank J. Powers of his appointment as 1st Lieutenant in the Medical Reserve Corps of the United States Army. Doctor Powers was selected for this distinction by a Committee appointed in Chicago for the purpose of selecting a list of well-trained physicians.

—Captain Joseph E. Cusack (B. S., '89) is at present stationed at Camp Stotesenberg, Tampanga, Philippine Islands. About February 15th, however, he will bring his family to this country, as his term of Philippine service will have been ended. Joseph Cusack, Jr., is a chip of the old block. He entered West Point in June, 1914, and at the end of the first

year stood number twelve in a class of two-hundred and eight members. Captain Cusack writes: "I hope I may be somewhere in striking distance of Notre Dame as I have been desirous for a long time of a trip back to the old haunts."

—Joseph V. Sullivan (A. B., '97), statistician of the Chicago Surface Trolley Lines, has an interesting article in the August number of *Aera*, entitled "Vehicle Traffic Interference." The following sentences show just what the problem of transportation means in a large city.

"It has been estimated that more than 1,000,000 persons use the downtown streets every twenty-four hours. Traffic studies have shown that a daily average of 71,300 persons depart from this inner "loop" on the surface cars during the maximum hour of the afternoon, and that 139,900 are transported during the three hours of the evening rush."

—We chronicle with very special pleasure the ordination to the holy priesthood of the Rev. Edward J. Howard (A. B., '12) and the Rev. Patrick A. Barry (A. B., '12). Both have been studying since their graduation in the Grand Seminary at Montreal. Their ordination to the holy priesthood was at the hands of Bishop Rice, of Burlington, Vermont. The ceremonies took place in the Cathedral on December 19th. Father Howard and Father Barry are affectionately remembered by faculty and students, and the SCHOLASTIC in their name extends heartfelt congratulations and prayers that their ministry may be long and fruitful.

Obituaries.

REV. WILLIAM MCMAHON.

We regret with sorrow the death of the Rev. William McMahon, formerly editor of the *Catholic Universe*, of Cleveland, Ohio, and pastor of St. Bridget's Church in that city. Father McMahon was a distinguished priest, beloved by his people, of blameless life and apostolic zeal. He leaves a tender memory as a heritage to his brother priests and to his people.

REV. JOHN M. LECROQ, C. S. C.

Announcement of the death in Rome of the Rev. John M. Lecroq, C. S. C., (A. B., '06), caused both surprise and sadness at the University. Father Lecroq was one of the religious exiled from France a few years ago, and has just finished his theological studies in Rome, preparatory to devoting his life to the austere life of the Bengal Missions. But God accepted the will for the deed, and the zealous and kindly young priest passed away after a brief illness, November 26. We bespeak prayers for the repose of his soul.

BROTHER SEVERIN, C. S. C.

We regret to announce the death of Brother Severin, C. S. C. who passed away suddenly December 23 at the Community House, Notre Dame, Indiana. At the time of his death Brother Severin was in charge of *The Ave Maria* office. He will be remembered by students of recent years as a prefect in Brownson Hall, and had earlier been prefect in Carroll. May he rest in peace!

MR. ESTRADO.

Martin Estrado of Walsh Hall has the sympathy of faculty and students in the death of his father who passed away at his home in Cuba, December 27th, at the age of seventy-four. We request prayers for the repose of his soul.

Local News.

—Rev. William Bolger, C S. C., dean of the Economics Department of the University addressed a meeting of the Holy Name Society in Fort Wayne last Sunday.

—Four new students registered at Notre Dame recently coming from Peru, South America. They are Hector Rey de Castero and his brother Esequiel Rey de Castero, Guillermo Crosby and Alfredo Torga. The four boys were accompanied by an uncle of the de Casteros, Albert Rey de Castero, a prominent attorney in Peru.

—Professor C. Michelon of the University of Paris gave the students an interesting review of life in the trenches Saturday night, January 8th. With the aid of slides the speaker contrasted conditions in France before and after the beginning of the war, and illustrated the daily happenings in the career of the French soldier. The debt of gratitude owed by the belligerent countries to the Catholic religious orders of Europe is beyond all calculation, the lecturer stated. Professor Michelon's talk was replete with first-hand information about a subject often incorrectly presented, and his difficulties with the English language only served to add local color to the discourse.

Safety Valve.

IRON CLAD IRONY.

"When I came back from my Christmas vacation all the fellows shook my hand joyously and wished me a happy New Year and the 'pikers' all know I'm conditioned in five classes."

POST VACATION ECHOES.

"Glad to see you back, old pal, put it here."

"Did I have a time? Well I guess."

"I saw Mabel and she wants to be remembered to you."

"Here's that two spot I owe you."

"Yes, it is beautiful. Lillian gave it to me."

"No, not this year. I promised my girl I wouldn't smoke."

"It's a pretty photograph all right but you ought to get one glance at the *original*."

"Father had the Packard so I had to use the Chalmers—say can you lend me a jitney?"

***

DEAR AL:—

Well, I am settled down and am working hard at my studies again and I have completely forgotten all the events of vacation, pleasant and all as they were. The house parties I attended, the dances I went to regularly, the theatre parties and even the moonlight skating in the park are all things of the past and I've put them out of my mind completely so that I may give myself wholly to my studies and follow all the rules of discipline strictly, even the minutest ones. But it was all pleasant just the same while it lasted and I must admit that Alice L. whom I took to all those entertainments has many of the qualities of an angel. I believe I never saw such placid eyes that spoke of such deep peace and radiant joy. One could almost see her white soul reflected in their amber depths. How is she, anyway? Does she ever speak of me when you meet her? I stayed away from Math. and History classes yesterday to write her a letter as I know she must expect that much of me at least. I had to go to town to get the letter out on the night train and the prefect gave me demerits because I came back after ten o'clock. If you see her, tell her I wrote you and told you that she was the most pleasant girl I ever spent an evening with. You might suggest to her that she send me her photograph as most of the fellows in my hall brought back photographs and have them enshrined above their desks where they make daily hours of adoration before them. Some of them are the most terrible looking creatures I have ever looked upon. I have a secret suspicion that they have red hair and freckles. Honest. Al, she has them all hollering for help.

You know, I suppose, that father went after me hard for the amount of money I spent last session on incidentals and I promised him that I was going to cut my bill in half this session and I sincerely intend to do so. I started in by buying second-hand text books instead of new ones. Some of them are badly mutilated, whole chapters being torn out but I will manage to get along with them just the same. To further economize I am going to wear my B. V. Ds. all winter so as to save the money father gave me to buy heavy underwear. I may catch cold, of course, but a little cough won't hurt me much. I know Alice will be proud of me when she hears what I have done, for she is *one* girl who has good common sense and who likes to see people economize. I hope she is pleased with the N. D. coin-purse I sent her. I paid twenty dollars for it at the Campus Store. And the next time you see her take a slant at the bracelet she is wearing. It's a dandy and it cost me only twelve dollars. I do so hope she will like them.

Well, Al, it's all right for you to be wasting time but I really have decided to spend every minute studying and I am going to forget completely the people and the pleasures of vacation. Tell the fellows to write to me and keep me posted on the parties and dances they attend and to let me know the girls that are present. I will be glad to answer all their letters. The bell is ringing for my English class and I must close. As I was up late last night I must go to bed during this hour so that I will be on deck for my economics class next hour. Be good, be studious, be saving, attend strictly to duty and you will be happy, Al, old boy.

Sincerely,

TIM.

***

When I went home from college at Christmas, mother kissed me on both cheeks, looked me over carefully so as not to miss anything and exclaimed, 'My, how tall you've grown! What a big, manly boy I have!' Sister brought out a fancy cake that she had made and told me to eat every bit of it if I could, brother ran upstairs and brought down my slippers, glad to do anything to please me, and father after he had sized me up, smiled and said, "You better try a little spin in the auto, I've had it all remodelled. But I was home only a week when mother rebuked me severely at the table for saying 'shoot the bread' and 'railroad the butter' and gave me a lecture on crucifying the vernacular; sister locked the pantry where she had her fancy cakes and said I was a perfect hog; brother asked me who I thought I was that he should be running errands for me, and father, after I had run the auto into a telegraph pole, exclaimed, "What damn idiots the colleges of the present day are producing."

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LOCAL APPLICATION OF POPULAR PLAYS.

"The Million Dollar Mystery"	N. D. Hash
"Carmen"	Conductor and Motorman
"The Miracle of Life"	Tip Hogan, running
"Temptation"	The Hill St. Car
"The Price He Paid"	Four Hundred Dollars
"Dizzy Heights and Daring Hearts"	Fire-escaped Skivers
"Twin Beds"	Double Deckers
"Help Wanted"	Examination Time
"The Man of the Hour"	Skiver at Eleven fifty-nine
"The Resurrection"	Six-twenty A. M.
"The Great Divide"	Niles Road
"The Exile"	Three Hundred Demerits
"The Secret Sin"	Cigarette Smoking
"The Lost Sermon"	It never happens

Back at School.