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LVMINA



St. Ignatius College : : : : Cleveland, Ohio

Volume One

Number One

October Fifteenth, Nineteen Hundred and Fifteen

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LUMINA

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CONTENTS

The Laymen's Retreat Movement, Louis A. Litzler.....	9
Ars Poetica, Lawrence Coughlin.....	12
A Leaf, Edward Hodous.....	13
A Deal in Oil, James Brennan.....	14
A Moan from the Timber, A. A. Bungart.....	17
The Palace Beautiful, Lawrence Coughlin.....	21
An Orange Peel, Thomas A. Doran.....	23
Autumn, "A. M. '17".....	27
The Master of Ballantrae, Arthur C. J. Brickel.....	29
"Sweet Auburn . . . , " Louis A. Litzler.....	37
Editorial	40
Alumni Notes	43
College Notes	46
High School Notes.....	48
How Long, O Lord, James Brennan.....	49
Driftwood	50
Loyola High School Notes.....	55
Athletics	56

Volume 1

OCTOBER, 1915

Number 1

St. Ignatius College

West 30th and Carroll

High School and College Courses Leading to A. B. Degree

Conducted by
The Jesuit Fathers

Rev. William B. Sommerhauser, S. J., President

Cleveland, Ohio



Rev. William B. Sommerhauser, S. J.

A Farewell and A Welcome

Before classes had resumed for the fall term, word had come that the hands that had shaped the policies of St. Ignatius College so carefully for the past five years were to relinquish their charge. When the students had assembled the reins of college government had been taken up by other hands. Rev. Father Furay had been succeeded by Rev. Father Sommerhauser. In bidding farewell to Father Furay, the student body are fully conscious of how much they owe him for the high standard that has been so successfully maintained during his incumbency, and their farewells are mingled with a feeling of gratitude for the disinterested zeal displayed by him in their behalf.

In welcoming their new guide, they confess, too, to a feeling of confidence. For they know that the long and wide experience of their present Rector, Rev. Father Sommerhauser, promises that the success of former years has been entrusted to worthy hands. There is more than confidence in their welcome. In the short time that has passed since the resumption of classes, their new Father Rector has given ample evidence of his kindly interest in his flock. They feel that he is one with them, and they with him, and the enthusiasm with which he has signalized these first few weeks is proof sufficient that he has recognized the possibilities that open before us for the development of a greater St. Ignatius, and that he is eager to help us make the most of them. May that enthusiasm endure, and may it work to draw together the student body and their genial superior, closer in the bonds of devotion and mutual respect. LUMINA will be forgiven for taking this opportunity of acknowledging that the college magazine has even at this early date felt the touch of our Reverend Father Rector's beneficence. The members of the staff feel certain that to their joyous "Caed mille failthe" hereby extended to Rev. Father Sommerhauser, the student body will echo a hearty Ad Multos Annos.

Dedication

*To the members of the
Class of '15
In recognition of their
Spirit of devotedness,
Their unswerving loyalty,
Their energy and enterprise,
With the hope that
We who come after
May be led to emulate
The example of
Christian manliness
They have so finely bequeathed us,—
This first production
Of our own ambition and enterprise
Is sincerely and gratefully
Dedicated*

THE LAYMEN'S RETREAT MOVEMENT

LOUIS A. LITZLER, '16

Now that summer has passed and our existence has once more resolved itself into the commonplace routine of every-day life, most of us, no doubt, are reviewing with satisfaction the vacation that has so recently sped by. And rightly so. For there are the mountains and the sea-shore where we spent many a pleasant hour, and we are by no means loath to visit them again in spirit before plunging into another strenuous year of study and labor. But to many a one the thought of vacation brings other recollections than those of visits to the country or the sea-shore. For such trips, after all, are but incidents in our restless search after variety and distraction. They are halting-places, as it were, on the Road of Pleasure and Worldiness.

In the midst of their wordly preoccupations men seem to forget that they have a soul. They realize it, they know it, but they simply forget. The spirit of worldliness and laxity has crept into their being, and all their piety and Catholicity seem to have vanished into nothing. "Enjoy yourselves! Forget religion!" The cry of the world resounds on all sides of them, and instead of turning a deaf ear to its allurements they become fascinated, and as a result give themselves over in willing servitude to this demon,—World.

What is to be done to check this evil of modern times? Is there no remedy, no antidote that will counteract this canker of religious indifference? Time and again this question has been put before us in the last few generations, and, since it was addressed to no one in particular, no one volunteered a reply. But a remedy at last was found, and a mighty good one at that,—Retreats for Laymen.

To say, however, that retreats for lay-people are an innovation is a misnomer, a falsity. In Europe, where the idea took its origin, the movement is of long growth and its establishment has been going on for quite a number of years. It is a most edifying sight to see the eagerness with which thousands of both men and women come flocking to the places where such retreats are given. In fact, Austria, Belgium, England, France and Germany all contain splendid houses surrounded by spacious parks, the sole purpose of which is to minister to the spiritual wants of the people by serving as houses for retreats. Here are ideal environments for a three-days' sojourn of the soul with God. Business worries, family cares, the ordinary hustle and bustle of every-day life,—all are left behind and forgotten in the desire to begin life anew by a spiritual renovation and an inventory of the past. Nor are these retreats restricted to any certain class or group of individuals. On the contrary, everyone is not only welcomed, he is even urged to come. Lawyers, doctors, merchants, laborers, women as well as men,—none are turned away, none refused admittance.

The same conditions prevail in our own country. True, it is but a

few years since retreats have come to stay; yet we find that as early as September, 1876, there was a closed retreat for men at St. Charles College, Grand Coteau, La. However, it is only since about 1905 that retreats for laymen have come into general practice in the U. S. Since then many houses have been devoted to this noble work. Thus at Mt. Manresa, on Staten Island, the energetic Father Shealy, S. J., and his Laymen's League have acquired a beautiful estate which is entirely given over to retreats. How well his work is appreciated can be seen from the following figures. In 1911 there were 20 retreats with 430 retreatants. So popular have retreats become in this locality that two years later there were 28 given at which 944 men were present.

The Passionist Fathers have also taken up the work so aptly begun by the Jesuits. Near Boston there is a monastery of the Passionists where a retreat is given the first three days of every month in which from fifteen to twenty men participate. Here there are retreats for policemen, lawyers, professional men, etc. Another center for retreats in this country is Techny, where the Society of the Divine Word is having great success in giving laymen's retreats.

Besides the above mentioned places, there is St. Marys, Kansas, as well as the College of the Sacred Heart at Denver and the Novitiate at Florissant. To give a complete list of all the places where retreats for the laity are held would take too much time and space. Suffice it to say that such retreat centers are scattered from the Atlantic to the Pacific, from Montreal to New Orleans. There is, however, one such place that ought to be of especial interest to the Catholics of Cleveland, not merely because of its propinquity to the city itself, but because it was one of the pioneers in the laymen's retreat movement. That place is St. Stanislaus House of Retreats in Parma.

Situated about three miles beyond the southern limits of Cleveland, it lies well outside the city's noise and strife, yet not too far away to be difficult of access. As one walks or motors along the well-paved road that leads thither, the three large towers that crown the edifice are visible long before one actually arrives at the place itself. This is an imposing brick structure of four or five stories with a somewhat castellated appearance. Several priests and brothers are always on hand to welcome retreatants, and any trepidation that a newcomer may have felt is speedily dissipated by the hearty welcome extended him. Then follow the usual scenes characteristic of such an occasion. The ringing of a bell, however, soon summons the men to chapel, where night prayers are said and an introductory instruction given. This over, the retreatants have the remainder of the evening to themselves.

It is only on Friday morning that the retreat begins in earnest. Bright and early the bell sends out its message through the clear morning air, and soon the men are again gathered in the chapel to usher in the first day of the retreat with prayers and the sacrifice of the Mass. There are four periods of instruction daily, each being followed by a

short meditation. The rosary is said out of doors. Down through the woods that lie behind the House winds a well-beaten path. Led by one of the Fathers, the party wends its way under the spreading trees, reciting as they walk the five decades in honor of the Blessed Virgin. This is so arranged that at the end of each mystery the men arrive before a statue set in an open space, before which a hymn is sung. The stations of the Cross are recited in the open in another part of the woods about a quarter of a mile to the rear of the House.

During the free-time—for there are many spare moments—the retreatants may occupy their time as they see fit. Some repair to the Chapel where they kneel in pious reflection before the image of the Sacred Heart or of one of the saints, whilst some seclude themselves within the privacy of their own rooms. Others, again, direct their footsteps towards the woods. Here are ideal surroundings for quiet and calm. Wandering beneath the stately elms whose branches weave a shady canopy above him, the retreatant walks slowly on, wrapt in contemplation and thinking thoughts too deep and sacred for words. It is in just such moments that the spirit of the retreat enters deepest into the soul of the retreatant. These periods of free-time vary in length from five minutes to three-quarters of an hour.

Thus the time goes by quicker than one would imagine, and before one realizes it the day is spent. On Saturday general confessions are heard, and Sunday morning the retreatants receive Holy Communion in a body, thus securing the fruits they have acquired during the course of the retreat. About 4:30 p. m., the exercises come to a close with Papal Benediction.

Nor are such conditions by any means characteristic of St. Stanislaus alone. Far from it. Month after month the various Houses for retreats all over the country are crowded with both men and women, eager to experience in the seclusion of their quiet precincts that peace “which the world cannot give” because it has it not. Too many people are apt to confuse a mission with a retreat. In a mission—for the word “mission” means a “sending”—God’s messenger is sent to awaken and arouse us from the spiritual lethargy into which we may have fallen. But here exists a difficulty. We are too preoccupied with wordly matters to give our whole attention to the things of the soul, and much of the fruit of a mission is thereby lost. In a retreat, however, we step aside for a few days and devote our entire time to the weightiest of all concerns, namely those that pertain to our higher, our more important life, and weightier than such concerns, we know, there are none.

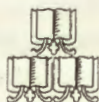
Such, in brief, is an outline of the Laymen’s Retreat Movement. Young as the movement is in this country, it has attained such remarkable success as to cause no fear for its future development. Take the case of St. Stanislaus in Parma. Here, from the very insignificant beginning, retreats have sprung into such popularity that next summer there will be at least six or seven given, some of which have been booked

a year ahead of time. Much of the success of the movement is due to the fact that societies, as such, have taken up the work. St. John Berchmans Society of St. Mary's Parish, St. Vincent de Paul Society of Detroit, St. Vincent de Paul Society of Buffalo,—these are but some of the societies that have held retreats at Parma. Were it not for the Jesuits, however, the retreat movement in Cleveland, would be almost unknown. It behooves us therefore, as students and alumni of a Jesuit institution to show them our appreciation for the great work they have so nobly championed, and the best way we can do this is by attending one of their retreats in a body. Those of us who have not yet left St. Ignatius are obliged to make a retreat every fall. But what of our brethren of the Alumni? True, they are scattered far and wide, but for the most part they are always found either in Cleveland or its immediate vicinity. While they were still in attendance at St. Ignatius a retreat was part of their yearly routine. Why should it be dropped now that they are no longer students? Surely it is not impossible for them to get together three days every summer, and betake themselves to Parma.

ARS POETICA

LAWRENCE W. COUGHLIN, '17

Verses of filigree, gossamer light,
Woven so slenderly, fashioned so slight;
Glittering epigrams, daintily wrought
Lyrical touches so perfectly caught—
These are the arts, the intangible graces
That give to the poets Parnassus-places.
Playful suggestions, humor as delicate,
Light, tripping movements that poesy elevate,
Sweetness of diction, perspicuous clarity,
Met with so seldom you judge it a rarity,
Freedom from dullness and labored aridity,
Graceful in touches that lend style limpidity;
These are the beacons the poets all follow
To catch the Promethéan spark from Apollo.



AFTER THE BATTLE

JOHN E. KANE, '18

Night's damp and chilly blanket settles on the field of death;
Not a star comes out to light the heaps of slain.
A truce between the armies cools the cannon's scorching breath
And the Reaper rules supreme upon the plain;
And the Reaper keeps the death-watch on the plain.

Here, a boyish looking bugler breathes an agonizing prayer,
Dreams of home and hearth his youthful spirit wring.
"I'll meet you, mother, up above—be waitin' for you there;
On the stair I'll help these white-winged angels sing."
As he stiffens on the sod he hears them sing.

On the youthful Captain the grimly stalking Shadow creeps,
Gory 'neath the corpses stiff he lay;
And the whining winds a-sobbing try to warn him as he sleeps,
But his heart-beats throbbed to silence 'ere the day;
Icy fingers gripped that heart, and dead he lay.

His head upon a canteen and a broken cannon-truck,
An army chaplain all night long had lain.
One hand, gone from the wrist, showed where a cannon-ball had struck
To his murmured invocations tensed with pain,
The night-winds soughed a requiem's refrain.

A light from out the darkness pierced that blackness far away,
Came a Figure clothed in white and bathed in light!
Gliding swiftly o'er the wreckage, signs of furious affray,
Every glance of love celestial warms the night;
And the barefoot vision tall dispels the night.

To the priest's fast failing eyesight, e'er the dawn peeped o'er the hills,
Came the strength to see his Master—saving sight!
"Resurrectio . . . !" the sentence all his dying senses thrills.
To the Everlasting Hills he took his flight,—
His God had come and called him in the night.

A LEAF

EDWARD HODOUS, '19

A little blotch of darkened red—
Such red as hinted grief;
Veins of gold adorned the dead
And darkened autumn leaf.

A picture of our mortal life—
The life of grief and tears;
With golden hopes in youthful strife,
The hopes of after-years.

A DEAL IN OIL

JAMES BRENNAN, '18

"Bestir yourself, now, Jack, and use that thinker of yours, for we're nearly broke. Every last cent we can scrape together is in that purse, and it all amounts to a measly fifty bucks." Thus spoke Diamond Joe Brady, gambler, confidence man, and all-around crook to his partner, Jack Barnes, a quiet, dapper, little individual, with a shining bald head and large innocent blue eyes, the seeming antithesis of a criminal. Seated in the lobby of the Ralster Hotel they were holding an earnest consultation concerning the state of their finances. They were of that class of gentlemen who live largely by their wits, since work of any kind is extremely distasteful to them. Jack did not answer his partner's words, but sat in silence, rubbing his bald head, a habit of his when thinking.

With a suddenness that made Diamond jump, he exclaimed, "I have it, and it's a dandy, too." He proceeded to outline his plan to his partner, who immediately agreed to it, and seemed to be immensely tickled. He clapped Jack on the back, and jovially exclaimed, "All the suckers aren't dead yet, are they Jack, old boy?"

"Every man is a sucker if you only put the right kind of bait on the hook," sententiously answered Jack.

After some talk they separated, and began to put their plans into immediate execution.

Jack went to a department store and purchased a knapsack, a geologist's hammer, and a can of kerosene; he then returned to the hotel with his purchases, and proceeded to make himself comfortable, as he had done all that his part of the plan called for for a couple of days.

Diamond hired a rig at the livery stable around the corner from the hotel, and drove leisurely into the country, inspecting the farms as he passed. At last he came to one that seemed to particularly please his fancy. Conspicuously displayed on the fence was a large sign, "For Sale."

Diamond Joe stood up in the buggy, and surveyed the farm and its surroundings for some time. At last he seemed to have satisfied himself concerning some point, for he whipped up his horse and drove straight into the city.

The next day he again drove out and interviewed the owner.

"Do you know," said Joe, after he had been shown over the farm, "this place of yours is nearly a counterpart of my boyhood home. I always loved the dear old place, and the sight of your farm recalls many memories. I like this place very well, but your price is a little steep. I would like a few days to think it over. Suppose you give me an option on it?"

"All right," said the farmer, "I'll give you a seven day option on it for fifty dollars."

"Done!" exclaimed Diamond, who signed the contract then and there, and paid over without a tremor the fifty dollars, leaving himself and his partner absolutely penniless. Fortunately their hotel bill was paid a week in advance.

Late that night, Jack Barnes made his way with stealthy steps across the farm. He carried a large and heavy tin can labelled "kerosene." His destination was a small pond some distance from the farm house. A short while later he retraced his steps, but this time the can was very light.

The following day the owner of the farm was very much surprised to see a small man with large innocent blue eyes, who wore a knapsack on his back and carried a geologist's hammer in his hand wandering about his farm. The strange conduct of the man excited his curiosity, and he, therefore, accosted him. The man explained that he was a scientist, and was studying the rock formation of the region. The farmer followed him around, watching him with interest, as the pretended scientist made a great show of chipping various bits of rock and studying them minutely. When they came in sight of the pond, the scientist became strangely excited. He sniffed the air, which was strongly impregnated with coal oil, and, turning to the farmer, he asked, "Where does that odor come from? Is there an oil well in the vicinity?"

"Why, no," answered the farmer, "there's no oil well around here." The scientist then examined the surface of the pond. It was coated with a layer of oil.

"Why, look here," he exclaimed, "there is oil on this water."

"That's a fact, observed the farmer, "I wonder where it can come from?"

"Well," the scientist replied, "I'll tell you what I think. There must be an oil field all about here, and some of the oil flows into the pond by a subterranean channel. If I was you, I'd build a well. You might strike it rich."

The farmer started, and exclaimed, "Now I know why that fellow wants to buy my farm. He's found out about this oil, and thinks he'll make a fortune. Oh, he's a slick one. Why did I give him that option?"

"Option! Has somebody an option on this farm?"

"Yes, I gave a fellow a seven day option yesterday."

"Well, why don't you try to get the option back, without letting him know your real reason for wanting it back. Offer him a little more than the option is worth, and he'll soon give it up. Well, I must be going. I wish you success."

With that the scientist took his leave. The farmer in frantic haste hitched up and drove into the city to find Diamond Joe. He found him without difficulty, since Joe was waiting for him. Trying to appear cool and collected, he approached Joe and fell into conversation with

him, leading up gradually to the subject of the option. At last, he said, "Well, now, about that option, Mr. Brady—I've changed my mind, and I don't think I'll sell at all. Let me tear up the option and I'll give you back your fifty dollars."

"Oh, come," said Diamond, "that's a rather unbusiness-like proceeding, isn't it? I've got the option, and I intend to use it." Wishing to plague the farmer, he added, "What's the matter with you anyway? You haven't found a gold mine, have you?"

"Oh, no, nothing like that," replied the startled farmer. The fact is, my wife won't let me sell."

Diamond nearly burst out laughing at this clumsy excuse, but by a great effort, he succeeded in maintaining his gravity.

"Sixty dollars if you tear up the option."

Joe shook his head.

"Seventy-five."

"Nothing doing."

"Eighty dollars."

"No."

"Ninety,—one hundred dollars."

Still Diamond shook his head.

At last the farmer, with tears in his eyes, offered one hundred and fifty dollars. Joe shaking with covert laughter capitulated, and tore up the option.

Trembling with eagerness, the farmer paid him the money and went straight off to arrange for drilling the oil well. That night, Joe and Scientist Jack held a quiet little celebration. They were a hundred to the good, could live like gentlemen for a short time anyway, and they were happy.

"Jack," said Joe, "You're a wonder."

"I admit it," replied Jack, modestly.

A week later, as Diamond sat reading a paper in the hotel lobby, his attention was arrested by an item headed, "Farmer Strikes Rich Oil Field. After weeks drilling a large gusher has been struck on the farm of John Hayes. Large offers have already been made for the well, but Hayes declares he will not sell." Without reading further, Diamond Joe hurled the paper from him, and emitted a string of sulphurous oaths that turned the air blue, and several scandalized ladies hurried away with their fingers in their ears, while even hard-shelled old sinners stared at him in admiration.



A MOAN FROM THE TIMBER

A. A. BUNGART, '17

So much has been said and written about the comforts, the delights, the glories of country life that it would be foolish to say anything more on that subject. The country!—delight of the poets, envy of cities, quintessence of perfect life. Yes, we read all this, we liked its flavor so well, we ate more, we gorged ourselves, and as a consequence, must drink a potion of bitter truth. One therefore that has tasted both the sour and the sweet, feels it his duty to give you an unbiased account of country life on the farm.

At the very outset let it be understood that farming is not a lazy man's job. If you are a hard worker, love to dig in the soil, and have the average amount of "gray matter," you will succeed. Farming is something more than sowing, reaping and gathering in. Therefore, if you think playing hide and seek with "Old Sol" under an apple tree is farming, if you intend sleeping until eight o'clock, forget those rural dreams of buttermilk and clover.

Farmers may be divided into two classes: first, the grain grower with one hundred and sixty acres; second, the truck farmer with eight or ten. It is the author's intention to deal with the latter, as he, in all probability, has the harder path. Now naturally you would think a man with only a few acres to till could go to picnics, attend an occasional cock fight, see Niagara Falls and the Thousand Isles, and count his money during the interims. Gentle reader, 'tis not so. A certain wise man in his delirious enthusiasm said "three acres and liberty," but a farmer growls "six and slavery," and the latter is right.

To be a successful farmer one should be a jack of all trades, and master of them all. "Why?" you ask. Because he has problems to solve that would balk an astronomer, a geologist, an economist, a weather forecaster and a Wall Street man. He fights a losing game. The weather, poor soils, weeds, insect pests, fungous diseases, and low prices all line up before his door like so many tramps. No use to send them away hungry, just stuff them, and make the best of it.

Take the case of a man who believed fortunes could be made in celery. He sowed the seed. The fate of the crop hangs by a thread at a dozen different periods, and this is one stage where the actors may fail to appear, namely the seeds. Excessive hot weather may cause the tiny seedlings to wither away, a drought may burn the half grown crop to a frazzle, or a little yellow grub sometimes chews off three or four thousand plants for luncheon. But let us suppose this crop escaped all these cradle dangers, that it grew and flourished until trenching time. (A method of burying the stalks in order to blanch them). The trucker jingling a horse shoe nail and the hen-house door key sees visions of jolly dollars, but alas the weather turns warm, the crop rots, and the trucker thinks of becoming a knight of the road. This is not entirely a pipe dream, as nine-tenths is actual experience.

Or another man plants potatoes. The tubers grow well and give promise of a fine yield. At the season of the quickest growth, however, a few million Spanish flies swarm down like the locusts of old, and when they finish a patch, an ant couldn't find a place to hide his dinner.

This Spanish fly is a striped chap about three quarters of an inch long. He annually causes more loss than the Spanish war. He has all the qualifications for longevity too. Try to swat him, "abiit, excessit, evasit, erupit." Feed him the most virulent poison; he waxes fat, stamp his anatomy into the earth and he emerges presently in halves to recuperate. Another thorn in every farmer's side is the cuke bug. He is a little black and yellow cuss about as large as a grain of rice. When you plant cucumbers, Mr. Bug sits in a bush close by getting an appetite. One man asseverates that on opening a package of seed he found a little bug therein. As soon as the first cuke leaves left the soil, Mr. Bug lifts his hat and introduces himself working like a vandal until only the stem of the plant remains. The farmers dust the plants with lime. The bugs don't prefer lime to green leaves, but being bugs, they breathe through holes in their sides, when the lime touches their body, it's about like having hay fever, so Mr. Bug goes north.

Worse than bugs and beetles are maggots. They live up to their title too. Never find 'em eating any decent sort of vegetable. No, no, onions are their choice every time. But as onions are a very productive crop, maggots are one of the farmer's worst enemies.

It's a merry battle with these crawling foes. There are bugs, beetles and flies that eat the foliage. There are worms, grubs and maggots undermining your profits by trench warfare. What remains is nibbled off by a gay and festive cut worm. And you express surprise that the farmer uses cuss words? No wonder now, is it?

If the insect world makes one angry, weeds make one work. Weeds possess wonderful vitality. They grow at all seasons, thrive in any soil and require no care. Some where and at some time the bug and the weed tacitly agreed not to harm each other, for you never saw a weed destroyed by an insect. Scientists tell us weeds have but one redeeming trait, they make men prematurely gray. If the soil is rich the weeds grow accordingly, while "horrendum visu," they sprout, spring up, ripen, seed and die before a "kraut" plant has assumed the proportions of an indoor baseball. The slogan is, cultivate before breakfast, hoe and cultivate all day, hoe after supper, and dream about weeds afterward. No wonder then that a farmer seen with a do-or-die expression on his face and armed with a hoe, is considered crazy. Weeds, dear reader, weeds have brought him to this sad state.

But human ingenuity has triumphed over nature's perversity. Down in Southern Illinois the farmers have weed-killing down to a science. They teach the baby in the cradle how to throttle a purslane so that when the kiddies start to creep, they are masters of the art of pulling

weeds. An eye witness said it reminded him of a flock of little chicks in a garden, to watch the zealous little tots sallying out on their mission.

And the weather? You ask "what does the weather do?" Well, the weather aside from being the world-wide ice-breaker in conversation has other functions as well. Jupiter Pluvius, god of rains, also made a treaty of peace with the weed and the bug. It was a sort of triple alliance, if you like. They were to work in pairs. When the farmer attempted to kill weeds, why Jupiter reigned, and when bugs were hatching Pluvius didn't rain. Phoebus is accused of making a treaty with the other three, but this was never proved.

About May 10th, there comes a canal builder of a shower. Next morning the farmer takes a lesson in erosion. There are gulleys, valleys, canyons across what was once a potato field. In the lowland there are alluvial deposits, flood plains, lagoons and deltas. The onions are covered with a foot of earth. About the year four thousand, someone will be burning them as coal. A farmer planted beans just before a shower; some were found later among the debris of a last year's corn field, one found its way to the antipodes. The Pekin Academy of Sciences held an extra session to celebrate the discovery of a new plant. On the whole the weather resembles a balky mule, it does what you don't want it to do, and then suddenly does something that you didn't want it to do. In time you get accustomed to these tricks and are glad it's no worse.

Fungous diseases are another menace to all green things. Their spores seem to float in the air, or wander about in the soil, like gossamer fairies you read about. It's as much the fashion in the vegetable world to have blight, as it is to have appendicitis in the social world. There is a curl leaf on peaches, a twig blight on apples, a blighty blight on melons, a yellow leaf on raspberries and a score or more of nameless blights that attack everything green in sight.

Low prices usually come along to devour what the others have left. Two things you may put down as infallible, if the crop is good, prices are low; if the crop is a failure, price are top notch.

And now, dear reader, if you have patience you shall hear about what farmers consider the "ne plus ultra" of problems; 'tis that of marketing the green goods. There again there are two classes. The first class haul their produce twenty or twenty-five miles to a place like Cleveland, for instance. The nearest approach to the perpetual motion machine is a farmer "getting up" a load. This reason becomes plain when you understand that his wagon has no capacity. It's the old story. You pick up enough produce to fill an ordinary wagon, then pick twice as much more with twenty baskets thrown in for good measure. Aside from all this it carries a bag of oats, a bundle of hay and a tired man.

At about six or seven or eight o'clock the farmer hitches up and

falls in line with his brother farmers. Did you ever see a picture of prairie schooners winding across the plains? If you have, you will have some sort of idea how a line of market wagons look as they pass along. But the author has a suspicion that you know all about it. In your auto rides you have passed this file of creaking towering wagons that loom up in the darkness and disappear quite as suddenly.

You know what it is to ride twenty miles in an auto over rough roads, well then consider what a ride on jolting lumbering wagons would be like; mind you they don't make the trip in an hour or two or even three, but clickety clickety click, for four and five hours as the sharp shod horses plod slowly along. About midnight the man on the seat dozes into a bug-and-maggot dream only to be awakened by an angry chauffeur, wants to know why the devil you take your half of the road out of the middle. On entering the city, Mr. Farmer sees the theatergoers returning home, the dancers dropping in for a fore-noon sleep, and the joy riders that stay out all night, and then he thinks of a cozy bed in a place called home. Some time after midnight the trucker draws up to the curb on Woodland or Broadway. Almost at once he is assailed by a flock of jabbering hucksters; two or three start to quibble about prices, a fight ensues, if not, he only cusses a blue streak and grabs the neck while the others steal produce. If the farmer catches them in the act yoke for the next malefactor. It is generally agreed among farmers that one must be a lawyer, a pugilist, a Hercules, a Gentile, and a saint to be a good Woodland avenue market man. The selling continues until eight, nine or sometimes twelve o'clock, then after eating a sandwich, the weary one stuffs his corn cob, hitches up and drives back to his "villa ampla," and so we leave him asleep in his wagon at Rocky River.

The second class sell their produce in neighboring towns. They rise about two or three a. m., drive up and down hill for six or eight miles before "Old Sol" has crawled out of someone's woodshed. It is very amusing to chase out a green grocer in pajamas. It is more amusing to have him berate you for coming down so early. These grocers are queer fish. They are always filled up. "No sonny," they say, tapping a bulging apron-covered waist-line, "we are filled up this morning." And you tell 'em to go, you know where, under your breath and walk out. The good time continues as you drive along the hot dusty streets yelling sweet corn, cabbage, cucumbers and tomatoes. Finally with a basket of tomatoes left, you stop at your friend, the enemy.

"How mucha you wanta for the tomat?"

"Twenty-five cents."

"Is data so, well you keepa your tomat."

And if this is farming, why do you persist at the business? Well, that is a question that is hard to answer. For the same reason I suppose that the circus performer easily sniffs the sawdust after a winter

of idleness, that the ball player after swearing he is through with the game forever is the first to sign up in the spring; that the college boy fishes his Greek grammar out of a dusty corner on September 1st.

There are pleasures too in communing with Ceres and Pan; Phoebus and Morpheus; Nyad and Dryad, but that is another story.

THE PALACE BEAUTIFUL

LAWRENCE W. COUGHLIN

Jasper and jade should all the pillars be,
And massy marble for the floors be laid;
With richness here of carved ebony,
And flowering tapestry of pale brocade,
So that when e'er on them the sunshine played,
Their mellow beauty blent with sober hued,
Might in one harmony be both subdued.

And I would have the roof of cedar ceiled,
And silver patterns intricate in form,
Whereon a ruby crystal like a shield,
Should shed a radiant glory rich and warm,
As rainbow colors following a storm,
While lustrous draperies pale blue should fall,
From many a pillar, stately, fair and tall.

So should the palace strike the dazzled eye,
With wonder and a nameless strange delight,
Such as one feels when potent sorcery
Brings ideality before the sight—
So should I raise a fairy portal slight,
Studded with gems from the dark purple sea,
Ranged in their order, gorgeous symmetry.

Aeolian strains should bear the gates apart,
And then should strains as wondrous bid them close,
So sensitive might be the cunning art,
That not one jarring atom might oppose
Their movements, nor should crafty search disclose
Wherein they moved discordant, such the skill,
That so constructed they could move at will.

Leading from these a stately colonnade
Of veined agate plinths, in sooth I'd rear,

Of soothing color and of pleasing shade,
With store of crystal fountains murmuring near,
To strike with tinkling music on the ear,
While winding near with many a mimic fall,
Should glide a rivulet devious and small.

Long alleys next of poplars—pleasing gloom!
And clipped yew trees and mossy Grecian urns,
And formal flower parterres should sweetly bloom
Along the garden paths, whose myriad turns
Should beckon onward bordered with long ferns,
That o'er the smoothly graveled walks oft would
With unobtrusive artlessness intrude.

Till through an opening in the hills revealed,
Wide spreading vales and lovely lakes should lie,
Their spreading waters in the sunshine steeled.
To glassed expanses, mirrors to the sky,
Revealing oft some gorgeous argosy
Of cloudland vapor, floating with the wind,
Bearing its trailing threads of gossamer behind.

Gardens with nodding poppies all abloom,
And red roofed peasant cots embowered in vines,
All these might fancy view and so presume,
Those happy there where peaceful plenty shines,
Beneath the old cathedral's rugged lines,
Pricked out with pensile beauty where its spire,
Shoots up from ivy covered belfry higher.

They say that peace, contentment, quiet dwells,
Not in the height nor in the sultry vale,
But in those spots where healthy upland swells,
And the first crocuses of springtime pale,
And scent with faint perfume the wandering gale,
That lists not where it goes, but brings
Nature's kindred feeling which the poet sings.

Howe'er it be I know not but I know
Herein my longing spirit is enshrined,
That mid such scenes might life untroubled flow,
With holy Contemplation ever cheered;
Herein my soul's own palace have I reared,
Ideal vision of existence sweet,
Wherein pure souls and spirits choice might meet.

AN ORANGE PEEL

THOMAS J. DORAN, '18

I.

Freddy Alwin had a grievance. He sat with his chin in his hands and gazed into vacancy wholly oblivious of the beautiful English landscape surrounding his study. For Freddie's home looked down on some of the fairest scenes in Yorkshire.

He had sauntered through college along the route of least resistance, and was fully prepared, as far as intentions go, to saunter through life in the same pleasant and agreeable manner. Lacking a mother's guiding hand, for she had died when he was a child, he was petted and pampered by indulgent domestics until he began to consider himself a person of some importance. His word was law and he had learned from the Scriptures a very praiseworthy, and, as our readers will agree, convenient maxim; to wit, "Ask and you shall receive."

Just about a week ago things had begun to happen at the Alwin Manor House. A suave looking gentlemen had been interested for some time with old Sir John Alwin and had related some very unpleasant but insurmountable facts. Freddy had become indebted to the amount of one hundred and fifty pounds by his gambling exploits at the club and the suave gentleman who had come to see Sir John to balance the scales, was a representative of the law aiding blind Justice.

The upshot of the affair was that Sir John, tired by a long array of similar happenings had a rather fiery half-hour with his son, in which it may be stated in Freddy's behalf, the fire was all on one side. Freddy was given five hundred pounds and requested to depart for Brazil where his uncle owned a large ranch, there to make a man of himself or never again enter under the parental roof. Small wonder then that he sat like Achilles in his tent and nursed his woes.

He had grown somewhat ashamed of himself and had resolved to follow his father's directions. The boat would sail on the morrow and he had made all preparations to depart, imbued with noble ambitions and lofty purposes. But home was home and his heart was sad as he surveyed the familiar scenes, the sunny hillsides and the cloud shadows skimming over the fields of yellow grain.

2.

The boat lurched almost imperceptibly under the impact of the waves and her engines hummed at their task. The bite of the salt sea was in the air mingled with that unmistakable odor of sawdust, so well known to those who have crossed the ocean. To a friendless looking passenger, staggering up to the promenade deck the lurch was by no means insignificant, nor was the aforesaid odor of sawdust at all appetizing, but he finally succeeded in gaining the deck and collapsing on a deck chair. The waves were choppy after a recent storm and were of a deep green tinge, save where here and there a ray of sunshine tinted them

a deep emerald. But Freddy had no eye for the picturesque panorama. He was just recovering from an attack of sea-sickness and a section of the Sahara desert the size of a tennis court would be as Paradise to him if he could be immediately transported there.

His reflections were interrupted by an accident which would seem rather amusing were he in a more cheerful frame of mind. A gentleman, striding jauntily along and casting an interested look upon the waves planted his heel fairly on an orange peel, dropped by some careless passenger, and after doing what might be considered as a creditable imitation of a gyroscope, considering his human limitations, measured his length upon the deck. His cane went to that section beside the rail nautically termed the "scuppers" and his hat volplaned under Freddy's chair. While he essayed to recover his property and arrange his attire Freddy had an opportunity to observe his appearance. He was tall and well formed with a sallow complexion and curly hair. His eyes were brown and he wore a mustache, waved and trained, setting off well by contrast his white teeth. As to nationality Freddy would have placed him as an Italian or Spaniard.

By this time the stranger had removed all traces of his accident and approached to get his hat. Seeing a chair he sat down and turning to Freddy remarked, "Pardon, I speak not well the language of your country, but—how careless. Our great Teacher, he say, 'he is humble that exalteth himself.'"

Freddy, smiling at this quaint expression and its application, replied, "Perhaps it is not so much your pride as some one else's carelessness which has caused your mishap. I wish I felt cheerful enough to stroll around the deck even with the danger of being humbled by an occasional orange peel."

A flash of white teeth showed for a moment as the stranger smiled comprehensively.

"Oh! the Signor has been sick? Yes. Well do I recollect my—what do you call it—first experience. I will assist the Signor if he wishes to take a little stroll. It will be beneficial."

Freddy assented and arm in arm they walked along the deck. He learned that his chance acquaintance was named Fernandez De Soto. He also discovered that there was something magnetic about the man which commanded attention. He could not help liking him and they soon grew to be firm friends. Freddy felt greatly refreshed after about an hour's stroll and left for his state room after many protestations of thanks to Fernandez and many promises of future friendship.

3

That night in the gentlemen's lounge and smoking room there was a babble of voices through the thin haze and a clink of poker chips at the card tables. The players, wholly oblivious of the conversation and interested only in the game, played like some well oiled machine, silent

but marvelously efficient as a dark complexioned gentleman, standing over one of the tables seemed to think. There was also another thought in his mind of which I shall come to speak.

One of the players, indeed the one who betrayed most interest and excitement was Freddy Alwin. His hand trembled as he dealt the cards, and manifold expressions, chiefly hope and despair, alternated on his countenance. To Senor Fernandez De Soto, who, as it may be surmised, was the interested spectator, Freddy had confided his secrets, to wit that he had been driven from home with five hundred pounds in his possession, and that gambling had been the cause of his misfortunes. The eyes of Senor De Soto shone brightly and his brows furrowed strangely as he curled his mustache and cogitated. His thoughts ran on Freddy's five hundred pounds.

At the tables Freddy's lucky star had been in the ascendant for, when the party broke up, he was the richer by a small sum. Small as it was, however, he was in excellent spirits and it needed only a suggestion from De Soto to inflame his mind with the desire for more.

"Oh!" the senor had said, "So you are interested in the cards? Yes. Well, then, might we have a private little game in my cabin? My brother will be present and we will have an enjoyable time."

"Certainly," returned Freddy, "playing with those fellows is not to my liking. They sit and act like automatons and only open their mouths to call for their winnings. I'll be down in your cabin tonight."

And in this fashion one of the most momentous decisions of Freddy's life had been made and we will leave the reader in suspense for the time, begging leave only to relate that the same afternoon Signor De Soto and another gentleman singularly resembling him in every respect put their heads together and devised a plan which will unfold hereafter.

4

The walls of the little cabin seemed inconceivably remote to Freddy and the cards were dwarfed into insignificance. It seemed strange that he could stretch forth his hand to pick them up so distant were they. The bed, the wash stand and the chairs were miniatures of themselves as was also the brother of De Soto, who watched the game.

But contrary to all this the figure of De Soto who sat opposite him at the table seemed to dominate everything, even himself. He was vast, omnipresent, oppressing. Freddy, as his eyes strayed over him, thought of his first sight of the Grand Canyon. There was a strange dull feeling of compression on the top of Freddy's head and he narrowed his eyes in an endeavor to give objects their usual proportions. He was unreasonably irritated at the figure of De Soto as he sat surveying his cards with a slight smile and waxed his mustache.

It was far into the night but the game which had started after supper still continued. Playing first hopefully, then feverishly, then

despairingly, seeing his little fortune melt away before the almost superhuman playing of his adversary, and not daring to think of the end, he battled to regain his losses. He had, like they say of the drowning man, thought of many things in the past few hours, of the parting with his father, who had listened to his good resolutions with a hopeful heart, of his firm determination to stop gambling and of the moment of weakness in which he had plunged into the pit.

The clock ticked with a strident tone and the person of De Soto seemed to expand and press upon him, almost suffocating him. He no longer thought as he played. He moved his hands unconsciously and, strangely enough, made no blunders. It seemed as if his spirit had become liberated from his body and was watching it from a distance. But he could not win, and drop after drop, his money flowed across the table.

The voice of De Soto grated harshly in the stillness. The Senor's stakes were exhausted. Would not the Signor be kind enough to furnish sufficient inducement for another game.

Freddy shook himself together with an effort. "Wh—why," he stammered, "I—I think I have none convenient to me just now but I will write you a note for, say, fifty pounds."

"Oh! that will be quite sufficient, I am obliged," protested the Signor and the game proceeded as before. Freddy's back was now to the last ditch and he played desperately but unavailingly. He had hoped to win on his last venture but his hopes were doomed to disappointment. At the expiration of the game he threw down his cards and staggered from the room just as the Signor Fernandez was about to give utterance to the query "do you wish another game?" As the door slammed behind him the two gentlemen smiled as they glanced triumphantly at one another and one curled his mustache complacently.

5

The shores of Brazil had already been sighted and it had been announced that tomorrow they docked. But in all that multitude, rejoicing at the sight of land after many weary days there was one whose heart was sad. Freddy had received an intimation from De Soto that unless the funds to cover his note for fifty pounds were forthcoming he would notify Sir John Alwin his father, whose address De Soto had secured on the first day of their acquaintance. And Freddy, thinking of his good resolutions, was sick at heart.

6

The sun rose slowly and laid before Freddy's eyes a landscape as fair as any he had ever seen. The hills, shaded by palm trees and enshrouded by a light haze were emerald green and the mountains in the distance afforded a pleasing background. But these beauties touched no responsive chord in Freddy's heart for he had other and more unpleasant thoughts.

His reveries were interrupted by the arrival of a steward at his

chair with a letter addressed to him. As he hastily broke the seal with disagreeable expectations, we may judge of his surprise when there fell from the envelope five hundred pounds in currency and a note for fifty pounds, together with the following epistle.

Dear Signor Alwin

As you read this letter I will be far inland for I intend to leave the boat before you arise. I became interested in you, Signor, and was indeed disappointed to see your eagerness to gamble for money. So my brother and I made a little plan that we thought might succeed in curing you. It has, I hope, succeeded. I may state before concluding that I am an experienced player and you, Signor, could never succeed in beating me. Hoping you will take this lesson to heart, I remain,

Yours truly,

(Signed)

Fernandez De Soto.

7

Freddy Alwin smiled and his heart was glad as he looked upon the landscape. He loved it. He loved the porter who trundled his trunks ashore. He loved the steward, and the cabman and the ticket seller and the railroad conductor. But most of all he loved the absent Fernandez De Soto. There was only one object in all creation which he did *not* love and that was a pack of cards.

In far off Spain there lives a dark complexioned gentleman with a great solicitude for his mustache who, when he sees an orange peel on the ground, smiles as he thinks of a certain ocean voyage in which so insignificant an object played such an important part and was such an important factor in turning an erring foot towards the right.

AUTUMN

A. M., '17

I confess that I have never been a student of nature in her exterior forms. I have never probed deeply into her scenic beauty, her various moods, her lavish ornament, her ever changing hues. I have stood as one aloof, and, wistful, have observed as from afar, the endless cycle of the seasons—grim winter, and his mantling snows; fair spring, fresh-wakened from ice-bound slumbers, with her joyous promise of budding, greening life; summer, sun-kissed and care-free with her round of blissful days; and autumn, the pensive, the sweetly sad, the season of musical silences and fading flowers and shortening days o'ercast with dark foreboding.

These I have observed, but, alas, mine has been the observation passive. I have not beheld her more subtle charms, nor heard her softer musings. But to me a certain charm and fascination has always attached to the season of golden harvests. The languid breath of Indian

summer bespeaks the realization of patient toil. The fields, resounding to the click of the reaper, proclaim the time of mellow fruition. The yellow moon smiles down upon a world of harvest dances and pumpkin pie and apple cider.

From the dust of the summer's conflict arise the two mighty champions of the baseball world. And they fare forth to do battle. When the smoke has cleared away, the victor proclaimed and the spoils divided, the great scribes of the sporting world issue their annual bulletin conceding the laurels of the coming year to the doughty hosts of Nap-land. Then the faithful, leather-lunged fan lapses into post-season somnolence.

Then comes the unshorn football hero into his own, and once again the air is rent with raucous shout and the mighty collision of beef and brawn and turf. On all sides is heard the absorbing discussion of touch-down and punt, and ten thousand lusty voices sing the paeon of the sport of Hercules.

But the husky emulators of Heston, Coy and Company are not without opposition for popular favor. For, from the vast auditoriums of canvas, amid the glare of the flickering torchlight, loud and persuasive swells the voice of the campaign spell-binder, now vitriolic in attack, now eloquent in applause, demolishing reputation with the battering ram of oratory, and painting in the superlative the history of his party's achievement, throwing now the mud, and now a bouquet, and over all solemnly asserting his love for the dear people, the sacredness of their rights, and his zeal for their proper safeguarding. His is a life dedicated to popular uplift, and across his platform is written the solemn pledge to "redeem the people from the grasp of sordid politics, and grafting higher up."

This is autumn, the season of my special love, whose self is itself's best praise, though that praise be never sung. O, season of world-championships and pumpkin pie, and falling leaves and campaign promises, and apple cider and football warriors, an appreciative admirer pays you homage. Most varied of all the seasons, exhibiting in gorgeous review the fading glories of the waning year, I would I had a voice to chant those glories! O blessed time of golden fields and stilly nights and year's decline, O, Autumn!

SONG

LAWRENCE W. COUGHLIN, '17

Fare on, O beautiful ship, fare on
With your sailor lads over the sea,
For there's many a heart where care hath part,
Thinking on thine and thee.

And there's many a one shall climb the crag,
When thy sails o'er the main appear,
And their fears forget with lashes wet
As kindred and friends draw near.

THE MASTER OF BALLANTRAE

A. C. J. BRICKEL, '17

When we stand aside and watch this vast army of men file past us, we readily appreciate the truth of George Eliot's dictum that we are "each one of us but an omnibus carrying down the traits of his ancestors." This does not mean that every man must follow the same course in life as his father; it means that whatever course in life he follows his work will bear traces of ancestral characteristics. And we can see the proof of this in the lives of many of our friends.

The life of Robert L. Stevenson justifies this doctrine in a striking manner. His father and grandsire were both famous engineers. But the constructive genius which brought them fame manifested itself very differently in Robert.

The elder Stevensons with derrick and engine turned their efforts to erect beacons on Scotia's storm-shattered shore, warring with indomitable courage and perseverance against gale and tide. Robert with pen and scroll raised those stately edifices of thought which mark his career and all the time he was fighting, fighting a disease the nature of which would have cast any man but a Stevenson into the abyss of despair.

And yet paradoxical though it may seem, his works become better as his malady became worse. A steady development is noticeable from the "Shilling Shocker" to the deep psychological romance.

His first noteworthy work, "Treasure Island," is plainly a tale from the lips of a born narrator filled with the joy of adventure. The next step in growth is "Ebb Tide." The same hair-raising action that crackles in "Treasure Island" is there, but beneath the heat of adventure we see the moralist at work matching characters with subtlety and skill. Finally in "The Master of Ballantrae," Stevenson gives us a wonderful combination of thrilling incident and unsurpassed character portrayal.

The plot in "The Master of Ballantrae" is simple. News reaches the family of Lord Durissdeer of the landing of Prince Charles in Scotland. A coin is tossed to determine which of the two sons shall ally himself with the Prince. James, called the "Master," loses the toss. He leaves in a rage. Henry, naturally kind and patient, is compelled by circumstances, especially James' demands for money, to become an exacting landlord. This brings him into disfavor with the country folk who admired James, unconscious of his wickedness. James' reported death in battle fans this dislike into fervid resentment against Henry and he finds it expedient to lead a secluded life. Miss Allison, an orphaned relative, whom James had intended to marry, under the persuasion of the old Lord, and moved more by pity than love, marries Henry. But both she and the elder Durissdeer seem to blame Henry for his brother's misfortune. They begin to act coldly towards him. James returns. He enters upon a siege of persecution against his brother, blackmailing him and accusing him of petty selfishness and jealousy. He even presumes to

make advances to his wife, who, while remaining loyal to her husband, shows a preference for James' company. Henry bears this patiently, until James insults his wife to his face. He strikes James. A duel follows. The latter is severely wounded and left for dead where he had fallen. A band of smugglers with whom James had intended to leave that very night remove his body. Henry is prostrated with grief, thinking he had slain his own brother. His wife's dormant love awakens—she comforts her husband, changing her attitude to him during his subsequent illness. James survives and returns to Durissdeer. Henry longing for a few peaceful years, moves to America, leaving his secretary, Mackellar, in charge of his estates. Through the working of his Hindu servant, Secundra Dass, James discovers his place of refuge. He trails him; but Henry, by threatening to disclose James' guilt, wards off further treachery.

James, in order to disgrace his brother, sets himself up as a tailor in poor straits, telling the public that he is the lawful heir of Durissdeer, by means of a sign in front of his shop. Finally he sets off with a cabal of cut-throats in search of a treasure buried by him on his travels as a pirate. He pretends to die, as part of the scheme to cheat his comrades, and is buried alive by Secundra Dass, who murders the band, one by one. Henry hears of his supposed demise. Impelled by a mad desire to see his brother's envy-heated body cold in death, especially since he had so often escaped, he hurries to the spot just as the Hindu is unearthing his master. Under Secundra Dass' methods he revives long enough to recognize his brother. Then the "Grim Reaper" sweeps them both into the grave.

The foregoing narrative gives us the story of how these two brothers lived, in relation to each other. But it is not a synopsis of the entire book. For you will find no mention is made of how the master spent his time during his absence from home. Yet Stevenson gives us a detailed account of his actions, during this period. These facts lead us to the realization that "The Master of Ballantrae" is in reality composed of two separate narratives; the travels of the master and his relations to his brother.

And so the introduction of James' piratical episode leads us into byways which do not return again to the main road. Since, therefore, these foreign incidents do not hasten matters to their culmination, we ask, "Why are they related then?" And the answer seems to be that Stevenson serves up these exploits as an offering to the goddess Adventure. For the great novelist himself says

"My mistress still the open road
And the bright eyes of danger."

And indeed he frequently falls into a tale of blood and plunder, seeming to forget his original theme. Yet while we must concede that Stevenson never is flat in these encounters, still we must consider all

incident which is irrelevant to the main conception as a disturber of unity. And "The Master of Ballantrae" is without unity.

For in following James on his travels we wander away from the main road on which the author starts us; that is, the relation of these two brothers to each other. Nor that alone; we actually suspend our interest as to the outcome of the antagonism between Henry and James, and surrender ourselves entirely to the spell of "The Master's" reckless exploits. This shifting of interest provides diversion for the reader but it is none the less a serious fault against unity. Certainly in "The Master of Ballantrae" Stevenson displays too strong a predilection for separate incident to the sacrifice of the primal conception of his story. And as to magnitude of the failing in this work, Stevenson himself remarks that "the ending shames, perhaps degrades, the beginning."

For the story closes with a tale of bloody murder and dark intrigue, which is a clumsy expedient for relief. Stevenson seems to weary of the funereal strain that tolls in Henry's life, and to enliven the burden he inserts the cries of Secundra Dass' murder victims.

However this effort to brighten the gloom is not to be absolutely condemned, for through the story there is a tone of blight and sorrow which ought to be in some way alleviated. But it seems wrong means have been employed to accomplish this.

These flashes of brigandage help us more fully to appreciate the skill of Stevenson in creating an atmosphere which harmonizes with both actors and action; in some places the atmosphere seems to weigh in upon us like the stifling dampness before the thunder storm.

The scene which constantly unfolds itself in the dining hall in Durissdeer is so replete with vindictiveness and injustice on the part of the old lord and Mrs. Henry, as she sits apart in the dim seclusion of the fireplace, seeming to loathe her husband's company as Harpies brooding over his fate, that we can scarce restrain our compassion for the solitary figure pacing to and fro in the twilight of the lower hall, The sense of this outraged man's dejection creeps into the very marrow of our souls.

This atmosphere indeed enshrouds the whole journey of Henry through life. But in certain places where the anguish of his spirit grows more intense the atmosphere becomes more strikingly effective, just as the snow drifts against a patch of withered weeds on a bleak mid-winter meadow.

A fine illustration of this increased vigor in painting an atmosphere which reflects the mind and condition of the central figure is furnished by the following extract:

"It was unseasonable weather, a cast back into winter; windless, bitter cold; the world all white rime; the sky low and gray; the sea black and silent like a quarry hole."

Could anyone fail to feel, and feel keenly, the depth of Henry's

dejection as he gazes on this Stygian prospect, with his tortured mind filled with the thought of having to deal anew with the author of all his troubles? The lowering sky and the inky sea in union with the anguish of his spirit, seem almost to be closing to annihilate him.

For picturesqueness, too, the scenes which Stevenson draws deserve great praise. Let us take, for example, the duel scene: "Even as I went my teeth smote each other in my mouth. It was as he said; there was no breath stirring; a windless stricture of frost had bound the air; and as we went forth in the shine of a candle the blackness was like a roof over our heads. Never a word was said; there was no sound but the creaking of our steps along the frozen path. The cold of the night fell about me like a bucket of water. . . . and presently the flames went up as steady as in a chamber in the midst of the frosted trees, and I beheld these two brothers take their places."

Here is a living picture. We actually see the tense trio choose the spot for their weird encounter. Their drawn faces gleaming white against the blackness, the glint of steel reflected in their eyes, and the still secrecy of the night, with the bite of frost to spur the duelists on to heated fury, make us expect a combat to the death, whilst the dim circles of the candles shed an eerie air of romanticism upon the whole scene.

Nor did that struggle lack fiendish fierceness, since each was intent on the other's destruction. But it was made doubly vehement by the foul, dastardly move of James, a move which revealed the baseness and dishonor that were in his soul. For when he was hard pressed he grabbed his adversary's sword and strove to pierce him with his own, just as in his desire to embitter his brother's life, he seized upon his pride of birth and the lack of true love in his wife to wield against him as a most cutting weapon.

This craft in choosing the most vital of Henry's weaknesses and the bitterest of his sorrows, is typical of the cunning and audacity which earned for James the title of "Master" and make him the more interesting of the two characters.

No sooner does one trap fail him than he sets his devil's brain at work to find a bolder means of effecting his purpose. We are always looking forward for some new device, some plan yet untried, and thus we concentrate our attention upon the kaleidoscope of intrigue. There is a fascination about him with his pleasant manners, something akin to admiration.

But for all his engaging ways, we can feel naught but contempt for his pride and hypocrisy. We cannot love the awful Master of Bal-lantrae—he is such a consummate hypocrite, and drags his brother down to his own level of vindictiveness, though it seems he is fighting for his very soul's existence. I would judge this failure of Stevenson's to

give the proper cue as to which of the two brothers we should admire, a grave fault.

The character of James we read, for the most part, from his actions, and two speeches. We can procure some notion of what Satanic pride was seething in his soul from his outburst when Henry slapped him in the mouth for his insulting insinuations.

"A blow!" he cried, "I would not take a blow from God Almighty!"

Later on in the story we learn from a conversation between him and Mackellar that his pride is mixed with greed and despicable vanity. "Once I remember he defended himself more at large and had some curious sophistries worth repeating for a light on his character."

"You are very like a civilian to think war consists in drums and banners," said he (James). "War (as the ancients said very wisely) is ultima ratio. When we take our advantage unrelentingly, then we make war. Ah! Mackellar, you are a devil of a soldier in the steward's room at Durissdeer, or the tenants do you a sad injustice."

"I think little of what war is, or is not," I replied. "But you weary me with claiming my respect. Your brother is a good man, and you are a bad man, neither more nor less."

"Had I been Alexander," he began.

"It is so we all dupe ourselves," I cried. "Had I been St. Paul, it would have been all one; I would have made the same hash of that career that you now see me making of my own."

"I tell you," he cried, bearing down my interruption, "had I been the least petty chieftain in the highlands, had I been the least petty king of naked negroes in the African desert, my people would have adored me. A bad man am I. Ah! but I was born for a good tyrant. Ask Secundra Dass; he will tell you I treat him like a son. Cast in your lot with me tomorrow, become my slave, my chattel, a thing I can command as I command the power of my limbs and spirit—you will see no more that dark side that I turn in anger upon the world. I must have all or none. But where all is given I give it back with usury. I have a kingly nature; there is my loss."

"It has been hitherto rather the loss of others," I remarked, "which seems rather on the hitherside of royalty."

"Tilly vally!" cried he. "Even now I tell you I would spare that family in which you take so great an interest, yes, even now—tomorrow I would leave them in their petty welfare, and disappear in that forest of cut-throats and thimblerriggers that we call the world. I would do it tomorrow," says he, "only—only—"

"Only what?" I asked.

"Only they must beg it on their bended knees. I think in public,

too,' he added, smiling. 'Indeed, Mackellar, I doubt if there be a hall big enough to serve my purpose for that act of reparation.' "

" 'Vanity, vanity,' I moralized, 'to think that this great force for evil should be swayed by the same sentiment that sets a lassie mincing to her glass.' "

• " 'Oh, there are double words for everything; the word that swells, the word that belittles; you cannot fight me with a word,' said he. 'You said the other day that I relied on your conscience; were I in your humor of detraction, I might say I build upon your vanity. It is your pretension to be "un homme de parole," 'tis mine not to accept defeat. Call it vanity, call it virtue, call it greatness of soul, what signifies the expression? But recognize in us a common strain; that we both live for an idea.' "

In giving us an insight into the thoughts and emotions which are the mainspring of James' actions, the author here makes use of character analysis, not, indeed, saying the words himself, but putting them into the mouth of his character. This is one of the direct methods of portrayal. But as a whole Stevenson employs some indirect method, by visualizing the action with sufficient clearness and emphasizing the dominant traits.

But to resume. After carefully reading the foregoing extract we cannot fail to know the character of James. We are almost charmed by the glitter of his speech, as the bird is charmed by the serpent's sparkling eye. But not only are we made aware of the pride in his soul; we read there dogged determination to see every fell purpose of his executed.

I said that we were captivated by James' manners. Let us analyze the causes of this delight, however, and we shall find that they come to us not as the warm radiations from a human heart, but as the colored reflections in a stagnant pool. We are pleased only with the Master's exterior. For he draws his real motives into obscurity in the folds of a rich cloak of hypocrisy, even as the fallen Lucifer is exalted in "Paradise Lost." Indeed, we can here see a striking parallel between Stevenson in his treatment of the Master, and Milton in his treatment of Lucifer. Both have fallen into the same fault; they have made their characters too alluring. There is, we confess, some admirable trait in everybody, but in these two there is too much to admire. And so, both Stevenson and Milton miss the goal of true art by failing to take an unmistakable stand against evil. For wickedness must be universally condemned. There are times when, far from denouncing James as a hypocrite, we begin to pity him for his seemingly undeserved ill-treatment, and we approach very near to cherishing resentment against Henry.

In a way, Henry is placed in the light of a wicked man, since the persecutions of James bring to the surface the base motive of vindic-

tiveness. And I must complain that I like not this way in which Stevenson's philosophy seems to make evil overcome good by lowering or perverting it.

However much we may condemn the Master, we cannot deny that he is a very interesting man, not a mere type, but an individual. But Henry fails to engage our strict and watchful attention. For a man who is so sore beset by an unscrupulous adversary, he should be more of a strategist, constantly devising some means of completely routing his enemy. But in his sullen, gloomy, though patient, endurance of wrongs, he disappoints us. Lack of initiative places a chasm between himself and his purpose, which yawns even broader when we see the bridge of aggressiveness which transports his brother across to his every goal.

And doubtless, however, this passiveness is the result of excessive patience with more than a touch of pride. For a more patient soul than Henry's is difficult to fancy, and rare indeed are the men so jealously proud of their family and their reputation. So, what he lacks in our sympathy he makes up for in the measure of our admiration and pity, which, we think, he justly deserves.

And, again, there was never a moment when he failed to be constant in his love for his wife, despite her coldness. Not once does he fail to hold fast in his heart the welfare of his dear ones. See how he acted after the duel in the candlelight. His first thought is not for himself, but for his aged, care-burdened parent. And our admiration for him grows when we consider his conduct in the terrible and relentless persecution which the Master wages against him. Denied the respect of his tenants and his servants; deprived of the hearty trust of his father, and severed from the love of his own wife through the hypocrisy of his own flesh and blood, he remains patient. How does he repay his father and his wife for their ingratitude and coldness? With rancorous animosity? No; he has only kindness and love and consideration for them. His patience is extreme.

But he was human, and his patience not limitless. We are told to
"Beware the fury of a patient man"

as clearly James did not. And this oversight of his nearly cost him his life in the duel. This encounter we must remember was brought on by the only violent burst of anger flashed out by Mr. Henry. But it was treacherously provoked, and try as we may, we cannot but admire him for it, since it displays his deep affection for his own. For, we see by this action, that he is ready to place his own body as a bulwark of defense against the slanderous attacks of his unnatural brother.

And so, therefore, we cannot help pitying him, denied as he is all earthly reward for his heart-rending sufferings. His tragic death fills us with a sense of loss, for just at the moment when he is able to grasp that one object for which he had longed and toiled, his hand falls limp in death. It arouses our compassion to see him thus pass

away without receiving the reward which we feel he so justly deserves. But there is consolation for ourselves, dreary as his death was. For we may say with the poet that in his saner moments

“His life was gentle, and the elements
So mixed in him, that Nature might stand up
And say to all the world, ‘This was a man!’”

And now, dear, reader, with a few words more of the story, I will close. Both Henry and James are real individuals. They are drawn with sharply defined characteristics which readily and absolutely separate them from all other individuals in the world. They are not mere types of a certain class. Both develop under the stress of strong conflict. Action and character are in harmonious agreement, since neither of the two individuals is made to act in a manner not consistent with his nature.

In the development of Henry's character we are forcibly struck by the moral unity displayed in its portrayal. By moral unity we mean that the character must show the effects of what has happened to him in the past. This is very clearly shown when Henry says, “I am far past anger now.” The intensity of his sufferings and the habitual drain upon his patience have purged his soul of all the heat of passion.

Whatever may be said of the method of development, we feel certain that the underlying theme, its coloring and setting are typical of Stevenson. And yet we must admit that elsewhere we are more captivated by the manner in which Stevenson

“Daintily serves a sanguinary diet.”



"SWEET AUBURN"

LOUIS A. LITZLER, '16

On September 28th there appeared an article in the daily papers telling of a celebration held in the Auburn (N. Y.) State prison, commemorating the anniversary of the entrance of Thomas Mott Osborne into Auburn prison for a voluntary term of one week, to learn for himself the faults of the old prison from actual experience. Osborne, now warden of Sing Sing, was present as guest of honor, and to please his convict friends he again donned the old prison uniform he wore during the week of his self-immurement. The program, which included a parade, a carnival with confetti, cabarets, picnic spreads and band concerts, occupied the 1,450 prisoners all afternoon and evening. Over \$30,000 worth of flags and bunting were used to decorate the prison yard.

Sounds good, doesn't it? Yet this announcement, brief as it was, filled us with both disgust and dismay. With disgust, on the one hand, because of the insane squandering of the public's money on a gang of cut-throats, murderers, degenerates, and the like,—and with dismay on the other, that a public official should lower himself to the level of a convict in his efforts to flatter the very outcasts of society.

When Osborne entered Auburn prison last year he did so with a definite object in view. He wanted to find out from actual experience the evils of the old prison system. No doubt he had heard of the shortcomings and brutalities of the old-fashioned prison treatments, and in the fullness of his heart he determined to ameliorate existing conditions. He would be a big brother to the convicts. Read this excerpt from the letter of a young robber to his friend:

"I am up here for three years, but hey, Walt, why worry? I want to tell you that it is much easier than you think. Baseball every day and swimming the same. . . . Movies every day in winter and on Saturdays and Sundays in summer. . . . etc."

No doubt when the three-year term of Walt's correspondent comes to a close he will be loath to leave Auburn prison, preferring the "new" life behind the bars to a prosaic existence out in the cold, cold world.

When the law, in the person of the judge, imposes sentence upon a criminal, it does so with a twofold purpose. First, to punish the guilty, and secondly, to warn would-be malefactors of the fate that awaits them. In the good old-fashioned days when a prison was a *prison*, the prospective crook generally thought twice before embarking on a career of crime, and the thought of what a prison term meant often deterred even the hardest of criminals. But alas, such days are past. Now, thanks to Osborne and his ilk, it is different. A regeneration has taken place, a revival has set in, and, *mirabile dictu*, what was once a prison is now a gentlemen's country club. For no more do the up-to-the-minute convicts bruise their knuckles on a vulgar stone-pile. Banish the thought! Nor does the stony stare of four gray walls prey upon their

delicate nerves. For the digits that once were engaged in paving the country roads now applaud in dainty unison the latest Charlie Chaplin antics, and the eyes that once idly watched centipedes and roaches crawl over the bare prison walls now follow Mary Pickford as she gaily trips across the movie screen. And, lest the poor unfortunate convicts pine away for lack of exercise, Osborne has seen to it that baseball, followed by a cool plunge, is added to the curriculum of diversion.

Thus one innovation after another—however silly—is introduced into the prison routine on the plea that it will help the convicts in recovering the manhood they have lost. They argue, these long-winded and short-sighted reformers, that the convicts are but victims of heredity and environment, and that the only way to cure them is by elevating the tone of their surroundings. Much of this is true. But we fail to see where excessive pampering ever strengthened anybody's character. On the contrary, "Spare the rod and spoil the child" applies as well to convicts as to children. And Sing Sing is no exception.

To a close observer, the mistake made by Osborne and his confreres becomes apparent at once. Isn't it like locking the stable door after the horse is stolen? To elevate the tone of a man's surroundings after he is fallen is, in many cases, useless. The time to prevent crime is before the crime is committed. "A penny of prevention is worth a dollar of cure." In this case, the penny of prevention that is worth not a dollar, but thirty thousand dollars of cure, is—religion.

Examine the records of any jail or penitentiary and you will find the names of comparatively few Catholics. To those who do not know better, this is a source of wonder and mystery. But the answer is not hard to find. A Catholic boy, educated in a Catholic school or college, has instilled into him those fundamental principles that are so very important in rearing good citizens. He is taught his classics, to be sure, and his sciences, but he is also taught his God. There lies the secret. Teach a boy that there are nobler things in life than pleasure; that there is a higher goal to be striven after than mere money; teach him that another, and an eternal life shall follow this one as surely as day follows night; teach him to know and love his Maker; teach him the loveliness of Christ,—and you need have no fears for his future.

With this religious training contrast the upbringing which a guest of Warden Osborne received in a non-religious school. He learned his reading, writing, and arithmetic sometimes,—but that is all. No mention of a God or of a Redeemer ever struck his ears as he passed from one grade to another without ever knowing the why or wherefore of his existence. The saints, those models of Christian perfection, are unknown to him, and he never heard the Sacred Names save in jest or blasphemy. Small wonder, then, at the consequences. Forced to spend his boyhood and youth in a godless school under an atheistic system of education, he grew up into manhood with neither principle nor char-

acter to guide him. It was but a step thence to crime,—and another step to Auburn.

Which, then, is better: a solid education supplemented with religious training, or a godless education supplemented with ideal environments—in prison? Were there more Catholic schools and colleges there would be fewer Sing Sings; there would be fewer Warrensvilles to coddle criminals and inebriates; and there would be fewer Osbornes to squander the public's money in pampering law-breakers and degenerates. Yes, thirty thousand dollars is a lot of money to waste on an irresponsible warden's celebration. But why should Osborne worry, so long as Mr. Common People pays the bills?

"EARTH'S CRAMMED WITH HEAVEN"

EDWARD MCBRIEN, '17

How sweet it is in recreation hours
To stroll with Nature through her wide domain,
Where roses wild, cool streams and leafy bowers,
In emulation strive to soothe the brain.

From high and rugged peaks in sunshine bright,
I view a city pleasing to the eye;
Its ivory whiteness gleaming in the light,
Where lordly structures tower to the sky.

Green summer's foliage sleeps beneath the sun;
The blue dome rings with joyous peal of lark;
The busy insects' never-ceasing hum,
May oft be heard from sunrise unto dark.

Of heav'n and earth what mingled scene is this,
Discovering fountains of reflection deep,
To make the heart expand with heaven's bliss,
To wake a drowsy soul from out its sleep!



Editorials

LUMINA

"Lumina," some one said, and then some one else whispered "Lumina" to the others that stood looking with admiring glances at the cradle. Just then she opened her bright eyes. "Well, that isn't such a bad name," said the young man with the eye-glasses." "What the deuce does the thing mean?" growled the man over at the window, "bet you can't find it in the calendar."

Well, I'm going to tell you all about Lumina, and then you can criticize her name afterwards. Lumina is a precocious youngster, she is getting acquainted with all the students at St. Ignatius. When a young O. Henry, or a Chesterton, or a Scott, or a Webster comes along she's going to introduce herself immediately. Don't act bashfully when you meet her in the class room or corridors; she's a versatile little person, and has the knack of putting you at your ease. Besides Lumina is very attractive and even now has many admirers. Some of you lads that need "pep" and can't find it in the dictionary had better consult Lumina. She is just bubbling over with college spirit. When the Debating Society meets o' nights, the place of honor will be left for her. When our teams play other colleges, be it baseball, football, or basketball, she will be there clapping her pretty hands with the rest of us. She will play eavesdropper when a sophomore "lights up" or a freshman makes a "lapsus linguae" in class. You shall hear all the jokes, incidents, happenings that occur within the dear old walls of St. Ignatius.

Above all, Lumina wants to know, and is going to know, all the boys that used to be. Why, she will make you homesick for those dear old student days. She has made some of you so, some of you already. Lumina is a prodigy at deciphering names on the tops of desks. If you left yours on any of our seats, Lumina will have the laugh on you. One of her ambitions is to have the alumni drop in and cheer us when Cicero or Demosthenes or Socrates are urging us to go to war, or to die like lambs. Lumina is going to realize her pet ambition and all her ambitions too. When she visits you, give her the glad hand, tell her she's a bright eyed little hustler, court her, praise her work, and she will shed a ray of sunshine into every member of the "Old Guard." There now, you know all I know about Lumina. You may judge for yourself when you meet her.

* * * * *

War and
Peace

While we are digging into our books for another strenuous year of study, our cousins in Europe are digging their own graves. England, France, Italy, Germany, Belgium, Russia are sacrificing their millions at the altar of Mars. The majority

of these victims are in the prime of manhood, thousands are students like ourselves. They dreamed their dreams, cherished their ambitions, planned brilliant careers for themselves just as other college men. When war was declared they bade farewell to their Alma Mater. They put aside note-book and text-book for trenching tool and rifle. How many of these future statesmen, scientists, doctors, painters, and writers are slumbering in a foreign land, in an unmarked grave? When Europe, fickle Europe, pieces together the statue of peace and prosperity which she is so ruthlessly demolishing now, she will find some parts missing. The land that has been plowed with cannon ball and sown with lead will soon bloom again, her financial losses can be retrieved by rigid economy and peasant tax, her armies and navies may be rebuilt, even the crippled industries may, in a measure, recover; but the brains, the talents, the genius that went into the grave with her college sons are lost forever. Some, it is true, will return unscathed. They will return, however, with their ambitions withered, their energies lost,—with the thoughts and experiences of grandsires.

This gloom in Europe seems to make our own land all the brighter. We are taught to preserve, protect, and propagate those sacred precepts of the Prince of Peace which, after all, are the true criteria of a nation's greatness. We are preparing to aid in the work of reconstruction that awaits our stricken Old World brothers. Finally, we are learning that production and conservation are to be preferred to destruction and waste.

A. A. BUNGART, '17.

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The Mosquito and His Secret A short time ago the shores of the lake were infested by huge swarms of busy mosquitoes that rose up in increasing numbers at every step and tunelessly threatened the comfort of the invader.

Upon examining one of the tiny belligerents, it is found that they consist, for the most part, of wings, legs and stings, all of which they possess in great abundance. Whatever other members they have are almost negligible.

Now, it must be admitted that in most places on the lake front there are great temptations for the mosquito to loaf and grow sluggish, yet, if anyone ever heard of a loafing mosquito—that wasn't dead—he has kept discreetly silent about his knowledge.

The secret of the immense unpopularity of the mosquito is his habit of keeping everlastingly at it. When we see a mosquito with his wings or stinger not working overtime, we can safely reckon him moribund.

The secret of the mosquito is the secret of every successful business man,—that is, to one with one's eyes open it is no secret at all. The successful man kept everlastingly at it. If difficulties arose he didn't sit down to wait for them to vanish. He hustled around until he found a weak spot, and then worked his way perseveringly through.

Reader, can you say the same thing for yourself? Have you the grit of an ordinary mosquito? Remember that this little pest has only instinct, while God has endowed you with the wonderful gift of reason. Now, gentle fellow-student, don't pass this up. Think it over!

WALTER FOWLER, '18.

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The Go-to-Church Movement A few weeks ago a Sunday was set aside by some who think they have our eternal welfare at heart, as Go-to-Church Sunday. On this day all church-goers, whether of the frequent or intermittent variety, were urged to attend divine services and to see to it, if possible, that their friends were likewise attendants. A movement like this is one that always provokes argument pro and con, and offers almost unlimited food for thought.

Almost everyone goes to church—sometimes. And everyone agrees that the practice is an excellent one, and one to be encouraged in every possible way. But everyone who goes to church does not do so for the same reasons, and after all, it is the intention or motive back of an act that really counts. The fact that a very disagreeable and uncomfortable locality is popularly supposed to make use of "good intentions" as paving material in lieu of brick or macadam, does not signify that said good intentions are wholly reprehensible.

There are almost as many, and as varied, reasons for attending church as there are individuals to attend. Judge Strong, for instance, goes in order to uphold his family traditions and, incidentally, to strengthen his own position as a pillar of the community. Mrs. Grundy honors the congregation with her presence solely on account of the neighborhood conventions that gather in the church-yard after the services to discuss the latest war news (family variety—not European). Gwendolyn and others of her set, like vain peacocks strutting about and airing their graces for the delight and edification of the universe are there chiefly to exhibit their new plumage. This latter species flourishes throughout the year, but is especially prevalent at Easter time. These classes are only laughable or disgusting, according to whether we take them as seriously as they take themselves, or not.

But there are others, whose lives inspire us with far nobler sentiment, whether or not we strive to follow in their meritorious footsteps. They are those pious souls who, having experienced the buffets of a cold, sordid money-grabbing world, have turned, weakened and discouraged by the unremitting struggle, to the altar of the Son of God, and there have found the sweet abiding rest for which they longed. They attend the divine services not because it is their social duty, not because their friends will be there, not because they have some new clothes to put on exhibition, but because they love it, because they know that their Lord and Master is welcoming them with outstretched arms, and with open heart; and that there alone will they find that true and lasting sympathy, that deep and priceless love, the only peace worth while.

R. E. CRAFT, '18.

Alumni Notes

Among the various activities of college life there is numbered one that should command the attention and receive the lasting support of all students and graduates—the college magazine. It creates an entirely new and virgin field of conquest; it affords the ambitious student an opportunity for the acquiring of experience, commercial and literary, which will in time prove to be of inestimable value; and to the graduate it presents a channel through which he may send his choice theories. The College Magazine is truly an anvil upon which new friendships may be formed, and old bonds strengthened.

For sometime past it has been the fondest hope and ambition of students that St. Ignatius College would one day launch a representative publication. This long-coveted goal has been attained and the undertaking is by no means small. Ultimate success depends solely upon the untiring efforts of students and graduates alike. This simple announcement should arouse the enthusiasm and create the desire in one to be numbered among those who aided in placing a most firm foundation beneath "LUMINA."

This department has been reserved for the use of the Alumni alone, and is capable of "consuming" as much literature as can possibly flow from your nimble pens. Information regarding your progress and present lines of endeavor will be received with open arms; in this manner graduates will be kept in close touch with their classmates.

Get busy, Alumni, and let your manuscripts flood the sanctum. We do not keep the proverbial waste basket in the office.

We have received a number of encouraging answers to the circular announcing the advent of LUMINA.

* * * * *

We take great pleasure in announcing that a few former students and alumni, are running for offices in the coming election, and also take this opportunity to encourage our voters to lend their whole support toward aiding these men to reach their respective offices. Surely this will not be asking too much inasmuch as all are already well acquainted with their past public conduct, and we are also able to appreciate the value of their former training in St. Ignatius' College. Therefore we can all feel confident that the interests of the community will be served to the utmost by them. They have aided us in the past, and still continue helping us, so why not practice reciprocity? Return the favor! Spread this good news! Isn't it encouraging to know that former students are so actively engaged in the administration of public affairs?

* * * * *

Robert Fisher, '93, A. M., L. L. B., an early honor graduate; boosted the Alumni as President and Secretary; when we needed help, his strong arm was very much in evidence. Everybody to the front! Sleep after election He'd make an excellent Municipal Judge, four year term.

* * * * *

Frank Cullitan also running for Municipal Judge, four year term. Wide experience will enable him to execute the duties of this office for the benefit of all. He will fit the Judicial Chair snugly.

Emmett P. Dowling. Oh, he has been before the public so often that there is not much need to enumerate his possibilities. He'd fit wonderfully alongside his former class mates.

* * * * *

Virgil Terrell, Tom Terrell's brother. The end man of the best quartette yet constructed. You can vote for every one of these men, as you are entitled to four choices Four ST. IGNATIUS COLLEGE men on the bench. WHOOP 'ER UP, FELLOWS.

* * * * *

T. J. Kegg, class of '13, is busily engaged in furnishing all kinds of floral designs to the public, in Euclid Avenue, near East 79th Street.

* * * * *

L. I. Litzler is in the race for the office of Councilman in Ward 4.

* * * * *

"SOME OF THEM"

" I sincerely hope that your expectations will soon be fully realized and cannot help but feel that the Alumni of the college will do all in their power to make the undertaking a success, and if there is anything that I can do in order to boost the undertaking, I hope you will command me. with my best wishes, and congratulations, and expressing the hope that LUMINA will fulfill its mission, and that it may become a torch in fact as well as in name, illuminating and lighting the way for that 'Greater St. Ignatius College' which we all desire, I remain, as ever,

Sincerely yours for success,

L. I. LITZLER."

"This undertaking will surely infuse a new spirit into the student body and Alumni Association. I wish you abundant success in guiding this work and gladly enclose herewith my subscription.

CHARLES P. BECHLER."

"I congratulate you in your attempt to carry out a very good and much needed work, and can only hope that it meets with the success it merits.

"Anxiously awaiting the first issue and wishing you every success, I remain,
Respectfully yours,

JNO. F. CORRIGAN, M. D."

"Enclosed please find subscription for two years. should you find it necessary I will gladly contribute more at any time.

Respectfully,

W. J. MANNING, M. D."

The Annual Business Meeting and Smoker of the Alumni Association was held in the gymnasium on Thursday evening, June 17th, last.

The Reverend Rector Father Furay addressed the boys and explained the progress of the college and told of its ambitions, among which was the issuing of this magazine.

The members of the class of '15 were the guests of honor and were elected to membership in the Association.

The committee appointed to revise the Constitution rendered its report, wherein it recommended the following changes, which were adopted by the Association:

First, the Association becomes more strictly an Alumni body in this respect; only those who have graduated from the college are ipso facto eligible to membership, with the exception that those who have finished the Academic Department may be admitted upon recommendation of the Faculty.

Secondly, the government of the Association is placed in the hands of a Board of Trustees, one-third of whom are changed every year, and to whom is left the election of officers.

It is hoped that these changes will result in a more interested membership, and in a more sustained and united effort than has been possible in the past.

Pursuant to the provisions of the new Constitution, the following gentlemen were elected as Trustees:

FOR ONE YEAR

Joseph A. Schlitz, Esq.; Frank Gallagher, M. D.; James S. Faragher, M. D.

FOR TWO YEARS

John A. Smith, Esq.; Rev. James M. Hanley; E. O. Houck, M. D.

FOR THREE YEARS

Wm. J. Raddatz, Esq.; B. L. Spitzig, M. D.; N. A. Collins, Esq.

After the regular meeting the Board of Trustees met and organized, and elected the following officers for the ensuing year:

President—Wm. J. Raddatz.

Vice-President—Frank Gallagher, M. D.

Secretary—Neil A. Collins.

* * * *

Political ambitions grow apace among our Alumni, and we note the following as aspirants for office:

Raymond F. Body, candidate for Council in the Second Ward.

John A. Smith, candidate for Council in the Twenty-sixth Ward.

Lawrence A. Deering, candidate for Council in the Twenty-second Ward.

Frank S. Day, candidate for Municipal Judge.

Eugene Quigley was re-elected National President of Delta Theta Phi Legal Fraternity at the Detroit Convention.

Business, too, profits by the efforts of our Alumni, as witness the following:

Mr. Raymond F. Body has opened an office for the practice of law at 737 Society for Savings building.

Mr. William Koehl, architect, is engaged in supervising the construction of St. Agnes Church, and has planned and is erecting new parish buildings for St. Philip Neri and St. Anne parishes.

Mr. Joy S. Hurd has resigned as contract manager of the Ohio State Telephone Company and is about to enter upon the practice of law.

Alumni members will confer a favor upon the Association by sending in any news about themselves for "Lumina."



College Notes

The student body and especially the members of the Athletic Association are thankful for the opportunity Lumina affords them of expressing their sympathy with Joseph P. Hurley, '15, whose beloved mother passed to her reward about the middle of September. Joe will ever be remembered for his unflinching cheeriness of disposition, his unflagging devotion to the interests of the college, and so in his present sorrow the friends he has left behind him grieve with him, and pray that he may take up his cross again, with its added burden, and trudge on bravely in the footsteps of His Master.

* * * * *

Two important events are about to take place in the life of the college. As this issue goes to press, they are close upon us, and before it meets the eyes of our readers they will have become history. The result of the first enterprise of which I speak is, dear reader, before your eyes. I refer to the issue of a college magazine, and as you are doubtless aware of its advantages and possibilities, I will not dwell upon them. Suffice it to say, that we flatter ourselves it marks an epoch in the history of St. Ignatius College and the college life of its students. Let us make it a success.

The second event of note referred to, is the annual retreat. It will be observed this year on the 6th, 7th and 8th of October, and will be given by Rev. Father Sullivan, S. J., of Loyola High School. We have no doubt that the retreat in such capable hands will be a success, and all of us feel confident, who are familiar with his popular lectures, that the retreat could hardly be more competently directed.

By the time our readers see these lines, the truth of our prediction shall have been impressed on them, and they will be ready to put in a good year, good in the moral, good in the intellectual, good in the physical sense.

* * * * *

An important meeting of the Senior Sodality took place on Tuesday, September 28. The Sodalists listened to a very edifying, though brief, talk from Rev. Father Sommerhauser. They were exhorted to be true to the Sodality, and to remain faithful in their promises of devotion to our Lady.

Reverend Father Rector directed the officers to take care that their conduct be at all times exemplary, for, they represented the sodality, and consequently would be expected to be a mirror of its rules.

The whole body of Sodalists then saw the officers who had been elected at a previous meeting receive their badges of office, and then all repeated the act of consecration. This terminated the proceedings.

* * * * *

"Say, Bill, the college grows more pleasant every day." we heard one of the youthful members exclaim the other day, as he surveyed the intricate bulletin board in the vestibule.

Curiosity impelled us to inquire the motive that prompted such a magnanimous concession, and the author replied not verbally, but, nevertheless effectively. Following the direction of a stubby index finger, our eyes fell upon a small notice the drift of which was that henceforth class would be over at 2:25 p. m. instead of 2:55, as heretofore. No wonder that there was joy among the "children of the house," meaning the lower class men. No affront intended, boys. We're all grown up children ourselves!

Classes reopened on Tuesday, September 3rd. On Wednesday, September 11th, Solemn High Mass of the Holy Ghost was celebrated. Rev. Father Betten was celebrant, Rev. Father Martin, deacon, and Mr. Vollmayer, S. J., subdeacon. The new Rector, Rev. Father Sommerhauser preached the sermon, and exhorted the students to the faithful performance of their duties.

* * * * *

The Senior Debating Society held its first meeting on Monday, October 4th, at which it reorganized for the coming year. The following officers were elected: President, John W. Kegg, '16; vice-president, Aloysius A. Bungart, '17; secretary, Louis A. Litzler, '16; treasurer, George Warth, '17.

* * * * *

The Freshman class held a meeting at which the following officers were chosen: Charles Raynor, president; James Brennan, vice-president; Ralph Gallagher, secretary and treasurer.

* * * * *

The college orchestra is being formed under the direction of Rev. Father Winters. A goodly number of musical geniuses have been unearthed, and the first rehearsal took place on Saturday morning, October 9th.

* * * * *

We are daily awaiting the announcement of the organization of a college choir.

A PRAYER

RAYMOND J. GRAY, '18

Guard me through the night and day,
Kneel beside me as I pray;
Make my sad heart cheerful, gay,
Mother dear.

Whisper ev'ry word to speak,—
Dry the tear upon my cheek;
Strengthen me—I am so weak,
Mother dear.

Aid me in this strife, this din:
Keep me ever free from sin,
Help me heaven soon to win,
Mother dear.

Smile upon my soul each hour;
Watch it as a tender flower,
For, though kind, thou hast great power,
Mother dear.

And I'm sure you will be nigh,
When I draw my last long sigh;
You will help me then to die,
Mother dear.

High School Notes

DAN GALLAGHER

The Junior Sodality opened the year on September 21 with the election of officers. The results found Walter A. Dorsey in the majority for prefect. Charles Pollack and Anthony Patton were elected first and second prefect, respectively. The other officers are as follows:

Secretary—Cornelius McLaughlin.

Sacristans—Stephen Bojosko, Robert McCarthy.

Consultors—Jerry Cowan, Roy Matousek, John Buck, Leonard Smith, Louis Carroll, Francis Gross, Leo Mahoney, Bernard Hausmann, Vincent Heffernan.

Organist—Clarence Novy.

* * * *

Fourth High really could not get along without a leader. After a week of the old grind the fellows got together and selected three officers who hadn't even a platform. James J. Cozzens as President, Robert Briggs as Vice-President, and Daniel I. Gallagher as Secretary will do their best to keep the class out of the war. It must be remembered that the Junior Debating Society holds full sway in Fourth High and the same officers control that organization. It is the plan of Rev. Father Hendrix, moderator of the society, to hold bi-weekly meetings. As in previous years the members will discuss the important topics of the day in an open debate. It is hoped that the society will meet with the same success as in other years.

* * * *

The tennis season made a graceful exit. At least there was a little glory won in the last moments. Fourth High succeeded in administering a lacing to Third High A, represented by Walter Dorsey and Joe Walsh. We will refrain from mentioning the former team, who don't care to turn professionals just yet. By the way, the score was 6 to 2.

* * * *

Sympathy of Fourth High class is extended to Joseph Feighan in the late loss of his mother. A requiem high mass was celebrated in the presence of the college students on October 5th. Suffrage of the class.

* * * * *

The Junior class teams have rounded into form and put up some interesting battles on Thursday mornings. We discover we have some good football material in the lower classes, which we hope will develop into something for our prospective varsity. The newcomers have taken the pigskin game by storm. That's the proper "pep." Here are a few of the results: On Thursday morning, the 23rd, the Third A and Second A put up a thrilling battle which went overtime. When the final whistle blew neither side had moved the score up from 6. So the lusty warriors had to go home contented with a tie score to their record.

* * * *

Now to the freshies. The Castaways of the First High A were on the long end of an 18 to 12 score over their more desirable opponents of the same class. Clarence "Fat" Hayes pushed his 160 pounds through the Castaways' line, but failed to pull his score to any more than 12. The robust Mr. Hayes drew some laughter in his "jitney bus" antics. At several of his line buck attempts he managed to carry

three or four of the opposing pygmies on his manly chest, arms, and on any of his non-resisting limbs.

* * * *

During spare time between classes Joe Feighan and Ed McDonnell manage to exchange jokes. Here goes. Joe: He went to bed with his shoes on last night. Eddie: Who was this? Joe: Ha! ha! the horse.

* * * *

The High School football squad have been practicing very strenuously these days. By the looks of the material we should have a corker. Although we lose some men through graduation from the high school and those who are not back to school, yet we have a promising crew. Jim Cozzens, Jerry Hanley and Walter Dorsey are out for the back-field positions. That makes a nice trio.

* * * *

In a week or so the candidates for the high school basketball team will trot out for first practice. A big schedule is hoped to be arranged with the best in the city or otherwise. Dorsey, Riley and D. Gallagher are the only ones left from last year's team. The squad will probably be a little lighter but with the same old top-notch speed.

* * * *

The Junior Debating Society will soon hold its first meeting of the year. The subject to be discussed is: Resolved, that it would be for the advantage of the city of Cleveland to hold absolute ownership of the Cleveland Railway property. Messrs. Traverse and McDonnell the affirmative, James J. Cozzens and Daniel I. Gallagher the negative.

HOW LONG, O LORD?

JAMES BRENNAN, '18

The cannon roar and bullets shriek;
Men cut, and hack, and slay,
And, drenched with blood, the green fields reek,
The wounded groan, and groaning, say—
How long, O Lord, how long?

For those who perish in the fray
The women weep and sigh,
But still the brazen cannon bray,
While everywhere is heard the cry,
How long, O Lord, how long?

How long, O God of Hosts, how long
Until the war shall cease?
Put forth Thy Hand, and stay this wrong,
And give us lasting peace.
How long, O Lord, how long?





THE OLD AND THE NEW

RALPH GALLAGHER, '18

Some thought it a women's college,
And others the county jail;
Some thought it a place of refuge
For those who couldn't get bail.

Some thought it a place of cremation
As they passed it on their way;
And one thought it our new Union Station,
And another our new subway.

Some thought it a seminary
For sweet young things in their 'teens,
And many a passer grew weary
Just wondering what it could be.

But now the neighbors are wondering
And are restless in their sleep;
For old Ignatius long slumbering
Is now at last on its feet.

And the noise of the boys as they ramble
Across the college green,
And the sight of a football scramble,
Is something new, I ween.

And the "pep" and the "vim" and the "ginger"
Are shown by not a few,
So the life at dear Ignatius,
Is something worth while and new.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

"Yes Deer, ring for another slice of Sommer sausage for Black Prince. He's been sick."

Thus spoke a "Little Fairy" to her escort, Jim. She placed a saucer of Prince's favorite dish before him.

"Don't" Jim cried to Brooker, "here comes the waiter."

The waiter came. "Say Culli, Ton that yer dog out. Foerst ner last diss ain't no zoo, besides he ain't got no vaksination."

"Wouldn't that Steiger yuh?" she gulped. "I Couldn't do it till he gets his money's Warth."

The waiter began to murmur "'fhe I'll Kik 'al outof—" when the Cur ran under the table Grawling.

"Holy Ghazzaphers!!!" she shrieked, "Prince has gone Mad igan!"

CONTINUED IN OUR SHOW NEXT WEEK

EDWARD F. MADARAS

Now did you ever go to see
A thrilling movie show,
In which the villain ties the girl,
Then burns down the chateau?
And then the hero rushes in
To save his dearest own,
But just as he leaps through the flames,
We read this with a groan.

"Continued in our show next week,"
Those awful words do read.
And when the dog has chased ten miles
And has the elephant treed,
The hunter comes up with his gun
And kills the beast which weighs six ton,
But then the elephant falls upon—
"Continued in our show next week."

They never seem to stop the film
At unimportant parts.
No one would mind it so much then,
Sed non, they break our hearts
By letting our poor hero stand
With noose around his neck,
And when the villain pulls the rope,
This greets our eyes, by heck!

"Continued in our show next week,"
Just as the plot gets hot.
And as the train comes speeding on
Swift as a rifle shot,
The girl tries hard to break the rope
Which binds her, but she loses hope,
When suddenly—this is straight dope—
"Continued in our show next week."



'T WAS NEVER THUS

E. F. MADARAS, '18

Being the account of a recent social affair at Sing Sing. Curtain rises on a flag-draped stage, decorated with bunting galore. The convict chorus, with Warden Osborne as leading man, trips gayly out and executes the convict canter in a graceful manner (for convicts) to the tune of "This Is the Life," played by a one hundred and fifty piece orchestra. The chorus is very becoming in the silk black and white effect which is much in evidence this fall (in prison). They turn about suddenly, face the audience boldly, and break out—no, not out of jail—thusly:

It surely is fictitious
 To say that we are vicious,
 For, really, we are nothing of the kind.
 We are cured. Regeneration
 Is the cry throughout the nation,
 Especially by those who are stone blind.

They say that we are petted
 Instead of being sweated.
 Oh, fie upon such wicked men as these.
 Our beds are sanitary,
 Our rooms are large and airy,
 So that we're never periled by disease.

For breakfast we get chicken;
 Nor do we ever sicken
 Of ice cream, which we're fed by pint or quart
 Our meals are sure delicious,
 And likewise so nutritious—
 Nor of Havanas are we ever short.

In fine, we are contented—
 Let not your spite be vented
 Upon a poor, mistaken, fallen crook.
 Then, too, we're patriotic,
 And not at all exotic,
 As shown by bunting hung on every hook.

We're treated like patricians,—
 We think it great efficiency
 With which our Warden Osborne runs Sing Sing.
 If ever we get freedom
 And feel how much we need 'um,
 We'll make the earth with praises loud ring ring.

We shall soon then have endeavored
 To renew relations severed;
 To do that we may have to kill some one.
 But to be again in prison
 One, that is, like his'n
 Is softer than to live by knife or gun.

(The chorus then steps back, and Warden Osborne advances down stage, and begins the following in a rich falsetto voice):

Osborne: You see my men are satisfied,
 They are not discontented;
 And if, perhaps, a man had died,
 We've a place in heaven rented.

Chorus: "We've a place in heaven rented."

Osborne: I teach them how to say their prayers,
 And ne'er to fight or quarrel;
 To me they come with their affairs,
 And I point out a moral.

Chorus: "Yes, he points out a moral."

Osborne: And thus, you see, my system works,
 It's built upon real kindness;
 No man his duty ever shirks,
 Unless he's stopped by blindness.

Chorus: "Unless he's stopped by blindness."

At this point a cry of "Eats!" is heard, and the chorus rushes off the stage pell mell.

A youth with a headache took liquor;
 Instead of improving grew siquor;
 For a short while he hovered,
 But never recovered,
 And furnished some work for the viquor.

HOW SHOCKING!!!

The Freshies must live up to their name when they have a Kopp in the room all the time; but what kind of a bunch can the Philosophers be?
 They keep a Kegg in the room constantly.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN

A. C. J. BRICKEL, '17

Aussitot dit Aussitot fait %
He told us that we couldn't do it,
And loudly laughed—could not subdue it.
"‘LUMINA’ will be a hodge podge."
We answered hotly,
"Oh, bavardage!!! *"

We straightened up and called a meeting—
We saw the precious time was fleeting;
"LUMINA" we'd bring to notice,
To show the man who snickered
"Sottise!" ¶

The contribs. then began to write
Yes, burned the oil of dark midnight.
To make their work a chilly douche
For him who chuckled
"Flux de bouche!!!" @

So when he scans our first issue
He'll strive such statements to eschew.
Convinced at last he was "faux pas,"
He chortled loudly,
"Chapeaux bas!!!" &

The moral of these stanzas four
Is one that's white with age's hoar;
I'll tell you, as François would say,
"Rira bien qui rira le dernier!" %

Ha! ha! we laugh,
Of Mirth's cup quaff,
Pass a cheroot,
"Voila tout!" £

% No sooner said than done.
* Piffle rot.
¶ More rot.
@ Ditto.
& Hats off!
% He laughs best who laughs last.
£ That's all.

There was a young U. S. A. colonel,
Invented a bomb quite infolonel,
He dropped it one day—
Oh, yes, by the way—
That fellow enjoys life etolonel.

Loyola High School Notes

GEORGE TROY, '16

At the election of officers of the Library Association the following students were elected: G. Troy, president; Eugene McCarthy, vice-president; Francis Smith, secretary; Robert Delmege, treasurer. This year the Library is under the supervision of Mr. Powers, S. J.

* * * * *

The students' sodality also elected officers at a recent meeting. Eugene McCarthy was elected Prefect; Frank Smith, First Assistant; Harold James, Second Assistant. Rev. Father Gorman, S. J., is the spiritual director of the sodality, and under his guidance a fervent and successful year is looked forward to.

* * * * *

The Newman Literary Society, a Senior association, held its election a few days ago. The following are the officers: George Troy, President; Frank Smith, Vice-President; Thomas Burke, Secretary; Jordan Braun, Treasurer. Rev. Father Wilwerding, who has been in charge of the Newman Literary Society since its foundation will continue as Moderator.

Under the careful and earnest coaching of Mr. Conron, S. J., the football squad is rapidly rounding into creditable form. The team is rather light, but their performances thus far give promise of more victories in the future.

* * * * *

Loyola now boasts of some of the finest indoor baseball teams in the city. Two leagues have been organized and we expect some keen rivalry for the pennant.

WHEN THE FRESHMEN PLAYED THE COLLEGE DEPARTMENT

"Slavishly, boys! Have you got your clear notions?"
The quarter-back asked with earnest emotions;
"Then Murphy shall through right tackle go."
And he gave him the ball with a walloping blow.

"Slavishly, boys; it's clear notions we want—
Shall we buck it along, or give it a punt?
Now slavishly, boys, for a clear notion pays;
We need ten yards, so we'll give it to Hayes."

We slavishly piled up four jolly touchdowns,
For nought but clear notions had we in our crowns.
Three cheers for the slavish clear-notion kind,
For it helps you to leave all the others behind.

Athletic Notes

On Friday, September 24th, the Athletic Association assembled in the gym. Almost two hundred of the three hundred who had promised the previous week to join this august association, paid their fees thus becoming full-fledged members. The main purpose of this meeting was to elect officers for the scholastic year of 1915-16.

Mr. Albert Murphy, '16, was elected unanimously as president, and John W. Kegg, '16, as vice-president. Then the Sophomores and Freshmen put on their traditional battle for the office of secretary, ending in the election of Ralph Gallagher, '18, over Art Brickel, '17.

R. G., '18.

The rays of LUMINA reach everywhere and are drawing the attention of all former St. Ignatius' stars. Danny Savage is the first to return in the capacity of athletic coach. Followers of our teams in former years will remember Danny's "pep" and spirit and see success assured. More power to you, Danny!

OUR RALLY

R. A. GALLAGHER, '18

On Wednesday, the 15th ult., the walls of the new gymnasium fairly rocked on their foundations, the seismograph recorded a slight quake in the vicinity of W. 30th Street and Carroll Avenue, and close observers say that Old Mose fairly wobbled on his grime-stained pedestal in the public square. Do you want to know the cause of all these weird happenings? Well! "New" St. Ignatius had a rally, the like of which will never again be seen or heard of in its history. Mr. D'Haene, S. J., our new athletic director, pressed the needle, not filled with dope, but with ginger, into our slothful bodies and awakened with a start those latent spirits, so that not a boy, even the "williest" could restrain himself. Vocal cords were strained and great orators became mere peepers in a few moments, new collars soiled and torn, were but remnants of their former selves. Stetsons became as so many small and foot-worn doormats, and the walls echoed and re-echoed with the shouts of "we will, we will," our new slogan.

Our benign and newly installed president rendered a short address and the applause attendant upon his remarks betokened the esteem and love he has won in his short stay among us. The speakers of the college department proved well competent of awakening the new life, and enthusiasm and after signing up as members of the Athletic Association, the boys filed out like so many battle-torn warriors, smiling, and glad at heart, for the victory was theirs alone.

'Mid the raucous cheers of seven hundred rabid fans the hefty Sophomore team piled up a score of 24 to 0 against the stubborn little Freshies on Thursday, September 30th. The hero of the game was Harold Gould who distinguished himself by his long end runs and smashing line bucks. The Freshman team cowered

before the attacks of "Brute" W. Murphy. The Freshie stars, Snyder and Madaras, who amazed all by their wondrous gains, were unable to push the ball over the goal line.

The line-up was as follows:

0		24
R. Gallagher	L. E.	Warth
Nash	L. T.	Deering
Hannibal	L. G.	E. Hayes
Raynor	C.	T. Gallagher
Glavich	R. G.	Bud Murphy
Kilway	R. T.	Kikel
Gleason	R. E.	Brickel
J. Hayes	Q.	Bungart
Moran	L. H.	Steiger
Snyder	R. H.	McBrein
E. Madaras	F.	W. Murphy

Touchdowns: W. Murphy 2, Gould, Steiger. Substitutes: H. Gould for McBrien; Curran for Bud Murphy; McCann for Moran. Referee: Steve Bojsko. Umpire: J. Kegg. Head Linesman: Shannon.

A fellow to work neoteric
 Once got a nice job on a derrick;
 One day he fell down,
 With a thud hit the ground,—
 On his chest lies a mound hemispheric.



ATTENTION!

LUMINA is an epicure. Her gastro-nomic qualities are highly developed.

She lives on ads. Of course you might give her a morsel occasionally, but her steady diet is nice juicy ads. But the men who serve up these fat juicy dinners ask something in return. You don't suppose they will feed *Lumina* gratis do you? Not at all! You pay the bills by buying your suits, hats or "smokes" from her advertisers. They desire your patronage and you ought to give it to them. For *Lumina* has had a heart to heart talk with everyone of them.

¶ "I'll send the boys around whenever they want anything in your line Mr. Business Man." That's what she tells them all. She is confident that you will do your part. When the clerk smiles at you, give him a *Lumina* smile in return. Then he will know that his ad in *Lumina* has brought you to his place.

¶ "*Lumina*? Yes I see. So she told you to come here, eh? Thank you, come again."

¶ Thus the business man feels he has done well to give his ad to *Lumina*. *Lumina* in turn will get you better acquainted with the most honest dealers and finally you will be pleased in being well treated and in doing *Lumina* a favor at the same time. Now that you know what the "Little Lady" likes, make it a point never to disappoint her. She will give you all a pleasant surprise I am sure.

Self Made Square Anti Red Tape
No Strings on Me



Robert Fisher
for Municipal Judge
4 Year Term

Just One of You For Equal Rights
Are You With Me?

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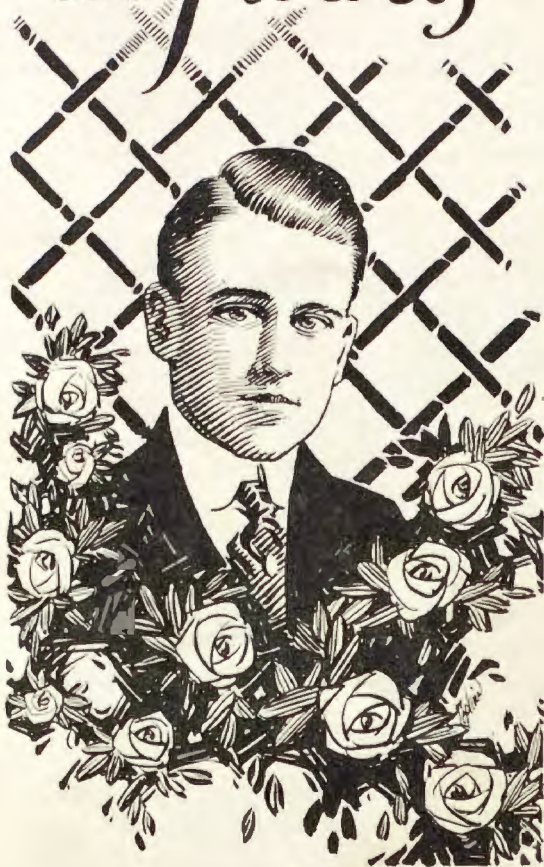
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Mr. Dowling and his brother John, former president of the Alumni Association of the St. Ignatius College, at three different sessions of the State Legislature rendered valuable services to the College in preventing the passage of legislation intended to prevent it from giving degrees. He is an active member of the Knights of Columbus, Catholic Order of Foresters, and lives in St. Agnes' Parish.



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