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THE REVEREND W. G. READ MULLAN, S.J.
President of Loyola College.

fusion will reign and much of the effect of the comedy of the play will be destroyed. But identical as the "Dromios" are personally, in Mr. James' clever handling, "the merry, prankish, agile Dromio of Syracuse" was an altogether different fellow from the "slow, heavy and matter-of-fact Dromio of Ephesus." The humor, too, of each character is distinctive, each within its own flavor and each within its own proper sphere.

As "Shylock" in "The Merchant of Venice," Mr. James presents a picture of a simple, but dignified man, whose anger is aroused by the jeers of a taunting, antagonistic race, and by the filial ingratitude of the unfeeling "Jessica." What is strikingly noticeable in his "Merchant of Venice," and what most modern actors are wanting in, is clear enunciation.

As Mr. James is the only Shakespearean comedian of note, as we have remarked, since the days of James H. Hackett, so Mr. Mantell is the only really great American tragedian since the days of the immortalized Edwin Booth. Mr. Mantell is, indeed, a genius among geniuses, a man among men, an actor among actors, a gentleman among gentlemen,

In "King Lear" Mr. Mantell attains the height of dramatic art. "King Lear" is his most perfect effort. In this part he is without equal or rival. He is transformed into a feeble old man, still retaining, however, an air of loyalty. His gesticulations were not of the violent sort, and his starts were not sudden; his movements were slow and languid. In every feature of his face misery was depicted; he moved his head in the most deliberate manner. His facial expressions were harbingers, as it were, of what he was going to say.

"King Lear" is not a popular play with the actor, nor with the multitude, because "the young," says Mr. James H. Hackett, "who constitute the great majority of playgoers, are too inexperienced to comprehend the dotage of the aged and tender father, and to sympathize with his consequent afflic-

tions,—regarding ‘Lear,’ as they generally do, merely as an old despot, and his sorrows and sufferings as measurably deserved by his own folly and tyranny. Nor can youth have acquired knowledge enough of mankind to detect and appreciate Shakespeare’s exquisite art and profound philosophy in the drawing of ‘Lear’s’ madness, its origin, progress, and climax; nor his frightfully faithful portraiture towards the fatal denouement of nature’s last and abortive struggle with extreme old age and bodily infirmity, to restore Lear’s mental balance, and re-establish his reason. Therefore, this play is better adapted to the understanding of the sage, and the scenes, especially, to the appreciation of experienced and scientific physicians, who have been accustomed to witness professionally and contemplate the subtle workings of the maniac’s mind.”

The occasional bursts of anger of “Lear” certainly require of an actor earnest and forcible expression, in order to realize fully to an audience the extent of “Lear’s” outraged sensibility. But anger which can find words should at the same moment obtain a comparative temperance, to give it smoothness. All the foregoing can be justly applied to Mr. Mantell’s “Lear.”

In the defiance of the storm—“Blow, winds, and crack your cheeks,” Mr. Mantell puts forth that wild energy implied by the text, and demanded by the circumstances. Few will dispute the fact that Mr. Mantell’s impersonation of “Lear” is his masterpiece.

As Macbeth, in the tragedy of “Macbeth,” Mr. Mantell presents the theatre-goer with a sublime peace of art. He does not mouth the lines, as many players do, and “in the very torrent, tempest, and as I may say, the whirlwind of passion, he acquired and begot a temperance that gave it smoothness.” What is of great aid to Mr. Mantell is his rich musical voice. His physique and personal bearing are very distinguè; his

features are fully chiselled, and this together with a natural conformation of head, throat and chest, enabled Mr. Mantell to present a remarkable specimen of the type of Macbeth. He is true to nature in "Macbeth," and, consequently, cannot help but be successful.

There have been several productions of "Othello" in our city during the past few years; but in our opinion the portrayal of the Moor by Mr. Mantell far eclipses that of the other actors. He conceives the character of "Othello," not as an Ethiopian, but as a Moor; not as black, but as tawny. He meets all the requirements for the part of the Moor, because of his stalwart appearance, and a deep, resonant voice. These two essentials, linked with his subtle forethought, all combine to make his impersonation of the Moor a wonderful one. Mr. Mantell alternates the parts of "Iago" and "Othello," but his delineation of the character of "Othello" is considered far superior to that of the Ancient. From the view-point of deep Shakespearean students, "Iago" is usually conceived as a slender, graceful figure, with dark eyes and sinister smile; his step is cat-like, stealthy, serpentine and malevolent. Now Mr. Mantell does not fulfil these requirements perfectly. His production of "Iago" has a number of points of merit, particularly the humor, for "Iago" enjoys his own malignity; and the sardonic malevolence of the scenes with "Rhoderigo" and some of those with "Othello" himself, were well conveyed.

Mr. Mantell's presentation of "the melancholy Dane" may be considered deserving of great praise. We have become fully convinced of the truth of what Schlegel says of the character of "Hamlet," namely, "many of his traits are too nice and too delicate for the stage, and can only be seized by a great actor and understood by an acute audience."

"Hamlet" is the most philosophical of all the plays of Shakespeare. The role of Hamlet is characterized by dignity, intelligence and melancholy. Indeed, Mr. Mantell in-

vests the role with a profound melancholy. He has the ease of a gentleman, the dignity of a prince, symmetry of features, and flexibility of voice. His eyes were large, brilliant, and penetrating. His action and gesticulation, though extremely easy and natural, were generally quick, energetic, and very earnest. His voice, when raised, did not become harsh and dissonant; it was charming, musical, undulating. In the strictly declamatory portions of the character, Mr. Mantell seemed "to have inspired the soul of 'Hamlet,' its intellectuality and sensitiveness were wrought into transparent prominence." Yet, Mr. Mantell's "Hamlet," though it enraptured some, is not greeted by the audiences with as much enthusiasm as some of his other parts.

"Richard the Third" is one of Mr. Mantell's most popular and invariably attractive parts. "Shylock" is another role in which Mr. Mantell is well received. His "Shylock" is an almost perfect presentation of this most difficult of all comedy parts.

It has often been said that though the triumphs of the actor are immediate, they are not lasting. The result of his efforts is quickly gathered. He is conscious of and hears the thunder of applauding multitudes, while he is yet before the stage, but it is short lived as it is loud. The fame which rewards the author, the painter, the sculptor, the poet, and the statesman, slowly ripens until it blossoms forth never to fade. Not so with the actor. When we say actor, we do not mean the ordinary run of men who are on the stage and are representatives of merely nothing. But the fame of a really great actor is not evanescent. Roscia is not forgotten; Garrick's fame will survive memory; Kean and Kemble have a name written indelibly in time; Booth and Forrest have been immortalized. Tradition will preserve the names of Sir Henry Irving and Richard Mansfield. In every truly polished age, people learned and those not so well informed, have taken great interest

in the reminiscences of the great actors. They condole with him in his disappointments and misfortunes; they rejoice at his triumphs.

Could Shakespeare return to this world and see how his plays were being performed, he would say, "I see in Robert Mantell and Louis James the best exponents of several of the most difficult, yet delightful, characters that have trod the stage since my bones were laid to rest."

In years to come, when death has touched many of our readers, old gentlemen will say to the Shakespearean student and play-goer: "I saw Mantell in 'Lear;' sir, he was the greatest Lear that the stage has ever had." And when years have elapsed, we can safely say that the dramatic critic will declare that the true Lear passed with the passing of Mantell.

L. Frank O'Brien, '08.

Revised.

How soothes the silence of the stars,
When no profaning noise
My soul's rapt stillness mars!
Anon, the swimming eye of tears
Sees,—past the sight it blurs—
The hushed dead love of years.

Joseph B. Jacobi, '01.

A Nickel, a Penny, and a Key.

(A Story.)

DICK Powell was broke, "dead broke;" and his allowance not due for ten days. There he sat, head in hands, sunk in our friend Bunyan's "Slough of Despond."

The room was bright and cheery, facing on the campus, and decorated with the college man's usual abundance of penants, pillows and well-seasoned pipes. Outside, a crowd of Sophomores listened to a lone Freshman's attempt at a song. The unmusical tune floated through the open window, but failed to rouse Dick; he was watching his air-castles fading slowly away,—with a sort of grim pleasure—a pleasure such as the criminal feels when he sees that the axe is newly sharpened. The sun was sinking. As the magazine stories say, "twilight was spreading her cloak over all," and Dick was away under the cloak. Over, and over again he revolved the unpleasant situation in his mind.

"Jack Norris' sister coming tomorrow, and Jack writes me to show her a good time. How in the mischief I can show anybody a good time in my present condition of 'frenzied finance,' I don't see. Just at present my total list of assets is a nickel, a penny, and a key. Board is paid up, and if that confounded Miss Norris had not appeared on the scene, I could have invested my nickel in a sack of tobacco and lived comfortably until Pa sends my allowance. As for the penny,—well I was going to keep it just to be able to say that I'm never without money. If I had only known this was going to happen I would never have—O but that's 'spilt milk.' It was too easy; I ought to have known something was going to happen. Well it happened all right; as I can testify.

“ I wonder what kind of a looking girl Miss Norris is anyway. Jack is not a beauty by a long shot, and if she resembles him, I see where she—O but Jack is such a nice fellow, he doesn't need to be handsome; may be she's that kind. Anyway I hope she's not one of those little things that just talk you to death—don't give you a chance to open your mouth. At any rate I'm going around tomorrow night to look her over.”

Next night Dick, carefully attired, rang the bell of the house indicated by Jack. He gave his card to the servant, asked for Miss Norris and was ushered into the parlor. Several minutes later, the portieres parted, and Dick beheld a very charming young lady who did not bear the slightest resemblance to her brother. She welcomed him cordially and said she was very glad to meet Jack's friend.

It certainly was lucky Miss Norris could talk well. Dick was so flustered he could hardly speak ten words at a time, and spent his evening agreeing to everything the young lady said.

Dick told me that it was only after he had said good-night, and walked away in the cool air, that he remembered having asked Miss Norris to go roller skating with him the next evening, and that he had likewise appointed a night the following week for the theatre. Miss Norris had very charmingly accepted. Dick was overjoyed at the meeting, and was thinking pleasantly of the rink and the Academy. Just then a street car approached and Dick swung aboard. Thrusting his hand in his pocket to get the required nickel he encountered the mighty trio that stood between him and bankruptcy. His heart turned a somersault and so did Dick. He had forgotten all about the low ebb of his fortunes, and not waiting till the car reached the next corner, he jumped off immediately. After picking himself up and dusting off his coat, he felt in his pocket. They were still there—the nickel, the penny, and the key.

Next day Dick approached his friends and asked for the loan of a five-spot. Every one of them was broke. Some had a key; a few had a penny; not one of them had a nickel. Dick thought of all kinds of desperate remedies to fit his horrible straits. He even thought of boarding a freight train and leaving town, but at last resolved to "sprain his ankle" for the time being. That night Dick joined the "Ananias Club." He appeared with a very forlorn face telling Miss Norris of his misfortune and how it all occurred. Of course the trip to the rink was called off. Strange to say after they had been talking a while, Dick suggested that maybe a little stroll would not harm his ankle.

If Miss Norris was surprised, she did not show it, and readily acquiesced. Dick reduced his limp as much as possible, and was enjoying himself immensely, when they passed a drug store. Now in these civilized days drug stores mean nothing to the feminine element but "ice cream soda." It was up to Dick to ask Miss Norris if she would have a glass. Then remembering that they charged ten cents at this particular place, he immediately suggested "a better place—down the street."

Dick knew that at the latter place the beverage was only five cents. Arriving at the store he ordered a soda for Miss Norris, but declined to order any for himself. He avowed, almost with an oath, that soda never agrees with him. Here the first member of the trio parted from Dick. The nickel went for Miss Norris' soda, which Dick half-famished watched her drink. Then, as Dick was hurrying Miss Norris past the candy counter, the latter remembered that she had a postal which she wished to mail to Jack. Here the second member of the trio went into the druggist's cash drawer and Dick never saw it again. Fearing that Miss Norris might find another postal to mail, Dick's ankle suddenly began "to pain" him, and he suggested a start for home.

Miss Norris, of course, thought they had better ride; but as soon as they were out of the store Dick denied emphatically that his ankle had ever hurt him, that is (remembering his fictitious sprain) enough to force him to ride. Why it was feeling better already. Besides, "It was such a beautiful night." In his excitement poor Dick did not notice that it looked like a shower any minute.

At last Dick saw Miss Norris safe at her home, and went directly to his own room. He had gotten out of this scrape pretty gracefully, but for the life of him, he could not think of any excuse for the theatre engagement without arousing Miss Norris' suspicions, if indeed they were not already aroused by his strange conduct tonight. He must get five dollars someway, and mighty quickly at that. Walking over to his desk he espied a letter. It was from Jack Norris; Dick began to wonder if the girl had sent a wireless to her brother on the oddities of his friend.

"Dear Dick," it read. "Hope you managed to get around and see Tess (so her name is Tess, is it?) and are showing her a good time. Knew that you would be willing to do that; but from what I remember you were always broke at this time of the month, so I have sent you twenty-five. If you dare to send it back or mention it to anyone I will jump on you next time I see you. Bye-bye, Dickie. Your old chum,

Jack.

"Well, I'll be"—said Dick naughtily; and if Mrs. Powell, — O but I'm getting ahead of my story. Anyhow the key was safe.

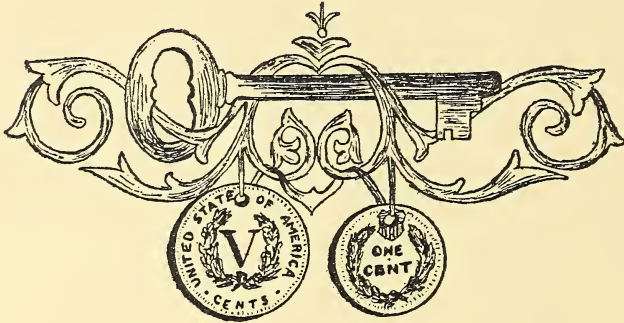
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Last time I saw Dick I asked him if he had ever told his pretty young wife about his well-filled purse the time she

visited town, and whose money had entertained her.—Dick said he never dared to.

Nevertheless Mrs. Powell has something in her purse that Dick gave her as a luck-piece. What is it? Why it's a key. In their poetic moments they will both tell you that it is a symbol of the key with which they unlocked each other's heart.

James S. Murphy, '09.



The Old and the New.

WERE any of the old Romans permitted to take a peep into the world of today, and to study the lives, the pursuits, the ambitions, and the passions of present day people, they would not, I am sure, notice any great change in any of these particulars since their own times. Externally, no doubt, their flowing togas and sandals would contrast greatly with the dress of present day people. But were they allowed to see into the thoughts and minds of those about them, these old fellows would smile and nod their heads knowingly when they saw that many of the foibles, the desires, the passions, which they depicted so long ago, had survived two thousand years, and bade fair to survive as many more.

The satirists in especial would, I think, find abundant ground for comparison between their own and the present times, and would recognize, both in the individual and the class, persons whose vices, follies, and eccentricities they complained of so loudly. The degraded state of society so bitterly lashed by Juvenal finds its counterpart in parts of the world today, and in many conditions of life.

The influential Roman politician would feel very much at home at the meetings of a present day political "machine," and would find that politics have changed but little in twenty centuries. The only difference is the much grander scale on which politics are conducted now-a-days than in the "palmy days of Rome." "Sejanuses" are just as numerous today as when Juvenal threw upon paper that celebrated pen-picture, so well known to students of literature of the fallen political boss. A fall from power, a slip in control, and the "hook" is their fate.

Good old jovial Horace, too, would recognize as friends that class whose motto is, "Carpe diem," and would hold out a welcome hand to those "bon vivants," who like himself, quaff the old Falernian (or its equivalent, which would probably be "Budweiser" or "Schlitz" now-a-days), and echo his words "nunc vino pellite curas." He would find that men were just as anxious to "raise a cloud of dust in the race course" (metaphorically speaking, of course, for the present day), as in his own times. In fact, very few of us would pass before his ken whom he would not recognize as an old acquaintance, and his smile would grow broader and broader as he realized that his views of human nature were in the main, true for the past, the present, and probably will be true for all time.

I fear that our vaunted civilization would not dazzle the eyes of the ancients, were they permitted to revisit earth. For after all, mankind has changed but little, and the same passions, desires and ambitions animate him as did in the olden times, of which the Literary Classics are the most splendid relics.

Could we realize how little the world has really advanced in the last twenty centuries; did we understand in how many respects we still resemble the old Greeks and Romans, in how many of their vices and passions we share, we would not think so highly of our much boasted twentieth century.

John H. T. Briscoe, '10.



Freshman Picnic "a la" Homer.

(With apologies to Lang, Leaf, and Myers.)

SING, O muse, of the loud-socked Freshmen, who wandered far from their ancestral hearth, e'en to the wide-famed land of Gwynn Oak. Tell me, O goddess, how some did ride the madly plunging trolley car, and some did hit the pike; yea from the wooden walls of Electric Park. Now the recreant Brown of Freshman came not forth at first, but was found only half-accoutred for the fray; and he did join the expedition. So came they all to the land of Gwynn Oak.

And then they did disport themselves upon the plain, whirling the elusive sphere beneath Aurora's eyes. But soon they went to prepare a frugal feast, so that they might feed their hunger with simple fare; some indeed gathered sticks, lest they should have no flame to make hot their portion of cow. And when they were satisfied, being of good cheer, the light of battle shone in their eyes, and they were divided among themselves. For some forded the swiftly rushing river, and stood on rocks in the midst of the sour-faced stream, while others made dark plans upon the bank.

Now the ox-eyed Dorsch, and the warlike Ayd advanced to the attack. Standing afar back from the seething rapids, they heaved huge stones into the wet liquid water and made the Freshmen on the rocks feel like unto wash-tub heroes, so splashed were they with the Prohibition beverage. Then Gallicher, he of the sad visage, spoke winged words unto each Freshman on the bank: "Dog-face! Come but to the water's edge, and thou shalt receive a goodly drenching that will make

the Johnstown flood look like a South American revolution!" So spake he, but the opposing heroes laughed in mockery. In vain did the immortals launch great timbers off the opposite shore; the river god wafted them far from the reach of the imperiled Freshmen on the rocks. At last Fortune tipped her scales anew, and smiled once more on the heroes. Anon they make a charge, and the terrible Neuner leads the thundering van, and after him came the noble Galligher waving his loud-sounding necktie, and after him all the huge lion-hearted host together with the god-like allies. Then the tawny-haired Dorsch was smitten with fear, so that he and all his men were more swift of foot than brave of heart.

But the warlike Freshmen tracked him along the water's edge; and then the death struggle did e'en begin. So now the hefty Galligher laid violent paws upon the ox-eyed Dorsch, and the thrice mighty Neuner uprooted a towering tree, which, when he poised above his crest, the struggling Ayd did wrest from him and hurl over the other tree-tops. And the immortals shouted "encore!" from across the stream. Even thus did they battle, heroes, warriors, and allies; until at the last the fighting Dorsch was forced unto the river and his men were overpowered. Then spake the victorious Freshmen, "Into the wetness with the wretch! Sacrifice him to the river god, that the cheesy old skinflint may be propitious to us." And the despairing Dorsch started a piercing moan; yea, twice he moaned like the last wail of the Republicans in Maryland, and then, shoved by relentless hands, dropped into the gurgling waves. Now the water rose up to meet him, so that the dark deed of revenge was complete. But the ox-eyed Dorsch disentangled himself from the river god's embrace, and raged and fumed and smoked with vapor and sent up clouds of steam by the fire, like a Chinese laundry in full blast.

And nigh on to evening the ever-to-be-praised Freshmen lifted their weary carcasses into lightning wagons, yclept trolley cars, and were carried even to their fatherland.

Charles S. Lerch, '11.



Prospectors.

Out of the East, all tattered and torn,
 Out of that boundless, Godless bourne,
 Where the withering blaze
 Of the sky-king's rays,
 Powders the bones of by-gone days,
 They come; they come—
 Seekers of gold.

Sinewy, dun, all desert-tanned,
 Ranging the whole wide hunterland,
 Daring the mountain flood,
 Turned not aside by blood,
 Seekers of gold.

* * *

Braver and nobler thou, —
 Humble, with peaceful brow,
 Toilest thy life away;
 Fairer than gilded ray;
 Seeker of souls! James S. Murphy, '09.

The Tribute of Memory.

“Tears, idle tears, I know not what they mean,
Tears from the depth of some divine despair,
Rise in the heart, and gather to the eyes,
In looking on the happy Autumn fields,
And thinking of the days that are no more.”

(The Princess.)

So sang Tennyson as he stood and looked back upon
“the days that are no more.”

Do you ever look back, you who read this? Do you ever sigh for the past and drop a tear that unfolds from the blossoms of memory? Perhaps not now, but when the Autumn comes,—your great Autumn, you will look back upon the Springtime. As you reap the harvest a tear will fall, “an erring pearl,” a tribute to the memory of the sowing.

What the future holds we know not; we do know the past, which, like wine, seems sweetened by the passing years, and sparkles in the sunlight of time. Time is a magician, who wraps about the past a tinsel of pleasure and makes it seem more beautiful than it really was. Even to the pains and struggles which then seemed so cold and dull he gives a glamor of delight. We drop a tear, an idle tear, in sorrow that we cannot live those old days over again.

To the man of power and wealth, to the man in servitude and poverty, to the hard-hearted, to the good, to the sorrowful, to the happy, at all times, in all places, unbidden but welcome, these memories come, and we pay their tribute of a tear.

He who has attained to power and wealth looks back upon the days of his struggles, his heartaches, his disappointments;

he sees again the friends whom he has forgotten in his affluence, the enemies whom he has crushed in his might. Then by a miracle of Time he regrets the age-sweetened past; a tear steals down his hardened cheek; half ashamed and from force of habit, he brushes it away and returns to the present.

Upon him who slaves in hunger and in rags impartial memory also attends. He travels back through the years of his toil to the days of his youth, to the days when his future was flooded with the sunlight of hope, to the days when he romped carefree and happy. He remembers the little childish troubles, which seemed to him so terrible, so dark; he remembers his games and his playmates, his quarrels and his loves. As when the dark waters of the ocean are lighted up by the moon, casting a silvery roadway over its softly-breathing depths, so over his dark life comes the silvery light of memory; unknown a tear falls; he, too, brushes it away and faces again a hopeless future.

Memory steals alike on the hard-hearted and on the good. The man of evil habits looks back to the time when he knew no wrong, when his life was pure and spotless, when he knelt at his mother's knees and lisped the sweet prayers of childhood's kingdom. Strange to say he does not sneer nor smile in scorn; it seems so natural, so peaceful, that he regrets the present, longing for the past. How many years have passed since those days, how many years of erring life; he bows his head in shame; he weeps. No! not idle tears for him. And over across the way the good man, too, looks back, perhaps upon a picture much the same. He too, weeps and blesses the memory that brought those tears, tears which give strength to persevere unto the end.

Of course, he who sorrows for a loved one falls under memory's spell. A face that has crumbled to dust once more comes up to view, once more he hears a voice that has long since gone silent. There are laid before him scenes that have

been hidden for many a day behind the curtain of Time. Somehow or other, a lump rises to the throat, a mist is dimming the eyes, a tear falls unnoticed on his cheek. The passing years will take away his sorrows, will heal his wounds, in his happiness memory will again come. She will lead him back to the days of his sorrow. With delicate and tender hand she will touch again the old wounds, will lay bare the old sores and all unbidden a tear will drop from his sorrow-dimmed eyes.

At all times and in all places memory comes. She passes with soft, silent tread, and with sympathetic loving touch she tints the years gone by. She calls us back to scenes in the dim recesses of an almost forgotten past; she leaves behind a perfume of old lavender and rose, and, best of all,—a tear.

Edward K. Hanlon, '09.

Puff !

(A Triolet.)

The smoke wreaths curled,
 Fantasies sped;
 King of a world!
 The smoke wreaths curled,
 Care's tent unfurled,—
 Age and love wed;
 The smoke wreaths curled;
 Fantasies sped.

Edwin B. Kelly, '10.

“Told in the Twilight Flicker.”

(A Story.)

“YES, sir, there are good men in plenty, and some of them are extra good. But, sir! You got to hunt a terrible long ways before you will run on another like Billy Lacaque, boss of the river, white water birler, handler of the bully boys from the Saranac.

“Billy was a man clear through from his caulked boots to the little, old felt hat that he used to stick on his head; and game! why, say partner, he was so ‘doggone’ game, he didn’t know it!

“It all come about this way: Billy wanted the girl and wanted her bad, and at first it seemed like he was agoing to get her, too, but then ‘handsome’ Charlie Morris, sort of breezed in, and she sort of dealt Billy a cold deck, and turned her ’tentions all to Charlie. Billy aint sayin’ nothin’, cause it aint his way to go clamorin’ around promiscuous like, sheddin’ his grievances on the public ear. You could see he was hard hit, though.

“That winter Smith and Fitzhugh, the greatest lumbermen north of the Great Lakes, having some ‘eighties’ to clear up on the little Red, had got together one of the finest logging crews that had ever been seen. Billy was foreman, and he did the choosin’, but old man Smith had come down and asked special to have Charlie put on the job, him being some connection or other. So Billy had him installed as barn boss.

“Well, all that winter it was the same old thing—work, work and then some more work, wrestling with the wilderness, fighting death in a thousand shapes. There was some got

carried back all that two hundred miles, in a bateau, crushed from all semblance of themselves by those terrors of the lumberjacks—the tops of trees.

“Billy knew his business. He had been on the river ever since he had been old enough to handle a miniature peavey that his father had made for him. So by Spring he had about three million feet of lumber piled up on the skidways, all ready for breaking out at the sign of the first freshet.

“Charlie and he had been getting along fair-to-middlin’ considerin’ there was no love lost between them. Everyone expected him to make life sorter hard for Charlie, him being in his power to complete.

“Well, one morning early, Billy walked into the quarters in his driving costume, an’ lemme tell you, a finer lookin’ man never walked than Billy Lacaque, when he got rigged out in that same costume. He wasn’t handsome—his jaw was too square and set for that—but he was fine. With a bright, silk handkerchief knotted ’round his brown neck, his chestnut hair peepin’ out in curls from under his hat; his staggged-off pants showin’ just a touch of bone and muscle, where they joined his caulkers; his broad shoulders and thin race-horse flanks, all made a picture that, seen once is never forgotten.

“Well, sir! He walked in there and told the boys to ‘allons,’ for she sure was comin.’ The boys jumped, for a freshet aint agoin’ to wait for no one. As they stepped outside the shanty they heard her roaring. There had been an unusual heavy snow that winter and there was going to be extry strong water now.

“The boys stood by to break out the skidways when it struck. It’s no easy job to break out a skidway forty feet high and a mile long with the power of an avalanche back of it. When they stick, and you have to walk right up under this wall, and pry and jerk with your peavy until they start, and then make your get-a-way with a thousand tons of board

thunderin' around you—then's the time you show what-fer kind of man you are.

“ Well, after a bit, the river struck. Then the fun came, and what between the noise of the river and the breaking skids, a man couldn't hear his conscience.

“ Billy was jumping 'round like a flea on a griddle—bossin', cussin', swearin', rarin', tarin', all in one breath. He made the boys hump.

“ After awhile they got all the logs in the river and on their way; Billy up in front keepin' 'em together to prevent jammin'; Charlie and a crew in the rear, rolling logs off shore, that had stopped; big Vincent following in his bateau, dynamiting those that had sunk. Altogether they bid fair to bring this drive through without a hitch.

“ The logs were about ten miles from town at Hell's Jump, when the business between Billy and his rival came to a head, and it was time too, for I believe with a little more festering Billy would 'a knocked the top of Charlie's head clean off with a pike pole.

“ Have you ever seen Hell's Jump? ' Well, it's the most God-forsaken place on the whole river. There is a long stretch of rapids that hurl themselves down on a ledge of rocks, sticking clear out in the middle of the stream. There is three heads in all; the two up-stream is sights; the water hits the first one—that, is when the freshet's up,—and rises in a wall twenty feet in the air, and comes down on the second one with a roar that shakes your back teeth. The third rock is about as big as a good-sized table, three hundred yards from either bank, with the water going by at a rate that makes you dizzy to watch, with a four-foot drop at the end of the stretch. That's the place; and the Lord help anyone that gets marooned on that rock out there; he'll either go crazy and jump in and swim, or starve.

“ Well, the head of the drive had got here and Billy had

jostled them in order to shunt through, for there wasn't any man dars't ride through there. That is what we thought anyway.

"Well, of course, bein' so near town, all the folks turned out to see us make this last fight. Of course, she was there, and was certainly good to see. Her hair, all piled up on that pretty little head, blowing and dancing, looking, on the whole, like spun moonbeams; her blue eyes, as dark as the northern skies, laughing and peeping out from under long, silky eyelashes; that little mouth, now pouting, now bent in repose with a color that leaped and frolicked, tinging her cheeks and neck, made up a picture that I'd walk a long way to see. I understood then why them men were so tangled up and caught; I would 'a been too, if there had been any chance for me.

"My feelins' sort of got the better of me. So, as I was sayin', that Hell's Leap certainly did look its part.

"Bein' as all the girls was there, the boys had to show off. So it was first, 'I dare you do this,' and 'I dare you do that,' while all the time they was getting recklesser and recklesser 'till finally some young scamps tying logs together started to go through Hell's Leap.

"Now, people had gone through on a crib, but it was mighty dangerous business. Well, these fellers started through—there were three of them, and Charlie was one. They went down that stretch like greased lightnin', then they struck the rocks. I don't know to this day how it was, but Charlie was thrown plum upon that table rock, and the other poor lads haven't been seen since. Ground to pieces, I reckon, by the rocks on the last shoot of water.

"We tried our durndest to get him off, but it was no go. We tried to float logs with ropes on 'em, to him but—'nothin' doin'. The men was clean scared to try it on a crib. He was too knocked around to jump a log, as it came through, and take his chances. Well, sir, we was plum stumped. All this time

Billy had been doin' a heap of thinkin'. There was the man that he would have done anything to get rid of, gotten rid of for him, as you might say, by Providence, and he didn't know whether to get him off, or thank his stars that he hadn't had to kill him.

"Well, it had been three days and we was still loafin' around, trying to get up some means to rescue him without onnecessarily exposin' ourselves. Charlie was about 'all in;' he had just enough life to stand up, and that was all. He tried to holler once or twice, but the water was too loud.

"Well, on the third day she came down. To tell the truth, she had been there most all the time, except when her people forced her to take some rest, and it was easy seen that she was clean gone on 'handsome' Charlie Morris, now more a skeleton than the good lookin', reckless Irishman he had been a week before. There was Charlie a-layin' there, more dead than alive, and the girl near crazy. She came down to where the men were settin', her face white and drawn. She spoke, and her voice sounded like a rasp on iron.

"'What are you goin' to do for Charlie?' she asks for the eleven hundredth time. They looks down and says nothing; they don't like the fix. 'Aint you goin' to get him?' she asks terse and quiet. No answer.

"'Men, for God's sake get him. Don't let him die out there. Get him for me, for me. Oh, I love him and I'll go crazy if you don't get him off.'

"We don't like it, for when she asks for anything they generally go after it. Then, becomin' scornful, she rips 'em up the back.

"'You call yourselves lumberjacks, but you aint; they don't act like this when their chum is dying. Where's Mr. Lacaque? He'll go. Won't you? As Bill come up from where he's been down by the river, studying a whole lot. 'Yes,' he says slow. 'I'll go, but I got to have my price.'

“ ‘What is it?’ she says quick.

“ ‘YOU,’ he answers, steady and clear. ‘If I risk my life for that man out there, who, God knows, I would sooner see die than come back here, it’s you,—or he stays there.

“ She sorter starts and looks at him, as though she was dreaming. Then, givin’ a little laugh that was cut short in the middle and wasn’t good to hear, she says:

“ ‘Go; anything, for he’ll die out there.’ Billy never said another word, but, turning on his heel, he goes up to where the logs is, and picking out a big one, jumps on and shoves her off.

“ When he struck the first stretch of water he leaned forward like a circus-rider, swinging easily to the roll of the log. All this time Charlie, who had been looking and seeing what he had to do, waited until the log shot abreast, then jumped. He lit square on the log, but would have fallen off if Billy hadn’t grabbed him. Down they went until they struck the drop, then as their log dived, Billy picked Charlie up in his arms, jumped high and dropped as gracefully as a cat, on one of the logs that were floating in the pool.

“ Well, you oughter heard us holler! Billy never said a word, but with Charlie, who had fainted, lying in his arms like a big child, went up to where the girl was settin’ with tearless eyes and sweet face lookin’ at him.

“ Layin’ the man down beside her he says, kinder sad:

“ ‘Take him, honey, he’s yours. For, as God is my Judge, I won’t deprive a girl of the man she loves, as you love him.’ With this he turns and starts up the river trail.

“ ‘Hey, boss,’ yells one of the men, ‘aint you agoin’ to run this drive clar thro?’

“ ‘To h— with the drive,’ says Billy. ‘I’m tired, tired.’

“ Nor has horn, hair nor hoof mark been seen of him since.”

Frederic C. Lee, '10.

Horace and the "Six Best Sellers."

THE advice of a classical writer may seem little adapted to modern literature. Indeed there are few authors who would consider Horace a suitable teacher, although his "Ars Poetica" contains principles of writing, nearly all of which are as applicable to the present day, as they were to the time when the masterpiece was written. It has been well said of this little work, that "it is good taste reduced to principles." We find no rigid treatise upon the forms and art of poetry, no text-book on the intricacies of metre, but we peruse the careful, shrewd observations and opinions of a genius, the precepts, taught by experience, of one of the greatest poets of the world. The poem is supposed to be a letter of advice to a father and his sons, about to enter the field of literature; commentators say it should be called the art of criticism, rather than the art of poetry. Pope has properly named his own treatise, which is similar to it, an *Essay on Criticism*.

The principles which Horace puts into verse, although handed down from Rome's Augustan age, are not, like the crumbling pillars found in the ruins of the Eternal City, mere memorials of an empire, over the downfall of which many centuries have rolled. His sound advice reminds us of his own words, for it certainly "wishes to be viewed in the light, and does not fear the sharp judgment of the critic."

It would be well if many writers of the present day modeled their works on his teaching. To give an effect of color, "often one or two purple patches," says Horace, "are tacked upon writings begun with a serious purpose and which promised fine material." The votaries of the purple patch system are very numerous at the present time—we catch glimpses of

them in the latest novels, in the magazines and journals, but nowhere are they so sure to be found as in the columns of a newspaper. The writers who are hired to amuse the populace by handing out line after line of commonplaces, think it necessary to bait their articles with some of these same "purple patches."

The modern novelist as well feels at times a sort of moral obligation to suspend his "thrilling interest," as the advertisements call it, in order to indulge in an elaborate description, which he fancies would be envied by Sir Walter Scott. Truly do these aspirants bring in "the grove and altar of Diana, the river Rhine and the rainbow," when "it is not the place for these things."

This is by no means the only example in Horace that can be directly applied to present literature. In fact we can hardly glance over a few lines of the "Ars Poetica" without finding some striking truth applicable to the modern profession of letters. In Horace's words, "Public material will become peculiarly your own, if you do not delay in the cheap and beaten path, or scrupulously render word for word as a faithful translator."

What a legion of modern novels follow the "cheap and beaten path," tread and retread upon the well-known road, until it is necessary to reach the public by another way! A good book is merely the progenitor of a long line of imitations, each one possessed of less merit than the one before. If it happens to be a detective story, the press is soon crowded with books of this type. The novel of the social problem repeats itself, and issues anew from the hands of every writer, just as the so-called moral question continually fills the pages of fiction in a slightly different form, and is all the fashion in the world of reading.

Horace recognized one of the qualities of a great book, when he said: "I shall write my song from well-known lore,

so that everyone may hope to do as well, but shall strive much and labor in vain, should he attempt the work."

George Eliot's "Mill on the Floss" is a story of commonplace life in England, yet it would be hard to find its equal. What author appears more simple than genial Irving? No one, however, seems able to produce a second "Sketch Book." The imitators of Scott in the historical novel have met equal disappointment; they are represented today by a legion of sickly romances, not worth a moment's notice.

This is only one of the poet's observations that holds true at the present time. Much could be said of many other precepts given by the old Augustan poet. The lines in which he comments on the necessity of speaking or writing with convictions, have an added meaning in connection with some of the present literature. "If you wish me to weep," says the "Ars Poetica," "you must first be sad yourself." This advice at first appears superfluous, but it is really needed in this age of artificial and extravagant novels.

There is one line of the "Ars Poetica," that ought to be carefully studied by many writers of the day. When our fiction contains heroes and heroines, who resolve the great issues of life into Japanese puzzles, and take a distorted view of humanity, it is time to consider these words of Horace: "Good sense is the principle and fountain-head of correct writing."

Allied to good sense is the "multa lectio" which the poet advises. Nothing is of so much value in developing an author's taste and broadening his mind, as extensive reading of the best literature. Horace advocates the standard works of his time, for he says, "Pore over the pages of the Greek writers by night and day."

His reproach to the earlier Roman authors for the little care and time which they devoted to their work, brings up another fundamental principle of good writing. The poet never

loses an opportunity of insisting upon "plurima exercitatio"—continuous exercise in composition. He warns authors not to publish a production, until they have made it as perfect as possible, like the statues over which the sculptor could run his finger-nail and not find an inequality. Many present writers might find this rule disagreeable, writers who dash off novel after novel with no thought of anything but their pecuniary value. They should remember these words of the companion of Virgil: "When once the soul is rusted by the sordid greed of money, can we hope for the production of a book worth preserving any length of time?"

A reflection of this kind leads to the thought of how few novels of the day enjoy anything more than a transient popularity. Whether such a short sway is due to their author's "rust of money" or to other causes, it is certain that if Horace were alive today, he would not be content with saying, "Mortalia facta peribunt"—"All mortal deeds shall perish," but would immediately add, "and the six best sellers have the shortest life of all."

Perhaps our modern writers are chiefly at fault in making themselves slaves of the public, and catering to every whim of their readers. Of course, the book which gives the multitude the most pleasure with the least trouble to the mind, is likely to be the greatest success from a financial point of view; but if an author wishes to perpetuate his work, he ought to think with Horace that a money-making spirit can never help him in this worthy endeavor. The Roman poet is not alone in this opinion, for Robert Louis Stevenson, of our own times, expresses the same truth. He refers to a writer who debates his profession only as a mercenary one, and says that if authors are taught to follow profit only, "we must expect a slovenly, base, untrue, and empty literature."

It would be easy to fill a large volume by applying all of Horace's precepts to modern literature, but our purpose has

only been to suggest the critical value of the "Ars Poetica," when its advice is removed from the stage-setting of classical times. The temptation, however, is strong to quote one more line of the graceful poem, since it finds a parallel in the "Spectator." "Were I always grave," says Addison, "one half of my readers would fall off from me; were I always merry, I should lose the other," while Horace's words are: "He carries every vote, who mingles the useful with the sweet." True it is that great minds often run in the same channel.

Charles S. Lerch, '11.

The Silent Night.

(A Sonnet.)

Upon the weary earth soft falls the night,
And o'er Heaven's calm demesne and wide
Erewhile in glorious gold and purple dyed,
She casts her mantle streaked with moonbeams bright,
From slumbering man enshrouds the sun's pure light.
All save the moon with silvery stars allied,
From earth their pride and pomp of grandeur hide;
And night rules silent o'er the hushed sight.

Alas! When vacant night comes o'er the earth,
When men of blameless life lie rapt in sleep,
Vice creeps from cover, and to crime gives birth,
Ennobled men a riotous vigil keep;
Base revelry stalks beneath the cloak of mirth,
And nature's foes a fatal pleasure reap.

Clarke J. Fitzpatrick, '07.

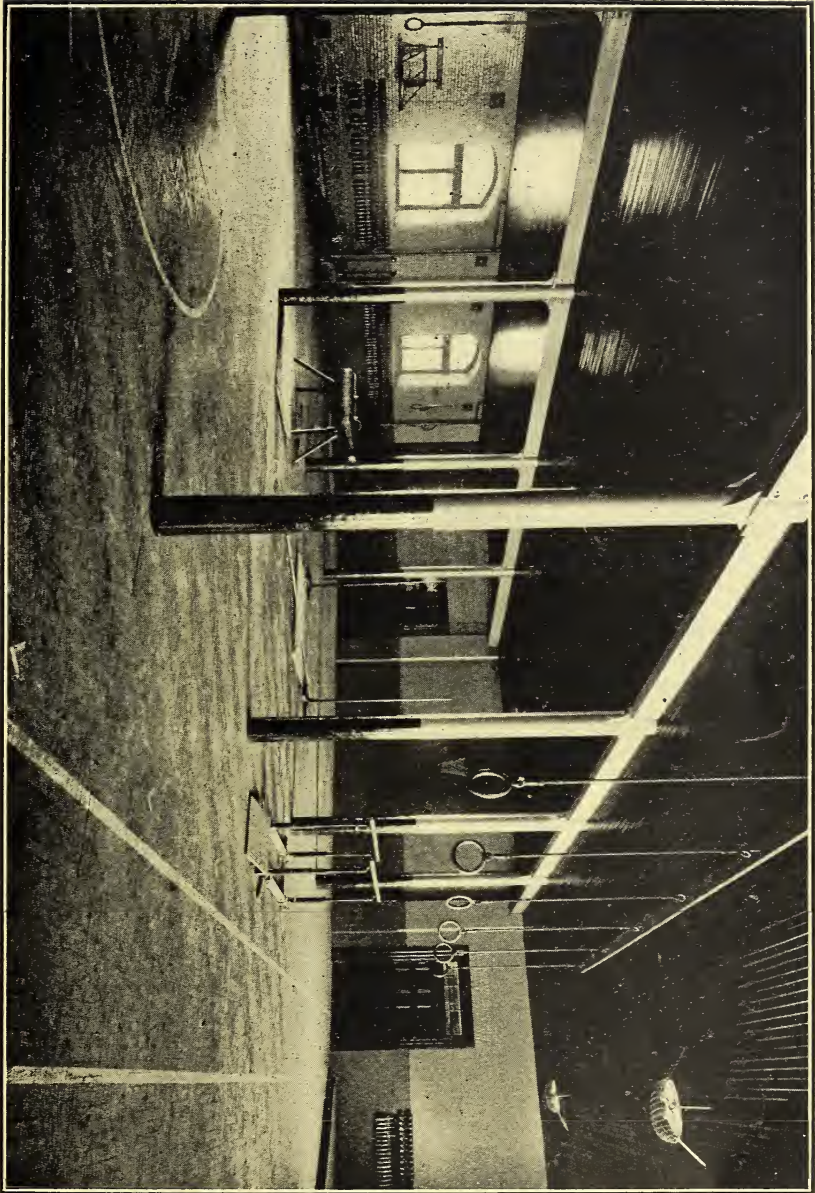
Jones; Amateur Detective.

(A Story.)

IF there was one man whom newsdealers rejoiced to see approaching, that man was Percival D'Arcy von Streslaus Jones. He would walk with head bent forward, eyes moving hither and thither (the effect being to make him appear somewhat cross-eyed), and would affect a studied sharpness of speech. He bought every new detective story on the stand,—there are many,—and would do his level best to imitate each hero's marvellous acuteness and bravery, and go him one better. There was one hair in Jones' butter which Nicholas Carter, Sherlock Holmes, Old King Brady, etc., etc., ad infinitum, could not remove. Jones was in love with one Annabelle Rosalind Portia Smith, but that young lady did not return his affections. She had not the slightest desire to pass the rest of her earthly sojourn with a freak who would be continually deducing from dust that the house had not been cleaned and would make a nuisance of himself generally.

One bright afternoon Jones walked into a drug store to use the telephone. Someone else was before him. This someone seemed to be always before him (especially in the affections of the previously mentioned Miss A. R. P. Smith). For one instant "the green-eyed monster" made Jones forget that he was Sherlock Holmes' successor; then he noticed that his rival, by name Charles Brown, was holding a most interesting conversation over the 'phone. It went something like this:

"What's that? . . . Oh yes! it'll be easy. No one will disturb us; I've fixed that up . . . No, I won't tell them our business, it might make trouble . . . Say, don't forget any of



THE GYMNASIUM.

the stuff, and—what? How will you bring it? . . . A satchel will be best; they won't suspect anything. (Then Jones, alias Nick Carter, began to look wise) . . . They won't know anything about us, so— . . . No! that's too early; wait till it's dark. . . . Well, if there's any trouble, the police will back us up; I've fixed that too . . . ("Graft" hissed Jones in the regular Old Sleuth style) . . . Where is it? Why on Seventh Avenue, between X and Y Streets. All tenements there . . . Oh! it'll be safe enough . . . Yes, we'll burn them all out . . . ("Arson," gasped Jones, the boy detective.) . . . Tonight, remember . . . Sure! Good-bye! . . ."

Charlie Brown hung up the receiver and turned, to find Jones glaring at him. Brown started (Jones took note of that, of course), and then smiled. ("A decidedly forced smile," thought Jones.)

"How do you do, old chap?" said Brown.

Jones merely nodded and walked out, forgetting all about his own telephone call. It didn't occur to him until afterwards that he should have donned an impenetrable disguise and shadowed the villainous Brown. The fact is that Jones had hardly left the drug store when he spied the matchless Annabelle Rosalind across the street. Immediately all thoughts of Brown and his telephone message were forgotten; once more the eternal feminine had made a great hero neglect his duty.

* * * * *

That night No. 1908 Seventh Avenue, between X and Y Streets, was gutted by fire, and two lives were lost. The evidence pointed to arson.

If all thoughts of Brown had vanished from Jones' horizon, they made a rather sudden appearance the next morning when he read this startling news in one-inch crimson headlines.

Here was his chance! Opportunity wasn't merely knocking at his door,—she was thumping there with both fists, with beautiful effect. Here was where Jones made Sherlock Holmes look like a selling-plater in a \$20,000 handicap. And Annabelle,—how she would blush to think that she had even known Brown, and how she would, etc., etc. (I leave the rest to the more experienced imaginations of my readers).

Jones determined to notify the police immediately. Of course, Brown was the culprit, the murderous, villainous wretch! Hurriedly wrapping up as many of his photographs as he thought the newspapers would need, he departed for the nearest police station.

Of course, the Captain was amazed; in fact he was wondering if he could handle Jones alone, or whether he had better summon the reserves. "Do you think Brown has left town yet?" Jones concluded. "Of course such a hardened criminal might stay."

All at once the Captain gasped and laughed. Yes, sir! laughed and laughed and roared. This time it was Jones who speculated as to whether he could handle the Captain alone, or whether, if he got violent, he should call out the police and fire departments.

At this juncture Charlie Brown entered. It was certainly an inspiring subject for one of Rembrandt's masterpieces. Jones was leaning limply against a chair, looking at the Captain, with popping eyes. The latter was lying back in his chair, roaring with laughter, while Brown,—well, Brown just stared.

At last Jones noticed this late arrival on the scene. With a howl of glee he pounced upon him, to the tune of such endearing epithets as "Murderer!" "Villain!" "Fire-Bug!" It was Brown's turn to desire a platoon of police in case Jones became worse.

"What's the matter? you idiot!" he yelled.

"Let go of him, you chump!" chimed in the Captain. Idiot! Chump! and this to him, Percival Jones!

Then Brown demanded explanations. Ditto Jones.

"He heard you telephoning yesterday," said the Captain, "and says you were planning to burn that tenement on Seventh Avenue."

"He was," blurted Jones. "What's more, he's in league with the police. I heard him say he'd fixed you. You're grafters, everyone—"

"Let up," said the Captain. Then he proceeded to show Jones that he had a case of fourteen-carat brainstorm. Brown was a Board-of-Health officer, and had been detailed to fumigate an Italian tenement on Seventh Avenue. Of course, the inhabitants thereof violently objected and he had called on the police to give assistance if needed. The fire was in another house and was caused by spontaneous combustion in a pile of paint-saturated rags left by some workmen the day before.

Percival Jones began to feel as if he ought to discover a pressing engagement in a hurry. "Well," he said at last, "explain why you seemed so startled at seeing me when you turned from the 'phone."

"Who wouldn't have been?" answered Brown. "You looked as if you wanted to murder me. But to show there are no hard feelings, Annabelle and I wish to invite you to our wedding."

Jones fled. It was not only the last straw; it was a regular bale that had crushed the great Nemesis of crime.

Edward K. Hanlon, '09.



Royalty and Poverty.

IT was a beautiful morning, in early summer,—a morning such as inspired our great American poet, Lowell, to write that oft-repeated line, “ Ah! What is so rare as a day in June! ” The sun spread its soft lustre through the half-open lattice of a northern room in W— Castle, and fell in tiny, golden lines upon the luxurious bed of Queen A——.

A beautiful baby-boy, with eyes like the blue of the heavens, and cheeks like red rose-buds on a summer evening, stretched his little hands from out an abundance of snowy whiteness towards the pale Queen, who returned the infant’s affection with a wan smile, that bespoke intense suffering.

Though suffering in the flesh, yet what joy was in her heart. Here had been born into the world a future king, one upon whom all the great country of E—— would some day depend; fresh from the hands of the great Father, a babe to whom the ambitions and sins of this world were yet unknown.

Raising his little, chubby hands, he seems to attempt to catch hold of the queen’s garment, and after three or four vain attempts he at last accomplishes his seeming purpose. For the queen, obedient to his wish, turns towards the babe and imprints a kiss of joy upon those cherry lips. What joy is in that kiss! The joy of true love,—a mother’s love for her babe.

But that same soft, morning sun shines upon another scene in the great Castle of W——. It is in the servants’ quarters. On a low, wooden bed, bare of all luxuries, with but a thin cotton comfort thrown over his withered body, an old man, a faithful servant of the King, is slowly returning to that Master who sent him into this world of joy and sorrow.

By his side, a fond daughter is trying to comfort him in his death agony. He clutches at her clothing and calls with outstretched arms for consolation in this trial of death. A tear-drop trickles down her cheek, and falls spattering upon the old man's arm. The sensation increases his terror. He clutches tighter to her dress. She in her efforts to comfort the old man imprints a kiss of sorrow upon his fevered brow. Suddenly, as if the kiss were a touch-stone, the old man lets fall his arm, and with a smile gives back his soul to that Master of Masters, the great God of Heaven.

Edwin L. C. Leonard, '10.

“The Broken Family.”

(A Translation.)

They took from me Theronœ,
And laid her in the cold, cold grave,
But I, though weighted down with grief,
Endured, that I my child might save.

But now an angry, jealous fate
Has robbed me also of my child,
And terror reigns within my heart
Where lay before a sorrow mild.

* * *

O listen, dear Persephone,
And hear a father's sad request;
O take my darling little babe,
And place it on its mother's breast.

Chas. H. Foley, '11.

“The Red Blotter, the Ruby and the Razor.”

(A Story.)

IN a certain college in Baltimore, situated not far from C. and M. streets, there was once a very illustrious class whose members prided themselves on their powers of writing English. By the time this illustrious class had reached Freshman they had become quite conceited because of the many compliments that had been paid their power in the vernacular. They had written on every subject imaginable, as they thought, and began to look upon themselves as past masters in English. One day, however, the professor, perhaps with the intention of knocking the conceit out of his charges, gave them a nut to crack in the way of a subject for composition. The subject was, “The Red Blotter, the Ruby, and the Razor.” No solution was given. They were simply told to write a story under this mysterious title. In order to save their reputation, several brave attempts were made. The results were various and in some cases rather startling. These are some of the best submitted to your criticism.

“Have you heard,” said the amateur detective, blowing clouds of smoke, like Sherlock Holmes, “of my greatest exploit?”

Seeing his friend lazily inclined to listen, he blew a wider wreath than usual, and started in: “It was when I was visiting one of the large Western cities that I examined a house the day after a mysterious murder had been committed. The victim was without relatives or intimate friends. Although he seemed of good standing little more was known of

his affairs than of the deed itself. He was found in bed, pierced through the heart by some sort of blade, which the criminal had carried off with him, while nearby lay a razor unstained with blood. A crumpled red blotter, hidden among the sheets, was wrapped about a ruby of great brilliance. These were positively the only traces we could find in the room of anything out of the ordinary.

“We detectives, at first, might as well have been without clues, for those which we had only served to baffle us the more. Why the ruby had been left behind, and what the unbloody razor had to do with the crime, it was equally impossible to explain. However, after a minute search I began to think I was on the right scent. By means of the ruby, which I found did not belong to the dead man, I followed the trail to the poorest quarter of the city where, among the dens of criminals, I worked night and day with untiring vigilance. My efforts were at last rewarded with some success.”

Here the speaker paused to see what effect he had made on his friend. As the latter was evidently much interested he continued his narrative:

“One night about one o'clock I was sitting in the upper room of a wretched little shop, a fit hole for assassins. I had every reason to believe that this was the haunt of those who knew far more about the murder than they would care to tell. My disguise enabled me to watch everything without being noticed myself. As I shrank back into the corner I noticed two suspicious-looking characters enter and take their seats at a battered table. How I could have been so careless, I do not know, but in some way the ruby, wrapped in the original blotting paper, slipped from my pocket to the floor where it attracted the notice of the two men. They seemed electrified by its appearance and after conferring together in suppressed excitement, they hastily left the room.

In an instant I was silently following them. I tracked those

two, unknown to them, through every turn and winding of the wretched streets, until at last they plunged into a low doorway and disappeared from view. I crept in after them, but had not advanced three feet in the dark, when I pitched headlong through an open trap door, rolled down a shaking stairway, and fell in a dimly-lighted cellar, full of indistinct forms, that rushed about and struggled and sent forth volleys of oaths. It took me but a moment to regain my feet, yet three shots had already whistled past my ears. I instinctively drew my revolver and fired into the villainous crowd. One or two went down, but my six rounds were soon fired, and before I could reload, those howling demons were upon me."

The detective ceased talking, took a long pull at his pipe, and gazed at the ceiling. "Well?" cried his friend, who had been listening with intense interest. "What happened then?"

"Why I woke up," said the narrator.

His friend gasped as he fell back in his chair; he had not sufficient strength to throw anything at the amateur; he kept quiet for a long time and finally managed to gurgle: "You didn't bring the razor into that colossal lie."

"Oh, yes," the detective said; "you see, I had a close shave." And his companion dropped his cigarette in despair.

Charles S. Lerch, '11.

The Professor now picked up the story of another would-be Conan and read:

"The chief of detectives sat silently before his desk on which lay a large ruby, a blotter saturated with blood, and a pearl-handled razor. When he had gazed at them for some time he pressed a little button on the table before him. Instantly a private door opened noiselessly and Michael McGinty, better known as 'Mac,' the chief's best sleuth, stepped quietly into the room.

“ ‘Mac,’ said the chief, ‘do you see these articles? They were found near the body of a dead man this morning. His throat was cut from ear to ear, but there was no blood on the floor, which probably accounts for that on the blotter. We have discovered no other clues so far. See what you can make of it!’

“The detective gathered up the articles and left the room as secretly and silently as he had entered. As soon as he reached his private office he began at once to examine the articles. He washed the blotter in a basin of water until the blood had almost disappeared, and then he discovered, written across its face in reversed letters, the signature ‘T. Roberts, M. D.’ He jotted this down in a note book. Then he examined the razor and ruby in turn, and could find nothing suspicious about them. He was about to lay the razor aside when he noticed several little pearl-like balls hanging on the edge. At once he suspected that it was poison, so he gathered them into a small vial. Then placing the ruby and razor in his pocket, he went out. Before leaving headquarters, however, he submitted the substance to the chief doctor and found that it was deadly poison.

“His next step was to look at the city directory, where he found to his great delight the name of ‘T. Roberts, M. D., 236 East 36th street.’ He immediately set out for the address mentioned, and when he arrived there, was met by the doctor himself. ‘Mac’ showed him his badge and explained that he wished to find out the nature of a substance he had found on a razor near the body of a dead man. While he was speaking he kept his eyes on the doctor’s face, and thought that he noticed a slight smile. The physician took the vial and after examining it for a short time, suddenly burst into a loud laugh. This convinced ‘Mac’ that the doctor knew something of the case and he was about to arrest him and ask ques-

tions afterwards, when the doctor, seeing his intention, restrained his laughter sufficiently to explain:

“ ‘The whole thing is a joke. There was no murder except one that was enacted for a moving picture machine. The chief came along when it was going on and thought it would be a good thing to play a joke on you. And my dear fellow’—

“But this was enough for ‘Mac.’ He rushed out of the house and slammed the door behind him, and that was the last that was seen of him for several days. When he returned he said he had been in Boston looking up some friends, but the knowing smiles that passed around among his companions made him feel like going off on another visit.”

Charles Foley, '11.

The next interpretation of this mysterious subject is perhaps the best suited to its puzzling nature.

“Hello! John, how are you this fine day? Don't you know this day reminds me of the time”—

“Hold on,” interrupted his friend. “I guess I know all about the time I caught more fish than you could carry home. Let us have something new, will you?”

“All right, but you needn't get ‘grouchy’ over it. Did I ever tell you about the Red Blotter, the Ruby and the Razor? Well it all happened when we were out camping last summer. We had just returned from an all-day's fishing trip when one of the fellows suddenly discovered that the next day was Sunday. Of course, we must all go to church the next morning, so after eating supper we set the alarm clock and turned in early.

“A few seconds afterwards, I discovered that I needed a shave and needed it badly. Knowing well that all the others needed it as badly as I did, I soon had them all out beside the tent. To our consternation only one razor could be found.

At first we tried to shave by the light of the fire, but soon found that it flickered too much. At last one of the fellows who had a ring with a ruby in it, took us back of the camp "where brooding darkness spread her jealous wings" more effectually than I had ever seen her do it before. However the ruby was placed where the ray of light from the only star in the heavens fell upon it, making a sort of search light. By means of this brilliant gleam of steady light we were enabled to shave with more or less ease, and we presented a more or less respectable appearance at church next morning.'

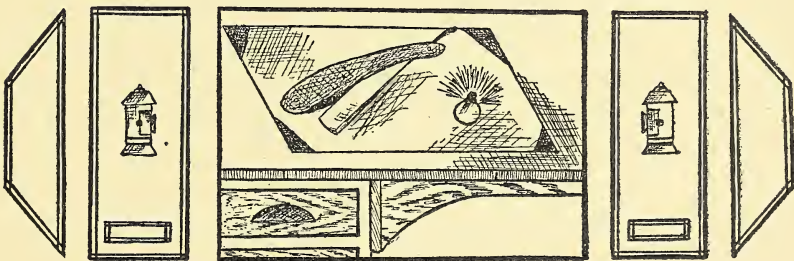
"But where does the blotter come in?" asked John.

"Oh! we used that to dry up the blood when everybody had shaved!"

James Clark, '11.

These are the efforts, gentle reader. Absorb them with all the power of the blotter, if you will, but be not razor-like in your criticism, lest we blush the fair blush of the ruby of our story.

W. P. B., Jr., '11.



“Bobby.”

INTRODUCTION.

“WHAT, Bobby! home from school, already?”
“Yes, Grand-pa, it’s four o’clock.”

“Well! well! how time flies. But what’s your hurry? Come in. Let’s have a little serious talk together. I am growing old—seventy-one next September, and you know we old fellows grow solemn at times. Your being in school has suggested some things I want to say to you. You see, an ‘old codger’ who has been through it, whose grown up children have been through it and who has a chipper grandson just in the midst of it is apt to have some personal ideas about school.”

Bobby, somewhat non-plussed at Grand-pa’s grave manner, hesitatingly seated himself with a quizzical look in his eyes. Grand-pa began—

“You are in the midst of your school experiences. You are concerned with teachers, principals and recitations. You are having history and geography, language and mathematics. At present I suppose it’s repetitions and examinations. Just now I am finishing up school; that great school, wherein it is ordained that all men must study—the school of Life. I have had my lessons—hard ones—to learn. My teacher has been Conscience, my principal, God.

“You are happy in the thought of approaching vacation and soon your teacher will say, ‘Good-bye, Bob; I wish you a pleasant vacation.’ My holiday is coming too. I am not sorry, albeit school has been pleasant. Very soon the session will close. A few more strokes of the great pendulum;

Time will ring the bell—I feel his hand on the rope now—then—then, your Grand-pa will quietly ‘pass out.’”

C. C. Rohr, '09.

“HISTORY AND GEOGRAPHY.”

“In this school of life, Bobby, I have had my ‘history and my geography,’ just as you have now, but mine have been different and more complicated. You have to commit to memory the day on which our forefathers won that decisive battle which gave freedom to them and to their descendants. Yes, generals and gallant heroes were included in the task.

“But, Bobby, my great history task has dealt with nothing like that. No, my boy, there is no comparison. My lesson has been, and is even still, my creation and its purpose. Why am I here and who has sent me? Perhaps it would be better to call it the philosophy of history. Have I been given a place here on earth amid so many mortals, good and bad, and has so short a life been allotted me, have so many pains and sufferings to be undergone, merely to serve and please earthly kings? No, I tried to learn that my goal is something higher, something nobler.

“My ‘geography,’ too, has had a strangeness like my ‘history.’ It neither deals with lofty mountain ranges, nor habitations of kings and princes, nor long and swelling rivers. It is of another world, a world where there is but one continent, and I couldn’t begin to tell you all the beautiful things I’ve learned about it.”

Martin L. McNulty, '09.

“LANGUAGES AND MATHEMATICS.”

“But the most beautiful and interesting of all my studies have been the languages and mathematics. Like yours,

Bobby, my mathematics has its rules and precepts, but they differ essentially in this, that being related to God they carry with them an overwhelming superiority over everything else. The language I have been trying to study has been the voice of God communicated to me through my conscience. Like your Greek, Bobby, its acquisition has cost me much labor, but its rewards and fruits have by far exceeded yours.

“ My mathematics has been the numerals, one, two and three, standing respectively for God, myself and my neighbor. The first, I trust, has constantly been uppermost in my mind, and all my hopes and struggles have been centered in Him to Whom I am so much indebted for all the bounties which He has bestowed upon me. The second numeral, standing for myself, is so closely allied with the first that it is inseparable from it. And the third, my neighbor,—ah! Bobby, I have tried not to forget him, for he has always been God’s image to me.—Doesn’t it all sound like the ‘rule of three,’ my son?”

Joseph A. Wozny, '09.

“RECITATIONS.”

The old man was soon lost in the realms of boyhood’s happy memories. Occasionally, as some fond recollection rose before him a tear would steal into his eye and trickle gently down his cheek. Rousing himself after some time from his reverie, he turned to Bobby (who had, the while, been musing on the near approach of vacation time) and said:

“ Bobby, I was just thinking about daily recitations. How do you get on with them?” Without waiting for a reply the old man continued:

“ Ah me! how different from yours are the ‘recitations’ I have had to make daily in the school of Life. Your teacher encourages you in your difficulties, but mine—and his voice

grew sadder—never solaces any of her backward pupils. Always stern to those who habitually transgress her warnings, always gentle to those who hearken to her instructions, she makes the best teacher in all the world. When she reprimands the stings and pangs she inflicts fill the soul with a remorse never to be forgotten, but when she approves there comes a satisfaction which fills the soul with untold gladness.”

Bobby, though quite attentive, could not quite comprehend the old man's meaning and inquired: “Grandpa, who is this teacher you're talking about? Why grandpa, you don't go to school anyway.”

Hereupon the old man gently murmured: “Conscience, Bobby, conscience.” And Bobby seemed to understand.

William H. Kelly, '09.

“RECESS.”

Turning his young head he gazed thoughtfully out of the window. “Well, son,” continued the old man, “I see you are anxious to be off, but just one minute more. I suppose you think playtime is a fine thing and wish you had more of it. You're right there, Bobby; we couldn't get along without it. When recess starts you don't think much about its ending until the bell rings. But did you ever notice, that the boys in the high classes don't put their whole hearts into ‘recess’ the way you do? They seem to enjoy it, but their enjoyment is of a different kind. When they go down to ‘recess’ they sit around with their friends and sometimes, I suppose, they wish it were over.

“It's the same way in the great school I've been speaking of, Bobby. In the ‘low classes’ of life's school, where the young folks are, they regard only lighter enjoyments as pleasures, and when they end, as they surely will, what a shock they

receive. In the high classes where I am now, our best enjoyment is sitting around and chatting with the dearest, truest friends we can gather near us in the twilight."

Austin McDonnell, '09.

"REPETITION."

"In preparation for that examination of yours, which you tell me is coming on, I suppose you're having what you call repetition. Now I'm seventy,—pretty old and about to go through the greatest 'examination' of all. So I, too, am having a 'repetition' and grown folks call it reminiscence. As you say, Bobby, you can't expect a perfect mark, but there's no harm in doing your level best.

"I like to sit here and con again the lessons of life. Some have been easy; some I've found pretty stiff. I did not think much later on of what used to nearly break my heart at first, of little quarrels, of little disappointments, of little loves. They were only the A B C's of what was coming. Now I'm so high in Life's University that I even smile at what came later,—at the big quarrels, at the big disappointments, at the big love.

I've tried to learn them all, all the lessons that the great "Teacher" gave me, but sometimes they seemed so far beyond, that I'd almost quit. But well! I'd get them in the end. I'm taking a last look now, for soon the doors of the examination room will open.

There's one thing I know for sure—He's a square marker."

Edward K. Hanlon, '09.

"CONDITIONS."

"But in regard to that examination question, let me impress this idea deeply on your mind. "Beware of conditions." Take this little advice from one, who has been through the mill, and do not enter into your examinations with exaggerated ideas of your own worth. Do not think that you ought to be victor without battle, and walk around from the beginning with those laurels about your head, which are to be twined there, if at all, only at the end of the campaign. Remember, that nothing is accomplished without labor. So courage, Bobby, and work hard, although the road is a long and laborious one, and the end is out of sight; foot it bravely.

In my preparation for the other world, many difficulties came forth to meet me. But through pluck and toil I think I've conquered them. I know I'm going to be "conditioned," though, Bobby—but I can't tell yet in what branches. I hope I've not slipped up in many things in life. And when I'm gone you must pray God every night on your knees that your old Grandpa will soon make up his "conditions"—and go "home for good."

Joseph W. Tewes, '09.

"THE FINAL EXAMINATION."

"And so, boy, as a last word, you will go on through school, gliding peacefully along the river of Parental Love; receiving your little disappointments, accepting your meed of legitimate pleasure, until that crowning event of your career—your final examination.

Oh, my boy, what thoughts that conjures up—the final examination! Years have been spent in preparation, years of hard and burdensome study. Now your years of toil will be repaid; you will reap the fruits due your faithful application.

Mayhap you will fail; some unimportant study has brought about your downfall. Well, cheer up, Bobby boy, keep up your courage, you have another chance to redeem yourself.

But, don't forget these words of mine,—our whole life is a continuous schooling; all in preparation for that goal of all our hopes—our final “examination.”

In our school, once the dread messenger, Death, has summoned up before the Great “Examiner”—there is no repetition, for us failure means destruction. So live your life cleanly, lad; spend every hour in preparation for your great day.

But come, Bobby, I am getting tired philosophizing. Let us take a stroll in the park. Not so fast, my boy; these poor, old limbs are getting feeble—Steady!”

Jas. S. Murphy, '09.

“Pervicos Odi.”

(A Free Translation.)

I hate, my boy, a swell affair;
 For canvas back I never care.
 No longer in the cellar try
 To find that case of “Extra Dry;”
 But let us to the drug-store roam,
 Where crystal-clear the phosphates foam;
 A simple drink of chocolate hue
 Your frugal master shares with you.

Charles S. Lerch, '11.

The Old Surgeon.

(An Unrecorded Victory of the Spanish War.)

AS he trudged along with his regiment towards the heights of San Juan, the old surgeon of Company H was wrapped in deep thought. Surgeon Leonard was not in his usual jolly humor. He had fallen out of ranks, and was walking listlessly along the rough, newly-made road. His friends, noticing the melancholy air of their old companion, wondered whether he, too, was soon to fall a victim to the tropical fever.

For several days past, his regiment had been engaged in many sharp and bloody skirmishes, and he had seen many of the men go down, some never to rise again. But this was not what was troubling the old surgeon. He had followed the army of the South from eighteen-sixty to eighteen-sixty-five, and had witnessed, without a tremor, scenes of carnage and bloodshed, in comparison with which, the sight that these two or three days had brought before him was a mere shadow. Something had occurred during the last week that had greatly troubled him. He had heard several of the soldiers discussing the pleasing effects of morphine, and had noticed the effects of the drug on many of the men. If there was one thing which the kind old surgeon would not tolerate in his regiment, it was the use of morphine. He had a mortal fear of it, and was even loath to use it in the most extreme cases.

But only last night he had witnessed a scene which caused his brave heart to tremble. While walking through the streets of the camp, he happened to enter the tent of his son, Captain Leonard, whom he was greatly surprised to find

lying on his cot in a deep sleep, for taps had not yet sounded. He approached him, and noticed the heavy, unnatural breathing. He knew at once that his son had taken morphine. The surgeon stood motionless, speechless. A pang of sorrow shot through his heart. Tears welled up into the old man's eyes. With heavy heart, he left the tent and went out into the darkness of the night.

General Wheeler had received orders to advance towards San Juan. The march began at dawn, and the gallant soldiers drove the enemy before them from one entrenchment to another, and by noon the few detachments of Spaniards were completely routed; they fled into the nearby woods, and left the soldiers to resume their march unmolested.

The old surgeon had been busily engaged in aiding the wounded, but when the excitement was over and the army had formed into marching order, his thoughts reverted to the scene he had witnessed the night before. As he marched along, that thought was ever tugging at his heart-strings. His only thought was of his son. He had tried hard to bring him up well, and up to now he had succeeded. The Captain was the only son. He had been watched carefully all his life, and as he grew, the old father lived his life again in that of his boy. In him, all his fondest hopes were centered. Were all his hopes now to be shattered? Was his whole harvest to be ruined by the storm of one short night? This thought was overpowering. In the glorious future of his son, he had hoped to drown all the sorrows of his past life. Were none of his golden expectations to be fulfilled? His life, like ivy had been twined around the stalwart form of his son, and should the son fall, the father would fall with him. His iron heart was strained to the breaking point.

The old man was awakened from his sad reverie by the roar of cannon. Raising his eyes, he beheld San Juan, looming up giant-like before him. Little time was spent in preparation

for the attack. A few hurried orders were given and then came the command to advance. In a few minutes the battle was on in all its fury. Up the hill our gallant soldiers charged in the face of a deadly fire.

The old surgeon forgot himself in the intense excitement of the moment. He worked bravely among the wounded, while the bullets whistled about him like hail-stones, and saw his son, sword in hand, leading his men up the hill to victory. What he had suffered since last evening seemed a terrible nightmare. "Would to God that it were," sighed the old surgeon, and went on, passing from one poor soldier to another, kneeling down now and then to put his canteen to the parched lips of some dying soldier. The battle was raging fiercely; the guns bellowed with a deafening roar; the smoke hung blinding and dense.

Surgeon Leonard had just bandaged the wound of one of his old comrades, and was standing erect. He looked about him. The next instant, a sharp pain shot through his shoulder. He was whirled about and flung to the ground. For a minute or two, the surgeon lay motionless, half dazed, but conscious still. Looking at his shoulder he saw a large hole which a bullet had made as it ploughed through him. "My God! help me," gasped the surgeon. He looked about him, but could see very little. The dense smoke was suffocating. He cried again. "Help! Help!" but his voice was drowned in the din of battle. Again he cried, but in vain. His voice sounded strange and hollow. Rising, he tried to walk; but stumbled, staggered and fell.

Again he raised his voice in a cry for help, "My God, he—" but he could not finish. The words would not come. There was a gurgling sound in his throat, and blood poured out of his mouth and nostrils. The blood in his throat choked him. For the first time in his life, fear shook that brave heart.

The pain was terrific, and there was no help at

hand. He looked around him again and again. At last the medicine case caught his eye, where it was lying on the ground. He rolled over and over until he could reach it. The pain from his wound was steadily growing greater. Almost frantic he snatched wildly at the case, as a drowning man clutches at a straw. At a touch of the spring the case flew open. He seized some cotton, which he stuffed into the wound. His suffering was growing infinitely greater. O how he sighed for death to come,—sweet death,—and free him from this terrible torture.

A mist was clouding his eyes; but all at once the bright aluminum case of the hypodermic syringe flashed before his sight. At last, he had found relief. All his pain, all his suffering would now be soothed into calm and pleasant dreams. He took the syringe, and was about to inject the morphine into his body. He stopped. He thought of the promise, which he had made to his dying father, never to touch morphine. But surely he could break that promise, just once, under these terrible circumstances. Surely his father would give him leave, if he could see him now writhing in pain.

He saw his father, as he saw him the night he died. That scene came before his mind vividly as if he had seen it only yesterday. He saw him as he sat before the log fire, dying, one of morphine's many victims. His history crossed the surgeon's memory, how he had been tempted to taste of the forbidden pleasures of morphine, and how he fell. It was a sad, sad history. In vain, he had tried to stop; but each time his fall was deeper, until his defeat was complete. He remembered the kind words of warning, the smile which passed over his dying countenance when he received the plighted word of his son, never to touch the hated drug.

All these thoughts passed before the surgeon's eye, like a great panorama. Then the scene changed. He remem-

bered how he had struggled time and time again to ward off the attack of his deadly enemy, and how he had guarded all his friends, and especially his son, against its stealthy attack; how only a few days ago, the enemy had crept in secretly among the soldiers of his own regiment, and attacked his son. What kind of an example would he give to his friends, if they should find him in the clutches of his enemy? Besides he knew that, if he was once vanquished by his foe, his life would be only a continuous series of defeats.

Such were the thoughts which ran through the surgeon's mind as he held the syringe in his hand. Would it be victory or defeat? For one short minute, he hesitated. Then mustering all his courage, he took one look at the instrument, and threw it with all his force against a nearby rock. With a groan, he fell back, writhing in agony. His thoughts began to wander, and he knew no more. Pain had overpowered him.

When he awoke, he was lying on a cot, surrounded by his son and several old comrades. The battle was over, and San Juan was ours. His wound had been dressed, and the great pain had subsided into a dull ache. They all listened with admiration to the story of the old surgeon's temptation and victory. A great burden was lifted from the father's heart, when his son, with tears of repentance in his eyes, made a solemn promise never to touch morphine again.

All was calm and peaceful now. As he lay there, in the cool, night air, the moonbeams lit up his smiling countenance. A happier man was not to be found in the whole army, for this day was his day of triumph. His old enemy was conquered and a glorious victory had crowned his valiant struggle. Pain had conquered a time-worn body; it could not conquer a resolute will.

V. J. Brown, Jr., '10.

A Newspaper Talk.

“WHAT is the most famous year in history?” The average American boy will quickly reply, “Why, 1776, of course.” “Why?” “Because”—oh, well, you know the answer. “But, my son, what of 1492?” “Oh! that’s the year Columbus discovered America.” Thus, there are certain years which stand out boldly and from which we reckon minor events. They are like the “safety spots” in certain games. We play all around them; our knowledge of history is centered in them.

Of course, the discovery of America was an event sufficiently important to make any year famous, and 1492 must be set down in the annals in big, bold, black type, if for no other reason. But there is another. That old chronicler, Time, when he posted his diary for that year, made the following entry in small print (so small that the school-boy quite overlooked it; or, perchance, he copied it—forgot it almost immediately): “Wm. Caxton introduced the art of printing into England.”

From the discovery of America sprung the great Republic. The bird of Liberty, wearied from the buffetings of European monarchs, soared across the broad sea to America’s hospitable shore. Among its wooded hills she built her nest and reared her brood—the mightiest people on Earth. The art of printing, too, was destined, after many vicissitudes, to reach its highest perfection in the new land, as the American newspaper. It, too, has risen to unexampled heights of glory and power. The history and achievements of the one are paralleled in those of the other. The invention of the telegraph, locomotive and steamship was the greatest

epoch of their existence. Previous to those inventions the nation's growth was slow and unsteady. Its trail was like a rough country road—hills, ruts and bare rocks. Since, the road of progress has been a smooth, shining steel band. The little palisaded village on Atlantic's shore has become the mighty city. The colony the empire; a domain so broad that when the bugler in the far off Pacific sounds "taps," his fellow on the Atlantic is blowing the "reveille." Old Glory is forever at the masthead. Before she has fluttered down with the dying rays at Manila, she is again waving defiance at Washington.

To trace the growth of the newspaper is but to repeat the story of glorious progress. The tiny four-page weekly, with its belated news, has grown to the great daily of sixteen pages, flashing its intelligence across the earth. The little hand press, the wooden type, the printer-editor and the ink-besmeared devil have long since descended to the vale of memory. The "printin-offis," rendezvous for gossips and idlers, is now a lofty building—a very beehive of life and industry—with wires to the four corners of the world. An army of editors, reporters, machinists and others divide the work. The giant sextuple Hoe, an intricate arrangement of flying wheels and cylinders, with almost human intelligence, cuts from great rolls of white paper, prints, folds and stacks 96,000 twelve-page papers every hour. Just think of it—1,600 every minute, or nearly thirty-seven to the tick of a watch. It would seem that man had won his great race against time. The great press itself is an achievement worthy of any century.

We have all smiled at Sam Weller's extravagant reply, "If I 'ad a pair of double-million magnifying microscopes of hextra power, I might 'ave been able to see through two flights of stairs and a deal door," etc. Had Sam been a creature of this century, he surely would have said, "If I 'ad the eyes

of a newspaper," etc., for in the newspaper we certainly have a microscope of double-million power. His extravagant fancy is now a reality. My Lady in her boudoir, along with her morning cup reads of the social triumph of Mrs. A., wife of Ambassador A. at the Court of St. James, at the brilliant ball a few hours ago. Mr. Busyman, before he has swallowed his hasty breakfast, has read yesterday's stock reports of the European money centres and the New York Exchange. A riot in Moscow; a battle in Luzon; a fire in Cape Town; the hundreds of daily happenings from pole to pole are all served with the morning repast.

The smallest hamlet is in touch with the entire world. It is now no uncommon thing to hear the 'knight of the store-box and whittle-stick' discussing foreign affairs with the same wise condescension that he formerly bestowed upon the weather and the crops. Truly it is a marvelous age and the newspaper is not the least factor in its development. Indeed, careful study will incline to the belief that it is the mightiest agent of civilization. The newspaper is the aurora of our day. Her chariot of intelligence, drawn by the bolts of Jupiter, rolls across our horizon radiating light. Mercury awaits her coming ere he starts upon his journey. Tubal Cain rests against his anvil until she appears, then beats out a sword or a plowshare at her command.

Numerous examples of the power of the press can be cited. Greeley's cry, "On to Richmond!" in the Tribune, sent an unprepared army to defeat at Bull Run; and that at a time when the modern paper was in its swaddling clothes. Again the call, "The Union at any price!" saved the nation when Northern hearts were sore and Northern will was wavering. The recent uncovering of graft in high places, the purchase of the Panama Canal and the numbers of other events and reforms are due in a large measure to newspaper influence. Politicians and Statesmen frequently consult the great editors.

Before any great public project is seriously contemplated, the attitude of the press is ascertained. Backed by the influence of journalism, a Statesman can safely defy constituents or administrations.

Possibly the best proof of this potency is shown in the fact that political parties are abandoning to a large extent the brass-band methods of campaigning and substituting the paid 'ad.' From the public's point of view it is a welcome innovation. Away from the influence of 'ardent spirits,' (both animal and vegetable), and the spell of oratory, one can dispassionately dissect the logic before him in cold print. The Anti-Saloon movement, the most powerful of the present decade, owes its success to judicious advertising. Beyond question the free-silver issue was 'killed' by the moneyed interests in their campaign of press notices. At this very time the same interests are trying to rehabilitate their shattered influence over the public by a series of ads signed by Thos. W. Lawson and C. W. Post.

Apropos of the above remarks concerning advertising we might say that it is a powerful agent in business circles. It is a business maker, the child of modern business competition. Apparently it increases our wants. We see a thing advertised—something we have gotten along very well without—we possess ourselves of it and wonder how on earth we have lived so long without it.—None have been quicker to recognize this fact than the so-called trusts. The best way to advertise is in the newspaper. Ads pay, not only the advertiser but the publisher as well. The newspaper has become a money-maker. The trusts have seen this also and already their tentacles are closing around the great dailies. The policy of the paper, so apparent in Greeley's and Dana's time, is now a mere figure of speech. Commercialism, cold calculations of dollars and cents has replaced all this. The people will get what they want, because it makes the paper a seller, nothing better. The great opportunity as a moulder of public morals

will be lost. The hireling editor dares not rake up this or that for fear of insulting Mr. So-and-so who advertises so extensively. In the old days it was "see the editor;" now it is, "see the business manager." There is a reason. A 16-page daily selling for one cent less than the actual cost of the white paper on which it is printed, must draw upon other resources than its circulation. However, things are not so bad as they might be. The enormous growth of advertising has enabled editors to choose among the things to print, to the exclusion in a large measure of ads that stood as a reproach to American standards.

But to say something of newspapers without censuring them for publishing the nauseating details of the tragedies and scandals so frequent in the past two years, would be very remiss. Now the publisher's excuse is, "The people want them:"—a serious accusation. To fancy the great American public eagerly thirsting for low scandal is to fancy them like Vitellius with dilated nostrils, breathing in the putrid stench of Roman battlefields—sickening in the extreme. We deny the charge. The same sentiment which excludes the early eighteenth century novel from the reading public can easily be invoked to the extirpation of the printed scandal. No man with a spark of that patriotism which looks to the future glory of his kindred can lend his approval to the debasement of the American press. If "the daily" fell into the hands of the man alone it would still be bad enough, but not so. Now take for example that fine family of Mr. Temple's, an amiable wife and four bright children whom he idolizes and for whose welfare he would offer up his life's blood at any time. Mrs. Temple, a frugal woman, and mindful of her husband's toils, searches the paper for bargain ads to stretch the none-too-large income. Dot, Dorothea she calls herself, a lovely girl, will make her debut next season and now eagerly scans the society notes. Tom, a fine, manly fellow, goes in for athletics and has his eye on the sporting page.

Every evening there is a race between Bob and Marie for the "last edition," Bob to see the score and Marie to see the puzzle page. Imagine the effect on those five minds when they are confronted with a lurid head-line followed by an unspeakable description. Picture Mr. Temple's indignation if he were to realize its full influence on his pure family.

But now, Mr. Temple, whether you live on Boulevard Avenue or on Narrow Street, it is "up to you" whether your wife and children are to wade through this mental slime or not. You cannot deny them the paper; but you can say the word and instantly the slime will cease to flow. Do it now.

Again we are confronted with the half-column, laudatory criticism of the clever Miss Clara and Mr. Laurence in 'We Three' at the "Favorite" this week. It is simply an exploitation of a play which to put it bluntly, is frivolous or downright rotten.

"Stop!" cries the editor, "you have overrun your space." Again the power of the press. Well, to conclude, I once knew of a man who said, "I am a signet, my environment is the molten wax, I make my impression on it." Whether this be true or not, I cannot say; but what does it matter? The illustration serves our purpose. The newspaper is the seal—this great country is the plastic wax—the impression is deeply marked, even to the 'heel' of the die. Look out how it touches you!

C. C. Rohr, '09.

Disillusioned.

'Twas when fair Spring but lightly slept,
She dreamed the stars rained down the while:
Onward the morning hours crept;
She woke, and lo! the daisies smile.

Joseph B. Jacobi, '01.

The "Macbeth" of Sophocles.

AESCHYLUS, who has been styled "the father of tragedy," was the first to give the word "tragedy" its present meaning. Before the time of Aeschylus a "tragedy," which means literally "a goat-song," had been a hymn, sung at the Dionysian festival, at which time a goat was sacrificed in honor of the Wine-god Bacchus. Sophocles, who wrote the "Oedipus Tyrannus," followed Aeschylus as a tragic poet, and though his sentiment and genius were less profound, he was by far the greater tragic artist.

In the Greek tragedy the scene is unchanging, and the machinery of the plot is so arranged that the stage is never vacant. The consummate skill which we find in the ancient tragedy, we find wanting in the construction of our modern tragic drama. The manner of disconnected development which the use of acts and scenes allow requires neither the genius nor indeed the tragic power displayed by Aeschylus, Sophocles and Euripides in constructing the most perfect of dramas.

The fact or catastrophe which made the drama a "tragedy" by the old system was inevitable, and usually the ultimate fulfilment of an unpropitious decree of fate. Among the Greeks the catastrophe was unavoidable, and as the tragedy was a religious institution, the supernatural element had of necessity to be always present. We find Oedipus cursed, though he committed none of his crimes knowingly. Now in the modern tragedy,—and we shall use "Macbeth" as an example,—the downfall of Macbeth is caused by the crimes which he willingly commits. However, "Macbeth" is one of the few modern tragedies which is allied in form of de-

velopment with the ancient tragedy. In both the "Oedipus Tyrannus" and "Macbeth" we have the decree of fate, and though in the "Oedipus" the decree is of evil portent, and in "Macbeth" it has a pleasing aspect, we note that the decree is the ultimate downfall of the two heroes.

Before attempting to compare the two dramas it seems advisable to give a short account of the "Oedipus Tyrannus." Oedipus, the outcast child of unfeeling parents, is raised by Polybus, king of Corinth. Because of an oracle of Apollo he leaves Corinth and his supposed parents; for the god declared that Oedipus should kill his own father and marry his own mother. On the road to Thebes he meets a man with whom he quarrels, and slays him. Arriving at Thebes he solves the riddle of the Sphinx, whose ravages have long vexed the country. He then marries the wife of the former king, who had been killed by robbers. Some years later a terrible plague comes on Thebes, and to ward it off the murderers of the dead king must be driven from the land. The story gradually unwinds itself: Oedipus is accused by the soothsayer Teirisias of being the pollution, and Teirisias' words are verified by the servants of Laius, the former king of Thebes, and the servants of Polybus. Oedipus could not escape the decree of fate, for the man he had killed on the road had been no other than his own father, and the woman he married no other than his own mother. Oedipus' grief is so great, when he discovers what he has done, that he deprives himself of sight with the brooches taken from the clothing of his wife Jocasta, who, when she learned of her calamity, had hanged herself.

Oedipus when we meet him first is happy and care-free, and like Macbeth has won great honor. Oedipus has saved Thebes from the sphinx; Macbeth has saved Scotland from foreign invasion. Unlike Oedipus, Macbeth has no plague to deal with, but when he meets the "weird sisters"

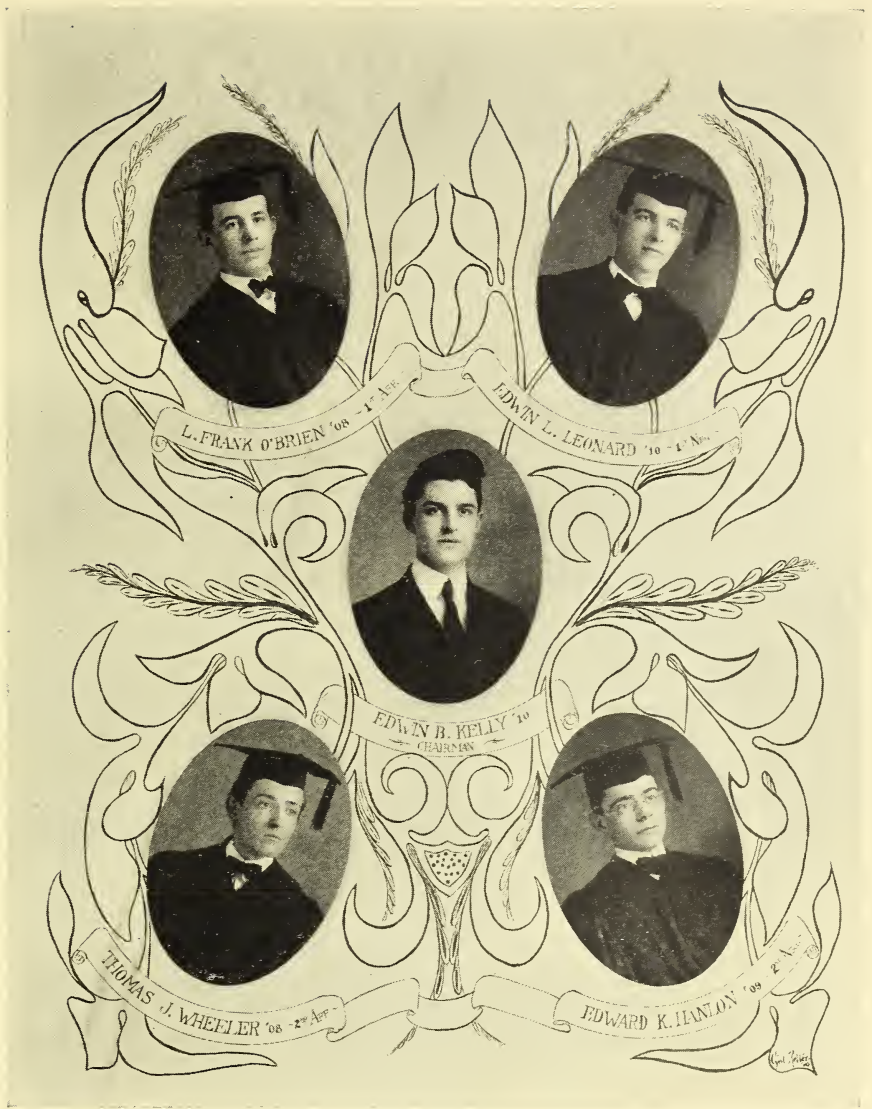
his peace of mind is also destroyed. He now becomes ambitious; though still the same brave, tender-hearted man, he succumbs to the temptation to commit a deed, by which he hopes to gain dominion. In the hands of his subtle mate, he is but a puppet, and is easily won over,—this ambitious, wavering, avaricious, superstitious man—by his less imaginative and unnaturally brave wife.

Oedipus has committed the worst of crimes, but he knows it not. The coming of the plague opens a long-festering sore. Apollo must be appeased; the murder of Laius must be avenged. Oedipus, when he hears from Creon's lips what Apollo's oracle has declared, puts a dreadful curse upon the murderer.

Macbeth's sensitive imagination and superstitious nature, are his curse, although crime is the goad that pricks his conscience. Oedipus' misdeeds, unwitting though they be, drive the tender-hearted, pious, noble and haughty king to his ruin. Sophocles never put into the mouth of Oedipus a word that would elicit pity for a thing that was not truly virtuous.

Macbeth's horrible crimes drive him to his ruin, but it is strange how we are moved to a liking of the brave general, the wavering husband, the ambitious thane. We can pity the man deceived by the hopes of vain reward, and finally driven to a frenzied courage, born of despair and bred of a guilty conscience, when he finds his die is cast, and that he has lost.

As Jocasta endeavors to deceive Oedipus, so Lady Macbeth deceives Macbeth. Jocasta, and Lady Macbeth are both ambitious, and unscrupulous, and both are desirous of increasing emolument, and in continual fear of dishonor. Jocasta does not wish Oedipus to learn his true parentage lest she should find herself the wife of a man of ignoble birth, good and loving husband though he be. Jocasta's sense of guilt in marrying a practical stranger, who turns out to be her own son



THE SPEAKERS AT THE ANNUAL PUBLIC DEBATE.

Question: High License vs. Prohibition.

and the murderer of his father, puts the proud woman in such a state of mind, as to make her end her own unhappy life. It is her failure to recognize Oedipus, that brings such sorrow on herself and causes the downfall of Oedipus.

That there is a bond of love between Macbeth and his wife cannot be doubted, and it is this love rather than her own ambition, that leads her unwittingly to work his ruin and her own. The desire that her husband should be great, as well as valiant, powerful as well as noble, gives her courage and strength to prompt him to murder the defenseless king. When she sees Macbeth's power which she thought was firmly rooted, which she had done so much to obtain, slipping from him, the nervous tension under which she labored suddenly relaxed, and this strong woman whom we cannot but pity is bereft of her reason. It is not in the nature of a woman to coolly plan a dastardly murder, calmly see to its execution, and then remain unannoyed by a consciousness of guilt. It seems to be that the suppression of this consciousness, and the brave dissembling in the presence of her conscience-stricken, highly imaginative husband, and confiding, unsuspecting friends finally turns her mind and causes her death.

There is some resemblance in the characters of Creon and Banquo. Creon, being the queen's brother, indirectly has hopes of the throne, Banquo by the prophesy of the witches has like hopes for his children. It is Creon who announces the ill-omened message from Apollo; it is Banquo who is present when the witches deliver the sweet-sounding predictions to Macbeth. When Oedipus has blinded himself, and his reign is ended at Thebes by his own curse, Creon, crafty pagan that he is, aids him to leave the land, as he himself was now to be king. The only motive that can be ascribed for Banquo's remaining near Macbeth, when Macduff had gone to England with the rest, was the vision of the throne which was to be his

children's. Banquo had no desire to leave the man, whose demise might cause the realization of his fondest hopes.

The witches of "Macbeth," seem not—despite the common opinion—to be women who by the agency of the nether-world had power to do harm; they are not the long-nosed, crook-backed, wrinkled crones,—the sorceresses of the fairy-tale. They are the weird sisters, the goddesses of destiny, and as such, we can liken their prophecies to the fatal decree which came from the mouth of the Delphic Apollo.

Creon's character in some phases is like Macduff's as in some it is like Banquo's. Creon at first is a friend of Oedipus; no one could doubt that up to the murder of Duncan, Macduff was a friend of Macbeth. Macduff when he goes to England is accused of treason, and his wife and children are murdered, of which stain upon his honor he must purge himself by wreaking vengeance on the tyrant's guilty head. Creon is accused of having bribed the old man Teirisiass to accuse Oedipus. Of this accusation of treachery, Creon must acquit himself, not to avenge his wife or children's death, but to save his reputation.

Teirisiass the blind and hoary soothsayer resembles Duncan's ungrateful sons, Malcolm and Donalbain. He refuses to relate the true story of Oedipus' birth, and does so, only in fear of punishment. Owing to this reluctance, Oedipus thinks he is lying, when he does divulge the secret of Oedipus' birth. Malcolm and Donalbain leave Scotland fearing that they will be suspected of their father's death,—little thinking that the very act of doing so, would tend to proclaim their guilt. Malcolm knowing his own weak nature, and being irresolute, greatly magnifies his own vices so as not to receive the burden which would be his as ruler of Scotland. Teirisiass fears to tell what he knows through his prophetic art, because he fears the consequences.

The grave and reverend priest of the city is like Duncan. He appears for a short time at the commencement of the

drama, and though he is not killed, we see him but once. His appearance gives the spectators to understand the religious tendency of the drama, while the introduction of Duncan gives the audience to understand that "Macbeth" has to deal with the rise and fall of kings.

We have nothing in the modern drama like the chorus. The chorus of the "Oedipus Tyrannus" was sung by a number of Theban elders. Sophocles, unlike Aeschylus and Euripides, in the use of the chorus did not make it the principal, but rather a subordinate character of the drama. They were as spectators, and their words spring from the varied emotions which the action would naturally arouse in the audience. To dispense with the chorus in the continuous action of the tragedy was not compatible with the Greek conception of the drama.

That Shakespeare was familiar with the Greek tragedy is evident, and though it is a matter of doubt, it seems probable that in "Macbeth," Shakespeare copied the Greek manner of development. This is a plausible belief, though "Macbeth" is clearly a creation, depicting a nature unrefined by any religious sentiment, and the "Oedipus Tyrannus" with which we have contrasted it, is purely the religious combined with the romantic.

Cyril A. Keller, '10.

Six Months After.

(A Sketch.)

'T WAS a delightful day in September; the scene, a country station. At this interesting place our hero was waiting. O what a noble youth he was! A farmer's son from head to foot. Because of the gentle fragrance of hayseed that emanated

from his presence, the most negligent observer could tell, that like Cincinnatus, he had followed the plough through all its ups and downs. Right well might he be proud of his hat, which was an heirloom in the family. It had always been looked upon with reverence, and it was with a pang of fear and words of admonition that Hiram's father had presented him (with what solemn ceremony can be imagined) with the hat on this very day, as he was starting out for college.

Then again there was that beautiful red, cotton handkerchief that so became Hiram as a tie. It had been given him by his sister, who obtained it at the country store, in exchange for three dozen eggs. The rest of his costume, I need hardly describe. His shoes, of course, were too large, and daintily covered with a coating of the richest country mud. But ah! the brass ring; it was the first time he had worn it, and every now and again he bestowed upon it looks of delight and wonder.

He was a healthy looking youth, with rosy complexion, and face, round and ruddy like an Edam cheese. He had that sweet, innocent, simple look, seen so often on our rural friends, and which we all look upon with delight. Yet he had a certain determined look that told he could succeed against great odds.

Altogether, never did a more contented country "Bumpkin" leave home for college; never a boy who had so many things to be proud of, as he who started for college that fair September morning.

* * * * *

Lo 'tis the day after the commencement! The folks behold the engine's approach, as they wait on the platform. The engine, two freight cars, one passenger car and a caboose constitute the train.

Who is this pale, supercilious dandy who alights, moving

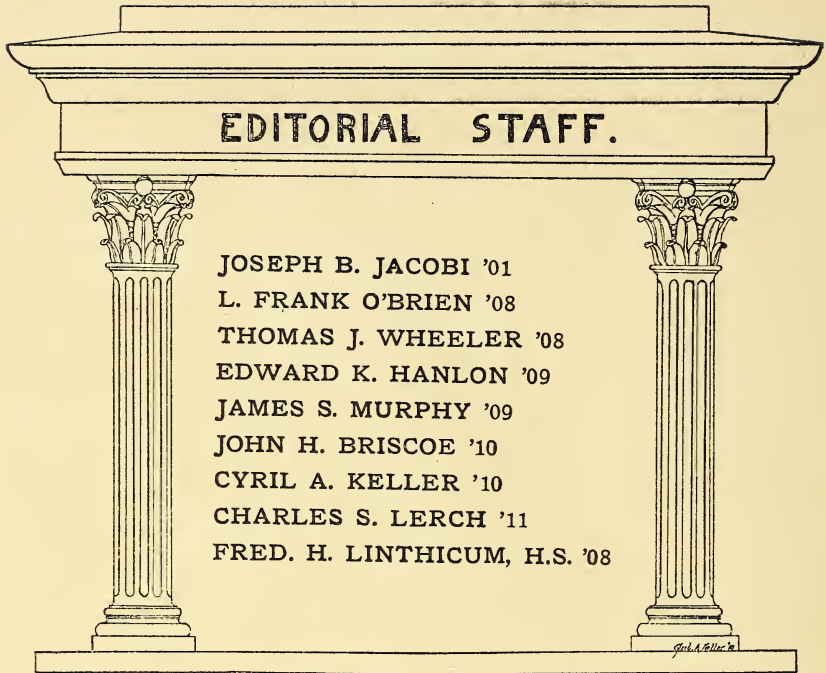
in a cloud of tobacco smoke? It cannot be the slouchy, round-shouldered boy of a few months ago. Where is that ancestral hat, now replaced by a derby? Where is the healthy odor of hayseed, that has given away to "eau de cologne?" Instead of the cotton handkerchief, he wears a flashy, knitted tie, with a showy pin in it. The brass ring has gone, and is replaced by a gold seal ring; and oh! he carries the daintiest, frailest little cane; wears such dear, little, darling shoes, that the folks open their mouths in wonder. Three suit cases, with his monogram, replace the oil-cloth bag.

Ah, but these are not great changes for the worse. There is but one change that more than outweighs all the advantages he has received. The innocent, simple, frank-hearted look is gone. His face is no longer rosy, but pale and drawn; lines under his eyes tell the sad, sad truth,—they tell the story of a soul-change.

Thus it is that one may begin as a diamond under a rough surface, but by too much polish, the value of the stone may vanish; the value destroyed for the sake of the lustre.

E. A. Curran, '10.



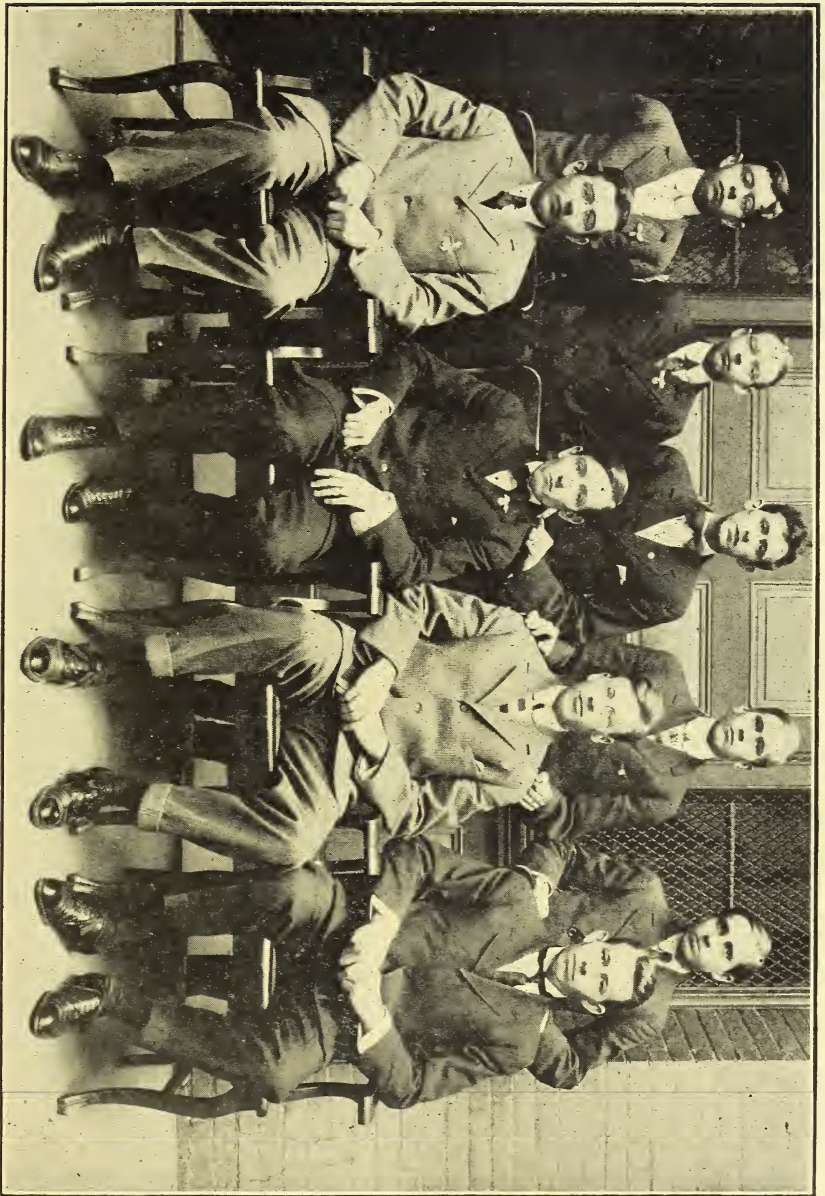


The Annual's Debut.

(A Sonnet.)

A little debutante, so sweet, so fair,
Now makes her bow to you. If she seem shy,
Do not forget her youth. Be kind and try
To pass her maiden blushes o'er. The glare
Of public spotlight bright, to her so rare
A thing, gives rise in her a wish to fly
Once more the world. But no! she will rely
Upon your kindness. Sure of that she'll dare.
This debutante who comes this year to you
Will oft appear, we hope, to please and cheer,
And help unite those now of Gold and Blue,
With those of other years, no longer here.
To cheer, to unify, to pleasure give,
For this she comes, for this she means to live.

Edward K. Hanlon, '09.



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Editorial.

OUR REVEREND RECTOR.

ON the 25th of August, 1907, the Rev. W. G. Read Mullan, S. J., was installed as President of Loyola College. To those who knew him and had the interests of his new charge at heart, the appointment was a source of great gratification. For years past he had been bestowing on others the advantages of an acknowledged executive ability; in other fields he had been imparting the garnered wisdom of a life of study; in public and in private, by word and by deed, he had been dispensing a sweet charity that will ever be associated with the very mention of his name. By his present assignment, he had come unto his own at last,—to the city of his birth, to the halls of his old school-days, and Loyola was to feel, what so many had happily felt before her, the touch of his guiding hand.

In the very first months of Father Mullan's incumbency, the college experienced the force of the new power that was directing it. Innovations were almost immediately introduced in the line of material improvement. Numerous beneficial plans were set on foot for the uplifting of every department in the curriculum,—all breathing his spirit,—and we were only biding the time of their complete and permanent fulfilment. But God, Who disposes all things sweetly, yet ever and anon in ways that are unsearchable, had decreed that we should but taste the sweetness of a joy that was not to be ours in full.

Six months had scarcely elapsed, when an illness, which he had been secretly but strongly combating for some time,

obliged our new Rector to withdraw himself from the active duties of his office. Time wore on,—heavily indeed for us,—and brought with it alternations of hope and fear. At last a day came when we realized that Fr. Mullan's condition had severed him completely, if not altogether permanently, from the post he had so lately come to adorn. The rest, it is not in our power to express.

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Dear Father Mullan, in the brief time you have spent in our midst, we have learned to know you, and to know you is to love you with the heart's best love. To those of Loyola who were privileged to spend even so short a period under the influence of your kindly words, and within the radiance of your gentle smile, your name will ever be mentioned with gratitude, and your "memory will be in benediction."

For the welfare of Loyola, whose interests are so dear to you; for the sake of the Society of which you have been so devoted a member, and in which you are so universally esteemed; for the glory of the Church, which you have so faithfully served with the best service of soul and body, may your life be spared till some distant, later day when the abundance of your harvesting will stand beyond all earthly reckoning. We know not what the Providence of our Heavenly Father may have in store for you or for us. But on these pages, which owe their origin to your inspiration and support, we wish to assure you that you will ever be followed by the best prayers that can flow from the hearts of faithful children for so devoted and kindly a father. May God bless you and keep you always.

An Editor.

In speaking of Rev. Father Rector, it is impossible to forego mention of one who has been intimately associated with him in college work throughout the year. To the Rev. Prefect of Studies (1907-1908) Loyola cannot easily forget her indebtedness. His unsparing labors in behalf of the student-body should ever remain with us as a high incentive to noble things. And when we, the present generation of students, have passed from out these walls, one of the most grateful memories of our college days will be our recollection of Father Joseph A. Mulry, S. J.

Hitherto Loyola has failed to publish a college magazine. It has not been from any fear that her students were unable to edit a publication worthy of their Alma Mater, but because of the lack of support and enthusiasm necessary for such an undertaking. Coincident, however, with the infusion of a kind of new life into College doings this year, there sprang up a desire for an "Annual," the probable forerunner of a more frequent publication. So irresistible did the desire become among the students, that it resulted in the magazine which we now submit to our many friends for kind and indulgent consideration. In it are contained some of the best literary efforts of the students. No faculty contributions are inserted here and there to fill up a conspicuous vacancy. The only articles not original, with the present students, are the contributions of Alma Mater's older sons.

Of course, it must be borne in mind, that this publication was ever under the direction and censorship of a professor appointed by the "powers that be." To his efforts, to the willingness and labor of the Board of Editors and the Business Manager, to the enthusiasm and College pride of the students, together with the co-operation of the College authorities, is due the successful fulfilment of a desire so long burning in the heart of every true and loyal son of old Loyola.

Thomas J. Wheeler, '08.



“Seven Years Out.”

(Reminiscences of an '01 Man.)

AFTER having partaken of the various courses served up for several years at the intellectual banquet held in the halls of my dear Alma Mater, I feel as a consequence of drinking in so much inspiring knowledge, that I want to let some of the good things talk. And as I raise to my lips the glass of good fellowship, filled to overflowing with college spirit(s?), I cannot help growing reminiscent.

Don't think, however, that I am going to serve you with some post-prandial pudding. I don't like pudding myself; I prefer more sensible dishes. You know pudding, in this case, means flattery. It is rather a popular dish nowadays,—almost as popular as padding, which is not a dish at all, but just “bluff.” Pudding and padding! jolly and bluff! and there you have it!

But excuse me! I was growing reminiscent, and now I find myself growing philosophic. But, what can you expect after a syllogistic siege with “Russo!”—even tho it was back in 1901. God bless the mark! yes! and the year! and the class! and all the good fellows who got their sheepskin with yours truly!

It was a great class. There was "Barney," for instance, —a fine fellow! He's a doctor now, God bless him! And he isn't the only "doc." There's villainous-looking Anton, who makes a keen-eyed dissector. And, then, his pal, easy-going Mac, who pulls teeth and dreams of slag at Sparrows Point. Then we recall two honest lawyers, Ed. W—, and Ikey, who used to be a "scatter-brain," but who fell heir to a fortune, and graduated from Georgetown Law. He's the same whole-souled fellow and we like to shake his hand. Isaac made a whole show of himself in the "Mikado," and we hope he will do it again some day.

There was another Edward, who graduated with us, and is now (it is rumored), a member of the "Paint and Powder Club." As for Charlie with the crimped, curly raven locks,—he is an important item in a well-known Baltimore business house.

Finally, there was "Jack," the classic-looking member of the class,—who wore spectacles. Everybody thought he was going to enter a seminary; but it is feared he will some day be subjected to a metamorphosis such as Ovid never dreamed of,—he may become his middle name, which is Benedict.

There are a thousand pleasant memories associated with our college-days, but none more pleasant than that of dear, Father Dooley, who used to tweak our noses, pinch our ears and pull our hair, in order to elicit attention. He was a wonderful teacher. He actually made us fall in love with Greek. That kind and learned Father knew more Greek in five minutes, than we could ever hope to acquire were we granted the age of Methusalem. Going back a bit, there was motherly Father "Mac," who taught us algebra "with the help of God and the police." A layman taught us German,—the man who "seed" us misbehaving "tru der door." A layman also taught us French,—the man who told one of the class that if he didn't stop "chumping ze pencil oop and down on ze desk,

making zat noise," he would "advertise" him. Poor men! they deserved "Carnegie" medals.

And Father Ryan! Recently he celebrated his golden jubilee, and is still a member of the Loyola faculty. Many are the alumni who will feel grateful at the mention of his name. He is one of the many, whose teaching and influence remain with those whom they taught not only the arts and sciences, but also those precepts of religion and morality, which must ever abide with the sons of dear Loyola.

Joseph B. Jacobi, '01.

Notes.

(Introductory.)

Lest we be accused of partiality in these notes, we wish to say that we should like to mention every alumnus that ever called Loyola his Alma Mater. That, however, is clearly impossible. We belong to a younger generation that has lost track of the older boys, and we regret that many of them, through press of business, have not been able to keep in closer touch with us.

We trust, too, it is understood that we deem it an honor and a privilege to have been assigned this pleasing task. Next year some older alumnus may be able to recall the more remote alumni, and be in a position to give more time and assistance to this labor of love. For our part, let these suffice:

'56 Dr. Edward F. Milholland is always a prominent figure at the Loyola Commencements, and we take this occasion to thank him for his loyalty. He is one of the most respected physicians of Baltimore.

- '58 Charles B. Tiernan, a member of the legal profession, has recently recovered from an attack of severe illness. We hope he will continue well.
- '59 Michael A. Mullin, another lawyer, has likewise recovered from a siege of sickness. We congratulate him.
- '64 Thomas E. Brady, an estimable gentleman of the legal profession, died last April. His death was an edifying one. He is survived by two sisters, to whom we extend our deepest sympathy.
- '68 Frederick H. Hack, the esteemed president of the Alumni Association, is a prominent member of the legal profession. We regret never having seen him enact the part of "Richard III." From all accounts, he had rare histrionic ability as a student of Loyola in the glorious past.
- Isaac R. Baxley is still a favored son of the Muse. He recently remembered his Alma Mater by sending her a dainty volume of his poems. His Jubilee Ode was a beautiful specimen of literary workmanship, as are all his poems.
- '69 William A. T. Aiken held an important position as Superintendent of testing materials in the New York Subway Construction Co. His appointment was unsolicited, and shows the capabilities of our old alumnus.
- '71 Not long ago Dr. Alexander Hill, a Protestant all his life, received the grace of a death-bed conversion.—R. I. P.
- '82 Rev. James F. Dawson, S. J., favors us occasionally with a visit, and preached in St. Ignatius' on Holy Thursday night. Father Dawson is one of Loyola's gifted sons, that the world at large knows not of. For years past he has been a member of the Woodstock College faculty, successfully and successively in the departments of Physics, Metaphysics, and Theology,—appointments which speak wonderfully for his genius and versatility.
- '87 Rev. Albert G. Brown, S. J., was appointed this year to the Jesuit missionary band. On Good Friday last, he preached the Three Hours' Agony in St. Ignatius' Church, thrilling and greatly edifying his audience.
- Charles J. Bouchet, a lawyer, is at the head of St. Ignatius' Sunday School, in which capacity he is doing a grand and noble work, indeed.
- '89 J. B. Joujin-Roche, who taught at Epiphany College, Walbrook, is now practising law in the West.

'92 Francis T. Homer is always a prominent figure at the Loyola banquets, and an interesting speaker. He is a member of the important law-firm, "Willis and Homer."

Austin D. Nooney was engaged on the "News" till a visitation of typhoid fever, which attacked nearly his entire family, necessitated his taking a needed rest.

'93 James E. Murphy has embraced the journalistic profession. He is engaged upon the "News."

We are glad to note that J. Austin Fink, of the legal profession, has recovered from his recent illness.

We see by the catalogue of St. Joseph's German Hospital that Dr. William T. Riley is second physician at that institution, under Dr. O'Donovan. Dr. O'Donovan, by the way, was recently elected President of the Medical and Chirurgical Society, and we congratulate him. Although Dr. O'Donovan graduated at Georgetown in '78, and left Loyola for that institution after he completed his year in Poetry, yet we feel that we have a claim on him and we are proud of it.

'96 J. Aloysius Boyd is pursuing work of a legal character. Whilst he lived across the street from the college, he may be said never to have lost sight of his Alma Mater. How he delighted us in the old days, with his "Falstaff!"

Dr. Martin J. O'Neill, who for several years taught physiological psychology at Loyola, recently became a Benedict. We congratulate him.

James L. Kearney, who taught at Loyola a short time ago, is now a successful member of the bar.

Charles J. Kennedy, of the gruff voice, is a literary man, and has tasted of the charm of the West.

We note that Dr. John C. Pound has become a very prominent physician of Southwest Baltimore.

William T. Haydon, now a lawyer, still keeps in touch with Loyola, as a singer. He taught us in Special Classics, and we remember him gratefully.

'97 Herman I. Storck, S. J., is at Fordham, successfully finishing up his scholastic teaching. We've never forgotten his "Hotspur," it was grand. There are some in the Faculty now who frequently speak of his brother George, S. J., who left Loyola in '93 and died a saintly death two years later. Another brother, William, who was here with us a few years ago, is also an S. J. Great family that!

'97 Rev. William A. Toolen is assistant pastor of St. Pius' Church, and very popular,—which doesn't surprise us.

Rev. John McNamara recently dropped in to see us, and tells us that there is as much need of strenuous missionary work in St. Mary's Co., as in the wilds of Africa. God prosper your work, Father John!

'98 Dr. Thomas F. Lowe was resident physician of Georgetown University Hospital, and, we are informed, is now a practising physician.

Joseph S. Didusch, Jesuit scholastic, in college days a great student of sciences, is teaching them now at St. Joseph's College, Phila.

Dr. J. Albert Chatard is a protege of Dr. Osler, and judging by his success, has imbibed some of the greatness of that medical genius. He is the professor of Medical Clinic at Hopkins, and Secretary of the Medical and Chirurgical Faculty of Maryland.

'99 Rev. Andrew C. Englehardt, or "Andie," as they used to call him, gives people "H—1" from the pulpit of St. Andrew's Church, this city.

I. Leo Hargadon, Jesuit scholastic, is still imparting his old good humor, as is his Reverend brother Frank, S. J., a student at Loyola, from 88-92. Leo is at Fordham "teaching the young idea," and Father Frank is in Phila. We congratulate the latter on his recent ordination.

'00 Joseph A. Mooney, once a famous Loyola ball-player, is now in the shoe business with his "paternal ancestor,"— as Prof. Tonry, Jr., used to say.

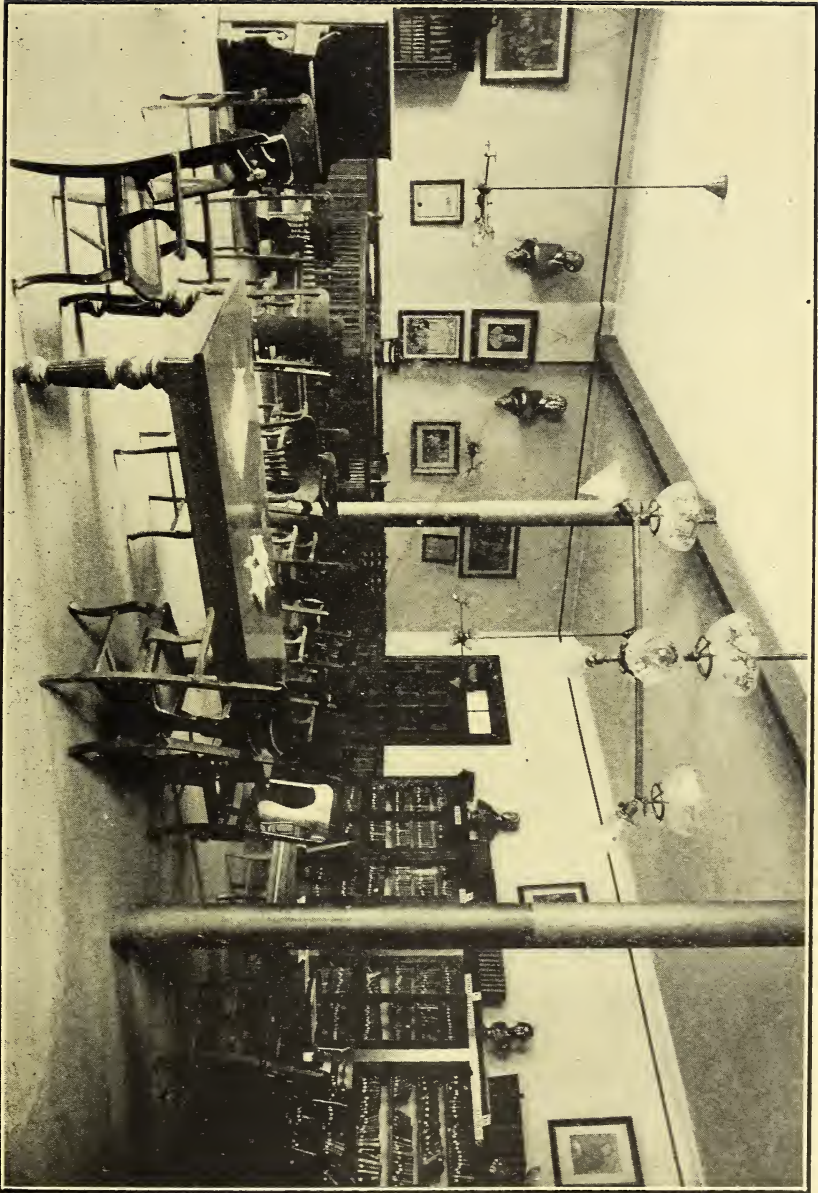
John L. Gipprich, Jesuit scholastic, at one time pocketed many medals. He is now trying, in many a symposium at Fordham University, to solve for others such riddles as, "the chicken or the egg?"

Frank O. Goldbach, Jesuit scholastic at Georgetown, played Sebastian in the play of that name, and from all accounts will some day thrill us as a pulpit orator.

George M. Brady graduated in law from Georgetown. He was toastmaster at the last banquet and amused us all by his sallies.

Bernard A. McNally, has up till a recent date held a position as Justice of the Peace. We trust that political changes will be kind to you, Judge.

- '01 Joseph B. Jacobi taught for nearly five years at Epiphany College, Walbrook. For the past year he has been teaching the Preparatory Class of the Loyola High School, and a Greek History Class. He is also assistant editor of the Catholic Mirror. It is hoped he will survive the publication of these notes.
- '02 Rev. Lawrence Brown is making advanced studies at the Catholic University. He is often seen in Baltimore, at St. Martin's Church, where he gives assistance.
- Mark O. Shriver studied successfully at Johns Hopkins University and is now a busy man.
- Joseph A. Neumann is employed at the Commonwealth Bank. How's "frenzied finance," Joe?
- J. Elliot Ross, whom we remember as an inexhaustible speaker in the Debating Society, is now a scientific official in the Surveyor's Department of the District Government.
- Rev. Walters T. McKenna is doing great work as assistant pastor at St. Patrick's.
- '03 Some of the boys went down to Woodstock during the year and saw John Murphy, '03, and Greg. Kiehne, '03—Frank Fenwick, '04, is there, too, and we hope to see one or all of them occupying professors' chairs some day at Loyola.
- Andrew Mihm is to be ordained in June. "Andie" was a great credit to his college, and we know he's going to make a mighty zealous priest.
- '04 Eugene F. Saxton, at one time editor of the Catholic Mirror, is now working on the new Catholic Encyclopaedia. Your editorials, Gene, spoke well for old Loyola.
- Bernard J. Wells, at one time editor and advertising manager of the Catholic Mirror, is now leading member of the law firm of Wells and Wells. Recently he was married to the sister of Mr. William T. Haydon, another alumnus. It's all in the family, Bernard!
- '06 John G. Barrett drops in to see us whenever Seminary life will permit. He is at St. Mary's and we're looking forward to his ordination.
- '07 Clarke J. Fitzpatrick, who reflected so much credit on his Alma Mater by passing a special examination in Greek—the twelve books of Homer,—has been imparting his knowledge of Greek to the Special Class for the past year. He is likewise engaged as a news reporter on the Sun. Clarke's career promises to be a brilliant one. We wish him every success.



THE STUDENTS' READING ROOM.

'07 J. Boiseau-Wiesel has finished his first year of Chemistry at Hopkins University. Keep it up!

Charley Roche is at St. Mary's Seminary; one year over.

Frank J. Ayd has finished his first year of medicine at the College of Physicians and Surgeons.

John W. Regan has succeeded Mr. Jacobi as a professor at Epiphany College, Walbrook.

James O'Donnell has finished his first year at Hopkins Medical. His brother, Thomas J., '99, is a successful practising physician.

In regard to some other old boys, we should like to state that G. Strohaber, '08, and V. L. Keelan, '09, are in the Jesuit Novitiate. Paul Smith, who left us before graduation, is at St. Mary's Seminary, together with Charles Morissey, who left Loyola after his Junior year.

Of the Rev. Frs. Smythe, who have reflected so much credit on our college, Fr. Thomas is at St. Stephen's, Washington, and Fr. James at St. Patrick's, of the same city. Fr. Carroll C. Smythe is now assistant pastor at our St. Martin's.

Joseph B. Jacobi, '01.

The College Sodality.

REV. Joseph A. Mulry, S. J., Moderator.

Officers.	First Term.	Second Term.
Prefect,	Thomas J. Wheeler, '08	L. Frank O'Brien, '08.
First Assistant,	Joseph A. Wozny, '09	Joseph A. Wozny, '09
Second Assistant,	Vachel J. Brown, '10	Vachel J. Brown, '10.
Secretary,	L. Frank O'Brien, '08	Thomas J. Wheeler, '08.
Treasurer,	Harry P. Galligher, '11	Harry P. Galligher, '11.
Sacristan,	W. Paul Brown, '11	W. Paul Brown '11.
Organist,	William M. Nevins, '10	William M. Nevins, '10.
Consultors, James S. Murphy, John H. Briscoe, W. Henry Noeth.		

The Sodality of the Blessed Virgin is one of the oldest societies of Loyola, having been instituted at a time when the college was little known in the city. As years rolled by, and Loyola became one of

the chief seats of learning in and around Baltimore, one thing was ever noticed in her students, by the Catholics of this city,—their great devotion to the Blessed Virgin. This characteristic is traceable, we believe, to the influence of the Sodality. Composed as it is of the noblest and most faithful students, it has ever been a source of strength, and consolation. Here the sodalist learned the lesson that has proved an unfailing support not only at college, but also in after life,—that no one who ever sought the protection of Our Heavenly Mother was left unaided.

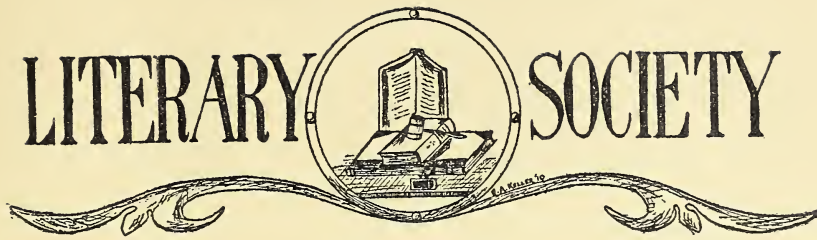
Needless to say, the Sodality today is more vigorous than ever before, and, as it has increased wonderfully in numbers, may we not hope that it has increased, as well, in the fervor and piety of its members?

L. Frank O'Brien, '08.

Our Queen.

All hail, my Mother! in jeweled garb bedight;
 Standing aloft a Queen upon thy throne,
 Beyond the golden skies' resplendent zone;
 Brighter than brightest star that shines by night;
 Purer than snow aneath the sunbeam's light;
 With rapturous harmony to earth unknown,
 The angel choristers their hymns intone
 And pour their melody o'er Heaven's height.
 Oft might I wish my soul to fly to thee,
 But no! thine All-Wise Son hath bid me stay,—
 Stay and beseech thee ever keep me free
 From ill,—my aching soul's deep thirst allay.
 Forever and forever may'st thou be
 To me a guardian on my lonely way!

L. Frank O'Brien, '08.



Rev. John S. Keating, S. J., Moderator.

Officers.	First Term.	Second Term.
President,	L. Francis O'Brien, '08	Thomas J. Wheeler, '08.
Vice-President,	Wm. H. Kelly, '09	Edward K. Hanlon, '09.
Secretary,	James A. Clark, '11	Edwin B. Kelly, '10.
Treasurer,	Edwin L. Leonard, '10	James A. Clark, '11.

The Loyola Literary Society has always been a source of great credit to our College. It was organized in 1857, having for its object the cultivation of eloquence by the practice of debate, and Rev. Joseph M. Ardia, S. J., whom death claimed but a year ago, was its first president.

It was not until May 10th, 1881, that the first public debate took place. Four speakers took part and the medal was awarded to Mr. Jas. D. Cotter. The Judges on this occasion were: Messrs. A. Leo Knott, D. Gans, B. F. O'Connor, Thomas Whelan and Henry E. Mann, all of whom were men of prominence in their profession. So pleased were they with the debate, that they sent a letter of congratulation to Rev. Father McGurk, then the President of the College. The letter read as follows:

“Your debate was very interesting, ably managed on both sides and gave gratification to us judges. We take occasion to add that the proficiency and attainments of the young combatants, gave evidence of a careful and efficient method of instruction, and reflect the highest credit upon the Professors of Loyola College. Such results are the best proof of the effectiveness of the institution which has fostered them.” Since that day the public debates, which have been of yearly occurrence, have all been as successful as the first.

Many changes have taken place in the Society since its organization. The regular weekly meetings which, prior to this year, took place after school hours, are now held on Monday afternoons during

regular class sessions and membership is thereby made compulsory in the College department. Although in the original constitution we find that a critic should be elected each term, nowadays one is appointed for each debate. Since the adoption of this plan, there have been far more interesting criticisms than we were accustomed to hear.

The subject for debate is always some topic of the day, generally a political one. What fiery speeches are sometimes delivered when such subjects are being discussed can be well imagined. At our weekly debates there are always four speakers appointed two weeks in advance. Each is allowed ten minutes for debate and two minutes for rebuttal. After this, the debate is open to the house. The speeches delivered from the house are mostly extempore and in the end the members themselves are the judges of the debate. With all this, the meetings are always orderly, conducted, as they are, strictly under parliamentary law.

Has the Society accomplished the end for which it was organized? We have but to look about us in this city to find Loyola graduates who have made a brilliant mark in every walk of life. They are leaders in their professions and particularly by their power of good speech-making. This is due in a great measure, of course, to general classical training, but the power of imparting their knowledge and opinions fluently to others has come, we believe, from the training afforded by the Debating Society of their old College days.

Joseph A. Guthrie, '10.

Dramatics.

SINCE the first year of its existence the aims of the Dramatic Society have been the highest possible, and the success of this year's dramatics has not been behind that of times past. Our first production was a Minstrel Show, and, as it was the first performance of this kind ever attempted at Loyola, much work was necessary to produce it. Mr. A. M. Fremgen, S. J., had charge of the musical branch of the program, and considering the limited time at his disposal, accomplished wonders. The rehearsals of the end-men were under the direction of Mr. E. P. Duffy, S. J., and the training they received at his hands was most efficient, indeed.

When the curtain rose, on the night of the performance, the audience at once showed by their applause their appreciation of the stage setting, the smaller attraction of the production. As the songs were rendered the audience became more and more pleased, while the ridiculous end-men kept everyone in smiles. The sounds of applause and laughter were reward enough to the students for their month's hard work. Everyone admitted that the boys deserved great praise, and several went so far as to say that the Minstrel Show was as good as a professional one. But we would not aspire so high. We only wish to know that we have done credit to the name of Loyola and pleased our generous supporters.

The memory of the Minstrel Show was still fresh in everyone's mind when the students were called upon to begin rehearsals on a comedy called "All the Comforts of Home," to be given at Christmas. Practically the same students were chosen for the roles who had been most faithful at the rehearsals for the Minstrel Show. The instructor for the comedy was Mr. E. P. Duffy, S. J. Under his able direction the rehearsals went on day after day, for over a month, and then, as before, the reward came on the night of the performance. The ease and grace with which the play was given would have done credit to a professional stage. From the time the curtain first rose until it fell on a happy climax, the audience was all attention. Nor do we think that their attention went unrewarded; the frequent bursts of laughter and generous applause told very plainly that Loyola's patrons were being well repaid for their kindness in encouraging our Dramatics.

W. Paul Brown, '11.





THE year 1907-08 was a noteworthy one for Loyola in many ways. A spirit of progress manifested itself in every branch, and athletics were entered into with greater zest than in the previous year. The football team unfortunately failed to make a very good record, although it contained much good material. The basketball squad, after sustaining the loss of its two star players of the previous year, and with only one of the original players in the line-up, turned out a light though fast team, which for the most part had to contend with teams much heavier than itself.

The baseball team was also a good one, and was more successful in point of games won than either the football or basketball teams. Barring loss by players leaving school, the year 1908-09 should be one of the most successful in Loyola's history.

The College has many advantages for indoor athletics. She possesses a large and well-equipped gymnasium, with excellent facilities for basketball, indoor baseball and track work. The High School boys are members of a gymnasium class, directed by a skilled instructor.

A set of marble shower baths has been installed during the past year, and a locker-room equipped. For these and many other improvements the Athletic Association is indebted to the kind co-operation of Fr. Rector, to the energy of the Rev. Prefect of Studies, Fr. Jos. A. Mulry, S. J., and to the self-sacrificing direction of Mr. C. A. Murphy, S. J., the moderator of the Association.

The officers of the Athletic Association for the year 1907-1908 were:

L. Frank O'Brien, '08, President; Jos. A. Wozny, '09, Vice-President; John H. T. Briscoe, '10, Secretary; Edward K. Hanlon, '09, Treasurer.

The captains of the various teams were: Football, Edwin L. C. Leonard, '10; Basketball, John H. T. Briscoe, '10; Baseball, William F. Braden, '09.

John H. T. Briscoe, '10.

CLASS NOTES

JUNIOR.

W. B. Knuckle-ball Bill. Lightly shoulders experience of high-life in the Philippines. Spent several years there "teaching the young idea how to shoot" (craps? No!) Gives the class an appearance of age and manliness. (Appearances are deceitful). Not exactly a gazelle, and the tropics have left him dark and sunburned, but we're proud to have him on our visiting list.

"I tell thee, this aspect of mine Hath feared the valiant." M. of Ven. ii, 1, 8.

E. K. H. The Kid. Silver-voiced Eddie, the second Demosthenes. Spouts an unceasing flow of mellifluous talk. Up to this year a model; gone to the dogs since he got a latch-key. Has been seen on the streets even as late as 9:30 p. m. There's a wild rumor afloat that he even goes to parties. Horrors, Eddie! But no matter what he does, he's always busy on "Prize-Night."

"And lo, where youthful Edward comes." III Hen. VI, 5.

W. H. K.—Dweller in beauteous Orangeville. Damon. Gazes into McN.'s limpid eyes with silent protestations of "undyed" friendship. When he gets a strangle hold on a pencil he makes the sword look sick. Perpetrates extremely long and well-written essays. Gets high marks,—and earns them.

"I am for whole volumes in folio." Love's Labor Lost, i, 2, 191.

A. McD. Says little. In his youthful days it took several prefects to watch him; hasn't entirely reformed yet. Class treasurer and a good one. With him those "For Bill Rendered" affairs are not needed. Keen of sight ("Eagle-eye") and fleet of foot. One of the best runners at Loyola.

"Fleeter than arrows, bullets, wind, thought, swifter things." Love's Labor Lost, v. 2, 261.

M. McN. Does the Pythias role to W. H. K's Damon. Has never yet been heard to smile aloud. Rises every morning and helps to pull the sun up. Never speaks except when spoken to and sometimes not then (recitations for instance?) But Mc. has made big strides this year.

"I like your silence, it the more shows off your wonder; but yet speak." *Winter's Tale*, v. 3, 21.

J. S. M. A fashion plate unto himself. Has rare (not well done) talent for Latin and Greek. Sometimes shows signs of life. Living example of good effects of the healthful air lying around loose in the wilds of Walbrook. Still J. S. M. is a leader here and possesses much executive ability.

"A tall gentleman, by Heaven, and a most gallant leader." 2 *Henry IV*, iii, 2, 67.

C. C. R. The sleepless wonder. Works all night; studies all day. Generally wears an overcoat and a smile. Rumor has it that he's in love. How Cupid does ensnare the young! C. C. R. is a marvel, though, when it comes to philosophy, and as for English,—why! his writing would draw tears from the Sahara.

W. J. T. The Sport—the only one the class can support. Smokes "Sweet Caporals" out of "Pall Mall" boxes. Proprietor of the famous pedal appendages that few collars have escaped. Study? "On the advice of counsel I refuse to answer." Appointed to patrol Charles and Lexington Streets. "Idle of the class." '09 would be pretty dull without W. J. T.

"Manacle thy neck and feet together." *Tempest*, 1, 2, 461.

J. A. W. What appropriate initials! A Sphinx in disguise (and it's a mighty good disguise). Has large and much-used vocabulary, which he often lets loose without the slightest provocation. "I will be a great man, thirty-five years hence;" well, not in the musical line. His voice has the sound of a scrubbing-brush on duty. His talents (and he has good ones) lie in other directions.

"You have an exchequer of words." *Gentlemen of Verona*, ii, 4.

J. S. M., '09; E. K. H., '09.

SOPHOMORE.

(The Ten of 1910.)

J. H. B. "Right off the Farm." A wholesome product of "St. Mary's" soil. Liked by all; leader of his class; a favorite of the professors. With all these blessings, still wears a 6/8. Chief occupation is study. No desire to shine in society.

V. J. B., Jr., from Catonsville. Familiarly known as "Crusty." A hard worker, but always on his guard against long lessons. But what's the use? Has lately developed a fondness for sentimental poetry and "fluffy-ruffles." It is never too late to begin; but sometimes too late to make an end.

E. C. C., from Roland Park; "Beau Brummel" of Sophomore. Has an abnormal Greek eye. Chief occupation, the burning of post-midnight oil. Studies after his social affairs. Chief purpose in class is whispering puns. Sometimes "not so worse."

J. A. G., from across the Falls. Makes a specialty of forgetting unknown matters. A good rhetorician, but a better right-fielder. Reads Latin for a pastime.

C. A. K. Beadle of beadles. Only purpose in life is the study of Greek. Quotes hidden authorities in contradiction to professor's authorities. Can tell you the number of Cicero's "Ets" and how old "an" is. "Annual" and class artist.

E. B. K., from Mulberry street. "Nuf Sed"—if you will allow a "Mulberryism"—except when Mr. K. says it.

E. K. L., from Harford County. "The pokey-poet." Authority on the care of Turkey Hens. Methodical in his walk. Probably due to his strolling with the "brakeman," sometimes known as the "school teacher."

F. C. L., from Melvale. A shark on "fifty to one shots." A good "pony" rider himself. An artist in the telling of jokes. Chief occupation is tugging at his trousers. A good story-writer.—See the index.

E. L. L., a former City College student. Always ready for an argument with the professor. Decided aversion to Greek for personal reasons. Always smiles when Mr. C— speaks.

W. M. N., our only voter. Interested in the production of tract called "Anti-Bluff." Famed for those "gory locks." A mighty good bass singer.

Edwin L. C. Leonard, '10.

FRESHMAN.

AT the beginning of the second term our professor, Mr. Miles O'Mailia, was transferred to Canisius College, Buffalo. By his kindness of manner and efficiency of method he had endeared himself to the members of the class, and we felt his loss keenly. Some day

before we tack on the "A. B." we hope to have him back with us again; meantime we want him to know that he has the very best of our good wishes.

Another change in the make-up of the class was made at the end of schools. Henry J. Wiesel had gone to the Jesuit Novitiate during the summer. We have missed his company and his leadership, but the honor done the class compensates for our loss.

G. A. "German marvel." Comes first, alphabetically; not on speaking terms with study. Who ever saw him angry?

W. P. B., Jr. Village beauty. Loud "as to his" socks and goes to bed early—in the morning. Burner of midnight oil. Stands high in class; he's quite tall. Still P. waltzes up for testimonials.

J. A. C. Class treasurer. Never grafts, because he never gets any money. Has a money box which has a hole in the top and—sh—one in the bottom. But James is big and popular.

G. C. D. Music album and piano torturer. Whirlwind of the age. Can talk an arm off a cigar Indian. G. is nevertheless a mighty hospitable chap and keeps his promise.

C. H. F. The Irish "Katzenjammer." A bright, good-natured village "blood" of sixteen or thereabouts. Writes a bold hand and comes second in his class. Everybody likes C., and C. likes everybody. Hence his success.

H. P. G. Pride of "Ould Sod." Doesn't know a pool cue from a stove-lifter—? Sings a barber-shop tenor to F. K.'s Bay-Rum bass. Wishes Cicero were alive—so that he could kill him. But Harry's the sunshine of the new room.

J. E. G. Has thus far avoided lynching for making puns; son of rest; refuses to grow a beard, strange to say. Spasmodically sings and whistles the "Beautiful Isle of My Dreams." A good fellow, and will always help a "pal."

F. X. K. "The Wandering Jew." Avoids the old town pump. Smokes everybody's tobacco and becomes so used to asking for it that when he does buy some he gives it to somebody to keep. Frank is all right, though, and if he "got busy" could do mighty well.

C. S. L. "Village" cut-up and cartoonist. Bears scars as result of his drawing, but still draws—brave lad! Spends his nights in studious seclusion—some nights. Still without C.'s brains Freshman would be an "also ran." Lives on doughnuts and St. Paul St.

C. J. N. The German "Katzenjammer." Usually has his mouth full of words, but seldom uses them. Sleeps but three hours out of

twenty-four. Went to the dogs once, but came back. Great on picnics and Greek. Mind as quick as a burglar-alarm.

W. H. N. College "Hall Room Boy" and soda water athlete. Aspires to 85, but being short is unable to reach it. Has a lawn-mower walk. Always looks like a gentleman and never belies his looks.

J. P. W. Bard of Govans and Freshman Sphinx. Talks in spasms; a graphophone fiend and George Washington of Freshman. Hasn't missed a class since the Johnstown flood and owes not any man.

H. P. G., '11; F. X. K., '11.

MEMORIES TO COME.

When we're old, you and I, and are broken,
And the days of our youth have passed by,
We'll think of our words long since spoken,
And the great deeds we boasted to try.
We'll remember the classmates about us,
And the years in Loyola's old halls,
And though all should distrust us and doubt us,
We'll forgive when soft memory calls.

Once again we will picture those faces,
Once again to us chums will appear,
And in fancy we'll visit these places,
College echoes once more we will hear.
Do you think that we'll ever forget you,
That our love for you e'er will grow cold?
No! We'll cherish and never regret you,—
You Loyola,—your Blue and your Gold.

Edward K. Hanlon, '09.

The Loyola High School

The Youthful Poet.

(An Appreciation.)

PERHAPS of all the harmless imbeciles that the law permits to roam at large, the most annoying is that long-haired, dreamy-eyed specimen of educated lunatic, who for some inexplicable reason has conceived the idea that he is a poetical genius.

It is a noticeable fact, however, that in all cases of this kind, the appellation of "poet" finds its justification only in the romantic youth's own mind. Indeed it would be greatly to the advantage of those who are forced to be in his company, if the embryo genius would keep the knowledge of his talent to himself. But, no! At every turn we are forced to listen to the scintillating and oftentimes lengthy productions of his mighty intellect, which never fail to provoke a polite, but commiserating smile.

What a touching picture he draws, when in the words of one of his immortal poems he describes the hero standing before his lady-love, his arms outstretched and every fibre of his Adonis-like body vibrating with the intensity of his emotion, as he pours forth his love-laden soul in a flood of rhythmic eloquence!

Again, with what masterly genius does he not depict the beauties of a summer sunrise, when the god of day lifts his head over the mountain tops, and spreads his gorgeous mantle o'er the mist-enshrouded universe! Who can fail to observe the masterly way in which he enhances these very original subjects?

Perhaps this excessive and unhealthy devotion to the Muses is the most common form of lunacy to be met with in college-life. It is a familiar spectacle to see one of these young devotees sauntering along, lost in contemplation, when of a sudden he assumes a tragic posture, and for a few seconds glares around with demoniacal fury. Then these alarming symptoms disappear and are succeeded by a smile of angelic sweetness. How explain this phenomenon except by conjecturing that some evasive rhyme has been captured?

In class he sits for hours with a sad far-away look in his eyes, blissfully indifferent to the translation of the exploits of Achilles; and when he is called upon to give a synopsis of the prelection, he innocently informs the teacher that at last Cicero has accomplished the almost impossible task of sending Homer into exile!

Scarcely less inspiring is the genius after school. His classmates congratulate themselves, that at last they are rid of the class muse for a few hours. But even then they are not immune. Once more they are forced to listen to one of the poet's masterpieces, and when there is a pained silence on the part of the audience, the offended author denounces them in round prose as a set of unpoetical idiots, unable to appreciate a poem that may be handed down to posterity.

Perhaps surprise may be expressed that some of these effusions do not appear in print. Alas! whenever one is sent to an editor, it is returned with a polite note to the effect that, although the peculiar merits of the poem are fully realized, it cannot go into print, because of the tender solicitude the editor has for the author's welfare.

Fred. H. Linthicum, H. S., '08.



Metamorphosis, 1908 A. D.

IN the heart of Baltimore "there stands an imposing edifice, surrounded on all sides by dwellings of more humble size." As one enters this building, on the southern side, he beholds a counter, modest and plain in architecture, but "beloved by all for the bounty it sheds." Thither one day came a Mr. Loeb and with him, T. R., having laid aside his eye-glasses and big stick. They approached the S. P. C. A., the Arundell School, and many other dwellings, seeking food and shelter, "but a thousand doors were closed against them." "Yet one received them," the humble lunch counter, and the bustling clerk behind it supplied them with the best, at the expense of the college. Phil Lemon, the lone guardian of the counter, had seen that humble structure, built and painted, and had now passed many an hour between it and the kitchen, and in carrying change to an office upstairs. He bore his troubles lightly, trusting the boys with many a cent's worth, but had received nothing in return. Quickly grasping two chairs, and placing across these that beautiful red tablecloth, "used only in times of festivities," Phil bade the travellers recline. He then placed on the counter, before each, one of those cakes, which have become famous, on account of the longing for more you feel after eating one,—a "honey suckle." The courses following consisted of classical "fig newtons," small, round cakes, covered with the essence of lemon, chocolate cakes; crackers, mixed with the best of fruits, pretzels, and caramels.

After the hungry pair had eaten all their stomachs would allow they became thirsty. How great was Phil Lemon's surprise, when he saw a box of "real"

cocoa, and a pitcher, with a sign which read, "pure milk," written on it, appear on the counter. Both of these emptied their contents into the cocoa can. In a few minutes, curious Phil beheld two steaming cups of cocoa. After drinking a few cups, T. R. drew his glasses from his pocket, attached them to his nose and smiled through his teeth. Phil sprang back, amazed, with the word "Teddy" on his lips. Then T. R. told Phil he would grant him any favor he wished, on account of his kindness. After a few minutes meditation, Phil Lemon simply asked to have his counter improved.

Next morning, Phil beheld his counter changed into gold, beside which was an ivory machine, which allowed but one boy at a time at the counter. In large, gold, brilliant letters there hung a sign, "No Trust." What pleased Phil Lemon the most, was a full-dress suit. He was about to don this, when he found himself rubbing his eyes, and looking to the side, beheld somebody approaching with a new jug-book. He realized it was but a dream.

T. A. Keelan, H. S., '09.

Procrastination.

(An Essay.)

THERE is no habit more easily acquired than that of putting off. It steals upon you so quietly, you may long be unaware of its presence. At first your allotted tasks are deferred for a few moments; then obstacles, real or imaginary, have a way of pushing themselves in; there is another postponement, and so it continues until put off becomes part of yourself.

According to an old proverb, "a stitch in time saves nine;" but if you delay in taking the stitch, the work may have to be

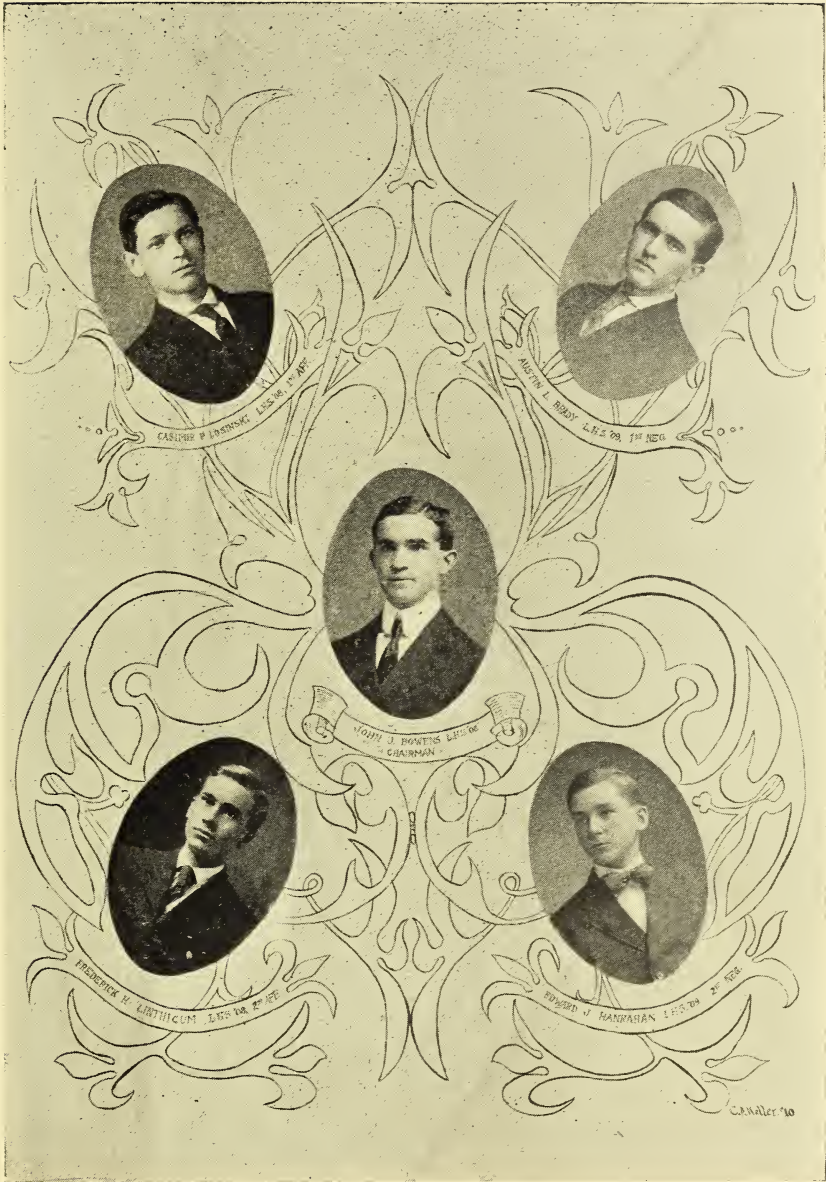
done just when you long to be off enjoying yourself. It may cost you a good opportunity, or many a pang. And procrastination is a brigand that robs not time alone; it takes from your character its main stability, leaving you with your endless delays, crippled, and unfit to fight the battles of life, and with your colors oftener in the dust than waving in the breeze.

It is dangerous to put off until tomorrow. It may cause loss, annoyance or worry to someone, and it is your duty to be prompt. Besides, tomorrow is an unknown quantity with which it is hard to deal. For you, there may be no tomorrow, or if there is, you have chased butterflies, have been within reaching distance and they have escaped you. Your delay can ruin your chances of success. Even supposing you are the brightest and best, there are men about you, who with perhaps less talent, but more ambition will outdo you,—and while you are droning, the busy bees gather the honey. Loitering brought disgrace on Mark Antony, and history often repeats itself.

Think of the confidence a punctual person inspires. No trifling excuse is allowed to interfere with his duty. He is resolute and persevering, and will strive to overcome all obstacles in order to attain his purpose. It was the decision and promptness of Washington that won for him first place in the hearts of his countrymen; and it was the same sterling quality that made the humble Corsican soldier a ruler of kings.

Reader, you are not going to allow the habit of putting off to interfere with your usefulness and success in life. If you have been a victim, begin right now to break its hold upon you. The fastenings may be strong, but nothing worth having is easily gained. They will loosen and in the end you will be victorious. Simply make it the rule of your life "never to put off until tomorrow what you can do today."

J. F. Russell, H. S., '08.



THE SPEAKERS AT THE HIGH SCHOOL PUBLIC DEBATE.

A College Munchausen.

MY modesty would ordinarily prevent me from talking about myself, but the kind invitation of the Board of Editors of the Annual, tempts me to overcome my reticence and tell some of my athletic experiences. My story will sound a trifle unusual, but no one who knows my reputation for truthfulness will doubt of its veracity.

My first important experience was in a baseball game, between Loyola and Gonzaga College, a crack Washington organization, which took place at Oriole Park. It was in the ninth inning, with the score 7 to 4, in favor of the opponents. I stood at the plate, watching the eye-brows of the pitcher, for by this means I can tell what curve a pitcher is about to throw. The left eye-brow gave a sharp twitch, and I stood ready to meet a straight ball. It came—and went. As I turned first base I noticed the ball in the air. It was clearing the fence and going straight towards the face of a lady, seated at the window of her house, just behind the center field fence of the Park. Another moment and she would be disfigured for life. I turned out of the base line, ran to the fence, and leaped to the top. Pausing there for a moment, I leaped across to the lady, reached out my arm and caught the ball not an inch from her face. It was at the sacrifice of my home-run; but no man with Loyola spirit, reckons the cost when a lady is in danger.

I made amends, however, in the game with Boston College a few weeks later. The Boston players greeted with laughter my appearance in the box. "He laughs best, who laughs last," thought I, and my thoughts were soon realized. I had practised my vicious "circle ball," that is thrown like an ordinary straight ball, with the "diabolo" movement; but when it comes just within reach of the bat, this ball then drops to the ground, at right angles to its former direction, and rolls

back into the pitcher's hands. Needless to say, batting was over for the Boston College men, that day; but several dislocated their collar bones swinging at my unusual curve.

In the next game, when I walked to the plate, the crowd in grand-stand, bleachers and on the field began to cheer. I acknowledged their ovation with a bow to all sides. But the crowd would not stop cheering. The Boston players grew frightened at the awful sound, and refused to play if it were not stopped. Half of the Baltimore City Police was summoned, and they informed the crowd that if the cheering did not stop, the game could not go on. They threatened arrest, but to no avail. At last, I myself walked to the centre of the field, raised my hand, and this brought the crowd to complete silence.

All my achievements have not been on the diamond, however. I remember well, how once I saved the name of Loyola in an important athletic meet. The regular shot-putter was sick, and the coach was in despair, because no other man had a chance against the champions of Georgetown and Fordham, that were competing. I, however, thought it my duty to offer myself. I did not stop even to put on a running suit, but walked out to the field, picked up the weight and hurled it over the high fence that inclosed the grounds, into a river about a hundred yards away.

The weight in falling struck a sail boat and sank it. In the boat was an escaping convict, whose flight was stopped by the falling of my shot, so that I not only received the honors of the shot-put, but was presented with a handsome reward for the capture of the prisoner, a notorious burglar. The burglar, moreover, afterwards confessed the theft of a will, which was restored to its owner, a charming young lady, who insisted upon my accepting half of it, \$50,000, having fallen in love with my manly form and features. Thus you see, how virtue is its own reward.

Munchausen, H. S., '09.

Phaedrus Up-to-date.

THE JAPANESE WARSHIP AND THE TORPEDO.

(Phaed., "The Fly and the Mule.")

THE gunners on board a Japanese man-of-war were trying to find the range of a target, so they sent out a practice torpedo. Now this torpedo had been confined below decks for quite a long while, and, in consequence, had developed a fiery temper.

As soon as liberty was given to it, the torpedo darted away. In a little while, however, it changed its course and made a quick return for the ship. When it came within hailing distance it said to the man-of-war: "Why do you not get out of my way? I am in an angry mood today, and unless you get away at once I will blow you to pieces."

To which the warship answered, calmly: "My dear little Jap, I do not fear you; you are only a practice torpedo. The harm you can do is very small. But I am really afraid of that American fleet which I see in the dim distance. Therefore I ask you to make no threats."

Moral. Napoleon was a quiet man, or empty bottles make most noise.

James Selby Barrett, H. S., '10.

THE GREEDY STOCK BROKER.

(Phaed., "The Greedy Dog.")

The following story has been handed down to bring home to us a lesson. Now the lesson is this: We deservedly lose that which belongs to us, when we strive to get something which belongs to another.

Mr. W. Blythe Arnold and Mr. Franklin Henderson were two prominent stock brokers in this city. The former, who was not quite as successful as Mr. Henderson, tried constantly to get ahead of his rival in stock speculations. So one fine day, when the busy tickers showed an active market, Mr. Arnold thought his chance had come, for Mr. Henderson was trying to corner the B. and O. In his anxiety to get the better of his rival Mr. Arnold neglected his opportunity to control the Western Maryland, on which he had set his heart. His too great anxiety to overreach another caused him to lose a small fortune in both speculations.

Moral. Stung!

J. Albert Berger, H. S., '10.

AN INFLATED AMATEUR.

(Phaed., "The Conceited Daw.")

Will Muff was a bright, intelligent boy, who lived in Highlandtown. He could play ball better than any other boy in the village, but there was one thing wrong with him,—he had what is commonly called—a "swelled-head."

One beautiful day, in August, he thought he would try to "make good" on some major league team. He applied to the far-famed manager of the renowned Orioles and was given a "try out." His first game was lost on account of his wretched playing, and for the first time in the history of Baltimore one of her players was hooted off the grounds. That ended Mr. William Muff's professional career as a ball-player.

He returned dejectedly to Highlandtown. But even here his place had been filled by another, and his services were needed no longer. Then one of the team, whom he had

“knocked” many a time, said to him: “If you had been satisfied with us and with Sunday baseball, your picture would have been in the Baltimore News long before this.”

Moral. It is a long way from Highlandtown to Oriole Park.

Or

Be satisfied with your own “lot.”

James Burch, H. S., '10.

THE CONCEITED TRAMP.

(Phaed., “The Conceited Daw.”)

Lest it should please anyone to glory in the possessions of another, rather than in his own, Loessel has given us the following fable:

A tramp, swelled with empty pride, adorned himself with a tuxedo-suit, which he had stolen. Then, despising his fellow-tramps, he secured admittance to the Maryland Club, in Baltimore, and mingled among its well-known members. These distinguished gentlemen soon found him out by reason of his unmannerly conduct, and had him ejected from the Club house.

When this “woe-be-gone” had been cast forth from the Club, he returned to his fellow-tramps with sadness of heart. Here his life was still further made unhappy, when one of his fellow-non-laborers said to him: “If you had been satisfied with our society and our club-life, and had been willing to put up with the small gifts that fortune gave to you, you would not have suffered this shameful disgrace.

Moral. A place for everything and everything in its place.

Frank J. Loessel, H. S., '10.

THE ROBBER'S PARTNERS.

(Phaed., "The Lion's Partners.")

There was once a band of robbers that caused much trouble among the hills of Maryland. A chief and three companions made up this band. One night, when they came together in order to divide the booty of the day, the chief, playing with a smart-looking revolver, said to them: "I am to have the first part of this booty, because I am your chief; the second part you will hand over to me, because I formed the plan to get the booty; the third part I must have, since I entered the house first; and as for the fourth part of this booty if anyone of you dares to even touch it I will kill him on the spot." In this manner the chief took entire possession of the stolen goods.

Moral. Even in Maryland, to the victor belong the spoils.

Harry Quinn, H. S., '10.

THE ATHEIST.

(Phaed., "The Stag in the Cattle Shed.")

An atheist friend of Sir Isaac Newton made a call on him one day in his study. There his eyes fell upon a large, magnificent globe, which showed, in a striking manner, the workings of the heavenly planets.

Filled with admiration at this masterpiece, the unbeliever congratulated the discoverer of gravitation on his great skill. He expressed great admiration at the ability of Sir Isaac to fashion so fine a piece of work. "You are mistaken," the

scientist said, "if you think that this is the result of my proficiency. No one made this globe, it simply came into being by chance." The look of incredulity was seen on the face of the atheist. "My dear friend," continued Sir Isaac, "you will not allow that this specimen before you was not made by the feeble hands of an ignorant man, and yet you dare to assert that this vast universe came into existence merely by chance, that no one made it or guides it now. Cast aside your bigotry and look with unprejudiced eyes at the wonders that the Almighty has made. Do this, my friend, and you will see what has been hitherto hidden from your cloudy mind."

Moral. He who seeks will find.

Richard Williams, H. S., '10.

THE VASE AND THE CANDLE-STICK.

(Phaed., "The Stag at the Spring.")

On a mantel-piece, in one of the prominent residences in this city of Baltimore, were displayed many beautiful articles of chinaware. Among them was a very costly vase, which was very proud and kept aloof from the society of the other occupants of the mantel.

One beautiful day, in the month of May, a China candlestick got up enough courage to speak to the vase. The haughty vase paid no attention to it, and said: "I don't care for your company; you do not keep yourself clean."

While the proud vase was thus speaking, the master of the mansion came and accidentally pulled off the cover from the mantel, which with its contents fell in a sorrowful heap upon the hearth. Now the vase was made only of thin china, and broke into fragments, while the heavy candle-stick came out of the wreck, safe and sound.

Moral. "Things that are ornamental, are not always useful."

George Tormey, H. S., '10.

A Teacher's Dream.

WITH a sign of relief the teacher saw the last boy leave the class-room. The day had been particularly trying; the mild weather must have had a bad effect on the boys, for, despite all his efforts, interest had waned with each succeeding lesson and he gave up in despair of ever seeing the boys become the men he would have them. Bond and Winters had missed their Greek, and been sent to "jug;" the class "star" had failed in his Memory and to cap the climax during the translation of "Viri Romae," Heyward, the wit of First Year High, asked the boy next him, in an audible whisper, "What's the difference between Horatius and our society women?" Being reproved, and made repeat his question aloud he gave the answer that, the former "worked" at the bridge, and the latter "played" at it.

Sitting thus, buried in thought, the class-room, with its troubles seemed to fade from the teacher's sight, and the future became present. With no thought of his strange surroundings the teacher found himself at a session of Congress; a sudden hush and in the speaker who takes the floor, he recognizes Howard White, who always broke down, ingloriously, in his elocution. Listening, almost spell-bound to his pupil's eloquence, he noticed one of the pages whisper to a gentleman, who immediately left his place, as quietly as possible. As the teacher recognized Howard White's great chum, Joe Brown, and thought of the many failures in his Latin declensions, he overheard a lady say to her friend: "That is Dr. Brown, one of Washington's most noted physicians; he never fails to respond to a sick call, whether the patient be rich or poor."

Leaving the Capitol, the teacher walked a short

distance and entering a church for a few minutes' prayer, he found quite a number of people waiting near the confessional. As he remembered that it was the eve of the First Friday, he saw the name, "Rev. J. F. Heyward, S. J.," above one of the "boxes." Although in church, the memories evoked by that name, caused a faint smile, and—"Are his eyes deceiving him?" or "Is it Joseph Heyward, the lad of conundrum fame, coming down the aisle?" With a thought that the days of miracles were not passed, the teacher hurried to the station.

While purchasing his ticket, he observed a gentleman, whose features seemed familiar, seated in the office. Attracted probably by the close scrutiny, the stranger arose and came towards the window, and he recalled John Smith, the blockhead of the algebra class, now vice-president of the road, extending his hand to his old teacher. After a few minutes' conversation they parted, mutually pleased at the chance meeting. Hearing the porter call, "Express to Baltimore," he hurried to the car.

Lost in thoughts of his old pupils, he was disturbed by a tap on the shoulder, as the gentleman back of him said: "Pardon me, but are you not Mr. Hart?" "Yes, and you are Leo Norton, my boy with the red-headed temper." Laughingly, Norton said that the temper was still red, though the hair was not as fiery as of yore. He was doing well in the real estate business, and cordially invited his teacher to pay him a visit. Conversing of old days, the time seemed very short, and when the conductor passed through the car, calling in a loud voice, "Union Station, Baltimore," the teacher started to his feet so suddenly that,—he nearly fell off the chair. He had been sleeping since three o'clock, and it was now five.

Hurriedly closing the class-room, he walked home, saying to himself, "Who knows—who knows?"

Benton Cushwa, H. S., '11.

“In Other Words.”

(A Story.)

A YOUNG man, while passing down Eutaw Street, stopped at a second-hand book store to look over the assortment of books on the weather-beaten stand. For awhile he gazed carelessly at different broken-down volumes and was on the point of turning away when a dilapidated volume, hidden in the corner, attracted him. “Where have I seen that book before?” he thought. “Ah! yes. It is the self-same one that used to catch my fancy, as a child. The same print and old-fashioned pictures which I used to pore over in my grandfather’s library.”

What a host of old memories this time-stained book stirred to life. The death of his grandfather, who was thought to have been a wealthy man, but whose fortune had never been discovered. The mystery of his will, which disappeared so completely that years of search left the matter buried in deeper mystery. The death of his own father, whose days had been spent in toil, and not in the luxury which men had predicted. His attention was sharply called back to the book, however, by the sight of a paper, between the leaves. It was old, too, old as the book itself. Time had browned the edges, and the pressure had creased it, almost to breaking. But one glance showed it to be a law document; and the heart of the young man pulsed high as he unfolded it.

It was the last will of his grandfather, drawn up crudely and hurriedly, but signed by the old man himself and his old-fashioned attorney. And the message it bore aroused him. He was on the point of concealing the paper in his pocket, when the owner of the store appeared in the door-way, and stood looking directly at him. With an effort to conceal his

feelings from the sharp-eyed owner, he took the book to him and asked the price. "Ten cents," said the book-seller, and the young man paid the price, with a hurry that caused the seller to look after him in surprise.

When he arrived home he locked himself in his room and unfolded the document that held his fortune. It was addressed to the old man's three sons, in words characteristic of the writer. "In my land there is a fortune for the one can find it. It lies in the ground, and he who will dig for it must begin at the great oaks and work until he has laid bare two score feet of ground."

The eyes of the reader were wide with expectancy. At last he had found the way to the hidden treasure, which his father had died without ever seeing. "But I will find it and live the life my poor father was denied."

"If labor can find this treasure, I shall be a rich man."

He spent his savings for tools and began his search. At the end of a week he had forty feet uncovered, but the only treasure discovered was the rich loam, that had laid fallow for years. For days and weeks and months he continued to dig, but nothing more was discovered, except an unusual appearance of the ground near the great oaks. In disappointment he gave up his dreams of treasures and settled down to a life of sowing and planting, which, however, realized a large profit for him the very next fall.

Eight years have passed, and the young man is still on the farm of his grandfather; but his fortune has been found, and he is now reckoned the wealthiest farmer in the State. Oil was discovered near the great oaks and the sum offered to him by the magnates for the site would have caused his grandfather to gasp. The grandson, however, does reverence to the memory of the old man who drew up the document, and blushes for his own dullness in understanding a message that was not written for dreamers.

William Kearney, H. S., '09.

“On the Ball Field.”

(An Incident With a Lesson.)

DURING the sixteenth century, there lived in a stately castle on a hillside in Italy, a young nobleman, known far and wide for his gentleness and piety. It happened one day that while he was engaged in a game of ball, and thoroughly enjoying it too, the question arose, what it were best to do if suddenly, in the midst of the game, notice came from Heaven that the end of the world was at hand. Some of the players maintained that the safest course would be to rush to the chapel in order to be found in that holy place by the angel of death; others declared that they would fall on their knees, then and there, and pray for God's clemency. But when the time came for our young nobleman to express his opinion, he modestly made answer: “I think I would continue playing, as if no interruption had taken place. For if everything that we do is directed to the glory of God, and to our last end, we honor God in it all, and therefore play as well as prayer must be pleasing to Him. How can death be terrible, if it finds us doing what is pleasing to God?”

The nobleman who made this sublime reply, thereby astonishing his less God-fearing companions, was none other than that lily of purity and scorner of honors—the world-famous, Saint Aloysius Gonzaga.

Here in college, if we would infuse such lofty motives into our everyday actions and even into those actions that appear to have little reference to God, what peace would we possess, and how little would death terrify us.

Louis A. Wheeler, H. S., '08.

From furrow to fame.

WHEN Rome was in danger of being besieged by the Aequians, the only man they thought could save them was Cincinnatus. The officers who came to announce his appointment as leader of the Roman forces found him ploughing in his fields, and when Cincinnatus saw them he called to his wife to bring him his toga, a garment used only on festal occasions. He was offered the dictatorship, and went out with twelve thousand men, defeated the invaders, and amid great rejoicing, marched triumphantly back to Rome, laden with the spoils of war. After this, having performed his duty to his country, he went back to his farm, despite the entreaties of his countrymen, who would have loaded him with high honors.

As we glance down the long list of heroes whose names shine brightly in the histories of nations, we come across a second Cincinnatus in our own, dear country's history. When the news of the battle at Lexington spread through the colonies, Putnam, too, was ploughing in his fields. Leaving his oxen and plough, he mounted his favorite steed and rode to Boston. His later deeds and bravery have made him dear to every schoolboy's heart.

There are many other men who, while their names are not written on the pages of time, have, nevertheless, by their almost incredible achievements, rendered themselves immortal to those who do not judge so much by the greatness of deeds, as by their quality. The names of Alexander the Great, Hannibal, and our own George Washington shall endure as long as history, but they rather compel our admiration, and we enjoy those things which are near us, which we can grasp and

appreciate. The noble self-sacrifice which characterized the deeds of a Cincinnatus, a Putnam and a Commodore John Barry, is that which causes us to think of these heroes, perhaps with a greater secret admiration than we profess. The deeds of an Alexander the Great teach us how to do; those of a Cincinnatus teach us how to be. Great deeds of valor become obscured by the mists of time, but the lessons exemplified in the deeds of a Cincinnatus and a Putnam shall live forever.

Now all these heroes are gone; only the memory of their achievements hands their names to posterity, and it is but the noble sentiment underlying these achievements that distinguishes them from their fellowmen.

Winfred I. Koontz, H. S., '11.

Kidnapped.

(A Story.)

EARLY in the morning, on the second of February, a poorly dressed woman might have been seen shivering on her way to the central police station of this city. She looked haggard and tired, while her wearied step told only too plainly its story of sorrow and of a night spent in sleepless anxiety. As she hurried onward a storm arose, and a strong wind blew cutting showers of sleet into her face; yet she struggled with ever-diminishing strength through the deepening snow.

With a sigh of relief she entered the station and gave her name as Mrs. Mary Johnson. She said that she was a widow, and that during the night her house had been entered, and her

only child, a blue-eyed, light-haired boy of eleven, had been kidnapped. Mrs. Johnson also stated that two men, dressed in black, and so masked that they were quite unrecognizable, had committed the abduction. The police were astounded at the story, and immediately telegraphed the description of the boy over the whole country, and set their best detectives at work to capture the criminals.

All the next week there was no news of the boy, and the poor widow was nearly frantic with pain and apprehension. A month passed and still no news. The bereaved mother worried until she became dangerously ill, and the doctors said that nothing but news of her son would save her. For twenty-four hours she lay in a state of torpidity; then she lingered between life and death for two painful weeks. It was at this time that she longed for news came.

Detectives in Philadelphia had obtained a valuable clue and had worked upon it until now. They were proud to send word to the widow that the boy had been found, and begged her to come to identify him. Immediately she began to recover and in a short time the doctor declared that she was fit to travel.

On the train Mrs. Johnson's hopes rose in proportion to the distance she covered. At last the time had come when she was to meet her child again. On arriving in Philadelphia she went straight to the police headquarters, and the boy was called in. But alas! the poor woman's hopes were shattered at one glance. It was not her son; though the likeness to him was quite remarkable. Blackest despair now settled upon her, and she knew not what to do.

For the sake of a change, however, she went to a moving picture gallery and distractedly followed the scenes. The first was comic, but excited her interest very little. The second, representing a Spanish bull fight, aroused such excitement among the spectators that she gradually joined in the

enthusiasm. The third scene showed a fleet of small sailing craft at the oyster beds. In this picture two large, surly men attracted Mrs. Johnson's attention. While they were hard at work, a child suddenly emerged from the hold of the ship. The widow waited for no more. Here was at last the child whom she had sought so long in vain, and for whose sake she had suffered such untold misery.

The detectives were notified and they, after finding out where the picture had been taken, soon located the child. Little John solved the mystery of his abduction. He had overheard the seamen say that they had kidnapped him in revenge for some injury his father had done to them, and had kept him on an oyster boat for concealment. Thus was John Johnson restored to his mother by means of that useful as well as entertaining invention, the kinetoscope.

Arthur A. Lyness, H. S., '08.

And Greek Did It.

HE was a robust chap, with a bright smile nearly always playing about his ruddy face. One great trait he had, was implicit trust in the opinion of his elders; so it was in Greek. He liked Latin, took delight in his native tongue, found pleasure in mathematics, but Greek,—he despised.

It was part of the class-system, that after the professor had given an explanation in Greek grammar, the Greek-theme should be taken down. At the close of the explanation, a sullen look took possession of that former bright face. Even low murmurs could be heard. He was willing to learn, but only because he was told to do so. His constant feeling was:

“What’s the value of it, anyway?” And so he went through college, cold to the words of those who knew better, that studying Greek would make a man of him, if not in mind (through his own fault) at least in character.

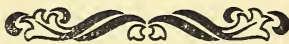
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Not long ago I walked into his office, which is located in the C—— Building. He is a lawyer now, and told me that often when the weary hours of law are over, he sits at home and takes up his “Demosthenes” with genuine pleasure. “Don’t you know, James,” he said, “I believe most of my success is due to Greek! It taught me how to use good, accurate words, and to this I attribute the force of my speeches. This power of choosing words has brought me many a compliment from the bench (and many a fee, too, from clients).

“And what a man it has made of me! I see now, that everytime I accented those old, Greek words, my after career was being accented, by learning the lesson of respect for the opinion of others. Those breathings, too; they looked rough, but I believe they made my breathing in life smooth, by giving me the faculty of attending to little things! And those euphonic changes, that puzzled me so much, how they have helped me to solve many a puzzle in life. There are many changes in life to be made, and it is a good thing to know that the best changes are those that are euphonic, and follow the law.

“Stick to your Greek, boy, and some day your name will be with mine on the shingle outside the door!”

James A. McElroy, Spec.



Class Lessons.

WE all remember the story of Horatius. Standing on the narrow bridge, which barred the enemy's approach, he held them at bay while his few companions broke down the bridge. He fell with the bridge, and amid a shower of javelins, swam across to his comrades. He had saved Rome, and his grateful countrymen voted him a grant of land and a statue in the public square.

Then there was Leonidas, who with a small band of Spartans withstood the vast army of Xerxes. Leading from Thessaly into Greece is the narrow pass of Thermopylae, bounded on one side by water and on the other by rugged ridges. Here the Spartans took their stand. Before assaulting them, Xerxes ordered them to give up their arms. The answer of Leonidas was, "Come and take them." For two days the Persians stormed the pass, and it was only through the treachery of a Greek, that they gained the secret entrance to the pass and surrounded the Spartans. Leonidas and his soldiers fought until not a man was left.

Such heroic courage is seldom displayed. Yet, we of modern times have Col. Fitzgerald and his brave Irish soldiers, who for two days held Athlone bridge against Ginkle and his German army.

During the administration of President Tyler, another instance of heroism occurred in the war for Texan Independence. Texas at that time was a part of Mexico, and naturally the Mexicans resolved to resist the insurgents. Santa Anna, with 4,000 Mexicans, crossed the Rio Grande and marched to San Antonio. Wm. B. Travis, with a band of 140 Texans, held the Alamo against them. The Alamo is an old Franciscan

mission-house. It consists of a church, hospital and convent, surrounded by a wall thirty-three inches thick.

Hearing that the Mexicans were going to attack San Antonio, the Texans gathered in the mission-house. The little garrison compelled to man the defenses day and night, was exhausted after ten days' fighting. At last the Mexicans broke down the ramparts and entered the inclosure. The Texans fought with desperate valor, but they were overcome by the enemy's superior numbers. At length only five were left, and these by Santa Anna's orders were slaughtered without quarter.

Such are some of the heroes whose deeds have become familiar to us this year from the pages of our history and our classic authors. But there are others of another nation, unknown perhaps to worldly fame, who forget themselves, and live and toil for others. Their names may not be found in the "Viri Romae," but we know that they are written in a Book that will not perish.

Edgar B. Graham, H. S., '11.

"Put me off at Senior."

LAST September I boarded a train which goes over the "Loyola" tracks. I got on at a station called "Prep," and a place named "Senior" is my destination. The name of the train is the "Loyola Accommodation." The ground was rather rough at first and things didn't seem clear to me, but now it has become smoother. There are eight more stations for the train to pass and I hope I do not have a break-down and remain overtime on the road.

At every station you change cars, and generally conductors too. Besides having the one long stop for every sum-

mer, there are shorter ones at Christmas, Easter and other times, that are like little coaling stations on a long run. Grown folks tell us that the coal is "Energy Anthracite," and it is gotten by the short rests.

The scenery along the line is different from that of other journeys, for instead of beautiful meadows, wooded mountains and ploughed earth, there is nothing but blackboards, desks and such things.

Often you run into little tunnels, and each one of them is called "Jug." Though the whole journey is finished very slowly, time flies quickly, and some day I hope to be at the great "Terminal." Senior is the terminal.

The funny part of it all is that you receive your ticket at the end, instead of at the beginning of the journey. They call it a diploma. Now, not many who start on journeys like this ever finish them, yet I certainly hope that I'll be one that leaves the "Terminal" with the big ticket tucked under his arm.

J. Neil Corcoran, Prep.

"Dan."

(A True Story.)

ONE evening, just before Christmas last, there stood on one of the down-town corners, selling newspapers, a little chap, whom we shall call "Dan." It was a bitter, cold night, and he longed to be "sold out," so that he could go home. While standing there, a lady came up and bought a paper. She handed the boy a coin, and he skipped off with his heart full of joy.

He had gone about four blocks, when he pulled the money out of his pocket to see how business stood, and to his surprise,

found that the lady had given him a ten-dollar gold piece. "Dan" hastened back to the spot where he had seen the lady, and found her standing on the corner.

When he came up to her he held out the money and said, "Say, Miss, you didn't mean to give me this." The lady looked in her pocket-book, and found that she had made the mistake. She then took the money, gave him fifty-cents and asked his name, address and age. He said that he was twelve years old, and the oldest child in a poor and large family.

Next day, the lady visited his home and found things as the boy had told her. Whilst at his home, the lady asked him, above all things, what he would want as reward. He said "My favorite wish is to go to L— College." The kind lady went to the college, not long afterwards, to make arrangements for the boy's going there next year. When the lady congratulated the boy's mother because her son did not act as many boys would have done, the mother simply, but sternly said, "He knew better," and saying this she pointed to a switch, hanging on the wall.

All we say is that we hope this good fellow will be in First High with us next year.

Edward Tormey, Prep.

A Ground-Hog Story.

BOB had just gone to bed. Not being sleepy, he was watching the door-knob, which, to his surprise, began growing larger until it developed into the form of an old man.

Walking over to the bed, the old man asked Bob what he had for supper.

"Sausages," stammered Bob.

"Ha! You're just the boy I'm looking for," cried the old man. Grasping Bob by the arm he started to the castle of Sausageville.

Arriving at the castle the old man opened the door and went in. After passing through several rooms they entered a hall which was filled with sausages of every description.

At the head of the hall sat the queen. On seeing Bob, she cried, "So this is the cannibal who ate five of my subjects. He must die."

She then called the chief ministers, to decide how he should die. They all planned different ways, but none suited her, until a little sausage suggested torture by cutting out his teeth with a chisel. This method was adopted and the work of torture began. The fifth tooth was just cut out, when the old man cried, "Time's up."

Immediately the sausages vanished, and Bob awoke to find himself sitting in bed holding his jaw, which was throbbing with toothache. Afterwards Bob's parents often wondered why he wouldn't eat sausages.

Joseph Scherer, Prep.

"A Change."

A guileless lad to college went,
A mother's darling, he:
At first five hours in study spent,
Each day, this prodigy.

But then, as year succeeded year,
As years have always done—
Shocking to tell, the darling dear,
Cut five hours down to none!

Fred. H. Linthicum, H. S., '08.

High School Notes

LOYOLA HIGH SCHOOL DEBATING SOCIETY.

Officers of the Society.

Moderator, Mr. Charles J. Hennessy, S. J.

	First Term.	Second Term.
President,	John J. Bowens, '08	John J. Bowens, '08.
Vice-President,	Casimir Losinski, '08	William Kearney, '09.
First Secretary,	Cornelius A. Dailey, '08	Cornelius A. Dailey, '08.
Second Secretary,	Jos. Voglein, Spec.	Frank Loessel, '10.
Treasurer,	Frederick Linthicum, '08	Frederick Linthicum, '08.
Censor,	Austin Brady, '09	Louis Wheeler, '08.
Critic,	Joseph Hanlon, '08	Casimir Losinski, '08.

In our old age we, of Fourth Year High, have seen one of our fondest hopes realized, the founding of a debating Society in the High School. That the members of our class were earnest partakers in this movement may be seen from the list of officers as given above.

The Society is composed of members from the upper classes in the High School. Enthusiasm was soon enkindled in the hearts of our juvenile literary athletes and remained at a high pitch to the last meeting. Owing to the illness of our Moderator, the first meeting was not called until Nov. 11th, 1907. It was then the officers were elected for the first term.

Of course, it was becoming that our first debate should bring to memory the orator of antiquity. And so the question offered was: Resolved, "That Cicero did more for the welfare of Rome than Caesar." J. O'Neill Dorsch, '09, and Charles Kyzour, '09, of the negative, yielded the honors of the day to Edward Hanrahan, '09, and William Kearney, '09. From that day on, the debates were held every second Tuesday, at 2:30 p. m., and many timely questions came up for discussion. The Society closed the first term with a debate in the College Hall on February 21st, before the Faculty, the College and the High School. The subject debated was: "Resolved, That the Criticism of the United States Navy Is Unjustifiable." W. Kearney,

'09, and C. Losinski, '08, contended with F. Linthicum, '08, and C. Dailey, '08, for the victory. The decision was given in favor of the negative side, F. Linthicum and C. A. Daily, to whom were given costly editions of famous speeches.

In the second term, points of order brought to light many unprepared speeches. The different authorities on parliamentary law were in constant evidence, which caused many an anxious moment to our much-honored Chairman, John Bowens, '08. Our Constitution came into existence during this term and met with a favorable reception on March 10th, when it was adopted. In many ways the past year has been very successful for the members of the Debating Society, who are looking forward to the evening of the High School commencement, when they will entertain their friends. The question to be debated is: "Should the Railroads Be Owned and Operated by the Government?" F. Linthicum, '08, and C. Losinski, '08, have been selected to uphold the affirmative, while E. Hanrahan, '09, and A. Brady, '09, will uphold the negative side. A gold medal will be awarded to the better debater on the winning side.

The Society has done a great deal towards teaching its members elocution, speech-writing and parliamentary law. It has aroused in them, also, an interest in the questions of the day. For all this we extend our thanks to our Reverend Moderator, who, by his untiring energy, helped us to launch on a successful career the Debating Society of Loyola High School.

Joseph T. Hanlon, H. S., '08.
Critic, First Term.

FOURTH YEAR HIGH.

THE affairs of the class have been capably looked after by F. H. Linthicum, President, and John Kines, Treasurer. "Liber Aureus" or "The Golden Book," has special interest for the class. Specimens of English, Latin and Greek literature, manufactured by ourselves and averaging ninety-five per cent. or over, are preserved in it. At the close of school, the book is to be presented to Rev. Father Rector.

Nov. 16, 1907, witnessed a test in Latin Prosody, given before the Faculty. It was attended with dash and spirit. Mr. Fremgen, S. J., did the quizzing, and every student was an honor to the class, although there was a little "give in" at the knees. An exciting time-

contest in reciting the forty rules followed, in which A. Hofmann broke the school-record, with a score of 5 minutes, 42 seconds; C. Losinski was second. A gold badge was presented to the successful contestant.

A pleasant innovation at reading of marks for March, was the sweet singing of our L. A. Wheeler, and duets on violin and mandolin, played respectively by A. Lyness and F. Linthicum. The occasion was further made memorable by an essay on "The Value of a High School Diploma," by F. Linthicum, and by some mellifluous Latin verses, by F. Rose and C. Losinski.

Examination time is upon us, and there is no little trepidation. A diploma is the goal. True, "With brains, madam, with brains," we can win, but brains scatter inopportunately and are hard to collect. Then, illness and accidents have handicapped a number, and conditioned men have obstacles to overcome. But, "I know of no royal road to Geometry," so we are trudging the highway, and hope to reap the reward in June.

J. F. Russell, H. S., '08.

THIRD YEAR HIGH.

THE class has been very fortunate this year, not having any accidents at all. On December 21st we made rules and elected officers. Those who were chosen for the year are: Edward Hanrahan, President; Thomas V. Lally, Treasurer; Charles Kyzour, Secretary; William A. Kearney, Historian.

There is a custom in our class of inflicting a fine of five cents on anyone caught chewing gum. Since that rule has been made the class safe is bursting.

We have had several opportunities for distinguishing ourselves, and we have taken advantage of them. For instance; in the great raffle, last November, we did more in proportion to the number of our members, and in consideration of other impediments, than any class in the college. Why! we sold more tickets than the whole college department put together.

But have you heard of our reputation in literary matters? When the High School Debating Society was formed, the first four speakers were all members of Second Academic. In the public debate, on February 22d, we had one representative of our class on the affirma-

tive side, Wm. A. Kearney. And in the public debate, on June 26th, we have two members, Austin Brady and Edward Hanrahan.

When the names of the classes were changed, we became known as "Third Year High." Now we are mighty anxious for the day to come when our name will be changed again—next time to "Fourth Year High."

W. A. K., H. S., '09.

SECOND YEAR HIGH.

WE must be a class that needs a lot of care; we have had three teachers this year. When our regular teacher, Mr. Hennessy, had to give up on account of illness, Father Prefect took us until another Father came down from Boston to guide us in the ways of learning.

The days were busy ones, when the Reverend Prefect of Studies held sway in our class-room. He said he always kept his boys busy when he taught in Boston College, years ago. Under his successor the Greek verb caused us an awful lot of trouble and worry, but the busy days were not so full of brimstone, as before.

Finally our first teacher returned and has kept on going ever since. Under his direction, many little plans were drawn up for class work, and for affairs outside of class-work. Among other things, such as class-pins, class-colors, class-yells, class-basketball and later on baseball, he helped us to get under way our class paper, "The Loyolian." But our Prefect of Studies said it would be well to give it up, and the College Annual was to have the right of way this year.

Altogether the year has been very pleasant. We started off cheerfully, and we are ending up cheerfully. We are now looking forward to green fields, plenty of fishing and baseball.

FIRST YEAR HIGH.

THERE have been so many battles fought and won in our class-room this year, that we want to tell the world something about them.

John Kaspar won the "Annual Declension Contest," and Harry Casey was the winner of the "Latin Verb Contest." Andrew J. Harri-

son won the "Immunity Contest" of the First Term, with 1,495 "immunities" and also won the "Composition Prize."

The "Immunity Contest," of the Second Term, is nearing an end, with August J. Bourbon as its most probable winner. His number of "immunities" is nearing two thousand.

Among the winners of Contests, also, was Martin Stock, who won the "Greek Alphabet Contest" by "hitting it up" from alpha to omega in seven seconds.

The class was presented with a beautiful banner of blue and gold, bearing our motto, "Victory,"—by Mrs. Anderson, the mother of one of First High's scholars. We here publicly extend our thanks to our generous patroness.

The First Year High Baseball Team, which is managed by V. Brooks and J. Ganster, defeated the Preparatory and the Second Year High teams, by scores of 10 to 8 and 8 to 7, respectively. The line-up is: Ruppel, c.; Stromberg, p.; Ganster, s. s.; Baummer, 1st b.; Quinn, 2nd b.; Brooks, 3rd b.; W. Hoblitzell, 1. f.; Burns, c. f., and A. Hoblitzell, r. f.

The best thing of all about First Year High is that we never have very many delegates in the "Jug Room."

Andrew J. Harrison, H. S., '11.

PREPARATORY.

AFTER examinations, Franklin A—, the great doer of "stunts" in "gym," will leave for his home in Leonardtown, and Jackson S— will leave for the same place. We hope that they, together with J. D. G—, champion "Diabolo" tosser of Govanstown, will bring some new members, to swell the class of the First Year High.

Here are a few incidents of the year,—just a few. One day, on being asked, "What did Samson do to the lion?" George B—, who did not know his lesson, glanced at the picture in the Bible History and answered, "He pulled out it's teeth." A bad recommendation for Samson as a dentist, George!

Having read some books about the Indians and cowboys, Slavins H— brought a cap-pistol to school. In the course of the day he had an argument with James O'T., and seeing himself coming out second best, he drew the pistol. Taking deadly aim, he was about to pull the

trigger, when our professor in mathematics came to the rescue. The "duel" was postponed.

Ray W—, after a spell of sickness, returned to class, to the great joy of his fellow-students. It is very true in Ray's case that corpulence is the sign of good nature.

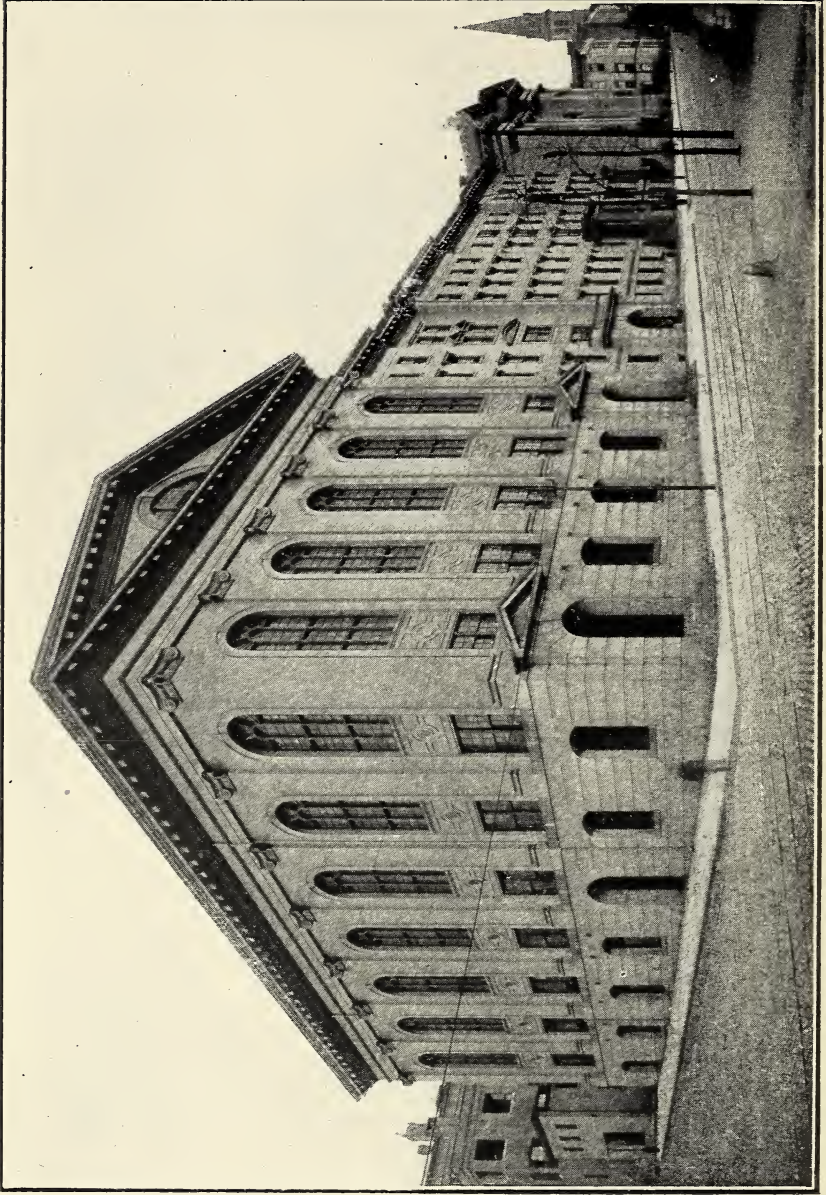
Henry D— is developing into the "Albaugh" of the class. Whenever he gets a chance, he is making paper stages upon which he places the actors. The contrivances are generally worked by a string.

Last of all, we (the boys of the "Prep." Class) wish to say that during the last year, we think most of us have learnt a mighty good deal. All the boys received the same attention, no partiality being shown to any one. All honor and praise and thanks to Mr. Jacobi!

Jos. E. Scherer, Prep.



The engravings in this book, including that of the cover, were designed and drawn by Cyril A. Keller, of the Class of 1910.



THE COLLEGE.

THE
LOYOLA COLLEGE
ANNUAL

PUBLISHED BY THE STUDENTS OF LOYOLA COLLEGE
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THE REVEREND FRANCIS X. BRADY, S. J.,
President of Loyola College.

The Loyola College Annual

My Hope.



LET him who wills, outreach with might and main,
Heap up the miser's store of lustrous gold,
Cast Life's best things into Old Mammon's mold,
And pay low homage to his fetich, gain;

Let him who wills, to earthly power attain,
Pattern his life upon some tyrant old
Who dwelt a ruthless wolf within Time's fold
And spared nor cot, nor court, nor sacred fane.

Mine be the hope in life to bear some fruit
That will not perish when my tongue is mute;
Achieve some work that will endure Time's stings
And help some mortal live to better things.

My life's ideal—a guiding star, whose gleam
Will light the world beyond my fleeting dream.

C. C. Rohr, '09.



Joel Chandler Harris.

(An Appreciation.)

THE recent death of Joel Chandler Harris, at Atlanta, Georgia, on July 3, 1908, makes an appreciation of his life and works, and a discussion of his place in our literature, both timely and interesting. Mr. Harris, or "Uncle Remus," as he is familiarly known to many who do not even know his real name, was born and reared amid the very scenes which he so well describes in his sketches and tales of plantation life in the South. He was born on a farm in Middle Georgia on December 8th, 1848. Here he spent his boyhood. Starting his business life as a printer's apprentice, "Uncle Remus," as we shall call Mr. Harris, gradually rose in his profession until he became prominent on the editorial staff of the Atlanta Constitution, while at the same time he was gaining fame by his humorous writings. In his latter days "Uncle Remus" was not actively connected with the Constitution, but lived quietly and unostentatiously at his country home, "Snap Bean Farm," until his death, on July 3, 1908.

"Uncle Remus's" most popular works, those upon which

his fame chiefly rests, are his humorous stories and sketches; though even when the author attempts more serious themes, as he has done in sketching the history of his native State, the reader is delighted by the charm of style of which he was the master. But "Uncle Remus's" life work, the work for which he will be remembered when all his other works are forgotten, was the creation of the character of the aged negro, full of strange superstitions and fancies, by whose name the author is now most familiarly known. Opportune was the time when the appearance of the Uncle Remus tales delighted the country. In "Uncle Tom's Cabin" the public had had presented to them the dark side of plantation life, which, no one will deny, was, at times, the true picture of the life of the slave. At the very time when it could do the most good, at that period when the literary presentation of the other side of slave life was most timely, "Uncle Remus" appeared upon the scene. The people saw for the first time the true plantation negro, peculiarities and all. The blood-hound and the lash were for the first time not a part of the stage property. In their place were substituted all the implements of peace. The result was that all parts of the country could enjoy alike "Uncle Remus's" delightful tales and droll sayings. There was nothing in the new work to stir up sectional animosity. It was a message of peace.

In the plantation negro, the author had to deal with a character of great subtlety. He accomplished his difficult task most successfully in creating and presenting to us the inimitable character of the aged darky Remus, whose tales of "Br'er Rabbit" and "Br'er Tarrypin" have delighted two generations of Americans, and will continue to give delight until the sense of appreciation of good nature and humor has died out.

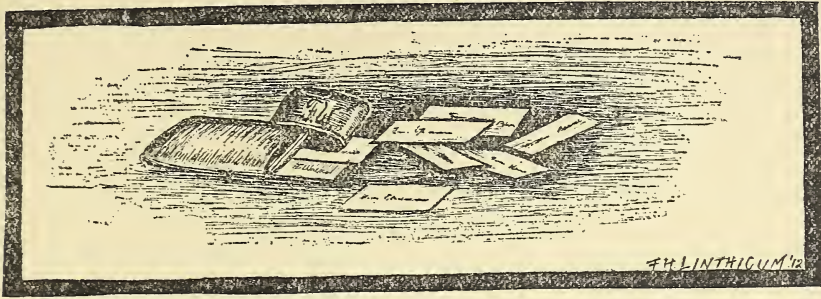
The negro is a factor in American life not to be laughed at, whether a factor for good or evil. And certainly he was a factor for good when he gave Mr. Harris the inspiration to

present to the world the character of "Uncle Remus." Says a contemporary writer: "It is certain that the creation (Uncle Remus) of Joel Chandler Harris has attained a permanent place among the immortal 'real folks' in literature." And Mr. Andrew Carnegie tells us: "Joel Chandler Harris has given a helping hand to all the world. He has won the hearts of all the children, and that's glory enough for one man!"

As perhaps our best delineator of the plantation dandy, as the kindly, humorous author, the friend, not only of children, but of all who can appreciate true wit and humor, Joel Chandler Harris will long find a resting place in the hearts of the American people.

John H. T. Briscoe, '10.





The Romance of a Card-Case.

FATTY, be it known, was a college student. College had just opened for the first term, and Fatty was about to enter into all the glory of his sophomore year. Last year he had not been able to assimilate much of the city life, as the mighty sophomores kept him under their watchful guardianship. Now all was different. Fatty was no longer the poor, down-trodden freshman; his year of sack-cloth and ashes, and humble submission, was over.

Now Fatty, as you may have guessed from his cognomen, was inclined to breadth, rather than height; despite this fact, determined to celebrate his emancipation, he went to his tailor and ordered a suit of the loudest check pattern that could be found. At last after many weary days of waiting and telephoning, the suit arrived.

It was a most beautiful day and Fatty determined to make the most of it. Some people thought that it was a brass band approaching, but no, it was only Fatty arrayed in his new suit. With a straw hat, encircled by a bright red band, tilted most rakishly over one eye, there could be no doubt as to the upper part of his attire; then came his green shirt,

the pride of his collection and carefully saved for this occasion; in pleasant contrast his pink and green tie next asserted itself, its broad ends permitted to flow with a studied carelessness. Then came the suit proper, so to speak, and last but not least that hosiery display. They were red, there could be no doubt as to that, and such red—well, I won't try to tell you anything further than that they were red. Fatty strolled nonchalantly down the street, and not deigning to notice the many sighs of admiration that came from the campus fence, pursued his solitary way. No admiration from the male population however great, could sufficiently compensate Fatty for his artistic efforts. Beau Brummel in his prime could not have walked on the same side of the street with Fatty to-day. Yes, Fatty had decided that female admiration must be his, and so he headed for the Boulevard. Boarding an F Street car, he sat down with the greatest pains, and then with a majestic slowness proceeded to expose an immense amount of red socks. It was only when he handed the open-mouthed conductor his fare, that he became conscious of the fact that there was a very pretty young lady sitting opposite him. Immediately he began to endeavor to charm the young lady. First he tried a smile, but strange to say it had no effect. Next the smile was coupled with a nod; still the fair damsel refused to be charmed.

So, after many smiles and furtive nods, Fatty gave up in despair. At length the female attraction reached her destination and alighted from the car to pass, as it seemed, from the vision of tender-hearted Fatty, to be seen no more. The seat just vacated happened to be a choice one, so after straining his neck to see the last of his soul-mate, Fatty moved over.

Other girls came in, saw, and were conquered by the inimitable Fatty; but no, our hero had eyes for none of them, for he was sad, sad with the sadness like unto a toothache.

Presently he remembered his mission, and looking down to see if a sufficient amount of hosiery was exposed to view, he saw a small silver card-case lying at his feet. Fatty had never starred in either induction or deduction, but it did not take him thirty seconds to decide that it belonged to his fair admired.

Without attracting any undue attention, Fatty quietly put the case in his pocket and alighted from the car. He wished to examine his prize in the privacy of his own apartment, and giving up all thoughts of parading on the Boulevard, he took the next car for home. Arriving there, he at last opened the case; and found reposing therein three five-dollar bills and a few visiting cards.

The cards were inscribed with the name of "Miss Florrie Wynan," "Hotel Plimmon." At last, thought our embryo Sherlock Holmes, he had a clue. And what a pretty name! Florrie just suited a dainty little blonde like her. Well, here is where Harold makes a hit. (I forgot to tell you that Fatty's real name was Harold—yes! Harold, even though he did weigh 210 in the shade.)

That evening there was great consternation at the Frat house. Fatty wouldn't eat one-third his usual amount. He even passed pie; and no fellow will pass pie unless he is really sick. Now if it had been anyone else, the fellows would have asked him who the girl was. But with Fatty—Fatty was too substantial looking to be in love. Little did his fellow-students think of the very romantic spirit that dwelt in that plump body,—little recked they of the ardent fire that burned in Fatty's noble breast, and was even now making him pass the pie he loved so dearly. Even the cherished after-dinner smoke was forgotten. Blonde head—blue eyes—dimpled cheeks—and rose-bud mouth were continually dancing before his lovelorn eyes. At last he could endure it no longer.

Soon the trolley deposited Fatty at "The Plimmon." But now that he was there he somewhat lost his nerve, and walked past the entrance several times before he went in. At first the clerk at the desk thought that our hero was a race-track sport, who had wandered into the wrong place. For you must remember that Fatty was still dressed in that harmonious discord of colors. But Fatty marched bravely over and asked for Miss Wynan. Evidently Miss Wynan was a personage of some importance, for the clerk immediately became very friendly and called up Miss Wynan's room. After several minutes' delay the 'phone was answered and the bell-boy was told to show the gentleman to suite 4. At last the great moment was here; he was to meet his soul-mate face to face. With much trepidation Fatty tapped gently upon the door, and was rewarded by a very weak little call to "come in." He opened the door and entered. A very prim old lady sat in a large arm-chair, crocheting.

Fatty introduced himself with great dignity, and then asked for Miss Wynan. Of course, thought Fatty, this must be a chaperon or an elderly relation. But strange to say, the old lady, instead of making any motion to call anyone, simply inclined her head and smiling said "I am Miss Wynan." "But," replied Fatty, "I mean Miss Florrie." "I am the one you wish to see; there is only one Miss Wynan, Miss Florrie Wynan, that is my name." Now if a fly had come over and looked real hard at Fatty, he would surely have collapsed. The rest was a night-mare. Fatty handed the card-case to the old lady, took another look and fled.

Somewhere out in that dark and lonesome night there was a dainty little blonde, with blue eyes and dimpled cheeks and rose-bud mouth, but her name was not Miss Florrie Wynan.

James S. Murphy, '09.



REV. JOHN C. GEALE, S. J.,
Prefect of Studies and Discipline.

For and Against Correspondence Schools.

IT is needless to prove that the system of correspondence schools, to be discussed in this paper, is a very live element in the business and educational world of to-day. The most cursory reader of current periodical literature has glanced over the advertisements so cleverly worded, which appear prominently in magazines whose rates would prevent any but large undertakings from occupying their pages. And even those who run without reading must have, at one time or another, turned from their course to gaze into the windows of the branch offices of the system.

The art of advertising, which the correspondence schools teach, is to be seen here in its most catchy form. Life-size figures in workman's clothes, with hands bound with heavy rope, point the moral of the drudgery of life without education—at least, without that of the correspondence schools. Or else we have the doleful picture of a laborer, turning away from his employer's desk with his discharge flying after him because of his old-fashioned methods of work. And then the much-heralded triumph of "the man who knows" has greeted us both in print and picture, with the advertisement of the correspondence schools cleverly attached, which might seem to insinuate that, without the training of the I. C. S., "there is no man who knows."

The International Correspondence School has reason, however, to be proud of its success. Its aim, so often proclaimed and insisted upon in striking headlines, namely, "to raise salaries," is being fulfilled to the evident satisfaction of students, if we may judge by the letters of appreciation "voluntarily sent." And a glance at the origin and growth of this

system gives further evidence of its success. The system whose offices are now found in all parts of the globe owes its beginning to the editor of the Shenandoah Herald, Thomas J. Foster. From the dingy office of a country newspaper in 1872 the I. C. S. has now spread over the entire United States and penetrated beyond into South Africa, New Zealand, Australia and India. Its students today are numbered by the thousand and its expenses of last year (\$1,500,000) can give us a fair estimate of its financial standing.

Its method is described in the title "Correspondence School." The applicant forwards his application for instruction in a certain branch of a trade, and thus opens up the correspondence by which he is to be trained. Theme papers bearing on his subject are mailed, worked out by the pupil and remailed to the Scranton headquarters for correction. With the corrected copy of the theme is sent another set of questions or problems, the more or less advanced, as the former specimen of the student seemed to warrant. And at last, after a certain number of mails have passed between teachers and pupils, the diploma of the I. C. S. is forwarded as a guarantee to the world of satisfactory work done on the part of the learner. As the value of the system for practical business training has been established, the directors not unfrequently are able to start their graduates in a lucrative position. Business men, rather than run the risk of choosing haphazardly from the ordinary run of applicants, prefer to test the trained man advertised by the I. C. S., and this influence in the hands of the directors of the schools is a very potent factor in their success.

Yet perhaps the keynote of the unprecedented prosperity of the correspondence schools is the ideal condition under which they labor. Their students are recruited, as a rule, from the working classes.

The young man or woman intending to follow a course is

required to furnish a certain amount of money, about seventy dollars. The condition of life of these young people often makes this payment a question of real sacrifice, and of retrenchment of the few comforts afforded by a small salary. And what more reliable guarantee of earnestness could be asked? In the hope of bettering his position and income the young student saves enough to enable him to satisfy his ambition. The cost is not merely one of money, but of much spare time and rest. After such a sacrifice, is it likely that the young man or woman in question will lose time or neglect the least of the opportunities offered by the correspondence schools?

The directors of these schools, therefore, find their pupils inspired with an eagerness for work and a steadfastness of purpose which the system itself has done nothing to arouse. And even when possessed of these ideal conditions the correspondence schools, we think, do not make the most profitable use of them. The student, no matter how earnest he be, may, when left to work out his own difficulties, spend long hours of earnest application over a point which could and should have been cleared briefly by a personal explanation of a teacher. And when at last the student arrives at some solution of his task, he is left in doubt as to the correctness of his decision. Not until his papers are returned to him can he have any satisfactory judgment of his labor. Even at this point, however, his doubt may not be cleared or the rule given cannot be applied by him because of his inability to perceive the connection between his work and the written directions. He cannot, of himself, proceed any further than the paper sent him directs, and if he is an earnest and sensible student he will not proceed with new work until his difficulties with the old are cleared away to his satisfaction. But this requires more time and delay in mails, and in the interval a serious, ambitious brain is working

blindly and in vain. What the same effort could accomplish under the personal direction of a living and speaking teacher there is no need of emphasizing. The doubt would be proposed at once, discussed, explained by the teacher and at last cleared for the student, whose intellect would then be prepared for new and more arduous work. So in saying that the I. C. S. does not make the best possible use of its advantages, or even does not accomplish with them as much as a living teacher could, is not, we feel confident, arraiging this system of schools too severely.

And as for the possibility of their ever replacing education, it is too improbable to discuss very seriously. The best which the I. C. S. can produce, or ever aims to produce, is a workman well informed in the common requirements of his trade. He is scarcely well trained, as that word implies the personal supervision of a living teacher, who corrects and directs until his pupil has acquired for himself the knowledge or practical habit for which he is being trained. And to maintain that the correspondence schools are a source of liberal education, or guide the mind along any broad lines of culture, is to show the absurdity of the thought in its very expression. There is no development of the three great faculties in correspondence schools, and as far as can be judged from its circulars there is no attempt at such development. The aim of the system, as recorded, in the beginning, is "to raise salaries." It imparts to each student limited knowledge of a very limited subject, and, while the I. C. S. may turn out a reliable steam fitter or bookkeeper, the system will labor in vain to produce those two choicest specimens of human nature, the true product of education—the gentleman and the scholar.

Edwin L. Leonard, '10.

Choric Ode.

(A Translation.)

Melodious Voice of Zeus, with what intent
Com'st thou from Delphi's gold-adorned shore
To far-famed Thebes? For I in fear am bent
Upon the rack, my limbs all trembling o'er.
Come thou, O Dalian Voice, whom now I dread.
What fate hast thou in store for me? oh say
Is't new or old that in the circling course
Of bygone years has tread?
Tell me, O child of life's bright golden ray,
Apollo, sprung from ancient, god-like source.

And first on thee, Jove's child, ambrosia-fed,
And on thine earth-upholding kin I call,
Minerva thou, and Artemis, whose head
Adorns the golden throne about the Hall;
Thou, too, far-darting Voice, and ye three fates
That o'er my fate well-wishing guardians stand,
Be kind to me; and if, when former woe
Hung o'er the city's gates,
Ye drove the fiery pests from out the land,
So now to me yourselves propitious show.

Ye gods, for on my soul press countless woes,
And all my city, held in sickness, lies;
Nor is there any plan to check the foes
That mind of mortal man can now devise.
No more the fields their fruits in plenty bring,
Nor do the mothers fraught with child survive
Their travail: you may see them more and more
Like birds of steady wing
And swifter than the fiery lightning's dive
Departing on to Pluto's western shore.

Lo, in the city untold numbers die,
 While round about, despised, denied a grave,
 The unmourned offsprings fever-laden lie;
 And timid wives and white-haired mothers rave
 And raise their suppliant hands against such pain,
 While here and there along the altar's strand
 The cries of woe with sorrowful paeans blend
 In one grand rhythmic strain.
 For this, O child of Jove, immortal, grand,
 To me thy bright and fair-faced courage send.

Grant that the mighty Mars, who now unshorn
 Of brazen shield, with shouts attacks and binds
 Me round, may in a backward course be borne
 From out the land and, sped by fav'ring winds,
 E'en to Atlantic's farthest western bay
 Or Thrace's wild inhospitable sea.
 For what escapes the bloody hands of night
 Falls into those of day.
 Slay him, O Father Jove, who vauntest thee
 The god of thunder, fierce with fiery light.

And now from gold-strung bow, wolf-slaying Sire,
 Send forth thy conqu'ring darts to cure our ills,
 Well-mixed with shafts of Artemis, charged with fire
 With which she flashes through the Lycian hills.
 And last, O bright-faced god of mirth, on thee
 I call, thou by whose name is known our land,
 And when Maenadic hosts surround, come thou
 Our friend and helper be;
 And with thy bright and ever-flaming brand
 Drive forth the god whom all dishonor now.

Charles H. Foley, '11.

Moving Pictures.

THE STUDIOUS LAD.

Here we have the irrepressible, indefatigable ink slinger and book wrestler. The irreproachable! The pride of the household, class and college. The lad who is doing his duty and will reap the benefit in the end. He is the professor's joy and many times his fellow-students' salvation. Hot or cold weather affect him not in the least. He burns the midnight oil but rises early to get the milk. Foregoes parties to do his tasks. Latin and Greek and mathematical formulae fly before his ravenous attacks. Comes with his shoes shined on reading-of-mark days. Occupies a front seat on prize-night. Although this species is rare, we have a few among us, and if you glance through the "Annual," you will see them there with the literary noises.

THE SOCIAL LAD.

Look now at the lounging, lipping ladies' man. The lad of taste and perception of the "beautiful." Is always "dressed up in his best." Talks you blind about stage-folks, evening parties and opera. Has hawklike optics for skirts and big hats. Can draw the Eternal Question-mark. Can write a charming missive, and is no mean adept at sonnets. Can accompany on the piano. Every other week gets twenty-five "ping-pongs" taken, a different pose in each. Promenades up Charles street of a Sunday afternoon. Knows the meaning of "Black Monday." Never anything but affable. But what a sad sight behind the desk, with his dreamy eyes and far-away look. Well, let him alone, he's harmless and will get over it.

THE SPORTING LAD.

Behold the lad who hath broke and refilled the mint. The walking Monte Carlo. The living example of the "young blood." Is ready to bet I. O. U. on all occasions. Spends his own money and other people's with equal ferocity, but borrows car fare to get home. Neglects to pay class and society dues. Carries keys and foreign coins to make the loose-change noise. Dresses like a scarecrow. Has an independent, swaggering air, and always carries his hands in his trousers' pockets. Resents being called a "tin horn sport," but keep your eye on him and you will find him looking under the fence at ball-games.

THE ATHLETIC LAD.

Here's the wildest animal of the herd. Absolutely untamable. Study's proclaimed and inveterate foe. The idol of the small boy, the bane of the professor. Keeps bobbing up and down the sixty mark. Can write compositions (such as they are) in ten minutes. Is thrilled to the marrow by the crack of the bat or the sharp report of the starter's pistol. Impossible for him to get a "swelled head." Keeps busy in class figuring out his own record. Shows great intellectual capacity in retaining scores. But he is a good-hearted member of the community, and if only the idea of the future could percolate through his befogged gray matter, he'd be a joy forever.

Harry P. Galligher, '11.

The House Across the Way.

THERE was nothing about the house to attract more than a casual glance from a passer-by. It was just like any other fashionable house in New York. The graceful flight of steps which led up to the imposing entrance, the massive overhanging gables of the roof and the grace and beauty of the architecture were its only noticeable features. But to Burt and myself, who kept bachelor apartments directly opposite, there had always been an air of mystery about that house across the way. It had been built one summer when we were out of town, and no one seemed to know for whom or by whom it was built.

Although the mansion might inspire nothing but admiration in the minds of the busy New Yorkers, who were used to such sights, yet there were several mysterious features about it which made it an object of interest and curiosity to us. The windows had been heavily curtained from the day the house had been first occupied. The magnificent front entrance was to all appearances never used by the owners, the only persons having been seen to go in or out the front door being a liveried servant, who for all his American costume was unmistakably an Oriental. Yet we were sure the house had other occupants, for we had noticed dense clouds of smoke issuing from the chimneys and once, when curiosity had led me to inspect the rear, I had seen two well-dressed men come out of the back gate and step into a waiting automobile. I caught a glimpse of the men's faces and satisfied myself that they were Hindoos. It was evident, then, that these mysterious creatures always used the back door in preference to the front. But why all this secrecy,

unless they wished to conceal their movements? Who could these Orientals be, who were always stealing in and out at the back way and had never opened their front windows? Burt and I, who had only been out of college a few years and still retained much of the vigor and curiosity of youth, had asked ourselves these questions over and over, but as no opportunity of investigating the mystery had presented itself, we could only sit at our windows, staring at the house across the way and forming wild conjectures as to the business, identity and habits of its inmates.

One evening, however, the coveted opportunity offered itself in a way which neither of us had expected. I was sitting by the fire waiting for Burt to come home from the club. I had almost fallen asleep when he burst into the room. He was panting as if he had been running. His face was flushed; his eyes sparkled with excitement.

"Wake up, man!" he cried, panting for breath. "I saw them taking a girl into that house! They may kill her if someone don't stop them. Come on!" he continued trying to pull me to my feet.

At first I stared at him in amazement. Then, remembering that he had been to the club, I laughed and sank back into my chair.

"All right, Burt," I said, sleepily. "We'll go in the morning. You go to bed now and sleep it off. You'll feel more like rescuing fair maidens to-morrow."

"Don't be a fool, Phil," and there was an earnestness in his tone that made me open my eyes again. "I have not been imbibing to-night, but I have seen something that has aroused a spirit of chivalry in my breast to equal that of the knights of old. Listen! I was coming home when curiosity prompted me to go around and have a look at the back of the house across the way. Just as I came up the alley an automobile stopped in front of the gate. The door of the

machine opened and the two Hindoos stepped out. They spoke roughly to someone inside and then there stepped out into the light of the gas lamp a fair young girl. I only caught a glimpse of her face, Phil, but that was enough to set my heart beating fast. Such a sweet face she had! and how full of terror and suffering! Her eyes! Oh, Phil, my heart went out to the little maid in her terror and trouble, and then—”

“And then, what?” I said, for I was now as much excited as Burt.

“I caught a few words spoken in English by the girl, from which I gathered that she was to be killed at some mysterious rite or other. My heart froze as I listened, but before I could move they were inside and the gate was closed.”

“Well, what are we to do?” I asked, helplessly.

“Do? Why, Phil, there is only one thing to do—to go and rescue that girl. These heathens are going to sacrifice her to some god if they are not stopped. But, by Heaven! they will be stopped! If you won’t help, I’ll go alone!”

He was so much in earnest that he imparted some of his zeal to me. And so, like knights of old, we girded ourselves for the conflict—with a pair of .45 colts—and went forth to the aid of the fair lady in distress.

If we had stopped to consider the rashness and utter foolishness of what we were about, I am sure that, as two ordinary American citizens of the twentieth century, we would not have gone on this errand, which belonged more suitably to the Middle Ages. But we did not give ourselves time to consider. Led by the excitement of the moment, our natural resentment aroused at the thought of a beautiful girl in distress, we almost ran around to the rear of the house across the way.

On our way we agreed upon our plan of attack. We would ring the bell, overpower the one who opened the gate, proceed

into the house, search until we found the girl and then, if possible, carry her off to a place of safety. The first part of our plan worked beautifully. As soon as the gate opened in answer to our ring, we both burst into the yard, overpowered the servant who opened it, bound his hands and feet with our belts and locked him in the basement. But now the more exciting part of our adventure was to come. We were about to enter the mysterious house.

Without pausing to consider we opened the door and went in boldly. We found ourselves in a little hallway in which several doors opened on either side. There did not seem to be anyone in this part of the house, so we went cautiously along, looking into each of the rooms as we passed. As we opened one of the doors we caught sight of some bloody characters inscribed on the opposite wall, but as we could do no more than guess at their meaning we passed on.

We had gone about ten feet more along this hallway when we came to a large archway, closed by handsomely carved folding doors. On opening these, I was prepared to look into a room of fantastic beauty and grandeur; but the scene that met my eyes so overpowered me with amazement that I entirely forgot where I was. For here in the centre of this house, in the midst of gay New York, was a perfect little Oriental garden.

Large palm trees raised their towering heads almost to the graceful arch of the roof above. Oriental shrubs lined the network of paths that crossed and recrossed each other throughout this whole wonderland. Sparkling fountains were scattered here and there among the trees and shrubs, and the air was laden with the fragrant odor of spices. The most wonderful thing, however, about this marvelous spot was the way it was lighted. By some mysterious means a soft radiance was spread over the whole scene, giving the exact effect of an Oriental twilight.

I have no idea how long I stood gazing in rapture at this perfect little corner of the Orient. However, we were both brought to our senses by the sound of a muffled scream that seemed to come from some place above us. Looking around, we saw a stairway which before had escaped our notice. Up this we crept. At the top we came to a door. Inside we could hear the sound of men's voices, as if in prayer, mingled with the stifled sobs of a woman. We opened the door quietly and looked on a plain room, furnished in polished marble and encircled with large vases from which issued a peculiar greenish flame, casting a ghastly appearance on a scene which was horrible enough already. For at the other end of the room was an altar, in front of which was bound, hand and foot, a young, dark-eyed girl, whose slender body was convulsed with sobs. Around this were gathered three Hindoos, one of whom was dressed in the robes of a priest. He held a large knife in his hand and was muttering some blasphemous prayer to his gods. So interested were the men in their murderous work that they failed to note our intrusion.

As we stepped into the room, however, the three men turned. I saw a revolver flash in the hand of one. I drew my own. We fired almost at the same instant. I felt a sharp pain as the bullet grazed my cheek, but I had the satisfaction of seeing my man fall without a cry. Before I could fire again one of the others was upon me. Then there began such a struggle as I had never experienced in all my days of football.

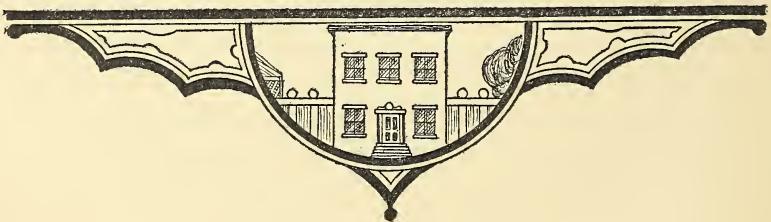
Backward and forward we swayed, each one grappling for the other's throat. I remember hearing Burt and the priest fall to the floor and I remember wondering which of them was gasping so painfully for breath. At that moment down we went ourselves, carrying with us one of the vases containing the green flame. Over and over we rolled and at last I succeeded in fastening my fingers on the Hindoo's throat and choking him into submission.

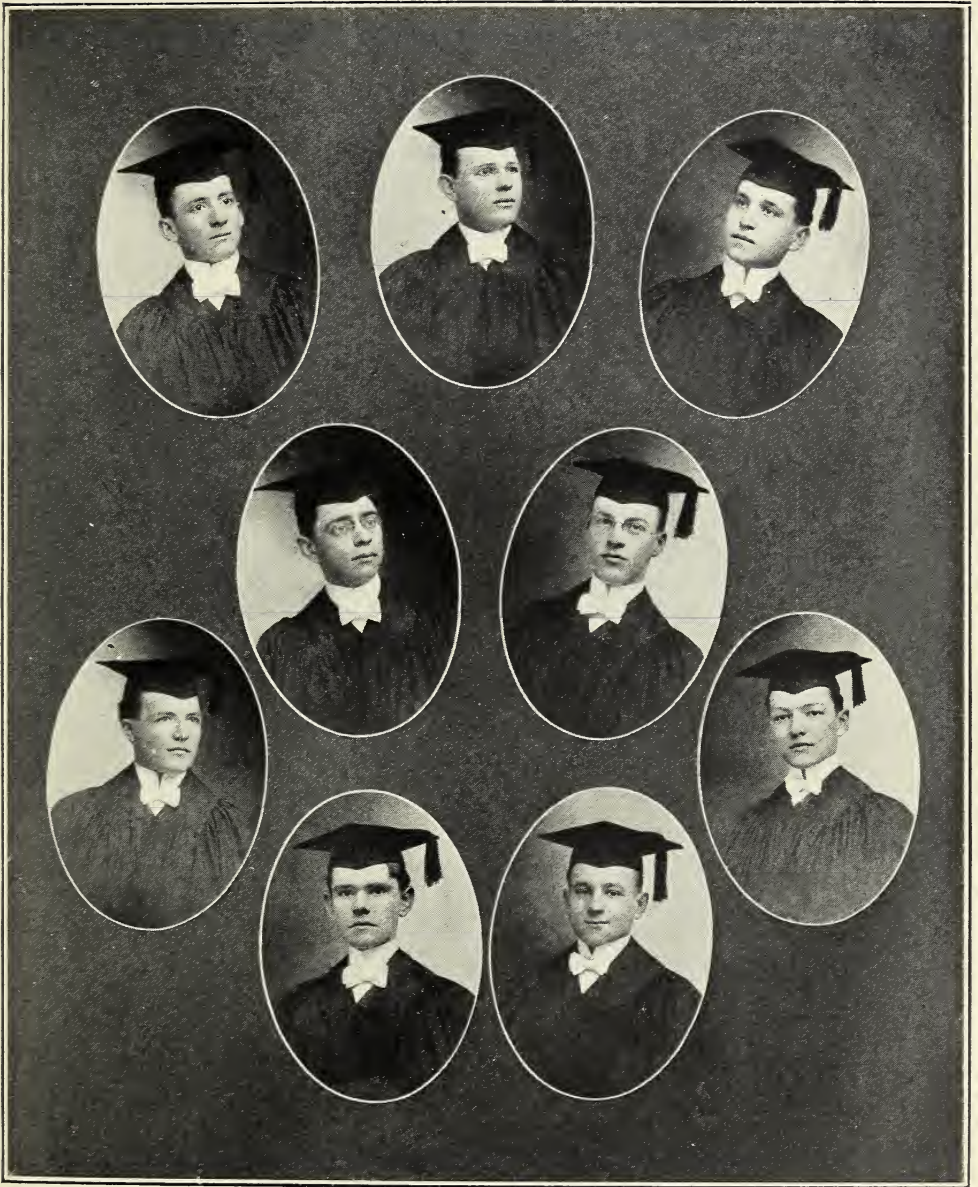
I rose to my feet to notice for the first time what havoc the overturned vase was playing. The burning oil had run over the floor and now almost one-half of the room was in flames. I looked around for Burt and discovered him busily engaged in untying the girl from the altar. He soon had her free, but by this time the room had become unbearably stifling from the smoke. The flames were all around us. Burt picked up the now senseless form of the girl in his arms and we made a dash for the door. We gained the stairs and rushed down.

The whole house was now filled with smoke and we were almost suffocated. Still we rushed on and at last opened the back door and landed safely in the yard. The smoke was by this time pouring from every part of the house. Far up the street we could hear the engines rushing madly to the spot. Revived by the fresh air, we managed to carry our rescued charge safely to our apartments, where we turned her over to the care of our old housekeeper. Then we went to our front window and watched the house across the way burn until there was nothing left but the four walls.

At present I am still an old bachelor and happy in my freedom, but I often visit my old friend Burt and his charming little wife, who now live in their new home just across the way from my own apartments.

W. Paul Brown, '11.





GRADUATING CLASS, 1909.

William F. Braden. C. Carroll Rohr. Joseph A. Wozney.

Edward K. Hanlon. James S. Murphy.

Martin L. McNulty. William H. Kelly. William J. Tewes. Austin McDonnell.



A Sophomore's Appreciation of Father Tabb.

IN a recent magazine there appeared, translated, I believe, from the French, the following definition of poetry: Poetry is "the exquisite expression of exquisite impressions." The word exquisite forms the whole definition. In this one little word are contained all the other qualities of the true poet, his sense of the beautiful and ideal, his power of conception, his art of expression. And in no other poet of the present time are these qualities or this "exquisite-ness" found in such a marked degree or rather I should say, in such a marked perfection as in Father Tabb. The happy array of subjects, the subtle perception and delicate expression of the thoughts, the poetical choice of words, the smoothness and rhythm of the lines, the marked absence of all effort, all lend a beauty and a pleasure to the lyrics of Father Tabb that only true poetry can give.

Father Tabb saw the beautiful in everything. To him the meanest object, the commonest scene was linked with the highest thoughts. All things held a charm for him; he seemed to speak with nature and read her very heart. And

nature spoke to him poetically, whispered its little secret and he the master gave it forth to man. It is by thus idealizing for us every bird, tree or flower, every dancing sun-ray, every object that daily meets our sight, that Father Tabb has fulfilled his mission as the priest-poet among us. His lyrics store our minds with the fairest and chastest images, and teach us at every turn to lift up our hearts. "Sursum Corda" is their unprinted refrain.

The poems quoted in this appreciation may seem to have been chosen more or less at random. They have, however, appealed to me and, at any rate, will serve to illustrate the evenness and universality of Father Tabb's genius—will show, that no matter in what part Father Tabb is read, no matter what page is turned to, he will always be found a sweet companion.

Father Tabb is perhaps at his best in his quatrains. The skill with which he has worked into these little four-line poems the most beautiful thoughts excites our constant wonder. The following may serve to illustrate:

"A ladder from the Land of Light,
I rest upon the sod,
Whence dewy angels of the night
Climb back again to God."

What a beautiful thought woven into a few short lines! We cannot help loving it. It forces itself upon us with a tender sweetness, and before we realize it, its full beauty bursts upon us. Here is the golden sunbeam pictured as a ladder joining heaven and earth, on whose steps the sparkling dewdrops are angels climbing to heaven. What a simple, little thought and yet how exquisitely expressed! Yet, were it not for the shortness of the poem, the thought so beautiful in itself would lose half of its effect. It is the sweet

suddenness with which it thrusts itself upon us that arouses our admiration and lends a beauty and a pleasure that cannot be described. And this is only one of the many quatrains written by Father Tabb. They are all alike, a beautiful thought skillfully conceived and artistically expressed, in every line and every word betraying the power of the hand that wrought them and the mind that gave them birth.

Let us now turn to another of Father Tabb's lyrics, consisting indeed of a greater number of lines than the quatrain, but possessing in all other respects the artistic effect of the quatrain's "multum in parvo."

"Are ye the ghosts of fallen leaves,
O flakes of snow,
For which, through naked trees, the winds
A-mourning go?
Or are ye angels, bearing home
The host unseen
Of truant spirits, to be clad
Again in green?"

We have all witnessed snow-storms, have beheld the same sight of the falling flakes winter after winter, yet who of us has ever been inspired with a thought like this, has ever linked the dismal winter with the happy spring, the joy with the pain? In these few lines there is expressed a thought which for Spencer would have filled a book, for Shakespeare would have meant a page, for Milton many a labored line. The very shortness of the poem lends to it a certain charm and beauty; yet the poem is finished in every respect, and the more we read it the more we admire the genius of the author and the beauty of his work. But besides all this, there is another beauty present in the poem, a last finishing touch, as it were, to an already perfect work. I mean the delightful rhythm. And the effect of this is enjoyed with all

the greater pleasure that no visible effort is present. Take the first two lines. In the first we have a fairly light, gliding cadence, which pictures to our minds the leaves fluttering and "floating adown the air;" while in the second we have a soft, slow movement that paints for us the snow-flakes lingering lazily in the air and deadening all nature. In a word, the conception, metre, rhythm and expression all combine to make the poem one of those little, charming productions that will live to the undying fame of their author.

Although most of Father Tabb's poems are short, and after the same fashion of the two already quoted, he has also written some very beautiful sonnets. The following may not be the best or most representative of Tabb's sonnets, still it is very beautiful and in my opinion does great honor to his fame as a poet:

"What was thy dream, sweet Morning? for, behold,
 Thine eyes are heavy with the balm of night,
 And as reluctant lilies to the light,
 The languid lids of lethargy unfold.
 Was it the tale of Yesterday retold—
 An echo wakened from the Western height,
 Where the warm glow of sunset dalliance bright
 Grew, with the pulse of waning passion, cold?
 Or was it some heraldic vision grand
 Of legends that forgotten ages keep
 In twilight, where the sundering shoals of day
 Vex the dim sails, unpiloted, of Sleep,
 Till, one by one, the freighting fancies gay,
 Like bubbles, vanish on the treacherous strand?"

Here, indeed, does Father Tabb exhibit all his powers as a poet. Here he pictures for us "Morning," her eyes heavy with "the balm of Night," slowly and reluctantly awakening as from a dream. It is this very personification of "Morning" that fascinates us at once. The figure fits so

perfectly, appeals so to everyone, that the poem holds an equal charm for all. The word "Morning" itself recalls to our minds all the sweetness and music of awakening nature, all the charms and beauty of the soft, grey dawn; and when we find it so happily connected with the sleeper and the dream, our joy and admiration is all the greater. And now with the poet we wonder what the dream of "Morning" was. Was it a dream of yesterday, of things of recent happening, or of some day of the dim, far-off past? The dream is of the long-ago, her dream, who day after day through all the ages has appeared, untiring and unchanged. Then, too, the word heraldic lends a new pleasure to the picture. It links the present not only with the days of old, but with the days of knighthood and chivalry when everything was great and romantic and noble! The beauty of the poem lies in the personification of "Morning," her dream, her antiquity, the contrast between the dream of yesterday and the legend of old. We shall not dwell upon the exquisite expression of this conception, the rare choice of words, the rhythm of the lines. Suffice it to say that the whole thought is traced out clearly and plainly, every word is beautiful, exact, poetical, the metre smooth and easy—flowing; elements which combine to form a finished and perfect lyric.

There never has been and perhaps there never will be another poet of the English language like Father Tabb. There have been aspirants who have tried "*sese lyricis vatibus inseri*," but those who have attempted long poems dwindled down to mere verbosity, while those who have tried the shorter ones sank into obscurity. Father Tabb, however, has struck the "golden mean." With rare ability and poetical instinct he saw the beautiful, the poetical in everything, and yet even in his conception of the thought he differs from all other poets. He links with objects thought that the quick-

est wit and most fertile imagination would hardly dream of, and it is in this very power that his greatness consists. Short and concise, yet exquisite and pleasant, he has written poem after poem, added, as it were, stone after stone to the monument that is to stand to the everlasting glory of his name, so that he might well say with Horace:

“Exegi monumentum aere perennius,
Regalique situ pyramidum altius.”

Charles H. Foley, '11.

Immortality.



VOICE ringing wildly
In earth, sea and sky,
Finds echoes that mildly
Within me reply:
“Immortal, immortal.”

Then vanquish we sorrow
And heartache and pain—
A deathless to-morrow
Is pledged in the strain:
“Immortal, immortal.”

C. P. Losinski, '12.



Only One Black One.

JACK, there are moments in a fellow's life when the good and noble in others make him feel as if he wanted to adore human nature. And there are times also, Jack, when the black side of nature shows and makes you want to curse it."

Sewell sat up and looked hard at me. My outburst of moralizing had almost stunned him. We had just returned from a five-mile provision trip to the village at the foot of the lake where we were camping, and had thrown ourselves down in the darkness near the camp-fire to smoke and muse over the beautiful night that enveloped us. Nothing, I imagined, was farther from Sewell's mind than the thought I had given voice to. His question, however, startled me and proved our thoughts akin.

"Say, Skippy, you never told me about that row you fellows had with that Richardson chap two years ago."

"What!" I said, "Why I thought you knew all about that."

"No, I overheard Mack making a reference to it to-day. We were passing the sluice down here and Danny shuddered."

"No wonder," I told him. "If you had gone through what Danny did, I imagine you would have shuddered too."

You see, true in life as in story, there is generally a malcontent in every camp. Howell Richardson never agreed with the fellows, always did his best to balk any plan but his own, and was a snob from the word "go." He was a fellow of the precocious type, handsome in an insipid kind of way, and his folks had plenty of money. You know that style—you know how unbearable they are. It seems he was mortally jealous of Dan Mortimer. Danny is the life of the crowd; the Canoe Club would never stick together but for Danny. Always jolly and rollicking, always in good spirits, never considering himself, and what is more, possessed of a witty, healthy mind, he is naturally popular everywhere he goes. People can't help liking him. That's the reason why Richardson hated him so. He is so bent on himself, his soul is so puny, that here at camp, at college, at the homes of our friends, yes, even in his own home, he was jealous of Danny's popularity. He begrudged him every attention and never lost the slightest chance of making trouble for him. In short, he was set on revenge.

How he was ever voted into the Club, I don't quite see, for he was the most unpopular boy at college. But it was one of those cases to which you can't take exception without offending half the United States. And, then, Richardson had a sister at Manhattan College. Mack was the lad who proposed Richardson, and he was the one who actually got him in. We did a little putting two and two together.

We had been in camp about two weeks, and everybody was having a rousing time. Fishing, boating, racing and the thousand other amusements you meet with at Northern watering places, kept us busy from morning to night. Mack was considering patting himself on the back, at the smooth way things were going under his regime. He had just suc-

ceeded in getting his hand behind him, to proceed with this congratulatory exercise, when something snapped. His machinery had gone back on him, and a sorry day was dawning for Richardson.

We were all going fishing one morning, except Doc Parsons and Danny. J. Lewis Parsons, M. D., a man about seven years our senior, had decided to take a vacation, because of nervous trouble. So Mr. Mortimer prevailed upon him to accompany us, for a consideration of course, and with the power of guardian over Danny. Poor old Dan was all broken up that summer, in consequence of over-strenuousness in athletics and a slight attack of typhoid. Doc, for some reason best known to himself, ordered Danny to stay behind and keep camp with him. Just then things went wrong; everybody refused point blank to go out with Richardson. So Danny, peacemaker ever, Doc Parsons notwithstanding, called out to Richy to make ready, as he was going with him.

Richardson and Danny in one boat, Mack and I in another, went down by the factory. We had been there about an hour, when a spanking breeze came up, blowing down the lake towards the mill. Nobody noticed it was gradually shifting the two boats apart. Right here, Jack, is where the trouble commenced. You know the sluice of the barrel factory is about one hundred feet long and empties into a vat about twelve feet square and twenty-five feet deep. Everybody, who knows anything about the lake, dreads that place. I tell you, it is frightful in that swirl, when the turbines are going. Throw a stick in the vat sometime when nobody is looking, and see what happens. Just picture, if you can, a human being whirling about in there. It takes its toll of fishermen every year. When a boat once gets caught in the powerful grasp of that current, which can be felt for some distance from the mouth of the sluice, one has a mighty poor chance of ever seeing that boat whole again. Into this death-trap Richardson and Danny had drifted.

Danny was busied with the landing of a bass. Richardson watched him over his shoulder for a moment, saw that he would be successful, turned around and found himself looking into the mouth of the sluice. What I'm going to tell you now, Jack, is what I call the most cold-blooded piece of spite-work it has been my misfortune to witness. Richardson never opened his mouth. He reached up, caught hold of the roof and swung clear. If he had only made an attempt at checking the boat's onrush with his feet, Danny might have been given a chance to free himself from the luggage at the bottom of the boat, and would have given him some grounds for excuse. Danny came to his senses and realized what had been going on, just in time to see Mack and myself rowing frantically towards him, when he shot out of sight into that sluice.

Richardson never heard our shouts. He never dreamed that we had been approaching all the time; he never dreamed that we saw him indulge in a fiendish smile; he never dreamed that we heard him say, "By —, I guess you won't butt in any more."

But when we landed on the roof near the middle, and called to the mill for help, Richardson crawled up like a whipped cur, jumped off, and ran out of sight around the corner of the mill. He knew then that, if there was going to be any questioning about the matter, Mack and I would have a few things to say, not altogether healthy for him.

Then followed a scene that has made us love and look up to Mack, great, big, noble-hearted Stanley Mack, forever as the boss of the camp and crowd in general. Right down that roof he tore, pausing a moment as he caught sight of Danny, saw him pitched out of the boat, hurled head first against the logs on the side, and then fall unconscious in the vat. Only a moment, then he dove off.



THE MAY SHRINE.

Man, it was simply great. It makes me feel cheap, when I think how the engineer, the employees of the factory and myself stood there helpless, holding one end of a rope, while Mack, hampered by all his clothes, fought alone for Danny's life. And the swirl dragging on them and sucking them in all the time. Jack, it was matter for an epic, to see Mack struggle and fight for that rope, and keep Danny's head up at the same time. And when we finally hauled them in, both unconscious, it was touching to see those rough, strong men break down and cry like babies.

My feelings were running away with me—I could say no more. So I made a great show at filling and lighting my pipe. After a long silence, however, I remarked:

“Don't you know, Mack was helpless for two days, and Danny was three months recovering. Mack was strongly in favor of taking action, but Danny pleaded for Richardson, saying he couldn't help what birth and breeding had given him. Nevertheless, Mack's jaws snapped, and you know what happens when his jaws snap. ‘We'll see,’ was all he said, and he and all of Danny's friends intend some time to see justice done.”

The boys were returning; our chat was at an end. I threw a few sticks of wood on the fire and swung the kettle round, in preparation for our nightly lunch. Mack and Danny called to us, and were just coming in sight through the trees, when Jack, in tones of one announcing a startling discovery, remarked:

“By Heca, I see it now. That's what Richardson's folks meant when pressed for a reason why he was sent to a school in Italy. ‘This country does not agree with Howell,’ they said. Well, I suppose it didn't, nor he with it.”

Edwin B. Kelly, '10.

Letters of the Brother of a Suffragette.

March 1, 1909.

DEAR Tad:—I am writing you in the faint hope that you can give me some consolation in my misfortune. Sister Jane has become a Suffragette. A plague on the head of this new and insidious secret society of Suffragettes. "Secret Society," did I say? Well, perhaps I ought to modify that statement a little, as the organization is composed exclusively of women. But I swear to you that ere long I shall prevent Jane by main force, if necessary, from attending the meetings of these deluded creatures. "Why?" you may ask. Why, indeed! Didn't Jane inform me yesterday, as coolly as you please, that I was no longer to be allowed to read the "World" in the morning while she was hustling around seeing to breakfast, but that she, forsooth! intended to change places with me and decide upon what nags should be played at Pimlico, and what stocks should be bought, while I was engaged (imagine it, please), in warming some milk for her pet poodle and in making out the grocer's and butcher's list for the day. Didn't that same sister of mine ask me this morning what styles of collars and ties were worn, and whether I thought a green felt hat or a derby would be more becoming her? I promptly told her that my whole last summer's outfit was upstairs in my closet, from socks to hats, if she wanted them, but I warned her that if she adopted my wearing apparel in future, she would have to stoke the furnace and wash the pavement off, jobs which are ordinarily mine. This seemed to cool her ardor somewhat, but I am fearful lest another attack of Suffragitis should come on. Write and console your suffering chum.

Jack.

II.

March 8, 1909.

Dear Tad:—I appreciate your kind efforts to alleviate my misery, but alas, poor Yorick! Jane has had another attack of the dread disease mentioned in my last letter, brought on by exposure to the deadly fumes of the gas produced at one of the discussions of the club. This morning the young lady informed me that she would never speak to me again if I failed to vote for Mr. Percy Shillingworth who, as you know, is a candidate for mayor of this burg. "Why so," I asked her. "Because," she replied. This is the kind of answers I have to put up with nowadays. You remember old Shillingworth, don't you? Great man for church fairs, Sunday school picnics and the like; a fond advocate of the water wagon and sundaes. Well, Jane immediately started off to discuss with great spirit all the various campaign issues. To make matters worse, the cook had not shown up that morning. Jane usually gets breakfast ready in an emergency of this kind, but now she would not occupy herself in such a harmless way. She thought, I suppose, that a lot of what Mr. Candidate This and Candidate That had to say was just as substantial and satisfying as beefsteak and hot rolls. I gave her a good piece of my mind, but I hear that the harangues at Convention Hall are becoming daily more spirited, so I know that my advice falls on deaf ears. Sorrowfully yours,

Jack.

III.

March 15, 1909.

Dear Tad:—There is no rest for the weary. The Suffragette meetings in Convention Hall have been broken up for disturbing the peace of the neighborhood. But as I say, no rest

for the weary. I came home from the office the other day, and as I had a bad headache I threw myself upon the sofa in the sitting room downstairs and fell asleep. Woe is me! My slumbers were rudely disturbed by a hubbub of noise that bore all the earmarks of a miniature riot. Investigation revealed the fact that the disturbance came from Jane's room, which is just above the sitting room. The Suffragettes, if you please, have converted Jane's room into their meeting hall. I could distinguish now and then above the hubbub a few words which led me to believe that they were unanimous on turning the world topsy-turvy and abolishing all order. At supper that night (at which, by the way, I do the pouring of tea) I asked Jane, "Well, for whom did you decide to vote?" Jane started in to elaborate the whole affair, telling me how the High and Mighty Order of Suffragettes hoped to be granted the exercise of the franchise in time to cast a unanimous ballot for Mr. Percy Shillingworth—"oh, just the dearest man in town." I told her that all expenses for broken furniture would be charged to the account of the said High and Mighty Order, at which the young lady could scarcely resist hitting me on the head with the carving steel (she does the carving, if you must know). Alas, the plot thickens! Dejectedly,

Jack.

IV.

March 22, 1909.

Dear Tad:—The last straw! the camel's back is broken! I came home this evening to find our lawn covered with members of the "Distinction" known as the Order of Suffragettes. That was bad enough, I thought, but the worst was yet to come. As I opened the front gate, I beheld a sight that fixed me to the spot. Out upon the porch, before the expectant eyes of the female multitude, advanced my sister,

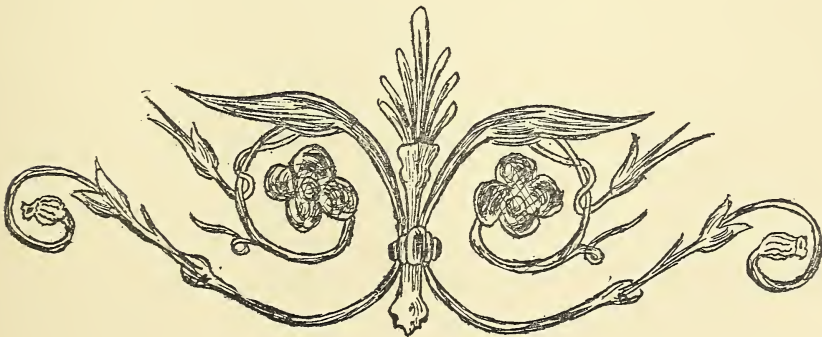
arrayed in my dress suit, and addressed the gathering with heated atmosphere, the substance of which, as far as I remember, was: "Down with the market basket! Away to the lumber rooms with every sewing-machine in the land! We will tread them no longer! Instead, we will guide through the streets of every city, every village, every hamlet, the unwieldy truck and the honking taxicab! We will loosen our grip upon the broom handle and clutch firmly the policeman's billy! Down with lesson books! We will have none of them; instead, we will handle the books at Pimlico, Sheepshead Bay and Benning! We will reform the ballot; it shall no longer be folded like a handkerchief or a tablecloth, but like a seven-gored skirt! Fellow Suffragettes, all together, one, two, three, and we will usurp the dominion now held by man! We will do away with cabinets in the government and replace them with chiffoniers; we will do away with armies and navies and war with our tongues! The future is all brightness for the suffragette cause!"

I am seriously meditating suicide, my dear Tad. Don't you think that I have good reasons for so doing?

Yours in utter despair,

Jack.

John T. Briscoe, '10.



Under Other Flags.

Americans are the globe-trotters of today, and have left their impress on every hill and plain known to man. But ask any of these tourists on their return home what their impressions are, what sights they have seen, and, after a perfunctory word or so on the art galleries and cathedrals, they will tell you of their real impressions. They will tell you of the things that actually appealed to them, of the little things which they will remember when St. Peter's, the Louvre and Waterloo are but faint memories, and the glories of a sunset on the Bay of Naples or the beauties of the Rhine are long-since forgotten pictures. This is my excuse for the notes which follow; they are little snapshots taken here and there; if you wish to read of pictures and buildings, pull down your Stoddard or your Holmes.

One gets a taste of the tropical at the Azores. As the ship swings around a great bluff, you see the pretty little town of Ponta Delgada, with its blue, pink and yellow houses. No sky-scrappers, no factories, no smoke, no noise! But even here American industry has made its way, for over the town are scattered the placards of a great American sewing-machine firm. American coins are more precious here than their own; at least they are never known to refuse them.

It is a source of great surprise to find that Gibraltar is not a bare rock, but a great fortress, with a neat, clean city at its foot. The harbor is a masterpiece of engineering. For its size Gibraltar is the most cosmopolitan place on earth. It is filled with Spaniards, English, Americans, Arabs—to say nothing of the other nationalities represented.

American students find their recreation in baseball and football; German students at Heidelberg take to duelling. The object is to accumulate as many scars on their faces as possible. What a picture to see them wandering about the Kursaal in the evening in their colored caps, admiring one another. The Kaiser could not see it that way, though, and sent his sons to the University of Bonn.

Holland is a "cheesy" place. At Edam they have a big shed, where they keep cheese in summer and cows in winter. However, it is scrupulously clean. The Dutch don't dress as we see them represented in musical comedies; that form of clothing is almost extinct, except in the isle of Marken, where it is worn for the sake of American visitors.

In Paris in the summer the opera is largely patronized by Americans, who are not always hugely appreciative. During a mob scene in "William Tell," one citizen of the U. S. A. was heard to exclaim, "Oh, gee! look at the rough-house!"

The new Jesuit College just outside of Brussels is a magnificent and enormous building. It is equipped with a large and very modern library and throughout is a model college. It has an advantage lacked by us at Loyola in its large football field and tennis courts. There is also on the grounds a swimming pool, which is used for skating in the winter months. Good luck to you, St. Michael's!

What is the use of teaching our children to make their handwriting plain and legible, when the world's great men have generally been such wretched writers. Shakespeare's signature, in the British Museum, is a most indistinguishable effort; it rather resembles the mark made by someone wiping a pen.

There are many great and magnificent cathedrals in Europe, for the most part heavy and massive. But there is one, white and beautiful, in which every line is so finely carved, every

pillar and parapet so skillfully placed, that it seems more like a dream church than a pile raised by the hands of men. It stands in the great square of Milan, one of the most beautiful monuments of the age of the Renaissance.

Naples is a beautiful city, but one's first impressions when landing are generally very nasal. Naples is no place for kind-hearted Americans, for to be charitable to the number of beggars there would break a millionaire.

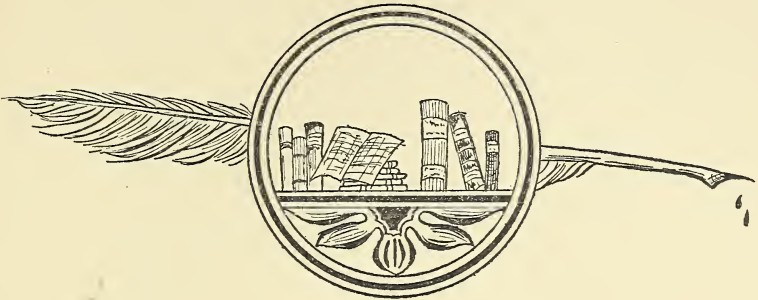
Yes, the custom-house is a great institution. But one can hardly appreciate it when it is encountered at every boundary line (and boundary lines are numerous on the Continent). European custom officials for the most part are on the lookout for tobacco and matches. One young lady, an American, had her trunk searched on the Dutch frontier for cigars.

It is rather disappointing, when you have read so much of "Father Tiber," to find it only a narrow, muddy stream, not much wider than Jones' Falls. For that matter, the average European river wears a very shrunken and humble appearance, in no way like our great streams. But the Rhine is all it is said to be, and the German's love for it is easily understood.

Honestly, there is nothing poetic about candle-light, old-fashioned beds, etc., which are sometimes encountered in old English inns. By the way, some of the eggs served at one of these ancient hostelries tasted as though they were contemporaneous with the founding of the city.

On the way home one is likely to be conscious of only a confused blur of paintings and churches. There are so many of both that there is a resultant temptation to avoid art forever and never go to church again. The moral, then, is to pray for the tourist, that he may return home none the worse for being seasick and still a good Christian.

Edward K. Hanlon, '09.



Magazine Verse.

POETRY is not at the present time in a very flourishing condition. The last echoes of the Victorian poets died with Swinburne, and we have yet to hear the strains of a new harmony. It is perhaps as much owing to the fact that we are, so to speak, between two great eras of verse, one of which is yet to come, as to the progress of industrialism, that we have no great poetry. We find minor poetry that is often very beautiful, but anything that aims higher is invariably an imitation of little value or else somewhat melodious nonsense. Both of these varieties are prominent in magazine verse: that is to say, the typical magazine verse, for here and there in the pages of our periodicals we find stanzas that without pretending to be the work of genius, are nevertheless true poetry.

Obscurity is the chief mark of magazine verse, and at the same time its most subtle charm. We are apt to consider what we cannot understand, as highly intellectual, and we are helped in this illusion when we find it in rhythmical stanzas. The success of magazine verse is thus accounted for, although its value is not increased. One cause of this lack of clearness is probably the fact that the versifier imitates all the faults of

such poets as Browning, without arriving at any of their perfections. The would-be poet, or up-to-date poet, as we may call him, assumes that his verse will be successful if it is misty, and accordingly plunges into clouds. But to touch the mainspring of this obscurity, we must look to the spirit of agnosticism which pervades magazine verse of the typical kind; either this, or absolutely absurd spiritual ideals. Pantheism is another favorite hobby of the magazine poet; in fact, he delights in expressing his lack of all sane spiritual belief. As for the language of magazine verse, we are often reminded of the fantastic lines of the post-Elizabethan poets. These came after a period of great poetry; the petty muses that flit through our magazines follow the Victorian era, and they prove as sterile as their counterparts.

Many of these poems are so bewildering that all but the main idea is doubtful, while even that is but faintly intelligible. A vague undefined melancholy runs through most of the verse of this kind, but outside of this we are at a loss to decipher its meaning. To comment on the thought of these lyrics is rather difficult, when the authors themselves do not appear to have mastered it. Whenever the typical magazine poet touches upon the soul or anything above the material, there is a vague jumble of doubts and suggestions: doubts which come from an undefined want of belief, and suggestions, which leading to naught destroy the unity of the poem without adding to its beauty. This element of wistful longing might in the hands of a master produce a great poem, but as found in magazine verse, it merely gives us the impression that the writer is beating the air for lack of ideas. The musical metre, at the same time that it conceals the defects of this verse, sets off its prized obscurity to the best advantage.

There is a strangely seductive element in stanzas of this kind, that is the joint result of their obscurity and agnosticism, both assisted by the rhythm. It is strongly marked in a

magazine poem published a year ago under the title: "The Foundling,"¹. We take it as a specimen of the kind ordinarily printed. When we first read this production, we get very few thoughts beyond a general sense of involved language, employed as poetical. Upon a second perusal, however, we feel the melancholy, the despair that pervades the whole poem. This may be traced to the agnostic tone of the verses, and from this the obscurity results. The speaker in the poem starts by addressing "Beautiful Mother," who is evidently Nature, and desires to know if he is her son. This person, groping in the dark to discover his own origin and the end of his being, finally gives up the task in despair. He expresses a protest against his lot, mingled with longings for something he cannot reach. He finds little comfort in love, which indeed adds to his hopelessness by making him realize that all must end with death. While declaring that he does not understand the meaning of life, he rebels against his own condition in these words:

"I, lord at noon, at nightfall no more free,
Take on more heavily
The yoke of hid, intolerable Powers."

It is impossible to describe the motive of the poem very clearly, since it is itself so obscure, but the keynote of the stanzas is simply this: an utter absence of all higher religious belief, resulting in a spirit of rebellious despair—in a word the very essence of agnosticism. This is partly expressed in the following lines:

"When those far lights above
Scorch me with farness—lights that call and call
To the far heart, and answer not at all;
Save that they will not let the darkness be."

¹Scribner's, April, 1908.

The author's mouthpiece would prefer to be without any light at all, than to have that unsatisfied yearning which is the natural sentiment of the agnostic. He does not solve the problem of life at all, but tries without success to be satisfied with his present fate. We find the only poor comfort of the agnostic in the last stanza:

“ Beautiful Mother, I am not thy son,
 I know it from those echoes in the sky.
 I know; I know not why.
 Even from thy golden, wide oblivion:
 Thy leave to help in all thy harvesting,
 Thy leave to work a little, live, and sing;
 Thy leave to suffer—yea, to sing and die,
 Beautiful Mother!
 Ah, whose child am I?”

The above poem is especially worthy of notice, as it combines in itself all the elements of agnosticism that play such a prominent part in magazine verse. But agnosticism is not all that we meet with in the rhymed fantasies scattered through the pages of our magazines. For example another of these poems called “ The Immortal,”² is simply an expression of pantheism. It is filled with indefinite terms, presumptuous not to say blasphemous ideas, and all the cheap trumpery of that belief. One stanza will easily show this:

“ Hope or fear or bliss or woe
 Flits a shadow on the sod;
 Life and Death perpetual flow,
 Underneath them I am God.”

The first two lines remind us of Christian Science, the third is senseless—although “ Life ” and “ Death,” written with capitals give it quite a Persian air, and the last line, since it can only be understood to mean what it says, shows us the

² Harper's, April, 1908.

usual presumption of pantheism. Another stanza is at least self-possessed and confident, if it has no other merit:

“Neither curse nor creed I know,
Doubts that darken, faiths that shine;
Time and space are empty show,
All that ever was is mine.”

We are informed that the writer has no creed, although pantheism is usually considered such, while as to the supposed lack of “faiths,” surely it requires a very strong faith to believe all the sounding nonsense that makes up the poem. The last stanza is composed of six adjectives intended to give it a sublime air, one absurd statement, and a final triumphant burst of pantheism:

“Silent, deathless, centred fast,
Ancient, uncreated, free,
I came not to birth at last,
Universes are of me.”

This poem is by no means a solitary instance of its kind. It is typical of a class. It is thoroughly up-to-date.

Many of the versifiers in the magazines start with a commonplace idea, which they plunge into such obscurity and express in such fantastic language, that their production seems a parody on a true poem. An effusion of this kind, published in one of our magazines, is a sonnet entitled, “Pre-science.”³ The only idea in the poem is that all things seem dead, but are only waiting for the life of the spring. This hackneyed theme is dressed up in barbarous metaphors and lost in a maze of involved sentences. Since the bard shows little true poetic conception, he conceals his defects by using abstruse words, that not only fail to express any rational

³ The Century, May, 1909.

ideas, but still less approach anything poetical. And yet the very fact that the sonnet is filled with misplaced epithets and uncouth nouns would probably be its greatest merit among the magazine versifiers, who have a strange standard of excellence. The diction of the poem is best criticised by quoting a few lines:

“Dank fields no faintest glint of green hath broke
 The drear of; skies’ dull gray uninterspersed
 With the white surprise from thunder-clouds aburst;
 No hint of wimpling leafage on the oak:
 And yet I see abroad the robin-folk,
 Tripping with pensive interludes of pause;—”

In the very first sentence we perceive that the writer has made the mistake of thinking that to be ungrammatical is to be poetic. To describe lightning the words “white surprise” are rather a failure, since they would better apply to a sheeted ghost. We feel sorry that the poet could find no other word to fill out the metre than “aburst,” and we wonder what species of growth is meant by “wimpling leafage.” Passing over the “robinfolk,” we stop to admire the beauty of “pensive interludes of pause,” as its tautology reminds us of “liquid water.” The grand climax, however, is in the last lines of the sonnet, where the poet surpasses himself in his choice of poetical thoughts:

“Weed ardors, and the mighty lusts of bogs,—
 Feigned stagnancy but mantling fecund ways;
 Brief space, and lovers loitering of a night
 Will hearken, suddenly aware: ‘The frogs!’”

Would it be possible for the poem to end more absurdly? We almost doubt that the sonnet was written with a serious purpose, when we struggle through fourteen lines of clogged metre only to find those startling words, “The frogs.” They

are so utterly out of place and so ridiculous, that the whole sonnet seems indeed a travesty on a poem. This, however, is only an example of another kind of verse that appears to find favor with readers of the magazines.

Although the typical magazine poem has very little of the nature of poetry, now and then we find gems of verse that are better appreciated because they are rare, and because their very simplicity is a relief from the usual style of the verse in our periodicals. The true poetry in our magazines is indeed the minor poetry, that does not pretend to be anything else. It certainly fills the requirements of the times, since the present is not the era of great poetry. We should be satisfied with minor verse, if most of the writers in the magazines would only endeavor to perfect this, instead of being guilty of poor imitations of Byron, Shelley and Keats. As for the higher type of poetry, the nobler inspirations of the muse, we shall have to wait until the period of reaction is over, and the divine art reaches even greater glory by means of a rising school that is yet a dream of the future.

Charles S. Lerch, '11.

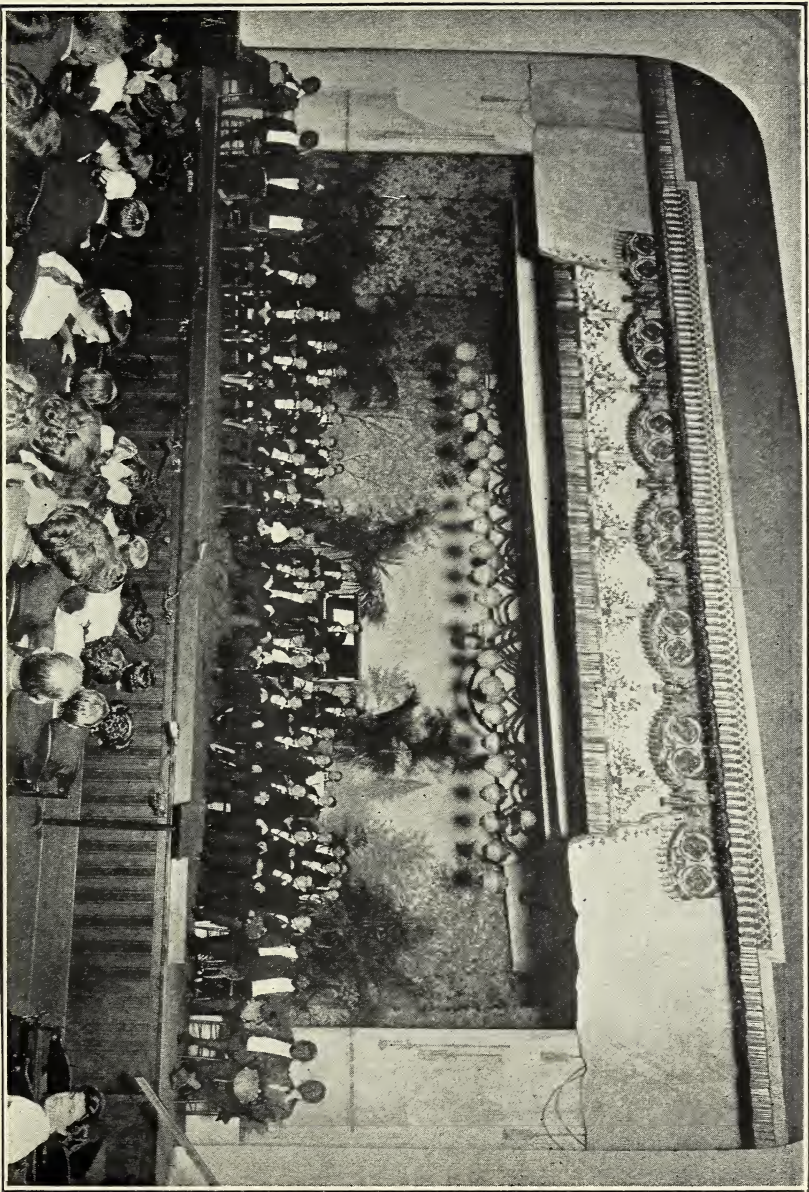


Magazine Advertising.

WOULDN'T you be surprised if told that one page of a well-known monthly for a single edition sells for four thousand dollars? Yet this fabulous sum is just what you would be obliged to pay if you desired to use a single page for advertising purposes. Surprise is followed by amazement when assured that the price quoted above is correct and that a single edition of this magazine with a million netted its publishers four hundred thousand dollars from ads alone.

The modern business establishment would just as soon try to conduct its affairs without a book-keeper as to dispense with advertising, and we can safely assert that the latter course would be almost as disastrous as the former. If it would extend its trade beyond local confines, it must either advertise or employ drummers. The latter are very expensive and their scope necessarily is limited to a small region, whilst advertising, if it cannot be called cheap, is certainly very economical considering its vast scope. As a result, advertising has practically eliminated the genial commercial traveler as a business factor.

Advertising is now a system of education. It is "the art of acquainting the public with the name, nature and utility of a certain article." Formerly it stopped short after the mere notification of the public that a certain article could be had at a certain place. Now it aims to cultivate a taste or desire for it. The drummer of the past endeavored to place his wares with the dealer, leaving him to blaze the way for its use and popularity. Now advertising popularizes, and thus compels the dealer to handle the article in question. An



THE COLLEGE MINSTRELS

assortment of popular articles is just as essential to success in these days as a line of staples. A very important effect of the "publicity habit" is the growing number of factories that sell direct to the consumer and thus eliminate extra freight charges and the middle-man's profit, an economy which benefits the consumer.

Comparing the new forms with the old, the metamorphosis of advertising is as pronounced as that of the freshman from September to the following June. Like the freshman, it has outgrown its seedy garments and like him it has modernized its name. In the village he was Si Smith; in the college Silas Smythe. Advertising is now styled commercial publicity. In this article, however, the new-fangled expression will be avoided and for the sake of brevity the old, familiar name Ad. will be used.

Ads. are of many varieties, almost as many as the "57," including magazine ads., newspaper ads., street-car ads., billboard ads., etc., etc. Each kind has its own utility and the advertiser must use that which is best suited to his needs. If his trade is purely local, some of the latter forms are more to his purpose; but if his business is national in character, the magazine alone can cater to his needs. The newspaper, no matter how great its circulation, is unsuited for general advertising purposes for the reasons that it lives but for a day and for the most part falls into the hands of men alone. After a hurried glance over the head lines, the market or baseball, it is consigned to the car seat or waste-basket without the ads. being seen at all. With the magazine it is different. It goes into the home of leisure and is read from cover to cover. Its life extends over a period of four weeks and frequently as long as four months, so that the ad. is given the opportunity to tell its tale. Another important item in the success of the magazine ad. is that the man with the magazine habit is usually a person of means, well able to purchase the article that strikes his fancy.

To repeat, there is a marked contrast between both the manner of advertising and the kind of goods advertised to-day in comparison with those of the last decade. Then sensationalism was the keynote and novelty the kind, whereas to-day it is the "reason why," and even the staples are thus exploited. The merchant, who ten years ago would have scoffed at the idea of advertising his flour, now buys a four-thousand-dollar page. Only last night I saw a magnificent full-page ad. in a popular weekly telling the merits of a certain brand of table salt. Sugar, in sparkling white cubes that tempt us, is brought to our notice repeatedly. Food-stuffs, scientifically prepared and packed, form a large part of modern advertising. In fact, goods of every description are constantly and successfully placed before the public through the medium of the magazine.

"I cure fits" and the lurid, lying, patent-nostrum species of ads. have been relegated to an obscurity which they well deserve. The fact is they have worked so much harm in the past that at one time to advertise a commodity, no matter how respectable, was to direct suspicion against it. However, by frank and honest methods this prejudice has been overcome. To-day one policy alone means permanent success and that is honesty. To illustrate: A very large mail-order house has computed that it loses less than one per cent through its vast credit system, thus establishing the fact that more than ninety-nine per cent of the buying public is honest. In the face of this truth, can anyone hope to win by dishonesty? This is further proved by the fact that whatever enjoys a continued popularity and growing success has merit. Hence the first requisite is merit, the next to advertise it properly. As truth may even suffer from the manner of teaching it, so merit may from a clumsy ad. The reason is not far to seek.

The advertiser is in the nature of an interloper. He is obliged to compete with the litterateur, the artist and the

scientist. To succeed, great skill is required. His English must be that of a good writer, his art elaborate and his logic conclusive, otherwise it will fall as discordantly as the cries of the hawker upon the ears of the spring poet. A crisp and clear sentence of four or five words, a pretty picture and a brief argument with forceful conclusion, form the epitome of the advertising art. Who has not been pleasantly yet forcibly struck by "Hasn't scratched yet" and "its fluffy little chick?" Who has not felt the impulse from "Brighten up" and its kind, and rebelled against the "Don't read this" when the opposite was clearly intended? Almost instinctively we turn away from such ads., feeling that we are being imposed upon, which, of course, detracts from the success of the advertised article. It is not within the scope of this article to discuss the psychology of advertising, but to be a successful advertising agent, one must have a practical knowledge of the psychic value of each word, phrase or illustration.

The best answer to the question "Does advertising pay?" is found in its extensive and general use. When we come down to particulars, however, a few concrete examples may serve to convince us fully. The N. B. Co. annually spend over a million dollars exploiting Uneda and its little sisters, and you never heard of a great corporation throwing away a million. The Waterman Company, Armour & Co. and dozens of others spend more than a million per annum for ads. Referring to a preceding paragraph, where one of the requisites of good advertising is claimed to be the first catchy word or sentence, we point to these: "First over the bars," "Let the Gold-Dust Twins do your work," "His master's voice," "Regal," etc., as being millionaires in themselves, because they have each made millions for their owners. The owners of "Regal" would refuse two and one-half millions for its exclusive use. So you see it pays. It pays the advertiser, it pays the consumer and it pays the nation. The first by

increased business and profits; the second by economy in freights and other charges, which he ultimately has to pay in all cases; the last in education of honesty and a closer union of all its people; for advertising has elevated business morals and brought all sections of this great country into a closer commercial union.

C. C. Rohr, '09.

To A Butterfly.



BUTTERFLY—we call you so
 Who watch you flutter, dart and go
 'Mongst flow'ry meads and woodlands gay,
 Serene upon your airy way.

In summer hours your life is run
 Sporting and dancing in the sun;
 For naught you know of wintry wind:
 The frost and snow you've left behind.

A spirit that hath lost its way
 And wandered hither not to stay:—
 Such do we deem, faint-hearted one,
 Your little life beneath the sun.

Austin McDonnell, '09.

Magazine Illustration.

NOTHING surprises and at the same time delights us more in taking up a copy of a magazine of today, than the superb set of illustrations that illuminate almost every page. The eagerness with which we glance over these even before we scan the table of contents, the pleasure with which we comment upon them as "beautiful," the care with which we treasure in scrap-books those that more especially strike our fancy, are ample proofs of the paramount attractive power of the picture in the modern periodical. And yet, of the generality of magazine readers, how many are there who pause to consider what labor was expended on the illustration they admire so much; what was the cost of its production, or with what strides the art of elaborating it has advanced in recent years? Or, to come nearer to our point, how many have learned to discriminate between the various types of pictures on the open pages before them; can distinguish between a half-tone or a line-cut, a wood-cut or a lithograph; can tell whether it was printed from wood, metal or stone?

It is with the intention of bringing this power of discrimination within the reach of the general reader, and of incidentally giving him some canons of criticism, that the present article is written. We do not pretend to an exhaustive scientific treatment of the subject. Any encyclopedia will supplement the information we give.

As hinted at above, there are four types of illustrations in the magazines of today: the lithograph, the half-tone, the line-cut and the wood-cut. We shall describe the process

which each undergoes, in order to make clear the characteristic qualities of each.

Let us first describe the process which a drawing from which a lithograph is made, goes through before we see the printed picture. The drawing is first transferred to stone, either directly or indirectly, by methods unnecessary to describe. The stone is of peculiar grain; and after the drawing is made on it, it is etched,—that is, the parts which are not covered by the drawing are eaten in with acid; the lithograph is printed from the stone.

In our modern magazines, perhaps two-thirds of the reproductions are half-tones; and so we can do no better than describe the method of producing these. They are made of a drawing which has a tone, i. e., light and dark parts, shades and colors, such as a wash-drawing, an oil-color, a crayon, or a water-color. Of course it would be impossible to reproduce light and shade by a simple photograph on metal; therefore, to produce the half-tone, a screen is used in photographing the picture. Let us take, for instance, one of Peter Newell's comic sketches. These are merely black and white shaded drawings in India ink or lampblack. The drawing, as it comes from the hands of the artist, is first of all photographed through a screen, which gives tone and softness to the finished reproduction. The screens used are of a varying number of lines, governed by the quality of the paper to be used in the printing; for fine paper there are more lines than for coarse or cheap paper. The negative of this photograph is taken and stripped, so as to give the final reproduction unreversed, and from this the picture is printed on a sensitized copper plate. Then it is covered with a preparation that withstands the action of acid. When washed in a chemical solution those parts are etched, which were affected in the photographic process, and so the object or objects to be reproduced (in the present instance Peter Newell's sketch)

are now etched in the metal in half-tone, exactly as they were in the original.

All the photographs we see in magazines are half-tone reproductions, as well as most of the drawings of scenery, animals, and buildings. Most of our colored magazine pictures and cover designs are also half-tones.

The process for a Fisher or a Leyendecker in two or three colors is the same as that for a plain wash-drawing, save that a photograph is made of each color in the composition, and the plates are combined in the printing. Half-tones are easily distinguished, as they are all broken up by minute lines or dots, the result of taking the picture through a screen. We need not think that the photo-engraver always makes successful reproductions of drawings; on the contrary, many and most exasperating are his failures.

From the half-tone let us proceed to what is perhaps the most commonly used process after it—the line-cut. Those designs, sketches or drawings which consist merely of intense lines, and therefore requiring no tone or softness in reproduction, are photographed directly upon the metal and are called line-cuts. As the fineness of lines and shades which are found in many half-tones are absent in the line-cut, a softer and cheaper metal, and cheaper chemicals are used in the etching. To protect the parts that have been affected by light, before the plate is put in the acid bath, it is covered with a preparation of printer's ink.

The works of Charles Dana Gibson, at least those of his drawings that have been done in pen and ink, are all reproduced in line-cut, and the advantage of the line-cut for truth in reproduction over the half-tone, is readily seen by the close examination of a Fisher and a Gibson.

The Gibson is as intense and as true as the original, while the Fisher, no matter how fine the screen that has been used, is always broken up by fine lines. Most all of Frost's draw-

ings are line cuts, as well as those of Melville. Christy's drawings are mostly half-tones. Clarence Underwood's are reproduced by both lithography and the half-tone.

Gibson has created the "Gibson Girl," which has been reproduced in as many forms as the fertile minds of the stationer printer could devise. Christy has used the brush to good effect, and with the "Gibson Girl" in black and white and the Christy Girl in color we have the American girl well represented in the various types of her beauty and phases of her character.

Harrison Fisher and Underwood have displayed the naïveté and beauty of our women in almost every pose conceivable, and with so happy a result that the drawings are known and admired the world over.

Philip Boileau, too, has given us a number of gems in pastel which are worthy of our admiration in many ways. With pleasure we notice the soft blendings, the elusive shadows. He is a perfect master of the well-toned tints of cheek and neck, and his attention to detail has made his artistic work precious for its quality.

Let us not in our brief summary forget the cartoonist. His is a unique occupation, depicting, as he does, with a few pen strokes the leaders and rulers of the day in all manner of ludicrous and impossible situations. There is a veritable host of these caricature artists, and almost every magazine and newspaper has its high-salaried cartoonists. Eminent men in this work are Opper, Swinnerton, Wood, McClure and Kohn. The black-and-white works of these men are usually reproduced in line-cut, while those in color are reproduced in half-tone.

So much for the half-tone, the line-cut and the lithograph. The woodcut is the only other method commonly used in magazine reproductions. The drawing is made on wood and engraved; from this an electrotype is made. An impression

of the graven picture is taken in wax, which is then placed in a tank containing a chemical solution. An electric current is passed through, which causes a very thin copper shell to be formed over the wax impression. The shell is backed by a cheaper, heavier metal to make it durable.

All photo-engravings can be printed directly from the plates, but often when thousands of copies of the pictures are made, which would wear off the sharpness of the plate, an electrotype is made, which preserves in print the clearness of the original wood-cut or line-cut.

After the etchings are made of half-tones, line-cuts or wood-cuts they are usually retouched, especially the half-tones in which the high lights are worked up.

Our modern magazine, which is the organ of common thought, would be practically worthless without a goodly quota of drawings, photographs and the like. The illustrative art has been made the expression of the ideas of the learned and more prosperous to the ignorant and illiterate, for there is no one with the sense of sight developed who cannot comprehend the import of a picture clearly executed.

Such methods of reproduction as the photogravure, the steel engraving and copper-plate, owing to the expense involved in engraving and printing, cannot be used in our modern magazine, which sells so cheaply, although in some high-priced books and in encyclopedias we find them.

Cyril A. Keller, '10.



To-morrow Night.

ALTHOUGH Randolph Chester was a pre-eminently proper young man, he nevertheless felt that just at the present moment it would be a distinct relief to "say things."

"Why in the name of common sense did I want to lie down and take a nap this evening, when I knew that once I get a 'strangle hold' on old Morpheus nothing short of violence can arouse me?" This he inquired of the looking-glass, whose only reply was to show him a very flurried young gentleman struggling with a refractory necktie that insisted on climbing over his collar, while its owner kept glancing from time to time at the clock, which showed just five minutes in which to get dressed and keep an engagement. As usual on such occasions, everything was going wrong. All the fates seemed to be united in a foul conspiracy to hinder him from keeping that engagement.

Just as he was congratulating himself, however, on having conquered the necktie, there was a sound of tearing cloth, and he held a piece of the unfortunate scarf in each hand. Incidentally there followed sundry other sounds usually expressed by blanks and astronomical signs.

By the time our much-abused hero had replaced the torn scarf, combed his hair and struggled into one of those abbreviated-in-front-and-drawn-out-in-the-rear contrivances that go under the misnomer of dress suits, the time set for his engagement had flown, together with the remainder of his temper.

It might be well to state here that our friend had made "a date" to take a certain charming young miss of his ac-

quaintance to a dance, and furthermore that this young lady had threatened that, the next time Randolph was late in calling for her, she would go with Brother Bob, just to teach her tardy admirer a lesson.

What should he do? Randolph knew that the young lady in question was the possessor of a very determined mind and would not hesitate to carry out her threat. As she was a very good friend (a friend, mind you, nothing more), Randolph did not wish to offend. There was one thing certain, he must call for her whether late or not; it would never do to stay away altogether, and then there was an abundance of excuses.

For instance, the cars have a habit of tying up opportunely on such occasions, or he might forget something and have to return for it, or—there was no lack of excuses.

It must be confessed that it was not without a certain feeling of trepidation that our adventurous knight ascended the steps and rang the bell. Deep down in his heart he found himself wishing that after all she had decided to go, thus affording him a cause for grievance also.

But no, he was doomed to disappointment, for in answer to his call he saw through the door what was unmistakably the form of a young lady approaching.

“For the love of Mike!” thought Randy, “here is where I get mine with a vengeance!” He hastily concluded not to mince matters, but to state his excuse before the young lady would have time to express her mind.

“Really,” he began without prelude as the door opened, “I cannot say how sorry I am that this should happen, but you see those cars—”

“Sir,” came in icy tones from the doorway, “I think you have—”

“Yes, I know,” interrupted Randolph hurriedly, “you think I have a large amount of nerve to call for you at this time of night, but you see the cars—”

"Sir," came in tones colder than before, "leaving out the subject of cars altogether, I must confess I do not understand what—"

"Oh, I say," cried the now distressed Randolph, "don't be quite so hard on a fellow. I know I am—er—ah—I am sure I beg your pardon, Miss, but I thought—"

Here Randolph broke off completely confused, for at last he had obtained a good view of the young lady's face and found that she was not his friend, but an entire stranger, and an exceedingly good-looking one at that, as he observed even in his embarrassment.

"I am sure I beg your pardon," he continued, when he had recovered the use of his tongue. "I thought this was Miss Lancaster's residence. I must have got the wrong number. Hope you will excuse the blunder."

"But this is Miss Lancaster's residence," was the unexpected reply.

"It is?" exclaimed the bewildered Randolph. "Then who on earth are—no, I beg your pardon, I mean how did you get—"

Here, between embarrassment and surprise, Randolph once more lost the use of his tongue and could only stand there on the steps and look foolish. He was just contemplating the advisability of taking to his heels, when the young lady volunteered an explanation.

"You see," she said, "I am Miss Lancaster's cousin and am staying here on a visit. Lucille, for whom I suppose you mistook me, is not in at present; however, if you wish to leave any message, Mr.—"

"Randolph Chester," assisted that young gentleman.

"Oh, yes, Mr. Chester; I have heard my cousin speak of you frequently. I don't think she was expecting you, but if you will come in—"

Needless to say, Randolph required no second invitation,

for he was not by any means constitutionally bashful. That his embarrassment in the foregoing instance was altogether excusable, everyone, I am sure, will admit.

And now he gave ample proof of his powers as an entertainer by discoursing most eloquently on a variety of topics with Miss Elkins (he soon learned the lady's name), holding her spellbound at all he had to say, until finally the discordant reflection thrust itself upon him: "What would Miss Lancaster say about his failing to call for her?" Although they were only friends, still Randy would be sorry indeed to lose that friendship. Well, he would have to patch up matters somehow. He had called for her, at any rate; better late than never.

When Randy was preparing to leave, Miss Elkins accidentally remarked:

"I suppose I shall see you at the Outing Club's soiree to-morrow night. I think my cousin said you were to take her."

"To-morrow night?" almost yelled Randolph. "The Outing Club's dance to-morrow night? Are you sure it is to-morrow night? Well I—that is to say—I'll be there, of course. I've been looking forward to that dance for ever so long, and thought all this time I had missed it. But now I am quite sure I'll be there."

With this and a polite bow to Miss Elkins, Randolph left the house. And the reader must guess at further developments.

Frederick H. Linthicum, '12.



Dolly and I Visit Loyola.

“I HAVE a great treat in store for you to-day,” I said to Dolly one morning.

“Oh, you always have some scheme on hand,” said that young lady, pursing her pretty lips and raising her eyebrows in an effort to look unconcerned.

“But, this will be a real surprise for you, Dorothea. I have just received an invitation for us to visit Loyola College.”

“Oh, that will be a treat, indeed!” cried Dolly no longer able to restrain her pleasure at the thought of our intended trip. “I have always longed to visit Loyola, and especially this year, since Father Brady was made President.”

“Well, get your things on and we will be off at once.” And so it happened that we were soon ascending the steps of Loyola College. In answer to our ring, the door was opened by a pleasant-looking porter, who after inveigling us into subscribing for five copies of the prospective “Annual,” went off in search of Father Brady. In a very few minutes this genial, yet dignified personage appeared in the doorway, and welcomed us heartily to the College.

The President at once conducted us to the Prefect’s office, where we met the smiling Father Geale, who in his turn gave up a hearty welcome. After this we were introduced to a senior whom Father Geale called to his office for the purpose of showing us around, and with this gentleman as our guide we started a tour of the building. The first point of interest was the college library, into which we were ushered by the polite senior.

“Goodness me!” cried Dolly. “Is that person dangerous?” She was pointing to a young man madly buffeting the air, while he made the book-cases echo his strident tones.

“Oh, this is merely the elocution class,” replied the senior;

“that fellow is reciting, ‘Friends, Romans, Countrymen,’ while the rest of the class are wondering what they can say if called upon for a criticism!”

After listening to the eloquent speaker for a minute or two, we crossed the hall to the gymnasium, where Dolly was told that the nets hanging from iron frames were “baskets.” “What foolish baskets!” she cried. “Why, anything you put in them is sure to drop right out at the bottom.”

We then followed our courteous guide up the steps again, and on the way we passed two students who were heading for the front door with a lordly air.

“Who are those good-looking fellows?” asked Dolly, “and how is it they are allowed to go out while class is going on?”

“Oh, they are Newtons,” said the senior, with a knowing smile; “past-masters of mathematics and members of a mutual improvement society for seeing Baltimore.”

Dolly pretended to understand all this, but I could see that she was thinking hard about it until we reached the chemistry class-room, where a terrible aroma sent her staggering back from the door. “Do they—do they always perfume this room like that?” she asked with trepidation. The senior offered her a rose from his button-hole, as he replied: “That is only done to torture the members of the class. It is a very successful method, but often recitations and test-papers do just as well.” I hinted that we had received sufficient knowledge of chemistry, and the senior at once led us up another flight of steps, halting before a pair of folding doors.

Our conductor invited us to enter, but we stood spellbound; for through the door there floated—

“Such strains as would have won the ear
Of Pluto to have quite set free
The half-regained Eurydicè.”

We entered and beheld the source of the music in four boys mounted on the stage of a large auditorium.

“Oh, aren't they cute!” said Dolly; “and they have such heavenly voices.”

The senior informed us that we were listening to the High School quartet. “Where is the College quartet?” asked Dolly with some interest.

“Well,” the senior answered, “the only College quartet is the one you can find disturbing the peace up on Monument Street, almost every noon recess.”

Dolly next wanted to know if the minstrel shows that were held there in the college hall were very funny. The senior colored as he replied, “Really, Miss, I trust they are. I'm sure we do all we can to make them so.”

When we returned to the office, Father Geale was ringing the bell for recess. As line after line of students passed by, I began to wonder, how, with so many sturdy-looking lads at her disposal, Loyola was so very deficient in athletics, and intimated this to the Prefect.

“My dear madam,” he answered smilingly, “you evidently have not been reading the papers lately, or you would not make such a statement. We must admit that there was for a time a lull in sport, but during the past years, the old spirit has been reviving and we have great hopes for the future.”

By this time the college men were beginning to stroll out of their respective class-rooms. The training through which the young men were being put, showed plainly in the countenance of each; for in every face was that look of culture and intellectuality which bespeaks the college-bred man. There were the haughty Seniors, who walked about as if they were stockholders in the college and seemed to receive even more consideration than the privileged Newtons; then the Juniors who appeared to be a quiet and subdued class, except for one or two very loud individuals, who seemed to be talking for our especial benefit on some great philosophical question. A door opened—a happy laughing crowd rolled out, and down the stairs the Sophomores had gone, and last, but not least, came

the infantile "Freshies." The members of this class, who could easily be distinguished from their more matured associates by their youthful faces, had nevertheless some very studious-looking youngsters among them.

I was so engrossed in watching this interesting crowd, that I did not at first notice a little knot of young men who had gathered about the Prefect, and who from their frequent glances in our direction were evidently trying to gain an introduction. I was sure that the Prefect had told them our mission, and seeing that several of the crowd were holding their own photographs, which they probably intended to offer us as souvenirs of our visit, I at once remembered that we had to go to luncheon. "Dolly," I asked as we left the college, "which one of the college classes impressed you most favorably?"

"Why, the Sophomores, of course," she said quickly. "They all had an air of simple unassuming genius."

W. Paul Brown, '11.

"Tu Ne Quaesieris."



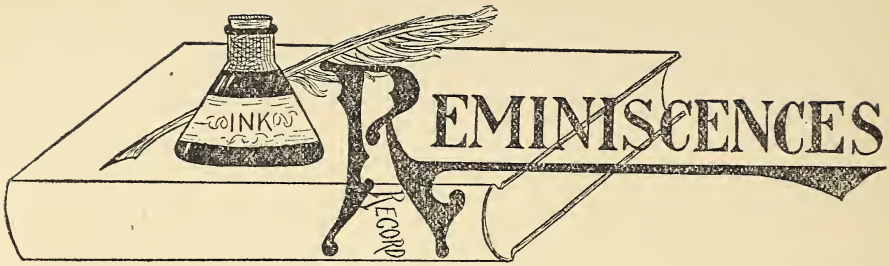
SEEK not, Estelle, to know the gods' decree:
 What fated man they chose for you or me;
 Nor look with scorn on every lovesick swain,
 A title or a millionaire to gain.

'Twere better far to take what you can get:—

If Cupid fails for many seasons yet,
 Or Jove shall send a husband while you still
 As debutante each manly bosom thrill.

Be wise: and let your fondest wishes end
 With flowers and candy that admirers send;
 E'en as we speak, they clamor for a dance:
 Waltz while you may, and trust no future chance.

Charles S. Lerch, '11.



Loyola in the Fifties.

By Dr. Edward F. Milholland, '56.

THE buildings of Loyola College in my days were only a few doors from the Holliday Street Theatre, which was the fashionable theatre of the city, and we saw the bills posted every week announcing the great arrivals. When the celebrated tragedian, Edwin Forrest, visited the city, which he did every winter, the boys discussed his merits, and often when the teachers of a class might be absent, we always had some embryo tragedian among us who would cause the windows to shake with an explosive quotation from the tragedies of "Jack Cade" or "Metamora."

The commencements for the first three years of the College's existence were held in the old assembly rooms, situated on the corner of Hanover and Lombard streets. I can recall to memory that I was generally drafted among others as one of the presumptuous Ciceros to split the air with juvenile oratory.

In the year 1856 the present building was erected and our class of five received here their first year's tuition and diplomas.

About several months ago, while walking in the neighborhood of the Cathedral, I met a gentleman whom I had not seen for some years and I recognized him as an old acquaintance and college friend. His name is George Warner and



DR. EDWARD F. MILHOLLAND, '56.

he is 74 years old. He is a resident of New York city and was one of the first graduates of Loyola College. He graduated at the first commencement of the college in company with his brother in the year 1853. His brother is now dead. Warner and I had been students at old St. Mary's College, now St. Mary's Seminary. He recalled the fact that in 1854 or 1855 there were two graduates at Loyola and both of them are dead.

In the class of 1856—52 years ago—when I received my degree there were five graduates. Of that number four are dead. Therefore, if Warner should go to heaven before I do, I would be the oldest living graduate of Loyola.

When Loyola College was opened on Holliday street over half a century ago, the neighborhood was totally different from what it is at the present time. There were at that time some very attractive dwelling houses and neither the present City Hall nor Postoffice were in existence, nor were we annoyed by the bustle of machine shops. The word Loyola was new to many people in Baltimore in the olden days, and it was amusing to hear how it was sometimes twisted in pronunciation.

I know from experience that at Loyola, besides an education which prepares young men to fulfill the different avocations of life, there is a good seed implanted within them, which, though in some it may lie dormant for a while for want of proper cultivation, yet in maturer years, when they become of the sere and yellow leaf, and realize that all the pleasures and honors of this world are only "vanity of vanities," will bring forth its good fruit, and they will entertain a grateful remembrance of the religious teachings of their dear old Alma Mater—Loyola.

Edward F. Milholland.

Loyola in the Sixties.

Editor's Note.—The following paragraphs are excerpts from the superb letter of reminiscence contributed to the Loyola Jubilee Book of 1902, by Mr. Walter E. McCann, A. M., '94.

THE reminiscent period of life which arrives before one is aware, is not altogether melancholy; for if it is sad to recall vanished youth and those who have passed away, and to be reminded that one's own pathway is already twilighted and darkening, there is at least the pleasure of living over again in memory the acted scenes.

So the writer feels looking back to the beginning of his Loyola days—a very small boy—the youngest of so many—at school virtually for the first time. The outward aspect of the College surroundings is greatly changed. Where the array of houses stands on the east side of Calvert street, between Monument and Centre, was the then famous Hippodrome Lot, a wide and vacant plain, where, before and after class, we loitered to play at forgotten games. To this place came every year in the spring the circuses, and the tents were thrown up and the men and horses made bivouac. The ring was left behind as a sign and memorial of these picturesque Bedouins of the amusement world, and within its sweeping circle, which ever bore enchantment, many a thoughtless hour was beguiled away. Other houses now stand at the corner of Calvert and Madison streets, where there was then a hill from whose height there was a prospect far into the country; and here, too, we played and made venturous foray across the falls below, and on festival days and holidays rambled on to the chestnutted woods of legendary Belvedere.

The images and faces of the able and good men whom I saw

at Loyola—they pass by in dreamy procession. I wish it were the rule to write biographies of the notable Jesuits; certainly there could be no more entertaining series. Each Province would have its own attractive story to tell.

Father O'Callaghan, a dark, slight man, with features of Italian mould, was one of the gentlest and best of men; and I can see him now as he came into the class and we all stood up, and his deprecating smile and entreaty to sit again. Afterward he died a violent death at sea—hurt in a storm—and passed away with that quiet and heroic composure which seems the special characteristic of the Jesuits in the final hour everywhere. And Father Ciampi, a handsome man of elegant presence, and with just that little touch of Italian accent to make his speech piquant.

The priests and scholastics—scholastics who afterward became priests—they were all interesting men. Mr. Henchy was of my time, dreaded by me because I had heard that to him alone was confided the custody of the cat-o'-nine-tails, with special authority delegated by the Pope, as I imagined, to use them on necessary occasion! Mr. Thomas Boone I remember particularly from his beautiful handwriting, upon which my own, alas! at a hopeless distance was modeled; and Mr. William Loague, so kind to me personally, and Mr. Tisdall, who had charge of the sanctuary. Mr. Cleary, pale and weak of chest, I do not forget. Now and then came Father Robert Brady, the future Provincial, tall and sinewy and with a deep voice. A little later there was Mr. Doonan, afterwards himself a Rector—the Civil War going on, and he anxious about his people at home in the South; and Mr. Nagle and Mr. Morgan. All of these afterward became priests, and it has been but a little while since Father Morgan completed his long term as President.

Many are the little scenes of the bygone time that rise up—one of a day, some time before the Civil War, and of the

crowded streets and the fluttering banners in the air. We were gathered in the basement of the College, and standing at one of the windows, we peered through and saw his present Majesty of England passing by. He was then only a youth, slender and delicate; and seated in the open carriage, he bowed to right and left. There is little in the present portraits of the sturdy and almost truculent English Sovereign to remind one of that gentle, fair-haired Prince of Wales, with his courteous salute and appealing smile.

Pictures of the playground return, the swings and the horizontal bars, and of the greatest athlete of them all, James Cassidy, who strangely enough, died very young of disease of the lungs. A year or so ago I went through the new and splendid indoor gymnasium at Loyola, and thought of our primitive apparatus of long before. Pictures arise, too, of the cosy winter mornings when there was a theme to write instead of lessons to recite, and of the drowsy spring afternoons with the windows up and the soft, fragrant winds blowing in, wooing us abroad. Pictures likewise of the dreaded examinations, and later of Commencement day and all the formality, bustle and excitement of breaking up and dispersal.

Other days come back to me, the bright Christmas days that I spent at Loyola, when I early uprose to serve the first, splendid Mass which the Church celebrates on that day long before dawn. There was one when we remained at the College the whole of the night before. There was a day, too, which stands out, when we went upon a holiday excursion, a long day of endless pleasure, coming back at twilight, the curved moon attending us like a guard with a scimitar. Why do I remember these trifles so well, and of so long ago, when so many momentous things since have perished from mind?

These memories return often, and return always with many more on the Sunday within the octave, when, as has been my custom every year for a long time, I attend the celebration of

St. Ignatius' day. Alas, interesting as the sermon usually is on those occasions, I cannot always follow it, but find my thoughts wandering to the old times, the professors and the boys. It is a pleasant circumstance that of the many who were my close comrades, I believe, with scarcely an exception, all turned out well and were successful men and made a creditable showing in life. So deep and so lasting was the impression made by the earnest and capable men who guided and taught us, who, no doubt, were often saddened by the waywardness and indifference with which we seemed to receive their lessons.

Walter E. McCann.

Loyola in the Seventies.

By Mr. Matthew S. Brennan, '70-'77.

TO lift the veil that has hidden the past for almost forty years, reveals many memories that are replete with pleasant recollections of our boyhood days, and presents before us once more incidents in our early career which were of sufficient importance to impress themselves on our minds at the time, but now—viewed through the spectacles of matured manhood—are not regarded as of great or serious weight. This retrospection also recalls the names of so many of our friends “who have gone hence,” that we almost believe we have more acquaintances on the other side of “Jordan” than now remain with us in the flesh. It serves to remind us of the lapse of time, to bring forcibly before us the fact that we are growing older, and that many have been the shifting scenes in our experience of life since we left our college days. Remembering these days and the events connected with them, as they pass in review before our mind's eye, we live over again the days that are gone, and sigh that they will never return again.

The period from 1870 to 1877 at Loyola was one in which the College flourished, not because of the number of students only, but because of the character of the men who presided over its destinies, as well as of the boys who made up the classes. The president of the College, during all these seven years, was the Rev. Stephen A. Kelly, S. J., a handsome specimen of a manly man, whose kindly heart was concealed by what some regarded as rather a dignified exterior. Father Kelly was a fine orator and an excellent business man, who labored to keep the College to the high standard it had then attained. He seldom refused a reasonable request of the boys, and I have known him to hide from them rather than to decline an extra holiday, if he felt it was not proper to grant the favor. He was popular with the boys, and was beloved by all who had occasion to call at the College. Then we had that learned theologian and brilliant pulpit orator, Rev. William F. Clarke, S. J., whose name was associated with Loyola longer than anyone who had or has dwelt within its walls. In the 70's the College Theatre was situated on the second floor of the building—a large room with a gallery running on three sides of the walls. It was a library as well, for the extensive collections of books belonging to the College were placed in cases on both the lower and upper floors of this hall. Here every Wednesday morning religious instructions were given by Father Clarke to the whole school, and so thoroughly were the teachings of the Church explained by this eminent Doctor that any boy who had listened to his instructions for a few years was almost ready to be declared a professed theologian. Plays were enacted on the stage of this hall, and frequently examples in chemistry were explained to large audiences by the students. The monthly reading of "marks" and prize declamations were always held in this auditorium. In the 70's athletics were not considered essential to a college curriculum, and the boys of this period

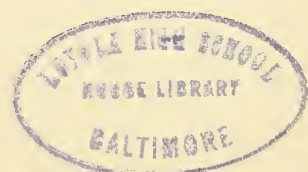
did not enjoy the advantages of a well-equipped gymnasium. A few hand springs and a pair of parallel bars were about all we aspired to. These were placed in the yard, and were probably as much appreciated as the elaborate "gym" of which the College now boasts. Another exercise was football. This was literally what the name "football" implied, for we kicked the ball and did not understand, or if really understood, we never practiced the tactics of the game as now played. A great devotee of the game was the well-liked Father Pye Neale, who, with his biretta off and his cassock tucked around his waist, was always in the thick of the kicking. I recall the white hair and rotund figure of Mr. Charles A. LeLoup, the professor of French and Algebra. Mr. LeLoup was one of the lay professors. He was a very polite, punctilious gentleman, who was ever ready to suspend class to discuss the topics of the day. While the celebrated Wharton murder trial was going on (and it lasted for many weeks) the boys usually started the professor on a review of the evidence as it was adduced at the trial, and, as this meant at least a half hour cessation from study, we were rather sorry when the case was finally concluded. Mr. LeLoup had an excitable temper, particularly if his dignity was ruffled. I well remember on one occasion an irreverent member of the class wrote on the blackboard "Shad-belly LeLoup." So incensed was the professor when he saw the inscription that he threw off his coat and dared the "blackguard" to declare himself. Fortunately the incident was closed without bloodshed. Mr. LeLoup was well liked by his boys. He died several years ago at Mt. St. Mary's, Emmitsburg, at an advanced age. The much respected Bishop of Springfield, Mass., is another of the teachers whose name I recall with pleasure. Mr. Beaven, as he was then, was a fine-looking man, of kindly disposition, who was popular with his boys. Many will no doubt remember him. It was twenty years

after he left the College before I met him again, and he inquired with much interest of the students of his time, an evidence that though advanced to the purple, he had not forgotten the early 70's. The name of Mr. Norman F. Moore, and his stentorian voice, naturally suggests itself as we think of the men of this decade. Mr. Moore taught English and Mathematics for several years, and, while he was a man with a voice loud enough to be heard through the entire building, he was an agreeable gentleman and a capable teacher. Father O'Leary, then Mr. O'Leary, is also one whom I am sure we will never forget, for, while he was a strict disciplinarian, he was always ready to tell a joke and join in the sports of the day. He was the acting prefect of discipline, and I can almost hear his voice now as he read out the names of those who were condemned to "Jug." This jug was the place of punishment, usually the largest classroom, where all the bad boys were sent after class to study the lines that were imposed for the various infractions of the rules, etc. About 2 o'clock every day the jug book was sent around to the different classes and the teachers would write the names of those who were to be committed to jug. Classes were over at 2.30 and all the boys would assemble in the corridor in line. Then the names would be read out, and as the more fortunate ones were dismissed for the day the others repaired to the jug, where they generally spent from a half-hour to an hour after school. In looking back I remember one study that was a veritable nightmare to most of us, certainly to me. It was called "The Scholars' Companion," and so sure as the day for this exercise came, so sure was the writer's name called for incarceration in jug for not knowing this lesson. I remember a particularly fractious boy, who for some offense was ordered to sit at the feet of the keeper of the jug, who sat at a desk elevated three steps from the floor. This boy deftly placed a strap around the leg of the

professor and the leg of the desk, without the former being aware of the fact, and getting up suddenly the professor and the desk rolled together to the floor, to the intense amusement of the "prisoners," and, I might add, to the intense pain of the culprit after the teacher and the desk were disentangled. The professors took turns in keeping jug, a different man each day, and it was some compensation to know that if we were kept in, he also suffered by being deprived of at least one hour of his evening's recreation.

It would take up too much space to speak of all the men who taught at Loyola during the seven years I attended the school. Mr. James R. Murphy, one of the prominent lawyers of Boston, still shows his attachment for old times, when he was of the corps of teachers, by yearly sending his dues as a member of the Alumni Association. Many of those who looked after our intellectual needs during the 70's have gone to their reward—the saintly Sourin, the amiable Denny, the genial Mullally, kind-hearted Father Nagle, Fr. Mandalari, Fr. Rover, Fr. Toner—all of whom will always be remembered with feelings of gratitude and appreciation by the boys of these years. For the boys of the 70's who might visit Loyola now, there will be found but one in the community associated with the time I have mentioned, the venerable Father Boone, whose courtly manners are as marked today as they were in the 70's. He is the only link to connect the Loyola of our time with the present.

The immediate predecessor of the present President of the College, Rev. W. G. Read Mullan, was a student at Loyola during this period. He is remembered as a studious boy, an agreeable companion, and liked for those traits of character which have since made him such a beloved member of all the communities over which he has presided, or among which he has been a member. The day after he left college to begin his studies at the Novitiate in Frederick, Md., the boys of



Poetry Class, as it was then called, were instructed to write a composition on any subject they might select. One of us, now a prominent merchant, took for his theme Read's departure for the Novitiate, and though it has been many years ago, I still remember the production:

On a cold, frosty morning, with our Horace in hand,
We all sat studying, in our accustomed stand.

A gentle tap at the old class door,
And we beheld the figure of our Read once more.

After a hearty shake of all eager hands,
Hemmed in with smiling lips, he stands.

The professor at length the dread silence broke,
And thus in solemn accents spoke:

"Old Read, my boy, many hours we've passed
Over Latin and Greek in this dear old class.

"I am glad," he said, with a dimming sight,
"You're going to be a Jesuit (e)."

Old Read walked slowly to the door,
Midst sobbing cries and a great uproar.

But far above the din and hum
Was heard the parting, "Pax vobiscum."

This little incident serves to show the esteem in which the future President of Loyola was held by those who had mingled with him for over four years of class life. The writer of the poem is now a gray-haired man, and if he sees this

effusion he will not be surprised that he has not yet been selected as the Poet Laureate of America. I would like to speak of others of our boys; of Oscar Wolff, the athlete then, now a prominent lawyer; of L. Ernest Neale, so well known as a physician; of Charles O'Donovan, also a well-known physician; of W. B. Neale, who is better known as "Judge," a name given him nearly forty years ago, than he is by his baptismal name; of Dennis Donohoe; of many others whose names come before me; but it would extend this article too much were I to attempt to speak of any more of those who formed the classes from 1870 to 1877. They were as fine a lot of youths as ever left college with the good wishes of their instructors. They are to be found in all positions of honor and trust in this and other States. As clergymen, as members of the judiciary, leaders of the bar, here and elsewhere; prominent as merchants, respected as financial men, renowned as physicians, distinguished as editors and teachers, Loyola College has reason to be proud of her children of the 70's, and the boys of that time can also feel content that, by their success in life, they have reflected credit on their Alma Mater.

Matthew S. Brennan.

Loyola in the Eighties.

By Mr. Alfred Jenkins Shriver, A. M., '94.

THE author of this sketch was a student at Loyola from 1883 to 1888. The students who attended Loyola within that period and who were most conspicuous are: Father Fletcher, the rector of the Cathedral, who carried off all the honors of his classes; Bart. J. Randolph, George A. Kraft, William J. Gallery, all now priests; the two Homer brothers, Charles and Frank, who were conspicuously successful students and who have turned out to

be equally successful in after life. The brightest and most successful student of them all was the unfortunate Oscar L. Quinlan, who possessed an unusually bright mind and surpassed all his classmates in scholarship. In 1886 he won the inter-collegiate prize among five colleges on his thesis on the Seven Sacraments. This prize was won in the following year also by a student of Loyola, when the scope of the competition was extended to seven colleges and two thousand five hundred contestants. Loyola's success in these contests was due to the thorough instruction of Father Clarke.

One also recalls Thomas S. Quaid, Charles J. Bouchet, Frank Rosensteel and Nicholas Hill; all of whom shone as brilliant stars on the dramatic and debating stage.

Among the teachers, the two who inspired the students most deeply seemed to me to be Father Henry J. Shandelle and Father Thomas I. Gasson. Father Shandelle was an unusually erudite scholar; and his perfect familiarity with Greek as well as Latin, and delicate appreciation of the beauties of the authors read in class, inspired those who were so fortunate as to be his students, with the greatest enthusiasm and love of classical literature.

Father Gasson was also a man who inspired great enthusiasm in his students, in an entirely different way. I recall with the greatest pleasure his special class in English literature; and it was in that class that my love for general English literature was instilled, and instilled so deeply, that I think it will ever continue to increase. I suppose there are such inspiring teachers at present at the college; their influence is tremendous for general culture. I have always associated Father Gasson with the late Professor Herbert B. Adams, professor of history of the Johns Hopkins University, because both of these men inspired in their pupils unbounded and active love of the subject in hand. Of course a student

of the Jesuits will always recall with profit and pleasure the Debating Society, which is such a large part of the college experience.

One cannot recall his college experience of those days without profit and pleasure. It was sad though to see the classes getting smaller and smaller as they advanced. During my last year at Loyola, the class of Rhetoric consisted of but three and the class of Poetry of two, and both of these classes were taught by one teacher. As half of the class of Poetry did not pass the examination, the class was reduced to one single member, and the faculty preferred to do without this class of one.

Alfred Jenkins Shriver.

Loyola in the Nineties.

By Mr. Austin D. Nooney, '02.

AS the man from the nineties goes back in his recollection of the days before the big gymnasium and the modern classrooms, memories of happy days arise and above all there appears a heavy, black-robed figure who had a heart, it seemed, bigger than his frame. The memory that is dearest of all to the man of the nineties is that of Father John A. Morgan, a rector who enjoyed the love of all who knew him.

The handball courts, the modern laboratories and the college theatre had not become known at old Loyola in the nineties. At Calvert and Monument streets was a row of residences which were soon to make way for greater college facilities. In the basement of the corner house was a store where the boys at noon "feasted" on the penny bun.

Those were the days of Joseph F. Tiralla, Hugh A. Nor-

man, Ernest M. Hill and George M. Brown. Charles C. Homer, Francis T. Homer and C. Stewart Lee were among the bright lights of the Blue and Gold then, as were John Connor and Charles J. Trinkhaus. Others who left the college in 1893 were John T. McElroy and W. Seton Belt.

J. Edwin Murphy, '93, has developed into one of the chiefs in the Baltimore newspaper field. He is City Editor of the News.

From the class of '95 come recollections of "Charley" Kelly, now a lawyer, and Jeremiah P. Lawler, who is a practicing physician.

Thomas J. Foley, '95, died a priest. His health failed him even before ordination, and on the day he received Holy Orders it was found necessary to remove him to and from the Cathedral in a carriage. He lived but a few years afterwards.

Another priest who was a Loyola man at the same time is August M. Mark. James L. Kearney, now a lawyer, has enjoyed the role of teacher at Loyola and court bailiff. Mercer Hampton Magruder has gained esteem in Southern Maryland as a lawyer, while Joseph C. Judge is a member of the Baltimore bar. They graduated in '96.

J. Aloysius Boyd, '96, finished a course of law at Georgetown and he is successful now in the commercial world. From the same class are Mark J. Smith, S. J., and Rev. Edward P. McAdams. Martin J. O'Neill, of this class, is successful in the practice of medicine.

Not to be outdone in the matter of religious vocations by the class of '96, three of Loyola's class of '97 donned the cloth. Herman I. Storck, whose dramatic abilities as a student won him praise, became a member of the Society of Jesus. John M. McNamara and William A. Toolen are well-known priests of the archdiocese.

Joseph S. Didusch, '98, became a Jesuit. Some of his classmates are physicians, lawyers and business men. Among the

lawyers is Wilson J. Carroll; J. Albert Chatard and Thomas T. F. Lowe rank among the physicians, while some of the other men who are successful in different walks of life are J. Preston McNeal, Daniel J. Coyne, John A. Powers and James I. Donnellan.

Thomas J. O'Donnell, of '99, is a physician. J. Leo Hargaden joined the Society of Jesus and Andrew C. Englehardt is a priest, being stationed at Holy Cross Church, this city. Peter A. Callahan is a civil engineer and Francis X. Millholland is with the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company. In this class also were Joseph A. Herzog, C. Justin Kennedy and John A. McManus.

John L. Gipprich and Francis O. Goldbach, after graduating with high honors in 1900, became Jesuits. George Moore Brady and J. Frank Dammann are barristers; Joseph A. Mooney and Joseph J. Zimmerman are active in other pursuits.

Bernard A. McNally is a member of the bar, and he was a police magistrate during the administration of Governor Warfield.

Austin D. Nooney.

Alumni Reunion.

THE reunion of graduates and former students of Loyola in the College "gym" on November 17, 1908, was beyond doubt the greatest ever held under the auspices of Alma Mater. Invitations to the reunion were sent to every Loyola boy who could be reached, and who had been a student at the College, even for one year or in the lowest class, from the beginning, in 1852, to recent times. In response to

Father Brady's invitation, between 700 and 800 sons of Alma Mater assembled in the gymnasium.

At the reunion a brief address of welcome was delivered by Father Brady, who urged that the college spirit exhibited on that occasion be kept up. Father Brady stated that his purpose in asking all the old boys to come back was to show them the Loyola of to-day, to give them a chance of living over the old days on old familiar ground, and to let them see how proud Loyola was of her long roll of students.

"You will find here, my dear boys," continued Father Brady, "many whom you know, and many whom you have forgotten, but once under the roof of Loyola all will be friends."

At the conclusion of Father Brady's address Mr. George M. Brady, then secretary of the alumni association, read the new regulations for membership to that body. These provide that any student who left the college 10 years ago shall be eligible to join the association, if he completed three years of study and is accepted by three-fourths vote of the executive council. Those who left the college 15 years ago may become members, if they finished one year in the college or three years in the institution, and those who have been out 25 years may be elected to the association, if they went through one year in any department.

On behalf of the executive committee of the alumni association, Mr. Francis T. Homer expressed great pleasure at the enthusiastic way in which the suggestion for the reunion had been received.

An interesting feature of the reunion was the presence of many old men who had been out of the College for years; and a number of them, who had never been in the present building, spent some time in going through it and inspecting the various class rooms.

The reunion was Alma Mater's first great step towards

bringing back to the fold all her lost and strayed sons. When all her sons have returned, then it may be said of the Loyola Alumni Association:

Spiritus intus alit; totamque infusa per artus
Mens agitat molem et magno se corpore miscet.

L. Frank O'Brien, '08.

The Alumni Banquet.

THE annual banquet of the Loyola Alumni Association, held in the College "gym" Tuesday evening, February 16th, 1909, was a spirited and successful function. This gathering of the sons of Alma Mater was characterized by college spirit unalloyed, and good fellowship pure and simple. As the evening wore on, those gathered around the festive board recalled the good old scenes of college days and renewed old acquaintances. Not for one moment during the entire progress of the evening was there a let-up of the good fellowship, which seemed to color and give tone to the event.

Altogether the dinner was a thoroughly enjoyable one and left nothing to be desired. To Mr. Matthew S. Brennan, treasurer of the Alumni Association, is due great credit for the sumptuous and enjoyable dinner. Mr. Brennan deserves to be complimented for the exquisite taste displayed in the setting of the banquet table. The bare walls of the "gym" were tastefully decorated in blue and gold bunting and two beautiful flags—the American and the Maryland—were gracefully festooned at either end of the room.

The arrangement of the tables showed great forethought on the part of Mr. Brennan. There was not a single seat that

did not face the speakers. An orchestra hidden behind a screen of palms gave forth sweet-sounding music throughout the evening.

In former years the Alumni Association held its dinners in one of the large hotels of the city, but this year's banquet was held in the College "gym," which lent a decidedly home-like effect to the meeting. Preparatory to the chief event of the evening the Association went into executive session for the annual election of officers, with the following result:

President—Dr. J. Albert Chatard.

Vice-President—Mr. Thomas A. Whelan.

Secretary—Mr. Isaac Stewart George.

Treasurer—Mr. Matthew S. Brennan.

Executive Committee—Rev. F. X. Brady, S. J.; the officers of the Association and Messrs. Frederick H. Hack, George Moore Brady, Dr. Thomas L. Shearer and Dr. Charles S. Woodruff.

Mr. William J. O'Brien, Jr., was in charge of the post-prandial exercises and he made an exceedingly capable toastmaster. He delivered an eloquent address on the spirit of the occasion, and then introduced in a graceful manner a galaxy of bright and witty speakers.

The Rev. F. X. Brady, president of the College, received an ovation when he arose to make his speech on "Our Alma Mater." He suggested in his address that more endowments are expected from Loyola's alumni, but asserted that their greatest work consists in spreading the fame of Loyola far and wide.

Father Brady said that he was in an optimistic mood about the future of Loyola College. He congratulated those of the

former students who have won honor and esteem among their fellow-men. He remarked that "the present Loyola has all that it had in the past, with much more added. It has splendid material equipment, an increased number of students, rare library, larger facilities for teaching the various branches of mathematics and the sciences and is abreast of the times in athletics." He added that the College was now the possessor of two founded professorships and 24 founded scholarships.

Father Brady was followed by Mr. Edgar H. Gans, of the Baltimore Bar. During the course of his address Mr. Gans pronounced as insoluble and fallacious the philosophy of Charles Darwin, the expounder of the theory of evolution, and Ernest Haeckel, the German scientist and writer on the origin of rational intelligence, free will, etc. In his concluding remarks Mr. Gans urged all the members of the Alumni Association to cling tenaciously to the scholastic philosophy as taught by the fathers of the Society of Jesus.

Other speakers of the evening were Hon. Charles W. Heuissler, Associate Judge of the Supreme Bench of Baltimore; Dr. Charles O'Donovan, Dr. Louis W. Knight and Dr. L. Ernest Neale. The speakers, one and all, delivered witty and clever addresses.

During the course of the evening telegrams were received from several Loyola graduates, now members of the Society of Jesus, who are stationed at Fordham University, expressing regret at their inability to attend the banquet. The telegrams read to the banqueters were from Messrs. Herman I. Stork, J. Leo Hargadon and John J. Murphy.

L. Frank O'Brien, '08.

The Donations of Dr. Knight.

THE college is the fortunate recipient from Dr. Louis W. Knight of a rare and exceedingly valuable collection of coins and papal medals, along with a fine, large bronze of St. Paul. It is no easy matter to estimate the value of the papal medals, as their dates range from the year 366 to 1846.

When Dr. Knight presented his rare collection of medals and coins, the labor of thirty years, he sent the following letter:

Dear Rev. President:

Please receive the first invoice of a collection of coins, medals, etc., which I intend to present to Loyola College. I choose this method of bringing them in sections to prevent confusion, and the coins becoming "jumbled up."

I am now cataloguing my collection, and when the work is finished, I will send the cabinet authorities quoted and the catalogue.

The cabinet contains thirty (30) drawers. I have arranged these drawers left and right as you face the cabinet.

Now, this collection is of no great financial value, as you often read about in the papers, but I thought, if you place it in some quiet nook, some of the scholarly gentlemen of the faculty might take an interest in it, and pass an hour or so pleasantly in looking it over.

Numismatics is a thing that grows on one, so to speak. My motive in sending my collection to your College is perhaps a selfish one, as I have passed the three score, and am slowly but steadily advancing to 60+10, that is to say that



DR. LOUIS W. KNIGHT.

I will not be here much longer, and I prefer the coins to be preserved intact in good hands rather than to be scattered to the four winds of Heaven.

Yours respectfully,

Louis W. Knight.

Besides the above collection of coins Dr. Knight has presented to the physical department of the college two valuable microscopes; a Beck and a Bausch and Lomb (no. 31,101).

A complete photographic outfit, including camera with an extra Bausch and Lomb lense, and all the necessaries for developing and printing, together with some interesting and instructive books on photography is another manifestation of the loyalty of Dr. Knight to Alma Mater.

The Faculty wish to express their thanks and appreciation of the generous interest Dr. Knight takes in the College.

L. Frank O'Brien, '08.





'52 James L. Kernan, owner, lessee and manager of theatres in a number of Eastern cities, entered the college as a student in 1852. Mr. Kernan, who is one of the greatest theatrical magnates of this country, has been generous in his charitable benefactions and he is always willing to give Loyola "a lift."

Francis E. Baldwin, of Baldwin & Pennington, one of the largest and best known architectural firms of the State, was a student at Loyola during the years 1852-'54. Baldwin & Pennington figured prominently in the drawing for the city, of the plans for the proposed new Union Station, over which there has been much discussion of late.

Eugene Lemoine Didier, author and magazine writer, was enrolled as a student at Loyola in the years 1852-1854. Mr. Didier's "Life of Edgar Allan Poe" is considered a work of great literary merit. Mr. Didier is also the author of "Life and Letters of Madame Bonaparte" and "The Political Adventures of James G. Blaine."

'56 The oldest living graduate of Loyola is Dr. Edward F. Milholland, who is a prominent and successful physician in this city. Dr. Milholland attended the reunion of old students last fall and was a conspicuous figure at the alumni banquet in February.

In 1894 the degree of Master of Arts was conferred on Major Walter E. McCann, at present an author and dramatic editor of the Baltimore Evening News. He entered the college as a student in 1855. While at Loyola the Major took a deep interest in dramatics and his portrayal of the Cardinal in Bulwer's "Richelieu" won for him the admiration of all. The dramatic columns of the News speak well for Major McCann.

Thornton Rollins, a well-known financier and president of the Maryland National Bank, a flourishing banking institution of the State, was a student at Loyola in 1856-'57.

'63 When Bird S. Coler, well and favorably known in New York politics, went in search of a business manager for his interests in Wall Street, he procured the services of Robert H. Weems, a student of Loyola in the years '58-'63. Mr. Weems, who has been in business in New York for over 30 years, visits the College whenever he is in Baltimore.

One of the best-informed railroad officials in the State is J. Vansant McNeal, treasurer of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company, who left Loyola in 1863, after spending three successful years at the College. Mr. J. Preston McNeal, his son, was graduated at Loyola as A. B. in 1893, and is now one of the most prominent of the younger lawyers of the American Bonding Company.

'68 Among those on whom the Bachelor's degree was conferred in 1868 was Isaac R. Baxley. Mr. Baxley now lives in Santa Barbara, California, where he is engaged in literary pursuits, being the author of two volumes of poetry and several books. Mr. Baxley recently sent the College two volumes of his poems.

Frederick Home Hack, a well-known lawyer and a member of the executive committee of the Alumni Association, received the degree of A. B. from Loyola in 1868. After leaving Loyola Mr. Hack became one of the leading members of the Maryland Bar and to-day his ability as a lawyer is recognized by not a few.

An esteemed member of the Baltimore Bar, who always takes an active interest in everything that is conducive to the good of the community, is Frank Gosnell, who was a student at Loyola during the years 1866-'69. Mr. Gosnell is a member of the law firm of Marbury & Gosnell.

Henry Walters, founder of the Walters' Art Gallery, financier and prominently connected with the Sea Board Air Line and other railroads, was a student at Loyola in 1867-'68. Mr. Walters was a good student while at Loyola and he completed his studies at Georgetown University, the venerable parent of Loyola.

During the past few years Mr. Walters has provided at his own expense several free bathing places for the people of Baltimore. The Walters' Art Gallery, containing some of the most

valuable paintings of the world, was only a few months ago completed at a cost of several millions of dollars.

'70 Through a narrow passageway made by a squad of police officers in the dense throng of persons that filled Edmondson avenue and Schroeder street, at their intersection, the remains of Father John D. Boland were borne from his church, St. Pius', to a hearse on the morning of September 30, 1903. In that dense throng were many who had been classmates of the dead priest at Loyola and who recalled the happy days spent with him at Alma Mater as they saw the flower-strewn casket placed in the sombre vehicle that was to carry it to the grave.

Father Boland spent many happy days at old Loyola and in 1900, in recognition of the great work he was accomplishing as a priest of God, his Alma Mater conferred on him the degree of Master of Arts.

In speaking of Father Boland's funeral the Baltimore Evening News of September 30, 1903, said in part:

"The ceremonies in the church were simple, but impressive. The body, under a guard of honor, rested in the church all night. Early this morning people began to come from all parts of the city to witness the final rites. Before the services began the crowd in the neighboring streets was very great. Admission to the edifice could be obtained only by pewholders and those who had tickets, an order enforced by a detail of policemen specially assigned.

"Here were many who had known Father Boland from the earliest time of his ministry. Among these were the humbler dressed—the poor whom he had helped, the aged and infirm and children. They waited patiently for the ending of the mass to look upon his coffin for the last time.

"The sanctuary was crowded with ecclesiastics in their black cassocks and white surplices, and the congregation filled every seat. The Sisters of the different orders—those of St. Vincent de Paul, conspicuous by their white bonnets, others shrouded in still more sombre habits—had places in some of the pews; so also had the Christian Brothers, and there were groups of children—orphans, for whom Father Boland had ever an abiding affection."

'72 A student at Loyola during the years 1870-'72 was William A. House, who was about a year ago elected president of the

United Railways and Electric Company. The president of such a corporation carries an enormous amount of responsibility on his shoulders. No one disputes the fact that Mr. House is eminently qualified to fill the position. All who have been thrown in contact with him admire him for his kind, genial disposition.

'73 At the fifty-sixth annual commencement held in the College hall on June 18, 1908, the degree of Doctor of Laws was conferred on Harry M. Clabaugh, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia, who was a student at Loyola during the years 1870-'73. While at Loyola the Judge received several distinctions and later completed his studies at Gettysburg College. Justice Clabaugh is esteemed a jurist of the highest integrity and is very popular in Washington.

'75 In 1870 Dr. Charles O'Donovan, now a well-known and able physician of this city, entered the College as a student. Dr. O'Donovan remained at Loyola five years and in his last year received high honors. Like many other Loyola boys, he was afterwards graduated from Georgetown University with distinction. At present Dr. O'Donovan is professor in the Baltimore Medical College and is an active member of the Medical and Chirurgical Faculty of Maryland.

'77 Matthew S. Brenan, who has been treasurer of the Alumni Association for several years, was a student at Loyola in 1870-'77. Mr. Brenan is an esteemed business man and is president of the Mutual Life Insurance Company of this city.

Dr. Ernest Neale, a well-known physician, Regent and Professor of the School of Medicine of the University of Maryland, was a member of the class of '77. Dr. Neale takes a deep interest in the work at Loyola and at the last banquet of the Alumni Association made an extremely witty and clever address.

Henry A. Brehm, of the class of '77, is president of the George Brehm & Son Brewing Company. Mr. Brehm is prominent in the business world and is generous in his charitable benefactions.

'78 William J. O'Brien, Jr., son of the late Judge William J. O'Brien, received his education at Loyola, being a member of the class of '78. Mr. O'Brien is an esteemed member of the Baltimore Bar and was toastmaster at the recent alumni banquet.

The large and flourishing lithography firm of A. Hoen & Company is composed of four brothers, all of whom have re-

ceived their education at Loyola. Henry M. Hoen and Irving W. Hoen were graduates in 1875-'78 and Albert B. Hoen entered the College as a student in 1887, completing his studies in 1893. Another brother, E. Weber Hoen, was a student in '79-'80, and received distinctions.

'86 Announcement was made in Washington some days ago that St. Paul's Parish, one of the largest in the capital city, and located in the fashionable northwestern section of the city, was to be divided and that another church will be erected in that section. Rev. Thomas A. Walsh, associate pastor of St. Paul's, who was at Loyola in 1884-'86, will, it is stated, be the pastor of the new congregation.

Father Walsh served under Monsignor Mackin, pastor of St. Paul's, as an altar boy at St. Joseph's Church, in Baltimore. Father Walsh was recently honored by Pope Pius X in being accorded the privilege to bestow the apostolic benediction at a special service held in St. Paul's Church.

'87 Alfred Jenkins Shriver, who was up to a few months ago secretary of the Alumni Association of Johns Hopkins University, was at Loyola in 1882-1887. In 1894 Mr. Shriver, who is a prominent lawyer of this city, received the degree of Master of Arts from Loyola. He is the author of a number of standard law books.

'91 It was announced a few weeks ago that the Fidelity Company and the Fidelity Trust Company, of which Thomas A. Whelan, of the class of '91, is vice-president and general counsel, was to enlarge its building at the corner of Charles and Lexington streets. It is the purpose of this corporation to erect a sixteen-story building on its present site, thus making the structure the tallest in Baltimore. Such prosperity certainly speaks well for the officers of the Fidelity Company, chief among whom is Mr. Whelan. Mr. Whelan was recently elected vice-president of the Alumni Association.

'92 One of the best known of the younger financiers in Baltimore is Charles C. Homer, Jr., vice-president of the Second National Bank. Mr. Homer received the degree of Bachelor of Arts from Loyola in 1882. He is a prominent figure at the Alumni meetings.

Francis T. Homer, frequently seen at the trial table in the courts, received the Bachelor's degree with his brother, Charles

C. Homer, in 1892. At the recent meeting of the executive council of the Alumni Association Mr. Homer was retired as president of that body. Mr. Homer said a few weeks ago that he was always interested in Loyola and everything that appertains to her.

'93 On July 30th of the present year Messrs. George E. Kelly, S. J., I. Gardiner Causey, S. J., and Orville D. Brady, S. J., who left Loyola in 1893 for the Jesuit Novitiate, will be raised to the dignity of the priesthood at Woodstock College, Woodstock, Md. Our heartiest congratulations to you, noble sons of Alma Mater.

J. Edwin Murphy, who received the degree of A. B. from Loyola, in 1893, is to be congratulated on his recent appointment as City Editor of the Baltimore Evening News.

'94 Dr. David Street, A. M., has been dean of the Baltimore Medical College for several years. Dr. Street is the author of many medical books, which are considered authorities by the men of his profession. He is always willing to give Loyola a "lift."

'96 Father August M. Mark has just organized a new parish at Langdon, D. C. The new church is under the patronage of St. Francis de Sales.

'97 Father William A. Toolen is assistant pastor of St. Pius' Church, this city. Father Toolen is noted for his energy and vigorous eloquence in the ministry. He is one of the examiners of the schools of the archdiocese. Last June, the College conferred upon Father Toolen the degree of A. M.

Father John McNamara, who received the degree of A. M. from Loyola last year, is attracting the attention of the people by his eloquence and is generally pronounced one of the best preachers in the archdiocese. Prior to his recent appointment as pastor of St. Stephen's Church, Bradshaw, Md., Father McNamara was stationed at St. John's Church, this city.

'98 Dr. J. Albert Chatard, an esteemed physician of this city, who received the degree of A. B. in 1898, was elected president of the Alumni Association some months ago. Dr. Chatard, who is a member of the Medical and Chirurgical Faculty of Maryland, was chairman of the committee which arranged for the reception in this city, a few weeks ago, of Dr. William Osler, regius professor of Oxford University and formerly of Johns Hopkins University. Dr. Osler came to Baltimore to attend the

dedication of the new home of the Medical and Chirurgical Faculty. Dr. Chatard studied under the eminent physician while at the Hopkins Medical School.

Rev. John J. Brady, '98, pastor of St. Michael's Church, West Salisbury, Pa., is among the donors of medals and prizes. The degree of Master of Arts was conferred on Father Brady at the commencement of 1908.

Dr. Julius Friedenwald, professor of stomach diseases, director of the clinical laboratory in the Physicians and Surgeons' College and consultant in digestive diseases at a number of hospitals in Baltimore, received the degree of Master of Arts from Loyola in 1898. Dr. Friedenwald is the author of several medical books of great value and is a frequent contributor of articles to medical journals.

'99 Rev. Andrew S. Englehardt, a member of the class of 1899, is assistant pastor at Holy Cross Church, this city, and takes a deep interest in the work being done by the young men's societies in his parish. The degree of A. M. was conferred on Father Englehardt at the commencement of June 18, 1908. Father Englehardt shows his loyalty to the College by sending her bright and representative students.

'00 Mr. John Gippich, S. J., has during the past year been attending an advanced course in astronomy at Johns Hopkins University.

'02 Austin D. Nooney has entered the newspaper field and is on the reportorial staff of the Baltimore Evening News. We take this opportunity of congratulating Austin on his recent marriage.

Among the Baltimore priests that sailed the last of May for Rome to attend the reunion of the students of the American College in the Papal city was Rev. Francis Doory. Father Doory is stationed at Elkridge, Howard county, and is accompanying Bishop Corrigan to Rome, who is also to attend the reunion at the American College. Father Doory was for several years secretary of the Alumni Association.

Rev. Lawrence Brown, who has been making advanced studies at the Catholic University, was recently appointed an assistant priest at St. Martin's Church, Baltimore. Though stationed at St. Martin's for a short time, Father Lawrence has won many friends and is well thought of by the West Baltimore congregation.

Judge Charles W. Heusler, LL. D., was appointed last year by Governor Crothers to fill a vacancy on the Supreme Bench of this city. Judge Heusler's term expires in a few months and he will be a candidate for the judgeship this fall. Judge, we wish you success!

'04 Eugene F. Saxton, '04, who was on the staff of the New Catholic Encyclopedia in New York, is to be congratulated by the sons of Alma Mater on his recent appointment as managing editor of the Catholic World of New York.

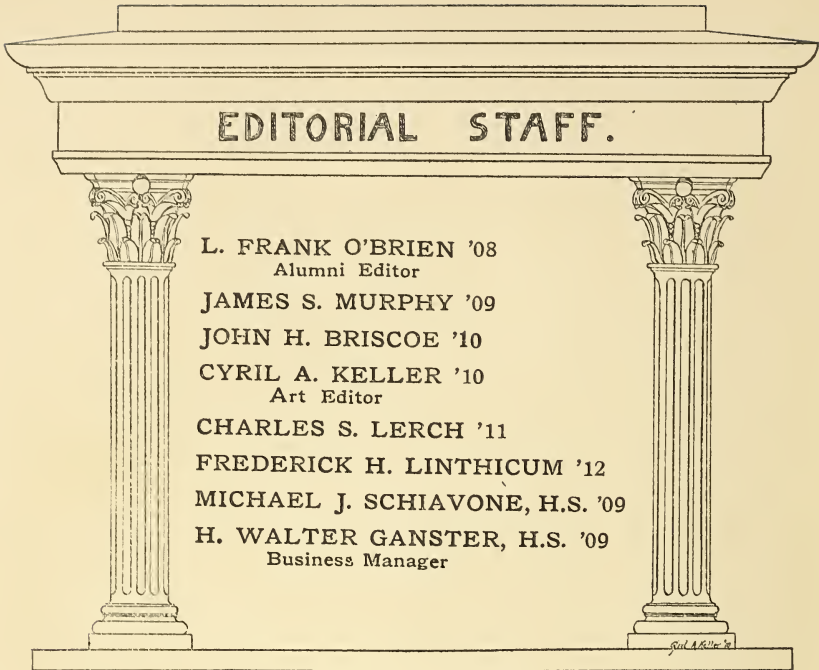
While at Loyola "Gene" made himself conspicuous by his zeal for study and his senior year he was awarded the much coveted Grindall mental philosophy medal. On April 13, 1909, the Baltimore Evening News published the following article about "Gene:"

"Eugene F. Saxton, son of Dr. Alexander H. Saxton, of 432 North Carey street, has recently taken up the duties of managing editor of the Catholic World of New York. Mr. Saxton was the editor of the Catholic Mirror of Baltimore during 1905 and 1906, more recently he has been on the staff of the Catholic Encyclopedia in New York. He is a graduate of Loyola College and has many friends in Baltimore."

'08 Thomas J. Wheeler, of the class of '08, is studying for the priesthood at St. Mary's Seminary. L. F. O'Brien, of the same class, is working in the journalistic field. Victor I. Cook, who also graduated last year, is practicing law with the well-known law firm of Willis and Homer of this city.

L. Frank O'Brien, '08.





Editorial.

THE task of editing the volume now in the reader's hand has been one of peculiar difficulty. The editors naturally set out with the ambition to improve, wherever possible, the year book published last June. Keenly appreciating the fact that all things, even Annuals, should conform to the law of progress, they made plans to publish a volume that would eclipse its predecessor in every detail. They ended with improving—perhaps—the cover. In this they found themselves in a predicament analogous to those concerns whose advertisements we see commonly displayed in the street cars: “We couldn't improve the ‘contents,’ so we thought we'd improve the ‘box.’”



EDITORIAL STAFF OF THE ANNUAL.

Cyril A. Keller.

H. Walter Ganster.

John H. Briscoe.

Frederick H. Linticum.

James S. Murphy.

Michael J. Schiavone.

Charles S. Lerch.

The literary merit of the "contents" of last year's Annual was, we think, universally regarded as of a very high order. Though it was her first venture forth into the world of journalism, the "little debutante," as the editors were pleased to call the first year book, appeared with all the sterling qualities of maturer college magazines. The credit of this success goes to one who by his enthusiastic love of literature inspired, and by his exquisite literary taste guided, the editors of last year's publication, namely to Rev. Richard A. Fleming, S. J., claimed last summer from our midst to duties elsewhere. To him fell the "labor limae" that can be traced on every page. To him more than to any other—to his persevering efforts in the face of at times distressing difficulties, the "Loyola College Annual" owes its successful inception. It is our ardent wish that this, as well as all future numbers of the Annual, may give as much pleasure to Father Fleming as the "first Annual" gave to all of us.

A word of grateful appreciation is due, in the second place, to Mr. Charles J. Hennessy, S. J., who proved an able assistant to Father Fleming in the matter of advertisements and subscriptions.

The advantages of publishing a year book of the kind the Annual aims to be are worth enumerating. In the first place, it acts as a superb stimulus to the students themselves towards the cultivation of a good English style. By arousing their ambition and encouraging them in their youthful efforts, the magazine continues and crowns the work of an enthusiastic professor. Secondly, it exhibits to outsiders the character of the work done by the students and the results achieved. By this is not meant that the essays and stories are exact

copies of tasks set in class, but that they are, at any rate, an index of the development of taste and judgment directly resulting from these tasks. Thirdly, the students are thus enabled to present their work to the public for an open comparison with that done elsewhere. That it has borne the test thus far, the success of last year's Annual amply proves. Fourthly, it gives the friends of the college boys a perception of the spirit that animates them here—a taste of college life, a glimpse of college fellowship. Lastly, it serves to unite our alumni and former students in closer friendship with the boys of to-day, with their Alma Mater and with each other.

It was to foster these sentiments of good will among our "old boys" that we have given space, in the present issue, to reminiscences of each decade of the past. We hope that this departure in favor of alumni and old students may be taken by them as an expression of our earnest wish to come in closer touch with them, to hear from them oftener, to see them oftener. The words of our Reverend President at the Reunion in March were sincerely spoken and may be repeated here: "We want to know whether the world has frowned or smiled on you. You are always welcome in our midst."

Editor.



Chronicle.

COMMENCEMENT, 1908.

THE fifty-sixth annual commencement of Loyola College was held on June 18, 1908, in the College hall, which was crowded to its capacity. The event was made noteworthy by the presence of His Excellency, Austin L. Crothers, Governor of the State of Maryland, upon whom was conferred the degree of Doctor of Laws. Governor Crothers was greatly impressed with the work being done at Loyola and so expressed himself in a brief address on commencement night.

When Governor Crothers was introduced at the commencement by Father F. X. Brady, he received a warm ovation. Nearly everyone knows that Governor Crothers is an active member of the National Good Roads Congress, and that he takes a deep interest in the subject of good roads, but during the course of his address at Loyola he said that the development of the schools of the state was of the utmost importance, overtopping even the subject of good roads.

"I am gratified to be present," said His Excellency, "and to indicate by my presence the interest I feel in this great institution of learning. I take a deep interest in all the schools of our state. They and you are doing a noble work.

The Governor concluded by giving a few words of practical advice to the graduates.

The degree of Doctor of Laws was also conferred on Monsignor William E. Starr, rector emeritus of Corpus Christi Church, Baltimore, and Harry M. Clabaugh, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia. The degree of Master of Arts was conferred on Revs. John J. Brady,

Andrew C. Englehardt, John M. McNamara, William A. Toolen and Mr. William J. O'Brien.

THE RE-OPENING OF SCHOOLS.

A good many familiar faces among the faculty and students were missing when we assembled in the College Hall, on September 15th, 1908, to begin a new scholastic year. Of course, every one missed the kindly face of Fr. Mullan, our beloved President of the year before, although we knew beforehand that he would not be present. Fr. Mulry, our popular Prefect of last year, was also absent, as were Frs. O'Gorman, Fleming and La Farge and Messrs. Murphy, Hennessy and Viteck, all of whom had been removed to other fields of labor. In their place we welcomed Fr. Geale our new Prefect, Frs. Fortier, McLoughlin and Burkert, and Messrs. Lynch, Higgins and Kleinmeyer. We were delighted to see those who remained to spend another year at Loyola: Frs. Keating and Purtell, and Messrs. Fremgen and Duffy. Nothing need be said concerning our delight at seeing our Rector, Rev. Father Brady. "A word to the wise" (in this case the students and patrons of Loyola) "is sufficient."

THE RETREAT.

One of the most important events of the college year is the Retreat, usually held in the latter part of October, and continuing for three days. These three days are devoted to spiritual exercises; the students attend discourses delivered by one of the Fathers, and are present at spiritual readings, the recitation of the Rosary, the Way of the Cross and Benediction. At the end of the three days the students receive Holy Communion in a body, and afterwards breakfast together in the College Gymnasium. Just before the Commencement in June the students also receive Holy Communion in a body and breakfast in the gymnasium. At these breakfasts the stu-

dents, filled with spiritual relief and joy, or happy at the approach of vacation, make the gymnasium ring with their class yells and cheers for Fr. Rector, Fr. Prefect and the members of the faculty,—that is, after their boyish appetites have been satisfied. The Retreat is indeed the most important event of the year, and is a fitting beginning of the year's work. The Retreat of 1908-09 was conducted by Rev. M. L. Fortier, S. J., the eloquent professor of Junior Class, whose discourses were scholarly and impressive, and held the students' attention throughout the three days.

EVENING CLASSES.

A feature of the work of the College this year was the course of Evening Lectures in Logic, Latin, French, Spanish and Stenography, given in the College Lecture Rooms from 7.30 to 8.30 P. M. The Logic Lectures especially were very popular, and were attended by a goodly number of young men who had been unable to take Logic as a part of a regular College Course. It is to be hoped that the next year may see this course of lectures even better attended than in 1908-09, the year of their inception.

FR. DE LA MORINIÈRE'S VISIT.

It is seldom that those interested in the College have had such an intellectual treat as that given them by Fr. E. C. De La Moriniere, S. J., who came from New Orleans to deliver a series of sermons at St. Ignatius during Lent and Holy Week, and incidentally gave two delightful lectures in the College Hall, on the subjects, "Southern Chivalry," and "Shakespearean Silhouettes." The College Elocution Class, being apprized of the fact that Fr. De La Moriniere would probably drop in upon them, and being given the hint that selections from his favorite author, Shakespeare, would please him very much, prepared

and recited several selections from Hamlet upon the occasion of his visit. The good-natured Father praised the elocutionists for their good work, and was prevailed upon to give Hamlet's Soliloquy and "The Seven Ages of Man," to the great delight of the students. Fr. De La Moriniere's sermons, and lectures were all masterpieces, and it was with genuine regret on the part of his hearers that the eloquent Southerner delivered his last sermon at St. Ignatius on Easter Sunday.

BISHOP HOPKINS' VISIT.

On the morning of April 30, 1909, the students of the College were mystified by the following message, which was sent to the various classes: "Fr. Rector wishes to see the students in the College Hall at 10.30." Everyone began to wonder what was going to happen. We were much surprised to find that the occasion of Fr. Rector's message was the presence in our midst of that "rara avis," a Jesuit Bishop. Fr. Rector introduced to us Bishop Hopkins, of British Honduras, who had stopped over in Baltimore on his way to Rome. His Lordship then proceeded to give us an account of his charge in Central America, and related many amusing anecdotes of that country. Finally, a member of the Senior Class, in an address of welcome to His Lordship, expressed the pleasure of the students at his presence in their midst, and then very naively asked him if we couldn't get a little time to go home and think the matter over. Of course, the good Bishop could not resist this entreaty. So it happened that we betook ourselves homewards at 12.30 that day instead of 2.30. I tell you, we are always glad to see a Bishop at Loyola!

NEW ATHLETIC FIELD.

For many years the students of the College have ardently desired an Athletic Field where they might indulge in the

various out-door sports. This season through the kindness of Thos. Kervick such a field was placed at their disposal. It is situated on Edmondson avenue, near the near bridge spanning Gwynn's Falls. The future success of Loyola in athletics is now assured. For with a proper place to practise, the teams representing the College will soon become proficient enough to wrest the laurels from their rivals.

MAY DEVOTIONS.

Those who passed by the second floor of the college building during the month of May, must have been struck by the abundance of delicate flowers that surrounded the statue of the Blessed Virgin. Had they been present at the daily May Devotions, they would have been struck still more by the full harmony of youthful voices intoning the "Salve Regina," or some other glorious hymn to the Mother of God. We cannot but believe that Mary herself heard these joyful strains with pleasure in the service of her children, and determined to reward them by her assistance and protection.

CLASS SPECIMENS.

The High School might be called the little brother of the college classes, and during the past year it has shown itself quite a lusty youngster. It has certainly succeeded in displaying a broad knowledge on a variety of subjects by its class specimens. We are indebted to Fourth Year High for a most interesting disquisition upon the burly and philosophical Johnson. We have received valuable information about Caesar's Gallic War from the class that ranks next to the High School graduates, while Second High has entertained us with the elegant correspondence of the urbane Cicero. First Year High has capped the climax by serving up a dish, the contents of which were as varied as they were appetizing. We, of the

College have received divers reports of a Latin baseball game, but cannot personally verify these rumors, as all of the entertainment that reached our ears were the distant strains of music and the frequent bursts of applause. The subject of music leads us to speak of the symposiums that attended the monthly reading of marks and received added charm from Orpheus' Art. When many students knew not whether to expect testimonials or marks that fell short of sixty, we might well have said with Portia:

“ Let music sound, while he doth make his choice;
Then, if he lose, he makes a swan-like end,
Fading in Music—

—He may win,
And what is music then? then music is
Even as the flourish when true subjects bow
To a new-crowned monarch.”

TOLCHESTER EXCURSION.

At the time of writing this chronicle the excursion of the Athletic Association to Tolchester is a thing of the future. The excursion, however, is a great mark of the improvement in athletics brought about by a most able and energetic moderator: the games to be held there will certainly spread the renown of Loyola, as well as give the old students a chance to be united once more. It will be a great sight—the revered alumni disporting themselves on the sandy beach of Tolchester! We hope that the excursionists will not fail to do justice to the college yells and songs, when “ moonlight glimmers o'er the Chesapeake,” as the Bentztown Bard would say.

FATHER PROVINCIAL'S VISIT.

There are some events which are known to the generality of mankind only by their results. Such was the coming of

the Father Provincial to Loyola. It resulted in two things: a visit to the different classes by the Father Socius, and a full holiday to the students. The former result was almost—almost as pleasant as the latter. However, Father Rockwell expressed himself pleased with the work done by the various classes.

COMMENCEMENT PROGRAM.

The order of Commencement Week exercises will be as follows:

Sunday, June 13, at 8 p. m.

Baccalaureate Sermon

Rev. John M. McNamara, A. B., '97; A. M., '08

Tuesday, June 15, at 8 p. m.

High School Graduating Exercises and Morgan Society Prize Debate.

Wednesday, June 16, at 8 p. m.

College Prize Night and Senior Elocution Contest.

Thursday, June 17, at 8 p. m.

Fifty-seventh Annual Commencement.

Bachelor's Oration—The Criterion of Morality

William H. Kelly

Valedictory—The Social Unit of the Future

Edward K. Hanlon

Conferring of Degrees.

Awarding of Medals.

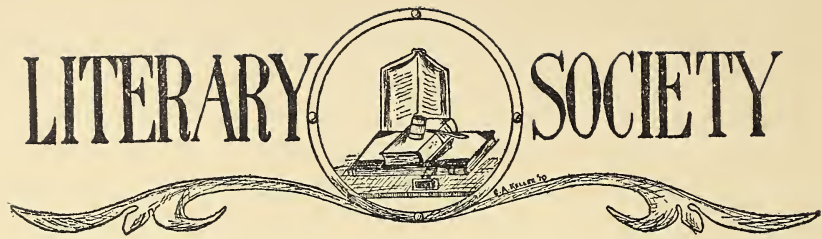
Address to the Graduates

Hon. Charles W. Heuisler, LL. D., '03

John H. Briscoe, '10,

Charles S. Lerch, '11.

LITERARY SOCIETY



A RETROSPECT of the meetings of the Loyola Literary Society, more commonly known as the Debating Society, during the past year reveals the fact that the purpose of the Society, namely that of perfecting its members in the art of debating, is still being carried on with marked success. Throughout the year, and especially during the second term, the debates given were interesting and well delivered. The subjects discussed were not those which might have been of interest to our grandfathers alone, but, in the choice of subjects for debate, the very first considerations were the timeliness and importance of the proposed subjects. The Japanese school question in San Francisco, the question of immigration in its various phases, the question of the relative importance of College Athletics, the all-important question of Prohibition,—these are some of the questions discussed at our meetings.

The ability to give a good rebuttal and a refutation of an opponent's arguments is most important. And the members of the Society have often been agreeably surprised at the unexpected bursts of eloquence and humorous sayings given in rebuttal. Indeed, some of the extemporaneous speeches were even better than the average written debate. This was very gratifying indeed, and it was also gratifying to see the strong conviction and enthusiasm with which the debates, and especially the rebuttals, were carried on. The importance of showing one's earnestness and conviction in debate, or indeed in public speaking of any kind, cannot be too strongly emphasized.

The frequent appearance on the rostrum of many of the members of the Society showed clearly their interest in the welfare of the Society. These gentlemen deserve our special thanks. And let us not forget our Presidents, Mr. Wozny in the first term, and Mr. Hanlon in the second term. They also deserve thanks and commendation for their efficiency in the discharge of their duties as presiding officers.



THE SPEAKERS AT THE PUBLIC DEBATE OF THE LITERARY SOCIETY.

J. H. Briscoe. E. K. Hanlon. E. L. Leonard, Chairman. W. F. Braden. J. S. Murphy.

Our public debate was held early in May. The virtues and defects of the proposed Suffrage Amendment to the Constitution of Maryland, which proposed measure is holding the attention of the public at present, were exposed so thoroughly by the chosen debaters, namely Messrs. Briscoe, '10, and Hanlon, '09; on the affirmative, and Messrs. Braden, '09, and Murphy, '09, on the negative that it was only after long deliberation that the judges were able to decide that the honors of the debate should be awarded to the negative side, and that Mr. William F. Braden, '09, should be the proud recipient of the Jenkins Medal.

For next year we are hoping for all sorts of success in the L. L. S.

Lewis A. Wheeler, '12.

Dramatic Notes.

The Athletic Association presented its second annual Minstrel Show on Monday and Tuesday evenings, October 26th and 27th of last year, and in the opinion of those who crowded the College Theatre, the members equalled if not excelled, the success of their first appearance in 1907. With the rising of the curtain, there began a continuous round of humor and laughter; and until the curtain fell again the performance was without a dull moment. Comparisons are always odious and never more so than in the case of an entertainment where everybody was good. But if we must award the palm, we shall follow the popular verdict in favor of Mr. Harry P. Galligher. His voice was clear and well adapted to the comic songs he sang and the dialect he adopted was consistent. In the lively farce-comedy "The White Lie," which closed the evening, Mr. Galligher had the leading part and the manner in which he sustained it showed him to be a talented comedian.

Mr. William F. Braden, the supporter of Mr. Galligher both in the Minstrels and in the comedy, must also share the honors with him. His portrayal of the elderly uncle in "The White Lie" was a gilt-edged piece of acting as he had to preserve a serious demeanor in the midst of uproarious laughter from the audience. Mr. W. Paul Brown deserves ranking with the two foregoing; for his portrayal of Larkspur, the penniless artist, was most pleasing and

graceful. Mr. Martin G. McNulty was seen at his old place among the Ends and one not personally acquainted with Mr. McNulty and his power of impersonating a darkey, might have imagined we had imported him from a Southern plantation for the evening.

Messrs. W. Henry Noeth, Edwin L. Leonard, Charles S. Lerch and Edwin B. Kelly made their debut in the College Minstrels this year and left no doubt of their ability to entertain an audience, for each of them was greeted with hearty applause.

Space will not allow us to mention the particular bright features of each of the other soloists on the programme, but those who listened to the sweet solos, trios and quartettes of the Minstrels acknowledged with enthusiasm that Loyola possesses some charming voices both in College and High School Departments.

So marked indeed was the success of the College Minstrels that we were requested by the Dolan Aid Society, a branch of the Young Catholic Friends so prominent in Baltimore, to repeat the entertainment for Charity. Accordingly on the night of December 1st the College Minstrels performed a third time to a theatre filled to overflowing. Some hundred others had to be turned away, as the entertainment was given but for one night.

The success which attended the Minstrel Show led the students to believe that a two-night entertainment of the Shrovetide Comedy would not be too hazardous an undertaking, and so on Monday and Tuesday evenings of February 17th and 18th, the Dramatic Society presented to its friends the new and popular comedy "Jones." Judging from the numbers that filled the house on both evenings, we can truthfully say that the performance in every respect equalled the Minstrel Show. Seldom if ever has there been such a large and enthusiastic gathering in the College Theatre as that which greeted the young actors of the Society on those two evenings.

All helped to make the play the great success that it was. The greatest praise was given to Mr. Galligher in the part of Jones, and he certainly deserved it, for he was the "hit" of the play. From the beginning to the end, in all his trials and triumphs, he showed a knowledge of the stage which was worthy of a professional. Mr. Braden was especially good as the old College professor. The acting of Mr. Leonard as Matthew Goodly, the nervous old host, could not have been better. Messrs. Edwin B. Kelly, W. Paul Brown, W. Henry Noeth, Charles S. Lerch, Edward K. Lee, Joseph A. Wozny and Joseph A. Guthrie were all to be recommended for their excellent work. Mr. Noeth particularly, as the servant was capital.

During the past two years the Dramatic Society has introduced with success less serious plays and the change has proved agreeable to our audiences, and less exacting on the time of the students. But we would not have our friends imagine that we lost the desire or appreciation of more classical productions. Next year the Dramatic Society will endeavor to satisfy the expectations of all our patrons and combine perhaps "the useful with the pleasant." Shakespeare is still held in veneration among the members as may be judged from the selections continually given in the Senior Elocution Class. And with the coming school year these lovers of the immortal verse of the Prince of Playwrights will give to the friends who supported them so generously during the past year, a specimen of their ability to interpret the more serious drama.

In speaking of the Dramatic Society, it is impossible to forego mention of one who has been the guiding spirit of the Society throughout the year. A special vote of thanks is tendered to Mr. Duffy, as moderator of the Dramatic Society, to whose efforts the great success which crowned all our undertakings is principally due.

V. J. Brown, Jr., '10.



CLASS NOTES.

SENIOR.

W. F. B. (Bill). Upholder of the note-taking system. Bill is now a full-fledged reporter, and sure to become a journalistic star of the first magnitude. Give him a cigarette and a murder case to unravel, and he is as happy as a lark.

E. K. H. Famous for his color blendings and fine line of talk. Still has his latch key—but father has put on a time-lock. Seems to have benefited by his travel.

W. H. K. (Kel.) The member of the Class who is to be signally honored. He is to manage the Hindu Sleeper in a tour of Western Maryland. Drives a week-day horse in a Sunday carriage.

A. McD. "Eagle Eye." Says little and does much. Knows cannon balls by their first names. Some day we shall be proud to say we once knew General McD., U. S. A.

M. S. N. "Mac." Advance agent and bill poster for the "Great Hindu Sleeper Tour."

C. C. R. The father of the Class. "Doc" is inclined to be a little wild, but we are glad to say that he has someone at home able to control him. Nightly whispers mental philosophy into his charger's ear.

W. J. T. Just Joe—owner of the dulcet tenor voice that haunts us still. Famous for speech against capital punishment. We wonder why Joe has been so interested in household expenses of late?

J. A. W. Another Joe—helps the first Joe to kill popular songs. Sings well in "B" flat; but generally forgets the "B." Interested in West Virginia (coal mines?). Many people think he has artistic aspirations, because he loves to look at pictures.

J. S. M. Was afraid to let the others write his note, and they wouldn't let him write his own; so we all decided to let people think the worst they can of him.

J. S. M.

JUNIOR.

J. H. T. B. The only Sphinx extant. Better, however, at answering riddles than proposing them. However, we are led to believe by an analysis of his personality that in his moments of abstraction J. H. T. B. is picturing in his mind the gentle gambols of the slender "razor-backs" down at dear old Hog Hollow. The modest youth is as bashful as a kitten, but with plenty of reserve energy. Though short, J. H. is the best we have.

V. J. B. The man of the hour; always on the spot except when the dulcet tones of the "Oracle" disturb his native tranquillity and effectiveness. Can ask more questions, with a smiling face, than ten faculties could answer in a life-time. His favorite occupation—alas, poor baby—is engaging the professors in delightful and amusing tete-a-tetes during class hours. You should see him handle a baseball! Can he pitch? Oh, it takes two to talk about his spitball. "Here she comes." "There she goes."

E. A. C. The jocular distractor of tedious class sessions, that is, when not living up to his role of the "Ten-o'clock scholar." A veritable worshipper at the shrine of the aesthetic. Does not know a spring haze from cigarette smoke. Does he know any Greek? When thoroughly prepared for a fusilade of handy articles, consult the "Greek fiend."

J. A. G. The "Oracle." Sh—sh—sh—soft music, please don't wake him up. Woe betide the unfortunate and importunate Junior that tries to wrest possession of the "floor" from J. A. G. when he gets wound up. He is the only original, as well as the joyous muncher of the "cockleberry," to J. H. B.'s discomfort.

C. A. K. Behold! where he sits wrapped in the cloak of his own originality. Always on deck when work is being apportioned. Doesn't know—poor, shaggy-haired creature—a bristle-brush from a mop, but labors under the delusion that he is an artist. So used to praise, the blush has long since disappeared. A stickler on philology—cf. E. L. C. L. Never get him started on the subject of illuminated manuscripts. Know Greek? Nix, but he can tell you the best translation.

C. B. K. The peripatetic philosopher of Junior; given to strolling contemplatively beneath the silvery rays of Luna, but as E. B. K. is such a "cute" chap he may get over it. Make a noise like a motor and see him jump. Has vivid remembrances of Ellicott (where the rustic V. J. B. exists), and gas tanks. Does he smoke

tobacco? No! Only clippings. The "Mulberryism" is no more, and his last year's coat of "veneer" is cracked, and worn smooth in places.

C. K. L. He "walks in beauty like the night," with the languid carriage of a heifer, and a somniferous expression that would make one of C. A. K.'s drawings take notice, and get on the "Oracle's" nerves. E. K. L. permeates the atmosphere with an odor of hay and corn-pone. Stalks about like the ghost in Hamlet. Alas! poor Hamlet has left his grave in Denmark and they can't find his bones, since E. K. L. has taken to reciting the "Soliloquy." Poor old Ed. says Sophocles wrote "Agamemnon." But Ed's all right in a "weigh."

E. L. C. L. The scribe of '10. Counts everything in lines and columns. He'd go through fire and brimstone, pockets or anything else for a "news" item. Beware the little red book! E. is brakeman on the "Greek Class Limited." Getting to be quite a diplomat in dealing with the gentler sex, at least he elicits some pretty good evidences of friendship, in which the whole Class participates. Eats shoe-polish, and drinks candle-grease; shines his shoes with a curry-comb.

W. M. N. Tam-ta-ta-ra, zing-bomb-tra-la! "The music master." Whow! Suffering cat-fish, I prithee say no more. Expert organ wrecker and ivory puncher. The Sandow of the music-box. Was frivolous to such a degree that he voted for Bryan. The idea! The Class would be rather dull without Bill squatting in the background like a stone Buddha.

Cyril A. Keller, '10.

SOPHOMORE.

The Follies of 1911.

(A Musical Ice-Cream Soda in Five Acts.)

Dramatis Personae.

Hans Spiegelhauser, German Comedian.....	George J. Ayd
Phoebe, the Gibson Girl.....	W. Paul Brown
Alexander the Great.....	James A. Clark
The Man at the Bat.....	Charles H. Foley
A Hard Guy.....	Harry P. Galligher
King of the Lotos-Eaters.....	J. Edgar Gans
Alkali Ike, the Israelite Cowboy.....	Francis X. Kearney

A Facetious Scribe.....	Charles S. Lerch
A Sulphuric Acid Sport.....	Charles J. Neuner
Harriet, the Belle of Lexington Street.....	W. Harry Noeth
The Silent Knight.....	James P. Walsh

Other members of the Cast—Students of the College, fair damsels, members of the debating society, policemen, lamp-lighters, detectives, pool-sharks, etc.

Synopsis of Scenes and Musical Programme.

- Act I—Scene, Calvert and Monument Streets. Time 8.55 A. M. Opening chorus by entire company: "Ah, Why Should Life All Labor Be?" Solo by Sulphuric Acid Sport: "All I Drink is H₂O."—No chorus.
- Act II—Scene, Sophomore Class-room, Hans Spiegelhauser translating Greek, the ghost of Rip Van Winkle appears, the slumbrous spell. Class finally aroused by hearing duet of Hard Guy and King of the Lotos-Eaters: "I left My Book on the Car."
- Act III—Scene, Newton Athletic Club. Curtain rises on tumult, which subsides as part of company leaves stage. Sextet by the Club: "NaCl Forever." Solo by Alkali Ike: "They All Look Alike to Phoebe." Phoebe sings: "Why Do They Call Me the Gibson Girl?" General chorus: "What Have We Got in Chemistry?" Solo by the Facetious Scribe. "It Looks to Me Like Some Low Marks Today," after which the members of the Club leave the stage one by one, until only the Silent Knight is left. Dream of the Silent Knight—the land of roses, where Greek and Chemistry are unheard of—the Silent Knight is rudely awakened by the tempestuous entrance of the Man at the Bat, who sings: "Loyola's Lost Another Game."
- Act IV—Scene, Mount Vernon Place, facing St. Paul Street. Large assemblage lying upon grass slope. Solo: "Come Out the Front Door, Maud," by the King of the Lotos-Eaters. Hard Guy sings: "Everybody Else's Mark Looks Better to Me Than Mine." Enter Alexander the Great with a cohort of loafers and exit in direction of Walters' Art Gallery, singing: "Over on the Charles Street Side." Enter

the Belle of Lexington Street—trio by Harriet, Hard Guy and Alkalie Ike: "Burn on, Cigarette!"

Act V—Scene, the Loyola Literary Society—Curtain rises on grand prize fight—the Newton Athletic Club leading Sophomore to battle—death of the President and Secretary—Enter "John" to carry off the dead and wounded—dead march played—tableau—curtain.

Charles S. Lerch, '11

FRESHMAN.

W. A. B. The Candy Kid in more respects than one. Principal occupation—learning French and collecting obvious neckties. Succeeds remarkably in the latter. As class treasurer, he can't "be beat."

W. J. B. The silent phenom. Speaks only when spoken to, and not always then. One of the original cap squadron, and by some means is still alive. Makes a stab at poetry and succeeds in killing it.

"I would the gods had made thee poetical."

As You Like It.

J. J. B. Has kissed the face off the blarney stone. Happy owner of an accent that is not German. Official "Deus ex Machina" for those in need of the "long green." Barber's delight. Gets shaved morning, noon, night,

"I must to the Barber's

For methinks I am marvellously
Hairy about the face."

Midsummer Nights' Dream.

J. H. B. Horrible example of what reform can do. Was once fast traveling towards the "bow-wows." Is now raising a crop of wings. Resident of the C. C. C. and always ready with a laugh.

J. T. H. The unappreciated genius class janitor and baseball manager. Generally mistaken for the mascot. However Freshman is proud of Jos. T. and hopes to see him hold down the job in years to come.

"I cannot hide what I am."

Much Ado About Nothing.

E. H. Winsome Eddie. Freshman's new acquisition. Has a mania for picnics. A model young gentleman in all respects.

"Thou hast the fatal gift of beauty."

Childe Harold—Byron.

F. H. L. The literature of Freshman and the only artist they can afford. If he could draw pictures of femininity with as much technique as he smokes a pipe, he would make Christy look sick. Is proud of his nautical ability and can sail through English like the cup defender.

C. P. L. Called "Los" to save time. Possessor of an uncanny aptitude for Latin and a peculiar laugh which has to be heard to be appreciated. Makes five different kinds of noise and calls them languages. Swears off smoking once a day. Stands at top of class and deserves the position.

"Speaks dialect and writes Chinese."

Rastus.

A. A. L. The elongated infant. Stamp fiend and paper boat artist. Study has not ruined his health as yet.—"So young and so untender."

King Lear.

F. F. R. He of the odoriferous name. A 'Rose' between the thorns L. W. and A. L. A budding orator. Very much in the bud. Indignantely denies that he studies, but can make a noise like a dozen Greek dictionaries.

"Night after night

He sat and bearded his eyes with books.

Longfellow.

J. F. R. Habits unknown, except for an inclination towards collars and pipes.

"An ocean of dreams without a sound."

Shelley.

L. A. W. The only halo wearer in captivity. Supplies all the sanctity for the class. Only vice is picking on little J. J. B.

"O Father Abraham, what these Christians are!"

Merch. of Venice.

F. H. L., '12.

High School Department

The Reading of Trash.

OF all the literary sins that beset readers, be they young or old, there is none so common or so harmful as the reading of "trash." By "trash" I mean not only the "dime novel," but many of the modern books which the uncultured reader hails as great literary productions.

The popularity which this class of literature has gained in the last few years is alarming. Boys, girls and even persons in advanced years, who should know better, may be seen at every moment of their spare time eagerly devouring these literary heresies, while the splendid works of Dickens and Shakespeare lie thick with dust upon the book shelves. Not only do these books fail to benefit the reader, but they actually do him harm, both mentally and morally. Mentally, because the reader's mind is bounded by the narrow range of the writer's learning; morally, because they either make heroes of the most repulsive criminals or deride the most fundamental Christian precepts.

This is the most difficult fault to eradicate before the teacher of young boys can hope to steer them through the rocky channel of poor books to the high seas of good literature. Most of the younger generation will not even attempt to read a book which is a classic. They contend that the only good stories of war, adventure and detectives are found in the cheap novels. This is a fallacy. Never since the beginning of the dime novel has one of them published a war story that could in any way compare with that wonderful trilogy

of Sienkiewicz—"With Fire and Sword," "The Deluge" and "Pan Michael." If our young friend craves excitement and would lie nervously awake far into the wee hours of the morning, starting at every creak of his bed or at every rattle of the shutters, let him read Stevenson's "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde." Again, especially if he be somewhat advanced, he may derive pleasure from such stories as De Quincey's "Avenger." Writings of this class will amply satisfy his puerile craving for "blood and thunder," besides teaching him the very best English. The very mention of a detective story suggests the works of the illustrious Poe. Poe wrote the first and greatest detective tales, and most of the "newest" stories are but the vain efforts of some puny mind to imitate the productions of an intellectual genius. Anna Katherine Green is one of the few exceptions. Her books, while not so heavy as Poe's, are good and are worthy to be read by the most critical. The chief reason why English literature is included in the curriculum of our schools is that it instils into the pupil a love of the beautiful, vastly increases his vocabulary and develops in him a style that is at once clear, strong and beautiful. It is by reading and trying to imitate what he reads that a scholar acquires style. If he persists in reading matter which does not contain the qualities he is striving for, he will surely make a failure of his literary career.

Dear Reader, do not think it necessary, as most folks do, to crowd your mind with the unhealthy products of every sensationalist that appears on the literary horizon, for if you do, you will certainly absorb a great deal of trash. Be careful of the selection, and always think of the quality, rather than the quantity, of your readings.

H. W. Ganster, Jr., H. S., '09.

Left on an Iceberg.

THERE would have been little to interest the vagrant minds of the Sophomore class at X—— that winter morning, had not Jack Donvan shown himself almost perfect in all branches, whereas he usually merited “jug” for some one or other of his recitations. During recess his chum asked him the reason of this phenomenon. “Well,” replied Jack, “I have an engagement with the ‘only girl’ this afternoon, and I’m going to get out at half-past one; I studied all my lessons last night, in order to leave when the clock strikes.” Although time dragged wearily along for Jack, it passed by just the same, and when half-past one came at last he was allowed to make a joyful exit from the college.

It was a freezing day, and the biting East wind seemed to penetrate to the very marrow of his bones, as it whistled and howled and made the weather seem twice as cold. But Jack’s fervent imagination kept him amply warm, since it flew forward to his meeting with his fair friend. He was kept busy planning the interesting conversation with which he intended to enliven the trip to the theatre, while he dwelt upon the pleasure in store for them both. Just as he was meditating on the bliss of having Louise by his side for a whole afternoon, and the delight of performing offices of courtesy towards her, he halted in front of the young lady’s home.

He ascended the steps, rang the bell with a trembling hand, and thought how soon his castles in the air would be changed to reality. A servant opened the door, and knowing his mission, said at once: “Why Massa Jack, Miss Louise has jes’ gone out to the theatre wif Massa Davis.”

Jack made no reply, but as he remained stunned and silent on the doorstep, he thought he had never before felt such a

keen and piercing wind. Then he turned slowly and went down the steps in a frosty mist, while his breath seemed to fall from his mouth in icicles. As he went shivering homeward, he muttered to himself through chattering teeth: "Left on an iceberg!"

Michael J. Schiavone, H. S., '09.

Truth is Sometimes Stranger than Fiction.

THERE are decidedly more people nowadays who read about haunted houses, than those to whom the lot of visiting one, falls. The following is an attempt to describe my feelings during my first visit to an old dwelling, which was said to be haunted.

The house in question was situated in a fertile valley of the Blue Ridge Mountains. The people of the place at which I was stopping with a very close friend, first told us of this vacant, isolated old cottage as being haunted. I was struck from the beginning by the sincerity, and—I may even say—the awe with which our hostess related a vivid tale of having seen the house filled with a fire, not at all natural, as it did not destroy the building. Then a young man, a resident of the neighborhood, told us that he had seen faces at the windows, and forms gliding about the garden after dark. With these stories fresh in my mind, we decided to pay a visit to the house of ghostly repute, for mere curiosity's sake, for we did no more expect to see a ghost than we expected to find a five-dollar note on the road.

Now, everyone has read stories of haunted houses, and in nearly every case, when the affair is closely followed up, the particular phenomenon may be traced to some natural

cause. With this fact before me, and not believing in ghosts, I was nevertheless worked up to a very high degree of excitement. As I climbed the low fence and set foot in the garden, I was seized with a kind of dread and self-reproach, as though I were trespassing on the property of some powerful and tyrannical, supernatural being, who would spring on me from behind and destroy me. This is exactly how I felt while crossing towards the house.

When I reached the door, by means of a flight of rickety, old steps, I found that it was securely locked, and I was obliged to force open a basement window to enter. By this time I was all in a tremble. Even though I was encouraged by the presence of my friend, and knew perfectly well that the whole affair was simply a hoax—a mere superstition of the country folk—yet it was my first experience, and I admit I lost complete control of my nerves. It seemed as though we were forcing our way into a terrible trap or snare. The basement had no flooring, and I now stood on the cold, damp earth. There were several low cupboards to my right, and as I cautiously opened them, the dull creaking of the rusty hinges caused a feeling to come over me as though I expected something inhuman and unnatural to spring out and confront me with the blank question of what right I had to trespass on this sacred property. On the white-washed walls, now yellow with age, I was startled now and then to find imaginary figures staring at me with blank and lack-lustre eyes.

This feeling of secret dread increased as we mounted the hollow-sounding stairs—now made more hollow by my own imagination—and I now stood with my companion, who was no less enterprising than myself, upon the second floor, in a small room with three doors opening on adjoining rooms. I laugh, even now, when I recall how cautiously and slowly we opened these doors, only to stare at four blank walls.

Then, in the same nervous strain, we mounted the more hollow-sounding and narrower steps to the attic. This had been converted into a single large room, with a low ceiling; and now there came over me in addition the dread of something ghostly down stairs, which might at any moment come up after us. But no such thing happened, and we left the house unmolested.

Now, it is a fact that during all the time we stayed in the haunted house, I never expected to see anything unusual, nor did I believe in ghosts; I scorned the idea. The cause of my fear and unnatural dread was simply the effect of the reputation haunted houses have in general, and in this particular case, of the yarns that had been told concerning it. The result of my experience is that I would not now hesitate a moment to sleep over night in a haunted house; on the contrary, I think I would enjoy the novelty immensely.

George Baummer, H. S., '10.

The College Ananias Club.

ALTHOUGH our esteemed ex-president, Mr. Roosevelt, did his best to propagate the Ananias Club throughout America, he neglected one great class of fabricators—namely, college boys, with their innumerable excuses and explanations.

We, the students of Loyola High School, keenly feeling this neglect and being naturally kind and helpful to everyone, especially to an ex-president, have banded together and agreed to take off Mr. Roosevelt's shoulders the great burden of completing this society. Therefore we have organized the Loyola Ananias Club, which, although at present limited to

the students of the High School, will, from present indications, undoubtedly have to be extended to the College Department, for there are some very ingenious and, what is more, experienced li—ah—prevaricators there who cannot afford to be overlooked. And perhaps—it is sad to relate, but alas! it is only too true—perhaps we may eventually have to include “Prep.,” for, although they are young and new to the “game,” they, like all Loyola boys, are learning rapidly.

There are several divisions in this society, and the members are placed in these according to their abilities (for lessons? No!) for twisting the truth. To tell the truth (which, as an honorary member of the Club, I am allowed to do only on special occasions like this), there are not many in the division of the Ingenious Misrepresentators, for as a rule the students do not even take the trouble to invent new excuses, but use the same old ones time after time. These chosen few, however, have well earned their distinction by thinking out such startling excuses as: “I went out to Oriole Park to see the game, and when I was coming out someone struck me in the eye with an umbrella, and of course I could not study my lessons;” or, “There was a fire in the house last night” (not meaning the one in the stove, of course), “and I was so excited I could not study.”

There are other branches of the Club, more or less important, but the one that has the most members by far is that of the Every-day Prevaricators. As can be seen by the name, these members are noted more for the quantity of their excuses than for their quality. For the enlightenment of the young reader, and perhaps also for his or her future use, I shall relate some of the excuses as given in the classroom. The most common are: “I went to church last night and didn’t get home in time to do any lessons;”—“I had a headache last night and couldn’t study;”—“I did my composition and left it in the car;”—“I had a very important engagement last night and couldn’t break it.”

These are only a few examples—to enumerate them all would be to fill a volume. The society is flourishing and new members are being enrolled every day, and it looks as if all the students of the High School will become full-fledged members before the term is over.

This is the result of our crusade, gentle reader. Do you not think that we have earned Mr. Roosevelt's everlasting thanks by working for him so zealously to increase the membership of the Club, while he is taking life easy in the jungle and neglecting its interests? Well, who knows but that he may be spreading the society in Central and Southern Africa?

August J. Bourbon, H. S., '10.

A Tale from Life.

ON the main thoroughfare of a little town in Northern Maryland there lived a well-to-do contractor, with his wife and several small children. Year after year, from a youngster knee-high, to maturity, he dwelt in that same locality. Everybody in the village knew and respected him. Never was there a harsh word or angry thought within the confines of his home, for peace, love and obedience dwelt there. He loved his children with a true paternal affection, and often on a cool summer's night they could be seen with him on the veranda, one seated in his lap, another entwining his chubby arms about his neck, the rest crawling lovingly about him on the porch. It was an object of comment and admiration to passers-by.

Three years have passed and the contractor is building a

bridge in Western Pennsylvania. The little tots have grown to sturdy children. Although deprived of the constant presence of their beloved one, his name is cherished with undiminished love and respect.

The day set for the father's arrival has come at last. The inside of the house is gaily decorated with festoons and garlands of roses; the table is set for his reception and the youngsters are seated upon the veranda, gazing intently along the road to catch the first glimpse of his approach. Noon has come and gone and still he has not arrived. His wife is beginning to worry lest some accident has befallen him; the children are becoming restless; still they will not give up, for they yearn for the happy moment when they will once more see the face they love so much. At six in the evening a cloud of dust rises in the road and when it settles, a double-horse team can be seen coming towards them. Shouts of joy and gladness rise from the children's lips. As the horses near the house, a hearse bearing a casket presents itself. Uttering a heart-rending cry, the grief-stricken widow falls upon the porch.

The house that had been decorated as for a festival is now draped in mourning. The very walls seem to resound with shrieks and moans and every corner has its tears. The wife fails to recover from the shock; all attempts to console her are in vain, and finally, wasting in a slow but hopeless decline, she sinks into the grave, a victim of a broken heart.

Imagine the cries and moans of the parentless children at their mother's death. All that was so dear to them is gone. No kind father or loving mother is there to watch over them, no vigilant parent to protect them from danger, no one to comfort them in their sorrow and bereavement save the God above, who has said: "Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted."

Andrew J. Harrison, H. S., '10.

Life Outside of Books.

YOU will pore over a book and read eagerly how the hero is oppressed. You will sympathize with him in his trials, but in the end he always emerges from the fray, flushed and triumphant with victory. But the story I am going to relate is one in which the hero is trampled upon and kept down until his heart is well nigh bursting with grief and mortification.

Charles Fontenoy, which is an assumed name, was a youth fresh from school. He had a fair education, but his parents being poor, he was obliged to discontinue his schooling. Charles began to seek employment and was successful in securing a position with a large wholesale concern. Bright and industrious as he was, he soon won the good will of his employers. They promoted him to a more responsible position, and began to think they had found a jewel. One day, however, something occurred which utterly shook their faith in him.

It happened that the manager had been given money by his wife to pay the gas bill. As Fontenoy had to pass the gas office that morning the bill was given to him to pay. He placed the money, consisting of two crisp five dollar notes, in the cash pocket of his coat, and wended his way down H street, a thoroughfare crowded with early morning shoppers and pedestrians. Charles had not proceeded far, when, suddenly reaching his hand into his pocket, he found that the money was missing. He hurriedly retraced his steps to the building, but failed to find the money. This fact he made known to the manager, who, after many questions, decided to take a small sum off his salary until the amount was paid. In five weeks, however, Charles again received his regular wages.

Not long after this small sums of money were again missed. As this money had been under Charles' personal care, suspicion again fell upon him. One day one of the members of the firm, desiring some stamps, sent his office boy to the manager's office to purchase a dollar's worth. At the time the manager was absent, but Fontenoy with two other members of the firm transacted the business, and placed the money in the stamp drawer. When the manager returned he was told of the purchase, and desiring to put the money in his own desk, unlocked the stamp drawer only to find the money missing. Nothing was said until a few mornings afterwards, when Charles was summoned to the manager's office, who in round terms accused him of having stolen it. Charles pleaded his innocence in vain. The manager told him that he would have to go, and declared that he would never be able to procure a position as long as he was able to prevent it. Charles received his discharge like one in a dream. Crushed with grief he took the few things that belonged to him, and wandered dazed and bewildered from the building.

In a short while our young hero received another position, and was getting along well with his new duties, when one morning he was notified that his services were no longer needed. No explanation was given, but he learned afterwards that his old employer was the cause of his discharge. And so he wandered from one position to another, drifting lower and lower until, finally, something akin to despair settled in his heart and he is now ready for any job to procure a livelihood. He has to this day declared his innocence, and says that when justice sets aright the wrong done to him, he will make his prosecutors regret the steps they took in ruining his character and good name. So, my reader, as you see, heroes do not always come forth victorious, but are oftentimes down-trodden and beaten, even to their very death-beds.

John A. Borchers, H. S., '10.

Why?

WHAT a great deal can be learned from the most trifling object!

A farmer's son one day bought a second-hand book and was looking through it, when he found an old card on which was written the word "Why?" Under the h was a small x mark. The card gave the boy a great deal of worry, but no one could explain exactly why.

One day the lad was amusing himself by roughly sketching a diagram of his father's farm. This farm was bounded by two streams of water. On one side flowed the West Run, on the other the Yellow Creek. After drawing these boundaries the country boy marked the location of a tenant house on the neck of land between. When all was finished he discovered that he could crudely represent the position of the tenant house with the word "Why?" by letting w stand for West Run, y for Yellow Creek and h for the house between the streams.

The inscription on the old card now flashed before his mind and he asked himself if it could be possible that this was what the mysterious word represented. Then he remembered that there was an x mark under the h. He turned the matter over in his mind again and again, and at last came to the conclusion that there must be something under the house, and that the x mark must represent that unknown something.

The boy now recalled an old story of a man who had lived on the farm before his father's time. It was said that the man had been rich, but when he died no money could be found anywhere. The boy's heart began to beat with hope

as he recalled this old story, for he reasoned that the card which he had found was the key to the finding of the man's fortune. The x mark, he was certain, was meant to indicate the location of the treasure under the house, between the two streams.

The boy now told his father what he had studied out from the card and persuaded him to search for the treasure under his direction. They went to the tenant house and found an iron pot in the cellar under a large slab of white marble. In the pot they found 50,000 dollars and a note reading thus: "This treasure is for the one who is clever enough to find it."

John Buchness, H. S., '11.

Pugnacious St.

NOT far from Philadelphia there stands, nestled snugly between the Schuylkill River and a long range of high hills, a little dilapidated village. Besides five or six white-washed houses, and a few barns, which indeed rival some of the houses in appearance and construction, this little village boasts of a store.

The store, as one glance at the many articles ranged along its walls and hung from its door-posts showed, was no mean place, for there was not a thing from a penny stamp to the latest designs of plows, which did not lurk in some dark, musty corner of the building. It was the meeting place of the farmers for miles around, and never was there a time that a number of them were not to be seen there, puffing at their corn-cob pipes or making the air resound with their laughter.

Several years ago, five or six such idlers were lounging around this very store. Some squatted in the most curious positions on a long bench; still others, not satisfied with this hard comfort, had thrown themselves upon a scanty patch of grass before the porch; all were listening with great interest to something that a sturdy, good-natured young countryman was saying. Suddenly the attention of all was directed to a tall, lanky man, who strode through the doorway. A chorus of "How be ye, Si? haven't seen ye for a long while," burst from the crowd on the porch. But Si, after giving a sort of condescending smile at those around him, thumped down the steps, shuffled his heavy boots over the path, and climbed into his rickety old wagon.

Skinny Si—and well did this appellation suit this peculiar man—was ungainly in appearance. Although by no means an ugly man, still there was something in his demeanor which had a power to frighten the country children. Moreover, he was strong and muscular and of a very hot temper, which it was dangerous to meddle with.

"Yes, siree, boys, as often as I saw 'Big Nance,' she was never uglier than yesterday. After running' clean over Sam Green's cornfield, and breaking up things down'eer by the dam, she caught Preacher Williams by the legs, so that the reverend old gentleman had to run for his life."

Whatever these words meant, they had their effect on Si, who became first white, then red with rage. He leaped out of the wagon with an agility surprising for his age, and running over to the speaker, grabbed him violently by the collar. The latter was no match for Si when aroused. He wriggled and writhed under his grasp, and kept screeching, "Let me go, I ain't done nothing to you." But, fortunately, just as the stunning blow was coming from Si's fist the little man's coat collar ripped off. He had a rather hard fall, but it brought deliverance from those terrible hands. With a look

full of scorn and contempt Si saw his victim escape through the crowd, and run down the road as fast as his legs could carry him. This last incident brought forth hearty applause from the bystanders; but Si, as he was in no state of mind to endure any mockery, and misunderstanding this outburst of laughter, let first one, then the other of his knotty fists land on each of the bystander's jaws. How could they restrain themselves from laughing outright at those funny, warped legs racing down the road?

Meanwhile Si's victim could be seen dashing over the railing of the porch into a clump of blackberry bushes, not stopping, indeed, to partake of the succulent berries, but extricating himself at once and setting off again at top speed. The others, realizing that distance would be the only thing to lend enchantment to the present scene, put as much ground as possible between Si and themselves. Thus Si was left sole possessor of the field of battle; a corn-cob pipe, and a plug of tobacco were his only antagonists. The pipe he hastily kicked over the road, and the plug of tobacco he put in his massive pocket. After one more look of anger at his fleeing enemies, Si walked towards his wagon, patted his horse affectionately on the head and rode off.

Many years later, after this episode had been forgotten by the villagers of the district, two people were sitting before the door of their farm house.

"D'ye remember the time, Nancy, when your poor father beat me for talking about the old River Nance?" He slowly lifted his hand in the direction. "D'ye remember how high the river was the spring before, and how she flooded out Sam Green's cornfield, and almost drowned Preacher Williams?"

"Yes, siree, I remember all that, 'cause I had a good reason to," she drew her chair closer to him. "I remember it well—how father thought you were talking about me. You

know they used to call me 'Old Nance' to keep them from mixing me up with 'Little Nance,' but you see it has turned out all right," and she gave the old man an affectionate kiss on the cheek.

Edward Plumer, H. S., '11.

“Not for all The Gold of the Indies.”

DURING the Revolutionary War, when Lafayette was in camp on the Hudson, six soldiers were lounging around a camp-fire telling stories, one of which I am about to relate.

About the year 1777, General Lafayette issued orders that all noise should be stopped between nine at night and six in the morning, so that the soldiers might not be caught off their guard, as were the Hessians under Colonel Rahl, when Washington crossed the Delaware and captured about one thousand soldiers together with their military stores, with the loss of but four of his own men.

One night, about two days after this order had been given, a fifer strolled outside the lines, and sat down at the foot of a large tree, where a small, babbling brook passed on its way to the mighty river. Overjoyed at the beautiful scenery around him, because it reminded him of his old home, he took out his fife and began to play—at first softly, then louder as the pictures of home began to come more vividly to his mind.

The sentinel, hearing the playing, thought it was the enemy. Upon examination, he found it was a fellow-soldier, but, wishing to shield him, he did not report the playing.

The general, however, who was noted for his vigilance, had heard it.

The fifer spent a long and troubled night, thinking how foolish he had been, and of the punishment he would receive on the morrow. When he rose next morning, the general ordered all his men to line up, as he wanted to see each one personally. The fifer now knew he would be found out, but resolved to tell the truth. At this time the sentinel came along and told him not to tell, but the fifer replied: "What! my mother's son tell a lie. No, not for all the gold in the Indies." At last his turn came. When the general asked him if he knew anything about the playing, the fifer told him that being lonely and thinking of home and his mother, he forgot the general's order, took out his fife and began to cheer his loneliness by playing his mother's favorite tune. The general then said: "Why that is my mother's favorite tune also," and requested the soldier to play it again.

In the meantime the soldiers noticed that he was staying in longer than the others, when all at once the soft, sweet strains of "Home, Sweet Home," reached their ears, and they thought what a scoundrel this must be to insult the general by playing inside his very tent. A little while later they changed their minds, however, when they saw the smile on his face as he marched out of the tent. They at once gathered around him, for they wanted to know what had taken place.

He told his fellow-soldiers that he was the one who had played on the fife the night before, not, however, on account of any bad will, but out of forgetfulness; and that when he acknowledged his guilt so readily as he did, the general was so pleased with his truthfulness, that he forgave him and bade him repeat on his fife the beautiful strains that had caused them all not a little alarm the night before.

Read Mullan, Prep.

The Legend of the Christ.

THE lonely waves lapped His feet, the sun shone on His face, but He heeded them not, for He was sad as He thought of His Mother and what would be her sufferings in after years. Removing His sandals to bathe His weary feet, He sat down on a nearby rock, murmuring all the while, "Three years! three years! and then will the cruel nails come and make you bleed, poor feet. Three years, three years," He murmured again. "Ah! that it were tomorrow—but my Father's will biddeth me bide that time." He wore the robe His Mother made, and as He thought of Her, He could hardly refrain from sobbing again.

Walking along by the sea was a small fisher-boy, who saw Him, and, neither presumptuous nor shy, spoke mournfully to Him, at seeing the care-worn face, "You look tired." Placing His hand upon the child's head, He said: "I am so tired waiting." Suddenly a bird from over the sea, and driven in by a storm, fluttered towards Him, dropped at His feet and died. Seeing this, the boy grew very sad and exclaimed so sorrowfully, "Poor little bird," that He picked it up and breathed upon it. To the child's amazement its little life returned, and it flew back over the course it had come. Noting the sweet face which was gazing upon him, the boy said: "Thou art so beautiful, I wish Thou wert my God." Leaning down, He whispered to the half-expectant fisher-boy: "I am thy Christ."

Three years later when the boy was visiting Jerusalem, he noticed a procession wending its way through one of the streets. With natural curiosity to see the criminal, as he supposed, he quickened his pace and gazed in astonishment

at the condemned man, who was to die by the cross, but tried in vain to recall where he had before seen Him. Following the procession, he saw Him laid on and nailed to the cross. It was then that the boy remembered Him. For it was the countenance of the One who had performed the miracle by the sea-shore. And the little fisher-boy knelt to adore while others cursed the thorn-crowned Crucified.

Bernard Sullivan, Prep.

Morgan Debating Society.

Moderator, Mr. Aloysius T. Higgins, S. J.

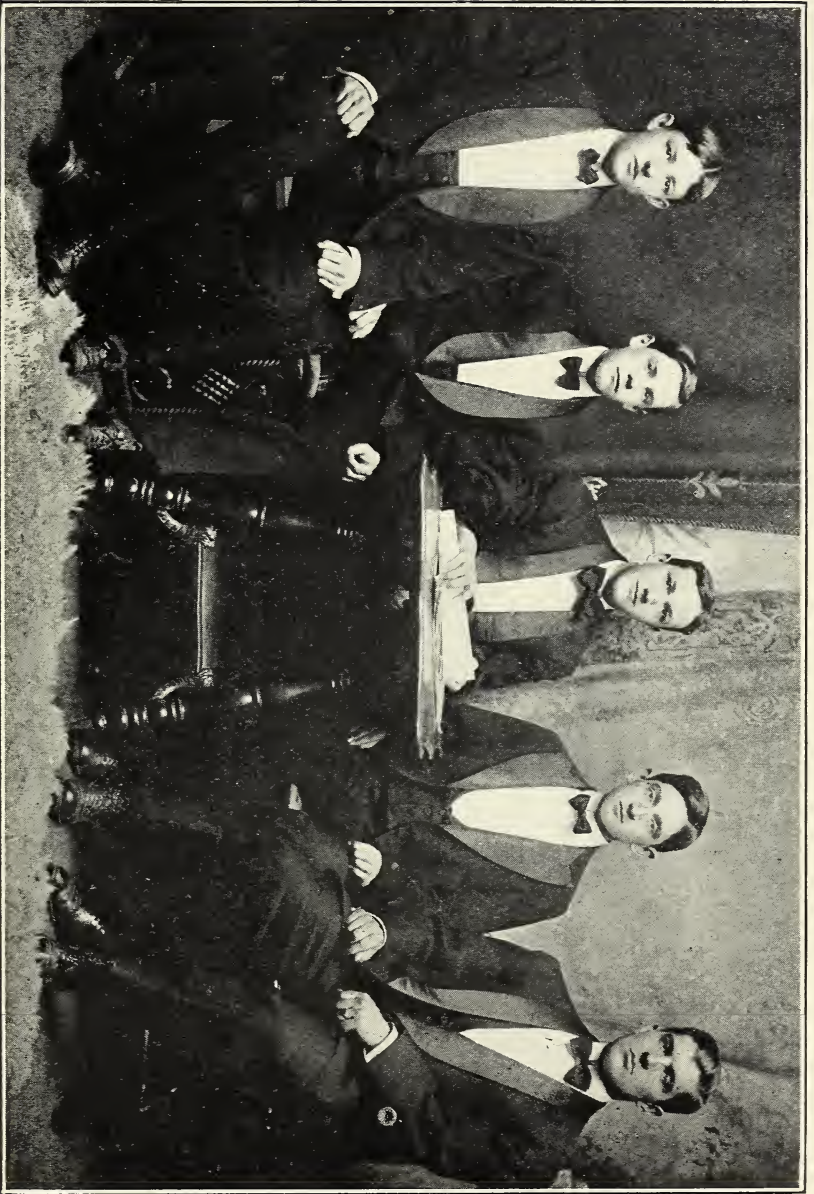
FIRST TERM OFFICERS.

John J. Weber, President.
 Francis J. Loessel, Vice-President.
 James A. McElroy, Secretary.
 Harry A. Quinn, Treasurer.
 J. Harrington O'Neill, First Censor.
 George Baummer, Second Censor.

SECOND TERM.

Harry A. Quinn, President.
 Andrew J. Harrison, Vice-President.
 James A. McElroy, Secretary.
 J. Harrington O'Neill, Treasurer.
 August J. Bourbon, First Censor.
 William E. Mackessy, Second Censor.

THE Morgan Debating Society was formed for the benefit of the students of the High School. That many of them have taken advantage of it and profited thereby is easily shown by the



SPEAKERS AT THE PUBLIC DEBATE OF THE MORGAN DEBATING SOCIETY.
W. E. Mackessy. J. T. Slater. H. J. Quinn, Chairman. A. T. Mullen. H. W. Ganster.

number of spirited debates held during the past year. The society is still in its infancy, this being only the second year of its existence. Judging from past results, there is no doubt but that its future is to be a bright one.

Known last year by the name of the Junior Debating Society, it was thought fit to change the name to "The Morgan Debating Society." It is named after the renowned and Reverend Fr. Morgan, S. J. To anyone connected with Loyola he needs no introduction. The new building, with its spacious hall, airy classrooms and well-equipped gymnasium, is the work of Fr. Morgan. The Loyola of to-day owes much to this good Father.

The Morgan Debating Society has had a number of interesting debates this year on important and timely subjects. The quick thought, the ready answer and the sudden burst of eloquence of the young orators has been most surprising and gratifying.

The first debate was on the question: "Resolved, That as a discoverer and man, Livingston was greater than Columbus." A. J. Bourbon and John J. Buchness defended the affirmative side, while J. Harrington O'Neil and John T. Slater upheld the negative. After a spirited debate (it was the first appearance for many of the young aspirants) the honor went to the negative side. The debates were held quite regularly about once a week. It would be too long to mention all; suffice it to say they all evoked great spirit and energy. The semi-final debates, from which the prize debaters were chosen, were marked by pointed arguing and were closely contested, so that our Rev. Moderator had no easy task in picking the four who would represent the Society this year. The fortunate ones were John T. Slater, Wm. J. Mackessy, H. Walter Ganster and Augustus T. Mullen.

The question for the prize debate is: "Resolved, That the means employed by the United States in building the Panama Canal will be justified by the advantages to be obtained therefrom." Judging from the energy and zeal of the four speakers, an excellent debate is expected.

H. J. C. Clark, H. S., '11.

High School Notes

FOURTH YEAR HIGH.

QUITE an incorrigible class. Some of the members are afflicted with a contagious disease which M. D.'s might call "odium classicorum." They would have the counsellor Zeus bring back Cicero, Homer and Virgil to this world so as to enable them to take vengeance on these worthies and utterly annihilate them. Yet this trouble breaks out only now and then, chiefly after a fierce contest between the brain and the heat of approaching summer.

In spite of many faults, the class has some good traits. Seldom is a theme missing, seldom a lesson unknown. The fruits of this steady application to duty were evident in our specimen on Macaulay's Life of Johnson, November 24th, when the class made a remarkable showing. The specimen was a quiz throughout, questions of all sorts being poked at us from all sides. What surprised us most was that we were expected to live after it. We not only lived, but breathed freely and happily when the half-holiday came.

Who invented the Prosody Rules? Casserly. Who did them to death? Fourth Year High.

Another conundrum: Who gets up his Greek without an inter-linear? C. J. M., ever since the teacher confiscated it.

One more: Why does the class get sore when the teacher calls for the construction? Ponies don't construct.

What a variety of characters we have among us! First thing in the morning when he is not late (he's either too early or too late) in comes W. I. W. with a new Govans hamlet joke and a deafening smile. Next J. W. appears on the scene with such a "vinegar aspect" as to frighten out of his wits our much-prized suckling J. J. H. But, to do justice to J. W., what would happen to the Greek verbs without him? When all are arrived and fairly seated, out comes a little puppy or possum or pony on our beadle's desk. Nothing but the distich has power to chase this menagerie. The distich has won a place in T. A. K.'s heart. Then, what a treat it is to hear our graceful elocutionist J. A. C. recite his Latin memory lines! Before the hour's up we are sure to hear from the dreamy, long-suffering C. J. M., who always knows his lesson when he

doesn't, but wouldn't lose his good humor if the teacher took the thunderbolts of Jupiter out of the book and hurled them at him. H. E. S. was a good little boy when he came from Philadelphia. Two years can effect a change in any one.

And let us give due honor to J. C. B., who showed of what metal he was made by winning top honors for the month of March. We miss him (he was always so ready to recite) ever since he was forced by ill-health to give up his books for the year. But we hear he has been reading "good English books" during his leisure hours. Bravo, J. C. B.

But what of the untiring A. C. R., who always greets you with a broad smile and a far-fetched (all the way from Highlandtown) joke. He of the cognomen Jacob. Why, he was so anxious to cross Gwynn's Falls, one Thursday, a few springs over the projecting rocks brought him to the middle of the stream; then all of a sudden there was a spill and a splash, and what do you think? "Jacob got his feet wet."

M. J. Schiavone, H. S., '09.

THIRD YEAR HIGH.

WE have some famous individuals amongst us, it is true. But, whatever the loss to history, we intend to omit names and tell of events in Third Year High. These are our class notes, and we do not care who else understand them.

Class spirit was our aim during the year. Did we reach it? Well, rather. Some of our little class meetings had a gospel meeting beaten 1,000 paces (Roman measurement). That set of resolutions, too, which we almost sent—that was going to be a masterpiece. And then our class mottoes "Age quod agis," and "Attend tibi." How we loved to hear those. And who said, "Nulla dies sine linea" was not a favorite? We would recommend our successors not to leave any blank paper within the reach of the teacher.

Yes, we had a roll of honor, too. It used to be kept on a corner of the black-board and the favored ones had the privilege of writing each his own name.

Class officers? This is the part it hurts our modesty to speak of. We had the best ———, but what's the use? Who could improve on our President? Speaker Cannon may be good, but just wait

until our President gets there. The Beadle's only faults were his fondness for talking with John outside the door, his love for the other "special student," his pronunciation of Latin and his arguments against Greek. But nobody ever contradicted him after he won the shot-put at Georgetown. We hate to talk about his virtues; just look at his marks.

The Secretary—Now if you had all the important engagements which he has, you could not be expected to remain in one seat either. Sodality—Annual—Debating Society—all wanted him at once. He can do anything but study. He may have been sick on the days we had our specimens, for those sudden attacks come to every man. But we all gave way to him when it was our turn to decorate the shrine, and you know what his good taste did for us.

The Treasurer is so upright that we cannot find anything to say of him—that is anything blameworthy. We could sing his praises all day, but that might offend him, and that is something he never does himself. They say he actually ran to school, once, and being caught in the fault, promised never to move so fast again. And he hasn't.

Our class diary records a few events we should like to see in print.

Just before the Xmas vacations, we gave the first of the Latin academies and set the fashion for the younger brethren. Caesar was our author, and Rev. Father Rector seemed pleased at our manner of handling it. Later we invited Rev. Father Prefect to quiz us in the English memory of Gray's "Elegy" and it became a hard task to decide who was the best. John Borchers, Frank Jones, August Bourbon stood a very exacting test, and at last a draw had to be declared between them.

On Monday, April 26, we requested Rev. Fr. Rector and Father Prefect to question us in Latin memory, and the majority of the class were equal to the sharp questioning they received. Andrew Harrison recited the whole poem, "Philemon & Baucis" in record time and without a stumble.

Well, it's over now and we are not sorry. Class specimens are nice, but oh you vacation! And here's hoping we will all be back as High School Seniors in 1909-1910.

Scribe, H. S., '10.

SECOND YEAR HIGH.

WHO said there were no Ciceronians in the College? Did you attend the specimen of 2nd Year High during the first week of March? Translated thirty letters of Cicero and parsed every word! We just dote on translating Cicero.

Things are advancing at a great rate in Highlandtown this year, so the Class hears from one of its members. He ought to know.

Towson, we are told, also woke up recently. They had a fireman's parade the other day. We wonder if that is the only exercise the firemen get out there! Can you tell us, A.?—Judging from the cheerfulness of one of our members, Towson must be a pleasant place to live in.

We have a few echoes from Eccleston now and then. Beadle, can you give us any light on this subject? When it comes to giving information about anything in the agricultural line, our representative from Eccleston is quite versant. That is not saying he is not informed about Latin and Greek. He is our esteemed beadle, you know.

We are cosmopolitan in 2nd Year High. Members from all over, —Catonsville, Towson, Eccleston, Ruxton, Mt. Washington, Highlandtown, Canton, almost every village on the enlarged map of Maryland. Besides, we have all nations represented. Just look at some of the names on our class list.

How do you like our baseball team? Ready to meet any nine in the city. Played a number of games so far and we are flourishing victors. Take notice, High School and College Teams.

By the way, did you see our suits? They are screamers. Still they are the true college colors and, better still, they who wear them are true college students.

Congratulations to our esteemed president. Come in some Saturday afternoon and hear our young politicians, senators and historians hold forth.

Drop in some morning and see our sleeping Beauty.

Two of our boys are called by the appropriate title of bride and groom.

Sorry Special broke up that far-famed "twenty-three" of 2nd Year High.

John T. Slater, H. S., '11.

FIRST YEAR HIGH.

MONDAY, October 12th, 1903. Today a meeting was called after class and our anxiety was relieved by the arrival of the class pins. The design is a sterling silver wreath of victory, crossed with a scroll, on either side of which are the class colors, olive and gold. On the scroll is written L. H. S.—12. All seemed more than pleased. Forthwith class cheers were proposed and voted upon. The cheer adopted was Ki-yi-yi, Loyola High: three times, each time a note or two higher.

Tuesday, February 2nd, 1909. Today our class lost three of its members, Adam Boehm, Henry Clark and John Lardner. They were promoted to a higher class. As is always the case when anyone of the family goes away, not they who leave, but they who stay, are sad.

Saturday, May 8th, 1909. Undoubtedly the greatest event of the scholastic year for First Year High was the public specimen given today by section A in the College auditorium. It was public in more than the ordinary sense given to that word when applied to a class specimen; for it was given in the presence of Rev. Father President, the Rev. Faculty, all the students of the high school, and the parents and former teachers and friends of the students. Each and every member made his best effort, and, of course, the specimen was a success. Although to us, excepting the music and a few special essays, the public specimen was only an ordinary class event, yet, if one may judge from the congratulations received from all sides, our work was amply appreciated. Rev. Father President, in his earnest way, said that he was agreeably surprised; that First Year High Section A had every reason to feel proud, for as its name suggested it was A No. 1—not only first, but high.

The specimen began with two essays on Greek History: "Did Homer write the Iliad?" by W. J. Keating, and "the Anabasis of Cyrus and the Ten Thousand" by A. V. Buchness, and all must agree that it was by no means a bad beginning. Then came "Poland at the Bat" by Julian F. X. Morris. And, when all Baltimore was in mourning at Poland's strike out, a battle was begun on the vocabulary and etymology of Viri Romae between the Romans and the Greeks. As it usually takes from an hour to an hour and a half to fight a battle to the finish, in order to save time, only one round of ammunition was fired. Then the class musicians began to

sooth the savage breasts of the late warriors with the charms of the "Waves of the Danube." James F. Vaeth played the violin and Wallace McMahon accompanied him on the piano. No sooner had the music ceased when the second part of the program began with essays on the English authors: "A Preface to the Last of the Mohicans" by Eugene F. Baldwin, and "The Hero, Heroine and Villain of the Last of the Mohicans" by Julian F. X. Morris. These were followed by a contest in Greek Vocabulary and Etymology: Romans vs. Greeks. After another duet by the above mentioned musicians, came the wording of the famous German song entitled "Mutterlein," which was delivered in the original by Henry J. Bayer. Later on he spoke—I Am Nobody's Child—during which was wiped away full many a silent tear. Next came a lecture in Physical Geography on what becomes of rain. The speaker, Clarence G. Owings, began with an explanation of his diagram written on a black-board in colored chalk, showing what becomes of the rainfall that sinks into the ground. If the subject was interesting and instructive, his treatment was no less interesting.

But the feature of the specimen was the Latin baseball game on the translating and parsing of Viri Romae. Before the game Joseph Reith gave a brief but full explanation of the rules. We quote him in full: The regular league rules, for the most part, are the rules adopted in the Latin baseball game. Four balls entitle the batter to take his base. Three strikes the batter is out. The first two fouls count as strikes. Each question answered correctly counts as a ball. Each complete failure means a strike. A smaller mistake, such as the mispronunciation of a word, is a foul. But we have one special rule: If the man at the bat answers correctly all the questions asked him for two minutes, he is entitled to a home run, and, of course, if there is anyone on base, he brings him home. But once the batter makes a strike, he is no longer entitled to a home run; the most he then can do is get on base, and wait till someone forces him home.

It was somewhat surprising to see the decisive way in which the umpire, Clarence Owings, called the balls and strikes, etc. He showed that he not only knew he was in the right, but that he was the determined master of his little domain. Not to overtax the audience—for it usually takes about two hours to play five innings—the umpire called the game at the end of the first inning, leaving the score five to three in favor of Georgetown.

Diary, H. S., '12.

PREPARATORY.

“One, two, three, sure as pop,
Loyola Prep. always on top.”

We always have plenty of fun on our fishing trips—more fun than fish. Though Leo C. is the largest fish in our class (he is still at large, though he has often been caught) he is not, however, a great fisherman. On our Thursday picnics he tells many stories in his line, and, of course, we always pretend to believe them.

The grand mid-year immunity prize contest was won by John Farrell with Bernard Sullivan and Roger Donovan close for second place. There was nothing small about the prizes J. F. received, except, perhaps, the dime-and-pin.

One doesn't have to be in long pants after all to win a spelling contest—does he, Berthold?

The great spelling bee of the year (the entire speller) was won by Rodger Donovan.

The great Latin Declension contest, the greatest of all during the year, was won by Bernard Sullivan.

Just here, boys of Prep., is where the Prep. cry comes in. All ready—go—

“One, two, three, sure as pop,
Loyola Prep. always on top.”

There is a swift little “eddy” in our class. He would have caught the fly had he been a little more cautious. Isn't that so, Bernard?

When Paris snuffs, all France sneezes—Prep. version of the same: When C. B. sneezes, all Prep. class-room shakes.

John K. was beaten by a Burch one fine spring day. He (J. K.) says he will behave hereafter in the presence of large boys.

G. O'R.—A good fellow half the time. He likes to tease boys of First High, and is not afraid to, either. Very funny, the wag of the class. He once lived in Annapolis. He is not the very best boy in our class, because he lives on Eutaw Place—the very best boy in our class lives on 33rd street.

“Shields gleamed upon the wall”—but remember, gentle reader, it was the jug-room wall.

The recitation was in memory and J. K. was called on to recite. Longfellow's "Excelsior" was the selection. When our hero reached the line—

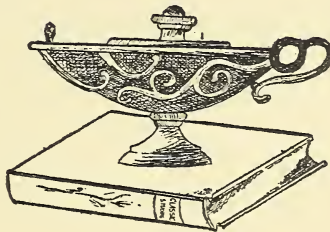
"Beware the awful avalanche,"

our imagination was suddenly and rudely brought down from the dizzy mountain heights to a street in the crowded city by his improvement on Longfellow—

"Beware the awful ambulance."

This time the recitation was in geography and, be it remembered, it was the baseball season. To the question, what name does the State of New York go by, the ready reply was—the Umpire State.

Prep. Class.



PREFECT OF STUDIES.



Varsity Basket Ball Team.

THE Basket Ball Team for the season 1908-09 not only achieved more success than any team that has represented the College since this sport was introduced, but came within one point of tying City College for the Interscholastic Championship of Baltimore.

Manager Harry Noeth, knowing the merit of the men that were to support him, prepared a very pretentious schedule, including the Navy, Georgetown University, Baltimore Medical and the leading athletic clubs of the city. The result shows that the team was equal to the task. The management would like to state here that, although the team was prepared for every game on the schedule, on account of the large scores Loyola was rolling up against former champions of the city, many games were cancelled by the opponents. Out of 19 games played only five were lost.

The season opened with the Friends' School game and all the candidates were given a chance. The unsettled condition of the team and the smallness of the Friends' School gym. account for the close score, Loyola winning by three points. When the Quakers came to Loyola to play the return game, the contest, though exciting at times, was not at all close, the game ending up with the score 39 to 8 in favor of Loyola.

The two games with St. Joseph's Lyceum were merely pastimes for the College boys. The games attracted a good bit of attention, however, as two stars of last year's team,



COLLEGE BASKETBALL TEAM.

W. H. Noeth, Mgr. J. E. Gans. C. P. Losinski. F. X. Kearney.
J. S. Cook. J. H. Briscoe. C. J. Egan.

Kines and Gibson, played with the Lyceum team. These games were very exciting, but at no time was the result doubtful. The score of the first game was 52 to 9; that of the second, 39 to 8.

The two games with the U. S. Naval Reserves Team afforded good practice in goal shooting, but, as the score indicates, the would-be admirals were outclassed in every department of the game. Both games were played in the old Fifth Regiment Armory Hall. The scores of the games were 50 to 10 and 61 to 7.

At Mt. St. Joseph's gym., on the night of January 15, Loyola met and defeated in fine style their great rivals, Mt. St. Joseph's. Although the final score would denote that the game was a wholly one-sided affair, yet during the first half the opposite was true. Some rough work on the part of the Irvington boys and some sensational passes on the part of the Loyola quintet kept the crowd on edge throughout the first half, which ended with a score of 10 to 8 in favor of the Gold and Blue. In the second half the Mt. St. Joseph boys started off with a rush and in a few minutes were ahead of Loyola, but at this point Gans, Loyola's crack forward, was thrown through a partition of the gym.; this seemed to fire the boys, for in a few minutes they started to shoot goals, and nothing could stop them until the whistle blew, with the final score of 38 to 12. The second game with Mt. St. Joseph's in the Loyola gym. was an exhibition of loose, ragged playing on the part of the Gold and Blue. But this must be excused because of the condition of the team. Cook had just got back into the game after being laid up with injuries received in the game with Govanstown; Captain Briscoe had a very heavy cold and was in no condition at all. Other members of the team were bruised and battered from the game with the Govans Y. M. C. A. However, the boys managed to win by the score of 35 to 12.

The game with Govans, if it can be called a game, was hard to lose, but it showed the grit and pluck of the Loyola boys. After five minutes of play, with the score 5 to 0 in Loyola's favor, Cook was injured and compelled to leave the game. The game took place during the mid-term holidays, and, as two of the substitutes were absent, the Gold and Blue vigorously fought to the end with four men. Govans won out by the small score of 27 to 18.

The second game with Govans at Loyola ended abruptly. The team had hardly been playing five minutes, with a score of 10 to 0 in Loyola's favor, when the Y. M. C. A. boys became angry at the decision of the referee, their own man, and left the floor.

For some time the Waverly Athletic Club had been publishing challenges in the daily papers. The Moderator, wishing to schedule games only with educational institutions, would not allow Manager Noeth to take up the gauntlet. The crisis came, however, when Waverly accused Loyola of lack of courage. The entreaties of the manager and the team to be allowed to uphold the honor of Loyola finally prevailed and the game was scheduled. The final score was Loyola 43, Waverly 5.

Probably the greatest help in making the team a success was the second game of the season with the Boys' Latin School in their gym. Loyola had been defeated by the Latin School boys in all athletic games between the two institutions in baseball, football and basket ball for the last three years. It would have given the team great encouragement to have defeated the boys at all, but to have defeated them by the score of 43 to 5 gave them the greatest hopes. The score of this game excited much wonder among the followers of basket ball in the city and was the cause of much inconvenience to Loyola, as Marston's, University of Maryland and Deichman's cancelled their games with the college and Boys' Latin School cancelled its remaining game.

The most important game of the season was the one with Georgetown, which took place in the old Fifth Regiment Armory. The first half was a neck-and-neck race. First one team surged ahead, then the other, and the followers of the Gold and Blue had great hopes of victory. But in the second half the training of the Blue and Gray became evident and the University boys surged ahead and won out by the score of 62 to 25. Loyola had no reason to be ashamed of this game, as Georgetown won the championship of the South. They defeated Washington and Lee, the former champions, 60 to 15, a larger score than ours. Besides, they defeated the U. S. Naval Academy team two out of three. Loyola's game with the Navy was called off by the manager of the Navy team.

After eliminating one after another the aspirants to the Intercollegiate Championship of the city, Loyola met her old rival, City College. With the blowing of the whistle both teams settled down to work and it was apparent that they were both nervous. Loyola took the lead and held it until, two minutes before the close, Riley, the clever forward of the City College team, after some fine passing netted the ball, making the score 11 to 10 against Loyola. This game, as is always the case when two evenly matched teams put forth all their energy to win, kept the rooters in a constant state of excitement. A faster and cleaner game between two evenly matched teams has not taken place in Baltimore for some time.

Great rivalry existed among the players in regard to the record for goals shot. Up to the last game Cook led with 15 goals, but Gans won out in the last game. The record for the season is: Gans, 16; Cook, 15; Kearney, 10; Egan, 8; Briscoe (captain), 6, and Losinski, 5.

Loyola scored 563 points to her opponents' 273, almost double the number.

The team was composed of COOK, Centre; GANS and KEARNEY, Forwards; EGAN and BRISCOE (captain), Defense, with Walsh, Losinski and Noeth (manager), as reserves.

RECORD OF GAMES.

November 12—Loyola, 32; Baltimore Medical College, 18.
 November 23—Baltimore Medical College, 37; Loyola, 21.
 December 4—Loyola, 23; Friends' School, 19.
 December 18—Loyola, 43; Boys' Latin School, 5.
 January 8—City College, 32; Loyola, 12.
 January 15—Loyola, 38; Mt. St. Joseph College, 12.
 January 20—Loyola, 39; Friends' School, 8.
 January 30—Loyola, 50; Naval Reserves, 10.
 February 3—Loyola, 40; Waverly Academy, 5.
 February 10—Loyola, 35; Mt. St. Joseph College, 5.
 February 13—Georgetown University, 62; Loyola, 25.
 February 17—Loyola, 48; St. Joseph's Lyceum, 6.
 February 22—Govans Y. M. C. A., 27; Loyola, 19.
 February 26—Loyola, 52; St. Joseph's Lyceum, 8.
 March 3—Loyola, 10; Govans Y. M. C. A., 0.
 March 10—City College, 11; Loyola, 10.
 March 19—Loyola, 62; Naval Reserves, 7.

W. Henry Noeth, '11, Manager.

The Reserves Basket Ball Team.

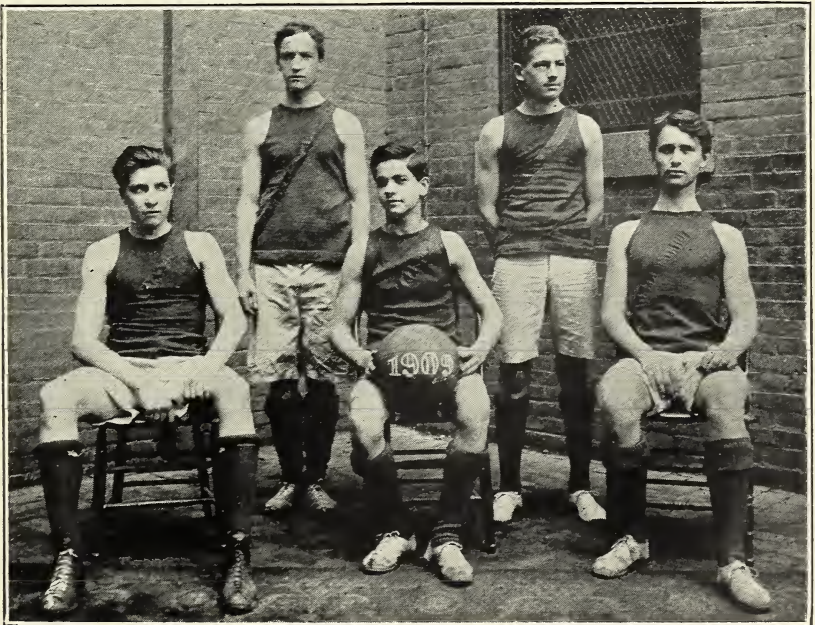
THE Loyola Reserves Basket Ball team, which made its initial appearance and a very creditable showing during the past season, was composed of the following players: Schiavone, Left Forward (Captain); Tormey, Right Forward (Manager); Joyce, Centre; Jones, Right Defense; Baummer and Walsh, Left Defense.

Manager Tormey arranged an ambitious schedule, which was played with the following results:



MIDGET BASKETBALL TEAM.

J. N. Corcoran. T. Stracilo. J. A. Dorsch. A. J. Bourbon.
 R. M. Williams. T. A. Keelan. H. J. Cotter.



RESERVES BASKETBALL TEAM.

F. J. Jones. G. A. Tormey.
 J. H. Joyce. M. J. Schiavone. G. Baummer.

-
- Dec. 10. At Friends' School, Loyola 22, Friends 2nd 8.
 " 17. " Central Y. M. C. A., Loyola 19, Central 23.
 Jan. 8. " City College, Loyola 15, City College Reserves 25.
 " 13. " Loyola, Loyola 18, Mutuals, 10.
 " 15. " Loyola, Loyola 18, City College Reserves, 12.
 " 24. " Loyola, Loyola 21, Central 25.
 Feb. 5. " City College, Loyola 12, City College Reserves 23.
 " 12. " Loyola, Loyola 21, Mutuals 23.
 " 15. " Loyola, Loyola 40, Tuxedo 10.
 " 19. " Loyola, Loyola, 23, City College Reserves 11.
 " 26. " City College, Loyola, 6, City College Reserves 45.
 Mar. 2. " Loyola, Loyola, 18, Mutuals 6.
 " 7. " Fifth Regiment Armory, Loyola, 39, Calverts 28.
 " 10. " Loyola, Loyola, 15, City College Reserves 16.
 " 17. " Loyola, Loyola, 43, Calverts 10.

The Reserves fought hard for the Reserve Championship of the city with the City College Reserves. Of the five games played with the City College Reserves, Loyola won two, while City College won two besides the rubber, which was the hardest fought game of the season. The two teams were very evenly matched for this game, as the score 16-15 readily shows. With the score 15-15, Referee Leonard called a foul on Loyola, and Chas. Peters neatly placed the ball into our basket, winning the game and also the Reserve championship of the city.

The hardest defeat of the season was sustained at the hands of the City College Reserves—45-6, while the largest score made was in the game with the Calverts which Loyola won 43-10. Of the fifteen games played Loyola won 8 and lost 7.

Captain Schiavone at Left Forward and Manager Tormey at Right Forward performed some clever passing and goal-shooting during the year, while Joyce at Centre pulled many a game out of the fire by his accurate goal-shooting. Jones was the one bright star at Defense, often destroying the op-

ponents' hopes of victory by his rapid defense work. Baumer, who entered the game at Left Defense when Walsh was injured, showed that with a little training he would make a valuable defense man for next year's team. It is the ardent wish of our Moderator, Mr. D. J. Lynch, S. J., and also that of the Reserves, that they meet again next year to do some more clever work and perhaps wrest the championship from the City College team.

George A. Tormey, H. S., '10,
Manager.

History of the Midgets.

THE Loyola Midgets established a better record than either the Varsity or Reserves, winning in all ten games out of twelve. Much of the success of the team may be attributed to Captain Keelan, who not only played a star game at Right Forward throughout the season, but by his generalship and enthusiasm inspired his team-mates to great deeds.

The Midgets originated in the class of 3rd High, but after one game (with Friends' School) disbanded to reorganize later under the name of Reserves. Then it was that the present Midgets came into existence, and, although late in the season, a very good schedule was drawn up. A series of five games was arranged with the City College Midgets for the 105-lb. interscholastic championship. Each team won two games, but the last and deciding game remained unplayed. The first game of this series was especially noteworthy. When the whistle blew at the end of the first half, the score stood 4 to 4; but the defenders of the Gold and Blue came back strong in the next half, and by clever pass-

ing netted the ball twice, making the final score 8-4 in Loyola's favor.

The next game was won by City College by the score of 18-12. But Loyola captured the third game 16-5. City College took the fourth game of the series by the score of 24-16. It was in this game that Stracilo, the crack Left Defense, injured his shoulder and was compelled to withdraw for the season. He was succeeded by Corcoran, who ably filled his position. The two games lost to City College were the only ones that marred our record during the season. Among the other teams who met defeat at the hands of the Midgets were:

Baltic Reserves (2 games).
Northern A. C. (2 games).
Y. M. C. A. Juniors.
Revonah A. C.
Apache A. C.
Montevideo A. C.

Richard M. Williams, H. S., '10,
Manager.

Varsity Baseball Team.

ALTHOUGH the Varsity Baseball Nine did not meet with the success which attended our famous Basket Ball Team, they showed the same grit and determination that led our plucky goal-tossers to victory.

The games that went to our opponents outnumber our victories but in none of these defeats did Loyola have her regular team on the field.

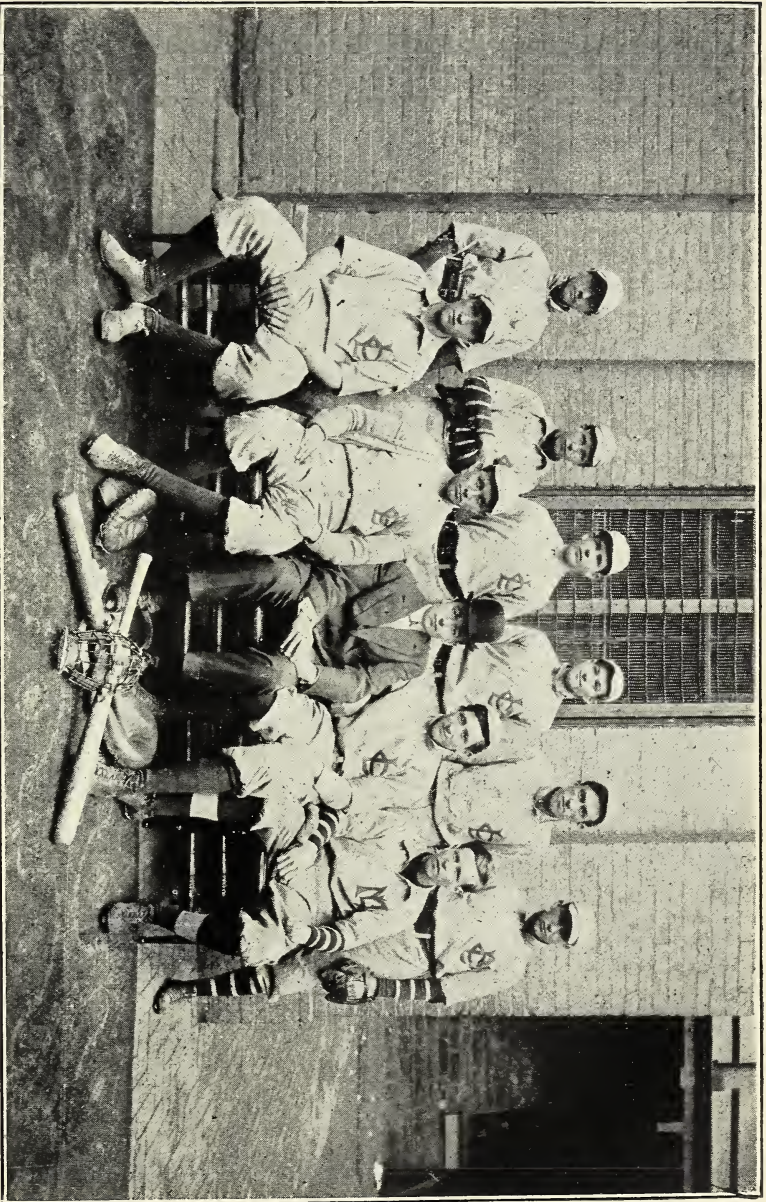
In the early part of the season Capt. William Braden, one of our much needed twirlers, was compelled by other duties to

deprive the team of his services, and his loss was keenly felt. Capt. Vachel Brown was elected to fill the vacancy and upon him devolved most of the slab work. The manner in which he filled both these positions is worthy of the approbation and praise of every well wisher of the Blue and Gold.

Lack of suitable grounds on which to practice, and our very limited pitching staff can account in some measure for our defeats. In nearly every lost game the story was the same. Our opponents got the lead in the first few innings and it looked as though Loyola would be buried good and deep. Then our team would brace up and go in to win. By clever fielding and heavy and consistent batting, Loyola would start to walk away with her adversary, but the rally was always too late. When the ninth inning was over, the other team was a few runs ahead.

In the first Polytechnic game Loyola was fortunate in having but a few "subs" on the field. Up to this Poly. had lost but one out of five games from the best teams in the city, including M. A. C. and Mt. St. Joseph's. This made the would-be mechanics confident of victory, but after the first few innings this over-confidence was gone. The anxiety expressed by the Poly. rooters gave our boys courage and the game became very exciting. In the first half of the ninth, Loyola tied the score and then settled down and shut out their opponents. By heavy batting, in the tenth, the College boys scored two more runs and then Poly. came to bat to do or die. She died. With three men on bases and two out a long fly was sent into deep left. Foley, by a little sprinting got under the sphere and it stuck like glue. The men on second and third tried to beat the throw in. The first man scored, but the second died at the plate. Score, 12 to 11, in favor of Loyola.

The Country School game was by far the prettiest game of the season, only one error being set down against Loyola. Brown served up the benders and proved too much for the



COLLEGE BASEBALL TEAM.

C. H. Foley. E. H. Brown. H. P. Galligher. G. J. Ayd. J. A. Guthrie. J. McFee.
F. T. Jones. W. J. Ginty. J. T. Hanlon, Mgr. W. F. Braden. V. J. Brown.

boys from Roland Park. The game was not as one-sided as the score might seem to indicate, for no more than one Loyola man crossed the plate in an inning. The contest, however, was never in doubt.

Other games which we were confident of numbering among our victories were cancelled by our opponents.

The following is the schedule with results up to date:

April 14th—McDonogh School, at McDonogh; cancelled on account of rain.

April 16th—City College, at Walbrook; score 3-11.

April 21st—Mt. St. Joseph's, at Irvington; score 5-12.

April 28th—Polytechnic, at Bartlett-Hayward grounds; score 12-11.

May 1st—West Arlington, at Catonsville; cancelled on account of rain.

May 4th—Mt. Washington, at Mt. Washington; score 4-12.

May 5th—Country School, at Country School; score 6-1.

May 11th—Polytechnic, at Oriole Park; score 9-12.

May 13th—Mt. St. Mary's, at Emmitsburg; cancelled by Mt. St. M.

May 17th—Johns Hopkins, at Oriole Park; cancelled by Hopkins.

May 20th—Rock Hill, at Ellicott City; score 0-7.

May 24th—Towson, at Towson; score 7-10.

May 27th—Mt. St. Joseph's, at Oriole Park; cancelled on account of rain.

May 31st (A. M.)—City College, at Oriole Park.

June 9th—Alumni, at Tolchester.

Edward K. Hanlon, '09.

High School Baseball Team.

The High School Baseball Team was, unfortunately, late in its formation. This accounts for the fact that, at the present writing, it has played but three of the games scheduled for the season. At the election of officers for the team, William I. Walsh was chosen Captain; Jerome Joyce, Manager.

The first game played was with City College Freshman, and

resulted in a victory for that team by the score, 13 to 12. Owing to lack of practice, the two teams played rather ragged ball. though at times in the course of the game they gave evidence of some creditable team work.

In the second game, that with Marston, the High School was somewhat more successful, winning by the score, 9 to 8. But until the final inning it was hard to tell which side was going to capture the honor of victory, Loyola rallied and it was her's.

With the same score, 9 to 8, the High School won her third game, that with Towson High School. This contest was the most exciting of the three, and ended with a grandstand double-play in the last inning, retiring the Towsons with three men on bases.

It is hoped that the team will be as successful in the remaining games of the season as it was in the last game played.

The schedule of remaining games is as follows:

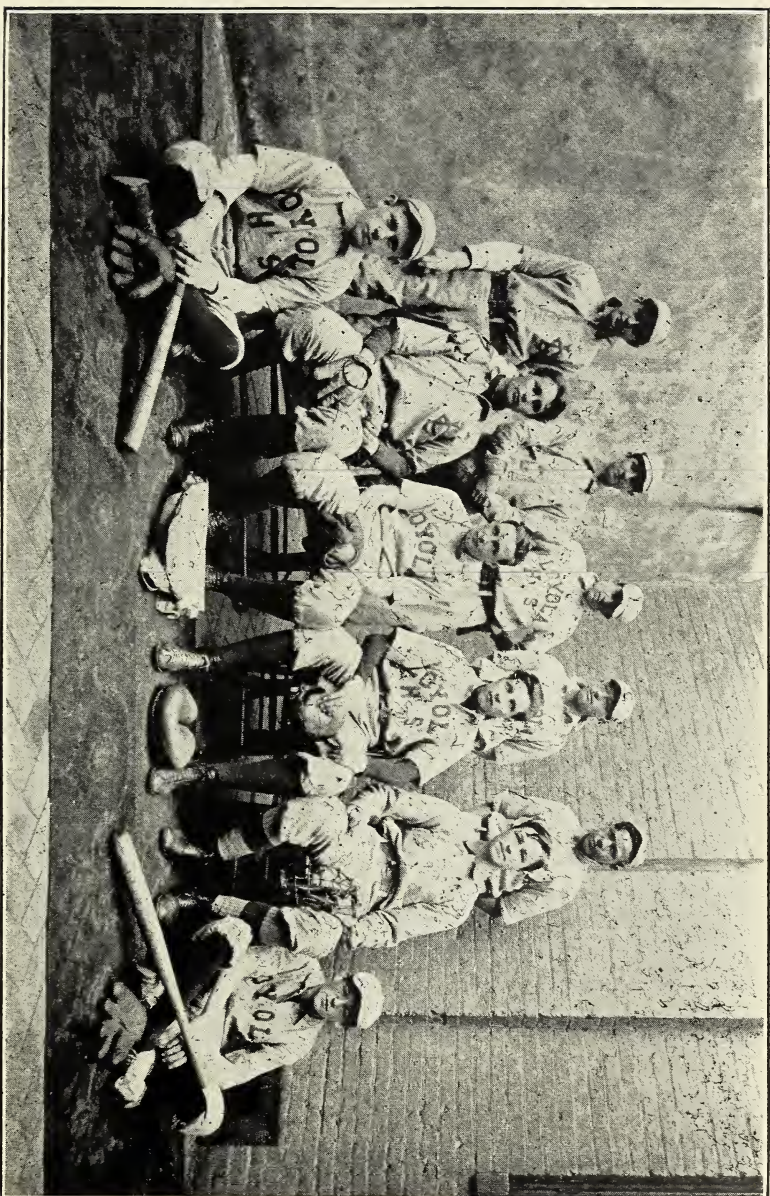
- June 1—Whiteford A. C., at Loyola Grounds
- June 4—City College Freshmen, at Loyola Grounds.
- June 8—Marston, at Mt. Washington.
- June 11—Mutual A. C., at Loyola Grounds.
- June 14—Catonsville Country Club 2nd team, at Catonsville.

T. A. Keelan, H. S., '09.

Indoor Meets.

This winter the good old custom of holding Indoor Meets was revived. These meets took place on the second Friday of each month and were open to all students.

Loyola has never shone very much at Track Athletics. So these sports were introduced in order to develop whatever raw material happened to be in the College. The results



HIGH SCHOOL BASEBALL TEAM.

- | | | | | |
|------------------|---------------|----------------|---------------|------------------|
| C. W. Stromberg. | F. J. Ruppel. | J. M. Scanlan. | G. A. Torney. | J. J. Stevenson. |
| G. Baummer. | W. I. Walsh. | J. H. Joyce. | A. Baummer. | |
| G. P. Welzant. | | | T. A. Keelan. | |

were good. For the records made by the young athletes compare favorably with the work done in other schools where track and field athletics have been carefully fostered. In the second meet one of the students broke the Southern record for the shot-put. He raised the mark of 44'2½", held by O'Gorman, of Georgetown, to the very creditable distance of 46'8".

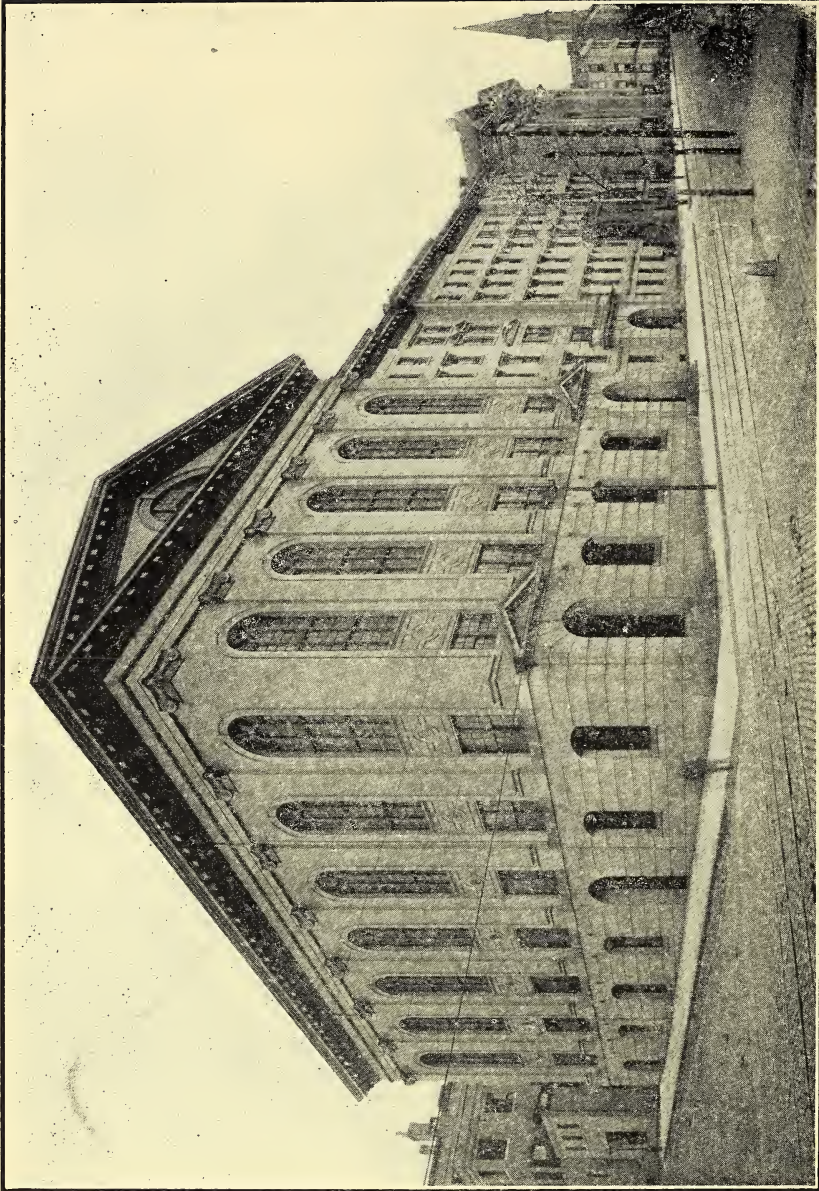
The records are :

20 Yards Dash—2 4-5 seconds—L. A. Randall.
440 Yards Dash—59 seconds—Walter Ganster, Jr.
Standing Broad Jump—9 feet 11 inches—Lawrence Jeff.
Running High Jump—5 feet 4½ inches—L. A. Randall.
Push Up (Parallel Bars)—28 times—Walter Ganster, Jr.
Pull Up (Horizontal Bars)—27 times—J. T. Abell.
Pull Up (Horizontal Bars)—27 times—J. F. Abell.
Shot Put—46 feet 8 inches—Walter Ganster, Jr.

Walter Ganster, Jr., H. S., '09.

The engravings in this book, including that of the cover, were, with one or two exceptions, designed and drawn by Cyril A. Keller, of the class of 1910.





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THE
LOYOLA COLLEGE
ANNUAL

PUBLISHED BY THE STUDENTS OF LOYOLA COLLEGE
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The Loyola College Annual

The Pilgrims of Maryland.

R



Remember, Maryland, thy pilgrim band,
A goodly race and bold, from friendless skies,
Who won thy birthright, and with high emprise
Made thee the glory of our Western land.

For a new covenant the new earth sealed,
When Hope was young and Freedom not grown old,
Ere Justice wavered at the clink of gold,
Or Honor dropped the lilies from his shield.

With stalwart arms, thy yeomen good and true
Laid low the forest in its giant pride,
And Plenty smiled o'er all; while side by side
In peace the roof-tree and the wigwam grew.

Thus through the gloaming and the woodland deep
They let the sunlight in; and harvest bloom
Decked the fair land and filled it with perfume,
And where the red deer stalks the reapers reap.

But over harvest bloom or virgin bowers,
Christ's loving Blood was raised; its presence blessed
Alike the pilgrims' home, the chapel's crest;
It was the theme of all their prayerful hours.

And so they laid thy bases strong in Right
And wrote thy largesses in words of love—
The deed of knightly hearts: The Ark and Dove
Again were messengers of life and light.

The strife-tost worshiper at last was free,
His rite no law compelled, no law forbade;
The exile in thy haven was made glad,
The toiler left his fathers' graves for thee.

And thy light sped unto the farthest bound
Of continent and sea, O Maryland!
Religion walked with freedom, hand in hand,
And gave the privilege of sacred ground.

O lift above their urns memorial domes!
Engrave their names in blazonry of gold!
To listening senates let their deeds be told,
And conned with loving zeal within thy homes.

Thy Pilgrim sires! their day has not gone by,
If aught be instnt of heroic birth;
Their deathless dust shall cry out from the earth,
Though in its breast unrequiemed they lie!

M. J. Byrnes, S. J.

Fr. Michael J. Byrnes, S. J., was born in Baltimore and was a student at Loyola College in the years 1855-58. In the latter year he entered the Society of Jesus and was ordained priest about 1874. He died in Jersey City in February, 1907. Many years of his life were spent as professor in various Jesuit colleges and in exercising the functions of the ministry to the great good and consolation of souls. He was vice-president of Loyola in the Jubilee year, 1902-03. By those who knew him he was considered a poet of superior excellence, as the above poem, we believe, will bear out.

The Evolution of the American Newspaper.

(A Competitive Essay: Adapted.)

EVERY one knows what a newspaper is. Every one from the smallest child who has just learned to read, to the venerable old patriarch in the evening of life, is a reader of the newspaper. But how many of us have ever stopped to think what the newspaper is, what is the history of this, our daily friend and companion? If we have never had this pleasure, then let us now examine it carefully and trace its life history from the cradle of its infancy through its various stages of development in the early years of its existence, till we meet it as it stands forth now in all its power and glory, one of the greatest enterprises of the American people.

In the ancient Roman Empire, even before the coming of Christ, the newspaper was in vogue. Unfortunately, not a single copy of these papers has come down to us, and we have no authentic record of this oldest of the world's newspapers. If only a few of these precious papers, which were prepared by Cæsar with the assistance of many thousands of his men, could have been preserved, they would have been a source of intense interest and would have afforded us a far better knowledge of the daily life in the ancient eternal city. The oldest printed newspaper on record is the "King Pao," which was published in China in the year 911 A. D., and remarkable indeed to say it is still printed and that not once, but three times a day. It is to Charles the Eighth that is due the credit of being a founder of the first newspaper in Europe, publishing it in 1494 in the form of a regular periodical containing mostly news of his army which was then wag-

ing war in Italy. In England the first newspaper appeared in 1622 under the title of the "English Mercury," and in 1631 France published its first paper, known as "La Gazette de France." Similarly newspapers began to spring up in almost every nation in Europe. With the coming of the American settlers came the newspapers. Every vessel that crossed the ocean brought with it the papers of Europe, acquainting the pioneers of America with the news of the land of their childhood. For years the colonists were so few and were scattered over such a broad area that they were unable to publish a paper for themselves. But as they increased in numbers, and as the country began to grow more and more rapidly, an opportunity was offered for the publication of a newspaper.

It was in the town of Boston, on the 25th of September, 1690, that the first newspaper in America was printed. Richard Pierce, its editor, was possessed of a rare sense of humour and originality, which would have done credit to the shrewdest, wittiest and most philosophical editor of our day. He was evidently a true business man, for he did not wait for opportunities to come to him, but he made his own opportunities. He was aware of the fact that mankind is naturally curious and also that people were often wont to exaggerate and to turn and twist facts until there was not the least semblance of truth remaining in them. In short, he knew that there were many gossipers in the city. Accordingly and in his very first issue, he stated that if his readers would acquaint him with the names of the people who were circulating false rumors about the town he would expose their names to the public in the subsequent issues of his papers. In brief, he proposed to advertise in his papers all the liars of the city. But, fortunately or unfortunately, as the case may be, after the first issue the authorities suppressed the paper, which

otherwise had such a promising beginning. Such was the fate of America's first newspaper.

The historians of journalism have usually overlooked this unique and rather ludicrous origin of the newspaper in America, and have conferred the honor of the father of American newspapers on John Campbell, the Boston Postmaster, who published his paper, "The Boston Letter News," as it was called, for the first time on April 24th, 1704.

From such simple beginnings, the newspaper began to spread rapidly, and in 1747 there were eleven newspapers in the English colonies. Soon almost every city of any considerable size had one or more newspapers, but no attempt was made in the country to publish a daily newspaper until 1784, and even in 1800 daily newspapers were printed only in a few of the largest cities.

The years immediately preceding and following the outbreak of the Revolution marked a change in the newspaper, and in this change we see two of the greatest causes of the development of the American newspaper, namely the increased interest which the people took in the newspaper and its connection with politics and it was in response to these requirements that the editors of the paper did all in their power to collect the news and to further the growth of the newspaper. Hitherto the unwarranted restrictions put on the liberty of the press had severely checked the efforts of the editors in the further development of their newspapers. Up to this time, in the face of this great opposition, the newspapers had grown gradually, but steadily, but now they seem stirred with the breath of a new life. They were breathing with a growing power and prosperity. The light of a grander day was falling fair on their faces. This marked the great commencement of the American newspaper.

After the Revolution the newspapers became the organs of the different political bodies. They were practically subsidized

by the politicians and spoke only for that side whom they represented.

The fact that so few papers were published in the early history of America was due largely to the many difficulties which were encountered in printing the newspaper. Even in the early part of the nineteenth century newspapers were printed with very crude machinery and involved so much time and hard labor that the production of a large number of copies was out of the question. Later some iron presses were imported from England, and in 1822 the first power press was invented by Daniel Treadwell, of Boston, the power being furnished by a team of mules. None of these presses were well adapted to newspaper work, but in 1847 Richard M. Hoe, one of the great mechanical geniuses of this country, invented a cylinder press by which the mechanical ability of producing papers was almost immediately doubled, and which was in time destined to revolutionize the newspaper of America.

Early in the nineteenth century the editor ceased to be the hired servant of the political bodies, and began to express his own views on different subjects. The editor now became the real writer of the paper and spoke to the people directly through the editorial columns of his paper. The newspaper became now a real medium of knowledge and not a mere presentation of news.

This was the day of great editors, of which Horace Greely, the editor of the New York Tribune, was worthy of special mention. Their papers were made up for the most part of editorials, the aim of which was to convince and to educate, not to inform the public. The editor at this period was greater than his newspaper, and as a means of educating and elevating the people of the United States this era of newspapers was unparalleled in the history of journalism.

The newspaper, as one of the great institutions of our gov-

ernment, has kept pace with our national development. Up to the time of the Mexican War no systematic means of reporting news had been introduced, and the news obtained was for the most part voluntary contributions, which were often semi-editorial. When the Civil War began the papers were able to gather news much more easily than before. A wonderful industrial development had taken place in this country, and great opportunities for advancement had arrived. The conditions were ripe for the rapid development of the newspaper, and the expected happened.

American genius and ingenuity answered the call of the American newspaper. Reporters were engaged to collect the daily news, special correspondents and artists were sent to the field of battle that the news might be as prompt and as accurate as possible. The telegraph became the common means of communication, and in less than a year the American newspaper had entered upon a new era of marvelous development. From this time invention kept pace with the increased demand for newspapers. To give a record of the development of the newspaper would be to review the unparalleled progress in all science and art. The type is now set by linotype with as much ease as one would run over the keys of a typewriter. The Hoe octuple press is one of the marvels of the age, printing, cutting, folding and counting ninety-six thousand four, six or eight page papers and twenty-four thousand sixteen-page papers per hour.

But in speaking of the newspapers of to-day, it is impossible to forego mention of one of the most conspicuous phases of journalism in this country—the Yellow Journal. These papers are a source of a great deal of evil in the country, for they tend to lower the reader's character by presenting to him in print news which is of itself objectionable or which is presented in an objectionable manner. These papers are read,

be it said to the credit of the American people, by only the inferior class.

The evolution of the American Newspaper is the greatest wonder of the age. In 1800 there were 200 newspapers in the United States, in 1905 there were 22,512. In the place of the wooden press, which was hardly capable of printing 200 copies a day, we have the giant octuple Hoe press, belching forth 1,600 16-page papers a minute, or 26 papers every second. Thousands of correspondents and reporters with headquarters in every quarter of the globe have taken the place of the individual editor, who in the early days was reporter and printer alike. The locomotive, steamship, telegraph, telephone and wireless telegraphy have taken the place of the sailing vessel, stage coach and mail carrier as a means of communicating news.

Journalism of to-day is a business and the newspaper is the daily history of the world; it is the educator of the people, and the rostrum of the sage and scientist, the author, the poet and the philosopher. As a profession the newspaper work stands among the highest in the land. The American Newspaper represents the perfection of the art of printing, the culmination of all progress in science and in art, the embodiment of all advancement and development in the civilization of the world. It is the living monument to the mind of man, and especially to the American Nation, in whose midst it has been reared.

V. J. Brown Jr., '10.



A Soul Conquest.

(A Story of a Mixed Marriage.)

A LOWERING sky of a monotonous gray, a broad expanse of heaving billows, a few sea gulls hovering aimlessly about, and a life-boat with the corpse of a woman and two living men stretched across its seats—such was the scene on the spot of the sinking of the “Nova Scotia” two hours after the catastrophe. One of the men was crushed about the body by the blow of a heavy spar, and did not have long to suffer on that dead waste of water. The other was so drenched to the skin that it would have been hard to distinguish the Roman collar that was a part of his dress. The woman had been dragged into the life-boat already drowned by the pitiless waves. The dying man gazed on her sorrowfully as he listened to the words of the priest:

“I baptized your wife before the ship went down, and in that horrible melee I heard all of her confession that was possible before we were finally engulfed. In her last moments she recognized the truth of that church from which in life she had separated you. Will you, her husband, remain an apostate, when she who caused that apostasy has gone to her God in union with His church?”

The sufferer answered slowly and with some pain: “My wife was terrified by the presence of eternity. She shrank from the awful unknown, and in that moment of dread despair she clutched at this phantom forgiveness as she clutched at the wreckage in the vortex. It was fear that drove her to the compromise. I weep for her with all the intensity of hopeless grief, but I must not yield to her weakness. I am a man.”

He stifled a groan and caught at the breath which was fast leaving him.

“Your wife was no coward,” said the priest. “She did not gaze into the unknown, but into a future that rose before her eyes with far more certainty and distinctness than did the sinking ship with its condemned throng, praying, cursing and raving in the face of death. She saw that it was her duty to serve her God now as He commanded, though she had never done so before. Those words were ringing in her ears, ‘He that believeth in me shall live, though he die, and he that liveth in me shall never die.’ Christ Himself willed that she should live, and she bowed before His Holy Will.

The husband’s eyes were glazed. “Would she not have lived because she willed to live—because she possessed a soul that through its very nature could not die, and through its own powers would live happily? ‘Man doth not yield himself to the angels or to death utterly save through the weakness of his feeble will.’ She did not need the form of baptism, confession, and all the other ceremony with which man has clothed his inherent religion. Do you think to terrify me with the phantasmagora of mediaeval theology?”

“You set the human will above the Divine,” cried the priest. “Do you not know that all the powers of the human mind, all that transcendent will in which you glory, all the beauties of the soul of man are but images—faint reflections of the qualities of God? You have absolutely nothing, except inasmuch as you have received it from God. You can do absolutely nothing, except inasmuch as you are made after the likeness of that Creator, whose Will is the supreme and infinite law. It is in condescension to your weak intellect and your material form that God, not man, has given an outward form to the worship He demands from the children of Adam. I am here as the minister, not of a society of men, not of

mediaeval theology, but of that spiritual body that receives its inspiration from the Holy Ghost, its authority from Jesus Christ—in short, all that in which it consists from God Himself. I am the representative of the Catholic Church and hence the representative of the Creator.”

The apostate had been moved; even in his pain he had roused himself to hear the glowing words of the speaker. “You are eloquent, father,” he said with difficulty. “I respect your devotion to your cause. I honor you as a just man, but I cannot agree with all your belief.”

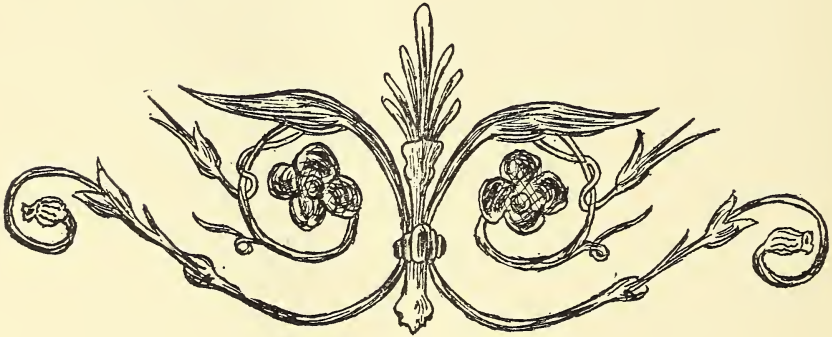
The priest looked with anxiety at the rapidly dying man. Then he said: “Would you have proof of my words? Forget your own belief, disregard for the moment that delicate system of philosophy you have built up for yourself; cease using those grand ideas and vague passions which you have forced into justifying yourself. Look not into your abstract speculations, but into your life. Have your actions proved the purity and justice of the course you have taken? You abandoned your church for your wife and pleasure; you gave up your God for the ambition of this life. She who aided you in the fall has realized her sin and has appealed to the Infinite mercy. Recall your own sins, and look to Calvary where, hanging on the infamous gibbet of shame, is your God. Give heed to His words and apply them to yourself: ‘Father forgive them, for they know not what they do.’”

The priest broke off, for by a superhuman effort the mangled creature before him had thrown himself on his knees, and in a voice that sped over the boundless waste of waters he cried: “My God, I believe.” A moment later he was pouring forth in broken accents a confession of his life, and as his voice grew weaker the priest solemnly gave him absolution. The effort had exhausted his last strength; he fell by the side of his wife, and the minister of God realized that

he was the only living creature left in the boat.

He looked up, and across the waves saw the black hull of an approaching steamer. He started to signal, but the ship had already stopped her engines and was lowering a boat. He alone, of the four hundred and thirty-nine souls aboard the "Nova Scotia," had been saved from the jaws of the ocean, and the sea gulls wheeled over the tossing life-boat with its cargo of dead.

Charles S. Lerch, '11.



Flights.

(A Christmas Story.)

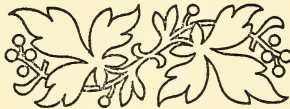
MERRY Christmas" rang out clear and strong above jingling bells and tooting horns. It was the eve of the great day. I was revelling in blissful anticipation of the good things to come, when mother bent over me and asked, "Do you not think it is dreadful to be cold and hungry?" "Oh, yes," I answered. "There are many boys and girls," she continued, "who live in miserable garrets or dark cellars, and no ray of Christmas cheer ever brightens their dull lives. Will you not forego tomorrow's presents that the money may be used in making these poor creatures happy?" Visions of silver-mounted rifles and prancing steeds danced before my eyes and seemed to urge me to refuse. But while I pondered in uncertainty I heard a gentle voice whisper, "Will you not make the sacrifice for Me? Tomorrow is My birthday." I turned to mother and said, "I will give up my presents."

It was evening and an irresistible impulse drew me to the sidewalk. As I lifted my eyes to the heavens, a luminous star appeared and seemed to move toward the earth. At the same time I felt myself lifted from the ground and carried rapidly through the air in the track of the star. The earth was contracted to an atom, and the sublime and enchanting region through which I passed was lighted with millions of crystal lamps, that burned brightly in the deep blue vault. I seemed to be in the world of spirits and to live and breathe with them. At last my luminous guide stopped and I was hurried through endless space, back to earth. Now I was in a little village that nestled among the hills, and angels were everywhere. Their

joyful anthems filled the air with melody, and I noticed they bent low in adoration, when they drew near the little shed before which I stood. I pushed open the door and entered. It was a stable, cold and bare, but Jesus was there and Mary and Joseph. The Infant appeared to shiver, and falling on my knees, I pulled off my coat and cried, "Holy Child, let me take you to my home; there You will find warmth and comforts." He smiled and answered, "Because you ask it, My brother, I will go with you." As I wrapped Him in my coat, invisible hands bore us from the place and I saw the tips of the angels' wings disappearing over the hills. They were heralding the approach of the great Guest. In a crib, erected in His honor, the Divine Infant chose to rest. The house was thronged with old and young, rich and poor, who had heard of His coming, and now pressed forward to do homage to their King. Every face beamed with happiness and every heart was glad, as one by one they placed their offerings at His feet. Then the gifts resolved themselves into good thoughts and good works; but I had given nothing and I shrank back, abashed. When, behold, above the head of the Infant, in glittering letters, appeared the words, "Offer to the Christ-child your sacrifice." And the Christ-child accepted my sacrifice and asked, "What favor do you crave of Me?"

Before I could reply, a voice which seemed to come from a distance said, "Wake up, my son, it is time to dress for school." I sat up and gazed around me. My beautiful vision had vanished, and I realized it was a dream,—but I wished that my dream were true.

Jas. F. Russell, Jr., '12.



Blaze Away!

(A Fire Story.)

THE church chimes announced the hour of midnight. Fire! Fire!! The cry rang very loudly from the street beneath my open window. Starting to a sitting posture I discovered that I was suffocating with the fumes arising from burning goose feathers and hair.

I was dazed for a moment and having recovered my courage somewhat as well as my breath, I took a glance about me. The sight of my meerschaum told the story. I had gone to bed with a lighted pipe, which had permitted its fire to form the acquaintance of other inflammable material in the vicinity, and had already promulgated several very pretty specimens of flame-work up and down the southeast bed post.

Perhaps there are some who will not believe me when I say that, although I was up four stories, I was not cool. The fire continued forming acquaintances until I was left to withstand her charms. I went to the window and borrowed a lungful of air from outdoors, and came back to hunt some hose to extinguish the fire. The only thing resembling it was a stocking and, realizing that this would prove unavailing, I resolved to take my chances (slim as they might be) on the fire escape.

The fire escape was an automatic affair—something between an air ship and a subway train—with a chain to which was attached a weight so that a person could let himself down or vice versa, at least, all who ever used it were vice versa when they landed.

The contrivance let me down a story and then refused to go any farther. The flames were so pleased with my visit that they came out to meet me and some of them in their joy even licked my hands and face as well as the chain on what I depended. Aware of the fact that I could be arrested as a tramp for having no visible means of support, I determined to inform the firemen below that I contemplated making a descent. So taking out my notebook, I dropped them a few lines (perhaps it struck some of them funny) to the following effect:

Airy Castle, Hot Springs.

Associate Firemen.

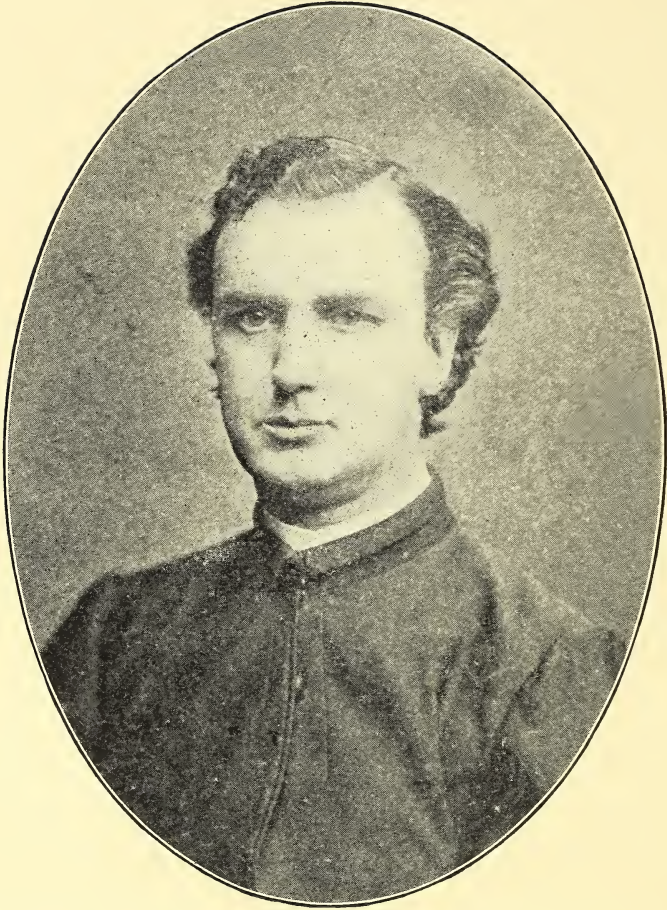
Dear Sirs—Will you kindly turn the hose on me at your earliest convenience? I'll try to keep cool till help arrives. Also, if not otherwise engaged, stretch a blanket beneath me to prevent injury to the cement walk. I won't keep you waiting long when I once get started. Yours truly,

Jacob Fricassee.

Either the firemen did not receive my correspondence or (what is more probable) they were busily engaged in saving something valuable; at any rate, when I hit the pavement, three stories below, there was no blanket there to receive me and even now, as I lie in the morgue, I am greatly disturbed as to the outcome of the damage suit brought against me for destruction of property.

Unfortunately my visiting cards were damaged by smoke and fire beyond recognition and I am still awaiting identification.

Anthony C. Rolfes, '13.



THE REVEREND STEPHEN A. KELLY, S. J.,
President of Loyola,
1870-1877.

The Reverend Stephen A. Kelly, S. J.

Rev. Stephen A. Kelly, S. J., a former President of Loyola College, died at the rectory of St. Joseph's Church, Philadelphia, on Sunday, February 13th, 1910, in the 77th year of his age. Father Kelly presided over the destinies of St. Ignatius' Church and of Loyola College for nearly seven years, or until the summer of 1877, during which time he devoted all his energies to building up the College and maintaining the high standard it then enjoyed. An excellent business man, he realized the necessity of reducing the large debt that was upon the church and the old College buildings, and, with this object in view organized the Church Debt Association which did so much to relieve the burden that weighed so heavily upon the institution. Through his efforts, many improvements were made, and the original debt materially reduced.

Father Kelly was a handsome specimen of a manly man, whose kindly heart was concealed by what some regarded as rather a dignified exterior, but he was ever ready to do a favor, and always willing to take his share of the duties pertaining to the office he held. He was a noted pulpit orator; his commanding presence, clear and distinct enunciation gained for him a wide reputation as a forcible and learned speaker. His innate modesty was so great that though he was recognized as an eloquent preacher, he disliked to be seen in the pulpit, yet never shirking his duties in this respect, he preached regularly on his appointed Sunday, at Sodality and weekly devotions in the month of May.

Father Kelly was popular with all. Beloved by the community, admired by the students, and esteemed by a large circle of warm friends, he was always the courteous gentleman, the sincere and kind friend, the ideal Priest.

Matthew S. Brennan.

Gilbert Keith Chesterton.

(A Competitive Essay: Adapted.)

NO one has come in touch with the writings of Gilbert Keith Chesterton, the talented young English poet, author, journalist and critic, without feeling something of the nature of the man himself, which is so prominently displayed in his writings. After perusing the cheerful platitudes of some of the earlier literary lights of England, it is with a gasp of relief that we turn to some of the inspired absurdities and bold truths expressed by some of the younger generation, with such a man as Chesterton as their leader. Few people at present appreciate the value of Chesterton's writings and the influence that they must finally have on modern literature, and the perversity of modern thought.

The ideal of Chesterton's youth was Whitman, whose influence we see in all of Chesterton's earlier works, and it was under Whitman's tutorage, as it were, that he became a socialist.

While a socialist Chesterton was a strong revolutionist, treating traditional Christianity as a trumped up reversion of Christ's doctrine, while he praised the Founder. However, we are glad that the revolutionary period of Chesterton's life was of short duration, for in his first prose work, "The Defendant," we see the socialist gradually turning protectionist; the radical becoming conservative. As in his poems he has attacked and ridiculed the champions of traditional and historic religion and materialistic progress, so in the "The Defendant" he attacked those who would do away with the existing order; those whom he fittingly calls in his subsequent books the "iconoclasts."

The anonymous author of "A Criticism of Chesterton," writes that a number of causes were influential in the change of attitude, but especially the communing within himself, which was caused by the Boer War, and the growth of the Imperialistic spirit in England. War was good; it was noble and elevating if waged by equal powers, still better if the weak conquered the strong, but degrading if the strong overwhelmed the weak. As when years before the "Letters of Junius" appeared, the same sort of interest was aroused in 1900 by the cryptic signature G. K. C.; all wanted to know who he was, and though he was with the losing side, by his powerful personality he compelled men to read him, and his fame was national at the end of the war.

Chesterton's next move was a denial of so called "progress," in that fantastical creation—"The Napoleon of Notting Hill." It was not, however, until Chesterton published "Heretics" that he raised his standard and showed his aversion to anything that was narrow, or clannish; to whatever was abstruse or obscure; his motto seems to be "let every man stand forth in the fight, and if his doctrines or theories can resist the attacks of critics—such as Chesterton—well and good, for then they are orthodox, but if they cannot, the authors are heretics and are ostracised."

It is some years since the publication of "Heretics," an astonishing book, in which with the liberty of a free-lance he showed keenly and persuasively his total disagreement or doubting compliance with things in general as they exist today. The book appears to the reader who endeavors to grasp its purport, to be directed in its attack against the notion, that men's attitude toward the universe is great or small only in the relation which this position bears to the expressive grace of its delineation. This work which delights the cultivated, and reasoning mind, says plainly, "the one most im-

portant thing in a man is his philosophy, and many prominent philosophers are dangerously wrong."

There has been too much levity Mr. Chesterton thinks in the treatment of philosophy. The men of the day seem to fear the infinite and the absolute. Is the finite and the relative any more clear to them? With one universal voice the "high brows" of the day deny the existence of the absolute; or, if it has existence it will be unknowable forever. Mr. Chesterton asks with the persistency of a Socratic, "What do you mean? Explain yourself?" But they cannot explain, and as no conclusive proof of their high-sounding dictums are forthcoming, Mr. Chesterton with the straightforwardness of conviction of the truth of his words sets down these bombastic, unstable thinkers as mere heretics, who are ever struggling to maintain their equilibrium in a chimerical world of their own creation.

Rudyard Kipling, who is among those denominated as "iconoclasts," is a heretic because of his Militarism. Bernard Shaw is a heretic because he lacks the faculty of idealization; in his preface to his critique of Shaw he claims that the people agree with Shaw because they cannot understand him; while he says emphatically that he only understands Shaw, and still does not agree with him.

Mr. Chesterton seems to have a firm conviction of the distinction between right and wrong; there are several ways of viewing the world, either in relief or in perspective, or as it is. Perhaps there is truth in what has been said by one of Chesterton's critics, viz., that: "He has given us old sayings in new garbs."

We wonder, too, notwithstanding the originality and terseness in style whether the thought is as original; have we heard these things before, if we have, we have not heard them in this way for a certainty. Chesterton, a master of the

paradox, is genially caustic, and entertainingly critical; he has reduced, what others have propounded in pamphlets, to an epigram. As from time to time one man has borrowed from another, and as Solomon declared "there was nothing new under the sun," we seem to find many things in Chesterton which have been set forth by others, but we must admit that never have we seen them in so agreeable or strange a dress. Mr. Chesterton displays an optimistic sense of romance, which Dickens in his portrayal of the meanest or lowest character always showed; Chesterton, like Dickens, loves the world at large.

In "Heretics," Chesterton attacked the philosophy of others; his own is contained in "Orthodoxy," here he confesses his faith in the Christianity of the Apostles' Creed, and we find the book replete with surprising thought boldly expressed. "Orthodoxy" in our opinion is the most representative book which has come from Chesterton's pen; it shows the man's style at its best; it gives ample examples of his peculiar method of expression; and beyond all else it gives his creed; his life in so far as his different stages of belief have affected it. In "Orthodoxy" we find Chesterton endeavoring to improve on that which he condemned in "Heretics" and it is a profound study, of which many do not see the philosophical purport, in so far as it relates how a man, mostly through his own reasoning and theorizing on the different social and religious conditions of the day, dealt with the deeper mysteries and found the answer—God.

If Chesterton were a Catholic, he could not have given a better apology of Christianity to the world, or in a more popular or truthful way defended Scholastic Philosophy. "Orthodoxy" is not a book containing new theories, but a book of proven truths, and though we would not call it religious, it is philosophical from beginning to end.

Chesterton considers that today the thinkers are too scientific—there is not enough healthy idealism; they do not pay enough attention to the spiritual in illustrating principles, but would explain all by mental analysis, which as all followers of the truth know is inadequate.

Chesterton's critical study of Dickens is undoubtedly his best piece of critical literature. Chesterton criticises Dickens in a manner peculiarly his own, and though we find the ever-present paradox, and epigram—without which we could not have "Chesterton"—he has made a sincere effort to portray Dickens as he was, not commonplace as some would have him, nor yet divine. In reading this study of Dickens we feel with every page we read that the critic is in sympathy with the author, and in it we find Chesterton more in the role of an interpreter, explaining things to our satisfaction or amusement; rather than as a critic continually disagreeing with the writer.

The poems of Chesterton are many and varied in their themes, and more remarkable for boldness of expression and strength of diction, than for metrical rhythm. The poem, "A Christmas Carol," is true in its sweet significance; strange and strong is the following stanza from "The Ancient of Days:"

"A staring doll's-house shows to him
Green floors and starry rafter,
And many-coloured graven dolls
Live for his lonely laughter.
The dolls have crowns and aureoles,
Helmets and horns and wings,
For they are the saints and seraphim,
The prophets and the kings."

So much has already been said regarding Chesterton's peculiar use of words, which are mostly monosyllabic, that we

reread his sentences for the mere sake of noticing the ease with which he writes. His phrases are clear and easy, almost laconic; there is a pleasing terseness and concreteness in his manner of expression; what strikes us most and causes us often to revert to it, is the fact that matters deep in their significance, or profound in the principles they would inculcate, or again flippantly paradoxical in their meaning, can be expressed in such simple words and phrases.

The reason people think Chesterton insincere, is from the fact, that he has easily overcome those very difficulties which they themselves find so hard to reconcile with modern modes of thought and expression.

In reading "All Things Considered," a series of thirty-five short essays on different topics none of which are connected in any way, and some of which individually give one the impression of being mere jottings, our interest is held throughout; we read them with a relish and appreciation of the consummate power of the man, for it seems that he has worked his personality into the lines and we read not mere words, but rather seem to listen to him speaking, in such a pleasing and conversational style are his subjects treated. He has hit upon the very point in literature which makes it palatable, and worthy of consideration, viz., the power to present a subject or idea in a vivid and intellectual manner, which is the keystone of the literary art. His essays are bright, sincere, witty and above all enthusiastic, for this is a marked faculty of the man, that no matter what his subject is, whether it be the eccentric course of a recreant head-piece across a crowded thoroughfare, or a search into the subtleties of the metaphysical world, he is always enrapt with his theme and its paradoxical treatment.

Though we think that at present the works of Chesterton are not fully appreciated in their material, philosophical and

religious significance, we feel confident that the influence which he and such honest thinkers as himself should have will be finally felt. For, such men as are now, ever and anon placing before the world new and untenable theories, which if put into practice would bring nothing but dissension, and destruction in their wake, should have so firm and true a man for their opponent as Chesterton. Openness is his distinguishing quality, and he believes that it is better to hold to an old and well-tried doctrine, rather than to evolve a new theory, such as the Pragmatic, which not only is contrary to the dictates of right reason, but is in itself contradictory. With characteristic stubbornness the philosophers of the day treat dogmatism as a thing of the past, as medieval and too ancient and worthless for the so called height to which modern philosophy has reached; but in "Orthodoxy" we find Chesterton making dogma the bulwark of belief.

If the day comes when Chesterton is recognized and valued at his full worth, it will bring a change in the materialistic tendency in the world, for being popular in their expressions such books have none of the dryness of a philosophical treatise, and still inculcate sound principles and promote true doctrine. Men like Shaw, Wells and Lowell, are wrong, but they have written in a popular way, too, and people drink in their theories without reverting to the disastrous results they would have if put into practice. With the reading of Chesterton, we will have immediately, we do not say a better world, but at least a more thoughtful world, and with proper regard for substantial facts deduced from the application of tried hypotheses, we shall have eventually a reasoning world. A world that will know the reason why it acts in one way rather than in another; that considers the consequence that is likely to follow from this or that conduct. This is what all honest men who are Christian in the true

sense of the word hope for, and Chesterton in publishing "Heretics" and "Orthodoxy" has initiated a movement towards this end, which will make his name, if not famous, remembered at least years hence.

Cyril A. Keller, '10.

Triolet.

Love while ye may,
Smile while ye strive.
In Life's short stay
Love while ye may;
A kind word say,
Help others thrive.
Love while ye may.
Smile while ye thrive.

Edwin B. Kelly, '10.



Two Pictures.

“With fire and sword the country round
Was wasted far and wide,
And many a childing mother then
And newborn baby died;
But things like that, you know, must be
At every famous victory.”

—Southey.

It is a simple country scene, such as is typical of the eastern part of this country. It has no especial grandeur and little of the sublime, except that sublimity which always belongs to the beautiful. It consists of a field of waving corn, ripe and golden; a long succession of gentle slopes clothed in the deep green of late summer; a clump of woods that casts a pleasing shade upon one side of a plowed field; a hazy chain of mountains melting away in the distance, and in the immediate foreground a road, a white barn and a small house partly covered with a creeping plant that makes it picturesque instead of bare, and homelike instead of squalid. Over the whole prospect the sun sheds a mellow light that glorifies each object it touches. There is a certain fascination which the setting sun possesses, not so much in itself as in the tone which it imparts to the scene before it. It is necessary to look with the sun; that is, to face the East, upon which it is pouring out its magic treasure. The most commonplace view assumes a certain charm when it lies bathed in the radiance of the dying orb. At noon everything is of one color, or rather everything is swallowed up in one blinding glare that reduces everything to a monotonous glow of brightness. At evening, when the sun shines

less vividly, it has not this harshness, but gives just enough light and of such an exquisite quality to bring out every delicate shade of color that nature possesses, to contrast them and to unite them in an ineffable softness that lies upon the scene like the incarnation of beauty. This is just the effect that the setting sun produces upon the scene we are describing. The green and gold of the ripe corn takes on almost regal state, the verdant slopes become fairy meads, the darker shade of green of the woods becomes as refreshing to the eye as a cup of water to the thirsty traveler, and the faraway mountains assume a multitude of hues and shapes all enveloped in a mist of distant pearls.

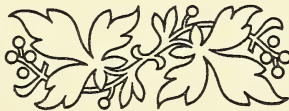
In the house itself and its environs we find the most pleasing part of the view before us. A thin wreath of blue smoke rises gracefully from the vine-clad chimney and speaks of homelike cheer and hospitality. The setting sun transforms the few windows into panes of pure and glowing crimson. But above all is to be noticed the group on a knoll in front of the homestead. An old man sits there enjoying the tranquil evening of life and looking with pleasure on a group of several little children that are playing and chattering around him. These two extremes of life present what has been called "the touching spectacle of two weaknesses relying upon each other for support." The children are clustered around their grandfather with implicit confidence, while he takes delight in the innocent joy of their existence and smiles at these flowers of summer. At the door of the house stands their mother, stealing a moment from some work within to cast an affectionate glance at grandsire and babes. And all this is transfigured by the setting sun, steeped, as it were, in the transcendent beauty of nature. This is peace.

Suddenly the grandfather lifts his head, and shading his eyes with his hand gazes intently at the long, rippling corn. He has descried a distant gleam that seems to rise and fall

with an undulating motion. It comes nearer and the golden green of the corn slowly gives way to the glint of steel. At the same time he hears from the opposite direction a dull, muffled sound that approaches by the road. Now he perceives in alarm that the glint of steel is from long files of men with bayonets, who advance remorselessly through the corn, trampling down nature's handiwork and coming ever closer and closer. The distant noise becomes the clattering of hoofs, a cloud of dust appears, and a squadron of grey-clad horsemen comes galloping up, wheeling round and halting before the barn. With a cry of terror the old man gathers in the rosy children and, assisted by his daughter, makes for the shelter of the cottage. They disappear within, looking back in dismay at the long blue ranks that are emerging from the ruined corn and deploying on the level field. The next moment the grey cavalry is in motion and at full speed sweeps down upon the steady line. A flame darts across its front, the reports of many rifles ring out together, and the head of the grey column is swept away like grass before the scythe. Their leader, scarcely more than a boy, rolls from his saddle and lies there with a deep purple mark upon his forehead, to be mangled by the hoofs of his own troop. Again the blue infantry belches forth destruction, again the grey column withers away, and then the rest of the squadron is upon the enemy. The infantry break before the shock; they go down beneath the foaming steeds of the assailants. With hoof, sabre and revolver the grey cavalry annihilate their foes. All is death and destruction. The enraged shouts of the combatants are mingled with the shrieks of the fallen, trampled beneath horses and torn open by bayonets that no longer glitter in the sun, but are stained a deep, dull red. The cavalry fight like madmen, but they are outnumbered three to one; soon a few scattered horsemen emerge from the melee alive and spur their horses in flight, followed by the scattered shots of the victors.

The sun sets upon the scene of carnage in a sky that seems drenched in blood. With the coming of night clouds gather upon the horizon and the roll of thunder becomes louder and louder. Vivid flashes of lightning disclose tangled heaps of horses and men, blue and grey clad forms stiffened in mortal hatred, and distorted faces upturned with sightless eyes to the wild fury of the elements. A single vulture, frightened by the peals of thunder, hovers low upon the field and can hardly be kept from its horrid feast by the strong instinct of fear. Then another flame than that of the lightning appears, a steady glare begins to blaze up and soon the whole scene is made as light as day. The house is enveloped in a mass of seething fire. The battlefield is disclosed in all its gruesome details, and the light falls full and strong upon the knoll close to the house. Here is a group of children in intense and speechless terror, one clinging to the bleeding bosom of a corpse. The grandfather feebly supports his lifeless daughter, and with one trembling hand raised to heaven curses the stray bullet that pierced her heart and showers awful imprecations upon the combatants, living and dead. For a while this group is outlined in black against the red of fire, and then the flame flickers, dies down and smolders among the blackened rafters. The lightning is gone, the thunder has ceased, the old man's voice is still, and there is naught but silence and darkness and desolation. This is war.

Charles S. Lerch, '11.



A Lily, A Test Tube and A Tenpenny Nail.

YES, I suppose it may be possible," remarked the little old professor, critically holding up his pince-nez between himself and the light, "but I must confess that it is an entirely new phase of psychology, and I cannot therefore vouch for the results. Up to the present time the annals of the Lithian Society of Psychic Research shows no similar case, though I repeat, sir, it is by no means impossible." Here the delver in mysteries paused, and, having polished his glasses to his complete satisfaction, he set them upon his beak-like nose and looked me up and down carefully. My appearance evidently seemed to satisfy him, for he arose abruptly and waved a dismissal. "I will be there tomorrow evening at seven. 'Tis a very strange case you have, sir, a very strange one," and with one more searching glance at my face, as though to see if I were really in earnest, the man of mystery deliberately turned and went into another room.

There was small need that the professor should have doubted my earnestness or the truth of the tale I had brought him; I was never more serious in my life. I was not a disciple of clairvoyance; I did not even profess to believe in it, and had only turned to it in my extremity as a last resort, hoping against hope that it would solve the mystery that had been puzzling me for the last few weeks and which was fast making me a fit applicant for a lunatic asylum.

I am an office man and put in my eight hours daily at the desk, but unlike the rest of my fellow workers I have higher aspirations. Three nights a week I put in at laboratory work in the chemistry room of a well-known college. I

am usually the only occupant of the laboratory, as most of the students do their work during the day.

It was just two weeks ago that the mysterious happenings which I have mentioned started. I had gone to the janitor and obtained the keys to the chemistry room, which, as I expected, was deserted. I switched on the lights and went over to my desk, which looked exactly as I had left it at my last visit. When my desk had been assigned to me I had ordered a special lock and key of very intricate pattern; I mention this fact to show how impossible it was for anyone to gain access to it, and yet someone, or perhaps I had better say something, for the incident was uncanny, to say the least, had been getting in there, for when I opened my desk drawer on that night of which I speak I found lying there on top of a litter of test tubes, beakers, crucibles and other chemistry paraphernalia a full-blown, newly plucked lily. On that first night that I found the Easter lily I passed over the incident, thinking that some one of the day scholars had put it there for the sake of a joke. So I dismissed the matter from my mind and gave myself up to a hard evening's labor.

The next night, however, when I found another lily in my desk I began to get annoyed, for I hardly relished the knowledge that my possessions were being tampered with, and so I took the only course open to put a stop to it; I complained to the college authorities. On the third night I went to the professor of chemistry before entering the chemistry room, and he assured me that not one of his pupils had so much as been near my desk, and yet when I opened the desk there lay a newly plucked lily as before.

It was at this point that my annoyance began to turn into something akin to fear and I determined at all hazards to sift the matter to the bottom and prevent them or it from again putting the lily in my desk. Accordingly, I went out

and procured the heaviest lock and chain I could find; I also purchased a stick of sealing wax. These I put on the drawer, placing the wax in such a manner that it would be impossible for any human agency to gain entrance to the desk without breaking the seal. And yet on my next visit there lay another lily, and, to make matters worse, the lock and seal were intact. I now began to get worried in earnest. As long as I thought the lily got there by human agency I did not worry; but when the supernatural began to play pranks upon me it got upon my nerves. I commenced to see lilies everywhere. Lilies were in my thoughts by day and legions of them pursued me in my dreams.

I was thoroughly convinced by this time that the lilies had gotten in their unusual place by some supernatural means. In fact, it seemed impossible that they could have gotten there in any other way. Acting on this theory, I had visited the spiritualist and engaged him to come and use his powers to solve the mystery.

The night before the professor came I had used every means in my power to make the desk secure, and as a particular precaution had driven a tenpenny nail through the side of the desk and into the drawer, and then carefully covered up the head so that it could not be seen what was keeping the drawer closed.

I reached the laboratory about ten minutes in advance of the professor and found all my locks and seals intact, and yet something told me that there was a lily in that drawer. I determined then and there if the mystery were not solved tonight I would give up my course at the college, for I had not bargained for a course in spiritualism as a side study to my chemistry.

It was not long ere the professor put in his appearance. He examined the exterior of the drawer carefully, and made sure that the lock and seals had not been tampered with. I

think that the good professor was more surprised than he cared to own when, on opening the drawer, he discovered, just as I had warned him, a spotless lily. However, he put on a wise look as though finding lilies in locked and bolted desks were an every-day occurrence.

He hemmed and hawed a few minutes and then drew from under his coat a long, curiously shaped test tube, for he explained that the apparatus used in invoking the spirits must always be congenial to the surroundings. Into this tube the professor put some black powder and on this poured a vial of green liquid. Soon fumes of peculiar color and of a suffocating odor began to fill the laboratory, through which I could indistinctly see the professor making fantastic gestures over the concoction in the test tube.

When he had invoked enough to satisfy any reasonable spirit, he determined to go off on another tack. In the pause that ensued, the silence of the laboratory was broken by a muffled, though very human, giggle, coming, as it seemed, directly out of the floor beneath us. On investigation, the very dirty piece of humanity I dragged from beneath a seat proved to be the janitor's son, who possessed a somewhat warped sense of humor, which he was now giving vent to at our expense.

He confessed that he had placed the relics in the drawer. My desk was joined to the wall, through which it seems, at some previous time, an opening had been cut, from one room to the other, so that the lad had been able to reach through from the other room and place the flower in my desk, thus, doubtless affording himself much amusement, which I must confess I was unable to appreciate.

Needless to say, the professor did not continue his smiling, in fact, he took it as a personal insult, that he had not been allowed to solve the mystery with spiritual assistance.

F. H. Linthicum, '12.

Hiawatha in The Gallery.

Forth upon the crowded trolley,
On the bouncing, jerking trolley,
Down into the theatre district—
To the jammed theatre district—
Hiawatha went to visit,
Went a theatre to visit;
Went to pass a quiet evening,
Went to pass a pleasant evening,
And to see a play, "The Critic,"
See the splendid, scrumptious "Critic."
Bravely Hiawatha witnessed
The enormous crowd that waited,
And they jostled Hiawatha,
Squeezed and jammed poor Hiawatha;
He could not get near the office,
Nowhere near the ticket office,
Where the people crowding thickest,
Shouting out their orders loudly,
Quite bewildered Hiawatha—
Vexed and fretted Hiawatha.
Ever thicker, thicker, thicker
Grew the crowd about our hero;
Ever closer, closer, closer
Grew the atmosphere oppressive.
Still poor Hiawatha waited—
Very patiently he waited
Till the show was nearly over,
Till his wrath was boiling over.
Homeward then he strode in anger—

Strode in deep and darksome anger.
Reached at last his anxious "wifey."
Spake he then in voice of thunder:
"By the nose of Mudjekeewis!
By the beard of old Nokomis!
I will kill the fiery serpents—
The Kenabeck, the great serpents;
I will slay the great Pearl-Feather,
Mighty father of magicians;
But I'll never, no! I'll never
City theatres go visit.
Though they call me Sloangetaha,
Call me Strong-Heart, Mahngotaysee,
Yet I'll never, no! I'll never
City theatres go visit."

Anthony C. Rolfes, '13.



The Reverend W. G. Read Mullan, S. J.

Father Read Mullan, as he was familiarly known, was a native of Baltimore, and an old Loyola student, first seeing the light of day in this city on January 28, 1860, and pursuing his studies at Loyola from 1874 to 1877. At this time he entered the society of which he was destined to be so great an ornament, and was ordained priest by His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons in December, 1890. From this time on Father Mullan occupied high positions at Fordham University, Holy Cross College and Georgetown University, and held the office of President of Boston College for five years.

On August 20, 1907, he was assigned to the Rectorship of Loyola, but was not destined to grace for a long period the office to which his natural inclinations must have drawn him. For six months Fr. Mullan exercised his new duties with a grace, dignity, kindness and sympathy for which he was universally noted. Nor were these the only qualities which marked his incumbency at Loyola. It was easy to see that the hand of a master pilot was at the helm, and his executive ability and progressiveness manifested itself in every department of college activities. We who had the good fortune to be students at Loyola while Fr. Mullan was Rector—we who listened with interest to his lectures in Christian Doctrine will not soon forget his kindly voice, his calm, peaceful countenance, the words of inspiration and counsel which fell from his lips. We deem it a privilege to have been associated for even so short—yes, too short a time—with this “man of men.”

May Fr. Mullan find everlasting rest in that hallowed region to which his noble soul has taken its last journey!

John H. Briscoe, '10.



THE REVEREND W. G. READ MULLAN, S. J.,
President of Loyola,
1907-1908.



Being Good with Kant.

ONE day while Kant, the well-known German philosopher, was taking his "constitutional" over the roads in the vicinity of Konigsberg, he was waylaid by a lunatic who followed him for three miles with the intention of killing him. The gentleman from the madhouse was laboring under the hallucination that it was his duty to kill someone. After some cerebation, however, he finally decided that it would be a pity to kill a poor old professor with so many sins upon his head, and killed an innocent child instead. Now this was, of course, very shocking, but it is not my intention to dwell upon that feature of the story, but to endeavor to find out which one of the madman's alternative acts our friend Kant, to be consistent with his own theories, would have approved as a good act. That would seem to be an easy task, and such it will indeed prove to be, but in a manner entirely different from that anticipated.

Let us accompany our good friend Immanuel Kant through the forests and jungles of Human Being while he seeks to entrap that most elusive beast, the Good Man. Let us see what kind of traps and bait he will use in his attempt to ensnare this rare and curious creature, and what devices he will condemn as useless for obtaining that end. Let us then see what success he will have with the traps and snares which he sets. We are told by our guide, that to catch the Good Man, we must not bait our traps with natural inclinations, because this strange creature will not be enticed by such dainties. He never lets his natural inclinations sway him to action. If he wishes to do his friend a benefit, he smothers those natural feelings of benevolence and brotherly love which arise in his

breast, because if he acted through these motives, his act would lack moral worth. So that kind of bait is useless, and will only cause the Good Man to scamper away, once he gets a whiff of it. "It is a duty," Herr Kant tells us, "to maintain one's life; and in addition, every one has also a direct inclination to do so. But on this account the often anxious care which most men take for it has no intrinsic worth. * * * To be beneficent when we can is a duty, and besides this, there are many minds so sympathetically constituted that, without any other motive of vanity or self-interest, they find a pleasure in spreading joy around them, and can take delight in the satisfaction of others, so far as it is their own work. But I maintain that in such a case an action of this kind, however proper, however amiable it may be, has nevertheless no true moral worth." Our guide also warns us against baiting our snares with an incentive to act because of the influence of any will but the will of the Good Man himself. He tells us that we will not even catch sight of the Good Man if we do that. No, we must lure on this curious beast by baiting our traps with the impulse to act under the influence of its own will alone; that is, the impulse to act from duty. This is the only way, we are told, by which we can ever hope to catch a glimpse of that rare and curious creature, the Good Man. Our guide informs us that the only bait at which the Good Man will not turn up its nose, if it has such a thing, is this dainty tid-bit: "Act only on that maxim [principle] whereby thou cans't at the same time will that it should become a universal law." This sounds very well indeed, and we prepare to follow our guide into the tall timber of Everyday Life Forest and watch him catch a Good Man with this wonderfully tempting bait. But just as we are all anticipation, our hopes are rudely shattered by the announcement that although this is the only right kind of bait to use, still it is utterly useless to attempt to catch a Good Man, as one has never been known to even nibble at

this bait. We listen in open-mouthed astonishment while our guide, in whom we are now losing faith rapidly, gives vent to these remarkable words: "If we attend to the experience of men's conduct, we meet frequent and, as we sometimes allow, just complaints that we cannot find a single certain example of the disposition to act from duty. * * * In fact, it is absolutely impossible to make out by experience with complete certainty a single case in which the maxim [principle] of an action, however right in itself, rested simply on moral grounds and on the conception of duty." Truly astounding words! Then farewell, Good Man, whom, according to Herr Kant, we have never seen and never shall see!

From what has been said it may easily be seen which of the lunatic's acts our friend Kant, to be consistent with his own teachings, should praise, and which he should blame. He should heap all sorts of execrations upon the madman's head, (i. e., considering him responsible for his action) or at least treat him with silent contempt, for having abandoned his attempt upon Kant's life, because his motive for doing so was a personal motive of pity, and hence the action was not moral. On the other hand, he must, to be consistent again, give all praise to the lunatic for his action in killing the child, because this action, however misguided it was in our eyes, was prompted by a sense of duty, and hence was moral. Oh wondrous system of philosophy! And to think that such nonsensical theories can be held and taught as extensively as they are today in our colleges and universities! O tempora! and also and especially O mores!

How so? Thus: According to Herr Kant, if the lunatic could, without practical contradiction, will every other lunatic to kill one innocent person, his will would become an universal law. There is no difficulty about the lunatic having such a will. He need not remain innocent himself and so could escape death. Other lunatics might also avoid innocence, if they thought life worth living.

J. H. T. Briscoe, '10.

Mulier.

IT was a bright summer evening as I sat on the broad veranda looking out over the Shenandoah Valley. Aunt Ruth had been telling me some of her experiences during the Civil War—stories of which I never grew tired. As I sat there, watching the glories of a beautiful sunset, I could not help thinking that the scene before me, which was now so peaceful and quiet, had been the battleground of many of the fiercest struggles of the Civil War, that the fields which stretched for miles and miles, now a veritable fairy land, had drunk the blood of countless heroes. It was hallowed ground, “doubly hallowed by the fallen heroes who wore the Gray and by those who wore the Blue, sacred to all of us, rich with memories that make us purer and stronger and better, silent but staunch witnesses of the matchless valor of American hearts and the deathless glory of American arms.”

But as I turned and my eyes fell upon the stately form of Aunt Ruth with her snow-white hair and beautiful, kind old face, lit up with the rays of the setting sun, I felt that I was in the presence of a living heroine, greater by far than the bravest hero who ever went forth upon a field of battle. (I could not help thinking, as I gazed upon her as she sat beside me quietly knitting, a picture that would have been the envy of any painter, that she was indeed an ideal heroine.)

Numberless volumes have glorified the heroes of history. Numberless tongues have uttered the praises of patriots like Alexander, Cæsar, Napoleon and Washington. The soldiers of the Civil War are the theme of historians and poets of the present day. But what praise is given to her, this unknown heroine of the Lost Cause? What place is allotted

to her in the pages of history? The world indeed knows little of her, of her hardships, her trials and privations, her undying love and unselfish devotion to the land of her childhood.

Yet at the very outbreak of the war, when her country called the men to arms, it was she who gave up without a murmur all that was most dear to her. She encouraged her husband, her sons and her brothers in their determination to fight for their rights. Without a sign of that inward fear and terror that was tearing at her very heart-strings, she sent them to the field of battle.

While the armies of the North and South were waging one of the bloodiest wars that has ever been fought on land or sea, she too was laboring incessantly. She gave all that she possessed to the Confederate States. Under the burning rays of the midday sun, she tilled the field. The loom and the needle she kept busy day and night. Her own home she turned into a hospital, and with all the tenderness and love of a mother, she nursed the sick, the wounded and the dying soldiers of the North as well as the South. She defended, even at the risk of her life, the soldier in Gray and stood silently, yet with a breaking heart, as the enemy burned and destroyed her home.

Imagine, then, if you can, the intense suffering and the heroic, self-sacrificing patriotism of this daughter of the South. Imagine her grief as she saw her dear ones go off to battle. As month upon month passed by, think how her sufferings grew infinitely greater. Where were those she loved dearer than life? Perhaps they had been cut down in the heat of battle and amid the roar of the cannon, and their bones lay bleaching on the field. Silence, oblivion, like the waves, had passed over them and no one could tell the story of their end. What prayers were offered up at the deserted fireside! How often did she, the mother, the wife, the sister, pore over the

daily news to catch some slight knowledge of her soldier in Gray! "How did expectation darken into anxiety—anxiety into dread—dread into despair!"

And when at last the martial music was silent, and the conquered banner furled, the soldier who has survived those long years of carnage and bloodshed returns to find smoldering ruins marking the spot where his home had stood. "Think of him as ragged, half-starved, heavy-hearted, enfeebled by want and wounds, having fought to exhaustion, he surrenders his gun, wrings the hand of his comrades in silence, and lifting his tear-stained and pallid face to the graves that dot the old Virginia fields, pulls his gray cap over his brow and begins his slow and painful journey." But she, with joyful tears, is waiting to welcome him in his sorrow and assist him in his toils. Surely God, Who had stripped her of her prosperity, inspired her in her adversity.

She has endured, without a murmur, untold sufferings and many a time she has risked her life—all this and more has she done for her native land. Surely she is a patriot of patriots—an ideal heroine.

All this has she done without the faintest hope or desire of praise and glory and without reward, for there was none to give, except the love of those for whom she suffered and the satisfaction of knowing that she had done all in her power for those she loved so well.

But a summons to dinner awakened me from my reverie. I assisted dear old Aunt Ruth to rise, and helped her into the house. As we walked quietly to dinner, I thought that all this was but a life history of only one of those loyal daughters of the Confederacy, and that she was but one of the countless women who had proved themselves true heroines in the Army of the South, and I breathed a silent prayer that the God of Battles, Who directs all things aright, might reward her.

V. J. Brown, Jr., '10.

Fifty Years Afterwards.

(The Year's Literary Jubilarians.)

IN studying the biographies of great men we cannot but be impressed by a strange fact; only one was great at his birth, and He was the God man. Others have risen to glory, have attained success and have been honored at death, but in vain do we search for those who were personally famous at the time of their birth.

And so it is that on the fiftieth anniversary of their deaths, when the world about us is so much occupied in commercial pursuits and when the dignity of literature seems to be giving place to scientific hypotheses, that we are summoned from the din of the busy day to pay homage to men whose memories have withstood the test of time. Men and nations have risen, have fallen and are heard of no more. Many have done great deeds during life, and the course of time has erased their names from human minds. But Macaulay and Leigh Hunt, Prescott and Irving have reared for themselves monuments which the flight of years seems not to have defaced. They have lived, they have died, and they live again, not only in their own works, but in the memory of the people. Even now, fifty years since their deaths, we are called upon to pay tribute to them who in spirit are still among us: Macaulay, the essayist and historian, whose works portray the wide, if not accurate, learning and classic style of the author; Leigh Hunt, whose essays and poems show forth the writer as a man of uncommon talent; Prescott, the historian, and Irving, whose easy and flowing style characterizes his writings with that clearness so essential to all forms of literature.

Edward J. Hanrahan, '12.

Macaulay

IN the first part of the nineteenth century there was no author whose works caused such widespread enthusiasm and popularity as those of Macaulay. He is often given the title "historian," which was first attributed to him when his great work, "The History of England," was published. Undoubtedly the work is a worthy one, but it is not worthy the name history. Throughout the author gave way to his great weakness, the sacrificing of truth for beauty. In this, as in all his works, he shows his love for action, and this love caused him to exaggerate greatly when speaking of various historical personages. The fascinating style and the movement shown throughout the work have made it a marked success, but it is universally admitted to have but little value as a history. The following is an old-time criticism given by the Blackwood Magazine: "Everybody reads—everybody admires—but nobody believes in Mr. Macaulay. This, which is perhaps the most brilliant of all histories, seems about the least reliable of any."

Macaulay's essays, as his history, sprang into wonderful prominence from their first appearance. In these we find that which is severely scored by many critics—"commonplaceness of ideas, cheapness of sentiment and imagery." But doubt that they would succeed was never entertained, for besides his fascinating style and the action and movement contained in all his writing, Macaulay in his essays achieved much by his frequent allusions to the great personages and events of history. "His essays are as good as a library."

As a poet Macaulay's fame is not great, and the best critics have spoken against him. But regardless of all adverse criticism we must admit that they have that strange, fascinating, compelling power which all his writings contain and which has given them such popularity. Miss Elizabeth Browning

wrote in her letters, "I very much admire Mr. Macaulay and could scarcely read his ballads and keep lying down. They seemed to draw me up to my feet, as the mesmeric powers are said to do." Such testimony from so capable a critic is to be highly valued.

Joseph T. Hanlon, '12.

Leigh Hunt.

IN the literary world Leigh Hunt is regarded as one of the most delightful of the English essayists and poets. His works won him popularity, and as a consequence he gained admittance into the highest literary circles of the English world. His acquaintances, such as Keats and Shelley, were the most eminent literati of his time. And these did much to assist him in his occupation.

Perhaps his greatest work is the "Story of Rimine." The literary excellences that pervade this poem had produced a great effect. The secret of his success consisted in the exquisiteness of his taste. Throughout this precious gem of literature prevails a free, cheerful, animated spirit, though the subject itself is of a tragic nature. His poetry is said to possess "brightness, animation, artistic symmetry and metrical harmony which left the author out of the rank of minor poets." In his literary career he was very active, and produced many other compositions of the highest value. His success was greatly augmented by the volumes he put forth in his later years. Perhaps the best among them are the companion books, "Imagination and Fancy" and "Wit and Humor." Then also there are the narrative poems called "Stories in Verse." In these he manifests a great pictorial faculty, bringing to light beauties unexpected by the reader.

In general, all his writings are splendid and afford much

pleasure, though on subjects of little or no importance. It is a relief to read him after burdening the mind with heavy subject-matter. His works are written in a light vein, "gaiety and sprightliness of manners producing immediate fascination and intoxication in those who come in contact with him." But a very captivating effect that stands out prominently in all his writings, is the manifestation of that noble nature of his. In all places, we find him full of kindness, love, and gentleness. He never shows any evidence of regret for his misfortunes. This trait, we believe, was greatly the cause of his success.

F. F. Rose, '12.

Prescott.

THERE have been few authors who were forced to struggle against so many and so great difficulties as Prescott. Before leaving college he met with an accident which resulted in the loss of an eye. This defect would seem to be a sufficient reason to prevent the historian from entering upon a literary career, especially since his paternal estate could easily afford him a comfortable living; but it was not sufficient for Prescott. His aim was, "To follow knowledge like a sinking star, beyond the utmost bound of human thought," and win for himself a place among the immortal authors, poets and statesmen.

As an historian, Prescott ranks among the first of his country. He wrote a history not according to his own convictions, religious feelings, or sympathies, not to court the friendships or favors of the people, but one proven by facts, well-founded documents. Throughout his works reliability seems to be the predominant feature. He knew that truthfulness was the only path to permanent success and this he pursued with untiring energy.

Many historians, owing to untruthfulness and prejudice, have failed to reach the fame which they might otherwise have attained. They proved themselves traitors to the confidence placed in them, by trying to veil over with beauty of style a corrupt and biased work.

Prescott, throughout his historical productions, presents his characters with excellent taste and skill while his descriptions are vivid and picturesque. His "Conquest of Mexico" reads more like a novel than a history. Cortes, the principal character, is so portrayed that you can imagine him standing before you as a bold and resolute character. His description of the "Melancholy Night" is one of the most striking pieces of tragedy ever rendered by the pen of man. The scenes of conflict are horrifying. You are brought to view a struggle between a civilized and a barbarous people, the wild cries of despair of the former mingling with the savage shrieks of the latter renders it a scene not easily forgotten. This work was sufficient to make Prescott's fame immortal, but all his other works were received with equal admiration by everyone who loved literature.

So Prescott's fame grew with his works until he reached a point of excellence which gave him a great name. He had contemplated many other great works, but his sudden death closed a literary career which left to the world an invaluable legacy of historical literature.

John J. Bowens, '12.

Irving.

IT is high praise to say, without affectation, that a man "was exquisite in all things, a mirror of loyalty, courtesy and good taste in all his literary connections, and exemplary in all the relations of domestic life which he was

called upon to assume." This was said of Washington Irving, and with truth. He was truly one of the greatest ornaments of American literature, to whom all our countrymen can turn with gratitude as having planted the first seeds of a distinctive national style.

Irving is always genial, his satire unites with gentleness, his sallies are frequent; there is never any bitterness to repel the reader, but a charming combination of seriousness and good humor. Nothing is more varied than his subjects and scenery. The driest material in his hands becomes attractive pictures or stories. We feel his delight in what he portrays. The creatures of his brain are real to him, his eyes seem resting on what he describes, so precise, so marvellous is his command of English.

There is an undercurrent of poetry in his works, that flows through his prose sincere and beautiful. At times the fancies are rich and sparkling, again calm and subdued, great and simple sentiments join and fascinate us with their grandeur and sweetness. The same poetic feeling runs through his biographies. He leaves to the historian the task of investigation and research, while he draws his characters from the picturesque and romantic. But so faultless is the style, if the records are not strictly in accord with history, that they will be read and enjoyed much longer.

From his twenty-year sleep, the meek, good-natured Rip Van Winkle awoke, desolate, unknown and forgotten. The gentle, refined Irving has been sleeping fifty years, but the creations of his genius will live and be cherished for ages.

J. F. Russell, Jr., '12.

Shipwrecked on Land.

FOR three long days and nights we had been buffeted by the worst gale I have ever experienced. Now there came a lull in the storm—an ominous quiet—then a peculiar change in the sea. The billows which the ship had ridden so nobly now changed to a short sea, choppy waves succeeding the heavy swells. The ship would lurch—stop—then lurch again, until it seemed she must part her cables. Suddenly there was an unearthly shriek, a dull grinding sound of breaking chains, then with a deathlike tremble the vessel parted amidships.

My companion, Tom Brown, had already leaped from the deck for safety. I hesitated a moment before following him, and thereby nearly lost my life. I saw that the sinking vessel was forming a suction, and swam with the strength of despair. The swirling whirlpool was gaining upon me. At last it clutched my feet. Now it was at my knees, now my body. At this point I lost consciousness. When I regained my faculties it was to find myself in the arms of Tom aboard a rude raft. We drifted about for two or three days suffering the most excruciating tortures of hunger and thirst. However, Providence was kind to us, and after another day of untold miseries we were thrown ashore.

We fell into a state of lethargy, brought on by mental terror and physical suffering. On coming to we found that we were bound hand and foot and were surrounded by a band of grinning savages. They fed us well, and under our new diet we began to grow very stout.

One day I saw Tom led toward a great fire around which the natives danced and chanted wierd dirges. My worst

fears were realized. Tom was to be roasted; we were on the island of man-eating cannibals.

The following day I was led toward a great fire built in the same place. A huge caldron of boiling water hung over it. My time was at hand and I was to be boiled alive. Two natives seized me. I felt myself poised in the air for an instant. I was let fall, but not into the seething caldron. With a severe jolt I struck terra firma. I turned and saw my executioners dead at my feet, the natives fleeing in every direction, yelling, "Kiluashai! Kiluashi!" These words I afterwards I afterwards learned meant "White slayers."

Suddenly I heard a sharp command in my own tongue, "This way! quick! to shelter!" In my blind haste I rushed into the arms of my deliverers, who were none other than my old fellow students at college, "Pat" Gibbon and "Tick" Rogers.

We hastened to a secret cave which they had built, and which contained all the comforts American ingenuity could devise. My first words were to inquire by what fate we met.

"We were in search of the life-giving radium of today," replied "Tick," "which this island is said to abound in. "Pat" and I set out on an expedition of our own. We had been absent for three days, and the crew, having become despondent at the failure which attended their undertaking, and alarmed at our absence, immediately set sail. This is how we came to be here. We were stranded."

"And how did you come to save me?" I asked.

"We were out in search of food and noticed the peculiar actions of the natives. Curiosity drew us near. The rest you know yourself."

"Weren't you afraid of the natives?" I again asked.

"No," said Rogers, laughing heartily, "that was a little joke of our own. You see our food supply at the cave ran low

and once or twice we ventured out, but as soon as the natives spied us they gave chase. After this 'Pat' and I put our heads together and thought out a plan by which we might frighten these monsters. We extracted ball and powder from the shells and filled them with radium. Its success you have seen; the secret I will tell you later."

But this was not to be. The savages had discovered our hiding place, and fearing to lay hands upon the "Kiluashai," determined to kill them in their cave. There was a loud chattering overhead, then there was a trembling of the earth—a muffled sound—then tons upon tons of earth filled the excavated passages. The natives had overpowered the great "Kiluashai," and I was buried alive.

There was a feeling as if a great weight were upon my chest, and were crushing the life from me. I tried to scream. My parched lips opened and closed again without a sound. My breath was coming in short, convulsive gasps. My temples throbbed like a trip-hammer. Now my head seemed to expand till it would burst. Then all began to fade in oblivion. I was losing consciousness. With this thought I pulled myself together with a superhuman effort and uttered a shriek so piercing that I came to and found myself lost in the windings of my bedsheet upon the floor, the electric light shining in my eyes, and the bedsheet wrapped tightly around my neck.

That day was my first day aboard a ship for years and I still felt the rolling motion in my sleep. The jolt I felt upon being dropped by the savages was nothing more than my fall out of bed; the radium, my electric lights (perdition take them), and the suffocation was caused by the bedsheet.

It was only another dream; that's all.

J. A. Carey, '13.

Come up Smiling.

WHAT is a smile? Have you ever considered how easy it is to smile on some occasions, how difficult on others? Have you ever thought what a smile can express—how little, and then again how much? The smiles of some people amount to little or nothing; the smile of others is almost a virtue. The smiles of pleasure, of pity, of scorn, all fade into insignificance when compared to the smile of the man in adversity.

It is no hard matter for a person to smile when surrounded by luxuries and pleasure or in a moment of victory, but the task is difficult, if weighed down with business cares, when failure comes upon you or when defeat is your lot. It is at such times a man's real worth is seen. Is he ready to give up his fight and cower before his adversary or does he summon up new life and "come up smiling?"

Such a smile is without equal. It is not the weak smile of pleasure, but the great smile of true manhood and courage, a courage undaunted by setbacks and troubles, a courage which ever urges on. The man with such a smile is striving for success and nothing can halt him in his advance. Again and again he may be downed, but every time he will arise and continue his steady march towards the great goal—success.

The power of this smile is wonderful; the good it affects incalculable. Its very presence in a downhearted, defeated group arouses new spirit and provides a stimulus to begin again, to fight against all odds, to gain success. The person with this great gift, the power to smile in danger and defeat, is marked as a leader of men—a ruling power—and it all lies in the fact that he can "come up smiling."

Joseph T. Hanlon, '12.

The Carnations.

(A Contribution from the President of the Alumni.)

LITTLE Margery Linden was passionately fond of carnations—of red carnations above all. She admired the white carnations, and the dark purple, and still more the pink; but for the red carnations she had an almost ecstatic liking—one that she could not have defined herself. All she knew was that she felt a sort of thrill in seeing the beautiful red flower, so gay and brilliant, so much enjoying its life, so fragrant, and, with a little attention, living so long. Margery liked roses, too, and many other red flowers, as well as those that were not red; but for none had she the admiration and affection which she bestowed upon the carnation.

In the month of May Margery attended the devotions to the Blessed Virgin at St. Ignatius and noted with particular interest the flowers on the altar. There were many kinds of flowers from day to day—proud roses, red and white—graceful lilies sometimes—and early, old fashioned flowers of the awakening gardens—but never carnations. Margery thought to herself that Our Blessed Lady would like to see there so beautiful and sweet a flower as the red carnation. But where was the nosegay of carnations to come from?

Margery thought of the carnations often during the day and dreamed of them sometimes at night. As she walked home from school she would sometimes stop in front of the windows of the florists and gaze with pleasure upon the flowers there. When she saw carnations her heart thrilled within her—so much lovelier than those in the markets or sold by the wandering dealers along the shopping streets.

Margery's distress at seeing Our Blessed Lady thus neglected was so great that one afternoon before the May devotions began she went to the altar of St. Joseph, and, kneeling before his statue, in the shadow of his kindly face, she offered up a petition. She asked St. Joseph to bring her red carnations for the Blessed Virgin's altar. Then, much comforted, and sure that her prayer would be answered favorably, she went away.

As soon as she reached home she went to her mother and said: "Mamma, I should so much like to have a bunch of red carnations for Our Lady's altar at St. Ignatius. This is the month of May, and although she has had many flowers, no one has yet thought to bring her carnations."

Margery's mother looked at her in surprise.

"My dear Margery, don't you know that carnations are now among the most expensive flowers? There was a time—I remember it well—I was a little girl like you—when for five cents I could have bought an apron full. But it is not so at present. Carnations are sold by the florists at ten cents apiece or a dozen for a dollar. I could not think of paying so much."

Margery's heart sank; there was no hope—at least, from mamma. She still had confidence, however, in St. Joseph.

Mamma continued: "There is not time to talk about flowers now, dear Margery; for I have a great piece of news for you. Your Aunt Beatrice is coming this evening and will spend the night with us."

Aunt Beatrice! Margery had seen her only once; but remembered her well. Many times in the family circle were they accustomed to speak of Aunt Beatrice Gray, who, although a widow, was young and handsome and wonderfully rich. She was, in fact, mamma's youngest sister and lived in splendor in a hotel in New York.

"She is coming for one night only," continued mamma.

“A gentleman from New Orleans is to meet her here and they are to go to the opera. He is very wealthy, too, and they do say, Margery, that your Aunt Beatrice may marry again.”

Margery heard this without fully comprehending its import; marriages to her were not very different from baptisms and even deaths; they were ceremonies, and people were often a good deal excited over them and usually there were flowers.

Flowers were in Margery's mind—carnations, in fact; red carnations; she could scarcely think of anything else, so hopeful was she that red carnations would come to her before the end of May for the altar of Our Lady.

Aunt Beatrice arrived the next afternoon—a little late—just in time for dinner, in fact. She was youthful, tall and handsome, and greeted Margery with a kiss. Margery had never seen anyone quite so young and beautiful.

Toward 8 o'clock one of the servants came to tell Margery that her aunt and the gentleman from New Orleans were leaving for the opera; the auto, with its great yellow eyes, was panting impatiently at the door. So Margery ran down and saw her aunt in the act of departing. She wore a wonderful gown and an opera cloak; but what interested Margery most was to see at her waist an enormous bouquet of flowers—red carnations!

Their scent—so sweet, so warm, so spicy, so clove-like—filled the hallway and the drawing room. In the light of the great hall lamp they were gorgeous. Margery's heart stood still; it seemed almost as if the odor of the glowing, lovely flowers, so loved by her, would take away her breath.

Aunt Beatrice, leaving a trail of fragrance behind her, disappeared, and Margery went up stairs again, and that night she dreamed of nothing but carnations—red carnations.

Next day in school Margery could hardly fix her mind upon her lessons for the memory of the flowers. When she re-

turned home in the afternoon she found the whole family seated in the big drawing room; Aunt Beatrice was about to leave.

Margery was summoned to bid her good bye, and she went in with hesitation and embarrassment. There was her aunt seated by the marble centre table, attired for traveling, and around her all the admiring members of the family. It was a beautiful room—old furniture richly upholstered, costly oil paintings, a lovely carpet; but what instantly attracted the gaze of Margery—fascinated it—was the bouquet of red carnations in a cut-glass vase on the marble table—the same Aunt Beatrice had worn the evening before. Of all the carnations Margery had ever seen they were the most odorous, the most beautiful.

They could be seen now well in the daylight. They lifted their crimson heads proudly, casting a shadow deep into the white marble, and around them, embracing their long stems, were leaves of green. Over the top of the cut-glass vase, with its glittering facets, they seemed to blaze.

“My dear,” said Aunt Beatrice, in a sweet, rather dragging voice, “kiss me, as I am about to go. And before I go, as I may not see you again for some time, I wish to give you something to remember me by—a present. There must be something that you wish above everything else—something you have often thought you would like to possess, but have not had the money to buy—tell me what it is and you shall have it.”

Margery's mother was looking at her with an expectant smile; they had often talked together of a necklace of real pearls, such as would be most becoming to the little girl. Margery trembled, and, frightened by her mother's eager look, she turned toward her father. He, too, was smiling; but in the smile there was something of warning and reproof that

terrified her still more; for he seemed to be saying: "Now is your last opportunity—make no mistake." He had often said to her that she should have a watch and that he intended to buy her one some day, when times were better. His intense gaze almost hypnotized Margery and she might have said: "A gold watch," had she not turned her head away and looked upon her grandmother, whose countenance, beneath her false hair, although it wore a smile, too, looked grim and menacing. Grandma had often said that what Margery needed most was a gold bracelet; should she fail now to take advantage of the chance that fate had so graciously provided?

Margery, from her agitated dream was recalled by the voice of Aunt Beatrice.

"Come, speak, Margery—tell me what you wish. Do not be afraid of asking too much. My darling, I will give you willingly whatever you may choose."

The glow of the flowers drew Margery's eyes away with an irresistible force; there they were—so crimson, so beautiful and, as it seemed to her, so happy in their glorious and brief lives; everything in them, joyous and exquisite, culminating now. Their delicious, heavy fragrance, speaking of spice islands far away, filled the room.

"Tell me, Margery—do not be afraid," said Aunt Beatrice, her soft voice again breaking the stillness.

"The flowers, dear aunt! The carnations! Please give them to me," cried Beatrice, and excitedly, nervously, pointed her fingers to the vase.

"The carnations!" repeated Aunt Beatrice, surprised.

Margery's mother stared in astonishment, as if she could not believe her hearing. Was her little girl out of her mind? Her father's features were terribly contracted; upon his brow stood thunder. As for grandma, she nodded her head, causing her fringe to twist awry, and exclaimed aghast: "Carnations!"

“I wish the carnations, dear aunt,” she said, in a trembling voice and almost in tears. “The bunch of carnations! Only that.”

Her small hands were clasped and she spoke with entreaty. Aunt Beatrice seemed puzzled; but, after a minute, smiling, she said:

“Of course if you wish the carnations they are yours, dear Margery; but I am sorry that you have not asked for something else. I should so like to give you a really handsome present—one worth keeping—to remember me by.”

“The carnations, dear Aunt Beatrice. I wish nothing else. If you say I may take them I shall be happy,” said Margery, advancing eagerly toward the table.

Her aunt nodded, smiling while the others sat in consternation and bewilderment. In a moment Margery had picked up the flowers, taking them in her arms, wet as their stems were, and had rushed to her aunt to kiss her good bye. Then Margery ran from the room and out of the house.

Breathlessly she ran to St. Ignatius' Church and met the Brother at the door. He greeted her with a smile of surprise.

“What lovely carnations,” he said.

“Yes, for Our Lady's altar. Please place them there immediately. I must see how they look. Please, I am so anxious.”

He took them, wondering at her excitement and haste, and Margery hurried into the church. In a few minutes she saw him come from the sacristy with the flowers in his hand, and around the stems he had tied a creamy satin ribbon.

He placed the carnations upon Our Lady's altar at the feet of the tall and graceful marble statue, so cold and immaculately white. There were other flowers there; but none like these. They seemed to bathe the whole altar in a rosy light.

Margery knelt for some minutes in rapt admiration. Then she rose and crossed over to the altar of St. Joseph on the other side, and, kneeling there, thanked him.

Walter E. McCann, A. M., '92.

Triolet.

Bells have rung;
Late again!
Excuse? Ha! stung!
Bells have rung;
Jug-a-rum?
Social men!
Belles have wrung;
Late again..

Edwin B. Kelly, '10.



PREFECT OF STUDIES.

BOYISH LITERARY ACTIVITY AND AMBITION AT LOYOLA OVER 50 YEARS AGO.

In this little "novel" some of the students are referred to in a veiled way. It seems to have been done by the writer outside of class on his own account altogether.

J. J. R.

Macimino.

Chapter I.

Castle Belvidera, the estate of Baron Macimino, was a noble and ancient old stronghold in one of the countries or provinces of Germany that are in the vicinity of the famous Hartz Mountains and Forest. It was situated almost on the verge of the forest, and the first range of hills which helped to form the grand mountains was but a few miles from the castle. No less than four monarchs had declared Belvidera to be the best fortified place of their country, and on rebellious occasions, or in times of warfare, they had made it their stronghold and temporary residence. At the present time, it was in an unsafe condition in many places, but it had stood for two centuries and had often been battered by intruders, hence it is not to be wondered that it was going to ruins. Its dark old walls, however, gave it a reverential look, and its antique gables, its iron-barred windows, its heavy turrets and battlements and its nail-studded doors were well calculated to impress the mind of the beholder with admiration, surprise and reverence. A drawbridge which was once movable, but had now grown stationary for want of usage, was in front of the main gate, and overarched a moat which was now dry and becovered with weeds and noxious plants. At

the southern end of the castle a gracefully planned garden was situated, and its marble terraces and well-leveled parterres added to the external beauty of the castle. Its interior it would require a more experienced hand to describe, therefore let it suffice to say that it resembled most castles of the 11th and 12th centuries, and abounded with trap-doors, donjon-keeps, secret panels, &c., &c., &c.

The Baron had been absent on the First Crusade, and at the time our tale opens he was expected to return to his home, therefore everyone within and around the castle was awaiting with expectation the arrival of his liege and protector. It was a beautiful summer evening—the sun had just sunk to rest beneath his golden coverlets, and in the east the modest moon peeped blushing forth from the dusky twilight sky. The birds were singing their evening song, the dew was beginning to shed its gentle showers, and everything combined to make it a beautiful and cheerful evening. The Lady Macimino was seated at the topmost window of the main tower, from which point there was a view of the surrounding country. By her side was seated a sweet young girl of some seventeen summers, and at her feet a little boy of about seven years was playfully singing and amusing himself with some toy.

“Mamma,” said he, suddenly starting, “is not that a horn I heard just now?”

“Nay, nay, child; ’twas but some fancied sound you heard.”

“No; I’m certain I heard some music. Didn’t you, sister? Hush! Listen!”

“The child is right,” ejaculated both, and instantly the mother seized the child, and in utter astonishment at such proceedings he was born off and found himself at the great gate, his mother and sister beside him. We will not describe the salutations that passed, for they are so often told and are

all of the same tone, that is unnecessary. The peasants from the surrounding country and the neighboring village, the old servants and attendants of the castle and all their offspring and relations—all were there ready to greet their lord's return. Their lord, though, was too fatigued to answer all their greetings and hailings, and, anxious to be retired and alone, he entered his mansion, but before doing so he ordered the majordomo to proclaim that "tomorrow he would give a fete to his subjects which should last from sunrise till sunset, and that he would at the latter part of the day return their greetings, and also that for those who lived a distance from the castle there were ample accommodations within." This proclamation was hailed with joy, and accordingly the castle and vicinity were in a great bustle till near midnight, when all retired to obtain rest and be strengthened for the festival of the following day.

Chapter II.

In order to get into the plot of the tale at once, to relieve the reader from the weariness of long descriptions, and, in fact, in order to be brief, we shall skip over the fete day with all its joy, gaiety, fun, mischief and frolic in general and tell of what followed thereafter. The festival did not break up till late at night, for within the castle the ball was kept in motion long after the outsiders had gone. It was eleven o'clock when all was silent in the castle, and the Baron was about retiring to his chamber, when he heard a noise outside of the gate. He listened attentively, and at last determined to himself that it was some poor peasant who had been left behind and wished admission. He called for an attendant, but received no answer, for everyone, including the majordomo himself, had been filling with wine all day and therefore they were too fast asleep to be easily

awoke. Not wishing to arouse the whole castle, he therefore resolved to unbar the doors and gate himself and admit the wanderer. Seizing a stout sword, he cautiously proceeded to the main hall and after unbarring three massive doors he was at last at the gate. He still heard the noise, and could not account for it, as it now seemed to be further from the castle. The light of the moon was sufficient to show him a figure about a hundred yards distant from the gate, who was stealthily gliding along, and in whose hand there was a lamp enclosed in glass, somewhat resembling a dark-lantern. The Baron determined to follow the figure, and slamming heavily the iron gate, he hastily walked on. At the noise of the gate shutting the figure stopped and the rays of the light shown full and ghastly on the form of the Baron. A queer and indescribable feeling crept over him. What was it that made him so anxious to follow the figure? What so suddenly prompted him to leave his castle to follow a solitary figure? What was that figure, and what did it there at such an hour?

Such thoughts and queries arose in the Baron's mind as he still mechanically and almost unconsciously followed the figure, and before he was aware of it he was within a few feet of it. He steadily grasped his sword, and boldly demanded of the figure what was his duty at that hour. No answer came from the figure (which in our haste we forgot to mention was attired in a peasant's garb and resembled the face of one of the attendants of the castle) and the Baron, enraged at what he deemed villainy, rushed at it with his sword and struck against its breast, which was of iron.

"Ha! ha! ha! ho! ho! ho!" wildly yelled the figure. "Look ye, man; see!" and in an instant the peasant's garb fell off him and he stood, a hairy and shaggy creature, with a covering plate of iron from his neck to his knees.

The Baron gazed with amazement, and although greatly astonished remained unnerved, and again asked of the figure who or what he was.

“Worm,” answered the demon, for such it was, “I am the lord of the Hartz Mountains and Forests, and am come here to seize your soul and body and never release it till thou hast done what I wish. Dost thou hear me?”

“Ay! and will answer thee,” said the Baron, and again he made a thrust at the figure; his sword struck against the iron plate and was shattered into pieces. “That is thine answer, eh?” said the demon with a sneer. “A good one, indeed, for by it you made yourself armless and are now within my power. Come, though; I will not tarry. I have to ask of thee a request which if thou dost not comply with hell fire shall burn thee. Make up thy mind to answer. See!” And so saying he drew from beneath his iron breastplate, which his hand parted as though it were cloth, a small charm in the shape of a heart—black, crusty and as hard as adamant. “Take this and wear it. That is my request. I have asked many knights around this country to wear it. All refused and are now either dead, or live in castles which decay rapidly and will soon overwhelm them. Wilt thou wear it or not? Till tomorrow night I give thee to answer. Go now back to thy castle!”

The Baron proceeded to obey, but was again stopped by the demon. “Mortal!” cried he; “tomorrow at midnight I will meet thee here. Come, or if not, beware!”

The last word thrilled through the Baron’s heart, and with a mind almost driven mad he returned to his castle.

Chapter III.

The following day the Baron’s uneasiness and mental anxiety were visible to his family, but they, thinking he was yet

unrecovered from the fatigue of traveling and his festival celebrating, attributed it to that and thus he was unharassed by any questions from anyone. His family as usual retired before he did, hence he was not worried on that point either. At eleven o'clock he ordered ten of the best men in the castle to be ready to accompany him to the Forest, not mentioning his cause for so doing. They through necessity followed him in a few moments, and when they were all too eager to refrain from asking questions, and just as they were on the point of asking the cause of their march the Baron halted, and in a moment's time the demon form arose from the earth, bearing the same light and arrayed the same as the preceding night. The men all instantly plunged their swords at the form, but seeing their weapons shattered and broken, they rushed away with hearts full with terror. "Cowards!" muttered the Baron. "Why did ye not"—

"Blame them not," interrupted the demon, "they have all seen me before this. Come, let's to work at once. Have you decided what to do?"

"Ay!" answered the Baron, "I shall never wear thy infernal charm on the same body that has braved thousands of Turks and infidels, fighting for thy cause."

"Nay!" sneered the demon. "Think! reflect! Ho! I am not again to be foiled. Here, wear it."

And instantly the Baron felt the cold touch of the charm next to his heart, where the demon in his power had placed it.

"Touch it not. Do not take it off," yelled the demon as he saw the Baron struggling to rid himself of the horrid charm. "Mortal! Dost thou remember Waldermein? He was lost by my power because he attempted to rid himself of my charm. I once haunted the tarn of Gobollo, and in the slimy waters the form of Waldermein now lies. He is an example of my wrath. Beware lest thou mightst share

a worse fate. I have fairly warned thee; go now, but touch not, dare not to move the charm. Depart!" A yell, a mumbling noise, a sound as of chains clanking, and the demon was gone! Macimino sadly betook himself to his castle, and there beheld the ten men awaiting him. Each one wished to tell him something of the demon, but he tarried not to listen, and throwing himself on the nearest couch he was soon in a deep sleep. He awoke in the morning at an early hour, and again dissembling fatigue from traveling he was unnoticed by his family. Immediately after his breakfast, Tomoso, a young and handsome attendant at the castle, desired to see him. The Baron had an interview with him, which resulted in Tomoso's giving to him a long account of the demon, and at the same time a beautiful little charm in the shape of a glass slipper, which Tomoso swore had been given to him by a little fairy he had encountered the day of the fete while wandering by a stream near Belvidera. Its use we shall afterwards tell the reader. Macimino having received directions how to use the slipper, repaired at midnight to the Forest and called for the demon. He soon arose in a sulphurous flame and demanded the request of the Baron at that hour.

"I have come," said Macimino, "to tell you that no longer shall I wear this article you have forced on to me. Since it has been on me, I have felt a raging fever in my brain, an icy chillness on the rest of my body, and have been afraid to gaze on any one in my castle. I could talk with no one and no one would talk with me, all feared me and kept aloof from me. I was almost in despair, and had resolved to crush the charm regardless of the consequences, when I was cheered and strengthened by an attendant of mine, the only one who seemed to regard me and not to fear me. I have learned how to act from him, and now swear to thee that before daylight appears this charm shall be crushed. "There! there!" exclaimed Macimino, crushing the heart. "Mortal!" the demon shrieked,

“thy doom is now sealed. See! look at my charm.”

Macimino had thrown it on the ground, and looking at it beheld it gradually dissolving into a blackish blood.

“When it has ceased bleeding,” cried the demon, “then shalt thou cease to live. Lo! it has ceased! now comes thy doom,” and with a yell and a savage leap the demon rushed at the baron, evidently with the purpose of strangling him, but Macimino drew from beneath his cloak the little slipper, pressed it to his lips, pronounced some inarticulate sounds, and in an instant a fair and dazzling little fairy stood between him and the demon.

“Stand back, demon,” said the little figure, and instantly the demon lay prostrate on the ground. The fairy waved her wand over him, and then addressed the Baron: “What is thy wish, my most noble liege? Whence obtained you that charm and what hast thou summoned me for?”

Macimino told her in a few words all she asked, and then asking for the destruction of the demon who annoyed him, he restored the charm to his breast.

“Rise, thou fiend,” said the fairy, “go hence, disturb not my liege again. Thou knowest the consequences if thou disobeyest.” The fiend arose and instantly disappeared beneath the earth.

“Baron, thou, too, must go hence. Return to thy castle, the fiend will never again disturb thee. Use thy charm which I let thee retain, with prudence and in danger call on Titania, Queen of the Fairies. She will help thee. Farewell!” and before the Baron was aware of it she had gone. He returned to his castle, was once again happy, elevated to a high office his friend Tomoso, and often told to his family his encounter with the fiend, and his manner of delivery. He has built a little artificial grotto in the castle garden, which he has consecrated to Titania and wherein is repositied in a secret place the little glass slipper of the Queen of the Fairies.

An Interview with an Old "Grad." '58.

A SCHOLARLY gentleman, possessing the old-time Maryland geniality and bonhomie, with a large circle of admiring friends, spending the evening of life in studious and quiet retirement. Such is a description of Mr. Charles B. Tiernan, a graduate of Loyola in 1858, and for many years a prominent lawyer of this city.

Mr. Tiernan in an interview with the writer of this article expressed his great interest and devotion to Loyola College, and his firm adherence to the Jesuit system of education. "A retrospection of over fifty years recalls many incidents in my early career and conjures up reminiscences of many who have long since passed away," said Mr. Tiernan. "When I entered the College in 1852, Rev. John Early, S. J., was President. From my first contact with him his personality made a deep impression on me. He possessed a strong character and educating force and was much beloved by all the students.

"The buildings of the College in those days consisted of two private houses on Holliday street, one door from the theatre, and just back of the Odd Fellows' Hall on Gay street. It was not until February, 1855, that the building which is now the new College on Calvert street, with its present magnificent equipment, its modern laboratories, its spacious hall and large class rooms, was completed, and on Washington's Birthday, February 22, 1855, formal inaugural exercises took place before a distinguished audience.

"Father James A. Ward was the Prefect of Studies in those days. He was a man of rare scholarly attainments and the author of a concise Greek Grammar, arranged for the students of the College.

“To old students of Father Early’s time, reminiscences will not fail to come of Rev. Charles King, S. J., at different times Prefect and Professor of Rhetoric and Poetry. He was an excellent literary and classical scholar and a master of choice English, and is remembered by his scholars as a most learned teacher, kind of heart and sincerely devoted to their interests.

“Among my classmates were Edward Moale, who afterwards entered the United States Army, and after a long and active service was retired with the rank of Colonel; and Henry F. Placide, a remarkably clever and intelligent youth who graduated with distinction and was complimented by S. Teackle Wallis, Baltimore’s gifted orator, who delivered the address to the graduates on that occasion. Placide attended the postgraduate course of lectures under Father Ardia and received the degree of A. M. in 1859, on which occasion the celebrated Dr. Orestes A. Brownson was the orator. Placide, after leaving Loyola, commenced the study of law in the office of J. Mason Campbell, an eminent member of the Baltimore bar. As he grew older he displayed a fine literary taste and no doubt had he lived would have made his mark in Law and Letters. He died in his twenty-first year. Also Thomas W. Jenkins, now at the head of the firm of Henry W. Jenkins & Sons.” Here Mr. Tiernan made mention of the fact that even in those days Loyola College students published evidences of their skill in English Composition in a small paper termed, “The College News,” and while this was not comparable with the excellent “Annual” published yearly by the present student body, nevertheless it gave the students an opportunity to develop original composition. “Mr. Jenkins,” continued Mr. Tiernan, “was the class artist and furnished our paper with clever evidences of his skill in depicting laughable incidents of both professors and students.

“My teacher in First Humanities, as the class was then called, was Mr. Martin F. Morris, who later studied law, became one of the brightest members of the bar of Washington, D. C. Mr. Morris taught two classes in the same room—First and Second Humanities. Among the students of these classes were Philip Lawrenson Elder, who afterwards became a prosperous merchant in Chicago; Henry A. Moale, who established the wholesale tea house of Moale & Gillet; E. Courtney Jenkins, who entered the Confederate Army and was wounded during the war. Frank Gibbons was also in the class of First Humanities. He became a contractor for building Government lighthouses on the Atlantic coast, and died some ten years ago. Among my classmates in Second Humanities was my friend, Eugene Lemoine Didier, author and magazine writer. Mr. Didier’s life of ‘Edgar Allan Poe’ has taken a high place among the biographies of that illustrious poet.

“In the first years of the College the school day began at 9 o’clock and closed at 12.30; the afternoon session was from 2.30 to 4.30. Commencement Day was about the middle of July, and the Christmas holidays began on the afternoon of Christmas Eve, and lasted until the day after New Year’s. The Twenty-second of February was not then a legal holiday and the schools were closed three days only at Easter.”

Mr. Tiernan spoke most enthusiastically about the present magnificent equipment of the College, and compared the facilities offered to the students of these years with the rather limited building of primitive Loyola. Then the College had neither space nor conveniences for a very large number of students; the rooms were small and poorly furnished; there was no playground, no gymnasium, no stage, no hall, and no library. The students of those days, however, were being trained by eminent Jesuits, according to the system of

the Ratio Studiorum, a system which has produced many men, eminent in every branch of human learning. Many wise and holy counsels, given to the students in those days to guide their lives and direct their conduct, were inculcated by precept and still more by the practice of their professors—the sons of Loyola.

In conclusion, I can do no better than quote the subjoined extract, taken from an article written by Mr. Charles J. Bouchet, '87, of the Baltimore bar, and published in the "Historical Sketch" of the College:

"The distinguishing feature of the Jesuit system of education which elevates it far above all others, is its marvelous aptitude for penetrating into the characters of youth, and above all that it holds all physical and intellectual education as subordinate to moral and religious culture. Its first object is to make Christians, its second to make scholars and men."

"The true criterion of a system of education is not so much what has been learned as what mental discipline has been acquired. The Society of Jesus has never discarded the garnered treasures of the centuries for untried educational novelties, as has been too often the case with many of our modern universities."

"These few remarks bespeak my heartfelt and candid opinion," concluded Mr. Tiernan, "of the training received at my Alma Mater and after an experience, battling upon the ocean of life for over fifty years, I cannot refrain from a word of warning to the young men of Loyola: Remember the religious sentiments inculcated into your character by your erudite masters; have an abiding faith in your Alma Mater and her teachings, and I have no doubt but that success will attend you."

J. B. W., '07.

The Alumni Reunion.

In the college gymnasium on the evening of November 3rd, 1909, the members of the Alumni Association and former students of Loyola College gathered together for their second annual reunion. Some were present who had not attended the first reunion, held last year, and thus they had the pleasure of greeting for the first time, perhaps since graduation, classmates whose labors and studies had kept them far apart since leaving their alma mater.

To say that the meeting was a success would be to underestimate the value of the spirit which prompted Father Brady to institute this first great step in bringing back Loyola's lost and strayed sons. Only those who attended can appreciate its pleasures and, if the sentiments expressed during the course of the evening count for aught; we may rest assured the next Loyola reunion will be even more largely attended.

The evening began with a warmly contested game of basket ball between the champion college team and one composed of former "grads." The game was greatly enjoyed although the alumni team was defeated.

No set speeches were given. Father Brady delivered a brief address of welcome, in which he thanked the alumni on behalf of the faculty for the enjoyable evening and assured the old boys that no pleasure was as great to him as to see all again and have a hearty laugh and handshake.

"Your presence here," continued Father Brady, "means a warm spot in your heart for Loyola and that is what pleases me. It inspires the faculty with hope when they see what their predecessors have done for you and they will work hard

to do the same for the present students. Some of you were here 16 years ago when I was prefect of the college and now your children are here. That is a step in the right direction. Today we have the largest enrollment in the history of the college, there being more than 260 students and with special students we number more than 300 enrolled."

After justice had been done to the good things provided by the energetic committee of arrangements, general good fellowship was indulged in and the walls re-echoed with peals of hearty laughter as past scenes and college pranks were again recalled and related at the expense of the old collegians.

One pleasant feature of the evening was the attendance at the reunion of the entire delegation, 13 strong, of old Loyola boys from St. Mary's Seminary. Father Clement Lancaster, S. J., who taught at Loyola in 1868 and 1870, was also present.

These alumni reunions will tend towards bringing about that long desired result of welding together in a bond of loyalty with Alma Mater all her old graduates. Moreover, they will exert a beneficial influence upon the college and her present students. Without this devotion and assistance on the part of the alumni the college in its great educational work will be seriously handicapped.

J. B. W., '07.



The Alumni Banquet.

THE Loyola College Alumni Association held its annual banquet on the evening of February 1st, 1910. Greater enthusiasm than any witnessed in years was shown by nearly one hundred members of the Association who gathered around the banquet board to renew old acquaintances and pay tribute to their alma mater. In keeping with the custom, established last year, the banquet was held in the college "gym" and we trust this custom will be continued. It gives more of a college spirit effect and offers the old students an opportunity of inspecting the haunts of their youthful days.

As usual, through the efforts of Mr. Matthew S. Brenan and Dr. Chatard, the banquet hall presented a unique appearance, draped with college flags and bunting and rendered more cozy by the arrangement of potted flowers and plants.

At a meeting of the association, held before the banquet, the election of officers for the coming year met with the following results:

President—Mr. Walter E. McCann, M. A., '94.

Vice-President—Dr. Thomas S. Shearer, M. A., '02.

Treasurer—Mr. Matthew S. Brenan, M. A., '02.

Secretary—Mr. Isaac S. George, '01.

Executive Committee—Rev. F. X. Brady, S. J.; Drs. J. Albert Chatard, '98, and Thomas J. O'Donnell, '99; Messrs. Charles M. Cohn, '97, W. Howard Gahan, '05, and the officers of the Association.

Mr. Frederick H. Hack, '68, was toastmaster of the evening and no more felicitous choice could have been made by the committee. The genial representative of the class of '68

was a host in himself. His quips were bright, timely and happy.

Rev. F. X. Brady, S. J., president of the college, spoke in a most optimistic manner of the condition of Loyola, announcing the fact that three scholarships of \$1,000 each and one professorship of \$5,000—the Curley professorship—had been donated to the college during the past year. “Our college has increased greatly in membership during the past year,” continued Father Brady, “and I feel most hopeful for the future and increased success of Loyola.” He thanked Dr. Louis W. Knight for his valuable collection of coins which he donated to the college, and added that the papal medals given were even more numerous than those treasured by Upton Emanuel, a well-known numismatist.

Mr. Edward H. Burke, '06, responded to the toast, “The Fame of Loyola.” He paid a warm tribute to the efficiency of alma mater and urged the alumni, by a timely word here and there, to make the name of the college known throughout the city and country. He asserted that they need have no fear that Loyola graduates could not measure up against the product of any college in the country.

Others responding to toasts during the evening were Dr. Thomas L. Shearer and Messrs. Charles M. Cohn and Robert P. Biggs. Each gave witty, bright and interesting addresses.

The details of a plan proposed by Fr. Fleming, the present prefect of studies, for the production of Sheridan's “Critic” by the Alumni Association, assisted by the College Dramatic Society, were given by Mr. Isaac S. George, secretary of the Alumni Association.

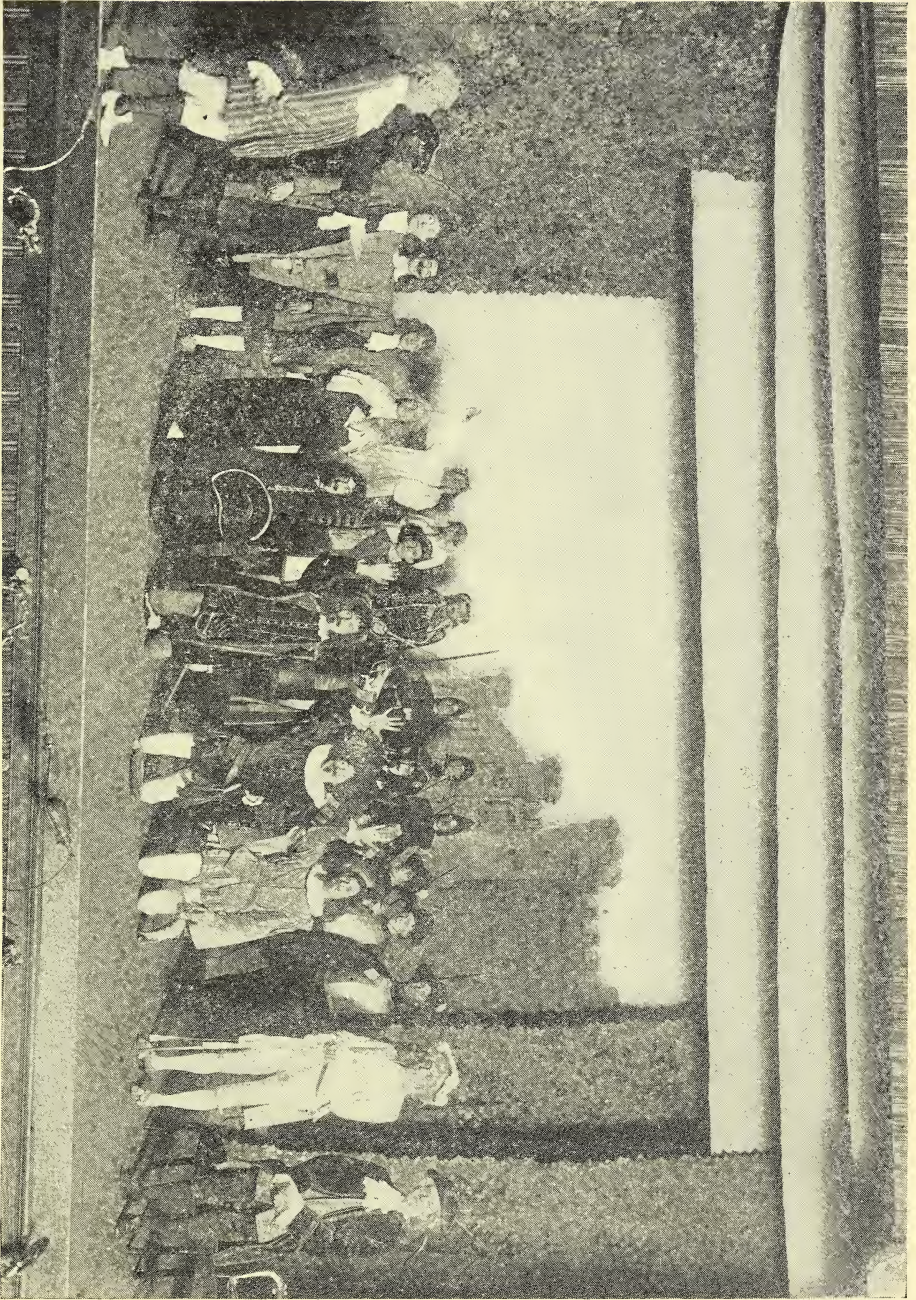
May we not hope that this increased interest among the alumni for their alma mater may be the prelude of a new and ever fervent union of Loyola College and her “old boys?”

The College Play.

BE of a contrary opinion if you will, say that Loyola will never have the great dramatic stars of former years, still our belief remains unshaken that the production of Sheridan's "Critic" on the evenings of April 6 and 7, 1910, in the College Hall has never been surpassed in the history of dramatics at Loyola College. Actuated by a desire to bring about a closer spirit between the alumni and the college students, the Rev. Prefect of Studies, Father Richard Fleming, S. J., proposed the grand presentation of Sheridan's "Critic."

In anticipation of witnessing a production seldom seen upon the present-day stage an exceptionally large audience assembled each evening in the College Hall to greet and enthuse the young actors. That the audience was more than delighted at the excellent portrayal of Sheridan's comedy was evident from the tenor of the remarks that were passed after the performance.

The hearty co-operation of the graduate members of the cast, their willingness to work heart and soul to further the good cause, their excellent portrayal of each individual character speak volumes in their devotion to old Loyola. It would seemingly be unjust were we to attribute the entire success of the affair to the efforts of the Alumni Association and the College Dramatic Society and thereby detract from the praise due to one who has labored hand-in-hand with the Dramatic Society. First and foremost among our benefactors is Mr. Edward P. Duffy, S. J., the faculty director and coach of the performance. By his strenuous activity plans for an entertainment of this character took definite shape and were carried out to completion.



"THE CRITIC,"
Alumni-Undergraduate Play,
1910.

The selection of Sheridan's classic comedy itself was most opportune at this period of dramatic art, when the productions of the old masters of comedy and tragedy are gradually being relegated and selections of less literary merit offered in their place. The Yale Dramatic Association produced this play with great success seven times within the last five years and hence our first attempt in this realm of comedy is no innovation in college theatricals.

As a "curtain raiser" the challenge and duel scenes from "The Rivals" were produced by the following cast:

Sir Anthony Absolute.....	Edwin L. Leonard, '10
Captain Absolute.....	Edwin B. Kelly, '10
Faulkland.....	Vachel J. Brown, '10
Bob Acres.....	Isaac S. George, '01
Sir Lucius O'Trigger.....	L. Frank O'Brien, '08
David.....	Joseph A. Herzog, '99
Servant.....	John H. Briscoe, '10

Isaac S. George, well known as a star in the "Mikado," was seen in the character of Bob Acres. One not personally acquainted with Mr. George would imagine him to be a former protege of Mr. Joseph Jefferson, so well remembered for his famous portrayal of the "chivalrous" Bob. His voice was consistent with the part he took and his delineation of Bob's bravery, exhibited in the duel scene, was most ludicrous. Mr. L. Frank O'Brien, '08, as Sir Lucius O'Trigger must also share in the honors. Mr. O'Brien's ability as a dramatic star was clearly shown during his college days and his portrayal of the crafty, insinuating companion of Bob Acres was a treat in itself. His brusque, haughty bearing, his very manner of speech and tone of voice were all most appropriate. Space will not permit us to dwell upon the respective merits of the other members of the cast. Suffice it to say that all materially and ably assisted in repre-

sending the adventures and depicting the laughable scenes of Bob Acres with his "dear friend, Jack Absolute."

The "Critic," the chief production of the evening, which is a comedy intended as a satire upon the old-fashioned methods of tragedy, was admirably received and appreciated. Mr. Puff, who represents a typical playwright of the time, conducts a rehearsal before his friends, Sneer and Dangle, and the rehearsal itself forms the subject matter of the comedy. The cast of characters was:

"THE CRITIC."

Dangle.....	W. Howard Gahan, '05
Sneer.....	Edwin L. Leonard, '10
Under-Prompter.....	Joseph A. Carey, '13
Puff.....	J. Aloysius Boyd, '96

CHARACTERS OF THE TRAGEDY.

Governor of Tilbury Fort.....	Joseph A. Guthrie, '10
Earl of Leicester.....	Edward H. Burke, '06
Sir Walter Raleigh.....	Joseph A. Herzog, '99
Sir Christopher Hatton.....	Vachel J. Brown, '10
Master of the Horse.....	Edwin B. Kelly, '10
Beef-Eater.....	L. Frank O'Brien, '09
Justice.....	Edwin B. Kelly, '10
Justice's Lady.....	T. Aquin Keelan, '13
Son.....	Arthur A. Lyness, '12
Thames.....	George J. Ayd, '11
Sentinels.....	{ J. P. Walsh, '11 G. J. Ayd, '11
Constable.....	Edgar A. Curran, '10
Don Ferolo Whiskerandos.....	Isaac S. George, '01
First Niece.....	John H. Briscoe, '10
Second Niece.....	Charles S. Lerch, '11
Confidante.....	Charles S. Lerch, '11
Tilburina.....	Frank J. Cunningham, 'ex-05

The character of Puff was most admirably taken by Mr. J. Aloysius Boyd, '96, who is remembered for his participation in the production of Shakespeare's Henry IV, given at Loyola 12 years ago. Mr. Boyd's well-modulated reading of his lines, with his superior wit and humor, combined to form quite a pleasing contrast to the horseplay and vulgarity of some of our modern comedies. Joseph A. Herzog, '99, of "Macbeth" fame, in the character of Sir Walter Raleigh evidenced the fact that he has lost none of his charm as an actor. Edward H. Burke, '06, was especially pleasing as the Earl of Leicester. Frank J. Cunningham, ex-05, gave a delightful portrayal of the light-hearted, care-free Tilburnia, who in her love-lorn ravings gives every opportunity for burlesque tragedy. The character of Confidante was ably taken by Charles S. Lerch, '11. Mr. Lerch in a part which called for more action than words made good use of his opportunities and provoked continued amusement.

The innovation of introducing female characters at Loyola was most heartily appreciated by the audience and gave evidence of careful and intelligent training.

While no attempt was made to vie with other college productions in the costumes of the feminine characters, nevertheless the elegant raillery, the polished wit and quaint humor of the "Critic" were more aptly and pleasingly exhibited by their presence.

J. Boiseau Wiesel, '07.



Some University Impressions.

DEAR EDITOR: As for my impressions, I can't say that I have been guilty of having many. From a class of ten to one of three hundred,—from a College and High School with three hundred students to a university whose rolls total five thousand, is quite a jump however, and even a chap with a very bad case of mental myopia would collect a few impressions.

The most striking thing is the bigness of this university life. To know the men, even their names, in one's own class becomes difficult,—to attempt to know all one's fellow students is an impossibility. They are cities in themselves, and the interests of the students are as diversified as those of the citizens of many a town. At Loyola all for the most part follow the same path, and there is a tinge of a family feeling; the big university engenders the fellowship that hotel guests have for one another, and little more. Those men become intimate who live in the same entry of a dormitory, or who belong to the same clubs, and the cliques which university faculties so dislike are the result. In the end your friends may number few, if any, more than you would have at Loyola, and may not be so desirable. I do not wish to be understood as saying that this is inevitable,—but it is what often happens, and many an alumnus looks back and wonders why he didn't meet more men. It is a fact that Seniors often don't know classmates even by sight after four years. One of the first speeches President Lowell, of Harvard, made last fall was a warning to the incoming students to avoid this narrow channel, which loses for them one of the great benefits of university life,—the broadening influence of a wide acquaintance.

And as long as we are speaking of the size of visiting lists, we might consider the professors. At Loyola the Sources of Knowledge and the young ideas which are being taught how to shoot, know each other, and there exists,—as a rule,—a real friendship between the Great and the little. But given large classes, and the Sources of Knowledge cannot get closer to the men than the mathematical distance between bench and desk. It isn't the fault of the professor,—it's the system, and it is a system which shuts out much interest from the student and much chance for an influence for good from the professor.

A big university is a shining example of the results of well-placed advertising. Today the average American youth picks out his own alma mater and his parents humbly assent. And when the cherub is doing his choosing his eyes seek, not the advertising columns headed "Educational," but the snappy page with the caption "Sporting News." When Vic. Kennard made the famous drop kick at New Haven in 1908 that won the day for the Crimson it meant much for the incoming class of 1913. Last fall at Cambridge saw an enormous, and athletic, freshmen class, for hadn't Harvard swept the field at New Haven and the river at New London? Bar athletics and the small college would reap the harvest, but as long as Yale, Harvard, Princeton & Co. continue to make athletes parlor boarders, the little fellows must follow suit. In these troublous times, as some one said,—

"Lives of great men all remind us
That we will, if we are wise,
Leave our modesty behind us
And get out and advertise."

The said advertising must be paid for, and the money seems more wisely invested in buying athletic paraphernalia than paying so much per agate line for an insertion placed between the "ads" of a young ladies' finishing school and a kindergarten.

This digression is the natural result of considering the number of students in these modern department stores of learning, and asking "Why?" Let us now return and eject a few more "impressions."

Wasn't it Thackeray who remarked once on the advisability of a big frog in a small puddle staying where he was? Put the big frog in the big puddle and, size being merely a relative term, he finds himself shrinking to an alarming degree. A man who is a "big noise" on Calvert street is liable to prove less than a gentle sigh elsewhere. The Sesame to leadership lies on the athletic field. Scan the lists of class and society officers, committees, and so on, and they will bear a startling resemblance to the score card in your coat pocket. Is it a coincidence?

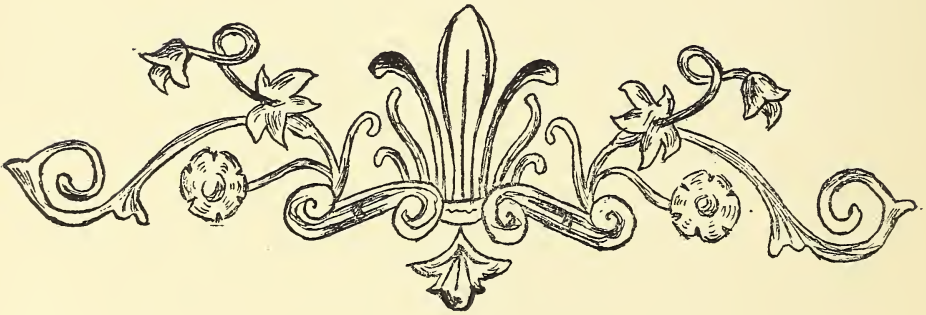
All of this is not written in a "knocking" spirit, because university life is filled with much that makes the task of absorbing knowledge most pleasant. It tends to broaden and fill out the intellectual as well as the physical man. To those who wish, it means friendship and memories which have an aroma all their own,—which

cannot be found at the small city-circumscribed college. But it does not mean forgetfulness of old friends. It does not mean that the Crimson of Harvard or the Blue of Yale will blot out the Blue and Gold. There is room enough for all, for the heart is the nearest thing to infinity in this crass material old world. If it comes to a question of saluting flags, trust Loyola graduates to fire the twenty-one guns for the Blue and Gold.

Like the tail of our friend, the comet, I fear this will stretch out into a long bodiless line of gas. I guess I'll quit.

Yours sincerely,

Edward K. Hanlon, '09.



April 10, N. Y. 1859

Gentlemen,

Your first note was duly received inviting me to deliver an Oration on the Occasion of the Commencement of Loyola College, and would have been sooner answered had not my inexcusable neglect. I beg you to express to the Literary Society your represent my high appreciation of the honor their request does me, and to assure them of ready acceptance. You will do me the favor to inform me in due season of the time of the Commencement, and bid him me Dear Sir,

Your Obedient Servant,

O. A. Brownson,

Prof. Lyon, Student
Common. Literary
Society, Loyola College
Baltimore,



'56 A student at Loyola during the years 1855-1856 was Alfred M. Mayer, one of the leading physicists of the United States, and for many years Professor of Physics at the Stevens Institute of Technology, Hoboken, N. J. Dr. Mayer left Loyola before completing his course. His reputation as a physicist was known not only at home, but also abroad. Dr. Mayer died July 13, 1897.

Mr. J. Henry Judik, President of the Maryland National Bank, died on May 15, 1910. Mr. Judik was a student at Loyola in 1854-56.

'57 The Rector of the Protestant Episcopal Church of the Epiphany in Washington, D. C., is Rev. Randolph H. McKim. Dr. McKim, while not a graduate from Loyola, finished the class of rhetoric and is a prominent and able Episcopal minister.

'58 J. Francis Damman is a prominent bank official, connected with the Metropolitan Savings Bank of this city.

'59 Michael A. Mullin, who is a prominent and successful lawyer, received the degree of A. B. from Loyola in 1859. Mr. Mullin is always a conspicuous figure at the alumni banquets.

The editors extend their grateful thanks to Mr. Mullin for contributing his reminiscences of old College days to the alumni column.

Messrs. William J. Tyson, Michael A. Mullin and Dr. John N. Coonan formed the committee who in the year 1859 invited Orestes A. Brownson, LL. D., of Boston, to deliver an oration before the Loyola Literary Society at the Annual Commencement. We had the good fortune to obtain from Messrs.

Tyson and Mullin the letter of acceptance written by Mr. Brownson on the occasion fifty years ago and a copy of which we print in this edition of the Annual. Mr. Brownson's letter is a most interesting historical document and shows the esteem in which Alma Mater was held by such an illustrious man. The Baltimore Sun of July 8, 1859, spoke in these words of the Commencement: "The Annual Commencement of Loyola College, an event always looked for with interest, took place yesterday. The addresses of all the young gentlemen were delivered from memory and showed deep study and application. About half-past eleven o'clock the address before the Literary Society was delivered by Orestes A. Brownson, LL. D., of Boston. He announced as his subject, 'Patriotism.' He had selected that, he said, because it was applicable to his youthful auditors. If men are patriotic at any time, it is in their youth. Patriotism is one of the innate principles of the American mind; it is instilled into our composition. Chemists cannot discover it in our blood, but it is just as predominant as the iron in our veins. Mr. Brownson treated his subject in a half literary and half political manner, but to the infinite interest and amusement of his audience, who were profuse in their applause.

Drs. Charles M. Morfit and John N. Coonan are veteran physicians of this city.

- '65 The Spiritual Director of the Jesuit House of Studies at Woodstock, Md., is Rev. Jerome Daugherty, S. J., one time President of Georgetown University and a student of Loyola in 1863-65. Father Daugherty is frequently a welcome visitor, and is always intensely interested in his Alma mater.
- '67 During the past year an oil painting of our late President, Rev. W. G. Read Mullan, S. J., was donated to the College by Dr. Charles Grindall. Dr. Grindall was a student at Loyola in 1865-67, and is the donor of the "Grindall Gold Medal" for the class of Philosophy.
- '69 A member of our present faculty, Rev. Joseph J. Ziegler, S. J., was a student at Loyola in 1866-69, and previously for many years professor at Fordham and other Jesuit Colleges.
- '72 Rev. Edward X. Fink, S. J., formerly President of Gonzaga College, Washington, D. C., is the founder of a new Jesuit Institution in Southern Maryland. We are glad to note

that Father Fink is obtaining such success during the first years of Leonard Hall.

Mr. Frank S. Hambleton, of Hambleton & Co., well known bankers, who recently bid ten million dollars for the Western Maryland Railroad when its sale was pending a few years ago, was a student in 1870-72.

'74 It is with great sorrow that we chronicle the death of the much-beloved and respected Rev. W. S. Caughey, who died during the past year. Father Caughey was pastor of St. Stephen's Church, Washington, D. C.

'77 A student at Loyola during the years 1870-72 was Mr. Lapsley, the genial porter of the College residence. Mr. Lapsley meets the visitor with a hearty word of greeting. "A word to the wise," however, our friend is an enthusiastic member of the Young Catholic Friends Society and always has an "unlimited" supply of tickets to present to his countless admiring friends.

Rev. W. G. Read Mullan, S. J., for many years Rector of Boston College, and President of Loyola during the years 1907-08, died at St. Agnes' Sanitorium, January 25, 1910. Honored by the society of which he was a most loyal member, and respected by old and young, he was called to his eternal reward on the very threshold of his career. During the past year a scholarship was founded in the College in his memory, through the efforts of Father Whitney and the Church Sodality, of which Father Mullan had been Director.

During the past year we had the sad misfortune to lose another of our ex-Presidents, Rev. Stephen A. Kelly, S. J., who presided over the destinies of Loyola for nearly seven years, from 1870-77. The Church Debt Association owes its origin to him, and he is remembered and esteemed by a large circle of warm friends.

'82 Rev. Francis M. Connell, S. J., professor for a number of years at St. Francis Xavier's College, New York; is at present a member of the faculty of the Juniorate, St. Andrew-on-the-Hudson, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

'85 A well-known biography which has been widely read during the last few years by both Catholics and Protestants is, "The Life and Letters of Rev. Henry Van Rensselaer." Father Van Rensselaer taught at Loyola in 1885, and while in Balti-

more wrote for the presentation of the students an historical drama in five acts, entitled "King Alfred."

Rev. Charles N. Raley, S. J., at present on the faculty of Holy Cross College, Worcester, Mass.; was a student during the years 1883-85. He taught at Loyola a few years ago, and is gratefully remembered in the Church for his effective and zealous preaching.

'86

Rev. P. C. Gavan, Chancellor of the Archdiocese, was a student of Loyola in 1885-86. Father Gavan has won many friends in Baltimore by his genial manner and is highly esteemed by the Cathedral congregation.

'87

In 1882, Rev. Bart. J. Randolph, C. M., Professor in St. John's College, Brooklyn, N. Y., entered Loyola. While in the class of First Humanities, after Mr. Cleveland's first inauguration, Father Randolph attracted attention by translating Mr. Cleveland's inaugural address into Latin. The President heard of this through Mr. A. Leo Knott, Assistant Postmaster General, who attended St. Ignatius' Church, and invited the student to come to see him, with the President of the College.

'89

One of the higher officials of the Emerson Drug Co., Baltimore, Md., manufacturers of Bromo Seltzer, is Mr. Philip J. Heuisler, a student at Loyola in 1886-1889. Mr. Heuisler is always ready to give Loyola a "lift," and during the past year, at his invitation the Secchi Scientific Society of the College inspected the Emerson plant.

'90

"Assertio Septem Sacramentorum" (Defense of the Seven Sacraments, by Henry VIII, King of England) is the title of a late publication re-edited by Rev. Louis O'Donovan, S. T. L., of the Cathedral. Father O'Donovan is another of Loyola's gifted sons, whose lives have been devoted to the Church. He is also a frequent contributor to Catholic magazines.

In glancing over the Catholic directory we see the names of Rev. F. A. Wunnenberg and Rev. Andrew Mihm, as pastor and assistant, respectively, of St. Mary's German Church, Washington, D. C. Father Wunnenberg was a student at Loyola from 1887-1890, while Father Mihm received his degree in 1903.

'91

When the faculty of the Catholic University, Washington, D. C., was being formed some years ago, Dr. George M. Bolling, Ph.D., was elected Professor of Greek Language and Literature. Dr. Bolling is a prominent Greek scholar and a Doc-

- tor of Philosophy from Johns Hopkins University and a frequent contributor to Catholic magazines.
- '93 Dr. William T. Riley has for some years held the important medical position of Coroner for Baltimore City.
- '95 We congratulate Dr. Jeremiah P. Lawler on his recent appointment as Medical Examiner with the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad. Dr. Lawler has offices in Cincinnati, Ohio.
- Charles M. Kelly, Ph. D., during the past year was a member of the Loyola faculty as Professor of Special Latin Class.
- '96 Rev. James T. Coen was ordained to the priesthood in the Buffalo Cathedral, May 21, 1910, by Bishop Colton. Father Coen was a student at Loyola during the years 1889-1896 and left from Poetry class to attend Niagara University. Father Coen leaves for his new charge in Birmingham, Ala., with the best wishes of all his Baltimore friends.
- '98 One of the best-known of the younger physicians of the Georgetown University Hospital is Dr. Thomas F. Lowe, who received the degree of Bachelor of Arts from Loyola in 1898. We are informed Dr. Lowe is establishing quite a reputation for himself in the Capital city as an anaesthetist.
- Mr. J. Preston W. McNeal was recently married to Miss Anna Watters, daughter of the late Judge James D. Watters, of Belair, Harford county, Md. We congratulate the happy couple.
- '00 A member of the faculty of Loyola College of a decade ago was Rev. Charles W. Lyons, S. J. Father Lyons is now the popular President of St. Joseph's College, Philadelphia, and if news from the Quaker City counts for aught, we may safely prophesy an era of great success for St. Joseph's College.
- One of the officials of the Chicago branch of the Maryland Casualty Co. is J. Francis Damman, Jr., who graduated with the degree of Bachelor of Arts from Loyola in 1900. Mr. Damman pursued a postgraduate course of law at the Catholic University and received the degree of LL. M. several years ago. We take this opportunity to congratulate Frank on his recent marriage.
- '01 The portrayal of Bob Acres in the late production of "The Rivals" was certainly characteristic of our old alumnus, Isaac S. George, '01. Mr. George is associated in the practice of law with William J. O'Brien, Jr., and is a graduate of Georgetown University with the degrees of A. M. and LL. M.

Dr. Bernard J. Wess, a rising young physician with a large practice, is connected with the Phipps Tuberculosis Dispensary of Johns Hopkins Hospital.

'02 Another graduate of Loyola who has lately felt the call to the priesthood and has joined the Paulist Fathers, is J. Elliott Ross. For some years Mr. Ross was a scientific official in the Surveyor's Department of the District Government.

We are glad to hear that Mr. John T. Viteck, S. J., Professor of Physics at Canisius College, Buffalo, is recovering from a recent spell of illness. He taught us in the class of Physics, and we remember him gratefully.

During the past year Judge Charles W. Heuisler, LL. D., was elected to a judgeship on the Supreme Bench of Baltimore City. Congratulations, Judge!

'03 The present Managing Editor of the Catholic World is Eugene F. Saxton, formerly connected with the Catholic Encyclopedia. Gene is making great strides in the journalistic profession.

'05 Among the first to receive the newly-instituted degree of Master of Arts last year from Johns Hopkins University was W. Howard Gahan. Mr. Gahan graduated from the University of Maryland Law School in 1908, and is associated in the practice of law with the well-known firm of Willis & Homer.

Ferdinand C. Wheeler, S. J., is pursuing a postgraduate course of philosophy in the University of Louvain. During the past year we have read with interest several important contributions to America by our old alumnus.

As we go to press news comes to us from Philadelphia of the death of Rev. Joseph J. Kohlrieser, S. J. Father Kohlrieser was a member of the Loyola faculty during the years 1903-1905, and is remembered by his former students for the beautiful simplicity of his character and the whole-souled earnestness with which he threw himself into every office or work that was allotted him. May he rest in peace.

'06 Among the Jesuit priests stationed at Jamaica, West Indies, is Rev. Michael J. O'Shea, S. J., one time Professor at Loyola. Father O'Shea is well known to the students of a decade ago. In a letter to the editor of these notes he speaks most favorably of Loyola in comparison with many other colleges in these words: "Since my departure from dear old Loyola, some

eight years ago, I have visited no less than thirty-two colleges and have seen the work done in them and can safely say that Loyola College, Baltimore, Md., can wave her colors, 'old gold and blue,' as proudly as any of them."

Godfrey A. Kaspar, Jesuit scholastic, is teaching a special Latin and Greek class at St. Joseph's College, Philadelphia.

Charles C. Conlon is connected with the United States Fidelity and Guaranty Company. He is also a law student at the University of Maryland Law School.

John H. Norman is in business with his father in this city.

Joseph J. Kocyan has recovered from an attack of severe illness. We are glad to hear that he is able to continue his studies at the Physicians and Surgeons' Medical College.

The Annual offers its congratulations to Francis J. Hemelt for his recent appointment to a Fellowship in the postgraduate English Department of Johns Hopkins University.

Thomas J. Toolen and Francis J. Loughran are students at St. Mary's Seminary and will be ordained next June. J. Leo Barly, ex '08, is also an ecclesiastical student at the same institution.

Edward H. Burke is a member of the law firm of Burke & Jenifer, with offices in Towson, Baltimore county, Md. He is also engaged in the practice of law in Baltimore City.

Bernard J. McNamara is a student at the North American College in Rome and will be ordained to the priesthood in July, 1911. Mr. McNamara received a gold medal at the closing exercises of the College last year for special excellence in Theology. Congratulations, Bernard!

'07

Vincent deP. Fitzpatrick, whom we remember as a spirited member of the Debating Society, is a member of the reportorial staff of the Baltimore Sun.

Anthony J. Galinaitis, the winner of the Jenkins' Medal for excellence in debate while in his Senior year, is a law student at the University of Maryland.

We take great pleasure in congratulating Clarke J. Fitzpatrick upon his recent appointment as "copy reader" on the Baltimore Sun. Your success, Clarke, speaks well for the classical training of old Loyola. In this connection we mention, with great satisfaction the number of Loyola men connected with the daily papers. On the staff of the Baltimore

Sun, besides Mr. Fitzpatrick, we see the names of Vincent deP. Fitzpatrick, '07; William F. Braden, '09; Robert E. Greenwell, ex '04. Connected with the Baltimore American is Joseph B. Jacobi, '01. The staff of the News comprises Walter E. McCann, A. M., '92, Dramatic Editor. J. Edwin Murphy, '93, who recently received the appointment of City Editor; L. Frank O'Brien, '08, and Austin D. Noony, '02.

Rev. John F. Quirk, S. J., President of Loyola College during the years 1901-1907, is at present Professor of Junior Class, St. Joseph's College, Philadelphia. We are gratified to hear that a portrait in oil of Father Quirk has recently been donated to the College by a member of the Alumni Association.

News comes to us from the University of Innsbruck that a former member of the faculty of Loyola was raised to the dignity of the priesthood last July. The Annual extends its congratulations to Rev. John J. Toohey, S. J. Father Toohey is remembered as an enthusiastic Professor of Greek, and for the past four years has been pursuing a Theological course in the University of Innsbruck. In a letter to the editor of these notes he speaks of Innsbruck as "A very interesting old city, many of the houses having been built over a thousand years ago. It is emphatically a Catholic city, and the little children run up to us when we are out walking and kiss our hands and greet us with a pious ejaculation."

Connected with the Phipps Tuberculosis Dispensary at the Johns Hopkins Hospital as an assistant physician is Dr. Wm. F. Schwartz. Dr. Schwartz is a graduate of the University of Maryland Medical School, and during 1908-1909 was the Senior Resident Physician at the Bayview Insane Asylum. The Annual extends its heartiest congratulations on his recent appointment as Physician-in-Charge of the Penitentiary and Jail.

'08

The editors of the Annual extend their sympathy to Andrew A. Hofmann, N. S. J., on the death of his mother, Mrs. Anna Hofmann.

While on a visit to St. Andrew's Novitiate, Poughkeepsie, N. Y., we saw George F. Strohaber, ex '08; V. Leonard Keelan, ex '09; Henry J. Wiesel, ex '11; William A. Carr, ex '12, and Thomas A. Ward, ex '08. Louis A. Wheeler, ex '12, is there, too, and we hope to see all of them occupying chairs at Loyola some day.

'09 William F. Braden, well known as a foremost Loyola dramatic star, has embraced the journalistic profession. He is engaged on the "Sun." The Annual extends its heartiest congratulations on his recent marriage to Miss Mary Quirk.

The catalogue of the Army and Navy Preparatory School, Washington, D. C., contains the name of Austin J. McDonnell, who is preparing to take the examination for a lieutenancy in the United States Army. Good luck, Austin!

A member of the present faculty of Loyola is Mr. Clyde C. Rohr. Mr. Rohr has been imparting his knowledge of English and arithmetic to the Preparatory class for the past year. He is likewise pursuing a postgraduate course in political economy at Johns Hopkins University. "Doc's" career promises to be a brilliant one. We wish him every success!

Edward K. Hanlon is a student at Harvard Law School. We take this opportunity of thanking him for his readiness and good will in contributing his article, "Impressions at Harvard," published in this edition of the Annual.

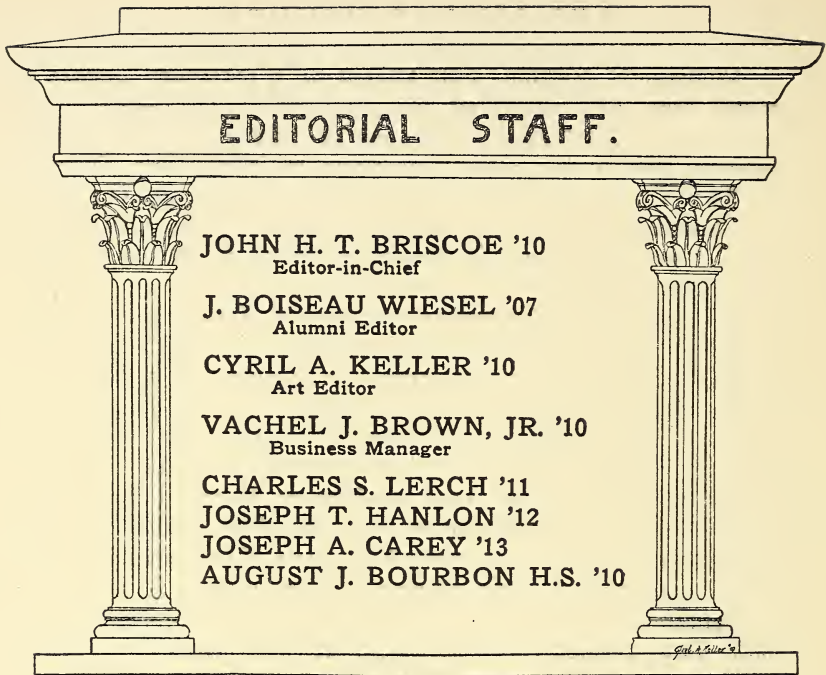
James S. Murphy is a student at the University of Maryland Law School. We are glad to note that James is also pursuing a course of political science at Johns Hopkins University.

William H. Kelly and Martin L. McNulty are students at St. Mary's Seminary.

W. Joseph Tewes is connected in a clerical capacity with the book publishing house of Benzinger Bros.

The writer of these notes desires to express his grateful thanks for assistance in obtaining items of interest concerning the Alumni, to Rev. F. X. Brady, S. J.; Rev. Richard A. Fleming, S. J., and Rev. John J. Ryan, S. J.





In an Editorial Way.

THE third issue of the Loyola College Annual is hereby entrusted to the tender mercies of its readers; those who have the reading of it forced upon them not being excluded. The editors of this publication take great pleasure in putting it before their patrons for several reasons. First of all, they realize the pleasure and information a periodical like this one is calculated to give its indulgent readers; they appreciate its value in making our College better known; they are fully sensible of the benefits which they themselves have derived from their editorial labors. Their greatest cause of joy is perhaps the fact that when they put the Annual into the hands of its critics, a snow-white pachyderm of some-



THE "ANNUAL" EDITORIAL STAFF.

J. A. Carey, '13.

A. J. Bourbon, H. S., '10.

J. T. Hanlon, '12.

V. J. Brown, Jr., '10

J. B. Wiesel, '07

J. H. Briscoe, '10

C. S. Lerch, '11.

(Bus. Mgr.)

(Alumni Editor).

(Editor in Chief).

what ample dimensions has stepped down and out from its exalted position on their manual extremities. Let it not be thought that the editors of this publication have given their labor grudgingly to the task in hand; that would be far from the truth. Nevertheless, they could not help breathing the proverbial sigh of relief when their labors ceased and those of the printer began.

In passing, let it be said that, unlike the editors of last year's Annual, who so naively admitted that they "had (perhaps) improved the cover" of the publication, we lay no claim to having improved either contents or cover. We are content if our publication comes up to the high standard which our predecessors have set us. Our modesty in this matter will not be considered excessive, if our readers will but take into account the worth of last year's editorial staff, and the able qualities of the faculty director, Mr. Augustus M. Fremgen, S. J., now at Woodstock College, to whose untiring and intelligent direction and co-operation last year's Annual owes the major portion of its success.

* * *

It is seldom, indeed, that any college in a single year records the deaths of two ex-Presidents. This sad task Loyola has had to perform during the past year.

On February 13th, Father Stephen A. Kelly, S. J., who was the President of Loyola from 1870 to 1877, passed away in Philadelphia, and on January 25, 1910, the eleventh President of Loyola, Father W. G. Read Mullan, S. J., went to his eternal reward, at St. Agnes' Hospital, of this city.

Sketches of their edifying lives will be found elsewhere in this volume.

We esteem it a great honor to be allowed to offer our humble and unworthy tribute to the hallowed memory of these men, although we feel that all our words will be but trite and empty sounding after the tributes which abler pens than ours have paid them.

Chronicle.

REOPENING OF SCHOOL.

SEPTEMBER 14. Back again for another year. And as we gathered in the hall warm, indeed, was the feeling of reunion, for there were but few familiar faces missing. We looked in vain for Fr. Geale, our last year's Prefect; Fr. Palermo, Professor of Mental Philosophy, and Mr. Fremgen, Professor of the Fourth Year High School and Director of the Annual. Our new prefect was, we found, Fr. R. A. Fleming, to whom we owe the institution of the College Annual, which under his guidance made its first appearance in 1908. Fr. Palermo's place was taken by Fr. Timothy Brosnahan, who was to occupy the chair of ethics. Mr. Skelly filled the vacancy caused by Mr. Fremgen's departure for Woodstock College, and we were glad to see that no other changes had been made.

RETREAT.

OCTOBER 27. Once more the time for this most important event of the scholastic year has rolled around. Text-books are laid aside and football is tabooed during the three days during which, by means of various spiritual exercises, discourses and readings, an attempt is made to bring the students to the realization of the serious work, both spiritual and mental, that is ahead of them, to cause them to give earnest thought to the all-important matter of vocation, and to enable them during these days of quiet and seclusion to see where improvement is needed and to apply the proper remedies. Fr. Fortier conducted the Retreat, and the attention with

which his sermons were followed was the best possible testimony to his earnestness. Communion, and breakfast in the "gym" were the concluding exercises of Retreat.

FINAL VOWS.

FEBRUARY 2. Today witnessed a beautiful and solemn ceremony in St. Ignatius' Church, where at a special mass celebrated by Fr. Rector, our Prefect, Fr. Fleming, made his final vows as a member of the Society of Jesus. During the celebration of the Mass two beautiful and appropriate solos, "Suscipe" and "Ave Maria," were rendered by Wm. M. Nevins, '10. A large number of the students were present at the Mass, and Fr. Fleming was presented with a token of their esteem in the shape of a little booklet, artistically gotten up and containing above the signatures of the various class presidents a list of the prayers to be said, masses heard, etc., by the entire student body in commemoration of the event.

LECTURE ON JOAN OF ARC.

JANUARY 5. On account of the recent beatification of the Maid of Orleans, much interest has been displayed on this subject, and much has been written, both favorable and antagonistic, concerning Joan and her deeds. On January 5, in the college hall, Fr. Fortier delivered an illustrated lecture on the warrior maid under the auspices of his class before a large and appreciative audience. God speed his work in the propagation of the truth!

JUNIOR SPECIMENS.

DECEMBER 21. On this date the members of the Junior Class submitted themselves to a severe test when, in the

presence of the whole college department, every member of that class underwent a severe "quiz" in Dialectics or Logic at the hands of the college professors. Barring a little natural stage-fright, all the members acquitted themselves with honor, in some cases with brilliance.

On May 13 an even more interesting and scholarly exhibition was given by the members of this class, with some slight assistance in the matter of essays, by the Seniors. The main feature of the day was a "circle," or defense of the scholastic doctrines in criteriology and ontology. The opening essay was an exposition of the scholastic doctrine on Universal Ideas, by W. Paul Brown, which was followed by the "circle" on criteriology, in which the scholastic doctrines in criteriology were attacked by F. X. Kearney and J. Walsh and defended by C. Neuner. Then followed an essay on scholastic metaphysics by C. Foley. C. S. Lerch defended scholastic ontology against the objections of J. Clark and C. Foley. Several members of the faculty also objected. The specimen was brought to a close by essays on John Stuart Mill, J. Walsh; Darwin, V. J. Brown, '10; De Lamennais by C. S. Lerch and Pragmatism, by J. H. T. Briscoe, '10.

READING OF MARKS.

As the beginning of each month approaches, the "good little boys" at Loyola with anxious care keep their shoes shined, their ties arranged nicely, and their hair neatly combed and plastered down upon their intellectual pates. Ever and anon at recess time the discord of youthful voices may be heard issuing from the hall. But the wicked rejoice not; the lazy boy putteth no shine upon his shoes or head, but relapseth into a gloom as deep as death. What causes these varied emotions in the hearts of the "Loyolaites?" 'Tis e'en the fact that reading of marks is at hand; the good boy

prepareth to march proudly up before his cheering class and college mates to receive the testimonial which his labors have deserved. Those youthful voices which we heard will entertain us with a rollicking song or a serious essay; the culprit, the laggard, prepareth to crouch low in his seat and let "class, 23; mathematics, 54; language, 35," thunder over his head. 'Tis truly a great event, this monthly reading of marks, and listen, reader, to how we at Loyola enliven with pleasant song or captivating essay the dry recitation of marks:

September: Junior Quartette, "Drink to Me Only With Thine Eyes," Messrs. Nevins, Kelly, Galligher, Noeth.

Dialogue on "Ideas," Messrs. Briscoe, Lerch and Foley.

Solo: A Dream, H. P. Galligher.

October: Sophomore:

I. Appreciation of Demosthenes' Philippics—Edw. Hanrahan.

Appreciation of Cicero's Speech on the "Manilian Law"—Wm. Boggs.

Appreciation of Horace's Satires—Jos. T. Hanlon.

November. Freshman:

Essay—Analysis of "Lycidas" (Part 1)—J. Burch.

Recitation—Selection from "Lycidas"—J. Weber.

Essay—Analysis of "Lycidas" (Part II)—W. Walsh.

December. Fourth Year High:

Opening scenes of Homer's Iliad in the original Greek.

Introduction—H. J. Quinn, Class Pres.

Cast of Characters: Narrator, F. J. Jones; Chryses, R. J. Kwasnik; Calchas, G. A. Tormey; Agamemnon, A. J. Harrison; Achilles, A. J. Bourbon.

March. Third Year High:

Essay on "Callista"—Adam Boehm.

A Modern Daedalus—J. V. Brooks.

April. Second Year High :

Song, Wm. Keating and chorus.

Solo, Wm. Keating.

CHRISTMAS ENTERTAINMENT.

On December 20 the students of the college and high school gave their usual Christmas entertainment in honor of the faculty. The programme, which was an interesting and entertaining one and was participated in by all the classes, was as follows :

Greeting to the faculty and students, F. H. Linthicum, '12.

Recitation: Gunga Din, W. Paul Brown, '11.

Essay: Horace's Visit to Baltimore, Anthony Rolfes, '13.

Suggested Improvements: August J. Bourbon.

Imitation of Philemon and Baucis, Vincent Brooks.

Recitation, Wm. Doyle.

Violin Selection, Richard Belt.

Recitation, Frank Doyle.

Song, Leo Codd and chorus.

Song, "Putting on Airs," Edw. Coonan.

Essay, Christmas Good Wishes, E. L. C. Leonard.

ATTENDANCE.

Loyola reached its high-water mark in attendance this year, there being 272 regular students enrolled, not counting the members of the evening classes. This fact, which was of such significance and importance to Loyola, was celebrated by the granting of a full holiday to the 272. May the 272 of 1909-10 increase to 472 in 1910-11!

EVENING CLASSES.

The evening classes in French, German and Logic were resumed this year, and in addition a class of Psychology was formed, the lectures being given in French and German by Professor Saint-Seine, in Logic and Psychology by Fr. M. L. Fortier. A class in English Rhetoric, although not on the regular schedule of evening classes, was conducted by Fr. Fleming, and was instructive and interesting, as the good attendance showed.

FIRST YEAR HIGH CONTEST.

Owing to the large number of students who entered the First Year High Class, it was necessary to divide the class into three sections, A, B and C. Naturally quite a spirit of rivalry arose between these sections, and it was decided to put their respective abilities to a test by means of a public contest. This was held in the hall on Monday, December 20th, in the presence of the other High School classes and their professors. The general contest was won by Mr. Wiesel's boys—Section B—and the individual prize by John Quinn, of Section A.

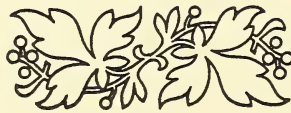
SENIOR TRIP TO WOODSTOCK.

APRIL 13. The class of 1910 take this occasion to publicly express their sincere thanks to the President and Faculty of Woodstock College for inviting them to attend the public Defence in Philosophy and Theology which was held at Woodstock on April 13, and they also wish to express their appreciation of the favor which was conferred upon them by Fr. Rector in allowing them to absent themselves from Loyola on that date. The members of the class will always

cherish the memory of that day as one on which they received such an intellectual treat as is the good fortune of but few to receive. They wish it to be known also, that their gratitude extends itself to their friends in the community at Woodstock, who made the day so pleasant a one for us, their privileged visitors.

MAY DEVOTIONS.

These are time-honored observances in the college, these gatherings around Our Lady's Shrine to renew our love and trust in her. The exercises are most edifying and uplifting, and consist of an opening and closing hymn, the reading of a paper and the recitation of the Memorare. The following students had the highly esteemed privilege of reading papers at these exercises: Messrs. Leonard, Keller, Kearney, Foley, Bowes, Hanlon, Keelan, Carey, Baummer, Scanlan, Lardner, Doyle, Sybert, Bowers, J. Kelley, F. Doyle, George Renehan.



Eldorado.

BY

EDGAR ALLAN POE.

(Latin Translation.)

Vestibus claris equitabat hospes,
Sole tum pleno, secus et per umbram,
Jamdiu quaerens, hilare et canendo,
Aurea regna.

Ast eques fortis, senio premente,
Tristis evasit, gravis atque corde,
Nullibi cernens, specie petita,
Aurea regna.

Ac dein fractus viribus, vaganti
Incidens umbrae, vehemeter ore
Clamat, exquirens ubinam per orbem
Terra beata.

“Alta trans lunae juga, valliumque
“Sede,” respondit sapienter umbra;
“Avoles! illic licet invenire
Aurea regna!”

By a veteran alumnus of Loyola College.



The Sodality



THE Sodality of the Blessed Virgin under the guidance of Father Fortier now numbers among its members every student of the College Department. True to the standard set by the students of old Loyola for over a half century, its present members have a lively devotion for Our Lady. Through the kind permission of Father Rector Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament was frequently given at the weekly meetings, Father Moderator officiating, and John H. T. Briscoe, '10, and Edwin B. Kelly, '10, assisting.

In his short but fervent talks, Father Fortier imparted many a lesson to the Sodalists, giving them Christian principles upon which to base their daily conduct—principles that will long be remembered after we have put aside our books and begun the battle of life. Perhaps the best example of the effect of our zealous Moderator's teachings was had when the Sodalists attended Mass on Father Rector's feast day, many of them receiving Holy Communion. The members take this occasion to acknowledge the letter of appreciation which was received from Father Rector, and also to thank him for the privileges which he granted us during the year.

The officers of the Sodality for both terms were:

Rev. Matthew L. Fortier, S. J., Moderator.

Prefect—First term, John H. T. Briscoe, '10; second term, Edwin L. C. Leonard, '10.

First Assistant—First term, Charles W. Lerch, '11; second term, Francis X. Kearney, '11.

Second Assistant—First term, John J. Bowens, '12; second term, Casimir P. Losinski, '12.

Secretary—First term, Edwin L. C. Leonard, '10; second term, Edwin B. Kelly, '10.

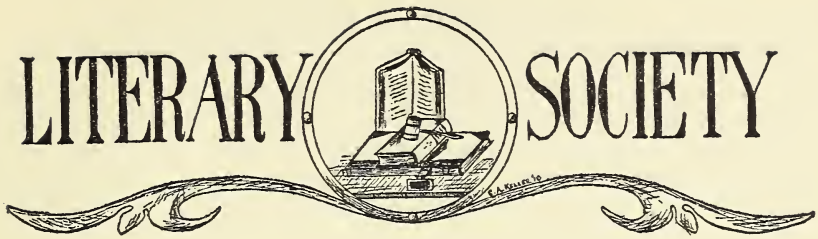
Instructor of Candidates—First term, Cyril A. Keller, '10; second term, Cyril A. Keller.

Sacristan—First term, T. Aquin Keelan, '13; second term, T. Aquin Keelan, '13.

Organist—First term, William M. Nevins, '10; second term, William M. Nevins, '10.

Edwin L. C. Leonard, '10.

LITERARY SOCIETY



THE Literary Society of the College, which meets weekly for the purpose of debate, has reason to rejoice when it reflects on the progress made during the past year. The aims of the organization have been to enlighten its members in subjects of interest, to enable them to use clear reasoning, and to encourage them to ascend the rostrum boldly and authoritatively, but with becoming modesty.

These purposes were very happily kept in view by the members this year. Indeed, such interest was shown that even when the appointed speakers were excused for good cause, volunteers were always in evidence.

During both terms the debates were lively and interesting. This was due to the good judgment of the Literary Committee in selecting appropriate subjects, such as the "Natural Gas" question, the negro question in its various phases and the "pros" and "cons" for labor unions. Much praise is due to the speakers for their well-written and well-delivered debates.

Shortly after the opening of the second term the preliminaries were held for the annual public debate. Twelve members entered the contest, and so equally were they matched that the judges whom the students had selected—Fathers Fleming and Brosnahan—found it somewhat difficult to determine upon the four speakers who were to participate in the public debate. The choice fell upon four members of the class of 1910—Messrs. Leonard, Briscoe, Brown and Kelly.

* * * * *

The annual public debate was held on May 4th before a large and appreciative audience. The question was:

"Resolved, That the right of equal suffrage should be extended to the women of the United States." Great interest was excited by this live topic, and the debate was attended by warm sympathizers with both sides. Several prominent suffragists of this city came to hear the affirmatives support their cause. It was supported nobly

and the negatives upheld their views with equal ability and vigor. So strong were the arguments and so eloquently were they brought forward on both sides that no decision was given as to the merits of the debate as a whole.

After an address by the chairman, Mr. Frederick H. Linthicum, in which he set forth the aims and progress of the Loyola Literary Society, Mr. Vachel Brown, the first affirmative, delivered an enthusiastic defence of equal rights for women. With his arguments set off by an impassioned oratory, he appealed to the justice of his audience. Mr. Edwin B. Kelly, the first negative, rose to answer him and in a speech that paid glowing homage to woman, he established the ideal standing of the sex. Mr. John H. T. Briscoe, the second affirmative, won the audience by his crisp, sententious arguments, flavored with wit. When he concluded it appeared that he had entirely demolished the arguments of the negative side, but Mr. Edwin L. C. Leonard had yet to speak. Adopting a style that much resembled Mr. Briscoe's, he met the enemy on their own ground and re-established point after point, driving them home by quotations from recognized authorities. He won the victory, for the committee of judges, consisting of Rev. John B. Creeden, S. J.; J. Ryan Devereux, M. D., and John F. Morris, LL. D., awarded the Jenkins gold medal to the second negative.

The chairman, Mr. Morris, delivered an address that expressed the general sentiment of praise for the debaters. The musical program was an excellent one and furnished charming interludes to the oratorical strife of the debaters.

C. S. L., '11.

* * * * *

The last meeting of the Society, held on May 2nd, was entirely devoted to honoring the memories of three former presidents of Loyola, Messrs. Leonard, Kelly and Keller rendering excellent eulogies on Fathers Kelly, Morgan and Mullan, respectively.

Mr. Briscoe read an interesting essay, entitled "The Literary Society; Retrospect and Prospect," which was enthusiastically received. After the above speakers had finished a standing vote of thanks was tendered to Rev. Father Moderator for his energy in behalf of the Society, particularly in the matter of detailed criticism which he always had ready at hand. To the two presiding officers, Mr. Leonard, '10, and Mr. Briscoe, '10, much thanks and commendation are due both for their knowledge of the laws of the Society and the

strong interest shown by them in every matter that tended to further the welfare of the Society.

It is to be hoped that the Society will keep up to its present standard. If it does, Loyola will continue to send forth men who need fear no opponent in the oratorical field.

John J. Bowens, '12.

REV. RICHARD A. FLEMING, S. J., Moderator.

Officers.	First Term.	Second Term.
President,	Edwin L. Leonard, '10	John H. Briscoe, '10
Vice-President,	Charles S. Lerch, '11	Francis X. Kearney, '11
Secretary,	Fred. H. Linthicum, '12	John J. Bowens, '12
Treasurer,	John J. Bowens, '12	Vachel J. Brown, '10

Dramatic Notes.

OFFICERS.

Moderator—Mr. Edward P. Duffy, S. J.

President—Edwin L. C. Leonard, '10.

Vice-President—Harry P. Galligher, '11.

Secretary—John H. T. Briscoe, '10.

Treasurer—John Bowens, '12.

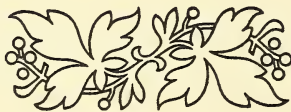
No society at the College has made more rapid strides during the past year than the Dramatic Association. With members well known for their skill in impersonation and their happy faculty of creating good, healthy fun for all, Mr. Duffy, the Moderator, gave the Loyola theater-goers the first treat of the season in the "New College Boy." While the play itself might have been better from a literary standpoint, it was the opinion of many in the audience that what the author had left out was amply filled in by the clever pantomime work of the cast. Judging from the applause that greeted Mr. Harry P. Galligher upon his first appearance in the leading role of the "College Boy," he is still a great favorite among our patrons. Though playing a double role, that of a young financier and a ludicrous school-boy, two parts requiring diametrically opposite "busi-

ness," not for a single moment was he off his guard, and his work was roundly applauded by the large audience. Mr. Charles Hill ably supported Mr. Galligher, and his stately demeanor as the gentlemanly college professor, in the midst of laughter from the audience, showed talent, as was remarked by an able critic, well worthy of the professional stage. The part of a schemer and a double-faced purloiner of other folks' gems is never a favorite with the audience, yet viewed from an artistic standpoint, Mr. Cyril A. Keller as the "gentleman of finance" displayed a gilt-edged piece of acting and cleverly balanced the plot of the comedy. Mr. W. Paul Brown, as his son, a young college sport, was well received and his scenes with the outraged Dr. Candy were well acted. It is seldom that a new arrival at Loyola is given so good a chance for displaying his ability as a Thespian as was offered Mr. Harry Gill in the part of Bullock Major, a young tough of the school. While his work was not up to the standard reached only by careful training, he showed great promise and we regret that he is no longer among our number. Last but not least comes Farmer Stubbles, whose only purpose seemed to be revenge, and this was cleverly brought out by Mr. John H. T. Briscoe in his first appearance before the Loyola footlights in a comedy role.

As to our second production, the dual scene from "The Rivals" and the "Critic," that is ably criticised in another part of the Annual.

The Dramatic Association takes this occasion for again thanking its generous patrons for their hearty support. In reviewing the productions of this year from a financial standpoint we feel safe in saying that it has been a banner year in the history of the Association. It is to our tireless Moderator, Mr. Duffy, that we owe the greater part of our success, and we feel we could have no more fitting close to these notes than to offer him our heartfelt thanks for all he has done for us.

Edwin L. C. Leonard, '10.



The header is enclosed in a decorative rectangular border with ornate corner and side motifs. On the left side, there is a small illustration of a bottle, a ball, and a racket. In the center, the words "ATHLETIC" and "NOTES" are printed in a bold, serif font, separated by a horizontal line with a central diamond shape. On the right side, there is another small illustration of a ball and a racket.

ATHLETIC NOTES

THE year of 1909-1910 has been a banner year in athletics for Loyola. Never before in the history of the College has there been so much talent displayed along these lines, and now Loyola can boast of its physical as well as mental training. The football team though short-lived gave promise of being a live factor in the race for the local interscholastic championship. The order for disbanding, issued by Father Rector after the fatal accident of the Georgetown-Virginia game, came as a sudden blow to the pigskin enthusiasts.

The best thing that can be said of the basketball team is that it wrested the interscholastic championship from its old rival—City Cillege—defeating the Howard Street School both at the City College and in the Loyola gym before large and enthusiastic crowds. The Athletic Association extends its congratulations to the team and its tireless manager, Mr. Henry Noeth.

Although the College was not represented by a baseball nine, no less than six teams from the High School played two and three games a week. These youngsters give great promise and it is hoped that an athletic field will be secured next year which Loyola can call its own.

Track athletics is making rapid strides and much interest was aroused, particularly among the High School students in the indoor meets held in the gym during the winter and in the spring meets at Patterson Park.

The tennis tournaments held under the management of George Loden, H. S. '12, displayed much talent and it is hoped, too, that the racket wielders will have their own courts next season.

Every Friday afternoon a band of marksmen known as the Loyola Rifle Club held their weekly practice at the Richmond Market Armory. The club wishes to express its thanks to Major Fort for the interest he took in the students.

The officers of the Athletic Association for the year 1909-1910 were: Mr. Louis J. Young, S. J., Moderator; Edwin L. C. Leonard,

President; John Burke, Vice-President; John H. T. Briscoe, Secretary; Jerome Joyce, Treasurer.

The captains of the various teams were: Football, J. Edgar Gans; Basketball, College, J. Stanislaus Cook; High School, George A. Tormey.

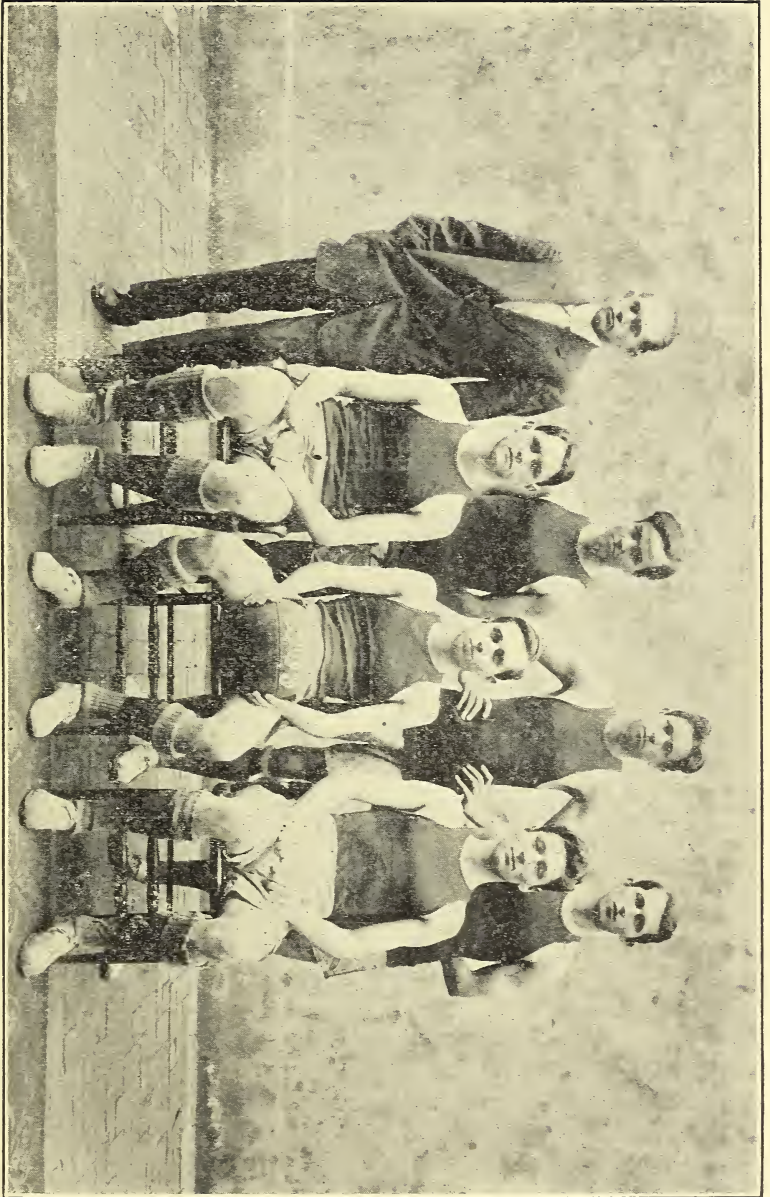
Edwin L. C. Leonard, '10.

Loyola High School Basket-ball Team.

THE Loyola High School Basketball team, following in the footsteps of the 'Varsity team, made an excellent record for the season of 1909-1910, winning 9, losing 3 and tying 1 of their games. The tie game should surely have been a victory for the Loyola boys, as they were in better condition at the end of playing time than their opponents. The team consisted of the same players as last season with the exception of Schiavone, who was lost by graduation. Loyola High School played some of the best teams of their size in the city, defeating easily all except the Garretts, who seemed to be an inevitable stumbling block. The first time Loyola met them, the game ended in a 17-17 tie. Loyola was defeated in the second game by the score of 21-14. Another game that seemed to occupy a great deal of attention was the one with the Georgetown "Preps," which Loyola lost by a few points after a strenuous and uphill struggle. The team was composed of the following students: F. J. Jones, right forward; G. A. Tormey, left forward (capt.); J. H. Joyce, center; G. A. Baummer, right defence; A. Baummer and H. Clark, left defence. Loyola scored 307 points to their opponents' 183.

RECORD OF GAMES.

- Loyola High School, 12; Tuxedos, 8.
- Loyola High School, 12; Calverts, 3.
- Loyola High School, 17; Garretts, 17.
- Loyola High School, 24; Central Y. M. C. A. Intermeds., 26.
- Loyola High School, 21; Central Y. M. C. A. Intermeds., 8.
- Loyola High School, 13; Belmonts, 1.
- Loyola High School, 37; Apaches, 1.
- Loyola High School, 27; West Branch Y. M. C. A. Intermeds., 18.
- Loyola High School, 33; Calverts, 12.



COLLEGE BASKETBALL TEAM.

W. H. Noeth, Mgr. J. E. Gans. C. P. Losinski. F. X. Kearney.
J. S. Cook (capt). J. H. Briscoe. C. J. Egan.

Loyola High School, 22; Georgetown "Preps," 27.
Loyola High School, 14; Garretts, 21.
Loyola High School, 32; Young Men's Association, 16.
Loyola High School, 39; Central Y. M. C. A. Bus. Boys, 25.

George A. Tormey, H. S. '10,
Manager.

Varsity Basket-ball Team.

THERE has never been a team that has represented Loyola in the athletic world which has achieved the success of the basket-ball team of 1910 and 1911. The five students who started on their uphill battle for the Intercollegiate championship of Baltimore are still together and this year their efforts were crowned with success when they defeated the five of the Baltimore City College, the great rivals of Loyola and champions of the city for nearly fifteen years.

Those acquainted with the team will notice a peculiar fact—the first year the game was played at the College the team lost every game on its schedule. The following year they succeeded in winning three games and scored several points on the champions. The third year, however, they won every game scheduled with local teams with the exception of that with the City College team, to whom they lost the championship by only one goal. This season they have defeated every team in Baltimore that could withstand a fight with Loyola and won two overwhelming victories over City College, and are now justly styled the champions of Baltimore.

The schedule was divided into two parts, the Interclub, lasting from the first of October until Christmas and the Inter-Collegiate, from Christmas until the first of March. In the Interclub schedule the team won every game with ease, scoring 337 points to 107. In the College games they lost to the Navy, Gallaudet and St. John's College and the Friend's School, of Washington.

The season opened up with the Alumni team in the Loyola gymnasium. The Alumni played a brilliant game and in the early part of the game forged into the lead, but the College boys, through superior condition won the game with the score of 26 to 19.

The rest of the Interclub schedule was a continual round of victories for the College team and it closed its schedule on December

10, 1909, when it defeated the Bethany Sunday School team 40 to 6.

The first collegiate game of the season was played with the College of Physicians and Surgeons, but the doctors met defeat at the hands of the College team by the score of 55 to 16.

In the Naval Academy game the Loyola boys were doomed to meet their first defeat, and in an interesting contest which, however, in the second half developed into a one-sided affair, the Midshipmen were the victors 36 to 10.

After this game the team went stale and was hardly able to defeat Mount St. Mary's where basketball was being played this season for the first time.

After the first half the Loyola boys braced themselves and succeeded in winning from the Mountaineers by the score of 35 to 23.

On the following Saturday the team met the five of the Washington Friends' School in their gymnasium. The room was so small that it was possible to shoot a goal from the opposite basket. The Friends' boys, knowing the advantage of their gymnasium, won out by two points.

The night of the same day Loyola played the deaf mutes of Gallaudet College. In the first five minutes of play Loyola ran up 22 points, while their opponents had not scored, but the game in the afternoon began to tell on them and the Gallaudet team soon caught up. Three extra halves had to be played to decide the winners and the Gallaudet boys won by the score of 39 to 36.

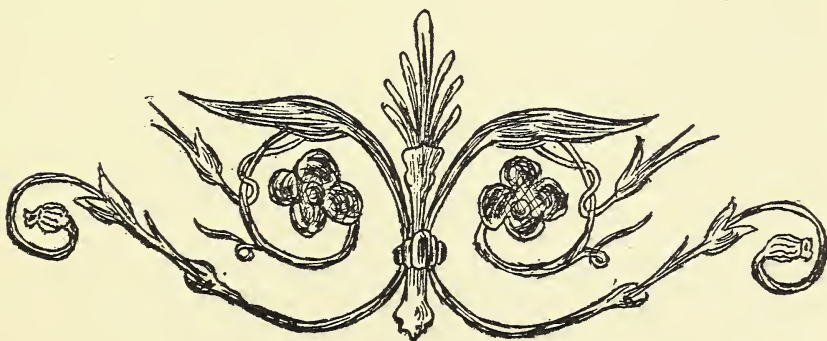
The game at Annapolis with St. John's College was in all probability the best game of the season. In the first half the teams were neck and neck and the score at the end was 15 to 13 in favor of the College team; but in the second half the Annapolis boys ran up 24 points, making the score 37 to 19 in their favor.

The final game of the season was played in the Loyola gymnasium with City College. Knowing what was at stake the home team went into the game with vigor and scored point after point. The first half ended 12 to 3 in favor of Loyola; the former champions were unable to score a field goal. In the second half City College managed to score 13 points.

W. Henry Noeth, '11,
Manager.

The scores for the various games are as follows:

- Loyola, 26; Alumni, 19.
Loyola, 20; Seventh Baptist Sunday School, 15.
Loyola, 36; O'Neills, 9.
Loyola, 55; Physicians and Surgeons, 16.
Loyola, 31; Belmont Athletic Club, 14.
Loyola, 16; Sterling Athletic Club, 15.
Loyola, 53; Hamilton Athletic Club, 0.
Loyola, 40; Bethany Sunday School, 6.
Loyola, 39; O'Neils, 3.
Loyola, 44; Sterling Athletic Club, 19.
Loyola, 10; U. S. Naval Academy, 36.
Loyola, 28; Baltimore City College, 18.
Loyola, 35; Mount St. Mary's College, 23.
Loyola, 24; Friends' School of Washington, 26.
Loyola, 36; Gallaudet College, 39.
Loyola, 19; St. John's College, 37.
Loyola, 22; Baltimore City College, 16.



CLASS NOTES.

SENIOR.

J. H. T. B. The glorious, unapproachable holder of the corn-row hopping title, for which feat he wears an invisible belt. A friend to be appreciated; and hospitable beyond compare. Though he is good company, you might as well try to change the expression of the sphinx as to try to get J. B. to "fuss." An essay specialist. "Oh! Gee! let up!"

V. J. B. He has a natural predisposition for yellow houses. He lives at Roland Park, paying an occasional visit to the "old folks" at his childhood's home in Catonsville. Has a way of soliciting that no one can resist.—"You're done whistlin'."

E. A. C. Made a bet that he could borrow cigarettes for a week; and he won. As languid as a heifer and as "skinny as a reed bird." Puts one in mind of an electric pendulum when he works. Someone called him Beau Brummel once, but they needed glasses.—"Honest truth!"

J. A. G. The only man who ever fell asleep while E. B. K. was in the room. Never opens his mouth any more in class. An ardent writer, but having become enamored of simplified spelling it would take the analytic mind of a Poe to decipher what J. A. G. has written.—"Goodness gracious!"

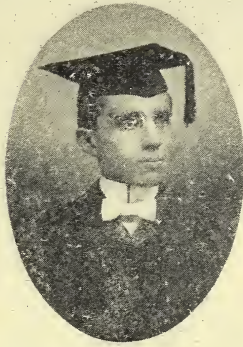
C. A. K. Oh, my! The man with the aesthetic look. The user of alliteration to the everlasting amusement of W. M. N. President of the astronomy social. The German dictionary of ethics class, and chief of the research department.—"Great balls o' mud!"

E. B. K. "Vesuvius;" always spouting. The universal Peace Maker; has always a store of ready talk, which acts as soothing balm to aching hearts. Ha! Ha! Knows more about your business in ten minutes than the police could find out by means of the third degree. Still smokes "clippings."—"R-Rotten!"

E. K. L. "Scotty" offers fifty cents reward for the return of a lost suit of black hair, and information concerning a hair rejuvenator that will grow raven locks. "Aw, me lawd, he hath the Thespian's



Daniel J. Brown



John H. J. Priscoe

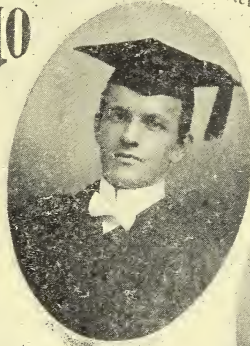


Cyril H. Keller

LOYOLA
1910



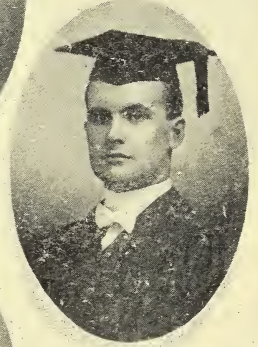
Edwin B. Kelly



Edwin L. Leonard



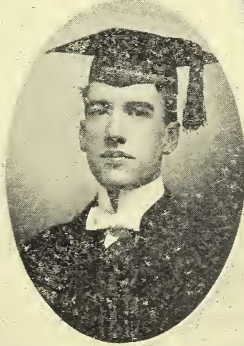
Joseph S. Andrew



Edward S. Lee



William M. Nevins



Edgar A. Curran

THE CLASS OF NINETEEN HUNDRED AND TEN.

stride." Wanted to go to the circus, but we were afraid he'd get hurt.—"Aw, go 'way!"

E. L. C. L. "Gypy Smith," the news-monger, who can do two things at once; but how? We don't know. The fuzzy-pated wonder, who aroused the ire of the suffragettes. Takes a great interest in French literature. A convincing talker and interesting writer. Always carries a voluminous roll of paper. We opened it once, but alas! it was all blank.—"Stop your foolin' and let that alone!"

W. M. N. A veritable little "dapper daisy." He has been chasing a few elusive and annoying Greek and Latin verbs to their lair lately. The nifty boy with the Chesterfieldian air. The leader of the senior national band and economic mandolin club. "Mozart" can play some!—"Aw, go on.

JUNIOR CLASS.

The conception of these two bugs may be seen any morning of the school year at Loyola College at 9 A. M. With all due apologies to everyone concerned, we, two of the distorted craniums, present our little original and unique production.

Kearney & Foley (Inc.)

JUNIOR CLASS vs. PRINCIPLES OF REASON.

Game called at 9 A. M.

Umpire, Father Fortier. Assistant Umpire, Professor Saint Seine.

Junior Class.	Principles of Reason.
Clark, rf. and manager.....	Jouin, p. and manager.
Kearney, 2b. and captain.....	Principle of Contradiction, c.
Foley, c.....	Principle of Identity, 1b.
Lerch, p.....	Principle of Casualty, 2b.
Brown, 1b.....	Principle of Sufficient Reason, ss.
Walsh, ss.....	Principle of No Mean, 3b.
Galligher, 3b.....	Principle of Agreement, lf.
Burke, lf.....	Principle of Disagreement, rf.
Ayd, cf.....	Objective Evidence (a ringer).

Time, 8.45 A. M. Scene, Junior Class Room.

Groundkeeper Neuner on the quasi-diamond raking up mutilated syllogisms from yesterday's struggle, and preparing the field for the approaching combat.

Groundkeeper Neuner has been working hard on the muddy soil of Junior field and from latest reports the Teutonic prodigy will turn out a diamond equal to any in the Major Logic League.

This Knight of the Broom, by extensive research work in the laboratory, has discovered a solution that will allay dust and kill denizen weeds. He'll need it in Junior Class.

Press Agent Noeth prowling around getting news from Manager Clark and writing his line-up for the evening paper. Press Agent Noeth has been of great assistance to Manager Clark, helping the groundkeeper, boosting the team in the paper, and acting as substitute scorekeeper.

The big contest itself we are forbidden to publish. The following extracts were taken from the press agent's report of this great contest, and now for the first time are presented to the public:

THE EXTRACTS.

Clark. The nifty manager of the Junior aggregation and right gardner; picks syllogisms off his shoe strings and figures prominently in the batting averages—our synonym for monthly marks—has clean fielding record and has more than once led his team to victory over Jouin's fast youngsters.

Kearney. The 'lite second baseman, eats up everything that comes his way and does deadly work with the salary stick. Has thrown out more principles than any man on the team (false principles). In this young "phenom" Manager Clark has a great find.

Foley. Pride of Govans. Trained by the immortal Nick Maddox. Can catch everything coming his way. But often has a hole in his bat to let through bad syllogisms and false propositions. Charley can hold the pitcher's syllogisms when it comes to receiving.

Lerch. Long, lean and lanky twirler, can eat up all parabolic curves that Jouin can serve up. Was never known to be out of condition on account of superfluous flesh. Tried running once, but the gym was too small for him. Charley has something on the proverbial camel, and can go through the eye of a needle with the greatest ease. But Charley is the only player with a perfect batting average.

Brown. William Paul, Jr., loves to tell his fair friends about the national game, and plays at first base to be near the grandstand. Often stops the game to laugh at some ancient joke. Manager Clark threatened to fire him if he doesn't show up better in the finals.

Still, Paul is the sport of the class, and a good drawing card with the feminine sex.

Walsh. The sphinx-like shortstop. The sleeping wonder, the disciple of silence. Many a time and oft has James been found asleep at the bag. Would rather let a syllogism bounce off his head-piece than get out of the way. But when given the proper amount of ginger Jimmy shows fast form and has the groundkeeper busy supplying him with the fuzzy stuff. Still, James is a strong addition to our team and Manager Clark has already mailed him a contract for next year.

Galligher. The string-bean type of third baseman. Fast, lazy and unconcerned. Never learns the rules of our game nor ever cares to learn them. Scoops up everything in sight when he is in condition, which is seldom. Catonsville accounts for that. Yet Harry is a good fellow and keeps Junior in theatrical talent.

Burke. The cowboy fielder. Thinks a ball diamond is a Western prairie and every grounder a bucking broncho. Has muffed more analytical flies than we can count. Sworn enemy of logic and deadly foe of all philosophy. Shoots syllogisms on sight and is eternally teasing our revered groundkeeper. But John's all right and we all like him.

Ayd. Teutonic fly-juggler. Second cousin to Bismarck. The eternal bad argument starter. Cavorts around our little diamond and keeps the groundkeeper busy. Has a habit of springing good—bad jokes, which habit we are fast breaking George of. But then, Junior or no other class, for that matter, could get along without Ayd.

F. X. Kearney and C. Foley.

SOPHOMORE (a la Tennyson).

W. A. B. "For always roaming with a hungry heart." "Nightly 'stew fed.'"

W. J. B. "Let us alone." "Why should we only toil?" "His voice was thin as voices from the grave."

J. J. B. "It may be he will touch the happy isle." "Is there confusion in the little isle?"

E. H. B. "That we should come like ghosts to trouble joy." "I am become a name."

E. J. H. "Let us swear an oath and keep it." "Steaming up a lamentation and an ancient tale of wrong."

J. T. H. "He moans 'round with many voices."

F. H. L. "I will drink life to the lees." (Who's afraid to go home in the dark?)

C. P. L. "To follow knowledge like a sinking star" (and he has caught it) "and sweet it was to dream of Fatherland."

F. F. R. "The flower 'sits frightened' in his place."

J. F. R. "Likes a downward smoke" (or any other kind).

A. A. L. "And sweet it were to dream."

FRESHMAN.

J. C. B. Somebody says that when J. C. B. has nothing else to do he comes to school. Generally whiles away the springtime hours in peaceful day-dreaming. "Awake, arise, or be forever fallen," Jimmy.

J. A. C. Freshman's Combination (Dictionary and Encyclopedia). Philosophical quizzer of 1913. Study's most bitter antagonist. Still Joe manages to head the list when it comes to English.

A. W. D. Our new acquisition. Still labors under the impression that class begins at 9.15. Tardy, but good-natured, and we like every bone in big A. D.'s head.

T. A. K. Silk Sock Sam, the Slick Sleuth. Since T. A. lately assumed the manly garb, he has a peculiar weakness for changeable silk socks. Scours all Baltimore in his search for new effects. Now and then astounds the class with a sudden burst of learning.

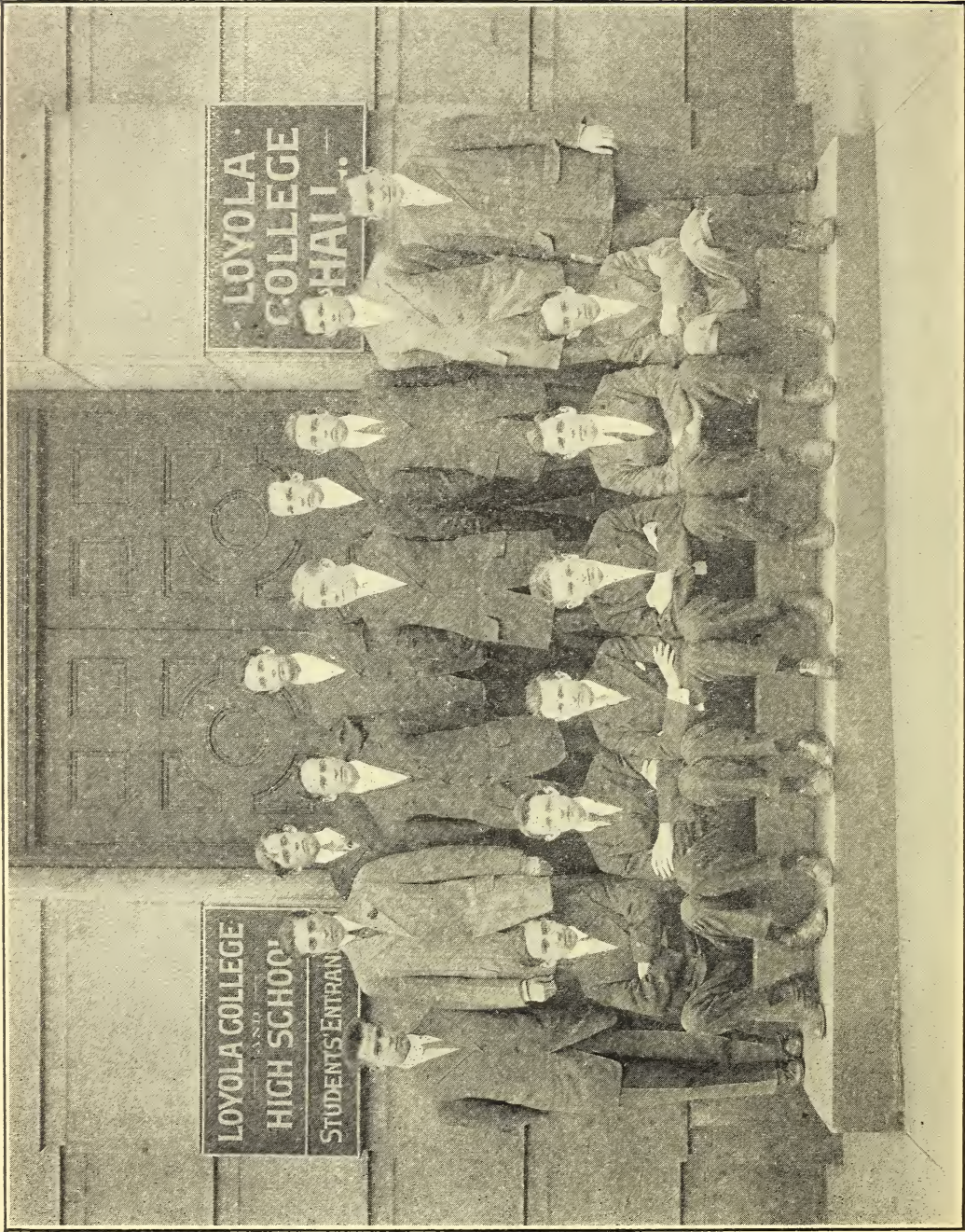
A. C. R. The German "Comedian?" Hails from Highlandtown (and proud of it). Claims that Baltimore will soon be annexed to that burg. Has a tendency to pretend vast knowledge.

H. E. S. The inexhaustible treasurer. Gallantly meets all financial demands. Arrived from Philadelphia over two years ago and still shows the effects.

W. I. W. A resident of that suburban municipality, "Govans." Vehemently declares that they have a mayor. Our acknowledged "synonymist." Amuses himself by teasing J. W. But Bill is the life of Freshman.

J. W. The Stoic. Sedate member of Freshman. Habits unknown. Unanimously regarded as a burner of midnight oil, which he insists on denying. But what would become of Freshman without J. W? So cheer up, John!

H. E. S., '13.



THE HIGH SCHOOL GRADUATING CLASS,
NINETEEN HUNDRED AND TEN.



High School Department



Two Races of Man.

(Imitation of Charles Lamb.)

THE human species, ever changing and progressing, is now, according to the best theory I can form of it, divided into two great races—the men who ride (in automobiles) and the men who walk. Under these two original divisions may be included all other classifications of color and nationality—the Mongolians, Americans, Zulus and Arabs. The infinite superiority of the former, which I dare to call the great race, is evident in their carriage, their deportment and even in their speech. The latter are born degraded. They are suspicious, nervous and excited, contrasting greatly with the pleasant, easy-going manner of the latter.

What a careless, happy life doth the rider live! with what suavity of manner doth he glide through life, breaking all speed records, and bowling over the common herd, as if they were but tenpins. He hath a true disregard for all the distinctions between the two classes, and he speeds just as easily through the crowded thoroughfare as along the broad speedway.

His proceedings have such a cheerful, condescending air. Far different is he from those low-minded cabbies, who try to run you down, and then ask your pardon in mock-politeness. He steereth his auto straight at you, smiling all the while, and, hit or miss, he tumbleth you with no excuse. He confineth himself to no set class, or sex, scattering the babbling spinsters from the "Old Women's Home" with as

much pleasure as he sendeth the busy skyward, or lifteth the crying child over a nearby fence. In vain the victim whom he delighteth to honor struggleth against fate; he is caught, he cannot escape. Therefore I abjure thee, be hit cheerfully. O man, destined to be hit, keep thy wits about thee, that thou mayst land lightly and easily. Resist not Destiny, but when thou seest the proper authority coming, meet it unflinchingly, willingly. See how light he makes of it. Strain not courtesies with a noble enemy.

I was inspired to write this dissertation by the death of David Oldfield, whose soul sped on its last journey on Wednesday last, dying, as he had lived, speedily and unexpectedly. He boasted himself a descendant from the great money kings of the same name; nor did his actions belie his noble pretensions. Early in life he found himself endowed with ample stores of jingling coins, some of which he immediately invested in that great symbol of the well-to-do, a buzz-wagon.

In his triumphant progress throughout the land it has been computed that he helped a tithe of the population on their journey towards Heaven—at least he sent them as far as he could in that direction. These calculations I reject as exaggerated, but having had the pleasure of accompanying my friend on some of his journeys, I admit I was greatly astonished at the number of persons who claimed an acquaintance with us. One day he explained this to me. It seems that they were his vassals; his good friends (as he called them), whom he had condescended to elevate from this mundane sphere and give a pleasant ride through aerial space. Their numbers did not embarrass him; indeed, he took pleasure in reckoning them.

He never lacked victims. When he did need new ones the first person who fell in with him, or rather, got in front of him, friend or foe, acquaintance or stranger, was pressed into service, and returned to Mother Earth a few moments later

with a feeling of joy and gladness that he had been of use to such a man.

For David had an undeniable way with him. He possessed a gay, smiling face, a quick eye, a steady hand. He anticipated no excuse, and found none. And therefore I leave it to the reader to say whether it is not more repugnant to his kindly nature to escape the tires of such a one as I am describing than to glide unharmed from beneath the wheels of the aforementioned cabby.

August J. Bourbon, H. S., '10.

Four O'Clock.

NOT a very promising subject, is it? Yet our Professor, in his eagerness to develop our thinking muscles, assigned us this subject without more explanation for an essay. Moreover he did not even confine us to A. M. or P. M. As I have to write a real experience, however, I must of necessity confine myself to the post-meridian hour. My experiences at the morning hour are for the most part too monotonous, for I was never known, even by accident, to be awake at that unhallowed hour.

But even four o'clock P. M. is not much more inspiring. At most it is a dull time of day in every branch of business, for then the hands of the clock seem to move as if crippled with rheumatism. There is one place, however, a college in an Eastern State, where four o'clock is considered the most important time of day. It exerts an influence over the rest of the twenty-four hours, and how it accomplishes this you will be pleased, I am sure, to learn.

The event of the day is announced with befitting ceremony. The boys are at play in every square foot of a big campus,

and a kaleidoscope is a tame and useless metaphor to describe their motions. Suddenly the deep tones of a bell are heard, and tennis rackets half way down in a stroke break their curve and drop to the grounds. Legs lifted in a race to bases are lowered and their direction changed at the sound of that wonderful bell. All faces are turned in one direction for a moment and the next bodies are rushing from all parts of the campus to a single unimportant-looking place, the door of a gymnasium. In less than a minute over three hundred boys are doing their utmost to do what a thoughtless writer might term "to stand in line." But these do not stand; they wriggle, turn, push and pull "in line."

And then, the look of expectation that six hundred eyes fasten on that door! The expectancy with which an audience awaits the raising of the curtain on a first night performance is indeed expressive, but that does not suit our subject. The nervousness aroused by waiting in the ante-room of a king for presentation at court is more expressive, but even this does not portray the feeling throbbing along that squirming line. There is but one instance we might venture to say is parallel, and that is when these same boys line along the fence of a baseball ground watching for the first sign of a door-keeper to put an end to their three hours' wait.

To the eyes of the three hundred that are still struggling "in line" there comes very soon the longed-for spectacle. Two boys appear from within the door of the gymnasium carrying large baskets on their arms. The basket is opened with solemnity on the steps, the lid is removed by them with all the dignity befitting their importance in the eyes of the three hundred before them. The line begins its forward motion, and as the first boy reaches the sacred baskets he plunges in his hand, draws something out and, turning, dashes back to a place behind the last in the waiting line. After the

line has gone past once and has about half finished on its second course, the guardians of the basket replace the lid and retire within the sanctuary of the gymnasium. The unfinished half of the line follow them with disappointed eyes; the finished portions depart in exultation. For the one has but one, the other two, fresh, warm sugar buns that are distributed daily at precisely four o'clock.

Jerome H. Joyce, H. S., '10.

Two Species of Students.

AMONG the numerous species of students that have frequented colleges from the time the first scientific or classical institution opened its doors to the world, in all collegiate destinies two types especially have enacted their part with satisfaction. Those who possess and cultivate that sort of virtue, that indefinable quality of manliness generally known as "college spirit" are the representatives of the first type and the second class comprises those who know little of such an admirable virtue. Separately we shall treat of each class.

Who is that student, you will ask, characterized by the buoyancy of budding youth, who is romping among his classmates and with puerile agility and merry laugh is constantly escaping from and becoming ensnared in the tricks his jovial companions lay for him? Who is he that tends to every important matter with the accuracy and attention of a business man? What impels that stalwart athlete, that indefatigable captain, that fleet mass of muscle and padding to tear with terrific speed along the gridiron? With pigskin in tight embrace he grovels in the dust. Another second he darts with ball, shoves and plunges through the seething eleven, then towards the side line, then again in the opposite direction he

dashes, and with irresistible pluck through clouds of rising dust, in and out of that determined and overheated labyrinth of players he runs and finally reaches that much-coveted prize, the goal. Again you inquire who that perspiring youth is who is cheering and waving his pennant wildly, who in his enthusiasm often remounts and dismounts and nearly topples over the board separating the crowd from the contestants. The answer to all these inquiries, the cause of all this energy and courage is contained in those two simple words "college spirit," which imply a meaning known to and centered in the heart of every true college student. The friendship of such boys should always be desired.

Beware, however, of him whose qualities lack this admirable virtue. Beware of the student who infects the surrounding atmosphere; who relates his wonderful adventures with pompous egotism; who willingly and promptly shares in the praises of others; who believes in supremacy or nothing and whose faith in his college abilities would not so much as move the slightest obstruction save mountainous obstacles.

His society engagements (that is, his nocturnal promenades on Charles street and his daily visits to a nickel theatre or moving picture parlor) prevent him from appearing at all college engagements. Rehearsing plays is not advised by most physicians as cures for cephalo-algia. To him, who is accustomed to the quietude of Baltimore street and its vicinity, noisy college halls are harmful to their tender nerves and often cause a nervous breakdown. Such excuses as the previous are always premeditated and ante-bellum in age.

The student without college spirit is like unto the glorious Alexander and goeth about "deceiving and to deceive." Behold how he deceiveth his simple-minded professors; how he convinceth the students of his popularity; how he telleth the magnanimous prefect how his head acheth; how his side

acheth. His vocabulary of aches never is exhausted. His high voice always ringeth through the corridors except on Report Day. Then the ache, a foreseen ache from parental chastisement, taketh hold of him and becometh more and more painful. Ah! Reginald, beware lest your ache becomes rheumatic. Such are the traits of the second species.

Thus, gentle reader, you understand the vast difference between the two species. While one is striving for the glory of the college, the other is through lukewarmness and negligence by degrees tearing its banners from the pinnacles of athletic and classical fame. Still, in honoring the former, the student with college spirit, let us not neglect the other lest his ache might become chronic.

A. J. Harrison, H. S., '10.

The Seven Ages on Mt. Royal.

THE sun had risen and looked in pleasure on multitudes wending their ways to church, and then in a short time shone again on those same people who, homeward bound, were happy in the knowledge of a duty well performed. As the day advanced the sun became warmer until between the hours of noon and three in the afternoon the heat was most oppressive. But as the hour hand neared five the hot beams gradually cooled and at once the promenaders began to make their appearance along Mount Royal avenue and Terrace. This well-kept public way seems to be the Mecca, especially on Sunday after five o'clock, for young and old, rich and poor, individuals, couples and parties. Standing at the entrance to Druid Hill Park, one is able to see passing in life that which Shakespeare has painted so vividly for us, "The Seven Ages of Man."

Children can be seen along the Terrace. These personifications of spring do credit to the Author of all that is good and beautiful. There are some who do not as yet have to burden their brains with anything which might remind them of school, and their joyous faces brighten one, no matter how serious a case of "blues" he may be stricken with. To this class might be added the boy or girl of sixteen, the boys "making eyes at a girl" and the girls acting very foolishly. Then again there are others of this age who walk along very sedately or at least in a manner which to them appears "very proper."

A young man who was very ambitious both at love and work often made his appearance along the avenue. There was a young lady of a loving nature and she wished to meet a young gentleman who would reciprocate. The former and the latter became acquainted. Result: Love at first sight. They took to the Terrace "as ducks take to water" and every Sunday they were to be seen in that section. This continued for two or three years; then the happy couple remained out of sight for three years. But when they made their reappearance they were accompanied not by a chaperon, not by a friend, nor even a former schoolmate, but by a monarch; in fact, a tyrant before which all the world bends—a little "tot" scarcely able to walk.

The serious-minded man of business comes next. To one however unskilled in the study of nature his earnestness is at once apparent and his quick, snappy step portrays much more clearly his ability to transact the most intricate business with an aptitude found only in such a man. His decisive manner demonstrates beyond a doubt his swift, unerring judgment.

The place where he passed is vacant only a few moments, for it is ably filled by an elderly gentleman whose high ideals,

which distinguish him from other men, are discernible in his whole person. His courtesy, which every action exhibits; his prudence, which can be seen even by the uncouth; his friendly look, bestowed so graciously on the child at his side, and most of all the unconscious condescension in becoming interested in the affairs of his youthful companion, remind one of the patriarchs of old.

But now an invalid's chair can be seen approaching. The occupant is evidently over eighty years of age, for it seems that he is unable to walk any distance. His white hair, now fast thinning; his sunken eyes, which are dimmed from the youthful folly of burning the midnight oil when at school; his hands, bony through excessive toil and especially on account of age—all serve to make one realize how quickly the winter of life comes.

In this way the endless procession of the "Seven Ages" continues until late in the night.

Harry Quinn, H. S., '10.

Lamb.

We ate roasted lamb
With the greatest delight,
Though all eight preferred ham.
We ate roasted lamb.
Some days later, by jam!
In a scholarly plight,
We eight "roasted" Lamb
With the greatest delight.

August J. Bourbon, H. S., '10.

College-Bred.

THE supreme sway of corruption is one of the greatest evils of our times. Socialism, atheism and all their accompanying ills are undermining the state and estranging men's hearts from God; while the cancerous and insatiable monster even enters the family life in the shape of divorce. Graft has successfully usurped old-time honesty's place. Immoral literature and indecent plays, unfortunately, are rapidly increasing, and, sad to say, no blush of shame is brought to the cheek of those who delight in the portrayal of all that is low and degrading. Egotistical men, supposedly learned, boldly bring forth theories that are blasphemies to their Almighty Creator, and profanations of what is most sacred.

These evils are the effect of the world's disregarding that simple truth, which the Catholic Church has always maintained, that there is no true education without religion.

The Church naturally looks to the college-bred man to remedy the situation, for persons of a minor education are oftentimes overpowered through ignorance. It is through him that the world itself, realizing in more repentant moments the abyss of sin into which it has fallen, expects deliverance.

It, therefore, behooves the Catholic college-man to secure a sound education in the sciences so that his word may have the same authority as his scientific but less religiously enlightened brother, with whom he is to contend.

It is also incumbent upon the present college student to diligently employ his time, so that he too may in turn join the ranks of the modern Crusaders, who as those of old endeavored to save to the Church temporal possessions, will not only endeavor, but succeed, with God's help, in coping with the Church's enemies, disproving false teachings, stamping out the spirit of irreligion, and above all in preserving that priceless treasure—the Faith of our Fathers.

John Lardner, H. S., '11.

Honk! Honk!

(An Auto Story.)

MR. SCHNEIDER had been busy all morning reading his mail, which he took good care not to allow Mrs. Schneider to see. When Mrs. Schneider called him for dinner, he came without delay, but she could see that something was going to happen, though she showed no signs of curiosity. During dinner little was said, until Mr. Schneider began:

"Mrs. Schneider," he said, "I have been thinking seriously about buying an automobile. If we had one around this place, consider for a moment what we would save, how many car fares we would avoid and how often we could ride out in style. It's no wonder folks nowadays die so young, walking and getting crippled feet and having their system thrown out of order by the shaking they receive in those blooming trolley cars. If everyone had a touring car, why folks would live twice as long."

"Providing the touring car would not explode or refuse to go while crossing a railroad," ejaculated Mrs. Schneider.

"Confound it," yelled Mr. Schneider, "when I am speaking I don't want to be interrupted. That is just like a woman; when man is contemplating heaven woman steps in and reminds him of the deep, dank regions of—oh, I don't know where. Of course, if I were to come home here and talk to you about something in the papers headed 'Bargains' perhaps you might listen to me. But when a man tries to get right down to business and talk sensibly to a woman he might as well try to talk to Mars."

"Mr. Schneider, have you ever seen a touring car?" asked Mrs. Schneider quietly.

“Look here, woman,” he shouted, “remember whom you are speaking to. Do I look like an idiot?”

“I have not called anyone an idiot,” retorted Mrs. Schneider, “but I ask you, have you considered the prices of a touring car and the corresponding expenses, together with the risk and danger of one’s life?”

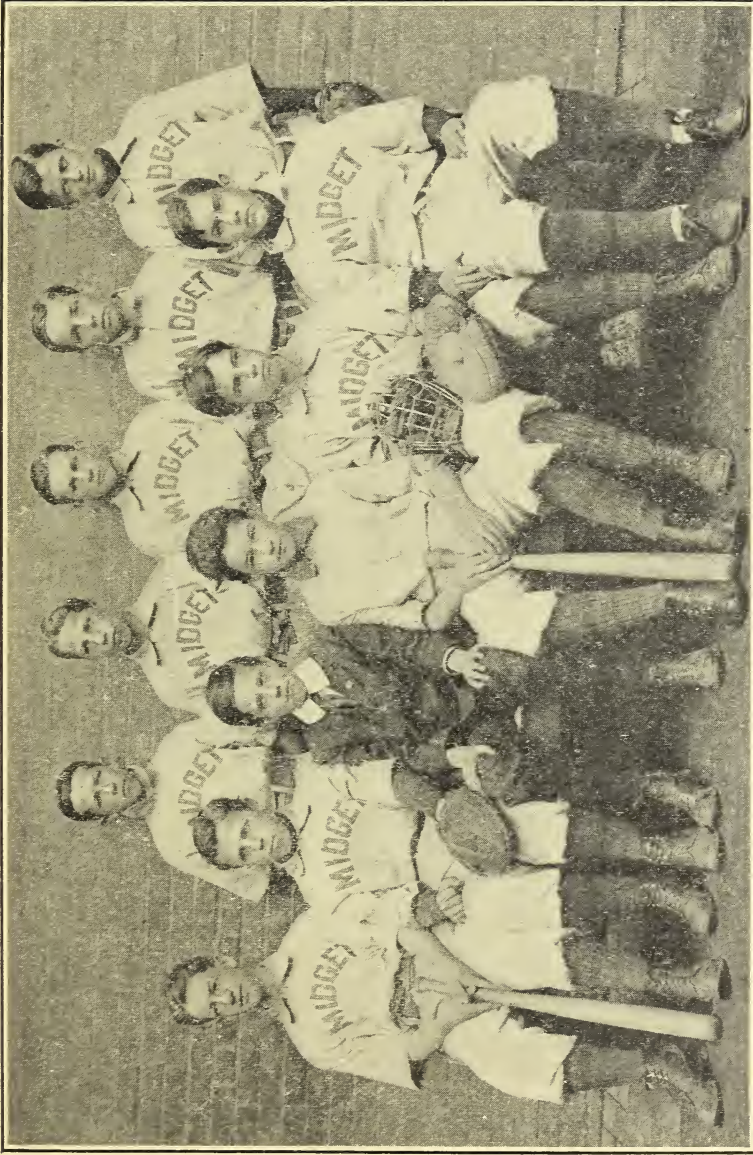
Mr. Schneider remained silent and continued eating. “To run a touring car it would be necessary to have a chauffeur; his salary would be high, we should be obliged to have a license, a new tire once in a while, gasoline, too, and a half a hundred other requisites that I could mention, and worst of all,” continued Mrs. Schneider, “we might be blown into shreds by the explosion of gasoline.”

“That’s enough,” cried Mr. Schneider, springing to his feet; “I have stood this long enough. A man can’t come home and enjoy a peaceful evening any more unless he is scoffed at and called an idiot and everything else.” With this he donned hat and coat and hurried out into the street.

A few minutes later the door bell rang. Mrs. Schneider hastened to see who it might be. When she opened the door there lay Mr. Schneider prostrated on a stretcher borne by two men. “Madame,” said one of them, “your husband has just been struck by an auto.” Mrs. Schneider shuddered and said nervously: “Hurry! come right in.” They placed Mr. S. on a couch, where he remained motionless, with his eyes closed and hands fixed. Suddenly he groaned and said: “Mrs. Schneider—say, Mrs. Schneider. Don’t send me to a hospital; put me in the insane asylum. I’m an idiot. No autos for me.”

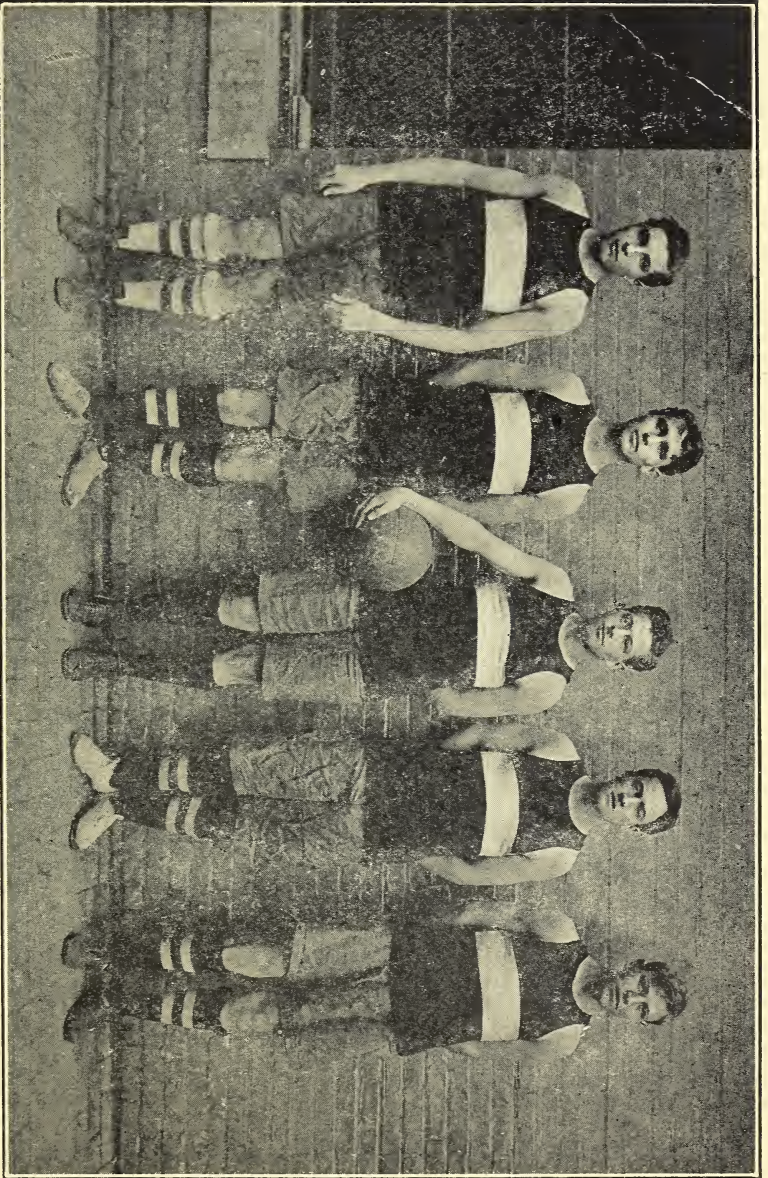
William F. Sauer, H. S., '11.





THE LOYOLA MIDGETS.

J. Tearney. Jas. Vaeth. I. Bolton. C. G. Owings. F. J. Wiers.
Ray Wagner. A. Buchness. J. Morris, Mgr. W. J. Keating. B. J. Finnegan. Jno. Quinn.



HIGH SCHOOL BASKETBALL TEAM.

Jerome H. Joyce, Jr. George Baummer. George A. Tormey. Frank Jones. Henry Clarke.

A Rolling Stone.

SUCCESS means persistent work, plodding and perseverance. A person who goes lightly from one pursuit to another, without paying much attention to any, but carried on by the fanciful illusion that each new thought is a dash to success, plants the seed of failure, for "A rolling stone cannot gather moss."

We will be impressed with the truth of this proverb if we consider the case of my friend, Joe Meyer, who possessed everything a boy could desire and yet was of such a restless disposition that he could not concentrate his energies upon anything. He did not like school and tired even of play.

Suddenly he formed the resolution of becoming a farmer and, having received the permission of his father, he set out for the country full of enthusiasm. A few days after his arrival the farmer who employed him said, "Hurry, Joe; a storm is coming. Rake up that hay." Joe did not fancy hurrying and this made him dissatisfied, and after a few similar disagreeable orders he threw down his rake and went home, as he decided that farming was not so pleasant after all.

Being reprimanded by his father, Joe told him that he liked commercial life and wanted a position as an office boy. Through his father's influence he succeeded in getting with the large grocery firm of Miller & Elright. For several days Joe was very much pleased, then he began to get careless. One day he was sent to the postoffice and just as he returned Mr. Miller asked him to go again to mail an important letter.

"Oh!" drawled Joe; "I can't be running to the postoffice all the time. I'm tired of this." So he decided he did not want to be an office boy and began to look around for some-

thing else. He then tried a machine shop, but the work was too hard; then a drug store, but the hours were too long.

So he kept on trifling until he reached manhood and then he found that everyone refused to employ him because of his want of persistence and perseverance.

Happily he learned to do better and now his favorite saying is "A rolling stone gathers no moss," and he often quotes these words of Owen Meredith:

"A man who seeks one thing in life and but one
 May hope to achieve it before life be done;
 But he who seeks all things wherever he goes
 Only reaps from the hopes that around him he sows—
 A harvest of barren regrets."

J. Bart Muth, H. S., '11.

A Gem.

"Johnny," said Teacher McGee,
 "Take this note to your mother for me."
 He took it, 'tis true,
 But tore it in two
 "In the shade of the old apple tree."

Arrell B. Hoblitzell, H. S., '11.



Where Ignorance Was Bliss.

(An Animal Story.)

MANY years ago, in a quiet little valley, amid the foothills of the Swiss Alps, there nestled a small Benedictine Abbey. Among the hooded monks who inhabited the old pile was one young man who, though he wore the black robe and vied with them in holiness, was not a religious, as he had not taken the required vows. From his earliest childhood had he been in the monastery, never getting a glimpse of the great outside world, except what he could see from the walled garden.

John Neander was his name, but his usual title was Brother John. His innocent countenance and sweet disposition won the hearts of the holy monks. Full many a time did one of them predict that Brother John would soon take his vows, and just as often would good Abbot Bonaventine shake his head and quietly say: "No, Brother John will never wear the cowl."

Though his father oft visited the monastery, never could John Neander learn his real history. He tried in vain to fathom the secret of his father's wish that he should not leave the cloister gate.

John's father was of noble birth, in his youth he was somewhat wild in his ways, until he wooed and won a beautiful and amiable maiden, the only daughter of a German Count. But his young wife died soon after the birth of little John, and the bereaved father was so heart-broken that he was determined that never should his son have to undergo the same trial. With this purpose in view he placed the boy in the

care of the good monks, with the strict injunction that he should never see the face of a woman.

Here he passed his childhood days, and grew into manhood with scarce the knowledge that such a being as a woman existed.

It had been several years now, since his father had last paid him a visit, and today was John's twenty-first birthday. It was the day on which the father a score years ago had vowed that his son should for the first time, if ever, set his step outside the cloister walls.

As was said before, John's father was a nobleman and possessed great riches. He, with several other gentlemen, had made a large park for recreation, as was the custom in those days, among the very wealthy. They had filled it with all kinds of wild animals brought from all over the globe.

It was a tour through this Eden that father and son were now making. There was scarce a thing that was not new to John. Animals of all sorts that heretofore had only been crude images in picture books, were now realities. There he saw the listless camel from Arabia and the royal Indian elephant. Here, too, were tigers, bears, and leopards. There were there even buffaloes from North America, the land of the red man.

While they were walking along, the one asking questions about everything, and the other trying to answer, suddenly John pointed over the field with more than usual interest, "Quick, father," said he, "what are those creatures over yonder?"

Now the father had given strict orders that no maid or matron should be in the park that day, and there the Count's daughters were, playing their daily out-door games.

The father, though evidently perplexed, tried to keep his peace of mind and stammered out, "Why, John, those are

nymphs." As they went on their way, ever and anon John would gaze back to see whether he could catch a glimpse of those beautiful nymphs.

Darkness now began to creep over the park. Tired out by their day's recreation, they were soon on their way again up to the monastery. John was now busy telling all who would listen, what he had seen that day on the great outside world.

After supper, John was summoned to the Abbott's cell. On his arrival his father greeted him with these words: "Today is your birthday, John, of all the animals you saw at the park today, you may have any one as a birthday present. Father Abbot grants you full permission." Without a moment's hesitation the young man replied, "Father, give me a nymph."

Abbot Bonaventine never raised his eyes, but simply shook his head and said: "Let the young man have his nymph—I always knew that Brother John would never take the cowl."

Ralph J. Sybert, H. S., '12.

A CALAMITY.

With a bellow of hoarse rage he dashed with lightning speed down the polished floor to the spot on which she stood, calm and unruffled, her pale beauty and graceful lines appearing more lovely now 'twas all to be overturned.

They met; he grazed her side and unable to check his speed, slid by and struck a cushion with a hollow thud, while she, poor thing, swayed from side to side in a desperate but successful effort to stay erect. But no one seemed to care, for it happened often on a tenpin alley.

Vivian J. McCann, H. S. '12.

A Glance at Life.

A Sketch.

JOHN MORTON was born of a fine old Pennsylvania family, educated at the State University and after graduating he entered business with his father in the coal and coke industry. The trust desired his business, and after a bitter fight that in the end killed his father he was forced to sell at a disadvantage.

His life and conscience seared by the heartless strife of competition, he left his sorrowing mother at home, and set out for the West, stopping on the deserts of Nevada.

He was thrown in with gamblers and at last he himself indulged in such pastimes as roulette and faro. They fascinated him. He risked a dollar and won. Passion was on him. The fevered, nervous strain and sleepless hours required stimulants, hence drink was a natural consequence.

But finally his earlier training asserted itself, and his true nature revolting at the depths he had fallen, he packed a burro and started for the hills. Crossing a hot, sand-blown desert, his parched throat burned with desire for its usual strong drink and later became caked and dry for want of moisture; but he pushed on towards a known spring, and willed that he would not turn back toward the accursed source of his debasement. Maddening thirst robbed him of his reason and he wandered, a maniac, tearing his hair, biting his arms to suck moisture from the blood.

Instinctively following the burro, he reached the spring, a pool worn in basalt which held but a gallon, supplied by a tantalizing drip, drip, drip from a crevice above. The burro having drained the pool, the man lay on his back to catch each drop as it fell, lingering a night and day between death and unconsciousness, and waking to curse and bless each life-giving drop, he slowly regained his reason and strength.

As night stole over the desert, and the stars in the Heaven seemed to bend down in their brilliancy to fraternize with man, he knelt in fervent gratitude to God. Searching the vastness of the universe endeavoring to solve the problem of Infinity as he lay on the mountain side, the seriousness and the joy of life were revealed. What was puny man in the presence of such majesty? Yet man was an important part, and was given the power to choose evil from good, that there might be a reward for doing good. Gradually the knowledge came to him that happiness is only attained by "Loving thy neighbor as thyself."

While endeavoring to secure a greater supply of water at the spring he uncovered a rich vein, and returned to his mother a wealthier and wiser man, not only in pocket, but in mind and heart.

George B. Loden, H. S., '12.

The Prince's Restoration.

MANY years ago, in the ancient kingdom of England, there reigned a powerful king who had only one son. The stealing of this son was tried many times, but without success, and owing to this he was guarded very carefully. But it happened one day that while the king was out riding surrounded by his escorts his attention was attracted by the figure of an old woman gathering fuel by the wayside. Her wild look and disordered garments awakened his curiosity, and he demanded her history of one of his attendants. He replied that she was an old witch who lived in the centre of a dense wood and was greatly feared by the people.

The king, angered that anyone should be feared other than himself, rode forward to the old witch and struck her with

his riding whip, bade her begone and if she returned her life would pay for it. The words and actions of the king greatly angered the old hag and she swore to be avenged. That night the king's son mysteriously disappeared from his room, and when the king was informed of his loss he ordered all those who guarded his son that fatal night to be beheaded. He also ordered his men to search the kingdom from end to end, but without success.

In the meantime the king's son had been spirited away by the old witch, and by her magic power had been transformed into a stag to remain in this shape until the stag had been killed by hunters' hands, when it would return to its original form. After his son had disappeared the king became very sad and melancholy in the thought that his name would be lost in the succession to the throne. But as time passed the sadness of the king gradually ceased, and he began to return to his former amusements.

One day, about five years after the disappearance of his son, the king was hunting when he saw a magnificent stag, but no sooner did the stag perceive the approach of the king's party than it fled at full speed, followed by the king and his attendants. The whole day the king followed the flying form of the white stag, but just as the king was about to give up the chase the stag showed signs of weakening, and in a few minutes drew up in a corner of the rock to fight bravely to the end.

But at last it fell, pierced through the breast by the king's spear. As it lay upon the earth a white smoke seemed to rise from the prostrate body; at length the smoke took shape and at last the form of a beautiful young man stood erect upon the body of the stag. The man and the king for several moments looked at each other, and then as if moved by an impulse sprang into each other's arms, and thus father and

son met after a long separation from each other. The king reigned for many years after, and his reign was signalized by great kindness and consideration for the poor. For he had learned a lesson never to be forgotten—that one unkind deed may do a great deal of harm, and a hasty action is often regretted.

Robert Charles Norman, Jr., H. S. '13.

In After Years.

(A Story of Contrast.)

AN artist was traveling in a distant city. Among the strange faces he happened to meet with was one extremely beautiful, which belonged to a child about ten years of age.

The child's person was so angelically beautiful that the artist at once decided to make him the object of his canvas. Moreover, he resolved to make this particular picture his masterpiece if that were in his power. So in this strange city he set to work. Week after week passed before the picture was completed. When it was finished the artist's wish had been realized; it was his masterpiece. He was so well pleased with the picture that he would not part with it, saying, "Upon my own wall this picture will hang."

Time went on and the artist had grown old. One day while sitting before his masterpiece, his breast swelling with pride as he gazed at it, the thought came to him that he would like to paint a contrast to this picture, which would be as hideous as this one was beautiful. On the following day he started out on a search which lasted for several years.

He searched the lower places and prisons of city after city, but found nothing suitable, in his estimation, for the contrast

and was about to give up his search, when one day he entered a northern prison and there saw, chained hand and foot to a pillar, a man who looked more wretched than any he had

The artist took his stand behind another pillar and started even expected to find.

to sketch him. When the fierce looking creature saw what was going on he said in a beastly voice: "What are you doing there; are you sketching my picture?" "Yes," replied the artist. "Do you object?" "Oh, well, I guess not," he answered; "it is not the first time, for when I was a little boy (here his voice softened somewhat) an artist sketched my picture, and he told me that I was the prettiest little boy he had ever seen, and people used to tell my mother I was going to die because I looked like an angel (here his voice quivered); I guess it would have been better had I died." Then the artist said: "I am the one who sketched your picture and it hangs upon my wall to-day."

Then the prisoner offered his hand, which the artist hesitatingly took. The artist was so surprised and upset that he could not finish his sketch then, therefore he bade the unhappy fellow farewell and said he would return later.

After a week had elapsed the artist returned to finish his sketch, but he learned from those in charge of the prison that the poor fellow had worried himself to death. So the artist's masterpiece still hangs on his wall without a contrast.

James Kelley, H. S., '13 (B).

The Music of Heaven.

ON one occasion during his travels Dr. Grant, first Catholic Bishop of Southwark, visited a small school in a village containing simple-minded peasants. While questioning the

children in catechism a small girl called out: "But, Bishop, will it always be the same thing in heaven—always music and angels? Shall we not get tired of it?" The Bishop then called the little one to him and set about to answer the question for her by the legend of a monk to whom that question also occurred.

A monk was digging in a field near the monastery on a hot summer's day, when becoming tired out he lost spirit and thought perhaps after all heaven was not worth so much trouble. However, he was suddenly aroused by the song of a bird in a tree nearby. The notes were so rich, so brilliant, so unlike any song of bird or man, that it thrilled him to the very soul. He dropped his spade and walked toward the tree where the bird was perched, but as he approached the bird flew away, singing sweeter at every gush.

The monk, as if spellbound, followed the bird from tree to tree till at last the melody ceased and he found himself in the heart of the forest, a great way from home. After rambling about the woods for a long time he finally emerged and saw the monastery before him. But what a change had taken place! The gate was covered with ivy, while lichens and mosses crawled up the walls.

Ringing the bell, he waited in expectation to see what would happen. His summons were answered by a porter whom he had never seen before. When he told the porter his name that individual gazed at him in astonishment and said that a monk of that name had been dead over one hundred years. The monk then exclaimed in wonder: "What! then my doubt has been answered and I have wandered around over one hundred years listening to the music of a bird, when I thought it was only an hour."

M. C. Sturm,

1st Year High, Sec. B.

An Easter Present.

I WON'T let you have my money; I want it for myself." "Well, all right," answered a sweet-voiced young girl to a boy about ten years of age. He was a fair-looking little man, but just now he had that disagreeable expression that shame and anger always give one.

"If you want your money for other purposes all right, Harry, only don't speak so loudly or mamma will hear you. I thought you might be able to get her a wheel-chair for Easter, so that we could wheel her out in the garden when the days become warmer. Come here and let me fix your collar straight and brush your hair before you go out."

He was an only boy in a house of four children. Lucy, the second sister, was the one who had suggested that they all would put their money together and buy an Easter gift for their mother, who had been an invalid for a year. She had not been successful with Harry, only that she did not allow him to leave her in anger.

It was not long before Easter and each was thinking of this one thing. From the very beginning the girls were willing and even enthusiastic over the suggestion, but Harry did not favor it. A few days later the girls met to compare notes. "We lack a dollar and a half," said Laura, the youngest girl. "Harry has at least that much in his bank; I've a great mind to break it." "You couldn't be hired to do anything so mean," said Lucy, patting the head of the impetuous miss. "Well, it is mean of Harry not to give his money," she continued. "I am sorry, for we shall have to give up the idea unless Aunt Mary should send us something. You remember that two years ago she sent us five dollars."

The days passed and Good Friday was almost gone when the girls held another consultation about the gift, but they

now saw that the plan must be abandoned. That night Harry went to bed early and the girls remarked that he must be sick. It was late when Lucy left her mother's bedside and went to her cot in the same room. When she put her head on her pillow she felt something hard under her cheek. She found a package which contained two dollars and seventeen cents, and a note which read:

Dear Sister:

Use this money for the chare. It burns my poket. My piller was hard last night. I love my mother az well az anyone. I am auful sometimes but I dont want to be. I'll try to be better.

Your effectshunate brother Harry.

"Dear little Harry," said Lucy; "your Guardian Angel prompted you to do this."

Roger Donovan, H. S., '13.

The Lighthouse Keeper.

(A Sketch.)

WE were chatting pleasantly, my friend and I, as our way led alternately through woody glens and sun-scorched meadows to a spot shaded alike by mighty oak and gigantic elm and ornamented by nature's fairest jewels. We had come to the City of the Dead.

As we wandered silently on through the noiseless paths, gazing upon the numerous epitaphs and inscriptions, my friend stood for a moment reading the few words that were imprinted upon a cross of dilapidated granite. Again and again did he scan those lines and at last when he turned to continue his walk I noticed tears streaming down his cheeks.

"Why did you linger so long by that grave?" I asked.

"My boy," he said, "that cross marks the resting place of a dear friend and whenever I visit this place the sad story of his death comes to me.

"Perhaps forty years ago," said my aged companion, starting anew, "when I was yet in my teens, an old and intimate friend of my parents died. Many years previous he had accepted a position as lighthouse keeper. The light itself was situated at one of the bleakest points between the Old Bay State and the Carolinas. When he arrived at his post one cause of worry presented itself—there was not a Catholic Church within a radius of eighty miles. So through all the years that he was to be there he resolved to pray frequently before the statue of the Madonna which his mother had given him at her death, telling him, 'The Blessed Virgin will be your consoler at your most needed hour, as she has been mine.'

"Many years passed, but the daily routine of trimming and lighting the lamp continued. Every morning it was extinguished and in the evening just as regularly as the sun set the old beacon poured out its radiance to guide the mariners on their pathless way.

"One day a storm arose. As it was not yet time to light the great lamps the old man went to see that all the doors and windows were securely fastened.

"A dense haze covered the water and seemed to grow thicker and thicker every moment. Over the deep came a strange, weird sound. An instant later came the blast. For a few seconds it flattened the surging sea and then dashed its waves against the lighthouse. Suddenly a streak of lightning shot through the air, striking the old man and rendering him unconscious.

"Many hours he lay there, while not far distant an immense steamer was being blown nearer and nearer to the

treacherous rocks, whose cautioning light was not burning, for its keeper was lingering between life and death. For the first time in many years the huge lamps were not lit.

“As the sun rose peacefully the next morning on the same ocean that the night before was so wild and restless, its mellow rays cheered the heavy hearts of the sole survivors of the shattered steamer. Among these was an aged missionary returning home after many years of hard toil in India. During the night the old keeper rallied. When he opened his eyes he saw kneeling beside him a priest in a brown habit, his former confessor. ‘Father,’ he said, ‘sweet it is to die with the last rites of the Church, but sweeter still to die in the arms of one who guided me in my tender years.’ Then, casting a last glance to his dear Madonna, he calmly passed away.”

Leo A. Codd, H. S., '13.

“It's An Ill Wind.”

(A Farm Incident.)

FARMER JONES laid down the Muddville Times with something between a groan and a sigh and remarked to his wife:

“Them there automobiles sartinly air raisin' a great disturbance in town.

“I gist read where two small children got run over and the man what was runnin' it didn't even stop to see what was the matter.”

After a few more remarks about automobiles Mrs. Jones changed the conversation and told her husband that, as Carlo, their dog, was getting old and useless, the best thing for him to do was to take the dog down by the creek and shoot him.

After rummaging about the house for a few minutes he at last secured his old flintlock rifle; when he had finished ramming it with powder, wads and shot he started down the road.

Just as he had turned a bend in the road he heard a "honk" and a large red touring car sped past him; he just had time to leap aside, and as the car came to a stop a few yards ahead, Farmer Jones saw plainly, through great clouds of dust, the remains of his once faithful Carlo.

The chauffeur alighted from his machine and quickly pressed a five dollar note into the hand of the amazed farmer, saying:

"Sorry I killed your dog and spoiled your hunt; so long." Farmer Jones looked at the bill and then gave vent to a hearty chuckle as he saw the red machine disappearing down the road.

It seems to be the custom of the citizens of Muddville to assemble every Saturday night in the principal store of this town and talk over the happenings of the week. Seated around the stove and with a blue haze of tobacco smoke enveloping the room the thin, squeaky voice of Farmer Jones may be heard telling "How he did one of them there fellers what drives automobiles out of five dollars."

John Tearney, Prep.

The Advantages of Being Small.

A "Prep" Symposium.

You do not have to know or do so much.—Barley.

Parents and teachers are always more indulgent to a small boy.—C. Hanna.

The small boy has none of the cares or worries of a business man.—J. Muth.

The small boy is the king of the family.—F. Cole.

Sister's beau gives you a quarter to get out of the parlor.—
L. Connolly.

The small boy always can fill himself with good things before meals and then eat all he wants at the dinner table.—J. Winand.

Care and every other sense of duty have not as yet thrust themselves upon you.—A. McCullough.

To be the household pet is glory enough for any youngster.—
W. Parlette.

The small boy can eat more huckleberry pie than the rest because he can easily slide into the pantry.—S. Knauer.

When a boy is small he usually has more cents than sense.—
E. G. Coonan.

A youth does not have to attend to business—all he has to do is to play.—W. Riley.

The advantage of being small is that you don't have to mind the baby.—S. Blondell.

When you are small you are not the number 19 collar in the laundry which gets the chief rough-housing.—J. G. Williamson.

Can hide to escape what is coming to him.—R. B. Roche.

You can study better.—S. Czyz.

Washing your hands is not written down as a law, so the small boy takes advantage of this.—P. Kernan.

When he enters the store the clerk goes for the cakebox as a present for the little dear. Oh! you, "gimme some."—J. Doyle.

The small boy can invent airships without being taken to court on account of the tail of his aero. Also he need not worry about winning \$50,000.—G. O'Reardon.

A small boy in the country can crawl through the fence for the neighbor's apples.—J. Harrison.

Morgan Debating Society.

Moderator, Mr. Aloysius T. Higgins, S. J.

OFFICERS, FIRST TERM.

President, John T. Slater, H. S. '11.
 Vice-President, John J. Lardner, H. S. '11.
 Secretary, Joseph P. Reith, H. S. '12.
 Treasurer, John A. Buchness, H. S. '11.
 First Censor, Richard T. Gallagher, H. S. '12.
 Second Censor, James E. Vaeth, H. S. '12.

SECOND TERM.

President, John A. Buchness, H. S. '11.
 Vice-President, John J. Lardner, H. S. '11.
 Secretary, Joseph P. Reith, H. S. '12.
 Treasurer, Richard T. Gallagher, H. S. '12.
 First Censor, Eugene A. Sapp, H. S. '12.
 Second Censor, James E. Vaeth, H. S. '12.

AS the High School is very energetic in every branch of academic exercise and at times gives even her elders—the college-men—standards to emulate, and as this department has its elocution classes, athletic teams and so forth, so, too, it has its debating society.

The Debating Society of the High School Department is known as the Morgan Debating Society. The society this year has been a success. The well-prepared debates, the ready reply, the quick wit and the heated discussion manifested at times by the members have been most surprising, not to say most gratifying. The facility with which the young disputants talked, the ease with which well-balanced sentences were unwittingly formed, the grace of gesture shown, all tell clearly the profit the members have been gaining from this splendid academic exercise of the Jesuit curriculum. Besides educating the members of the society in writing and speaking correct English, they have been able to become conversant with

the leading facts of history and the prominent questions of the day. It has been the endeavor of the Reverend Moderator to keep the members in touch with all prominent questions, and his frequent hints have all lent to the style and high taste shown in the debates. Some of the subjects debated were the much-discussed North Pole controversy, the relative values of Greek, Mathematics and Latin in training the mind, questions of interest politically—as the Amendment (which we defeated), the value of strikes, and the abolition of football in educational institutions. The preliminary debates brought out the society's real worth. The vigor, energy and rivalry shown were worthy of older and more experienced speakers. The young orators did so well that the Reverend Moderator found it no easy task to select the four for the prize debate. But as four had to be chosen, the fortunate ones were:

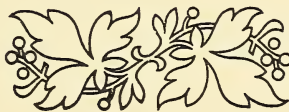
John Buchness
Edward Coolahan

Edward H. Plumer
Charles Stromberg

Chairman, John T. Slater

The question decided on for the prize debate is: Resolved, "That Trades Unions are not beneficial to the Laboring Class." Judging from the standards set in former years and the success of the present year only a brilliant future can be predicted for the Morgan Debating Society of Loyola.

John A. Buchness, H. S. '11.





High School Notes



FOURTH YEAR.

WE were the Seniors of the High School, and ably upheld the honor of that position, although our pride—and likewise ourselves—did experience a jolt when the elevator came to a stop. The prize offered to the class selling the most tickets for “The New College Boy” was won by us: our basket ball team was the best in the whole College: and up to the present date it seems as though the other classes are afraid to tackle our warriors of the diamond. Our class specimen in Homer’s Iliad was undoubtedly the finest of the year, and no doubt the shades of Achilles and all the other Greeks smiled to themselves in blissful satisfaction as they thought how well it was given.

But enough of the glories of our illustrious “band of seventeen.” “There was some class” to that Christmas reunion at T’s house, although M’s cigar nearly settled him. But it takes more than one stogie to kill a boy from Canton. Many a word-tilt took place during the year between our beloved Professor and Johnny H., as to the usefulness of Greek in business. One thing is certain: Greek will never help J. H. ’Cause why? He doesn’t know any.

J. S. displayed a great genius for smashing our class room chairs; so much so, indeed, that one could not help thinking that if such an aptitude had been displayed in his own woodshed, one North Baltimore home would have had plenty of kindling wood for the winter.

G. W. has a beautiful voice, which is a happy medium between a fog horn and a worn out graphophone. But he is good-natured and enlivens many a dull hour for us. He almost accomplished wonders as manager of the Track Team, but somehow his promises never materialized.

J. H. J. did not see the Aero meet, but he had a meet of his own all year, and often broke all records for high-flying when called upon to translate. But no matter how great his interest in Aeronautics, he has never forsaken his “horses.”