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After Summer's Death.

BY SPEER STRAHAN.

THESE autumn fields are stricken with sweet death,
Here as I find me at the close of day,
And nowhere blows the flower-scented breath
Of stripling Summer through each wilding way,
As late, when with strange beauty in his eyes
He footed it down hillsides in the dawn,
Treading the ripe stars in the morning skies,
His lips formed to a song,—a music drawn
From the rich core of utter harmony.
I ponder how I held of Summer's hand
Anoint with beauty, and we wandered free,
One voice, one passion, through the lovely land.
Now he is gone, how can I sing my part?
He was the music of my raptured heart.

Some Ethical Aspects of the Short Story.

BY RAYMOND HUMPHREYS.

THE short story, the most modern and popular of present-day fiction forms, is a powerful, though perhaps unconscious factor in everyday life. It wields an influence not easily overestimated. Centering itself, as it does, so exclusively and so intensely upon human experience and conduct, and being itself a very evident species of human activity, it naturally falls subject to the moral law. Gradually and certainly increasing in scope and volume and moment, the short story is crystallizing and developing in such a remarkable manner as both to merit and demand the most vigilant moral attention and supervision. Rightly handled the short story constitutes a wonderful power for good; grossly mismanaged it speedily degenerates into a most efficient and insidious tool of evil, while if but indifferently penned it is likely to be bad rather than wholesome. All this, coupled with the fact that "it holds chief literary attention" among the reading public of the world, accords to the short story a deal of ethical significance.

Since it constitutes such a substantial portion of literature, the short story necessarily enters into the category of fine arts, for literature, like music, sculpture, and painting, has been recognized as an art since the very dawn of history. Art in itself is vitally concerned with human life. It seeks to arouse in the human breast the higher and the happier emotions by presenting to man, in forms of beauty, all that is distinctly true and good and rational. It should polish and purify, refine and elevate.

But it cannot adequately accomplish any of these ends if it is affected, false, base. Art must be true; true not in regard to actualities,—as history is true,—but true in spirit, in tone, in import. Art must be real, not artificial; for beauty is essentially truth, and beauty is the primary object of art. Beauty in narration is "the quality of the representation which recommends it, makes it attractive, wins attention, and excites emotion." Sever beauty from virtue and truth and it becomes a mockery, a delusion, a phantasy; it ceases to attract and to appeal, and dissolves into a bubble of nothingness. As Plato declared "beauty is the splendor of truth;" so beauty without truth is a contradiction, and the short story without truth is an awkward, dangerous thing.

The short story then, although pure fiction, must be true in principle and implication. The author must be true to life; he must not appear to be fabricating or trying to sidestep facts; for the trend of public sentiment to-day is toward reality and truth, and away from all that is hollow and empty. The writer must remember that his story is an influence for good or evil, and hence that "his obligation to tell the essential truth,—that is, to leave a final impression which is faithful to the realities of

life—is immeasurably profound." Furthermore, the end of the short story is to please, and nothing distorted, unnatural, or perfidious, can possibly serve as a means to that end. Hence the reason for verisimilitude in the short story becomes twofold.

Plainly the province of the short story is human life. The author must draw the elements and the ingredients of his plots and characters from the seething world encompassing him. The basic materials for all his situations, his climaxes, and his denouements, are derived directly and solely from those around him.

No matter how desperately an author may strive, he cannot free himself from the circle of human experience. His men and women, no matter how cunningly conceived or portrayed, must *be* men and women, and must act and feel and talk as such. Taking this literally, and basing their judgment on the further faulty premise that art must be baldly, insanely frank, some writers have reached the conclusion that, in order to be beautiful, the short story must deal with life in every aspect, and that "as the lascivious, the base, the brutal are elements of life, the author is at liberty to make such use of them as may please his artistic sense." Nothing could be more illogical and grossly false. The writer is not free to write as he will and what he will. He may touch life at all points, but "he must touch it with some perception of its ideal possibilities and of its actual realizations." He must write of men as men, and not as sordid beasts. He must excite the intellectual appetites rather than the sensual passions. "It is his duty to look upon life with pure, spiritual eyes;" for he must remember that the readers of his work have a natural, God-given right to demand that all emotional appeals made to them shall be morally clean and pleasurable. They are not bound to tolerate a filthy story any more than they are bound to partake of nauseous foods.

Of course it cannot be denied that life has a dark side, but neither can it be admitted that true Art demands a vivid presentation of that dark side with all its attendant sin and crime. Though it is a fact that the artist must represent truly all he undertakes to show us, it is also a very substantial fact that there are a host of things in nature which he has no right to undertake to show us at all. He must select only those subjects worthy of representation. If his craving impels him to wallow in the sensational, the unsound, and the lewd; if he specializes in the violent, the unpleasant, the unusual, and if he unduly paints the shadows of life in lurid high lights, he is misrepresenting life and misinterpreting Art. If his excuse for specializing in the ugly part of actuality is "Art for Art's sake," he is merely exemplifying the soundness of Tennyson's theory that "Art for Art's sake is Art for the devil's sake." The writer of short stories must write for the edification of men rather than for their animal gratification.

But from this it must not be concluded that the short story must be didactic; for such a judgment would be both prejudicial and ridiculous. Formal moral instruction has no place in the field of short story writing. As one authority aptly puts it, "didacticism in fiction is literary heresy." The purpose of the short story being to interest and amuse, it cannot possibly have any conscious moral aim. In fact it is very likely to be extremely defective from the artistic standpoint if it teaches or preaches of set purpose. Openly bold,—and equally fruitless—moralizing is the inevitable sign of mediocrity. It not only becomes tiresome and disgusting, but it materially serves to render the story good for nothing. Too-insistent moralizing, no matter how strictly ethical it may be, is a crude and useless manner of trying to improve human character or conduct, and is likely to result in more actual harm than benefit. "A much greater influence," says Daniel Greenleaf Thompson, "can be exercised by the development of the plot in such a way as to indicate the cause and effect in human life, showing the effects of good and evil conduct respectively." The writer should sermonize unconsciously by always making all sin abhorrent and rendering the fact of retribution certain and evident.

Positive, frank violations of the laws of morality and good taste are not so frequent in the short story as they are in the other forms of fiction. No short story writer, however degraded and degenerate he may be, is brazen enough to present sin and crime in gorgeous glamor simply for their own sakes; perhaps the very brevity of his medium renders this impossible. He does not endeavor to seduce by open and aboveboard methods, for he realizes such unpolished vulgarity would perish of itself. It is rather the negative means that are employed

to scatter the seeds of malcontent, to inculcate false ideals, to undermine and corrupt moral integrity. The author may fail to "play up" the healthy forces in life or neglect to insist enough on some ethical principle. If the good is not made to triumph over the evil, or if the bad is presented in an appealing, human way, the inherent unsoundness is not likely to be noticed. If vice is surreptitiously lauded, purity covertly scoffed at, criminality cunningly condoned, justice subtly outwitted, the moral putrescence of the piece may escape unchallenged. It is within these unostentatious but festering spots of literature that most of the germs of illicit love, race suicide, divorce, anarchy, atheism, and other damnable doctrines, lurk, and in such a state as to intrude their dogmas and codes upon the reader without his knowledge. Violence from alleged moral motives, superior to all law, is especially suggestive, because the guilt and stigma are apparently removed. Sophistries, evil insinuations, lies of all sorts can be made to proceed from the mouths of the characters in a story and allowed to stand without effective opposition or contradiction.

It is this spirit of moral indifference that infects so much of our literature to-day. It enables authors to coldly map out human characters with mathematical precision, not caring whether they are good or evil, or whether the trend is upward or downward. "The idea," says Dr. Washington Gladden, "that the writer is to stand impartial and unmoved amid the characters he shows us; that he is to have no sympathy for the good and no repugnance for the evil, is utterly abominable." It is a principle particularly offensive and unethical; a principle which has been strenuously objected to as a bad example from Plato to Brander Matthews. Balmes declared against it when he said: "It is unlawful to influence when it is not permitted to convince; where a conviction is a deception, persuasion is a perfidy." Such doubtful morality displayed in a story is likely to work havoc on those who are most influenced by the uncertain and the questionable. Evil tendencies or the lack of proper moral atmosphere in a story may not affect the normal reader, but it certainly exerts a great potency on the idle, the highly imaginative, the ignorant and easily influenced adult, the unbalanced, undeveloped, and youthful mind. It is such, according to Greg, "who learn their philosophies,—often alas, blended with a frightful degree of error,—and find their personal code of laws in the pages of fiction." And since, as Henry James declares, the majority of short story readers come from this class, it behooves the author to steer clear of indifferentism, and accord a commensurate predominance to the better things in life.

But not all authors are willing to contribute their mite toward the public weal. There are many,—it can hardly be said that they constitute the majority,—who continuously scratch with a pen dipped deeply in salaciousness rather than in decency. They turn out contes amazing, but not moral; startling, but not wholesome; famous, but not elevating. They must needs put a new shudder and a new sensation into everything they write, evidently believing with Oscar Wilde that the story reader of to-day can "resist everything but temptation." There is nothing too bizarre for the modern short story to attempt to handle,—and handle without gloves.

However, the evil short story is not a fad of the age. Glancing rapidly away back into the ages one may begin with a comparison of the works of Chaucer and Boccaccio,—the first is moral and refreshing, the last is disgustingly vile and sensual. The works of Poe, although not particularly demoralizing, certainly pursue a far different course from the moral creations of Hawthorne. "In Poe's hands," remarks Brander Matthews, "the story of the 'Ambitious Guest' might have thrilled us with a more powerful horror, but it would have lacked the ethical beauty which Hawthorne gave it and which makes it significant beyond a mere feat of verbal legerdemain." No one can put down a story of Poe's and experience the same wholesome satisfaction as results from the perusal of "The Great Stone Face." Turn haphazardly to Guy de Maupassant and "His Wife" or "His First Affair" and compare them with Aldrich's "Margery Daw" or Irving's "Tales of a Traveller" and the moral line of demarkation will be only too painfully evident. Many of the cynical masterpieces of Paul Bourget and Rudyard Kipling are also fair examples of untruthful fiction.

Although many famous authors have written immoral stories, the great raft of morally uncertain stories are turned out by more mediocre writers. Pick up the widely read periodicals of the day,—the *Cosmopolitan*, the *Popular*,

the *Smart Set*, *Romance*, *Snappy Stories*, *Breezy Stories*, *Vanity Fair*, and the *Parisienne*,—and view the silt of the moral sewer spread out for us in all its forbidden licentious glamor,—see vicious living painted, down to its most disgusting minutiae. Sex and the gratification of idyllic, lawless love, run riot through these magazines. Desire and its gratification is the elemental theme, with its satiety and perhaps its hopelessness as a general finality. The modern short story, in the words of a French author, "coquettes with vice with the impudence of a pert soubrette." It presents the love-sick man and the love-sick maiden circumventing customs and the laws of God and man, and usually successfully, or at least partially so. "These automatic amours," says Ruskin, "acknowledge little further law of morality than the instinct of an insect." Indeed, no self-respecting grasshopper would wish to be seen reading *Life* or any of the other leprous magazines of the times.

A recapitulation of all that has been said in the preceding paragraphs would only serve to emphasize the uncomplimentary fact that the modern short story is morally unsound. Its code of ethics is strictly Utilitarian,—anything goes that is profitable. It transgresses law and offends against good taste as a mere matter of convenience for itself. Perhaps that is why it is producing Ellen Keys and Karl Marxes instead of Chestertons and Bensons. A poor tree cannot possibly bear good fruit.

Clarice.

Ofttimes I've thought of you, Clarice,
When my daily tasks were done,
And dreams like the even brings to me
My weary mind has spun.
Oh, the dreams were very fair, Clarice,
As fair as any rose;
And they exhaled a sweetness
None save a lover knows.
But now my dreams are fled, Clarice,
Those fairy days have passed,
And each new thought like those of yore
I feel will be the last.
For oh! I know too well, Clarice,
Your heart is not for me,
But at your shrine, though far away,
I still will worship thee.

Delmar Edmondson.

The First Impression.

BY HARRY KING.

The big yard surrounding the Felton school was swarming with children. Girls in summer dresses of every color moved about chatting in high voices; boys shouted and romped and scuffled, raising small clouds of dust from the cindered ground. A number of young ladies, teachers in the Felton school, stood talking on the white stone steps and casting their eyes, betimes, over the crowded yard. A bell rang and the chatter ceased for a moment, then began anew as the crowd of children poured into the building through the front door. It was the first day of school.

Mary Meany was the teacher of the lowest grade. She was young and pretty. She had just completed her course in normal school and came with some diffidence to her new work. But she had been counseled by older teachers; some of the pedagogic rules that the professors in the Normal School had given out with great finality were set aside by her sister teachers, who assured her that two years of experience had taught them that the pretty theories of Professor Myers proved of no real use in the classroom.

"You must be mistress of the schoolroom from the beginning," they had said to her; "the eye, the tone of voice, the dignity of gesture—all these will determine the success with which you manage the discipline of your children."

Mary stood at the door of her schoolroom with a mind composed of three parts resolution and two parts fear. Her black hair was combed straight back from her forehead and done into a coiffure that would add a little dignity to her seventeen years. Her eyes,—a deep brown—flashed kindly upon the little children who pattered by her into the room. She had an affectionate nature and felt kindly toward the little ones who had been sent to her for their first start in the world.

When the preliminary work of arranging the children in their places had been completed, Mary took her place at the desk raised upon a platform. The children looked up at her expectantly. It was their first experience in the classroom. They were eager, nervous, impressionable. Mary had heard many learned lectures on the pliable nature of the young mind. She believed

the first impression must be a strong one, one that would carry her through the year successfully. She cast her eye over the crowded room with a kindly expression and said:

"My children, we are going to begin real work to-day. Your fathers labor every day in offices and in factories and in stores; they gather up money in order to be able to care for you; now you are going to gather up knowledge so as to be able to help them when you are older."

There was a sharp tap at the door. Mary Meany went to open it with slow dignity. An unusually well-built lad of about twelve stood waiting, hat in hand. He had red hair, which he had made strenuous efforts to direct into a part that morning, but whose riotous freedom for the greater part of his life had made almost uncontrollable. His face was freckled, but two red cheeks, paled these and made one see only the glow of real health in the young face. His clothes were poor, but they had been neatly patched and looked respectable.

"Howdy!" he said, giving a jerk to his head and a move to his hand that were intended for a respectful salutation. "The guy wid th' peepers on sent me down here. He said I was late, but he guessed I'd be in before th' second reel. I ain't never been t' school, but them charity dames thinks I'd better be able to read th' books if I want to get in th' movies and—you know I was in th' movies once; a big guy threw me off a roof into a net during a fire—"

Mary Meany felt her heart sink. Here was a lad much older than her grade children, and she feared that her first impression might be spoiled by him.

"Come in, young man." she said gravely.

The lad jerked into the room and stood grinning at the crowd of children who tittered in return. Mary led the boy to her desk and sat down.

"What is your name, my boy?"

"Th' bunch call me Freckles, but me mother called me Jimmy Ryan. She ain' living no more, so I guess Freckles'll have to go, eh?" He jerked his head up questioningly, and Mary Meany wrote James Ryan in her record book.

Freckles was given a seat in the rear of the room from which he could get a good view of the class. There was only one other boy in the room that approached him in size. He sat well up toward the front and squirmed and snickered with an air of superiority.

Mary began again the work of the day and in a little while the children were chanting in their high-pitched voices the letters of the alphabet:

"A-a-a-a-a! b-e-e-e-e!"

"Who's th' Mary Pickford doin' the Rags act on the stage?" His voice was sharp and his effort to whisper was like the sputtering of two crossed wires. Mary stopped the recitation.

"James Ryan," she said, slowly and determinedly, "I need absolute silence in this room. I shall give verbal expression to this sentiment no more. Do you understand what I want, James?"

Freckles looked up, jerked his head forward and blurted out:

"Ye can have it, if ye see it on me, girlie!"

The children tittered; the big lad in the front of the room squirmed around in his seat and laughed out when the hum of the others had ceased, and Mary Meany blushed deeply and stared indignantly down at Freckles who seeming to realize his mistake, and not knowing how to correct it, grinned kindly up at the young teacher and ripped a couple of inches of hat band from the cap he was fingering under his desk.

Mary felt she was losing control of the situation. A hundred thoughts rushed through her mind. She was not intended for a teacher; she was too young and lacked the dignity of a real schoolmam. Hadn't she better give it up and try some other work? When the recreation hour came, she asked Freckles to remain in his seat and when the crowd had filed out she came back and sat down beside him.

Freckles didn't know what was coming. He thought he saw a tear in Mary Meany's eye. She put her white hand over his freckled fist and said:

"Jimmie, you mustn't cause me trouble in this school. I need you to help me; and you need me to help you. Can't we work together?"

Freckles thought he never felt such a smooth soft hand nor heard so kindly a voice. Here was a real movie; the girl needed his broad shoulders and the skill of his brawny young arm to protect her. She was in prison and the soldiers were guarding the castle and she called for him to help her. Would he help? Freckles had seen it all on the screen many, many, times; and here was a chance to do the hero work himself. He put his other stout hand over Mary's and gripped it until she almost winced.

"I'm on, girlie; there won't be no trouble in this camp, while I'm alive; give th' signal and I'm there, see?"

"You mustn't call me girlie," said Mary smilingly, "call me Miss Meany and we'll get along fine."

"All right, Miss Meany," said Freckles jerking his head and waving a salute. "I'll be ready for the next reel."

A few days after this, the big lad in the front seat felt it his turn to amuse the class and in a pause of the recitation sent forth a shrill whistle that startled even Freckles who by this had tied himself to an orderly behavior that galled his restless nature. Mary Meany had had such happy success with Freckles that she felt confident she could quell this outburst and inaugurate an orderly regime that would make the work of teaching comparatively easy. She looked down at the big lad with kindly eyes and said:

"Let this be the last thing of this kind in my classroom, Dan McGregor. I can't help you in your work if you won't give me the assistance of your attention."

The big fellow, squirmed about in his seat and saw the eyes of the children staring at him. He felt big and superior, and showed his feeling in a loud "ha ha!"

Freckles jerked out of his seat and was down the aisle before the astonished children and the more astonished Mary Meany could realize it. He laid hold of McGregor with his stout hands, pulled him from his seat and putting the force of his sturdy shoulders behind him threw the big fellow into a sprawl upon the floor.

"If ye can't keep that bugle quiet and leave Cinderella alone (he forgot again the warning of Miss Meany) I'll have t' stop er up! You git up now and sit still or I'll have t' throw ye into the net like they do at the fire. Get me?"

McGregor didn't know what the net was but he seemed to know that Freckles felt an obligation pressing upon him to exercise his shoulder muscles some more and he sat down. Freckles jerked his head toward Mary Meany and saluted with a wave of his hand.

"I think we can work together Miss Meany," he said; "if you help me I'll help you all right. Them charity dames ain't so mussy after all, are they?" Mary Meany smiled her gratitude and felt her first impression was going to stick after all.

John Peter Muhlenberg.

BY EUGENE R. MCBRIDE.

Picture the month of August in the year of our Lord one thousand seven hundred and seventy-five. The farmers of Lexington and Concord had fired the "shot heard round the world," and North and South had thrilled at the guns of Bunker Hill. From every town and hamlet throughout the broad Colonies, men and boys in the trappings of war were marching on to Cambridge where Washington was fast assembling the first army of the United States. It was a time of uncertainty, a time when men were wavering between the allegiance they owed their king and the love they bore their liberties. There were Tories in those days. There were entire sections where George the Third of England was still the ruler of America and the rebellious yeomanry of Massachussets traitors to their country. Such sections were few in the latter days of the war, but on this balmy Sunday in August there were hundreds of little hamlets where the blinding rays of the glorious meteor of liberty, had, as yet, failed to shine. In one of these sections there arose on this Sunday morning, a leader who had seen the light and, after weeks of indecision, had decided to follow the gleam.

The same sun that arose this fair midsummer morn and glanced on the ring of steel about the besieged city of Boston, fell also on the little village of Woodstock in the blue Virginia hills. The little Lutheran church of the town was filled to overflowing with the sturdy yeomanry of the country round about. Sturdy Germans they were, well content with their rich fields and fat flocks. All the world might deny their king and country and follow in the ranks of false leaders, but they, the chosen band, would remain faithful to the end. There would be no display of war's trappings in their peaceful valley, until the King across the seas called for their aid in the stamping out of their traitorous neighbors. To all pleas of the aggrieved North they had turned a deaf ear. At all threats of violence they had sneered. Now, content with their righteous conduct, they settled back in their high-backed pews, awaiting the words of commendation that would surely come from their peaceful spiritual leader, who was now ascending the steps of his pulpit.

The windows of the church were wide open

affording the most peaceful of scenes beyond the low sills. Eyes and ears unconsciously transferred themselves from within to the alluring meadows and the cheerful ripple of the river without. The habitual drone of the minister, as usual, failed to arouse them from their lethargy. The droning grew louder and louder until suddenly distracted minds returned to life, and even the youngest auditor straightened in his seat. What words were these that fell from the lips of their minister; that came like the boom of cannon on the still Sabbath air?

"Men of Woodstock! if ye choose longer to play the part of shirkers and cowards, be sure that John Muhlenberg, your minister, will not tarry with you! The blood of your northern brethren dots the plains of Massachussets—the country has risen to seek with arms the reprieve that peace will never achieve—the tread of hireling troops may soon be heard in your own quiet village, and still you sit, like the Pharisees of old, congratulating yourselves on your happy lot, while your neighbors are dying for the liberties of your children. There is a time for all things; a time to preach and a time to pray, but there is also a time to fight, and that time has come!"

The sermon was ended, and silently the little congregation knelt for the benediction. When they again arose, they stood aghast, staring at the rostrum from which, a few seconds before, their minister, clad in the black cloth of his profession, had thundered at them. No minister was there now. A robe of black lay discarded on the railing of the pulpit and behind it stood John Muhlenberg in the beautiful buff and blue uniform of Washington's men.

Through the midst of his astounded congregation, the fiery minister strode to the door of the church and uttered a quick command. Immediately the martial music of drums awoke the echoes of the quiet hills. The people fairly leaped to the doorway and ran out to the little green common in front of the church to discover the source of the disturbance.

Two youthful drummers were drawn up on the green, beating with might and main upon the huge war drums that had lain silent and forgotten since the elders of Woodstock had returned from the Quebec campaign with their youthful leader, Washington. The martial blood of sire and son now leaped in response to the inspiring music. The old campaigners were carried back through twenty years of peace to the day they had marched away with him to the beating of these same drums. Well did Muhlenberg know the strong emotions that these old relics would awaken. Without giving time for their re-awakened patriotism to cool, he took the old church register from the hands of a servant, dipped a pen in the inkpot that another held, and called for volunteers.

All these soul-stirring events had followed one another so quickly that there had been no chance for townsmen to give vent to their feelings. At this first pause the stolid German farmers wildly waved their arms and pandemonium broke loose. The mighty cheers that arose then, reverberated through the quiet valley and brought even the village loungers running at high speed to the little common to discover the cause for the disturbance. One by one the men of the congregation walked to the steps of the church and inscribed their names in the enlistment book. The next day, Colonel John Muhlenberg marched away from Woodstock with four hundred of his parishioners, and a hundred more of the men of the village, for Charleston in South Carolina, where Clinton and Cornwallis were threatening the gateway of the South.

It was in defense of Charleston that the fighting parson and his "German Regiment" received their baptism of fire. On Sullivan's Island, behind a rude fortress of palmetto logs, they, with the rest of Moultrie's men, withstood a week's bombardment of the powerful British fleet, and compelled Clinton to sail back to New York in defeat, leaving the South unscathed for the three years that followed.

Immediately upon the defeat of the Southern expedition Muhlenberg and his men were rushed to the north to the aid of Washington; for the bloody retreat through New Jersey had already begun and the first bleak winter of the war was fast approaching. All through that terrible winter at Morristown, while faint-hearted patriots deserted and the Continental Army shrank to a sickly, ill-fed handful, he and his men stood fast by the side of the man they had at first branded as a traitor. In recognition of his patriotism and worth the fiery preacher received his commission as Brigadier-General the following spring.

At Brandywine, Stony Point, and finally Yorktown he earned the lifelong gratitude of the country that now barely remembers his

name. Never, throughout the heartrending disappointments of the struggle, did he lose sight of the gleam for which he had forsaken his holy calling. To a friend who had sent him a chiding letter condemning his desertion of the church for the army, he wrote:—

"Was I to remain idle while men were dying for *me*—while the best blood of the continent was spilling? My liberties are as dear to me as to any man. Do you think that if New England had been conquered *I* would have been safe? Far from it, and so you see, I would rather fight like a man than die like a dog."

Once every man utters his epitaph. This is Muhlenberg's. There was in him somewhat of the old fire that hurled back the legions of Aarus across the Rhine, but there was in him also a fierce love of liberty, foreign to his race, that only the country he loved could inspire. He wrestled conscientiously with the appeal to treason against his king, but once the light appeared he followed in the footsteps of the Arch-Patriot to the bitter end.

Although his statue stands in the Capitol at Washington—although his deeds entitle him to a place among the early Fathers of the land, the fighting parson of the Revolution is an obscure hero—obscure in company with many others, whose name is legion. When the student of history is taught to read well the story of our struggle for the liberties we now possess,—when he is taught, not to revere the greater patriots less, but the humbler ones more, there will open for him a fair field of brave names and patriotic ideals that will change his whole vision of that mighty struggle, and will cause him to draw from oblivion the great American obscure. In that day, the name of John Peter Muhlenberg shall come into its own.

Varsity Verse.

A Ford Poem.

I took a ride this afternoon
  Out in my Ford machine,
It went just fine until I ran
  Plumb out of gasoline.

The 'Tin Lizz' stopped, she wouldn't move,
  I told myself I guessed,
That if I fed the thing some soup
  'Twould then run at its best.

And so I did, but then found out
  That something else was wrong,
For when I went to make it go,
  It wouldn't move along:

So I decided I would make
  The blooming Lizzy start,
And so I got to work and took
  The engine all apart.

I lifted out the cylinders,
  I took off all the springs,
An' bolts, an' screws, an' pipes, an' wheels,
  An' lots of other things.

I oiled the parts I thought looked sick,
  I looked the whole thing o'er,
And then I thought I'd put it back
  Just like it was before.

And when I did, I found out why
  It wouldn't run, indeed!
For many springs and wheels were left,
  I didn't even need.

B. A.

The Orphans.

Now orphans, they are children that
  Ain't got no ma nor dad,
They're all alone in this here world.
  Alone, yes, 'lone and sad.

Of course it's kind of hard on them
  To be so parentless,
But when you think it over, they
  Are kind of glad, I guess;

For when an orphan boy and girl
  Grow up and love's their cause,
They marry, but thank goodness, they
  Ain't 'pecked' by mother'n-laws.

Andy Barret.

The Open.

It was a sickly drooping thing,
  A product of the stagnant air:
For that foul atmosphere could bring
  Nothing untainted, lovely, fair.

I placed it in the open field,
  Where cool the breezes blow:
And there its many charms revealed
  A lily of the snow.

Foiled.

The fellow asked her for a kiss,
  The damsel acted shy;
He quite provoked the pretty miss,
  He asked, but didn't try.

L. B.

'Long 'Bout August.

BY K. P.

About the middle of August I got a fit of sneezing that made me think I was destined to suffer from one of my winter colds. Then my nose stopped up and I have not breathed freely since. A friend suggested that I might be suffering from hay fever and advised me to consult a doctor. I did. He sat me down in his office chair and with some kind of steel hook extended my nostrils until they covered a large part of my cheeks and with a long wire searched the back of my head. He must have found something dangerous back there; for he immediately destroyed its life with pledgets of cotton soaked in carbolic acid. I got up with a burning sensation in my head and through the tears that flowed continually saw two hard-earned dollars exchange pocket-books with the doctor. He advised me to come up every other day and felt sure that he could cure me; but he didn't.

My eyes itched in the corners and I gave them so generous a rubbing that they didn't dare look at anyone for an hour. An oculist, who was a special friend of mine, put a few drops of what smelled a deal like witch hazel, in my eyes and let me go for one dollar. I went. But my nose went back to its old condition, and my eyes were as itchy as ever in an hour after I had left the oculist and my dollar in the office.

After I had endured the agony for a week I met another man who told me he had had hay fever for three weeks but had been cured by using menthol and vaseline. I purchased some of this and fed it to my aching nostrils. It was like breathing snow, and for a while I got a real taste of air, but an hour was sufficient to make my head feel packed again and my eyes wept for the sad condition of their rosy neighbor. Some one suggested cubeb cigarettes and I smoked these. I was directed to blow the smoke out through my nose, but it would have been quite as easy to blow it through the top of my head; one suggested hot cloths for my eyes and another cold: I tried them both, and wept hot and cold tears during and after the process. I drank quarts of nostrums that were to get at the seat of the trouble. Friends sent me letters clipped from the papers advising sufferers to use this, that, and the other remedy that had brought sure relief. I tried them all and paid out more money in an effort to have my stomach set aright after the experience. I met men and women who assured me that they had suffered from hay fever in July but that it had all gone away after they had spent a week in the country. "Any change of climate, you know," they said, "will relieve it." I went to the country for a week and got a new attack more violent than any I had yet suffered from. I went to a watering place at the suggestion of another and my bronchial tubes closed tight; so I spent my nights sitting in a chair inhaling burning punk that Dr. Somebody said would drive asthma away in an hour. Finally when the summer was well gone, I met a real sufferer of the plague who said I must go north and let alone the doctors and their remedies. I decided to do this, but my pocket-book was empty and I sat around offering a wheezy prayer that Jack Frost might come soon and storm the trenches. Hay fever is fashionable; it is not exclusive, however, and new members are joining the "four thousand" every year. The only sufferers who will not accept the aid or counsel of physicians are physicians themselves. They go north in August and come home for the shooting season.

The Annunciation in Heaven.

Twilight fell in the jacinth courts of God
And o'er those holy throngs the soft light gleamed,—
O'er paradisal wings and glowing armor
Of the angelic armies. Music flowed
About them and the never-ending praise
Of thunderous Song went up before God's throne.
But sudden the celestial walls with joy
Trembled, blooms fell from heaven's trees,
And the eternal music trembling quivered,
Almost ceasing with beauty.
For sudden there
Stood Gabriel, with wings like sunset seas,
Upon his feet sandals of living fire,
And in one hand, God's staff. About him surged
The tremulous hundreds of angelic spirits,
Accompanying him to the gates of Paradise.
Close on one side, Michael, with evening pinions
And lightning sword, on the other Raphael,—
And close behind them followed as one wave
The Powers and Thrones and the gold Seraphim.
Heaven's tremulous gate swung wide, and Raphael
Pointed with finger angelic the earthward way.
Then glowing through realms of space, a falling star,
Fled Gabriel to the dreaming world below
And the moonlit cottage in Judea's hills.
Where near God's throne the angelic multitudes
Of those snowy armies turned and in their joy
Rehearsed again the blessed Gloria
They had practised through the ages,—soon to break
Above the starlit hills of Bethlehem. *S. S.*

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L. SEPTEMBER 30, 1916 No. 2.

—Last week's issue of the SCHOLASTIC began the fiftieth volume of our college weekly. Covering a period of half a century, these volumes record the school history of thousands who have studied in the halls and played upon the campus of Notre Dame. They treasure, too, the early literary efforts of men who have long since become prominent in the Church, in the legislature, in the world of science and art. Every graduate can look back fondly through those pages of the SCHOLASTIC that were issued while he was a student, and which tell the story of his school life before he went out to wrestle with the world; he can fill in with memories the details of stories that are only hinted at in the laconic phrases of the "Locals;" he can bring back the faces and the words of professors whom a younger generation has never known, and can feel sweet memories stirred at the names of those fellows who live now only in the distant past. The student of this year might find little pleasure or interest in browsing through the yellow pages of the early volumes of the SCHOLASTIC, but the men of "other days" can read them now with a thrill akin to that which they feel when they meet again a school fellow that had dropped out of their life on graduation day. Later in the year there will be published a special number of the SCHOLASTIC to commemorate its jubilee.

Fifty Years.

—The University student cannot put too high a price upon that fineness of culture that marks the truly educated man. Knowledge of art and literature and music gives niceness of taste and a power of appreciation of the higher things in life that well repay any effort expended in acquiring them. To be a member of the Glee Club means more than to have an opportunity to travel. It is an opportunity also to become acquainted with that real music that is not merely a dizzy jingle, but the expression of real thought and sound and healthy sentiment. To learn to love good music, to feel some of the exaltation that stirred the soul of a great musician, is to be bettered at heart and made a nobler character. The repertoire of the Notre Dame Glee Club has been of that high standard that will give its members acquaintance with the finer things in music and make them feel the shallowness and sham of the modern popular song.

The Glee Club.

—To-morrow the Church celebrates the feast of the Holy Rosary. Students who are surrounded with so many religious advantages as are present at Notre Dame might be tempted to underestimate the spiritual value of such a feast, but the man who appreciates the efficacy of prayer will be anxious to use the privileges this day affords. Every one who makes one or more visits to the University Church on to-morrow and prays for the intentions of our Holy Father, may gain a plenary indulgence applicable to the souls in Purgatory. That holy charity which urges every Catholic to give to his departed friends and relatives the benefit of his prayers ought to prompt the students of Notre Dame to make an occasional visit on this day when a small sowing may reap a rich harvest.

Rosary Sunday.

—The beginning of the school year is an excellent time to contemplate the value of a high scholastic average for a university course. When the whole year is before us we may well be advised in regard to the practical value of scholarship, in order that the year may be well spent.

Scholarship.

That the value of a high scholastic average is commonly and greatly underestimated is shown by the spirit that is prevalent among the majority of college students. It is the spirit of "don't let your studies interfere with your college education," and is the result of a widespread belief that a high or low scholastic average in academic, college or professional schools does not presage success or failure in practical life. Some students believe that after they graduate there is still time to train their minds for the work that they have before them

But this belief is as erroneous as it is prevalent. President Foster of Reed College in an article in *Harper's Magazine* has proved the contrary point. He has written from his own experience as a student, as a professor, and from his investigation into the records of students and graduates of over a hundred colleges and universities, and has demonstrated conclusively that a high scholastic average in college, presages a high scholastic average in a professional school, and that a high scholastic average in either points to a success in after life. Likewise he has also demonstrated that a low scholastic average predicts failure in practical life exclusive of those whose success is due in the greater part to inherited or family wealth. Of course, here too, exceptions prove the rule. It is evident that a man who graduates with a high scholastic average goes into life with a distinct advantage, and the odds favoring his success, while the man who graduates with an inferior scholastic average goes into life with a handicap and the chances favoring his failure.

It is well for the student beginning his college course to take hold of these facts and make them a reason for constant, persevering study.

Rooting.

—There is nothing that so spurs on the fighting men of gridiron or diamond as the evidence of a thousand or more men voicing their moral support in a good lusty cheer. Rooting at Notre Dame ought to be well organized and well carried out. There is usually a team on the field wearing the University colors that is well worth the efforts that are made to approve and encourage it. This is work not for a cheer leader alone, however; no one should feel himself excused from the work of swelling the grand chorus. If one is content to sit idly by and save himself while his fellows have twelve cylinders working, he has not the Notre Dame spirit. Where are you going to be in to-day's game?

Solemn Opening.

The formal opening of the seventy-fifth scholastic year of the University took place on last Sunday. At half-past eight every seat in the body of the University Church was crowded with students, and the organ loft was filled to the doors.

The academic procession marched from the Administration Building to the Church, forming an escort for the Right Reverend Peter Hurth, C. S. C., D. D., Bishop of Nueva Segovia, who celebrated Pontifical Mass. He was assisted by the Rev. Matthew J. Walsh, C. S. C., the Rev. Matthew Schumacher, C. S. C., deacon, the Rev. Joseph Burke, C. S. C., subdeacon. The ceremonies were directed by the Rev. William Connor, C. S. C., assisted by Mr. Frank Monighan. The Holy Cross Choir, under the direction of Rev. Charles Marshall, C. S. C., sang the Mass from the rear of the Sanctuary.

The Very Rev. President spoke briefly to the students at the close of the Mass urging them to take advantage of the privileges of Rosary Sunday. He reminded them also that the Right Rev. Peter Hurth, who was to preach the sermon of the day, had been a student at the University more than forty years ago. It was appropriate, he said, that an old student should be present to open the celebration of the diamond jubilee of the University.

Bishop Hurth then addressed the students. He urged them to appreciate the value of an education that was founded upon religious principle, and to bring with them into a world sorely in need of religious faith, the example of an ideal Christian life.

After dinner Bishop Hurth, who was the guest of honor in the Senior refectory, met the members of the faculty in the University parlor.

Obituary.

MR. JOHN A. SAWKINS.

The sympathy and prayers of the faculty and students of the University are assured the bereaved family of Mr. John A. Sawkins ('13) who died on July 20, 1916.

University Band.

The University band this year promises to be one of the largest and best in the history of Notre Dame. Under the direction of Mr. John Minavio, the leader of the Collegians' orchestra last year, the band may be expected to put new spirit into all the public functions of the University and to have a soothing effect upon the sometimes weary cadets.

The band has twenty-nine members, with representatives from every hall:

Cornets: John Minavio (director), Sorin;

Arthur Hesh, Brownson; Dillon Patterson, Brownson; Harold Perley, Day Student; John Miller, Sorin; Fred Smith, Carroll.

Clarinets: Timothy E. Quinlan, Day Student; Joe Suttner, Walsh; Louis E. Wagner, St. Joseph; Howard Tyner.

Alto: Max Ziebold, Walsh; Thomas Tracy, St. Joseph; Howard Parker, Sorin; Frank Condon, Corby; Louis Kolb, Walsh.

Baritone: Dan C. Roberts, Walsh; Stuart H. Carrol, Lilacs.

Basses: Emmet Hannan, Walsh; Royal Bosshard, Lilacs; Ed. Bailey, Carroll.

Trombones: Frank Carey; St. Joseph; Thomas Truder, Sorin; Ed. Clancy, Corby; Fr. Franciscovich, Corby.

Drums: Bernard Voll, Sorin; Harry Kelly, Sorin; Lloyd Mcorency, Corby.

Cymbals: Wolfgang A Heinrich, St. Joseph.

Bernard C. Dohan of Walsh Hall will be the drum major of the year.

Personals.

—Francis X. Mattis, an old football player ('88–'89), made a visit to his Alma Mater last week.

—James J. Conway (LL. B., '85) spent the summer making a special investigation of conditions in Alaska.

—Raymond Eichenlaub is the junior member of the firm of Sulzer and Eichenlaub, 24 East Town Street, Columbus, O.

—Jeremiah A. McCarthy (B. S. in Biol., '16) is employed by the Standard Oil Co., at Whiting, His address is 402 LaPorte Avenue.

—Mr. Edward Marcus (Ph. B., '16) has moved from Hammond, Indiana, to Whiting, Indiana, where he has set up business.

—The Rev. Joseph Cassidy, pastor of St. Stephen's Church, Washington, D. C., made a visit to his many friends at Notre Dame during the week.

—Mr. Myron Parrot of Fort Wayne, a former student of Corby Hall, made a short visit to Notre Dame last week. Myron is directing the Parrot art studio in his home city.

—Mr. H. E. Kirby, captain of our track team 1901–02 and a football star in the same year, is manager of the Monroe Motor Company of South Bend with an office at 123 N. Main St.

—"Bill" Mooney, '14, a member of the Sorin crew two years ago, was a Campus visitor Tuesday, en route to his home in Indianapolis from Northern Michigan, where he spent the summer.

—Mr. Harold Munger is doing architectural work in the office of Thomas F. Huber, Toledo, Ohio. He sends, too, a glowing report of the work of Art Ryan, McCamic, Dwight Cusick and Martie Henehan of the same city.

—Ward Perrott returned Wednesday night to Indianapolis, after a two days' visit, during which he attended the opening rehearsals of the Glee Club. Ward is in the legal department of the Tractional Terminal Company, with headquarters at Indianapolis.

—Al Feeney, who is remembered here among other things for his work at center on the renowned eleven, motored up from Indianapolis, Tuesday to look over this year's Varsity squad and to "chin" a bit with his old teammate, Knute Rockne. Since his graduation in 1914 Al has been in the furniture business in Indianapolis.

—Reports from Portland, Oregon where Herbert "Moke" Kelly is one of the pitching mainstays for the Portland Club of the Pacific Coast League, are to the effect that he has asked and received permission to leave his team and return to Notre Dame to complete his engineering course. The coast schedule is the longest in the country, extending until October 29. During the last two months Kelly has been the most dependable twirler on the Portland roster, according to the news dispatches.

—Friends of Wilmer Finch, who was one of the six men to receive degrees last June as Notre Dame's first graduates in the Journalism department, have received announcement cards of his marriage on Sept. 6 to Miss Kathryn Henderson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Henderson, of Detroit. The weddng took place at Indianapolis, where Mr. Finch lived until moving to Detroit to enter the insurance business. Mr. and Mrs. Finch will be at home after October 1, at 231 Montclair Ave., Detroit.

—Mr. Ernest Lajoie, secretary of the Notre Dame University Club of Detroit, sends in the announcement of the marriage of one of its "most loyal members" Ernie writes: "On the 20th day of September, 1916, Slavin Lake, Iowa, was the scene of the marriage of William J. Redden (B. S. in Arch., '14) to Miss Lettie

Russie. They will make their home in Detroit. On the 13th of September, ten former St. Joseph Hall boys gave a dinner at the Hotel Statler with 'Bill' as the guest of honor." Hearty congratulations, Bill!

—John F. Hynes (Litt. B., '13; LL. B., '14) who is now practising law in Des Moines, Iowa, responded to the toast "Opportunity" at the Knights of Columbus banquet given September 24th in Des Moines. The Des Moines *Register and Leader* had the following to say about Mr. Hynes' speech:

"'Opportunity' was the toast responded to by John F. Hynes, prominent young attorney of this city. Mr. Hynes delivered a very forceful speech, the kind he is noted for and has displayed in the State Republican campaign now being waged. . . . "

Moving Pictures.

"Salomy Jane," the filmization of Brete Harte's well-known story was presented in Washington Hall, Saturday night, September 23rd. The star of the film is Beatriz Michelena, and she is ably supported by that excellent leading man, House Peters, and Andrew Robson. Quite the most noteworthy thing about the picture is the number of persons who are killed or wounded during the course of the story.

"The Mystery of Edwin Drood," Dickens' unfinished novel, played by Tom Ferris and his company was presented in Washington Hall on Wednesday and was interesting as a whole; but the action in various places would lead one to believe that the director must have fallen asleep at frequent intervals. The pursuit of Neville Landless by a police force that rivaled the Keystone turnout in sheer stupidity was highly ludicrous, although it was not meant to be so. The acting of the star was the one outstanding feature of an otherwise mediocre production.

Local News.

—College classes in Christian Doctrine held their first sessions on Monday, September 25th.

—Mr. Mark Cullen of Corby Hall was called home on Sunday to attend the funeral of his grandmother.

—A wrecking crew pulled down part of the walls of Chemistry Hall and we are waiting expectantly for the next move.

—New students were measured for military uniforms in the Rifle Gallery during the week. Senior drill began on Monday evening at five o'clock.

—Registration cards have been posted at Notre Dame. All students who are eligible to vote in the November election must register on October 9th.

—The 1917 DOME Board has awarded the contract for all of its photography work to the Parrot studio of Fort Wayne, of which Myron Parrot is the general manger.

—Mr. Howard Parker can be counted on to do big things with the University orchestra. He will have a good crowd of musicians and he knows how to make them "go."

—Track Coach Rockne is winding up his cross-country runners in preparation for the annual fall road race. Last year's run brought out a fine showing of distance men.

—Plans for the rebuilding of Chemistry Hall are now being formulated. The work of dismantling the ruins of the fire started immediately upon the adjustment of the insurance claims.

—On Tuesday evening, Ward Perrott met the new gleemen and the work of classifying the voices began. Ward's enthusiasm is contagious; there will be a good glee club without doubt.

—Corby Hall athletes held a meeting on Tuesday evening to lay plans for the interhall football contests. Twenty-five stalwarts gave their names and promised to begin practice at once.

—A large number of Notre Dame students listened to the political address of U. S. Senator John Sharp Williams at the auditorium of the High School in South Bend on Thursday evening.

—Frank Carey will have charge of the Carroll Hall band this year. The young "tooters" who made so good a showing last year, will be of big assistance this year in giving momentum to the rooters at the athletic contests.

—Richard Lightfoot, the gentle maiden of the Notre Dame stage, came in Tuesday, browned and hardened by his summer labors. Dick spent the summer in Colorado and has a grip like a vice.

—To-day's football game will initiate the new gridiron formerly used as the baseball field. When the diamond artists assemble next spring they will cavort on the new field being constructed at the north end of Mr. Cartier's enclosure.

—A large number of prospective song birds reported at the first meeting of the Glee Club on Sunday last. Father Cavanaugh praised the good work of last year and called upon the "new 'uns" to catch the spirit of the old gleemen and make this year a jubilee year indeed.

—Sergeant Campbell has called a meeting of the Rifle Club for Sunday morning after Mass. Anyone who is a proficient marksman or anyone who would like to become one should be at the rifle room Sunday morning. Yearly dues of fifty cents entitle a member to practice shooting at any time.

—With the organization meeting of the Notre Dame orchestra, the full quota of the regular musical organizations of the University got into full swing for the year. In addition to the band, the junior band, the Glee Club and the orchestra, the well-known Collegians' orchestra reorganized on Thursday last.

—The first weekly bulletin issued by the office of the prefect of discipline shows that 165 classes were missed during the week ending September 24th. The absences were divided as follows: Brownson, 52; Walsh 45; Carroll, 30; Day Students, 21; Corby, 4; Sorin, 3; Holy Cross, 3; St. Joseph, 2; Lilacs, 1.

—Corby Hall opened its social year with a smoker on last Sunday evening. The object of the gathering was to give the new students an opportunity of getting acquainted, and to stir up enthusiasm for the interhall contests of the year. Dave Philbin acted as chairman, and called upon a number of the old students for speeches. The remainder of the evening was given up to singing and dancing. Messrs. J. Jolly and Harry Godes at the piano and "Red" Sullivan and Emmet Kelly with mandolins furnished the music.

Football.

Nineteen hundred and sixteen should be a big year for Notre Dame's football team; and, although it will be hard for some of us to imagine an N. D. line without Keefe or Fitzgerald or Elward, there is plenty of material out on the old field which will come close to eqauling the best of them. We were fortunate in having such a promising freshman squad, for they come in just at a time when the team has been hard hit by graduation. There has been plenty of competition this year for every position on the team and as a result every man has been on his toes, fighting for places since the first call was answered.

The schedule is a hard one and at least four of the games will give us a chance to be considered by football critics of the East and West. Wabash is an opponent worthy of meeting because it will allow comparison between Notre Dame and other schools of the state; the Army game is sure to bring us prestige as in other years; and Nebraska and Michigan Aggies always have teams that rank among the best in the West. So, our schedule is one to look forward to, and Notre Dame should cop the big end of every score.

The team that will start Saturday's game against Case is still uncertain because of the number of men who have shown such promise in this week's workouts. But in all probability Cofal and Bergman will start the game at the halves and John Miller will be at full. Miller has been laid up part of the week with ear trouble, but it is likely that he will be able to get in Saturday's game. Who will line up at quarter against the Cleveland team is a question, as Phelan is not in the best of condition. In all probability Grant or Dorais will start at quarter. Both have shown up well, and it seems to be a toss-up which will be in Saturday's line up. The line is still harder to pick. Baujan and Whipple are likely to be at the ends, although King, Burke, Morales and Yeager are all showing lots of speed. Coughlin and Philbin or McInerny will probably take care of the two tackle positions, while Bachman and DeGree look like the guard choices for the opening battle. At present Rydezweski appears to be the choice for the centre position; but Madiigan last year's Freshman centre, is coming along nicely and will give Frank a hard fight for the place. Competition alone will decide.

Saturday's game will be the first to be played on the new football field which is inclosed by the quarter mile cinder track. A good start Saturday means luck for the rest of the season, so all the superstitious ones are expected to be out on the bleachers Saturday rooting for the team.

Old Students' Hall—Subscriptions to October 1, 1916

The following subscriptions for Old Students' Hall were received by Warren A. Cartier, Ludington, Michigan, treasurer of the building committee:

George Cooke, '90	$ 500.00
John M. Quinlan '04	200.00
Daniel Madden, '06	200.00
Fred J. Kasper, '04	200.00
J. S. Corby, '98	200.00
Thomas Steiner, '99	200.00
John F. Cushing, '06	200.00
Edward M. Schaack, '93	100.00
Anton C. Stephan, '04	100.00
Dr. F. B. McCarty, '07	100.00
Harry F. McDonagh, '10	100.00
Charles W. Lahey, '13	100.00
Adam J. Kasper, '95	100.00
George W. Kasper, '95	100.00
Robert A. Kasper, '07	100.00
Charles Girsch, '94	100.00
Gerald A. Fitzgibbon, '07	100.00
John B. Fruechtl, '04	100.00
Hugh J. Daly, '12	100.00
Edward K. Delana, '13	100.00
Harry Curtis, '08	100.00
Charles Cullinan, '07	100.00
Daniel Cullinan, '07	100.00
Dr. W. P. Grady, '99	100.00
Edgar Crilly, '90	100.00
George S. Crilly, '88	100.00
James V. Cunningham, '07	100.00
M. H. Miller, 10'	100.00
Frank X. Cull, '08	100.00
Jesse E. Vera, '10	100.00
William Milroy, '13	50.00
Dr. Robert Frost, '02	50.00
Eustace Berry, '03	50.00
A friend from the South	50.00
Daniel Shouvlin, '14	50.00
Gerard N. Krost, '04	40.00
Francis J. Kilkenny, '12	25.00
Edward L. Figel, '11	25.00
Thomas J. Dooley, '97	25.00
Mark A. Devine, '10	25.00
Daniel E. Cooney, '10	25.00
Fremont Arnfield, '12	25.00
W. W. Harless, '86	25.00
Edward J. Walsh, '00	25.00
Thomas Curran, '16	25.00

The amounts which follow were published in an earlier issue of the SCHOLASTIC.

Samuel T. Murdock, '86	$2000.00
P. T. O'Sullivan, '68	1000.00
Rev. E. J. McLaughlin, '75	1000.00
M. F. Healy, '89	1000.00
John C. Shea, '98	1000.00
Clement C. Mitchell, '02	1000.00
Byron V. Kanaley, '04	1000.00
Daniel P. Murphy, '95	1000.00
John P. Lauth, '68	1000.00
M. F. Healy, '82	1000.00
Rev. John Dinnen, '65	500.00
Warren A. Cartier, '87	500.00
Stephen B. Fleming, '90	500 00
Thomas Hoban, '99	500.00
Angus D. McDonald, '00	500.00
William A. McInerny, '01	500.00
Joseph M. Byrne, '14	500.00
Cassius McDonald, '04	500.00
William P. Breen, '7	500.00
Student from Far West	500.00
Rev. I. E. McNamee, '09	500.00
C. C. Craig, '85	500.00
Frank E. Hering, '98	500.00
Peter P. McElligott, '02	500.00
James J. Conway, '85	500.00
Robert Sweeney, '03	250.00
John H. Fendrich '84	250.00
John Eggeman, '00	250.00
A. A. McDonell, '00	250.00
Eugene A. Delaney, '99	250.00
R. A. O'Hara, '89	250.00
James F. Kennedy, '94	200.00
Louis C. M. Reed, '98	200.00
Francis O'Shaughnessy, '00	200.00
Joseph J. Sullivan, '02	200.00
G. A. Farabaugh, '04	200.00
Robert Anderson, '83	200.00
Joseph Lantry, '07	200.00
Rev. Francis J. Van Antwerp, '14	200.00
John Dowd, '99	200.00
Rt. Rev. Thomas F. Hickey, '03	200.00
Christopher C. Fitzgerald, '94	200.00
F. A. Kaul, '97	200.00
William Hoynes, '77	200.00
Edwin J. Lynch, '10	200.00
T. D. Mott, '95	200.00
F. Henry Wurzer, '98	200.00
Paul R. Martin, '13	200.00
Timothy V. Ansberry, '93	200.00
W. A. Draper, '06	150.00
Maximilian St. George, '08	120.00
Mark M. Foote, '73	100.00
Patrick J. Houlihan, '92	100.00
E. J. Maurus, '93	100.00
Thomas J. Swantz, '04	100.00
H. G. Hogan, '04	100.00
Harold P. Fisher, '06	100.00
John B. Kanaley, '09	100.00
James F. Hines, '09	100.00
John B. McMahon, '09	100.00
Rev. John M. Byrne, '00	100.00
J. H. Gormley, '03	100.00
Thomas O'Neill, '13	100.00
Robert E. Proctor, '04	100.00
John F. O'Connell, '13	100.00
Frank C. Walker, '09	100.00
Rev. Gilbert Jennings, '08	100.00
George O'Brien, '90	100.00
Vitus Jones, '02	100.00
W. A. Duffy, '08	100.00
Rev. John H. Guendling, '14	100.00
Fred C. McQueen, '00	100.00
Charles J. Stubbs, '88	100.00
Rupert Donavan, '08	100.00
Rev. Francis H. Gavisk, '14	100.00
Rt. Rev. Frank O'Brien, '95	100.00
Frank L. McOsker, '72	100.00
Charles E. Ruffing, '85	100.00

James F. Foley, '13	100.00	M. Emmett Walter, '15	50.00
Rt. Rev. Thomas C. O'Reilly, '09	100.00	Ralph Eberhart, '02	50.00
Thomas J. Welch, '05	100.00	Rev. John M. Gerenda, '09	50.00
William E. Cotter, '13	100.00	Walter Duncan, '12	50.00
John C. Tully, '11	100.00	Timothy P. Galvin, '16	50.00
John F. O'Connor, '72	100.00	Ray M. Humphreys, '16	50.00
T. P. O'Sullivan, '02	100.00	Hugh E. Carroll, '16	50.00
G. M. Kerndt, '82	100.00	Jesse C. Harper	50.00
Dr. Frank J. Powers, '94	100.00	Ronald S. O'Neill, '14	50.00
Rev. John Talbot Smith, '07	100.00	Louis P. Harl, '16	50.00
Daniel C. Dillon	100.00	Joseph D. Kovacs, '16	50.00
Thomas C. Butler, '08	100.00	Patrick Maloney, '16	50.00
Edward M. Kennedy, '08	100.00	J. F. Delph, '16	50.00
John J. Kennedy, '09	100.00	Hugh O'Donnell, '16	50.00
Peter M. Ragan, '92	100.00	James Sanford, '14	50.00
James D. Barry, '97	100.00	Ira W. Hurley, '14	50.00
Fred L. Steers,'11	100.00	Emmett G. Lenihan, '15	50.00
Walter Clements, '14	100.00	Francis H. Hayes, '14	50.00
Edward J. Carlton, '16	100.00	E. P. Cleary, '09	50.00
Leonard M. Carroll, '16	100.00	Raymond J. Kelly, '16	50.00
Luke L. Kelly, '16	100.00	Ernest P. Lajoie, '15	50.00
Frank E. Swift, '16	100.00	Rev. P. J. Crawley, '95	50.00
C. P. Mottz, '16	100.00	Rev. A. A. Lambing, '83	25.00
Samuel Ward Perrott, '16	100.00	James M. Riddle, '13	25.00
Edward C. Ryan, '16	100.00	Henry Hess, '82	25.00
James Francis Odem, '16	100.00	Dr. E. M. McKee, '06	25.00
Emmett P. Mulholland '16	100.00	Robert B. Gottfredson, '13	25.00
Thomas A. Hayes, '16	100.00	Rev. John H. Mullin, '11	25.00
Frank J. Hiss, '16	100.00	I. N. Mitchell, Sr., '92	25.00
Joseph J. McCaffery, '16	100.00	Frederick Williams, '13	25.00
Walter P. McCourt, '16	100.00	Rev. Joseph Toth, '11	25.00
M. J. McEniry, '81	100.00	Joseph M. Walsh, '14	25.00
Thomas J. Shaughnessy, '15	100.00	Max Adler, '89	25.00
James F. O'Brien, '13	100loo	John G. Mott, '95	25.00
Michael L. Fansler, '04	100.00	Rev. T. O. Maguire, '09	25.00
A. C. Fortin, '01	100.00	Paul J. Smith, '16	25.00
Daniel J. O'Connor, '05	100.00	C. I. Krajewski, '16	25.00
M. H. Miller, '10	100.00	Joseph P. Flynn, '16	25.00
William D. Jamieson, '05	100.00	John P. Conboy, '16	25.00
Grover F. Miller, '16	100.00	W. W. Turner, '16	25.00
Thomas A. McLaughlin, '16	100.00	Alfred Fries, '16	25.00
Edwin H. Sommerer, '16	100.00	J. A. McCarthy, '16	25.00
Joseph O'Sullivan	100.00	J. Harry Sylvester, '16	25.00
Jacob E. Eckel, '16	100.00	Harold P. Burke, '16	25.00
Vincent Mooney, '16	100.00	Peter C. Yearns, '16	25 00
John T. Shea, '06	100.00	Fred M. Pralatowski, '16	25.00
John W. Costello, '12	75.00	Gabriel Davezac, '94	20.00
A. J. Major, '86	50.00	James R. Devitt, '13	20.00
Charles Vaughan, '14	50.00	Arthur P no, '06	20.00
Stephen H. Herr, '10	50.00	Albert A. Gloeckner, '16	20.00
J. N. Antoine, '70	50.00	Bernard Durch, '13	15.00
Rev. Thomas Cleary, '09	50.00	Alfr d Vignos, '95	10.00
Fred Stewart, '12	50.00	Andrew L. Shimp, '91	10.00
Jay Lee, '12	50.00	Frank Niedecken, '09	10.00
Walter Duncan, '12	50.00	Harry Kirk, '13	10 00
Albert F. Gushurst, '09	50.00	Louis Chute, '92	10.00
Edward P. Cleary, '09	50.00	J. J. Deasey, '06	10.00
Rev. John J. Burke, '83	50.00	H. King, '16	10.00
Rev. M. L. Moriarty, '10	50.00	James E. Roach, '16	10.00
Rev. J. E. Scullin, '09	50.00	J. E. Hogan, '16	10.00
Rev John P. Quinn, '83	50.00	Robert D. Murphy, '01	5.00
Simon E. Twining, '13	50.00	Mark Duncan, '15	5.00
J. V. Birder, '13	50.00	Hiram Halliday, '06	5.00
Cecil E. Birder, '14	50.00	Claude S. Moss, '95	5.00