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No. 25.

Nature's Resurrection.

BY F. JENNINGS VURPILLAT, '18.

O WINTER, cast this melancholy cloak,
And shuffle off this harsh and grizzled mail;
Unbind the ice-set thongs of greaved oak,
Uncasque the mountain peaks, and free the
vale
From harpy tread of vengeful snow and gale.
O war-lord, do assuage thy dread ally,
Restrain the withering sweep of winnowing flail
Of Boreas. Hear prostrate Nature cry.
Unfetter her from prison pale, or she may die.

Ah! Nature, still this heart thy passion mourns:
They stripped thee of that purple mockery
Of autumn, wove for thee a crown of thorns
From leafless trees; then cruelly scourged thee
With barbed icy rain. With fickle glee
The heartless rabble scoffed at thee so meek:
Thy summer miracles they could not see;
When clad in ashen snow so threadbare bleak,
They pitied not the tear-streams frozen on thy
cheek.

Who would have thought that thou wouldst
condescend,

So gorgeous in thy summer empery
To bend thy sovereign self to such an end!

What sin is thine, and what enormity
Demands great absolving penalty?

'Twas that thou likened earth to paradise
For us deprived of it by God's decree.

And for this summer folly, winter's price,

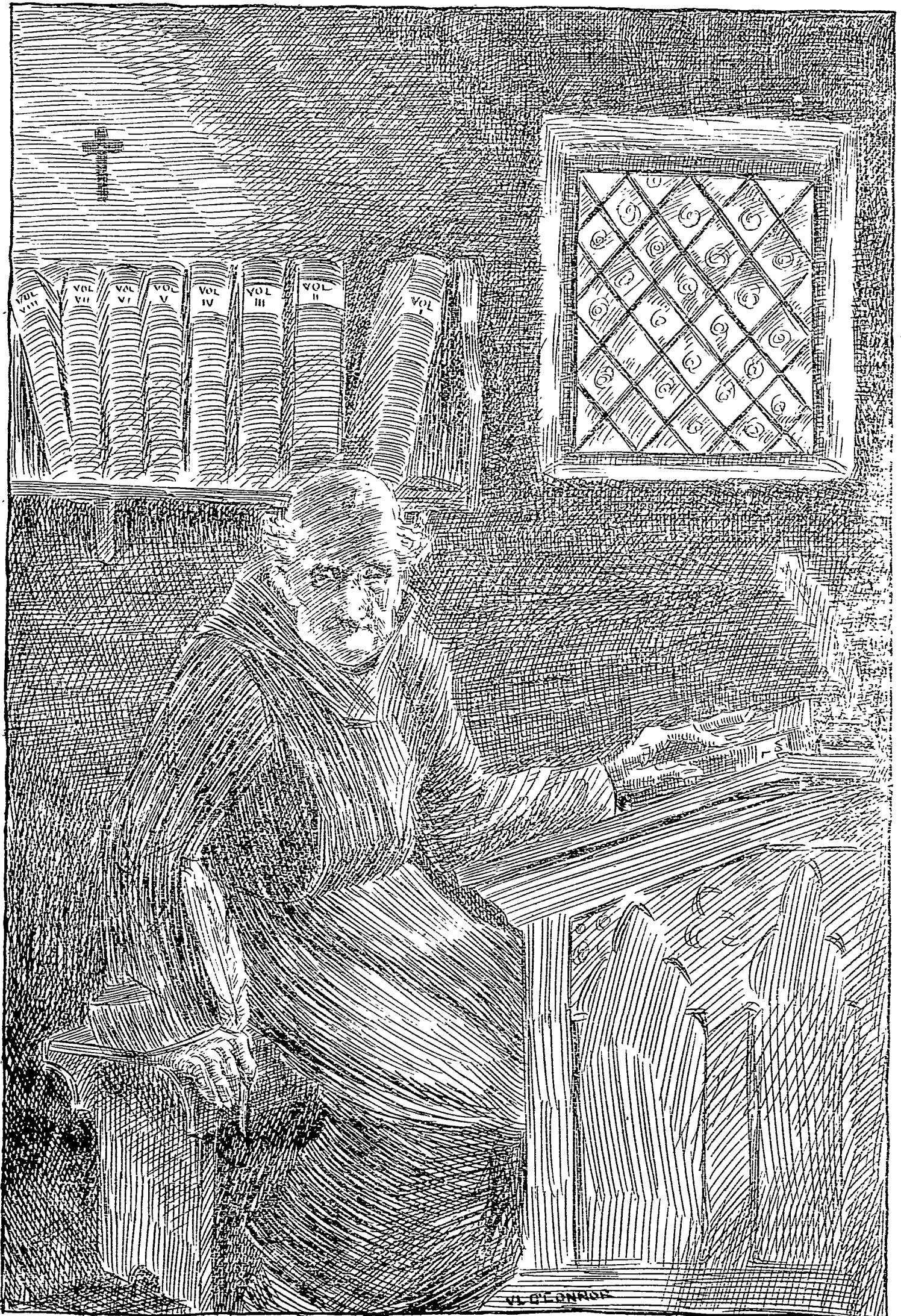
God levied on thee, Nature, such a sacrifice.

Of penance 'tis an epic masterpiece;
But, Nature, didst not promise to thine own
Three months would see this living death-sleep
cease?

Thy satisfaction now has greater grown
Than all the fault for which thou must atone.
And though this pledge of thine be long deferred,
I wait thy Easter morn to see the stone
Cast down and hear the reassuring word
That thou art in our land again and faith is stirred.

Then break the spell so heavily she's borne;
Wake her, Springtime, make her flower-eyes
peep.

Let's hear the robin's reveille at morn
Recall her, give her back to us to keep—
Brush off the snow that holds her eyes in sleep—
O Nature rise, or let us only see thee nod,
Or scent thy wakening blossoms fragrant sweep—
That we may greet our Queen, and turn the sod
To earn the coin of tribute to our Nature's God.



Fifty Years of the Scholastic.

BY HOWARD R. PARKER, '17.

TREACHEROUS bogs lurk in the path of him who would gather the annals of the SCHOLASTIC from back numbers, for on every page there appears something to distract the searcher and to consume the time he has laid out for his undertaking. This is especially true with the first numbers of the magazine, which resemble in tone and literary style the weekly newspaper which today is so much a part of the social life of small communities. For example, there appeared each week a department headed "Correspondence," consisting of letters from students to the editor. These letters usually gave very detailed accounts of the meetings and exercises of the various campus organizations. Occasionally they were written to lay a grievance before the editor. Every important event was reported in copious detail, in the intimate and sympathetic style that is acceptable to readers with a community of interests.

The initiation, just after the Civil War, of a Notre Dame weekly will be better understood if we learn something of its literary predecessors. Late in the Fifties there appeared on the campus a manuscript paper called the *Notre Dame Literary Gazette*. This paper, according to the records, was "summarily destroyed" through a misunderstanding on the part of a prefect. The records do not show wherein the prefect "misunderstood," and so the *Gazette* exists merely as a landmark for a later publication begun by one John Collins. Mr. Collins was so chagrined at the destruction of the *Gazette* that he resolved to produce a successor. Armed with all the fortitude that might be expected in a journalistic pioneer, he gathered about himself three kindred spirits, Francis C. Bigelow, Ben B. Barron, and John H. Fleming, and announced to them that the *Notre Dame Literary Gazette* was to live on in the re-incarnated form of *Progress*. At first *Progress* was circulated only among the literary specialists in the college. Only one copy was made; this was executed in the handwriting of the more elegant penmen among the coterie. It was not long, however, before the patronage widened and there was a demand that *Progress* be made a campus organ.

The general clamor for some sort of publica-

tion was heeded by the faculty, which announced that *Progress* would be read aloud in the study hall every second week. At once the paper was received as an established institution and it thrived until its sponsor, Father Neal H. Gillespie, was sent to France in 1863. With his departure the paper languished, giving way finally to spasmodic and ephemeral publications, such as the *Olympic Gazette* and the *Weekly Bee*, all of which "just grew" and soon became extinct.

Father Gillespie's return in 1866 brings us close to the natal day of our subject. Always a zealous worker among the students, Father Gillespie soon awakened a distinct revival in things literary. The *Ave Maria* had already been established, bringing printing facilities sufficient to produce a second publication. The war was over, and the interests of the college had turned from national strife to literature, art, and science. Notre Dame was moving from an era intensely patriotic to one of quickened intellectuality. The time was auspicious for the coming of a college publication.

The movement was substantially encouraged by Father Corby, who had become president following his return from heroic work in the war. Father Lemonnier, at that time vice-president and director of studies, assisted Father Gillespie in planning the paper. Looking upon it as primarily a record of the nine months of college work, they decided to call it THE SCHOLASTIC YEAR, which name was retained until 1869, when it was changed to THE NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC. Publication was set for the Saturday afternoon of each week. St. Mary's was to be represented by a column or more of news notes including a roll of honor. The paper was to consist of eight pages, slightly smaller than the present page.

The first ten numbers of the SCHOLASTIC YEAR were appended to the *Ave Maria* in the hope that "such a connection may ensure a long and vigorous life for our paper." The inaugural number was published on September 7, 1867. After greeting the friends of Notre Dame and St. Mary's the salutatory continues: "The publication of this magazine has been undertaken in order to give to parents, in a less formal way than by the Monthly Bulletin of Classes and Conduct, all the news that may concern their children." It might be remarked that the editor was wholly sincere in this promise,

for, beginning with the second issue, he printed the date of arrival of each student, "so that parents may know whether their children have loitered on the way."

Before many weeks Father Gillespie found that his plan of relying upon promiscuous contributions was not succeeding; and hence he decided to put the paper in charge of the students, under the nominal control of the faculty. In January, 1868, twenty-four students were named associate editors. Three were assigned each week to edit the current number. In the words of the announcement these men were to "have charge of the number, write the editorials, and see that contributions be furnished to make the paper interesting." It was stated that the director of studies would continue to supply the general news of classes, and that official reports would be received from outside schools and academies; otherwise the editors were to determine the contents. This expedient was no doubt the deliverance of the SCHOLASTIC at the time, though later it proved most unsatisfactory. The reason can partly be seen from a study of the paper itself, but it can be gained more definitely from a historical synopsis written in 1892. According to this authority "the devil that accompanies every editor into the world often prompted the absolute monarchs of one week to refuse matter that had been accepted—sometimes even set in type—by the absolute monarchs of the week preceding." Such "high-handed dictatorship" compelled Father Lemonnier to resume control. He retained the plan of an auxiliary board of editors, however, and this has continued, either formally or informally, down to the present volume.

The third volume was increased in size to 13 by 9 3/4 inches, "in order that the paper may better carry out its functions." The number of pages remained the same. Two numbers had been issued in this size when the announcement came that publication would be every other week instead of every week.

An attempt was made the next year to publish the SCHOLASTIC weekly. The salutatory contained this announcement: "As soon as we get in proper trim—our contributors all marshalled; our local 'on the spot'; our class items coming 'up to time'; the baseballers playing games worth recording; our societies, literary and religious, in good working order—we intend to publish the SCHOLASTIC every week." In the

third issue, however, there came the news that the paper would remain a bi-weekly, it being believed that this would be more conducive to the interest of the students, and more gratifying to their parents.

With Volume V. the SCHOLASTIC once more became a weekly. The reason is given in the following editorial communication: "Many of our subscribers expressed their wishes to us last year for a weekly paper, alleging that it was more agreeable to hear from their sons and daughters every week. We would have been pleased to comply with their wishes, but circumstances prevented us. This year some valuable acquisitions to the editorial staff, especially in the person of one who has largely contributed to our columns, render it comparatively easy to publish every week." The fifth volume was printed in the same large size as the bi-weekly publication, but the next year it was reduced to the size now used. The paper had been losing money; and by reducing it the new editor, Father M. B. Brown, hoped to diminish considerably its losses. Besides, the larger form was too bulky to be bound satisfactorily.

The number of pages remained eight until Volume XV., printed in 1881-82, which contained twelve. Volume XVI. inaugurated the sixteen-page size that still obtains. It was not until the twenty-seventh volume that advertisements were kept off the pages allotted to pure reading matter.

St. Mary's notes were carried in the SCHOLASTIC until November 26, 1892. The *Chimes* had been founded in the previous September, but the roll of honor and other reports continued to appear for over two months, until the new monthly could reach the parents who had been depending upon the SCHOLASTIC for information about their daughters.

Even in a review so limited as this some mention should be made of the DAILY SCHOLASTIC, which flourished during the Commencements of 1898 and 1899. It was produced by the regular SCHOLASTIC staff and included all the news that could be gathered about the University. The daily was a four-page paper of three columns, the size of page being the same as in the weekly. It was issued every evening for three days of the Commencement season, and its sponsors claimed for it the distinction of being the first publication of its kind in the United States.

Facsimile Reprint of the First Page of the Scholastic.

THE SCHOLASTIC YEAR

PUBLISHED WEEKLY AT NOTRE DAME. DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF THE STUDENTS.

Vol. I. Notre Dame University, Sept. 7, 1867. No. 1.

SALUTATORY!

We greet the friends of Notre Dame and St. Mary's.

It may be well to explain to them the object of THE SCHOLASTIC YEAR:

It has been undertaken in order to give to parents frequent accounts of the institutions in which they have placed their children; institutions in which the parents' hearts must be, so long as their children remain, and of which all who have visited it retain, we hope, a pleasing remembrance.

We wish to convey to parents, in a less formal way than by the Monthly Bulletin of Classes and Conduct, which is sent to the parents of each student, all the news that may concern their children.

We shall give an account of all the arrivals at the College and Academy, both of students and friends; of the general and relative progress of the classes; of those students who distinguish themselves in class, in study, and athletic sports,—and many other interesting items, which, though not of importance in the great world, are of great moment in the "STUDENT-WORLD," and will be extremely interesting to parents. They (the parents) will see *la vie intime*—"the Family Circle"—of the College, and can form a good idea of the life their children lead.

As the year goes on we shall also give, either entire, if short, or in part, if long, the best compositions from the classes. In order to make THE SCHOLASTIC YEAR a healthy and long-lived paper we have connected it with the AVE MARIA, a well-established periodical. We have engrafted the tender bud on a strong and vigorous tree. But THE SCHOLASTIC YEAR will be adjoined only to the edition of the AVE MARIA intended for parents.

However, as the AVE MARIA is a strictly Catholic paper, if any of the parents object to receive it, we beg them on the reception of this first number of THE SCHOLASTIC YEAR, which is sent to all, to inform us of their unwillingness. Much

as we are interested in the cause for which the AVE MARIA is published—much as we wish to increase its circulation—we do not wish to force it on any one by tacking it to this publication. We beg to be told immediately, if any one has an objection to receiving the AVE MARIA with THE SCHOLASTIC YEAR, and we shall send, if desired, THE SCHOLASTIC YEAR without the AVE MARIA.

THE SCHOLASTIC YEAR, either *with*, or *without* the AVE MARIA, is \$2.50 for ten months—postage prepaid and included in the \$2.50.

On the other hand we do not wish it to be thought that we are making the AVE MARIA a special medium for advertising the College and Academy. We have carefully avoided mentioning, in the pages of the AVE MARIA, everything pertaining particularly to the College and of no interest to the vast majority of the readers of that paper. It is true that on the cover of the AVE MARIA, among the other advertisements, may be found the advertisements of Notre Dame and St. Mary's, but no fault can be justly found with that; for we advertise all institutions that request us to do so.

We are thus explicit, because always in the inception of an undertaking, there are many speculations concerning *motives*.

OUR MOTIVE in publishing the AVE MARIA, is found in the Prospectus of that paper—and anything that would interfere with the object of that paper is severely left alone.

Our motive in publishing THE SCHOLASTIC YEAR has been stated above.

Our motive in adjoining it to the AVE MARIA, has also been stated, viz: that a connection with that paper may ensure a long and vigorous life to THE SCHOLASTIC YEAR,

We presume that nothing more is necessary to give the parents of the students a correct idea of the object of THE SCHOLASTIC YEAR, and to secure a favorable reception for it from them.

We naturally take pride in our College and Academy—not only in the buildings we have erected for the accommodation and comfort of the students, but particularly in the efforts we

The Sacred Pig and Pete McDonald.

BY HARRY E. SCOTT, '17.

Jim Hardy and Pete McDonald had been "pals" since they were the merest lads back in a small Illinois town. They had played "hookey" from school together; in company they had sought their fortunes on the country's highways; they had worked a single claim in Oklahoma; they had punched cattle side by side on the plains of Texas. Finally, they had sought jointly the precious metal in the bowels of Alaska, and had found it. So perfectly contented were they with each other, that they had agreed solemnly to remain bachelors.

When the two nomads had made their "strike," each confided in the other a secret longing to see New York City. Hence it was that a short time later found the two of them in the lobby of a palatial New York hotel, looking strangely out-of-place in their rough garb of Alaskan miners.

The even tenor of their bachelor lives was considerably jarred the first evening on the Isle of Manhattan. As they sat smoking in the lobby the eyes of the two simultaneously caught sight of a feminine vision in the form of one Widow Smith. She walked to the desk, and called for her mail. The clerk handed her a bundle of letters. He did it graciously, as if he were in attendance at the court of some queen. Indeed, queenly was the one word for describing her. Straightway Cupid sent two well-aimed arrows, and the ardor of a modern Damon and Pythias began to chill. After some half hour's manoeuvring, the two had succeeded in introducing themselves to the widow.

The three chatted for an hour in a softly-lighted room on the mezzanine floor of the hotel, the widow seated between the two on a downy divan. Pete talked about birds, and spring and carnations; while Jim talked about punching cattle, digging gold and the tall buildings in New York. The widow diplomatically smiled first upon one suitor and then upon the other. With every smile each of her admirers realized that they loved her the better and hated each other the more.

For three days Jim and Pete devoured the widow's time, speaking to each other seldom, and then only in monosyllables. On the fourth day the two were sworn enemies. For a time the widow seemed to prefer Pete, but later she

seemed to be about to cast her vote for the opposition. One evening Pete asked her to go to the theatre with him, but she replied with a tantalizing gleam in her eye and a shrug of her shoulder: "My dear little fellow, Mr. Hardy and I are going out this evening." As she left him she smiled sweetly, and Pete sank dejectedly into a chair, with thoughts of suicide running through his mind. She had addressed him as "my dear little fellow!" He was short and fat, and he was ashamed of it now more than ever, for Jim was tall and wiry, like an athlete. Pete sought solace in the bar.

He slouched into a chair beside a shiny mahogany table and began to drink—and to think. He started as he got a glimpse of a black glaring headline on the front page of a newspaper that lay before him:

WONDER-WORKING CHARM BROUGHT TO AMERICA

The article told how Professor Stanislaus Jones had brought back from India the Stone of Bisooohla, the charm that would achieve, when rubbed by its owner, any desire. The charm had to be stolen, however, for if it came into anyone's possession in any other way its power was suspended until it was stolen again. Professor Jones had been held captive by a band of bandits while travelling in India, and, seeing the stone in their possession, had stolen it when he was making good his escape. The article said that the charm was three thousand years old and that a long and interesting history went with it.

When Pete had finished reading, he sat back in his chair, staring at the opposite wall, dreaming. He was a poet at heart and had always believed in love and fairy princesses and charms that worked wonders. In his cabin on the plains of Texas, in his Alaskan shack, he had read nightly of witches and charms, and fairy princesses, while Jim cleaned his gun or whittled or played solitaire. His imagination now began to carry him into a land of dreams. In his hurried reading, he had not noticed where this professor lived so he picked up the paper again. The article said that Mr. Jones was a professor at Notre Dame University.

"Notre Dame!" breathed Pete softly and somewhat mysteriously. "Wonder where that place is?"

It was night when Pete McDonald alighted

from a street-car before the main entrance to the campus of Notre Dame. He hailed two fellows that were walking towards him.

"Pardon me, boys, but I'd like to know where p'fessor Jones lives," said Pete, somewhat nervously.

"The third building on the left, in the south-east tower room," one of the boys informed him. Pete nodded his thanks and started in the direction of the building pointed out. As he mounted the stairs leading to the professor's room, his heart was beating hard and his knees were unsteady.

"Come in," said a gentle, kindly voice in answer to his knock. "Hm—you p'fessor Jones?" ventured Pete as he stepped into the room.

"Yes, sir!" answered the other.

Pete stuttered for a few moments as he stood looking at the professor, but the kindly manner of the old man presently gave him abundant assurance. His host had anything but the appearance of one who would steal a precious charm in the wilds of India.

"I'm from Arizona," lied Pete, "and when I was a-visiting in Chicago I heard about the stone of Bisooohla that you brung back with you from India. I have a hobby of collecting such curios, and—well, Mr. Jones, I just hadda get up enough nerve to come here and ask you to let me take a peep at it." He took a big breath after finishing such a long speech and smiled.

Professor Jones, recognizing in Pete a fellow-lover of curios, waxed enthusiastic over his treasure and within five minutes the two were staunch friends. The great Stone of Bisooohla was brought forth, and Pete, with his mouth open in amazement, listened to the professor's thrilling account of its history. Pete watched the charm put in its hiding-place and then after a few minutes of pleasant talk he took leave of the professor, thanking him time and again for having been allowed the privilege of taking "a peep at the thing."

Instead of leaving the college campus, Pete walked around the building to see if he could find some means of entrance to the professor's room. To his delight there was a fire-escape that rose past his window. With a great sigh of relief Pete squatted behind a fragrant lilac bush and waited for the light in the southeast tower room to go out.

As Pete McDonald alighted from a train at

the New York Central Station, his face was one big smile! He hailed a taxicab with the air of a Chicago travelling salesman and called out his hotel. But as he neared the place his confidence became less firm. He began to wonder if the charm would really work. It seemed too good to be true! And then, what if Jim had already married—

Entering the lobby of the hotel, Pete spied an acquaintance.

"Seen Mr. Hardy around?" he asked.

"Yes," answered the friend, "he and Mrs. Smith just went upstairs. They are together most all the time now."

Pete did not wait for more information. He did not even wait for the elevator, but strode up the stairs two steps at a time. Just as he had expected, he found the widow cuddling near Jim on a large divan in the Turkish room. She was looking up into Jim's face with that meaningful gaze of the lover.

"Will you marry me?" Jim was inquiring.

Realizing that the widow was about to vote in the affirmative, Pete hastily fumbled in his inside pocket for the charm. In a second he had it in his hand and was saying to himself: "Oh Stone of Bisooohla, I wish she may say 'no'."

"Ye—no, Mr. Hardy, I cannot." Pete heaved a sigh of relief. "There is someone else I love." Pete could scarcely keep from screaming with joy. The charm had worked! Shaking with the excitement of his triumph he hurried out of the room for the bar. The widow and Jim had not even noticed him.

Pete deliberated whether he should go right upstairs and propose at once, but he decided to wait a little while. It was a splendid chance to gloat over his victory. As he entered the hotel lobby from the bar, Jim entered the bar from the lobby. The expressions on their faces were a study in contrast.

Pete chuckled to himself and went out for a walk. Presently he realized that he was hungry. And it was natural enough, for he had been too excited to eat for the last twenty-four hours. And now, as never before he longed for some roast pork such as he had been used to at "Jake's Cafe" back in Alaska.

Pete had not been used to eating in gilded palaces, and ever since coming to New York had been searching for a place like Jake's, where he could get some roast pork. Pete would not trade a roast pork sandwich for a platter of squabs. Chuckling to himself, he took from

his pocket the Stone of Bisooohla and gently stroked it as he made a wish for a "restaurant like Jake's."

And lo! his wish was realized. Across the street he saw the sign, "Kelly's Lunch Room." A large placard in the window announced that roast pork was the special for dinner. Solomon in all his glory must have felt something like Pete McDonald as he tenderly placed the stolen charm in his inside coat pocket. He crossed the street, entered Kelly's Lunch Room, and devoured three orders of roast pork. Never in his life had his palate been so thoroughly satisfied. Kelly's roast pork was even better than Jake's!

Hurrying back to the hotel, he washed his face, combed his hair and started in search of his bride-to-be. Finding her, he asked her to come to the Turkish room, the scene of Jim's defeat. As they entered the room he slipped his arm through hers.

"Isn't this here room romantic, though!" he remarked in romantic tone.

"Your being here makes it so a thousand times," smiled the Widow. From his first acquaintance with her, Pete had never noticed such devotion in her voice. The two sat down on a divan, the very one that had been the scene of Jim's undoing and Pete's victory in the preliminary.

The suitor's breath was coming fast; his heart was fluttering like that of a captured bird; his lips were aching to put the question. Holding her hand in one of his own, he reached for the Stone of Bisooohla with the other. Then he proposed.

"Will you marry me?" he stammered.

To Pete her answer seemed ages in coming. Everything was so deathly quiet. Finally she spoke.

"Why, Mr. McDonald, I never knew you cared for me that way. I like you as a dear little friend, but I could never marry you. Why—you must be joking."

Pete dropped her hand as if it were a burning coal. "I-I-I'm sorry!" he breathed, and hurried out of the room.

Not waiting for the elevator he rushed downstairs to the lobby. But the place seemed on fire as he blindly pushed his way through the crowd to the sidewalk. It was just as warm outside, however, as it had been in the hotel, and so he started walking. After going nowhere for some ten minutes he felt in his pocket for

the sacred wishing stone that had failed. He swore somewhat as he stood looking at it.

He thrust it in his hip pocket. As he did so, his hand came in contact with a stiff piece of parchment. Bringing it forth, he stood staring at it, amazed. It was yellow with age, and very soiled. He could not think where he had gotten it, until—all at once he remembered. It was around the Stone of Bisooohla the night he had stolen it. He had hurriedly slipped it in his back pocket at the time, and in his great excitement had completely forgotten about it.

Unfolding the parchment, he stood still, frowning at the writing upon it. At the top there was a number of hieroglyphics, Chinese writing, it appeared to Pete. Under this, however, was some English. It was no doubt a translation of the picture language. The English read:

"Whenever the holder of this sacred charm shall eat of the flesh of the sacred pig, he shall lose all power over this, the sacred Stone of Bisooohla. So it was from the beginning and ever shall be!"

Pete's eyes opened wider, and his jaw fell. Several passers-by bumped into him, but he did not seem to be aware of them. He was dreaming! Finally, looking around him, he saw across the street a sign that read: "Kelly's Lunch Room." In the window a large placard announced that roast pork was the special for dinner.

Dionysus in Hades.

BY SPEER STRAHAN, '17.

Aristophanes, in one of his comedies, represents the god, Dionysus, going down to Hades to bring back a good poet to the Athenians.

Not liveried with satire's own saffron,
 Red-slippered, trudging by a sorry slave
 On obstinate donkey, did the immortal one
 Travel for poesy beyond the grave:
 But morning-garmented, on snow-like feet,
 Over one shoulder the dark-spotted fawn,
 His locks girt with a silver snood. The sweet,
 Forgetful river-streams of Acheron
 Sang as they bore him down past ghostly ships,
 Plying their shadowy commerce, by gray trees
 Whispering old poesies with leafy lips.
 He came to find hell mute with silences
 As there, a laurelled ring, the bards reclined
 In asphodel, about an old Man blind.

Ultra-Realism in Fiction.

BY DELMAR EDMONDSON, '18.

Under the title "Art à la Nude," an editorial in the February issue of *Physical Culture* holds forth in part as follows:

"When an artist is told that a certain reproduction of the nude body is indecent or immoral, he is naturally unable to grasp the idea. You might as well say to him that the reproduction of a tree is immoral, or that the outline of the form of a dog or a horse is calculated to cause deterioration of the human character.

"If your mind is reeking with nastiness, it can give an indecent construction to the noblest ideas or the most inspiring picture. And when you hear that nude painting by a great artist has been branded as indecent, it is not at all difficult to understand the source of that indecency. It comes from 'within.' Those who are loudest in such condemnation are using a very effective method of advertising the character of their mental make-up. Their minds need a cleansing process. A mental antiseptic would be of unquestionable advantage to them."

From this radical expression of opinion, we may derive by analogy the theory of extreme Realism. Emile Zola, the arch-protagonist of the school, starts with the negation of fancy—not of imagination, but of fancy simply. All that is ideal and not a reproduction of the actual life of human beings is to be excluded from his novels. The orgies and castles of romanticism are no more puerile than the sublime heroics of idealism. The impossible, the preposterous, the non-existent is not more interesting than the actual; the facts of life need not be distorted to become impressive.

"Our aim," the realist might put it, "is to place before our readers living beings acting the comedy of life as naturally and realistically as possible. Fiction should be founded upon and limited by actual experience; all speculative ways of awakening sympathy and interest must be rejected. We intend to trust to principles of action rather than to formulas of character; to cultivate the personal expression; to be analytical rather than lyrical; to paint men as they are, not as you think they should be. And if man as we picture him is far from an admirable creature, is that our fault? We will take human nature as we find it, and present it without extenuation or apology.

Thus he who exclaims: "How horrible!" will be forced to add: "And yet, alas, how true!" Life presents little that is admirable, much that is sordid and unlovely. How, then, can our writings be otherwise if they are to boast verisimilitude? We do not create the conditions we find about us; we only mirror them. Fiction is to be the Revealer and Avenger. It must display society as it is and wipe out the hypocrisies of convention. We are weary of prudery. The limitations set upon the discussion of moral subjects chafe us. If sophisticated society has need to blush at its own reflection let it prepare to blush now.

To give several examples, innocent, and therefore colorless from the realist's point of view: if an author introduces into his action a character that stutters and gives an approximate estimate of the number of sibilations that precedes each word he utters, then that author is a realist. If he is not content to say simply of his heroine, "She was expensively gowned," but puts it somewhat in this fashion: "Millicent's gown, purchased at Mme. Marie's, cost a little short of a thousand dollars; the bill for her shoes, which were the acme of the cobbler's art, had made her father turn pale; the necklace she wore was so costly that not even the most ambitious maid would dare wear it to startle her male guests received in the pantry, or wherever maids are wont to entertain callers." If an author writes in this manner, it is safe to assume that he is a realist.

As with the defender from the nude, the defiant shibboleth of the realist is: *honi soit qui-mal y pense*. It is not the painting of the picture that does the harm, but the mind that lends itself to deplorable imaginings.

"If you are unable to view the seamy side of life," one might conceive the realist as remarking, "and pity rather than emulate it is your own lookout. If you are tainted the fault lies with your nature. We are between the devil of brutality and the deep sea of insipidity. So rather than bore we choose to shock. Lest you set our books down with a yawn, we will strive to make your hair stand on end. These hideous things that you condemn will exist as long as the human race remains the same. So we might just as well face them in order that those who are as yet unscathed may profit by the misfortunes of others."

We answer that it is true enough that evil has its lessons, just as sewers have their uses,—

but no man cares to have one running through his drawing-room. That man's existence must be marred by the bestial is lamentable enough; to exploit instances of it for the amusement—in truth, for the very demoralization—of the reading public is despicable. In your disgust with prudery have you not gone ever so far to the other extreme, Sir Realist? Your brush is dipped in a subfusc paint into which you have mixed the ingredients, iniquity, obscenity, malignity, and the like, until to your readers vileness seems inescapably ubiquitous. The very obvious effects of your art is the most thorough refutation of your theory. You see nothing in life but filth and crime. Do you not realize that virtue is as real as vice, and just as impressive? If your books must be realistic, show us the good things that exist in undeniable profusion. If they must be didactic, teach us to be good. Evil is obvious beyond the need of emphasis. And by constant representation of it you increase it. Criminologists recognize such literature as you produce as a prominent cause of crime.

Ultra-realism offends not only against ethics but against esthetics as well. Turgenev, himself a realist, posits as the indispensable condition of great art large independence of rules and systems. But from the principle of selection no art worthy of the name can escape, or should desire to escape. The fineness of an artistic production varies as a rule in proportion to the degree of selection that is exercised in creating it. But the sole care of the realist is that what he reproduces be true to life; grossness is as inviting to his pen as chastity. Indeed he shows a very suspicious preference for the ugly and vile. He describes the weed while close by blooms the rose unnoticed. The proper object of art is beauty. According to the degree in which an author disregards this fact his work is inartistic.

The first tenet of the school of realism is the exact reproduction of the real in human life. But life is wide and it is elusive. All that the finest observer can do is to make an imperfect photograph of one small corner of it. He does not consciously touch up the photograph, perhaps, but he cannot help himself. The picture is at a disadvantage in being subject to the limitations of his defective vision and judgment. When the mirror is held up to nature it is concave or convex according to the viewpoint of him who holds it. Some points will be

minimized and others brought into a Gargantuan relief unnatural to them.

The realist, again, must be, nothing more than a mere narrator; he may not be a moralist, but only an anatomist. He cannot praise or blame his characters; he can have no favorites. Realism gives us the blue-print of a complicated machine with no insight into its workings; we see the outlines of a form, but not the internal mechanism that causes it to act as it does.

To be a good novelist, is it sufficient, then, to be merely a keen observer, an egregious statistician? By no means; observation without imagination can discern only the motions, not the emotions of men. The hidden spring of human feeling, the deeps of personality, may be sounded only by sympathy and understanding. What would I do were I in his place? Thus the novelist must question himself. Purely objective fiction must ever be most superficial. We read about what men eat and drink, not what they think and feel. In the face of this accusation the realist can do nothing but admit it. His novel can be subjective neither on the side of the author nor on that of the characters which he creates.

The realist has limited himself voluntarily; he dares not give range to the delicate play of fancy. He seems not to realize that we may trust our imaginations. What they can picture to us is limited by the world of our experience. Imagination is based largely upon perception and memory, than which the novelist can find no guides more trustworthy, as even the realist will admit.

Those who push the theory to its extremity, the ultra-realists, eschew even the fantastic and intellectual elements. They have not caught the saving reflection of the color of romance. And their disheartening studies in pathology cannot long hold interest for man. Man is by nature romantic. He must be fed on dreams as well as on cabbage. And hence we may be sure of a reaction against the realism that has prevailed of late years. Indeed, the need of literature now is for a new school that will overthrow the absurdities of realism as the lance of Cervantes overthrew the extravagant romance of chivalry

Anybody can follow the crowd, but it takes a man to defy the crowd when the crowd is in the wrong.

B. M.

Prometheus and the Oceanides.

Lines from the PROMETHEUS BOUND of Aeschylus.

BY SPEER STRAHAN, '17.

O ALL ye fragrant rivers of the air,
Winds that soft round me hover with folded
wings,

And singing streams, and trembling morning tides:

O fair Earth—Mother, and all-seeing Day!

See me, a young god crucified by gods.

Vested in sorrow's weeds, how shall I stand

Here while the dark years break and ebb away,—

Burning within my breast this gaping wound

Made by the haughty suzerain of heaven.

Now do I grieve yet once I saw these days,

These wounds, this blood; for time's dim boundaries

I know, and all that comes in earth and sky.

Sadly must I content it with my fate,

Gather to these poor arms Necessity

And kiss the weariness from her young eyes;

Hold ways of peace—yet how can it be thus

When anger burns like fever in my blood.

How can these quick feet stay in burning chains

That late sought out in far Olympian houses

And down the sunset staircase of the skies

Bore, in a fennel-rod, the fires of Jove

That glowed with timeless burning in his halls.

Hark! now what strange wild breath of morn comes

blown

Toward me between the white wings of this wind?

Is it some god who treads the aerial ways

Some boy whose beauty languishes in tears,

Or the dewy April vales of Thessaly?

Oh, does he come to scorn my agony,

To turn accusing eyes upon my wounds?

Behold, whose steps stir down the skyey air,

I am a god, ill-fated, whom high courts

Forsook to join my hands with hands of men!

But whence this grayish mist, these struggling

pinions

That show on the far horizon and quick come

In gold battalions through the morning air?

I tremble as their ranks press on toward me,

Some strange new dread astir within my breast,

Not knowing whether griefs or joys troop by.

Enter the throngs of Oceanides who form the chorus. At first, far away they can be seen, floating in the windless air; then, as they approach nearer, their snowy wings flash with the delicate rose of morn; their bosoms are heaving, their voices shrill

with indignation. As they sing they strew showers of light blossoms on the rocks, so that soon the earth about the suffering god grows snowy as the distant peaks.

OCEANIDES

Let all your fears be mists dissolving

Before us as we come ahosting;

Running upon the winds come we

From our sea-weed chambers of the sea;

There far the sound of the hammers shook

Our morning casement, and we took

With milk-white feet the dawning wind,

Our shadowy tresses blown behind.

PROMETHEUS

Alas, you seek my fellowship of woe,

Daughters of Thetis rising from your seas,

Offspring of her who with sweet mother-eyes

Walks through dream-gardens 'neath the foaming
flood;

And children of the mighty Father Ocean

Whose streams go on far journeyings of peace

Rolling about the edges of the world.

See, how I stand, bound by eternal chains,

A watcher on the mountain peaks of time!

OCEANIDES

You, heaven's exile, we now behold

Bleeding from wounds that leave untold

No accent of your sorrow's tale.

Now new gods rule, the old gods fail;

A new hand grasps the sceptre of heaven

And rules the tides of morn and even.

PROMETHEUS

Rather would I that Jove had sent me down

To drink the limbecks of foul Tartarus,

To move 'mid shadowy forms of ancient kings,

Or even chained to lie forever stretched

Upon the gray hills of that forlorn land.

Rather had I chose darkness and the night

Than the white light of earthly day wherein

I am the mockery of each rising sun,

And my wounds the sport of every wind that blows.

OCEANIDES

What cruel god would chain you here alone.

What one but bears great sorrow in his breast,

Remembering your woes. Ah, none but Jove
 Could so have punished your great crime nor feel
 Mercy's sweet tides move in his breast. These
 chains

You bear shall crumble not with age,
 For while Jove lives and reigns, he'll chain you here?

PROMETHEUS

Truly, yet shall the king of all the gods
 That crowd the starry pavements of those skies
 Stretch forth his wan old hand, and none shall come
 To be a minister to his distress.

None among youths immortal nor fair nymphs,
 Nor Mercury with wings of sunset fire;
 Not one god knows the secret perilous
 But I whom he has locked in loathsome chains.
 And though Jove come with all his beauteous train
 To seek by honeyed promise what I know,
 I shall not tell, till the pillaring skies crash
 About me, mountains fall, and fires burst forth,
 And I be all forgiven.

OCEANIDES

Ah, boldness is your meat
 And all your spirit's drink calamity!
 Yet do we know what terrors crowd your soul;
 For never did the Mind of heaven know
 Aught of the springs of mercy in his heart.

PROMETHEUS

Now is the ruler of the heavens harsh
 And our small earth doth crack beneath his heel,
 Yet where the wild years trembling host I see
 His flashing eyes grow dim with age, his hands
 Tremble at ancient crimes, and him step down
 To seek me suffering here.

OCEANIDES

O Daemon of pure Beauty!
 Unfold to us the chapters of your grief,
 Show us in pain's red scripture each dark deed,
 And page by page and line by line we'll follow
 Even though each be writ and sealed with blood.

*Leave we our chariots by the sea,
 Chariots that the winds have drawn
 Through the golden skies of dawn,
 Winds that shook their cloudy manes
 Through the blue etherial lanes:
 Now we descend, our steeds swift yield
 And pass to graze in some skyey field
 In a clump of columbines sit we
 Around us flows the Scythian sky,
 Touched with a violet eastern glory,—
 But come we long to hear your story.*

The OCEANIDES come down from the air and
 take their places about PROMETHEUS.

Society Shifts.

BY EDWARD J. MCOSKER, '17.

Ravenswood Glenn was still waiting for the season's match when the first week in August arrived. Worthy matrons, who had long held places of prominence in the élité society of New York and Boston, were fretting lest the time-worn traditions of the exclusive summer resort might be upset and the vacation months roll by without the beginning of one or more romances that would culminate in brilliant weddings the following winter; and the gracious and graceful debutantes, who had summered at the place of rest every year since the days when nurses held undisputed command over them, worried for fear fall would come before they would be honored by the coveted engagement ring and the subsequent social events and newspaper notoriety.

Consequently when William Harrison, Jr., swung up to the pier in his canoe, society "sat up and took notice." As he strode up the shaded walk to the main entrance of the hotel, hatless, his white shirt open at the neck and only elbow-long in the arms, the ladies dropped their magazines and novels, girls stopped abruptly in the midst of exciting sets of tennis and fashion-plates of the other sex adjusted their monocles to gaze with awe at the handsome face, the perfect form and the stately bearing of the newcomer. As he walked into the hotel lobby those sitting in the rich chairs near the windows arose and edged closer to the clerk's desk.

"Is H. H. Brown of New York in?" asked Harrison with a slight drawl.

"Yes, sir," replied the clerk, with unusual courtesy.

"Would it be too much trouble for you to tell him that an old friend would like to see him?"

"Not at all," replied the clerk, as he hurried away to deliver the message.

A moment later, Hal Brown, lately of Yale, now the husband of last season's most beautiful "bud," dashed into the lobby from an elevator. His face lighted into an expansive smile as he recognized Harrison. The greeting was remarkable for its familiarity and lack of dignity. They called one another by freak names, slapped each other over the back and concluded the greeting with a mock boxing bout.

"Gee, Bill, it's great—" began Brown.

I know you're glad to see me, you old rounder. How could you help but be? Of course, I don't mean to boast, but—"

"Quit your kidding," warned Brown as his face took on an expression of concern. "These people will think you mean what you are saying, and I want you to make an impression."

"All right, youngster; but, tell me, how's the place?"

"Fine. I've reserved the suite next to ours for you. Sign up in a hurry. Marge is anxious to see you."

"Well, if you insist, I suppose I must do as I am bid."

Harrison took the pen proffered by the clerk and bent over the desk to register. As he did so, an over-zealous youth of some two hundred pounds who was standing on tiptoes to look over the shoulders of the signer, lost his balance and fell against him. Harrison turned quickly, but the young man begged a hasty pardon and hurried away. By the time the guest had signed the lobby was crowded. Curious people filled the doorways and many thronged the space about the register desk. Ravenswood society had suddenly lost control of itself.

Not a sound came from the spectators as Harrison and Brown walked to the elevator, followed by the bell-boy carrying Billy's luggage. But no sooner had the elevator started up than there was a wild rush for the register desk. The first one there read aloud to the company:

"W. H. Harrison, Jr., New York City."

Conversation then buzzed and continued buzzing for an hour.

"Is he a person of wealth?"—"Will Harrison be the man to preserve traditions?"—"Is it too late?"—Such were some of the questions asked by the wondering ladies.

The warning bell, giving an hour's time in which to dress for dinner, put an end to speculation, and men and women alike hurried to their rooms to attire themselves in evening clothes. Fond, ambitious mothers cautioned their daughters to dress in their finest, but the daughters needed no advice; they knew an occasion when it came.

The many guests at Ravenswood Glenn who had hoped to meet Mr. Harrison that evening, were all disappointed. He dined with Mr. and Mrs. Brown at their table in one corner of the beautiful grill room. The stranger was apparently in an amiable mood; for he conversed freely with his companions and laughed heartily

a number of times. Even after dinner, however, he did not mingle with the guests, but spent the evening talking with his friends on a bench near the shore of the lake. Indeed he seemed very unconscious of the company that was so conscious of him. The guests did not despair, however. Harrison was probably tired after his long journey and the morrow would surely find him more sociable. But the anxious crowd was doomed to continued disappointment. During the next two weeks Harrison and his two friends kept to themselves most of the time and seldom mingled with the other guests. Bill displayed a charming personality, however, and real friendliness when introduced to people and when meeting them casually, and he even went so far as to play in two or three sets of tennis with the Fremont girls. When he danced, however, he kept aloof from the rest and took only Mrs. Brown as a partner.

"The man's a puzzle," was the verdict of Mrs. Millington-Tourney at the end of two weeks. "There are enough beautiful girls here to turn the head of any young fellow with red blood, but he doesn't seem even to know that they are here. I'm afraid that Ravenswood's traditions are broken."

Mrs. Tourney was an authority on matters romantic and matrimonial, and when she spoke this opinion of hers the guests sighed and began to think of returning to the big cities. But the next day brought good news. John Reyman, who held the distinguished title of assistant-editor of one of the leading New York papers,—solely because his father was owner of the publication—was the bearer.

"Marie Helman's coming down tomorrow," he gasped out before he had time to recover his breath after a mad dash from the pier to the hotel. "She arrived from Europe yesterday, and she and her father will reach here in the morning."

Mrs. Millington-Tourney's countenance glowed.

"There's a chance that the old record will stand," she declared. "If Marie can't capture Harrison, no one can."

"But," objected Mrs. Wonderbilt of Boston, "she's already engaged, is she not?"

Once more John Reyman came to the rescue.

"Oh, no; she's not!" he said emphatically. "Haven't you heard of it? It's true that she was engaged to a Virginian, but it seems that he got into some sort of a scrap in a cabaret

on Broadway and she returned the ring."

That evening Henrietta Harlin made so bold as to inform Harrison of the coming of Marie.

"So?" asked Harrison, as he started slightly. Then recovering his composure and smiling, he added: "I'm sorry that I won't be here, but I leave in the morning."

Mrs. Brown, who was standing at Harrison's side, gasped a word of surprise, but Billy suppressed her by grasping her arm tightly. Henrietta's face ill concealed her dismay as she turned abruptly and hurried off to spread the news that Harrison was planning to leave the next morning.

The beach was crowded as Harrison bade good-bye to the Browns on the pier the following morning, stepped into the canoe and paddled out on the lake. The passenger launch was just appearing around the bend and Harrison headed straight toward it. When the two crafts drew nearer, he held up his hand, signalling the launch to stop.

"Is there any mail for me?" he asked the boatman.

It was only after Harrison had steadied his canoe beside the launch, that he recognized the two passengers—Marie Helman and her father. Marie recognized Harrison at the same instant and exclaimed:

"Oh, Billy!"

"How do you do, Miss Helman, and you, Mr. Helman?" he replied, in a rather formal manner.

"Here are two letters for you," interrupted the boatman.

"Very well," said Harrison. "Have what mail comes hereafter forwarded to Little Point Pleasant."

"But, Billy," protested Marie. "I'm so sorry for what I did. I have learned that you had not been misbehaving and that you were not all to blame for that cabaret affair, that you acted the part of a man, and I came down here just to see you and ask your forgiveness."

"I'm glad that you have found out the facts, and you are certainly and entirely forgiven. Good-bye," said Harrison slowly as he dipped his paddle into the water and pushed away from the launch.

Marie Helman's eyes filled with tears as her gaze followed the man she loved. But suddenly a new determination seized her. When the

launch reached the pier, she told her father to remain seated.

"I'm delighted to see you all again," she said hastily in response to the greetings of those on the shore. "I thought we would just stop a moment to greet you. Mr. Brown, when my baggage comes, will you have it forwarded to Little Point Pleasant?" she asked her old acquaintance in a tone intended for him alone.

Brown laughed slightly a few minutes later as the people on the beach followed with their eyes the disappearing launch. They stood there transfixed, unable to comprehend, dazed by this climax to their disappointment.

"For the satisfaction of all who may be interested, I take the pleasure of informing you that Billy Harrison, though now a resident of New York, is the Virginian to whom Marie was engaged," he said. "Billy was wrongly accused of improper conduct by a supposed friend of Marie, and, as a result, the engagement was broken. Marie has learned the truth, however."

There was a magnificent wedding in New York the following winter, but Ravenswood Glenn had little enough part in the romance that led to it. Society shifted its summer place to Little Point Pleasant the following year and Ravenswood Glenn, like many another resort before it, dropped back into the second-class.

Flight.

BY THOMAS FRANCIS HEALY, '19.

A DOWN the night the endless darkness creeps,
 'Neath where the stars in unseen glory flare
 Flinging their silvered radiance everywhere—
 To the very doors of Heaven's donjon-keeps;
 Whence tremulously through the ethereal deeps
 There flows a Breath. And sudden the heavy air
 Quivers; and the trumpets of the tempest blare;
 Unchained from its high vaults the lightning leaps.

And down below the little sparks of fire,
 And the distant cracking of the bursting shell,
 Grim mortals dying on the reddened sod.
 In undisturbed course and ever higher,
 The streaming starry-robed battalions swell
 Up through those deafening batteries to God.

An Easter Offering.

BY JOHN URBAN RILEY, '17.

Dramatis Personae.

JERRY SWEENEY, the good-natured property man for the road company of a Broadway "success."

ROBERT KING, a man's man, and leading man in the "success."

BLAKE, manager of the road company.

A messenger boy.

Place: the star's dressing-room in the theatre of a city of the middle-west, about 200 miles from Chicago.

Time: the night before Easter, 1916.

At the rise of the curtain Robert King is seated before a dressing table with a large mirror making up for the first act.

Enter JERRY

JERRY.—Evenin', Mr. King.

KING.—Good evening, Jerry.

JERRY.—Anthin' I can do for you, Mr. King?

KING.—No, thanks, Jerry.

JERRY.—This is kind of a lonesome night to be away from home, ain't it, Mr. King?

KING.—Every night's been that way to me for some time, Jerry, but tonight I'm particularly lonesome.

JERRY.—Do you feel that way too, Mr. King?

KING.—Yes,—I do, Jerry.

JERRY.—Well, ain't that funny that you and me should both feel that way tonight? (*He pauses, thinking*). You know, Mr. King, this is the first Easter I've been away from my little girl in a good many years.

KING.—Is that so, Jerry? That's too bad. I guess we're somewhat in the same boat tonight.

JERRY.—Gee, that's right, Mr. King. I almost forgot you had a little girl at home too. Somehow I can't get it into my head you're married, and that you must be thinking of home a great deal.

KING.—It's more than a year since I got married, Jerry, and I'll tell you why I'm lonesome tonight above all other nights: because by morning I hope and pray there'll be more to my family than just a wife.

JERRY.—Gee! Mr. King, you don't mean—

KING.—Yes, Jerry, I mean that tonight I expect to become a father, and when I think of that brave little woman (*holding up a telegram he has taken from the table*) back there all alone on her white cot in the hospital, I don't know what to do. I'm so happy and at the same time so afraid. Oh, Jerry, isn't love a

wonderful thing? (*Shaking his head sadly over the telegram*).

JERRY.—You bet it is, Mr. King. My, but I'm glad for you (*grasping King's hand*), an' I'm a goin' to pray she pulls through all right. It's not quite eleven years ago that my wife died when my little gal was born (*brushing his sleeve across his eyes*), and do you know she gets more like her mother every day, Mr. King?

KING.—Does she Jerry? I'm glad.

JERRY.—Kin I read you a letter I got from her today?

KING.—I'd love to hear it, Jerry.

JERRY.—(*Drawing letter from inside pocket*). Here it is. (*Reads*):

Dear Papa:

You said in your last letter you could not be home for Easter; so I thought a letter would help to make you happy. I will miss my Easter Bunny and the eggs you always bring home to me, but I'll think of you and dear Mamma, both so far away and pray that you'll both be happy. (*King stops working and listens with bowed head*). Every night before I put out the light—

(*Jerry wipes eyes.—Voice outside door—"Last Call First Act." Jerry is about to go on reading*).

Enter BLAKE

BLAKE.—Say, for the love of Mike there, Sweeney, what do you think this is, your birthday? What are you hangin' around in here for when half the props for the first act aren't set yet? You've no business in dressing-rooms anyway; you're not hired to entertain the actors. Get out.

JERRY.—Yes, sir, I was just readin' a—

BLAKE.—I don't give a continental what you were doing; you've no business in here.

JERRY.—I'm sorry, sir; I—

BLAKE.—Never mind, get out, and do what you're paid for.

Exit JERRY, crestfallen

(*To KING*) I should think you'd know better, King, than to let the stage hands loaf around your dressing-room.

KING.—Now that's all right, Blake; I can get along very nicely without your kind advice.

BLAKE.—Well, by gad, I'll show you who's boss with this show or—

KING.—(*As he brushes past BLAKE and exits to go on for first act*): That remains to be seen.

(*Exit BLAKE with gesture of disgust. Sound of orchestra playing curtain raiser. Enter JERRY through other door with large package and telegram. Places unopened telegram on dressing table.*

opens package, producing large rabbit in sitting posture and basket of Easter eggs. Arranges them on table).

JERRY.—There now, won't Mr. King be surprised when he sees them. I know they'll cheer him up a bit. (*Catching sight of opened telegram King has left on table, he picks it up and reads aloud*): All is well; will keep you informed.—Dr. Graham.

JERRY.—My! but I wonder what this one says. (*Holding the unopened one up to light*). I just can't wait to see. (*Shaking his head*). I don't see how he can play tonight at all. (*Thinking an instant*). Gad, I hope it's a boy, and maybe he'll call it Jerry. (*Goes to window, raises it, and looks up at the stars. Sound of music and hand-clapping off stage signifying the act is over*).

KING.—(*Rushing into room and slamming door. Running toward dressing-table and seeing Jerry as he goes*). Any news, Jerry?

JERRY.—Yes, sir; there's a telegram.

KING.—(*Tearing open the telegram excitedly he reads*): "Son born at 8:30—both doing nicely.—Dr. Graham." Oh, Jerry, it's a boy, and she's safe the doctor says. Oh, thank God!

JERRY.—(*Who all this time has stood riveted with suppressed emotion, rushing to King and taking his hand*). Gee! I'm happy for you, Mr. King. (*They almost embrace each other*).

KING.—(*Turning and seeing rabbit and eggs*). Where did these come from?

JERRY.—I just thought they'd be a little surprise for you and maybe cheer you up a bit. Just a little Easter offering, Mr. King; but I guess you won't need them now after the Easter gift your wife has given you.

KING.—(*Going to Jerry and grasping him by the hand and shoulder*) Why, you old rascal, you! I can't tell you how I appreciate your thoughtfulness, and I'm going to take them right home to that baby next week.

JERRY.—Thanks, Mr. King, that makes up for what I felt when Blake got into me a little while ago.

KING.—Never you mind Blake, Jerry. If he abuses you again he's got to reckon on me too. I'm sick and tired of hearing him treat those who are obliged to work under him as if they were dogs. You let me talk to him next time.

(*Voice off stage, "First Call Second Act"*).

JERRY.—Gee! I got to be goin', Mr. King, or Blake'll be after me again.

KING.—Won't you finish that letter before you go Jerry?

JERRY.—(*Overjoyed, and looking to see if Blake is coming*) You just bet I will (*Produces letter*). Let's see; where'd I leave off? Oh, yes:

Every night before I put out the lights I look at her picture, as I've always seen you do, and then I pray for God to make me as good as she was.

I hope you'll have a happy Easter.

Your loving daughter,

JAEN.

KING.—I wonder if I'll ever have a daughter who'll write to me that way?

JERRY.—Of course you will, Mr. King, and your son'll be a good boy too, if he grows up like his dad.

KING.—Thank you, Jerry; I hope what you say—

Enter BLAKE in a rage.

BLAKE.—Say, I've been looking for you for the last ten minutes. How many times have I got to tell you to get out of here and stay out?

JERRY.—I had to come in to bring Mr. King a—

BLAKE.—You had no business to come in here when I told you to stay out. Now get out and stay out. You've been shirking your work long enough. We can get along without you. You're through tonight. Now get out.

JERRY.—Mr. Blake, I got a little girl that—

BLAKE.—I don't give a darn about your family troubles, I told—

KING.—(*Who has been holding in so far*) Just a minute there, Blake. I want you to understand you can't come into my presence and talk that way to any man. I've heard enough of your brow-beating, and either you've got to cut it out or I quit. When you talk to this man as you've just been doing and say you don't give a darn about his family troubles, you not only insult me but show yourself to be a dirty, low-down, selfish cur.

BLAKE.—King, you mind your own affairs. This is none of your business. You keep your mouth shut or I'll fire you too.

KING.—You needn't fire me. I'll quit, and right now, too. (*Takes off coat and throws it on a chair*). There'll be no second act of this show tonight, and if you're half the man you pretend to be, you'll go out before that curtain and tell the audience why. If you don't I will.

BLAKE.—Now see here, King, you keep out of this; I've got no quarrel with you. I fired this man because—

KING.—If he goes, I go too: that's settled.

Enter MESSENGER BOY with telegram.

BOY.—Telegram for Mr. Robert King.

KING.—Right here, boy. (*Taking the telegram and tearing it open in feverish haste, he reads*): "This is to tell you of my Easter gift to you—a beautiful son. All my love too.—Gwen."

JERRY.—(*Drying his eyes*). Well, Mr. King, now I can go home to my little girl, but you mustn't quit just because I'm a no-account property man.

KING.—Wait a minute, Jerry. Blake, you heard me read that telegram and perhaps realize that I have family affairs that mean more to me than any part I've ever played for you or anybody else, and I don't care to be associated in business with any man who expresses his hatred for people as you have done. My wife has just been in danger of death in bringing a son into the world; she needs me by her side this minute, but I can not be there because an old shark like you has no interest in anything but making money. But I have had enough of it. Come on, Jerry, I'm through. (*Preparing to change his costume for street clothes*).

BLAKE.—(*Shame-faced, on realizing his brutality scarcely knows what to say*). King, I'm sorry I hurt your feelings, I didn't know things were as you say. I apologize.

KING.—But that's not enough; what about Jerry? He's been a faithful worker ever since I've known him, but because he shows his love for a little daughter who's all he's got in the world, you treat him like a dog. I tell you if he goes, I go.

BLAKE.—Well, I'll take back what I said to Jerry too. But you don't understand, King; I know I'm all you said I was, but, God knows, it isn't because I've wanted to be. I once was blessed with a wife and little daughter, too, and had a home and love like yours, and received letters like Jerry's.

KING.—Why, Blake, I never knew you'd been married.

BLAKE.—Yes, sixteen years ago. But five years back my wife was killed in a railroad wreck in Pennsylvania, and a year later the little girl died of scarlet-fever, because she didn't have a mother to take care of her. I've tried to forget, but I can't, and it's hard to realize I've ever deserved such unhappiness. It's made me bitter, and I've wanted to make everyone else suffer with me it seems; I wanted to take it out on those around me. That's the way I

came to talk to Jerry as I did; that's why I seem so mean and ugly to you. King, you've got everything in the world to be thankful for, and (*taking his hand*) I congratulate you; I'm sorry I've done this way and I hope you forgive me and forget it. From now on I'll try to be more human. (*Voice outside: "Last Call Second Act"*) Jerry, you get back on the job.

JERRY.—All right, Mr. Blake. (*Winking and nodding at King he exits*).

BLAKE.—There's the call for the act, King; you'll go on; won't you?

KING.—All right, Blake. I'm sorry I was so hasty, but I didn't understand your position any more than you understood mine. (*They shake hands again and King hurriedly changes his coat. Blake looks at his watch. Sounds of orchestra off-stage*).

BLAKE.—This act will be over at ten-forty, and there's a train for Chicago at ten fifty-five. You can change your clothes, and make it. I'll take you to the station. I'll tell Jerry to pack your bag while the act is going on. Then you can be with your wife and son for Easter, and meet us in South Bend Monday afternoon.

Enter JERRY

JERRY.—Hurry, Mr. King, they're holding the curtain for you.

KING.—Great idea, Blake! I didn't know there was a late train. Jerry, pack my bag, will you? I'm going to see that boy of mine. (*Exit. Blake laughs heartily, Jerry looks after King, surprised at the turn of affairs, then turns to Blake, realizes the truth. They laugh heartily as they shake hands*).

JERRY.—(*Looking over his shoulder toward the door leading to stage*): I wonder if he'll call that boy Jerry?

Exit BLAKE laughing.

(*JERRY rushes to travelling bag, begins to pack clothes and articles from dressing-table, brushing his eyes dry with his coat sleeve. Picks up both telegrams, and holds them open in his hand, as the curtain falls.*)

CURTAIN.

Thoughts.

You should become thoroughly acquainted with yourself before advertising the faults of others.

Public opinion is not always infallible. Columbus put an awful crimp in the tyranny of the *Zeitgeist*!

S. H. C.

College Journalism.

BY JOHN A. LEMMER, '18.

More than a century had elapsed after the printing of the first American newspaper before the college periodical made its initial appearance. The students of Dartmouth in 1800 gave life to the *Gazette*, the pristine journalistic effort from the pens of undergraduates. Today, the university periodical has superseded the oldest of the living arts, that of oratory, and a century of experience testifies that the press is a power the college and university must employ. Approximately five hundred periodicals from the "newsy" daily to the humorous weekly and erudite quarterly confirm the recognition of the influence of the press, and acknowledge the issuance of undergraduate periodicals as a genuine function of a university.

The development of the college journal has been gradual but interesting. Most of the early experiments were very ephemeral, few of the periodicals living sufficiently long to complete a single volume. The *Literary Cabinet*, published by Yale Men in 1806, was a fortnightly of eight pages that died before a twelvemonth had passed. The *Yale Literary Magazine*, however, bears the distinction of being the oldest living college journal, dating from 1836. The *Harvard Lyceum* first appeared in 1810 with Edward Everett as one of its editors. Its life was short, and in 1827 the *Harvard Register* presented itself, only to be supplanted three years later by the *Collegian*, a publication which claimed Oliver Wendell Holmes as one of its contributors.

It was in 1860 that the idea of a *University Quarterly* originated in New Haven. The purpose of this magazine was "to enlist the active talent of young men in American, and so far as possible, in foreign universities in the discussion of questions and the communication of intelligence of common interest to students." Although the Civil War checked the immediate development of this form of periodical, interest in it for the time was intense. Contributors from thirty-three schools including four European universities are found within its eight numbers.

An interesting, and possibly the most important step in the evolution of the college journal was the publication in 1878 of the first college

newspaper. The *Yale Daily News*, the *Harvard Crimson*, the *Cornell Daily Sun*, and the *Daily Princetonian* possess the distinction of initiating this species of journalistic endeavor. Without doubt, a college daily should be the best laboratory of the journalist department, but what is true of the average city daily is frequently but too true of college dailies also. Newspaper literature, generally speaking, lives but for a day. College newspaper literature, too, is ephemeral, and unhappily, much of it is disgracefully bad. The success of the college newspaper as a journalistic laboratory depends entirely upon the quality of the work produced. Unfortunately, and the spirit of commercialism may account for much of this, haste, and even carelessness thwart any attempt at purity of expression and accuracy of grammatical detail in newspaper writing.

Another development in collegiate journalism is the humorous weekly. Periodicals of this nature are excellent illustrations of the enterprise and ingenuity of the American college man. The campus is the scene of the comic as well as of the intellectual, and it was in recognition of the generous supply of campus material for pun and caricature that such papers as the *Cornell Widow*, the *Princeton Tiger*, and the *Harvard Lampoon* were established. Between the covers of such weeklies the country's wits and cartoonists discover themselves in responding to the demand of the American sense of humor for a cause of laughter.

The *Alumni*—the title of several periodicals devoted exclusively to the interests of graduates—is a recent form of the collegiate journal of which only the largest and oldest American universities can boast. *Alma Mater* always has a conspicuous place in a man's affection. Interest in the old school does not cease at graduation, and the *Alumni*, usually a monthly, affords the graduate a bulletin of college activities, and a mouthpiece in the conduct of college affairs.

Thus, the college journal has arisen in response to various demands, and it serves a manifold purpose. It is the mirror of college sentiment; it is the reflection of the moral and intellectual life of the institution it represents. A volume of the college periodical is the best advertisement, or the poorest, a school can have. The critical father will find the college paper the ideal source of information when choosing a school for his son.

The direct benefits of a college publication accrue principally to the contributors. Too many university graduates today stand condemned for a lack of ease and accuracy in writing. Constant drill in preparing material for publication teaches the writer the essentials of style. He learns to avoid the frills of ornamentation, and to aim at clearness, directness, and simplicity. He begins to appreciate the genius of Shakespeare and Carlyle, because he has learned to respect the power that marshals words forcefully and with unerring precision. Acquaintance with the art of writing for an immediate purpose should be as common as the knowledge of parliamentary law. The moot-court is the laboratory for the lawyer, the shop for the engineer, but the college periodical is the only laboratory that should serve all collegiate departments.

Notre Dame today needs the SCHOLASTIC—if I may use the example most familiar to me—almost as much as the SCHOLASTIC needs Notre Dame. The SCHOLASTIC has become the weekly companion of the Notre Dame student. Its purpose is to entertain him, to chronicle events for him, to instruct and to counsel him. The SCHOLASTIC and the University of which it is a representative are co-ordinate agencies in exhorting the men of Notre Dame to greater moral and intellectual activity. Thus the SCHOLASTIC must be as thoroughly Catholic as the institution whose name it bears. Since Notre Dame is without an Alumni periodical, the undergraduate journal becomes the weekly letter to the alumnus. Not only does the SCHOLASTIC seek to convey news to him, it desires also to bring tidings from him.

The college journal is essentially an American production. Although its appeal may be limited, its field of influence is constantly expanding. The university for more than a century has recognized the opportunity the press affords, and has created in the school paper more than a training school for journalists. It has contributed to the development and expansion of college life. The college journal is the workshop of the writer of tomorrow; it performs for him a service primarily practical. But besides being a school of experience, the college periodical renders service to the college man by recording conscientiously his achievements, and to the alumnus, by keeping fresh the happy memories of his college days.

The Falconer.

BY SPEER STRAHAN, '17.

I WILL not hold this falcon Song
In leash while she would try
Her scarce-fledged wings athwart the long
Grey meadows of the sky.

But I will call my God and Lord
Into this faithless breast,
And Song may turn in vain toward
Her early widowed nest.

For like a dove at even
God will call my soul apart,
Making a little heaven
'Mid the branches of my heart.

Headwork.

BY CHARLES W. CALL, '18.

Abraham Homer Schoer was a thoroughbred native of the little town of Nowhere, Missouri. For twenty years that village had been his residence. Agriculture was his vocation; baseball was his avocation. He had mastered in a way the science of farming by the safe and sane method of long hours and hard work, and he thought he had mastered baseball, which he had studied under a kerosene lamp by means of an academic short course furnished him by a correspondence school—though in all his life he had never thrown a ball or swung a bat.

As was to be expected, Schoer's knowledge of the national pastime was very theoretical. He knew the statistics of the game like the multiplication table, but he did not know two and two about the game as it is played. He could name the hitting and fielding leaders in all the major leagues from the time of their organization, and the number of home runs hit in each circuit within the past twenty years was as the alphabet to him. He knew every detail of the Merkle incident, he knew the size of Ty Cobb's bat, and he knew the burial places of Addie Joss, Rube Waddell, and of all the other deceased heroes of the diamond—in short, he knew everything that was not essential to a practical knowledge of the game. There was, however, one exception. His instructor *via* correspondence had impressed upon him the absolute necessity of the blind obedience a player must give his captain and manager.

This point was emphasized by thirteen concrete examples of prominent players who had suffered a fine of from fifty to five hundred dollars for hitting home runs when they had been instructed to sacrifice.

The farmer from Nowhere went to college the fall he was twenty-one. He simplified his lumbering name to A. Homer Schoer. By the following spring he felt himself sufficiently acclimated to report for the baseball team. Somebody, of course, was needed daily to chase balls during the batting practice, and Schoer was honored with the privilege with remarkable regularity. With the air of the man who means business, he asked the manager such questions as, "Where is left field on this here diamond?" and in many other ways proved himself interesting. No one but himself had any thought that he would ever make his mark in baseball. But everything the manager told him to do he did—whether the order was to replenish the water pail or to run around the athletic track ten times to improve his wind.

In the last game of the season he was given the opportunity for which he had longed so ardently and labored so patiently. When the game had been hopelessly lost the manager—as a kind of reward for all his faithful service—sent him in to bat in place of the pitcher. The students rose in a body to greet the supreme joke of the campus with wild yet good-natured cheers of "A homer sure! a homer sure!"

The only instruction the manager had given to the substitute was, "Go in there now and use your head." The farmer presented himself a very unprofessional figure at the plate—and waited. With the game secure the opposing pitcher thought to have a little fun with the "pinch-hitter." He delivered three balls on the wrong side of Schoer, but the batter never even smiled. Then the catcher gave the "groove" signal, and two very fast strikes whizzed over the plate in rapid succession. "Use your head, Schoer," yelled the manager from the bench.

The pitcher wound up hard and hurled a straight fast ball that would have divided the plate evenly. As the ball left the pitcher's hand, however, Schoer dropped his bat and put his head in just the wrong place: there was a terrific impact when the fast ball took him squarely in the temple. He dropped in his tracks. It was a good thirty minutes before he regained consciousness. His first words were:

"Did I use my head?"

Going South.

BY MICHAEL J. EARLY, '17.

Lincoln Square was dripping under an April shower. Trees and grass sparkled in the glow of evening lamps and all was damp and warm and growing. Night in the city is a world of lights and glare and noise, and along the slippery avenues shining cars moved rapidly back and forth, casting their long and vivid lights into all the dark recesses of the streets like so many huge fireflies. Lincoln Square was like an oasis in a desert of brick and stone and cement, and the monstrous monuments of the world's progress were like great grey silhouettes when seen through the mist of the softly falling rain. It was Holy Saturday night and a fleet of human derelicts had gathered within the kindly shelter of the trees. And there, in the depths of the darkening shade, huddled figures, with coat collars wrapped closely about corded necks, and hands deep in pockets, sat in sodden silence listening to the monotonous dropping of the rain and the swish of the wind as it brushed its way through the branches. They were listening in silence because they had nothing better to do and no better place in which to spend the night. It was not cold, however, and they had experienced places much more uncomfortable. They did not speak, but no one knew what violent thoughts surged through those bruised brains; here men brooded upon wrongs, and here hatched schemes of revenge. Beautiful as was Lincoln Square in its garment of spring it was nevertheless the crucible of crime.

It was late afternoon when there had straggled into the Square a youth whose face, lean and creased, had marked him as one of the world's playthings. Aimlessly he had entered, and aimlessly he had chosen the end of a long narrow bench. When he had come, the sun was shining and all was pleasant; when it began to rain the youth merely drew his collar closer about him and settled himself, leg over knee, seemingly regardless of the increasing downpour. Now and then his body was racked by fits of coughing, but he did not move and shortly after each attack he again grew quiet.

As the day aged, slowly but as if drawn by a magnet, shadowy forms left the sidewalk and gathered beneath the shelter of the trees. Presently one came and wiped for himself a

dry spot upon the end of the bench occupied by the boy with the cough, but neither spoke. Gradually the lights came out and soon the rows of residences about the park gave forth a comfortable, homelike glow, but the men on the benches spoke not their thoughts and silence reigned throughout that misty harbor.

Down at St. John's church they had finished the preparations for Easter: The Young Ladies Sodality had been busy all day and Miss Mary Dugan sighed thankfully as she stood by the altar railing and surveyed the work of the day.

"There girls," she said with an air of satisfaction, "that's done and it's a good job. Let's go home."

With much subdued chattering and many exclamations of admiration the young women gathered their wraps and hurried through the sacristy door. They were very tired and anxious to get home to supper. As they flocked out into the street they kept up an incessant conversation about the day that was coming. When they were about the middle of the park the buxom Miss Dugan stopped short.

"Jane Smith!" she said. "Did you close and lock that back window?"

"Back window?" exclaimed Jane Smith, a lively young high school girl. "Oh, dear, no!"

"Well, then," replied Miss Dugan, decisively, "You just hurry right back and do so."

"Oh, Mary, now! I'm too tired and it's as dark as anything there.—and besides I should be home now. Mother—"

"Never mind mother—"

Miss Adams, an elderly spinster, here intervened.

"Why not let it go until tonight at confessions. We can have one of the boys do it then. It's late now, and Father MacMahon was just going to supper when we came away."

And so it was decided. These happy young ladies hurried home little dreaming of what those words meant to two silent listeners who were hidden behind some shrubbery in the darkness of the park.

When the supper hour had passed men and women came down the street and entered the massive portals of St. John's church and came forth again and made their way home. Soon the last group around the church steps broke up and night coming on, the busy thoroughfares grew still. And at the back of the church there was a black opening in the wall through which

the wind whirled and played with the draperies on the high altar.

In the park the boy on the bench continued to cough and now and then spat a crimson spot upon the ground. Presently the man on the other end arose and came over to him.

"What's the matter, kid?" he asked in a raucous tone, "are you sick?"

The lad did not move.

"Naw!" was all he said.

The older man did not notice the rebuff.

"Say, kid," he said, as he seated himself, "You've a devil of a bad cough. What is it? The Con.?"

The lad began to cough again; a paroxysm seemed to choke him, and he did not answer.

The man was silent for a moment. Then—"I guess you've got it," he said. "Why don't you go south. It's dead sure thing that you won't get well around here."

The boy turned with a snarl.

"Me go south! Oh, yes. How do you suppose I'll go? Pullman? Oh my, yes! South for the winter,—or is it spring? Sure I'm a nevy of John D. himself."

The other did not answer this outburst. It was no shock to him. He leaned over and picked up a twig from the ground.

"Yes," he said finally, "well, there's always a way." Then suddenly, "When did you get out?"

The boy started. "Out?" he asked, and fear came into his eyes. "What da'ye mean?"

The older man chuckled.

"You know what I mean, all right. Where did you get that suit? Believe me I know the style of Blackwell's tailor." The boy dropped his head upon his hands.

"You beat me," he said. And then, as if in answer to the first question. "A week ago, today."

The man leaned over. "I guess you're not finding it very easy sailing, eh? The world ain't got no use for us jail-birds. Say, boy, that cough of yours is not so bad. I've seen lots worse and they have been cured. T. B. ain't so bad if you can get to the right place."

The boy was listening silently. The other grew intimate.

"Say, boy," he said, "I can get you south."

"Oh, can you?" the lad started up, joyfully, then realizing the condition of his companion, "Like the deuce you can. Where you goin' to get the dough; how long you been out yourself?"

"Never mind that," answered the other. "See here! You heard what them Janes said tonight about that open window. Well, I can get in that church. I know all about it. I was sexton there once and would be there now,"—viciously—"if it had not been for one little runt of a server catching me drinking the mass wine, one day. Jimmy something was his name. I wish I could get a hold of him some day. I ain't got no love for that church nor for them Catholics. I was fooled by them priests too long and I sure would like to get back at them. I know there's lots of swag there tonight. They have a big celebration tomorrow, and it sure will be easy pickin'. There's an old Jew down town who will take the stuff from us and then we can beat it for the South. I know where they keep it all,—candlesticks, lace, mugs, and the rest." He placed his hand on the boy's shoulder. "What da'ya say, kid?"

The lad was silent. He was not totally bad and the thought of robbing a church appalled him.

The older man went on.

"I'd do it myself but I need some one to help, and I'd like to get you away from this wet country."

The boy was thinking. Ever before his eyes was the picture of the South, his cough gone,—

"All right," he said raising his head, "I'll go with you, but only if you promise not to touch the—the—tabernacle. I'm afraid of that."

The man laughed sardonically. "Bah! what's the use of squelching. There's nothing there. Believe me, kid, I know. Why the best of the swag is in there. Come on."

But the boy was stubborn.

"Nothin' doin'," he said decisively. "Ye've got to promise or I won't go."

The man saw it was useless to argue.

"All right, then," he said, "I won't. Come on. It'll soon be morning and we want to make a clean get away."

The great church was cold and gloomy, and save for the sanctuary lamp, shining from the high altar, all was dark. The boy dropped lightly from the window and waited for his companion to slide over the sill. He shuddered as he glanced about him and saw the great statues glaring down at him like huge gargoyes, their usually holy faces transformed, as it would seem, by the very crime that stalked beneath their feet. The old criminal landed with a dull

thud upon the carpeted floor. They were in the sanctuary.

"Come, on," he whispered hoarsely, "these fools will soon be around for early Mass. Go easy for the old man had a burglar alarm put in after I left, and we don't want to bring the whole town down on us."

They felt their way along the railing to the center and then moved silently across the foot of the altar to the sacristy door. Once the man turned and warned his companion. "Look out," he said, but the boy had already taken the step. Presently they were in the sacristy.

"All right, now," said the man. "Go to it." And both started to rummage around. They found a piece of candle and thus were able to work faster. The boy was feeling about in the great cabinet at the back of the room. Now and then his shoulders shook as if a sob escaped him but every time he did so he clenched his fists as if nerving himself to a purpose.

Suddenly he realized that he was alone. For a moment he stood listening. Then blowing out the light he moved swiftly across the darkened room to the door of the sanctuary. There he stopped and listened. A faint noise from the great altar, burdened with flowers and candles, warned him that some one was before the altar. He slipped around the corner and there, working at the door of the tabernacle, was the shadowy figure of the man. With a quick step the boy was beside him.

"You liar!" he whispered fiercely. "You promised that you would not touch this." He grasped the man by the hand who turned with an oath and struck the lad across the face.

"You brat," he said, angrily, "that will teach you to mind your own business."

The boy staggered down the steps and fell in a crumpled mass on the floor. For a few minutes he lay there helpless and slowly consciousness returned to him. Then he made his way cautiously along the wall to the door of the sacristy, the blood dripping from his cut mouth and his body shaking with repressed coughs. Entering the sacristy he felt along the wall with his hand; hesitated for a moment; then turned and crept back into the sanctuary.

The man at the altar had just succeeded in opening the door of the tabernacle when the boy creeping upon him with an upraised candlestick prepared to strike. He turned in time to catch the blow upon his shoulder instead of upon

his head, and for a moment he was stunned, but that moment was enough. With almost one motion the boy closed and locked the tabernacle and then threw the skeleton key far out into the church. For a moment all was silent except for the sharp metallic click as the key struck a bench and lost itself on the floor.

With a muttered curse the man drew a gun and as the shot echoed through the empty church the boy crumpled up at the foot of the altar and lay still. As the assassin stood trembling at his crime the lights throughout the church flashed on, and angry voices were heard outside the sacristy. With a bound the former sexton reached the window, and was gone just as Father MacMahon and his sexton entered the sanctuary. The priest with half-buttoned cassock and collarless, stumbled across the figure on the altar steps. "Heh! John!" he cried to the sexton who was hurrying down the aisle. "Come here. Here's the other one." He bent over the boy, surprised that he did not move. As he did so the boy opened his eyes, and smiled.

"Hello, Father Mac," he murmured slowly and with difficulty. The startled priest drew back.

"Jimmy!" he cried with pain in his voice. "My poor, poor boy."

A crimson stain was slowly creeping down the lad's shirt.

"Father," he gasped, "I'm sorry. I—rang the bell for you. I'm glad you came on time. He—had the door of—God's house opened but I—closed it, and threw away his key—. It was Bill Morry, you remember whom we caught drinking the wine—He did not know me—Pardon, father—"

The priest raised his hand reverently above the motionless lad,—and as the words of absolution ceased the dying boy opened his eyes and smiled once more.

"I'm going South, Father," he said, and with a sob the priest, grey-haired and aged, dropped to his knees beside one who once had been dear to him.

It makes all the difference in the world whether a teacher be a driver or a leader.

Remember that the advice, "look before you leap," is applicable to the sacrament of matrimony also.

If we would develop our whole selves, intellectual exercise is as necessary as the physical.

The History of Prohibition in America.

BY MICHAEL A. MULCAIR, '17.

From a relatively unimportant and insignificant social movement which found favor only in two of the small and sparsely populated States of the Union a decade ago, state prohibition has grown with amazing rapidity until now it has enlisted under its banner more than half the states in the Union. So phenomenal has been its extension in recent years that many people regard the prohibition movement as something decidedly novel in American life. A brief history of the rise and decline of Prohibitory liquor legislation in the United States, and the subsequent revival of such legislation which has manifested itself in the last few years, reveals the fact that the present prohibition movement, so extensive in its scope, is but a second wave following upon the recession of a former and even greater one, which swept over the country little more than half a century ago.

The prohibition movement in the United States is the outgrowth of the vigorous temperance crusades which were waged in New England during the first half of the nineteenth century. Concomitant with the extension of the liquor industry in those pioneer states social problems of the gravest character had grown to such alarming proportions that the citizens realized some radical course must be taken to check the growing evils of drunkenness. Temperance societies were organized throughout the East. Honest and patriotic citizens pledged themselves to voluntary abstinence for the benefit of their country. The movement spread so rapidly that in 1835 over two million citizens were enrolled under the banner of temperance.

Elated by the wonderful success of moral suasion as an aid to true temperance, Neal Dow, of Portland, Maine, conceived and substantiated the idea that moral suasion backed and supplemented by "legal suasion" was the ideal solution of the vexing liquor problem. In 1851 he was elected mayor of Portland and thus placed in a position to realize his ideal of legal temperance. During the first year of his administration he effected the passage of the first prohibition law in this country, and perhaps the first of its kind ever enacted in any country. The sale and manufacture of all intoxicating liquors were absolutely prohibited

in Maine. In the attempt to enforce such a drastic measure on the determined minority which opposed it, the officers of the law encountered many and serious obstacles, and as a consequence the law suffered many severe set-backs. Nevertheless, during the following three years, Vermont, Rhode Island, Michigan, and Connecticut concluded that prohibition had stood the test sufficiently well to justify them in following the example set by Maine. Then came the banner year 1855, in which prohibition received its first real impetus and its first real test. New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Ohio, Illinois, New York, Delaware, Nebraska and Indiana enacted prohibitory laws during that year. Thus within four years after the advent of a prohibition policy, as a means of solving the liquor problem, twelve of the most populous States in the country had come under the rule of prohibition.

The sojourn, however, of most of those states in the prohibition column was very brief. Indiana, Illinois, Ohio, New York, Delaware, and Nebraska repudiated prohibition by 1861. Rhode Island, Massachusetts, Connecticut, Michigan, and New Hampshire returned to license within a few years. Thus by 1880 the first prohibition wave which swept over the country with such tremendous force had receded almost entirely, leaving only the state of Maine still under prohibition.

From 1875 to 1907 there was a notable lull in the prohibition movement throughout the country. With the exception of Kansas, which joined Maine as a prohibition state towards the end of the year 1880, prohibition was consistently rejected wherever proposed. A quarter of a century of prohibition experience has taught the voters of the various states that a law as drastic and radical as prohibition which uprooted ancient customs and traditions required general acquiescence before it could succeed.

The modern era or second wave of prohibition began in 1907 when, after a systematic dry campaign conducted for several years by the Anti-Saloon League, Oklahoma, Georgia and Alabama adopted state prohibition. Encouraged by such success, the prohibition propagandists immediately promulgated with renewed zeal the doctrine of legal temperance throughout the South and West, and as a result North Carolina, Mississippi, Tennessee, Arizona, Idaho, Iowa, South Carolina, Montana, South Dakota, Nebraska, Michigan, North Dakota, and Indiana

have enacted state prohibition within the last few years.

From present indications we have not yet reached the crest of this second wave. Prohibition is before the voters of several of the "wet" states at present, and it is altogether possible that by the end of the present year four or five more states may be added to the prohibition column. The passage, however, of the Reed Amendment to the Postal Bill, last month, which forbids the importation of any liquor whatever into "dry" territory may dampen the ardor of the state legislators in voting for prohibition, since previous to the passage of that law citizens enjoyed the privilege of importing liquor for personal use. Whether prohibition has already reached the height of its popularity we cannot at present say. Whether the Reed Amendment, designed especially to aid the cause of legal temperance, is the rock upon which the second prohibition wave shall be broken remains to be seen.

In Her Easter Costume.

YOU know I was never a kicker—
 Though Scotch I like better than Rye—
 And that, as a judge of good "likker,"
 But few there are better than I;
 I hate discontent and complaining,
 Yet somehow, this much I must say:
 I'd give all my money could I see my honey
 In her Easter costume to-day!

I'd meet her at eight in the morning,
 To church we would smilingly trip,
 The laugh of her kid brother scorning—
 That impudent, frolicking snip!
 We then would shake hands with the pastor,
 And kneel down together to pray—
 Ah, life should be sunny could I see my honey
 In her Easter costume today!

I've seen the demure Southern ladies
 Dressed up for their swell *Mardi Gras*—
 I've seen Gotham's Mabels and Sadies
 And Frisco!—can't print what I saw.
 Yet these are but mists in my memory,
 Like dreams they are fading away,
 And there through the blur is a picture of her
 In a new Easter costume today.

But look, there's the mailman a-coming—
 He's stopping in front of our shack,
 A late bit of rag-time he's humming
 While fishing about in his sack.
 What's this? Oh, a letter from daddy—
 I wonder now. *No—Yes,—Hooray!*
 Enclosed is some money to go see my honey
 In her Easter costume today!

Stuart H. Carroll, '17.

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STUART H. CARROLL, '17	CHARLES W. CALL, '18
DELMAR J. EDMONDSON, '18	THOMAS F. HEALY, '19
F. JENNINGS VURPILLAT, '18	JOHN URBAN RILEY, '17
MICHAEL A. MULCAIR, '17	

—Notre Dame's contribution to the collegiate periodical world is the SCHOLASTIC. Notre Dame men have always indulged what we think is a reasonable pride in its quality. Through its columns the University seeks to give to her students a medium for the expression of their best thought in their best form. The graduation of the class of 1917 will conclude the editorship of eight members of the present board. All undergraduates of the University are eligible for the places on the staff which will be thus vacated; and it is desirable, in so far as it can be so, that all the courses and all the years of the several courses be represented. The first purpose of our college weekly is to develop the literary talent and the general scholarship of its student contributors. It is true that an editorship involves considerable labor, often at inconvenient times, but the profit of it is, as anyone who has ever had a place on the board will tell you, a liberal reward. The qualifications are ability and punctilious industry. If you have these, it is well worth your while to bid for a place on next year's staff and "make the team" against numerous competitors if you can. You will find it a fair fight, with no favor—except for merit.

—Under the caption, "Collegians, Protect Your Ideals," the Collegiate Anti-Militarism League, with central offices in New York City, has issued a pamphlet **College Men and War** which contains brief arguments why there should be no war, and proposes that "before

war is declared the people of this country be given time and opportunity to think: time in order to recover from the first reaction to sensational newspaper agitation, and opportunity by means of a clear statement from the government under the following heads—this statement to be set against the moral and physical damages of war." The heads enumerated are: "The real causes for war," "The proposed limit to our participation," and "The possible alternative to war." Even the most peaceful man, if he is a man at all, will not easily accept the statements that "If America now resorts to the sword her recent efforts for peace will appear hypocritical, or due to a priggish 'moral superiority' born of inexperience," and "She will have been shamed into the war by just those conventional dogmas she has pretended to despise."

The members of the League and other adherents of the "no-war idea" are undoubtedly sincere in their efforts, but we do not believe that statements such as the ones quoted are going to appeal to very many college men.

College men of the past, college men fully as intelligent and as honest and as peace-loving as the college men of to-day, have found that at times war has been the only remedy for existing evils. Whether or not the present crisis is a case in point is to be left to those to whom we have intrusted the government of our country. We have surely had superabundant evidence that our administrators do not desire unnecessary war. Pending their solution of the problem, the public, including the college men, should adopt the policy of "watchful waiting." If the call to arms is sounded now we do not believe that the great body of college men will require any further assurance of its necessity.

Editors of the Scholastic.

We have thought it worth while to list in this jubilee number of the SCHOLASTIC the boards of editors who have made the fifty volumes. Not a few of our readers will be interested, no doubt, in reviewing the names and noting how many of the amateur journalists of the several staffs have become leaders in the larger enterprises of life.

Excepting the first, the volumes for the years from 1867 to 1880 do not present any

formal board. During those years many articles, educational in character, were contributed by members of the faculty; notably Fathers Gillespie, Fitte, and Zahm, and Professor Maurice Francis Egan. In the other years the Scholastic was in the hands of the following editors:

1915-1916

Timothy Galvin, '16 Speer Strahan, '17
Raymond Humphreys, '16 Louis Keifer, '16
Eugene McBride, '16 Delmar J. Edmondson, '18
Howard R. Parker, '19 Arthur Hunter, '16

1914-1915

Clovis Smith, '15 Eugene McBride, '16
Timothy Galvin, '16 George Schuster, '15
Speer Strahan, '17 Mark Duncan, '15
Louis Keifer, '16 Andrew McDonough, '17
John Riley, '17 Emmet Lenihan, '15
Delmar Edmondson, '18 Raymond Humphreys, '16

1913-1914

William Galvin, '14 Joseph M. Walsh, '14
Walter Clements, '14 George Schuster, '15
Arthur J. Hayes, '15 Hugh V. Lacey, '15
Mark Duncan, '15 Clovis Smith, '15
Timothy P. Galvin, '16

1912-1913

Simon E. Twining, '13 William J. Milroy, '13
Louis J. Kiley, '13 John F. O'Connell, '13
William J. Burke, '13 Thomas F. O'Neil, '13
Frank C. Stanford, '13 John T. Burns, '13
William Galvin, '14 Joseph M. Walsh, '14
Maurice Norckauer, '14 Arthur J. Hayes, '15
Walter Clements, '14

1911-1912

John P. Murphy, '12 Edward J. Howard, '12
Patrick A. Barry, '12 Russell G. Finn, '12
Cyril J. Curran, '12 William J. Milroy, '13
Simon E. Twining, '13 John F. O'Connell, '13
Louis J. Kiley, '13 Thomas F. O'Neil, '13
William M. Galvin, '14 Joseph Walsh, '14

1910-1911

Arthur Hughes, '11 Charles C. Miltner, '11
John F. O'Hara, '11 Francis Wenninger, '11
John C. Tully, '11 Ralph C. Dimmick, '11
John P. Murphy, '12 Peter P. Forrestal, '11
Paul Rush, '12 Edward J. Howard, '12
Simon E. Twining, '13 William J. Milroy, '13
Thomas A. Lahey, '11 Patrick A. Barry, '12

1909-1910

George Finnigan, '10 Leo J. Cleary, '10
Peter E. Hebert, '10 Leo C. McElroy, '10
Denis A. Morrison, '10 Michael A. Mathis, '10
Thomas A. Lahey, '11 John C. Tully, '11
Francis Wenninger, '11 Arthur J. Hughes, '11
Charles Miltner, '11 Thomas F. Cleary, '11
John F. O'Hara, '11 Frederick W. Carrol, '12

1908-1909

Ignatius McNamee, '09 Richard Collentine, '09
Otto A. Schmid, '09 John B. Kanaley, '09
Harry Ledwidge, '09 George J. Finnigan, '10
Peter E. Hebert, '10 Edward P. Cleary, '09
Denis A. Morrison, '10 Paul R. Martin, '10
Thomas A. Lahey, '11 John B. McMahon, '09
Michael Mathis, '10 John J. Eckert, '11
Leo C. McElroy, '10 Leo J. Cleary, '10
John McDill Fox, '09 Francis C. Walker, '09
John F. O'Hara, '12 Arthur J. Hughes, '11
Francis Wenninger, '11 Frederick Carrol, '12

1907-1908

Robert L. Bracken, '08 William Lennartz, '08
Francis T. Maher, '08 Varnum A. Parish, '08
Ignatius E. McNamee, '09 James J. Quinlan, '08
Joseph Boyle, '08 James J. Flaherty, '08
Edward M. Kennedy, '08 Robert L. Sully, '08
Francis X. Cull, '08 Otto Schmid, '09
George J. Finnigan, '10 Coe A. McKenna, '10
Richard Collentine, '09 Edward P. Cleary, '09
Harry A. Ledwidge, '09 Peter E. Hebert, '10
Thomas A. Lahey, '11 John B. Kanaley, '09

1906-1907

Thomas E. Burke, '07 Edward F. O'Flynn, '07
Wesley J. Donahue, '07 Wm. Cunningham, '07
William A. Bolger, '07 Louis M. Kelley, '07
Robert L. Bracken, '08 Francis T. Maher, '08
Patrick M. Malloy, '07 William Lennartz, '08
Leo J. Coontz, '07 Varnum A. Parish, '08
William Maloney, '07 Robert A. Kasper, '07
Ignatius E. McNamee, '09 James J. Quinlan, '08

1905-1906

Charles L. O'Donnell, '06 John F. O'Shea, '06
William A. Bolger, '07 John M. Ryan, '06
Thomas E. Burke, '07 John C. McGinn, '06
Wesley J. Donahue, '07 Leo J. Coontz, '07
Cornelius Hagerty, '06 Edward O'Flynn, '07
Walter O'Donnell, '07 Robert L. Bracken, '08

1904-1905

Michael J. Shea, '04 John Quinlan, '04
Henry M. Kemper, '05 Charles L. O'Donnell, '06
William D. Jamieson, '05 Eugene P. Burke, '06
John F. Shea, '06 William A. Bolger, '07
Bernard S. Fahy, '05 Robert L. Bracken, '07

1903-1904

Francis F. Duquette, '02 G. A. Farabaugh, '04
Byron V. Kanaley, '04 Thomas D. Lyons, '04
Louis J. Carey, '04 Geo. J. MacNamara, '04
Maurice F. Griffin, '04 Walter M. Daley, '04
Stephen F. Riordan, '04 Thomas P. Irving, '04
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Joseph H. Burke, '04 L. M. Fetherston, '04
Ernest A. Davis, '04 Michael J. Shea, '04
Ernest E. Hammer, '04 Wm. K. Gardiner, '04
George Gormley, '04 Frederick Kasper, '04
Daniel C. Dillon, '04 John M. Quinlan, '04
Wm. M. Wimberg, '04 James R. Record, '05
Joseph P. O'Reilly, '06 Telford Paullin, '07
Patrick J. McDonough, '03

1902-1903

Francis F. Duquette, '02 H. Ewing Brown, '02
Robert J. Sweeney, '03 Charles A. Gorman, '03
Byron V. Kanaley, '04 Francis J. Barry, '03
Robert E. Hanley, '03 Robert E. Lynch, '03
Edward F. Quigley, '03 Thomas D. Lyons, '04
Francis McKeever, '03 J. Patrick O'Reilly, '05
G. A. Farabaugh, '04 Charles L. O'Donnell, '06

1901-1902

Francis Duquette, '02 John L. Cooley, '02
H. Ewing Brown, '02 George Burkette, '02
John P. O'Hara, '02 Francis Schwab, '02
P. J. McDonough, '03 Albert Krug, '02
Leo J. Heiser, '02 John Hennessy, '02
Vitus G. Jones, '02 William A. Shea, '02
Joseph L. Toohey, '02 John P. Cufry, '01
Joseph Kelleher, '02 Francis J. Barry, '03

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P. P. McElligot, '02 John Harte, '02
J. Doban

1900-1901

Harry P. Barry, '01 William J. O'Connor, '01
Joseph Sullivan, '01 William H. Tierney, '01
John P. Hayes, '01 John M. Lilly, '01
Francis Duquette, '02 George W. Burkett, '02
Leo J. Heiser, '02 Francis Schwab, '02
Henry E. Brown, '02 Albert L. Krug, '02
Patrick McDonough, '03 John J. Hennessy, '02
John L. Cooley, '02 John P. O'Hara, '02

REPORTERS

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 1899-1900
 James F. Murphy, '99
 F. O'Shaughnessy, '00
 James H. McGinnis, '00
 Vincent D. Dwyer, '00
 Hugh S. Gallagher, '00
 Andrew J. Sammon, '00
 Anthony J. Brogan, '01
 William H. Tierney, '01
 William J. O'Connor, '01
 Robert E. Lynch, '03
 Frank J. Barry, '03
 Anthony F. Dorley, '00
 John M. Byrne, '00
 Patrick J. Dwan, '00
 William D. Furry, '00
 Joseph P. Shiels, '00
 Joseph J. Sullivan, '01
 Harry P. Barry, '01
 Francis Dukette, '02
 Eugene Ahern, '03

REPORTERS

Joseph P. O'Reilly,
 John L. Corley,
 1898-1899
 Paul J. Ragan, '97
 Sherman Steele, '97
 John J. Dowd, '99
 Edward C. Brown, '99
 Julius Nieuwland, '99
 James F. Murphy, '99
 Louis T. Weadock, '99
 Louis C. Reed, '00
 Raymond O'Malley, '98
 Leo J. Kelly
 Thomas J. Murry
 Thomas A. Medley, '98
 John F. Fennessey, '99
 Eugene A. Delaney, '99
 James J. Trahey, '99
 Joseph F. Duane, '99
 Matthew Schumacher, '99
 Frank O'Shaughnessy, '00
 Thomas J. Dillon, '00
 St. John O'Sullivan, '00

REPORTERS

H. P. Barry
 1897-1898
 Paul J. Ragan, '97
 Frank E. Hering, '98
 William Sheehan, '98
 Edward J. Mingey, '98
 John J. Dowd, '99
 Henry S. Fink
 Frank J. Confer, '97
 Thomas A. Medley, '98
 Raymond O'Malley, '98
 Frank W. O'Malley, '99
 John Fennessey, '99

Elmer J. Murphy, '97

REPORTERS

Louis C. M. Reed
 1896-1897
 Joseph Marmon, '97
 Elmer Murphy, '97
 Jos. V. Sullivan, '97
 Thomas Reilly, '97
 James Barry, '97
 Jesse Lantry, '97
 Francis O'Shaughnessy
 Arthur W. Stace, '96
 Sherman Steele, '97
 Paul J. Ragan, '97
 John McNamara, '97
 Charles M. Bryan, '97
 William Henegen, '97

REPORTERS

Frank W. O'Malley
 Francis Confer
 1895-1896
 Daniel V. Casey, '95
 M. James Ney, '97
 William P. Burns, '96
 Elmer Murphy, '97
 Joseph A. Marmon, '96
 Louis C. Reed
 John F. Fennessey
 Daniel Murphy, '95
 Arthur W. Stace, '96
 Francis Eyanson, '96
 Sherman Steele, '97
 Richard Slevin, '96

James Barry, '97

REPORTERS

Francis J. O'Malley,
 Francis J. Confer
 1894-1895
 James A. McKee, '93
 Eustace Cullinan, '95
 Francis Davis, '95
 Joseph Marmon, '96
 Daniel P. Murphy, '95
 Hugh C. Mitchell, '95
 John F. Fennessey
 Daniel V. Casey, '95
 Samuel A. Walker, '95
 Arthur P. Hudson, '95
 Michael Ney, '97
 Michael A. Ryan, '95

REPORTERS

Ernest DuBrul, '92
 Hugh O'Donnell, '94
 Frank A. Bolton, '94
 Francis L. Carney, '94
 Frank McKee, '94
 James Fitzgerald, '93
 James A. McKee, '93
 M. P. McFadden, '93
 Thomas D. Mott, '95
 Frost Thorne, '94
 John Flannigan, '94
 Joseph Kearney, '94
 M. J. McGarry, '94
 Daniel V. Casey, '95
 J. Joseph Cooke, '94

REPORTERS

Fred B. Chute, '92
 Fred E. Neef, '92
 M. A. Quinlan, '93
 Frost J. Thorne, '94
 Roger B. Sinnott, '92
 R. C. Langan, '93
 Ernest DuBrul, '92
 Lamar Monarch, '93
 Albert E. Dacy, '93
 Wm. V. McNamee, '94
 J. Fitzgerald, '93
 James G. Henley, '94

SPECIAL CONTRIBUTORS

H. L. Ferneding
 P. M. Ragan
 J. M. Flannigan
 1891-1892
 A. Kehoe, '93
 Joseph Just, '92
 T. J. Hennessy, '94
 A. Ahlrichs, '92
 J. J. McGrath, '92
 Louis P. Chute, '92
 J. R. Fitzgibbon, '92
 Hugh O'Neill, '92
 Ernest DuBrul, '92
 W. M. Houlihan, '92
 Fred B. Chute, '92
 J. F. Vurpillat, '92
 M. A. Quinlan, '93
 B. C. Bachrach, '92
 H. C. Murphy, '92

REPORTERS

C. A. Paquette, '91
 J. R. Fitzgibbon, '92
 Louis P. Chute, '92
 Ernest DuBrul, '92
 W. J. Morrison, '92
 Fred E. Neef, '92
 M. A. Quinlan, '93
 H. P. Brelsford, '91
 H. J. Sinnott, '91
 J. E. Berry, '93

REPORTERS

J. W. Cavanaugh, '90
 J. E. H. Paradis, '90
 Joseph E. Berry, '91
 J. B. Sullivan, '91
 F. C. Long, '90
 H. P. Brelsford, '91
 C. T. Cavanagh, '91
 W. Morrison, '90
 Wm. C. Larkin, '90
 W. P. McPhee, '90

H. A. Holden, '91

REPORTERS

Chas. P. Neil, '89
 J. W. Cavanagh, '91
 W. C. Larkin, '90
 W. P. McPhee, '90
 F. C. Long, '90
 Joseph E. Berry, '91
 W. J. Morrison, '90
 H. P. Brelsford, '91
 J. B. Sullivan, '91
 J. E. H. Paradis, '89

Fred. E. Neef, '92

REPORTERS

G. H. Craig, '88
 J. A. Burns, '88
 B. T. Becker, '86
 P. V. Brownson, '88
 P. V. Brownson, '88
 D. A. Latshaw, '87

P. J. Goulding, '86

REPORTERS

Frank H. Dexter, '84
 J. J. Hagenbrath, '84
 N. H. Ewing, '84
 C. C. Kolars, '85
 P. Goulding, '86
 Frank J. Hagenbarth, '87
 T. J. Cleary,
 M. B. Mulkern.

1884-1885

REPORTERS

J. A. McIntyre, '84
 Elmer A. Otis, '84
 James Solon, '84
 T. Ewing Steele, '84
 G. Harry Smith, '85
 T. J. McKinnery, '85
 Frank H. Dexter, '87

REPORTERS

Geo. E. Clarke, '83
 Albert F. Zahm, '83
 T. Ewing Steele, '84
 Wm. H. Arnold, '83
 R. M. Anderson, '83
 J. Larkin, '83

REPORTERS

W. B. McGorrick,
 G. E. Clarke
 W. H. Arnold
 T. F. Clarke
 M. F. Healy
 J. P. O'Neill
 R. E. Fleming
 E. C. Orrick

REPORTERS

G. E. Coarke, '81
 G. F. Sugg, '81
 T. F. Clarke, '83
 W. B. McGorrick, '82
 F. H. Grever, '83
 F. W. Bloom, '81
 H. C. Simms, '83
 J. P. Hagan, '81
 R. E. Fleming, '83

REPORTERS

W. Spalding
 H. B. Keeler
 S. B. Hibben
 John Edwards
 Thomas Ewing
 James McBride
 M. C. Peterson
 J. Gibbons
 T. O'Mahony
 Nathen S. Wood
 Anthony O'Reilly
 Denis Clarke
 Wm. P. McClain
 A. M. Owen
 J. P. Rogers
 J. C. Kerency

Varsity News.

—Sandwiched in between Easter vacation and the senior dance will be the military ball, on April 18th. Tickets may be procured from the officers of the military organizations, who are already making arrangements for this annual cadet hop.

—The Kub Klub, an organization of Freshmen journalists, will edit the SCHOLASTIC next week. Harry Denny, president of the club and of the freshman class, will act as editor-in-chief. Nearly all of the copy for the Freshman issue is in and it promises to make an interesting number.

—Because of the unusual preparations being made for commencement week this year, it has been decided to dispense with the senior play, which heretofore has been an annual event. Members of the Dramatic Club will take part in the historical pageant to be given in June as part of the diamond jubilee celebration.

—At a meeting of the North Central Association of Colleges and Secondary Schools held at the Missouri Athletic Club in St. Louis last week our master of studies, the Reverend Matthew Schumacher, C. S. C., was reelected a member of the commission on higher institutions, his term of office to extend from 1917 to 1920. Notre Dame has been a prominent member of the North Central Association for a number of years.

—The time, Easter Monday evening; the place, Orchestra Hall, Chicago; the event, Notre Dame's Glee Club breaking into "big-time" theatrical attractions. A feature of the trip will be a dance at the Congress Hotel under the auspices of the St. Mary's Alumnae. Members of the Glee Club and Orchestra will leave South Bend Monday afternoon. The club will sing in Elgin, Ill., on Tuesday night, and Secretary Shanahan is trying to arrange for an engagement in Aurora for the following day.

—This year's senior dance bids fair to completely eclipse all former functions given by the graduating class. The date is April 23, the orchestra will be Benson's crack musicians from Chicago and the price—S-s-s-h—Seven Dollars for a ticket, which, of course, includes the banquet. The affair will be limited to seniors and alumni, and tickets may be purchased from any of those on the committee: Royal Bosshard, Joseph Flynn, Edward McOsker,

Emmett Lenihan, John Riley, Arthur Hughes, Harry Kelley, Oscar Dorwin, Henry Brosnahan, Andrew McDonough, Claude Swift, Leo Vogel and Bernard Voll. It is to be a formal affair.

—Mae Marsh is always a favorite at Notre Dame, and that she is worthy of this was shown last Saturday night when she appeared in the "Little Liar." We liked the acting, but we did not altogether favor the theme of the play, which ended in a suicide that seemed unnecessary. Mack Swain again featured in a Keystone comedy as the ludicrous Ambrose, the escaped maniac, but we are inclined to believe that the mysterious bewhiskered characters were more fitted for the padded cell than Ambrose. The University orchestra was present again and helped the entertainment immensely, especially when the lights were extinguished for a brief period.

—Mr. Louis J. Wetmore made his second appearance before the students and faculty of Notre Dame Wednesday night and gave us a very interesting evening. By request Mr. Wetmore spoke on his conversion to Catholicity, and his remarks were enlightening in regard to the way in which agnostics and atheists look upon this universe, especially those men who are educated in the arts that appeal to learned men. The lecturer has had a broad experience both in this country and in Europe and has associated with such men as Mr. Shaw, Gilbert Chesterton and Haeckel. The personal element in the subject made it difficult to handle, but Mr. Wetmore was always pleasing and never egotistical.

—Father Cavanaugh's return to the University was celebrated in an informal way at St. Edward's Hall last Saturday afternoon. There was no regular programme for the occasion, the day being notable rather because the President of the University found time to give the boys an inspiring talk, in which he complimented them on the excellent record they have made in conduct, in studies, and in escaping the dangers of ill health for so long a period. On hearing that their faithfulness in following the sanitary regulations of the Hall had kept them from the misfortune of a single case of sickness, he announced a holiday and a feast of good things to make the day enjoyable. This announcement was received with a storm of applause which rivalled the welcome they extended him as he entered the hall.

—With pleasant memories of last year's entertainment we all returned to Washington Hall Saturday night to listen to Miss Susan Christoph, the excellent soprano. Probably the largest crowd that ever attended a like performance in Washington Hall was present and each one was thoroughly satisfied. Miss Christoph is charming both in her voice and person, and difficult as it is for one singer to entertain a whole evening, she certainly never failed to keep our best attention. The songs that were especially appreciated were the old negro melody, Deep River, Happy Song, Vous Dansez, and the Shadow March, the last particularly bringing forth the hearty applause of the audience. We regret that more of our professional entertainers have not the ability and charm of Miss Christoph. Those of us who shall be here, will certainly turn out to greet her when she returns next year.

—The subject selected for the trilogy of bachelor orations at the coming commencement is "The Catholic University," which is certainly a most appropriate one for the jubilee year. The seniors appointed by the faculty committee in charge of the commencement program for the speeches are: Mr. Elmer C. Tobin, of the school of law, who will speak on "The Development of the Catholic University;" Mr. Michael A. Mulcair, of the classical course, on "The Catholic University and the Individual," and Mr. Oscar J. Dorwin, graduate in philosophy, on the "Catholic University and Society." All of these men have had considerable experience in speaking during their college course, and hence addresses that will be good in both matter and manner may be expected of them. The commencement ode has been assigned to Mr. Speer Strahan, classical, whose muse hails from the Heights, and the valedictory to Mr. Bernard J. Voll, who will take his degree in philosophy.

—With Mr. Louis Wetmore as guest of the evening, the Poetry Society had a most interesting and pleasant session last Tuesday night. Following out a suggestion which Mr. Joyce Kilmer made when he attended a Poetry meeting, an official critic, a veritable "*advocatus diaboli*," was appointed for the evening. The manner of election was not by ballot but by lot, the uncoveted honor falling to Mr. J. Ward, the well-known freshman journalist. Under this method discussion was very greatly stimulated.

The poems read and discussed were of an unusually high degree of merit. Mr. Speer Strahan's "Dionysus in Hades" and Mr. George Haller's "Clouds—A Fragment" were chosen as the favorites. For the first time the Comic Muse made her appearance, and was made welcome. Mr. Wetmore, having taken part in all the proceedings of the evening, was very brief in his formal remarks at the close, but he was also unforgettably felicitous. The society will meet again April 15.

—About twenty years ago the Irish of this country succeeded in removing the red-headed, green-whiskered caricature of an Irishman from the regular stage. It is probable that the same thing will have to be done in regard to the cinematograph screen. Last week a "Corner in Colleens" was pictured in Washington, Hall, with Bessie Barriscale as the leading lady. Miss Barriscale is undoubtedly a star, and she made a very charming Irish colleen, but some of the characters that supported her did not live up to her lead. There is not, and never has been a son of Erin like Manus McCoyle. He was the re-incarnation of the species mentioned above and we hope that Mr. Ince, who directed the film, will never be guilty of such a perpetration again. Outside of this objectionable feature the picture was very good, especially the scenery. At some parts in the play we were reminded of the Graustark romances of Mr. McCutcheon. In the stirring fight on the balcony all that was lacking was swords; Mr. Taylor, nevertheless, dispatched more with his bare hands than Grenfall Lorry could have done with his sword. The feature film was preceded by a two-reel Keystone comedy which was greatly enjoyed.

—That Father Walsh, the vice-president of the University, made a strong impression at Lafayette, Ind., where he delivered the principal address at the A. O. H. celebration on St. Patrick's day, is the gist of a letter received from Charles Vaughan, graduate in law (1915), and brother of Vincent, a senior in the law school. Charley encloses a clipping from the Lafayette *Courier* from which we quote the following:

"Rev. Father Walsh delivered an eloquent and interesting address and asserted that the love of freedom is still afire in the young Irishman's heart the same as it was in the heart of his forefathers. He declared that the recent rebellion in Ireland had not been in vain, but had shown the world that the Irish heart is true as

it has been in the past. Father Walsh told in glowing words of the traditions of the Irish race and urged his hearers to cherish those traditions and ideals, and ever remain loyal to them. He related how the Irishmen, found in different countries, were always found fighting on the side of liberty and freedom. He called the attention of the audience to the oppression of Ireland, wherein the Irish had been persecuted and oppressed by the English lords and English government. He told of the great influx of Irishmen into the United States in the years preceding the Civil War and cited instances of valor and courage on the part of the Irishman with the different armies during the war. All through his address the main thought of Father Walsh was to bring out the Irishman's love of liberty and freedom."

S. H. C.

Peronals.

—Andrew Keller (Student in Brownson Hall, 1909-11) visited the University last week. Andy is in business with his brother in Fort Wayne.

—Edward Marcus (Ph. B., '16) is now a Public Accountant and is connected with one of the largest auditing firms in Detroit. He has offices at 637 Dime Bank Bldg., Detroit, Mich.

—A letter from Fred J. Stewart (C. E., '12) contains the following bit of news about some old boys: "I received a letter a short time ago from Alfredo Sanchez, who together with Enrique Cortazar and José Bracho, is prospering in Mexico City. Alfredo and Enrique are both married."

—Will Tipton, (B. S. Arch., '13) writes from Roundup, Montana, that he is now a coal miner. He is, however, above ground and is acting as material agent for the Roundup Coal Mining Company. He sends best wishes to all at Notre Dame. His address is care of the Roundup Coal Mining Co., Roundup, Montana.

—On Friday, March 23rd, Mrs. Anna Fischer, mother of Frank Fischer, Washington Hall, passed away at her home in Rochester, New York. The University extends sincere sympathy to Frank and the other members of the bereaved family and the promise of many prayers.

The students of Washington Hall went to Holy Communion in a body on Thursday morning for the mother of Frank Fischer who passed away at her home in Rochester, N. Y., last Friday. R. I. P.

H. E. S.

The Notre Dame Glee Club.

The Notre Dame Glee Club turned out *en masse* last Sunday night and treated us to one of the best entertainments that they have ever given in Washington Hall. With a repertoire of songs that contained several specialties, and a vim and force that made every number a success, the club certainly did itself justice as well as made our hour a most enjoyable one. Naturally there was considerable disappointment when it was learned that on account of a quarantine, the Glee Club of Chicago University could not be here for the joint concert with our own club as scheduled, but after the event we hardly see how last Sunday's program could have been improved upon. One of the most pleasing of the new numbers was the *Miserere* from the opera *Il Trovatore*, with Mr. MacMahon in the tenor role and Mr. O'Keefe undertaking the soprano part. The falsetto-soprano of the latter was one of the surprises of the evening; Mr. O'Keefe also made a pronounced success in Harry Lauder songs and monologues. To mention the special numbers that were most enjoyable would be to mention every one of them, so even and excellent was the program. The Glee Club certainly deserves the admiration of the University, and we want to take this opportunity of congratulating the members and all who helped to make it a success. Mr. Ward Perrot, who originated and first directed the Club, held the baton of director for the evening and to his leadership and inspiration is due in a great measure the splendid entertainment that was rendered.

M. J. E.

Athletic Notes.

Tuesday, April 10th, is the official date set for the opening of the 1917 baseball schedule. St. Viator's College will furnish the opposition to the Varsity in the first tilt and the game will be staged at Notre Dame.

During the past two weeks Coach Harper has been able, by virtue of good baseball weather, to send the candidates through many very beneficial hours of outdoor practice. Two or three practice games have been played already, and the work of the men in these preparatory contests indicates that they are rapidly rounding into shape for the opening of the season.

Although Coach Harper has given out no

definite information regarding the probable lineup of the team this year, a perfunctory survey of the work of the men in practice shows that the team is already beginning to shape itself. The four members of last year's infield have so far succeeded in successfully holding down their positions. "Chief" Meyer at first, Spalding at second, Captain Kline at third, and Wolf at shortstop, are playing up to form and constantly improving, and chances are that they will have the edge on the other candidates, for the time being at least. "Chuck" Corcoran, Sjoberg, and Sullivan are making strong bids for regular positions in the infield, however, and the rooters expect to see them make the last year's regulars play at top speed to maintain their places.

The battle for outfield positions is keen and interesting. "Joie" Keenan, who won his monogram as first-string catcher on last year's nine, looks like a fixture in center field. The little fellow has plenty of speed, is a good hitter and base runner, and is already showing remarkable ability for covering ground in the outfield. In left field, Dubois, a sophomore, is a step ahead of the other candidates. "Dubie" starred in the outfield for Brownson last spring and at that time he showed that he was well qualified for a place in the outer garden. He has been playing a fast game in practice this year. The battle for the right field position has evolved into a struggle between "Gillie" Ward and "Pete" Ronchetti. Ward has been hitting well in the practice games while Ronchetti has shown marked ability in fielding. It is possible that Coach Harper will give Sullivan a trial in the outfield.

Of the catchers, Andres, a monogram man from last year, "Tex" Allison, a sophomore, and Dave Philbin, who played for a year with the University of Oregon, but who was ineligible for Varsity competition last year because of the one-year residence rule, are the most likely.

George Murphy and "Swede" Edgren of last year's pitching staff are rapidly rounding into shape and "Jimmie" Boland and Oscar Dorwin, two seniors who have had some Varsity experience, are going better than ever. Of the sophomores, Murray, a left-hander, looks the best at the present time. Locke, LeMond and Lally are developing rapidly, however, and they may become valuable adjuncts to the twirling staff.

E. J. M.

The spring football men, under the direction of Assistant Coach Rockne and his aids, are rapidly mastering the formations in which they have been instructed since the practice work began. Several of the freshmen are already showing promise of developing into formidable candidates for regular positions on next fall's Varsity. The scene of football practice has been shifted from the Carroll campus to the playing lot on Cartier field.

INTERHALL TRACK MEET.

Brownson won the final indoor-interhall track meet in the gymnasium Sunday morning, March 25th with a total of 44 1-2 points. Corby was second with 36 1-2 points, while the Day Students scored 27, St. Joseph 10 and Walsh 3.

Gilfillan, a freshman, was the star of the meet. The Corbyite broke the record for the interhall broad jump with a leap of 22 ft. 1 1-2 inches, and scored 24 of his team's points. He won the broad jump, the shot-put, and both hurdle races and tied for first place in the high jump. Sweeney of the Day Students, another freshman, broke the interhall mile record, making the distance in the fast time of 4:44 3-5. Van Wouterghen, with first place in the half and second in the mile, McGinnis, with first in the 40-yard dash and second in the broad jump, and Scheibelhut, who won the 220-yard dash, took second in each of the hurdle races, and third in the high jump and 40-yard dash, were the other star performers. Coughlin, left tackle on the Varsity football team, surprised the crowd by jumping 5 feet, 7 1-2 inches in the high jump and tying with Gilfillan for first place. Following is a summary of the meet:

They saw with their eyes, and sang for joy of the sight,
They saw with their eyes the eyes of the Crucified.

40-yard dash—won by McGinnis, Brownson; Lockard, Corby, second; Scheibelhut, Day Students, third; McGuire, Brownson, fourth. Time—4 4-5 sec.

40-yard high hurdles—won by Gilfillan, Corby; Scheibelhut, Day Students, second; Shugrue, Brownson, third; Ryan, Corby, fourth. Time 5 4-5 sec.

High jump—Gilfillan, Corby, and Coughlin, Corby, tied for first; Scheibelhut, Day Students, third; Fucik, Walsh, and Walters, Brownson, tied for fourth. Height 5 ft. 7 1-2 in.

Mile Run—won by Sweeney, Day Students; Van Wouterghen, Brownson, second; Martin, Day Students, third; Slaggert, Brownson, fourth. Time—4:44 3-5.

Shot-put—won by Gilfillan, Corby; Gipp, Brownson, second; Coughlin, Corby, third; Walter Miller, Brownson, fourth. Distance—39 ft. 1 1-2 in.

440-yard run—won by Schmidt, St. Joseph; Dent, Brownson, second; Smith, Day Students, third; McGuire, Brownson, fourth. Time—55 3-5 seconds.

Pole-vault—won by Rademacher, St. Josephs; Patterson, Brownson and Suttner, Walsh, tied for second; Powers, Corby and Maloney, Brownson, tied for fourth. Height—10 feet.

40-yard low hurdles—won by Gilfillan, Corby; Scheibelhut, Day Students, second; Shugrue, Brownson, third; Ryan, Corby, fourth. Time—5 2-5 sec.

220-yard dash—won by Scheibelhut, Day Students; Hoerr, Brownson, second; Barry, Brownson, third; Lockard, Corby, fourth. Time 24 4-5 sec.

Broad jump—won by Gilfillan, Corby; McGinnis, Brownson, second; Conrad, Brownson, third; Glynn, Brownson, fourth. Distance—22 ft., 1 1-2 in.

880-yard run—won by Van Wouterghen, Brownson; Smith, Day Students, second; Dent, Brownson, third; Rosenthal, Brownson, fourth. Time—2:15.

Old Students' Hall.

Subscriptions to March 31, 1917.

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