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In the Ranks.

BY T. F. HEALY.

I SAW Him rise at the bugle-call
And turn away His eyes,
To where the smoke of battle-fire
Shrouded the Western skies.

I saw Him with the marching men
In street and country lane;
Each face was filled with martial pride,
And His was set in pain.

When the guns had ceased and the shadows fell;
The moon was still blood-red,
I saw Him with His children there—
In the moving fields of dead.

Tendencies in Contemporary Literature.

ROBERT CUSHMAN CARR, '16

CRITICS have called the period in which we live a desert, a waste land, a dead calm upon the sea of culture, a sterile season, or any other deprecatory epithet which occurred to their pessimistic minds. Indeed one must admit that some basis exists for such derogatory terms, but our period is not without its good and praiseworthy elements.

From the side of abundance of books issued, the press merits favorable notice. Literature is now so prolifically produced that one can find an indefinite amount of reading upon any subject which interests him. Abundance is present even to a greater extent in the case of fiction. Publishing houses send forth innumerable volumes of fiction dealing with all phases of life. They are concerned as intimately with the vulgar display of the plutocrat as with the terrible poverty of the slums. Other books leave the present, and turning to the past, write of romantic men and women of bygone days.

On the contrary, some turn to the future.

The Socialist writes of the happiness, the contentment, the prosperity of those whose good fortune it is to live in the twenty-first century, when all is governed by the perfect principles of Socialism. The defender of things as they are writes of the decline of morality and religion in that period, the disruption of family life, and the tyranny of the philosophy under which all had expected to be equal. He tells of that perfect existence where the State again accepts the guidance of the Church, where labor and capital live side by side in peaceable accord, where the king is again king by divine right, knowing that he must one day render an account of his stewardship.

But abundance is not an unmixed blessing. Among the many books that pour so prolifically from the press, one may easily expect that the many are chaff, and only the few are wheat. This is indeed the case. Many do not receive even the favor of a review in any magazine; even the newspapers, whose literary departments are published every day, give mere mention to ten or twelve books, and confine their attention to one. As likely as not, this is selected only for its weakness of plot, or its amateurish character portrayal. If the book is not bad enough to receive unqualified condemnation, it is spoken of as "interesting," and "delightful," or it is recommended to those who enjoy light summer fiction. The uninteresting review of an "interesting" book often indicates just how much—or how little—the word "interesting" may mean. The impersonal, indifferent style of the reviewer's work many times shows a desire to do an unpleasant task with as little offense as possible to anyone.

The present age, however, has its writers of merit,—and those of great merit. Gertrude Atherton's classic, "The Conqueror," and its companion, Pidgin's "Blennerhassett" will be remembered as long as the study of American literature continues. Mrs. Catherwood's

"Lazarre," a romantic history of Louis the Seventeenth, compels one to wish that the author had placed the exiled king and Madame de Ferrier upon the French throne with small regard for the demands of history.

There is another author of historical novels who, devoting his attention to the period of the American Civil War, has painted for us in his "Crisis," the record of that terrible struggle. Churchill's "The Crossing," "Coniston," and "Richard Carvel" are read with pleasure and admiration throughout the cultured world. Ellen Glasgow's "The Battleground" and Mary Johnstone's "The Long Roll" and "Cease Firing" give one an insight into the Civil War period which he cannot obtain from any purely historical narrative; the facts that in a text-book seem so colorless are made wonderfully vivid and real.

It is only within the last few years that we have witnessed a new development of the novel, allied in a way to the historical romance. It is becoming less and less the practice among authors to defend their views in books devoted openly to that purpose. No author entitles his work "The Evils of Corrupt Municipal Government and Their Effect Upon the Relations of Labor and Capital." Such a title would frighten the boldest. Instead he creates a rough-and-ready Irishman, makes him ward-boss through him brings the laborer and the capitalist into bitter warfare. Calling his book "The Boss," he causes his countrymen to realize vividly the corruption of modern government and the grave need for its eradication. The style of the book will cause readers to remember it when volume upon volume of academic discussion lies in hopeless oblivion.

A second author, Frank Norris, contemplated a series of three novels to depict the mighty power of capital over the food supply of the world—hence over the world itself. In the first he describes the situation in the wheat fields, where the railroads refused day after day to transport grain to the sea coast, thereby ruining all the farmers of the district. The second volume deals with the gambling machine called the Board of Trade, where the giants of capital cornered the world's supply of wheat and literally starved thousands of laboring men and their families. The third volume was to tell of the capitalistic power as exemplified in ocean transportation, but soon after the completion of the second, Norris died. Nevertheless,

his fame rests securely upon "The Octopus" and "The Pit." It is only a few months ago that an enthusiastic writer named the latter book and Jack London's "Call of the Wild" as two of America's great classics.

Nor can the author remain unconcerned with the religious conditions prevailing in this twentieth century. Pursuing the same course as his co-worker in the field of economics, he refuses to discuss "The Causes of Religious Indifferentism Among the People of To-day." Winston Churchill has chosen instead to call his book "The Inside of the Cup." He places an orthodox clergyman in the midst of busy city life, tries him with the fire of Higher Criticism and apathetic congregations, and brings him triumphant out of the ordeal, as he would save the whole world, if he could, from its irreligious frame of mind. Mr. Churchill says that the way to inject into the Church life is to preach true Christianity, and true Christianity is practical Socialism. The clergyman preaches this true Christianity, and the Church rejects him. Such is Winston Churchill's belief regarding the present Indifferentism, and such his belief regarding the remedy for it. While it is not proper here to discuss the thesis of "The Inside of the Cup," it can safely be said the book is likely to perpetuate and intensify the conditions its author seeks to destroy. Seemingly imbued himself with the tenets of Higher Criticism, he presents them at length in portraying the mental state of his hero, Mr. Hodder. The Greek word, he says, which the Church has always translated "virgin," really means "young woman"; the men who made the translation were corrupt and ignorant; the Church was opposed to progress in the past, as it is now; it has slept while the world has worked; it can live only by the immediate application of drastic reforms. This is the Church according to Higher Criticism, and Mr. Hodder admits, must admit, that the denunciation is true. To save the Church its members must return to primitive Christianity, which so closely resembles Socialism that Mr. Hodder hesitates many months before preaching it, and upon declaring the truth, comes to an open breach with his parishioners. Such is Mr. Churchill's remedy for the ills of Christendom; such his gloomy prediction that the religion of the Christ is on the verge of disastrous failure. If present-day church members follow his advice, and give themselves over to the study

of Socialism, one can be certain that they will not thereby become better Christians. Possibly they will lose the little faith they have in religion, and will unite with its opponents. Then Mr. Churchill will see that he has struck a blow where he had intended to lend a helping hand.

Of equal importance with the problems of Capitalism and Indifferentism, is that of divorce. Hall Caine's "The Woman Thou Gavest Me" deals with the question in a manner at once powerful and sensational; his work, condemned on one side and lauded on the other, shows that divorce holds an important place in the public mind. The author is favorable to separation, presents his case so plausibly, and attacks his enemies so masterfully that he has won a mighty following. The people, however, do not see the consequences of such doctrine. Divorce means disruption of the family, the foundation of the State. When sentiment is favorable to divorce, no matter what the conditions in any individual case, the State is nourishing a school of thought well calculated to bring about its downfall. Caine's book will work side by side with "The Inside of the Cup" to weaken the stability and uprightness of every social class.

Another powerful author of problem novels, unfortunately little known outside his circle of admirers, has adopted the plan previously spoken of, and has laid his field of action in the future. He has the distinction of writing two companion volumes, one of which presents his belief as to the world's future if the present undesirable conditions develop to their full extent; in the other he pictures the world as governed by favorable conditions now largely in potency. The first depicts the people of the next century as worshippers of nature, totally out of touch with the theism of Christianity. Then comes the Antichrist prophesied in the Apocalypse, who organizes the forces of Materialistic Pantheism, and leads them to Armageddon. The latter presents in practical application the Principle of Authority as held by the Catholic Church. It shows the world under the sway of true divine-right kings, who rule as the representatives of God. The Pope constitutes an international court of arbitration from which even-handed justice is dispensed to all the world. Monsignor Robert Hugh Benson in these two books, "The Lord of the World" and "The Dawn of All," has won the grateful

remembrance of Catholics by embodying in literary form their hopes and fears for the future. In these works Private Judgment and Individual Autonomy receive vigorous blows from one well informed by actual experience as to their nature and tendencies.

The few books just mentioned have been largely before the public eye, and indicate the attitude of the popular mind on questions of massive importance. The eagerness, which sometimes amounts to zeal, with which the people seize upon the problem novel indicates their desire and need for further information on modern difficulties. No cause for fear lies in the alertness of the people, but much in the nature of the doctrines that please them. The people of to-day are in love with theories that will work their own ruin, as well as of all established government. Our secular schools, in which the same tendency towards dangerous philosophy exists, do not hesitate to teach the sufficiency of the individual and the supremacy of reason. Having received these teachings first from the "broad-minded" literature of the period, secular educators inculcate into their pupils a kind of "freedom," but it is the freedom to do what their all-sufficient reason says is right, and to believe what their autonomous intellect says is true. Thereby they abolish all objective law and restraint. But no man of the people realizes this situation. He believes in "freedom" for all, reads literature dealing with "free thought" and seems unable to grasp the terrible conclusions logically deducible from his position.

The novel of this problematic nature is, however, a small quantity in modern literature. It deals with difficulties, and difficulties are for the few. The great mass of the people prefer to have the way smoothed before them; they prefer that kind of fiction in which nothing is left unsolved, and everyone is made supremely happy in the last chapter.

This class of literature, commonly called light fiction, is highly popular among the people of the present time. Not only he who runs must read, but he who rides in a railway coach as well, and he who whiles away an evening at home. The characters must be easily grasped, for the modern man does not care to study the intricacies of character portrayal. He listens with impatient ear to the words of the leisurely Thackeray:

"As we bring our characters forward, I will

ask leave, as a man and a brother, not only to introduce them, but occasionally to step down from the platform, and talk about them: if they are good and kindly, to love them and shake them by the hand: if they are silly, to laugh at them confidentially in the reader's sleeve: if they are wicked and heartless, to abuse them in the strongest terms which politeness admits of."

Our twentieth century prefers that the immensely wealthy hero should meet the surpassingly beautiful heroine on the first page, that they should rush together through five-hundred pages of print and be joyfully married in the fashionable church that stands on the five-hundred-first.

Such are the literary characters of our day. They are the most stilted characters that ever stalked from a distorted imagination to the unspotted pages of a book. Yet they please the jaded readers for whom they are formed. These people, smugly called the sturdy American people, never realize that the plot and its characters are simply ridiculous and impossible. The story pleases them, and they do not bother to seek the reason.

Many authors, catering to this present taste in literature, have made their names household words. No matter how uncultured the group, even the densest eye lights up at the mention of George Barr McCutcheon. He created first a fabled principality in Central Europe; then he married its beautiful Princess Ytive to the rich American, Grenfall Lorry. This is "Graustark." Then he married Beverly, a friend of Princess Ytive's to a soldier in the army, who reveals himself, of course, as a prince in disguise. This is "Beverly of Graustark." Then the heartless McCutcheon ran a railway train over Grenfall Lorry and Princess Ytive, who served him so well in his first success, and continued the story in the person of their son, Prince Robin. This is "Truxton Ming." Upon this triple base of Graustark romances rests McCutcheon's fame, all because a plot of tissue paper strength won the attention of the American reading public. But it appealed to their most easily reached feelings: the love of display, wealthy men, and royalty. The people call themselves democratic, but nothing holds their attention so firmly as the genuflection of an American millionaire before one of the royal blood.

Close to McCutcheon, but hardly his equal in popularity, stands Robert W. Chambers. He

began his literary career in the field of historical romance. His "Cardigan," "The Maid-at-Arms," and "The Reckoning" make vivid and intense the struggles of the Revolutionary Fathers to their descendants in the twentieth century. Soon abandoning his efforts in this direction, he turned toward the weakest kind of popular fiction. The first indication of this change came in "The Fighting Chance." In that book Chambers began his use of the hero with a past, and made his heroine the descendant of a long line of doubtful women. In addition to these methods of creating interest and suspense, he adopted the less common means of making one of the two principal characters engaged, and the other about to be engaged, to be married. This condition makes the plot more difficult of satisfactory solution, but the master author will not care to use it. Although it introduces additional characters and may form the basis of a secondary plot, it shows weakness in power of construction. The author takes a comparatively involved situation at the beginning of his story, rather than a simple one from which he will develop complex conditions, and later solve them. The latter requires more care and technique than the former, but care and technique are not now necessary in a popular novel. They are even drawbacks, for they require more time than the grind of book-producing and book reading will allow.

The later work of Chambers has gone further and further along the path first indicated by "The Fighting Chance." His "Common Law" and "The Streets of Ascalon" have for their theme the poorly hidden wickedness and carefully displayed veneer of American plutocracy. The latter book clearly teaches that a good reputation renders a good character superfluous, and sanctions a bad one. For this reason, if no other, the government has ample reason for suppressing it. Having written such a book as "The Streets of Ascalon," Chambers might well say with Richard the Third:

My conscience hath a thousand several tongues,
And every tongue brings in a several tale,
And every tale condemns me for a villain."

But that good fortune is not his, and he continues his efforts to be a novelist, failing more ignominiously with each attempt.

Following in the wake of McCutcheon and Chambers come innumerable authors whose work is all similar in content, style, and merit to that of their leaders. Of these the most

conspicuous are Louis Joseph Vance, E. Philipps Oppenheim, C. N. and A. M. Williamson, Virginia Terhuné Van de Water Randall, Parrish, Joseph Medill Patterson, E. P. Roe, George Randolph Chester, and countless others. The plots of these authors are all transparent, artlessly constructed, and unmistakably alike in general attributes. A change in title and names, and a little difference in development of plot produce a new book in short time.

There are fortunately a few authors who have adhered to the rules of technique, and at the same time have won the approval of their readers. But these exceptions are few; they are easily discernible among the mass of literary chaff. Cyrus Townsend Brady's new volume, "The Island of Regeneration," has a plot of excellent construction, but sacrifices considerable probability in the effort to hold attention. It is a problem novel dealing with "advanced thought" upon the proper field of woman's activity. Its thesis, strange to say, is that the woman's place is in the home with her husband and children.

Another volume of merit is "Seven Keys to Baldpate." One deeply regrets that the triviality of its incidents is certain to prevent it from becoming a permanent part of American literature. One regrets, too, that the heroic sacrifice of "The Prisoner of Zenda" is little known and admired in this prosaic generation. Some are inclined to praise Kipling's "The Light that Failed," but the reason, one fears, is to be found in the importance of its author's poetical achievements. The story deals with three ordinary persons: Dick, Maisie, and Bessie; both narration and incident are commonplace and lifeless. The plot is concerned merely with Dick's desire to marry Maisie, who refuses him, and Bessie's willingness to marry Dick, who has nothing to offer her but friendship.

As a protest possibly against the fiction of luxurious civilization and common occurrences, a school of authors has arisen who have taken as the scene of their novels the deserts and waste lands of the world. Rex Beach and Jack London have made the uncivilized world as attractive to readers as the civilized, while their style of writing is much better than that of their contemporaries who deal with wealth and vulgarity. The former's "The Spoilers" is a novel of the open country, presenting virile men of the frontier as substitutes for too highly civilized plutocrats. Many of London's books, such as

"The Call of the Wild," "The Wolf," "White Fang," and "The Son of the Wolf" deal principally with animals; the necessary absence of plot is more than counterbalanced by the beauty and strength of the author's narrative style. His "Sea Wolf," called by reviewers "an arctic love story," merits reading in spite of its transparent plot.

These books just mentioned have won recognition because they appeal to the people's love for a class of men rapidly diminishing in size and importance—the pioneers and frontiersmen of yesterday. As the novel of prodigal wealth attracts the public through their love of wealth and display, so the outdoor novel addresses itself to the universal admiration for bravery and daring.

This attracting power is equally present in the problem novel: some are interested in social uplift, and delight in "The Boss" and "The Island of Regeneration"; Protestants who look with fear at the religious Indifferentism of the day turn to "The Inside of the Cup"; Catholics whose fear is softened by hope read "The Dawn of All" and possibly "The Lord of the World."

In short, literature is successful only to the extent that it appeals to the people as they are; the people make the literature, not the literature the people. When the people cease to worship money and its owners, there will be no novel of decadent wealth. But how soon they will change, or how to make them change—these are problems so difficult that not even the wisest of men can give them an intelligent answer.

Mammy.

"Why do de flowers give honey to de bée?
Why is de moss on de norf of de tree?
Why does chinkapins go floatin' to de sea?"
"Laws ma honey don' ask me."

"Why does de rye have whiskers on de grain?
Why do de musheroons pop after rain?
Why ain't de sugar beet as sweet as de cane?"
"Chile, dey's somethings ain't quite plain."

"You said tater's eyes couldn't see t'all,
Mammy you know dat our spuds last fall
Was runnin' ev'ry one to de hole in de wall."
"Dem's funny questions for a nigger so small."

"Why do de lilies in de pond at night
Close deir shutters an' curtains up tight
An' open up again wif' de mornin' light?"
"I dunno chile, but all dat's right."

F. Jennings Vurpillat.

Madame Zephina Backs Down.

BY DELMAR EDMONDSON.

It's a funny thing, this pride. All men are troubled with it in one way or another, individually and collectively. Municipal pride is a common ailment and no town is too small to suffer from the "Keep your money at home" malady. San Francisco is prouder of her Golden Gate than St. Peter is of his. New Yorkers are doing well if they acknowledge that Eden, before Adam hung the "To Let" sign on the pearly door, could compare with the pile of skyscrapers and miscellany they call "their metropolis." Every self-respecting citizen in Pittsburgh considers it his duty to ride down town with the milkman each morning, to shake hands with the statue of William Pitt that the proud inhabitants have reared in the public square, to frighten horses and shelter traffic policemen in bad weather.

Some men are proud because God gave them graceful figures or Grecian profiles. Others not quite so good-looking whisper consolingly to themselves that they would rather have their own brains than be the handsomest fellow that ever posed for a clothing advertisement. The sons of the idle rich, full of pocket and empty of head, figure that a superfluity of worldly goods gives them reason to look down on fellow creatures. Some persons, mostly women, are proud if their ancestors came over on the Mayflower because they refused to read the Book of Common Prayer, but not if they came with Oglethorpe because they could not pay their debts. Others that cannot carry their noses in the air because none of their forefathers carried a musket in the Revolution hustle around and pile up a deal of money, and then treat their poorer relatives to frigid stares and little else. Generally the people that are most conceited have least cause for it. It probably happens that they are so afraid others will think ill of them that they get infatuated with themselves in self-defense.

Madame Zephina, like many another, was too proud to work.

"I had six sisters—I'm the seventh daughter of a seventh daughter—but not one of my family ever done manual labor," she told the Charity Worker, "and I don't intend to do anything now to disgrace 'em."

"One excuse for laziness is probably as good as another."

"Not at all, I ain't lazy. Ain't I been followin' my perfession for fourteen years right here in this very room? It ain't my fault that returns is so rotten. Honest to Gawd, in all my experience I never seen the fortune tellin' business so absolutely punk. I haven't had a customer in three days."

"People are wiser than they used to be."

"Don't you go insinuat' nothing, either. You folks that think us fortune tellers is a bunch of crooks don't know nothin' about it. O' course, there's some black sheep in every run of life—what can you expect? Fer instance, there's Lizzie Minard over there, that goes by the name of Zuleka—she got that outa some show—she don't know nothin' about spirits, and she can't any more read the future than she can Swedish. But most of us dealers in the occult is straight as Cleopatra's Needle. When the lines in a person's palm don't tell us anything, why we says so. Or maybe we hands out just a little of the old stuff. There's always the long voyage and dark man gags to fall back on. I sure do hate to disappoint a client, so I makes it a point to tell 'em something nice when my medium ain't workin' right."

"But this is aside from the point. You haven't any trade now, and you'll have to do somethin' to support yourself."

"No sir, my pride won't permit it. Besides, I wasn't born and raised in the city for nothin'. If I can't live without workin' I don't want to live at all. I'd rather starve to death than sit over a sewing machine ten hours a day, for six days a week. It'd kill me in the end anyhow. I ain't very strong and my constitution couldn't stand it."

"You look far from frail."

"Well, looks is deceivin', you know. Beneath my two hundred pounds they's a delicate spirit that could be broken mighty easy."

Madame Zephina rubbed her perspiration-soaked handkerchief over her damp forehead, and sniffed in sympathy with herself. Sighing, the Charity Worker renewed the attack:

"Remember that God helps those that help themselves."

"Don't be givin' them classical quotations. You make my head ache. Besides what would my friends think if I was to start to work now?"

"Don't any of your friends work?"

"If they does, no one ever catches 'em at it."

Some of the girls I know is a little loose—morally, not with money—but I'm too old for anything like that. And most o' my friends are pretty uppish, I ain't kiddin' yuh. Take this Lizzie Minard. I was speakin' of, she's gettin' so darned particular she won't put her nose to anybody's handkerchief but her own any more. I might just as well choke myself to death as to go to work, the way she looks at it. Besides they ain't nothin' I can do. I'm gettin' pretty old and the talents of my youth ain't so prominent as they once was. But there's no use gettin' downhearted about it. As old Bill Duffy used to say, I'm broke now, but the bottom of my shoes are gettin' so thin I'll soon be on my feet again. I expect business will pick up shortly. If it don't, there's the river!"

"Your kind doesn't resort to suicide."

"What d'yuh mean, my kind?"

"You'd rather think up some new skin game or start beggin' than take your own life."

"Oh, you think I would, eh? Well, let me tell you, I don't have to take your insults. Gawd knows I didn't ask you to come here. You can just pack up and get out."

And Madame arose and waved her arms wildly toward the door.

"You don't deserve it, but I'll leave some of these groceries here," said the Charity Worker, preparing to exit.

"Oh no, you won't leave none of your groceries here! I ain't dependent on your Associated Charities or your Federated Women's Clubs. And if you think I was kiddin' about committin' suicide I guess there won't be no doubt about it when you read in the paper one of these days that an unidentified female body was taken from the cruel ocean. You'll change your mind about me when you come and take a look at my cold form in the Morgue—"

But the Charity Worker had slipped out, going over in her mind the wording of her report on an incorrigible case, while the Incorrigible Case raved on to herself. She mumbled under her breath for a few minutes longer, then her words drifted into a long-drawn-out "Phew." It was about mid-afternoon and the sickening heat of the August day had not begun to abate yet. The pavement, the sidewalks, all the objects outside seemed like little suns that caught and held onto the baking waves coming down from above. Madame Zephina sighed heavily and walked over to her one front window, where her eyes, ordinarily

so shifty, gazed steady and unseeing into the street below. She could not rid herself of the suicidal thoughts which her empty threat had aroused. One morbid idea after another chased through her mind till she could almost picture her own funeral procession moving slow and easy-like toward the next corner. Inside the imaginary cabs she caught sight of faces that looked not so much woe-begone as joyous and glad. She could see Zuleka, alias Lizzie Minard, leaning from a hack window, fanning herself leisurely while her jaw moved to and fro about a healthy wad of gum. Shortly the indifferent mourner raised her eyes and when they met those of the watcher above she leaned back against the cushions and laughed hysterically. A flock of newsboys romped down the street waving papers with headlines that fairly screamed: "Noted Fortune Teller Drowns Self." Madame shuddered and turned away from the window.

"I wish to Gawd I hadn't said that. I can't think of anything else now!"

She padded slowly across the room and pulled aside the long red curtains that hung before a dilapidated cupboard, which she opened, knowing only too well she would find nothing edible in it.

"Not a damn thing in the refrigerator," she said, her squinted eyes and twisted lips signifying utter disgust. "This cupboard has something on Mother Hubbard's when it comes to barrenness. Hot and hungry! What in the hell's the use? After all, if I can't eat myself, I ought to be sport enough to give the poor fishes a chance to eat."

She thought with regret of the Charity Worker's well-filled basket, but decided that it would have been derogatory to her pride had she accepted any of the viands.

"I don't want none of their charity bread. Anyway," she concluded woefully, "she's too far away now to call her back."

Too restless to sit down, she walked over to the window again and stood for a moment rubbing her neck and flabby chin with a sopping handkerchief.

"It ain't possible," she broke out presently, "that guy is headed this way. Good night! me for my dressing cabinet. While there's suckers there's hope."

Hastily she waddled back to the cupboard and took from it a green turban with a gold tassel and a loose-fitting red robe with wide

sleeves which she slipped on over the kimona that already disfigured her person. A large crystal globe she placed on the stand that stood ready for it near the center of the room, straightened the few other articles of furniture, and tip-toeing to the door, closed it softly. These preparations completed she seated herself in the chair before the globe. After some minutes of waiting her hopes fell.

"I don't believe that poor boob's comin' up here after all. Cheer up, fishes, you may have a chance yet. Oh, there he is now!"

She heard the tread of feet ascending the stairs, then a light tap on the door. Pitching her voice as deeply as she could, she bade the knocker:

"Come in."

(Conclusion next week.)

Varsity Verse.

LIGHT OCCUPATION.

You can gab of your soft, easy jobs till you're weak
 You can blab of your 'light occupations';
 But you haven't a lot
 On the guy who has got
 The old job with a dozen vacations.
 Nor, mind you, you haven't a thing on the bird
 Who can do all his work while he's sleeping;
 Or the guy who appears,
 To be catching the tears
 From some sad willow tree that is weeping;
 But the guy with the Light Occupation, I say,
 With the job that could nohow be sweeter,
 Is the half-witted feller
 Who down in some cellar,
 Spends his day reading some one's gas meter.

B. A.

To T. A. DALY.

Ah! here's luck to you Tom Daly,
 Sure, for singin' oh, so gaily
 Of the thrush you left behind you in the fields
 about Athlone.

I, too, recall the swain'
 Of the Whitethorn at the Mayin',—
 And the day that I forget it, may my ould heart
 turn to stone.

No blither heart was prancin',
 Among the folk advancin'
 Than I, myself, to music of the thrush among
 the trees.

Though I'm far away from Erin,
 That warble still I'm hearin',
 Till it takes my heart back home again beyond
 the hostile seas.

Donald McGregor.

PSALM OF N. D. LIFE.

Tell me not in mournful numbers,
 That the Bell must end my dream,
 I must wake from pleasant slumbers,
 Ah! things are not what they seem.

But 'tis real, though much protested,
 Every day we hear the same,
 "Sleep until thy soul is rested"
 Ne'er was heard at Notre Dame.

All enjoyment and all sorrow
 Has its destined end to-day,
 But we rise on each to-morrow,
 Always in the same old way.

Days are long and nights are fleeting
 And the bell, our dreams destroy,
 Every morn its tones are beating
 Funeral marches to our joy.

In the world's broad field of battle
 In the bivouac of life
 Let us hope no bells will rattle,
 Calling us to daily strife.

Lives of millionaires remind us
 We can some day hope to climb
 Where no bells will ever find us,
 And we'll rise at any time.

Edwin Harbert.

ST. FRANCIS OF ASSISI.

True immortal poet, he
 Whose song was of eternity,
 Whose voice was rapturously fair,
 As out of heaven's silver air,
 Breaker of mystic bread of song,
 He fed men's hearts and made them strong,
 O Singer, soothe my pain for me
 And make it rich in poverty.

J. McDonald.

A FRIEND.

A friend I have who is kind and true,
 A friend who cheers me when I'm blue,
 A friend who sticks through thick or thin,
 A friend who's with me lose or win;
 A friend who waits when I am late
 And doesn't seem to mind the wait.
 A friend whose presence fills the air
 With fairy fancies, cloudy hair
 And perfumes of a land of dream,
 With drowsy banks by crystal stream.
 A friend whose friendship is core-ripe,
 Who is my friend? My pipe, my pipe.

J. B.

Hannibal at Lake Trasumennus.

BY JACOB R. GEIGER.

Hannibal is such an important figure among the great military geniuses of all times that it seems like attempting to paint the lily to describe any of his achievements here. However the issue of this paper is not a proof of Hannibal's greatness in general, but an endeavor to show the really great importance of a battle that in itself is not the greatest ever fought by Hannibal. The battle of Lake Trasumennus is not the greatest of Hannibal's victories if we consider the number of the enemy killed or the damage done the opposing forces, but if we consider carefully what it meant to Hannibal and if we recall the difficulties under which he was laboring at the time, it will take a place among his greatest victories.

At the first it should be remembered that at this time Hannibal had just crossed the Alps. This feat alone is so great that a volume might be written upon it, but the important thing to note here, however, is that he lost about one-half of his soldiers and that those remaining were greatly weakened by this tremendous effort. Hannibal was now in a strange country with a crippled army back of him and the pick of Rome's splendid forces before him. He did not think of the Roman army, however, but of Rome, and he resolved to humble this powerful nation to the dust. At this time Hannibal was in the vicinity of Lake Trasumennus, and was being closely followed by Flaminius the Roman consul. He saw that he must sooner or later face this army and that this battle would decide whether or not he should remain in Italy. Defeat here would destroy any hope of reaching Rome, while victory did not assure him more than a temporary relaxation.

With these thoughts before him Hannibal prepared for battle. The day before the conflict, he a stranger, discovered one of the finest battle grounds in the world at Lake Trasumennus, while Flaminius, a Roman, completely overlooked it. Lake Trasumennus is bordered on the northeast and northwest by mountains. At the southeast these mountains run down to the water's edge, to the north there is an open plain of considerable size, but the only entrance is at the northwest corner where the modern village of Borghetto stands. Once inside of this pass the only other exit is

the mountains, and this way is almost impassible. Hannibal seized the situation at once. He selected the picked men of his army and made a camp in the centre of this plain; he ordered his light armed men to disperse among the rocks and shrubbery of the mountain sides, and concealed his cavalry in the foot-hills at the entrance.

Flaminius, fearing that Hannibal might escape him, was following rather closely behind. He led his army through the pass; the Carthaginian cavalry closed in behind it, and Hannibal's first decisive victory over the Romans was assured. Livy says that the plain was covered by a dense fog so that the Romans could not see, but Hannibal's men being higher up on the mountain sides could see clearly, and thus made an even attack. The Roman army was surrounded before it knew what had happened. The shouts and cries of the soldiers told them too late, their danger. The slaughter was terrible: 21,000 Romans including Flaminius fell before the crushing onslaught of the Carthaginians. The cries and groans of the wounded and dying were the only guides to the scenes of battle. Fleeing Romans were met by other Romans fleeing in the opposite direction; they were completely surrounded and their only hope lay in cutting their way through a thick line of the enemy. This they could not do. Many in desperation took to the lake and hoped to escape by standing in the shallow water. Still others attempted to swim across the lake but the waves and whirlpools drove them into the shallows.

When the sun finally dispersed the fog the Romans were utterly defeated. The Carthaginian horsemen rode out into the lake and cut down those who had escaped into the shallows.

At Rome the commotion was terrible. There was now no hope of keeping Hannibal out of Italy, and all efforts were directed toward fortifying Rome itself. Rome, the invincible was trembling with fear. The people at once appointed a dictator and the work of fortification was started.

The real greatness of Hannibal's victory is now apparent. Had nothing depended upon the battle it would rank as one of the world's greatest, simply as a piece of military strategy. As it was, it ranked higher; for it assured Hannibal's entrance into Italy; it made possible that reign of terror for Rome which lasted as long as the Carthaginian was on Italian soil.

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L. OCTOBER 14, 1916 No. 4.

—In more senses than one South Bend's and Mishawaka's joint celebration of the Indiana Centennial was a revelation. Historical throughout, it revealed the Pageant Master. past and the present, while it also hinted prophetically of the future. It made revelation of character, sectional, civic and individual. It showed a section of Indiana—the people of the St. Joseph Valley—keen to realize and to reenact in pageantry the grandeur, the bravery, the pathos, the enterprise and the fun of its historic life. It exhibited, in this arduous aim, a unity of purpose and spirit that crystallized into most efficient co-operation. But it did one thing larger than all this. It brought forth leaders and showed what manner of men, and women, they were. And above all it brought forth Mr. F. B. Barnes, the Pageant Master.

It is not too much to say that without Mr. Barnes there would have been no pageant; it is entirely too little to say that without Mr. Barnes the pageant would never have reached the high excellence which it attained. Through difficulties and drawbacks—hard to bear but now glorious to remember—the Pageant Master never faltered; when others despaired, he did not give up. And when through his tireless energy and invincible optimism the great play took shape and flourished, unflurried by success as he had been undaunted at the threat of failure, this modest worker kept serenely at his post laboring to the last minute to heighten that success and render its triumph enduring. Not once did he think of self; not one thing did he get or hope to get out of it in the way of material gain. But he had his reward. Apart from the satisfaction of a great work well done, he has won a place in the hearts of thousands. Those who worked with him are better able than any to appreciate the magnitude of his labor and the magnanimity with which it was done. And we of Notre Dame whose privilege it was to be

associated with him in this happy cause have felt it the least we can do to take off our hats to him in honest admiration and to profess that, for our part, we count the character of Mr. Barnes the richest of all the Centennial's many revealings.

—Last week the scene of naval activities in the European war, was shifted with a startling and spectacular suddenness, from the region of Heligoland and the North Sea, The Shifted to the hitherto placid and un-Blockade. troubled stretches of water off the New Jersey coast. The first portent of the most remarkable of recent undersea developments, was the unheralded arrival of the German submarine U-53, in New York Harbor. The twenty-four hour law immediately became the subject of concern among port officials, but the Teuton voyager saved all embarrassment in the matter by using but three of the twenty-four allotted by international law for naval vessels of belligerents. The departure of the U-53 was shortly signaled by the sinking in rapid succession of four Allied and one neutral vessels. Whether the intrepid submarine had accounted for all of them, is still uncertain. Rumor multiplied numbers with characteristic rapidity. Hardly had the day elapsed before German submarines were being sighted in numbers, everywhere from Bar Harbor to Galveston. Naval critics may well be pardoned for doubting the authenticity of most of the reports. Even German ingenuity cannot be justly taxed with the task of designing a single submarine with a cruising radius of twenty thousand miles in twenty-four hours. In all likelihood, the German submarines—if indeed the plural may be used at all—operating off the Eastern coast, do not number more than three. That their work has evidenced a deadly efficacy is self-evident. Two views of its purpose are entertained. One holds that the visit of the U-53 and its subsequent attack upon allied merchant vessels off our coast, was purely for the prestige and its concomitant moral effect upon the people of Germany, England and America. The other sees in the dashing trans-Atlantic attacks, a confirmation of the persistent rumor that the “policy of frightfulness” advocates are again in the ascendant in Germany. If such is the case, the resumption of submarine activities under the very nose of Uncle Sam, the chief

neutral protestor, is fraught with considerable significance. The pro-Ally press is beginning to wax wrathful, but there is not a shred of law or justice behind their arguments. The three mile limit is inviolate. Despite the fact that many of our citizens could swim beyond the line of demarcation with ease, all on the other side of the phantom line, is none the less open territory for the belligerents of all nations. There has been no breach of international law, that could again compromise our present security. President Wilson has seized occasion to utter a few characteristically vague and meaningless remarks about "strict accountability" for what may ensue. But while the chief executive is sufficiently pro-Ally in sympathy, his past record and the imminence of election, jointly insure against his doing anything drastic even if a German submarine becomes too zealous and eases a whitehead torpedo into an American hull.

Moving Pictures.

Last Saturday night two very classical selections were featured: "Pagliacci" and "A Winter's Tale." Both were produced by the same, a little known, company; the acting in both was decidedly mediocre; and the almost total lack of explanatory sub-titles made the progress of the plots hard to follow. The beauty of "Pagliacci" lies in Leoncavallo's exquisite music, of "A Winter's Tale" in Shakespeare's incomparable lines. The latter cannot, of course, be transferred to the screen complete; the former not at all. Here is one of the cases where the cinematographer is at a loss; better that such masterpieces be not attempted than produced poorly.

The above was written before Wednesday. On that evening the pastime of moving pictures at Notre Dame was redeemed by "The Pawn of Fate," a World Film production, featuring George Beban. This picture is not only the best in many respects that has been presented in Washington Hall, but is one of the strongest we have ever seen. The pastoral scenes that abound throughout the five reels are picturesque and beautiful, and the story is of unflagging interest. George Beban is unexcelled in character roles of the type given him in this play, and his leading woman, Doris Kenyon, is excellent, although we hear "The Pawn of Fate" is her first picture. John Davidson, as

the artist, is too fond of taking off his hat to show his pretty hair, being what the French might call a *poseur*. If there is no French word to that effect there should be.

On the bill announcing this entertainment the usual clause: "All are required to attend" was missing, and the students being at liberty to stay away, did they so desire, it could not have happened otherwise, according to the perverseness of human nature, than that they should fill the Hall as never before. A further evidence of their perverseness was given when a number of them insisted on laughing boisterously during the most dramatic scenes of "The Pawn of Fate." The only explanation we can offer for this is that the Ring Lardner film shown first probably put them in a humorous mood. But at all events, these good humored souls should attempt to restrain their risibilities when giving way to them too freely is likely to cause annoyance to their neighbors who may be able to appreciate good acting.

Local News.

—Father Cavanaugh spoke before the Knife and Fork Club in South Bend on Wednesday evening.

—The new bleachers on Cartier Field were used to-day for the first time. Further improvements will be made before the Wabash game on October 28.

—U. S. Senator Walsh of Montana spoke to the students of Notre Dame to-day. Governor Whitman of New York was heard by many of the students in South Bend on Thursday evening.

—Major Stogsdall gave his first talk to the Seniors who are taking military science on Wednesday afternoon. He explained a new law which provides compensation for drill to all students who have had two years' training.

—Notre Dame's Knights of Columbus celebrated Columbus Day Thursday evening with a short program and smoker arranged by George Shanahan, recently chosen lecturer for the council. Installation of officers preceded the social session.

—Yesterday's observance of St. Edward Day, the feast of Father Edward Sorin, C. S. C., founder of the University, consisted of a Solemn High Mass and a sermon by the President on "The Spirit of the Founders," a continuation

of the series of sermons upon the "Church", which will extend during the current semester. After Mass the University Band gave a short concert.

—The thirty-two bells in the church chimes are now playing five minutes before each hour. Four different pieces are now played in hourly rotation by the bells.

—Sunday evening at 7:30, at room 222 in the Main Building there will be a meeting to organize a Poetry Society at Notre Dame. All students of collegiate standing are eligible for membership. Father O'Donnell will have charge of the society.

—Avv. Prof. Grasso, professor of Insurance at Notre Dame last year, is now engaged in organizing, and speaking to the Italians and the French for the National Democratic Committee. Prof. Grasso was in South Bend on Wednesday and Thursday of this week.

—Richard Daley, captain of the Varsity basketball team, has been elected captain of the Sorin football team. This is the first time in several years that the men of Sorin have placed a football team in the interhall league. All teams in the league are practicing daily.

—We announce with very special pleasure that Captain R. R. Stogsdall, U. S. A., Retired, has been promoted to the rank of Major by the War Department. This is a fitting recognition of the superb soldierly qualities of one of the best men who ever wore the uniform of our army.

—Mr. Vincent Louis O'Connor, professor of cartooning took second place in the Terre Haute Centennial Poster Design Contest. His drawing, in water colors, represented the progress of Terre Haute during the century. The first prize was awarded Mr. Turman, professor of art at the Indiana State Normal School.

—The University Campus was invested with an air of politics Monday, when registration of voters took place in the rifle club headquarters. Every voter that could be reached by the registration officers was reminded of his duty to get on the register and to vote at the coming presidential election, and this included some of our collegers who will celebrate their twenty-first birthday between now and election day.

—Sergeant Campbell's indoor athletes, the members of his class in calisthenics, have begun their season and will meet four times a week during the winter months. The class is large,

but as many more men can be accommodated as desire to take the course, the only admonition being that each entrant should bring with him a supply of sand and stamina large enough to last him until spring. "Short course" men are not invited.

—Fifteen enthusiastic students attended the first meeting of the Brownson Literary and Debating Society on Friday evening, October 6. Of these, only one was a former member. Brother Alphonsus opened the meeting with a talk on the great benefits to be derived from the ability to speak well in public. Extemporaneous talks on subjects of his own choosing were then given by each member present. After a few remarks from Brother Alphonsus on the ability displayed by the boys and on the bright prospects for the coming year, the meeting adjourned.

—The Senior Class of the University has led the way in organizing for the work of the coming year, a period which will be of special importance because of the celebration of Notre Dame's seventy-fifth birthday. Royal Bosshard of Woodstock, Ill., was re-elected president of the class, in appreciation of his splendid service last term and in anticipation of the needs of an able executive for this year. Harry Scott of Indianapolis was honored with the office of vice-president. Oscar J. Dorwin of Minocqua, Wis., was named secretary, while John Mahoney of Rawlins, Montana, was elected treasurer. As a reward for his efficient strong-arm work last year Sergeant-at-Arms Leonard Evans, of Des Moines, Ia., was unanimously re-elected to the post. Another meeting will be held soon by the "Diamond Jubilee Class" to talk on the coming year's business.

Football.

Although the Varsity did not smother the Western Reserves with as many touchdowns as some expected, the team opened up in the second half of the Cleveland game and brought the total points up to 48—which is no small score. From all accounts of the game, Notre Dame did not play up-to-standard football in the first half; but this is explained by their over-confidence. They expected "soft sailing" from the start and were a bit surprised.

That the score was not bigger, and that Miller and Grant are on the injured list, should not spread gloom over our team's chances this year.

The eleven still looks like a winner, and one of the best that the school has turned out in some years. Phelan has been going good at quarter and Fitzpatrick showed up well at full in the Cleveland game. Both will start to-day's battle against Haskell, and it is likely that John Miller will be in shape for the Wabash battle—which, by the way, should be a battle. Otto Engel, of the Chicago *Tribune* makes this comment:

Notre Dame again looms up as one of the best teams in the central West. It defeated Western Reserves at Cleveland, 48 to 0, and a week previous won from Case on its home field by the same score. Michigan was able to make only three touchdowns against Case. If comparative scores count for anything, Notre Dame is many points stronger than the Wolverines at this time. Early season reports from Ann Arbor indicated that this year's eleven would be the best in years. If that be the case, Coach Harper of the Hoosiers has a whale of a team.

You can take this for what it is worth, but it indicates that outsiders are beginning this early in the year to realize that Notre Dame has a team that is up to her old standard—"a whale of a team."

The following is what the Cleveland *Plain Dealer* had to say of the Western Reserve game:

Before the contest was under way half a dozen minutes it was evident that the local youths had prepared well both mentally and physically. No better exhibition of fierce, hard, sure and game tackling has been seen in Cleveland in some years than that of Reserve in the first two periods.

The constant battering of the visiting huskies sapped the strength of the home hopes. They were practically helpless in the third period.

There was considerable glory for Cleveland in the contest, even though the Cleveland team was defeated.

Stanley Cofall, East High graduate and Notre Dame captain, lived up to advance notices. Stanley scored three of Notre Dame's touchdowns, hurled the forward pass which brought another and kicked six goals from touchdown.

While conspicuous throughout the first half not until the third period did Cofall show to best advantage. Forty and fifty yards by him then brought Notre Dame touchdowns in rapid succession.

As one might have expected the entire visiting delegation made itself conspicuous.

For Reserve, End Francy was the most brilliant performer until driven from the game early in the third period for wielding his fists in public. Francy's tackling was a thing of beauty. Other Reserve players who performed well were Capt. Denaple, who made Reserve's only gains; End Excell and Fullback Palmer. Considering the disadvantages in weight, the linesmen, too, did their work well.

The first period was almost over before Notre Dame scored its first touchdown. A forward pass, Cofall to Baujan, did the work then.

Holding and fumbles prevented the visitors from scoring more than one touchdown in the second period. Early in the session penalties for holding twice took Notre Dame away from the vicinity of Reserve's goal, while Cofall fumbled the ball on another occasion after crossing the line.

Cofall finally broke away for a fourteen-yard run and a touchdown after eight minutes of play.

Francy's elimination from the game for slugging, and the subsequent penalty placed Notre Dame in position to score early in the third period. The penalty carried the ball to Reserve's fifteen-yard line and short dashes, ending with a plunge by Cofall, did the rest.

Then followed the most spectacular stunts of the game. Bergman returned Reserve's kick-off fifty yards with the aid of brilliant interference. On the next play Cofall circled right end for a forty-yard dash and extended his spurt behind the goal line.

Two minutes later Cofall broke away for a fifty-yard run, being checked on the one-yard line. Fitzpatrick on the next play put the ball behind the goal posts.

Five minutes later Fitzpatrick crossed the line again after Notre Dame had taken the ball from the center of the field on short rushes.

Clever running by Subs Malone and Miller placed the ball in the position from which Malone scored the visitor's final touchdown in the fourth period.

In the evening the Notre Dame Club of Cleveland entertained the football team at dinner in the Hollenden. Among the guests were Very Rev. John Cavanaugh, and the Rev. William Maloney of Notre Dame. The dinner was presided over by the Rev. M. L. Moriarity (Litt. B., '10) of St. John's Cathedral School who called upon the Rev. Doctor Mooney, principal of the Cathedral Latin School, Coach Jesse Harper, and Captain Cofall for speeches. The dinner was arranged by Harry Miller, J. W. O'Hara, T. R. Woulfe, and F. X. Cull, all old Notre Dame boys.

Line up and summary:

RESERVE—0	POSITION	NOTRE DAME—48
Excell.....	L. E.....	Baujan
Dillon.....	L. T.....	Coughlin
Weber.....	L. G.....	Bachman
Mook.....	C.....	Rydzewski
Oberlin.....	R. G.....	Degree
Michalske.....	R. T.....	McInerny
Francy.....	R. E.....	Whipple
Denaple.....	Q.....	Phelan
Malz.....	L. H.....	Cofall
Smith.....	R. H.....	Bergman
Palmer.....	F.....	Fitzpatrick

SCORE BY PERIODS:

Notre Dame.....7 7 28 6-48

Touchdowns—First period: Baujan (N. D.), 10:30; second period, Cofall (N. D.), 8:00; third period, Cofall (N. D.), 2:30; Cofall (N. D.), 3:30; Fitzpatrick (N. D.), 5:00; Fitzpatrick (N. D.), 11:00; fourth period: Malone (N. D.), 8:00. Goals from touchdown—Cofall, 6.

Time of periods—12m. Referee—Durfee (Williams) Umpire—Conner (Bates). Head linesman—Potts (O. W. U.).

Safety Valve.

DEAR VALVE:—

I have read with much interest and pleasure the beautiful leading articles that have been running in the SCHOLASTIC; I have pondered over the thoughtful editorials that portray the real meaning of life and the destiny of man; I have been entranced by the deep imaginative poetry that seems to lift one up on wings of seraphs until one soars into a land beyond the sunsets, but in comparison to the SAFETY VALVE they are all "damn rot."

BERNARD HEFFERNAN.

**

Thanks, Bernard, we were looking for a chance. Think of the poor working girls in factories, think of the soldiers wounded and dying in the trenches, think of pigeons up in steep belfries, think of next year's cucumber crop and of the gooseberry pies that will be eaten before the dawn of another century and then think of us who have been out of a job all summer—Does that thinking strain your mind, Bernard? No? Then bring in the next patient and take this one back to ward *eight.

**

HOPE SPRINGS ETERNAL.

After the movies have come to an end, the movies which we have been so dutifully attending on rec nights, we may expect a whole army of concert companies to begin hanging Danny Deever.

**

HAVE YOU SEEN HIM?

"I'm tough, me brudder is tough, me father is tough."

**

Tell that tough kid to keep away from the kitchen or we'll be getting him for meals. They have a mania there for trying to cook up tough stuff.

**

—With no intention of having it around here to raise — again, we simply ask: "What has become of the Carroll Hall Band?"

**

Freshman:—"Yes, I paid a ten dollar natitorium fee and now I have to pay a dollar and a half for a dictionary to find out what it means."

**

THAT'S CERTAIN.

1st Student:—"But if I want to send three pair of pajamas and a silk shirt to the laundry how many collars can I have done and how—"

2nd Student:—"I can't make head or tail out of the new laundry arrangement but I know they won't allow you to wear three pairs of pajamas at night."

**

DEAR UNIVERSITY:—

Dear little Claud was unable to start for your university on the opening day owing to a severe attack of heart burn. He is much improved now, thanks to pepsin gum, and was able to play a gruelling game of croquet this morning. He will arrive in

South Bend to-morrow on the 9:45. Please have the President of the University at the station to meet him as Claud knows nothing about riding in street cars.

Most anxiously yours,

CLAUD'S MAMMA.

**

DEAR MOTHER:—

Yes, I am at Notre Dame and my dream is a reality. Don't you remember how we talked in the summer about the necessity of an education and what a great thing it was for a man to become acquainted with books. Well they put me into Philosophy III. and gave me a book for six dollars on the subject of ontology. It's as thick as a German and as long as a *dachshund* and you have to hit on all twelve cylinders to pronounce a single word in it. Mother, I could live for six years in the same room with that book and we wouldn't have even a bowing acquaintance. I sneaked up on it and copied the name off the cover. The things written on those old clay cobblestones by *Nebuchadnezzar* were like, "the cat is on the mat" compared to the words in this book. Did you ever get your hand caught in the hinge of a door when someone had slammed it and have someone bounce a billiard ball off your head at the same time? If you have, you must know how clear everything appeared at the time well it's just the same or even more so when reading this book. Your mind is absolutely, *sine qua non, ne plus ultra, e pluribus unum* and you can't think any more than a bath tub. Have you ever gone into a swell place and ordered supper for your fair one and found later that you had left you money at home? Have you ever gone bathing and have somebody steal your clothes? Did you ever mistake a girl for her mother and ask her how her daughter was? Have you ever covered your meat with tobasco sauce, thinking it was catsup? Have you ever asked your ice man if he read the "Idea of a University," or asked your cook the influence of Patmore on Thompson? Do them all and you'll get all kinds of satisfaction compared to what you'll get from this text-book. Our teacher said ontology meant bean or been but the bean that could be like that is beyond me. The boy who sits next to me took one look at the book and said to himself "What a hell of a book!" I heard the boy sitting behind me say "Why don't they educate us first?" The boy who sits in front of me just shut his eyes and thought of the good home he had left for ontology. His sisters' biscuits looked like velvet now. Mother I am far from home. I am alone with ontology. Must I remain here while the prunes grow cold on your back stoop and the tramps are fed mush. Rescue me before the next class or I shall attempt to read the book right through and ruin myself.

With love, your son,

WILLIAM.

Old Students' Hall—Subscriptions to October 14, 1916

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

James W. O'Hara, '13	\$100.00
Joseph Collins, '11	100.00
Dr. H. G. McCarty, '12	100.00
James Dubbs, '06	100.00

Raymond E. Skelley, '11	100.00	Patrick J. Houlihan, '92	100.00
William R. Ryan, '11	100.00	E. J. Maurus, '93	100.00
William A. McKeamey, '12	100.00	Thomas J. Swantz, '04	100.00
The amounts which follow were published in an earlier issue of the SCHOLASTIC.			
Samuel T. Murdock, '86	\$2000.00	H. G. Hogan, '04	100.00
P. T. O'Sullivan, '68	1000.00	Harold P. Fisher, '06	100.00
Rev. E. J. McLaughlin, '75	1000.00	John B. Kanaley, '09	100.00
M. F. Healy, '82	1000.00	James F. Hines, '09	100.00
John C. Shea, '98	1000.00	John B. McMahon, '09	100.00
Clement C. Mitchell, '02	1000.00	Rev. John M. Byrne, '00	100.00
Byron V. Kanaley, '04	1000.00	J. H. Gormley, '03	100.00
Daniel P. Murphy, '95	1000.00	Thomas O'Neill, '13	100.00
John P. Lauth, '68	1000.00	Robert E. Proctor, '04	100.00
M. F. Healy, '82	1000.00	John F. O'Connell, '13	100.00
Rev. John Dinnen, '65	500.00	Frank C. Walker, '09	100.00
Warren A. Cartier, '87	500.00	Rev. Gilbert Jennings, '08	100.00
Stephen B. Fleming, '90	500.00	George O'Brien, '90	100.00
Thomas Hoban, '99	500.00	Vitus Jones, '02	100.00
Angus D. McDonald, '00	500.00	W. A. Duffy, '08	100.00
William A. McInerny, '01	500.00	Rev. John H. Guendling, '14	100.00
Joseph M. Byrne, '14	500.00	Fred C. McQueen, '00	100.00
Cassius McDonald, '04	500.00	Charles J. Stubbs, '88	100.00
William P. Breen, '7	500.00	Rupert Donavan, '08	100.00
Student from Far West	500.00	Rev. Francis H. Gavisk, '14	100.00
Rev. I. E. McNamee, '09	500.00	Rt. Rev. Frank O'Brien, '95	100.00
C. C. Craig, '85	500.00	Frank L. McOsker, '72	100.00
Frank E. Hering, '98	500.00	Charles E. Ruffing, '85	100.00
Peter P. McElligott, '02	500.00	James F. Foley, '13	100.00
James J. Conway, '85	500.00	Rt. Rev. Thomas C. O'Reilly, '09	100.00
George Cooke, '90	500.00	Thomas J. Welch, '05	100.00
Robert Sweeney, '03	250.00	William E. Cotter, '13	100.00
John H. Fendrich '84	250.00	John C. Tully, '11	100.00
John Eggeman, '00	250.00	John F. O'Connor, '72	100.00
A. A. McDonell, '00	250.00	T. P. O'Sullivan, '02	100.00
Eugene A. Delaney, '99	250.00	G. M. Kerndt, '82	100.00
R. A. O'Hara, '89	250.00	Dr. Frank J. Powers, '94	100.00
James F. Kennedy, '94	200.00	Rev. John Talbot Smith, '07	100.00
Louis C. M. Reed, '98	200.00	Daniel C. Dillon	100.00
Francis O'Shaughnessy, '00	200.00	Thomas C. Butler, '08	100.00
Joseph J. Sullivan, '02	200.00	Edward M. Kennedy, '08	100.00
G. A. Farabaugh, '04	200.00	John J. Kennedy, '09	100.00
Robert Anderson, '83	200.00	Peter M. Ragan, '92	100.00
Joseph Lantry, '07	200.00	James D. Barry, '97	100.00
Rev. Francis J. Van Antwerp, '14	200.00	Fred L. Steers, '11	100.00
John Dowd, '99	200.00	Walter Clements, '14	100.00
Rt. Rev. Thomas F. Hickey, '03	200.00	Edward J. Carlton, '16	100.00
Christopher C. Fitzgerald, '94	200.00	Leonard M. Carroll, '16	100.00
F. A. Kaul, '97	200.00	Luke L. Kelly, '16	100.00
William Hoynes, '77	200.00	Frank E. Swift, '16	100.00
Edwin J. Lynch, '10	200.00	C. P. Mottz, '16	100.00
T. D. Mott, '95	200.00	Samuel Ward Perrott, '16	100.00
F. Henry Wurzer, '98	200.00	Edward C. Ryan, '16	100.00
Paul R. Martiñ, '13	200.00	James Francis Odem, '16	100.00
Timothy V. Ansberry, '93	200.00	Emmett P. Mulholland '16	100.00
John M. Quinlan '04	200.00	Thomas A. Hayes, '16	100.00
Daniel Madden, '06	200.00	Frank J. Hiss, '16	100.00
Fred J. Kasper, '04	200.00	Joseph J. McCaffery, '16	100.00
J. S. Corby, '98	200.00	Walter P. McCourt, '16	100.00
Thomas Steiner, '99	200.00	M. J. McEniry, '81	100.00
John F. Cushing, '06	200.00	Thomas J. Shaughnessy, '15	100.00
W. A. Draper, '06	150.00	James F. O'Brien, '13	100.00
Maximilian St. George, '08	120.00	Michael L. Fansler, '04	100.00
Mark M. Foote, '73	100.00	A. C. Fortin, '01	100.00
		Daniel J. O'Connor, '05	100.00
		M. H. Miller, '10	100.00

William D. Jamieson, '05	100.00	Ira W. Hurley, '14	50.00
Grover F. Miller, '16	100.00	Emmett G. Lenihan, '15	50.00
Thomas A. McLaughlin, '16	100.00	Francis H. Hayes, '14	50.00
Edwin H. Somiméer, '16	100.00	E. P. Cleary, '09	50.00
Joseph O'Sullivan	100.00	Raymond J. Kelly, '16	50.00
Jacob E. Eckel, '16	100.00	Ernest P. Lajoie, '15	50.00
Vincent Mooney, '16	100.00	Rev. P. J. Crawley, '95	50.00
John T. Shea, '06	100.00	Arthur Pino, '06	50.00
Edward M. Schaack, '93	100.00	William Milroy, '13	50.00
Anton C. Stephan, '04	100.00	Dr. Robert Frost, '02	50.00
Dr. F. B. McCarty, '07	100.00	Eustace Berry, '03	50.00
Harry F. McDonagh, '10	100.00	A friend from the South	50.00
Charles W. Lahey, '13	100.00	Daniel Shouvlin, '14	50.00
Adam J. Kasper, '95	100.00	Gerard N. Krost, '04	40.00
George W. Kasper, '95	100.00	Rev. A. A. Lambing, '83	25.00
Robert A. Kasper, '07	100.00	James M. Riddle, '13	25.00
Charles Girsch, '94	100.00	Henry Hess, '82	25.00
Gerald A. Fitzgibbon, '07	100.00	Dr. E. M. McKee, '06	25.00
John B. Fruechtel, '04	100.00	Robert B. Gottfredson, '13	25.00
Hugh J. Daly, '12	100.00	Rev. John H. Mullin, '11	25.00
Edward K. Delana, '13	100.00	I. N. Mitchell, Sr., '92	25.00
Harry Curtis, '08	100.00	Frederick Williams, '13	25.00
Charles Cullinan, '07	100.00	Rev. Joseph Toth, '11	25.00
Daniel Cullinan, '07	100.00	Joseph M. Walsh, '14	25.00
Dr. W. P. Grady, '99	100.00	Max Adler, '89	25.00
Edgar Crilly, '90	100.00	John G. Mott, '95	25.00
George S. Crilly, '88	100.00	Rev. T. O. Maguire, '09	25.00
James V. Cunningham, '07	100.00	Paul J. Smith, '16	25.00
M. H. Miller, '10	100.00	C. I. Krajewski, '16	25.00
Frank X. Cull, '08	100.00	Joseph P. Flynn, '16	25.00
Jesse E. Vera, '10	100.00	John P. Conboy, '16	25.00
John W. Costello, '12	75.00	W. W. Turner, '16	25.00
A. J. Major, '86	50.00	Alfred Fries, '16	25.00
Charles Vaughan, '14	50.00	J. A. McCarthy, '16	25.00
Stephen H. Herr, '10	50.00	J. Harry Sylvester, '16	25.00
J. N. Antoine, '70	50.00	Harold P. Burke, '16	25.00
Rev. Thomas Cleary, '09	50.00	Peter C. Yearns, '16	25.00
Fred Stewart, '12	50.00	Fred M. Pralatoski, '16	25.00
Jay Lee, '12	50.00	Francis J. Kilkenny, '12	25.00
Walter Duncan, '12	50.00	Edward L. Figel, '11	25.00
Albert F. Gushurst, '09	50.00	Thomas J. Dooley, '97	25.00
Edward P. Cleary, '09	50.00	Mark A. Devine, '10	25.00
Rev. John J. Burke, '83	50.00	Daniel E. Cooney, '10	25.00
Rev. M. L. Moriarty, '10	50.00	Fremont Arnfield, '12	25.00
Rev. J. E. Scullin, '09	50.00	W. W. Harless, '86	25.00
Rev. John P. Quinn, '83	50.00	Edward J. Walsh, '00	25.00
Simon E. Twining, '13	50.00	Thomas Curran, '16	25.00
J. V. Birder, '13	50.00	Gabriel Davezac, '94	20.00
Cecil E. Birder, '14	50.00	James R. Devitt, '13	20.00
M. Emmett Walter, '15	50.00	Albert A. Gloeckner, '16	20.00
Ralph Eberhart, '02	50.00	Bernard Durch, '13	15.00
Rev. John M. Gerenda, '09	50.00	Alfred Vignos, '95	10.00
Walter Duncan, '12	50.00	Andrew L. Shimp, '91	10.00
Timothy P. Galvin, '16	50.00	Frank Niedecken, '09	10.00
Ray M. Humphreys, '16	50.00	Harry Kirk, '13	10.00
Hugh E. Carroll, '16	50.00	Louis Chute, '92	10.00
Jesse C. Harper	50.00	J. J. Deasey, '06	10.00
Ronald S. O'Neill, '14	50.00	H. King, '16	10.00
Louis P. Harl, '16	50.00	James E. Roach, '16	10.00
Joseph D. Kovacs, '16	50.00	J. E. Hogan, '16	10.00
Patrick Maloney, '16	50.00	Robert D. Murphy, '01	5.00
J. F. Delph, '16	50.00	Mark Duncan, '15	5.00
Hugh O'Donnell, '16	50.00	Hiram Halliday, '06	5.00
James Sanford, '14	50.00	Claude S. Moss, '95	5.00