
6-1917

Lumina Volume 2, Number 5

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LUMINA

ST. IGNATIUS COLLEGE
CLEVELAND : OHIO



VOLUME TWO NUMBER FIVE
JUNE : 1917



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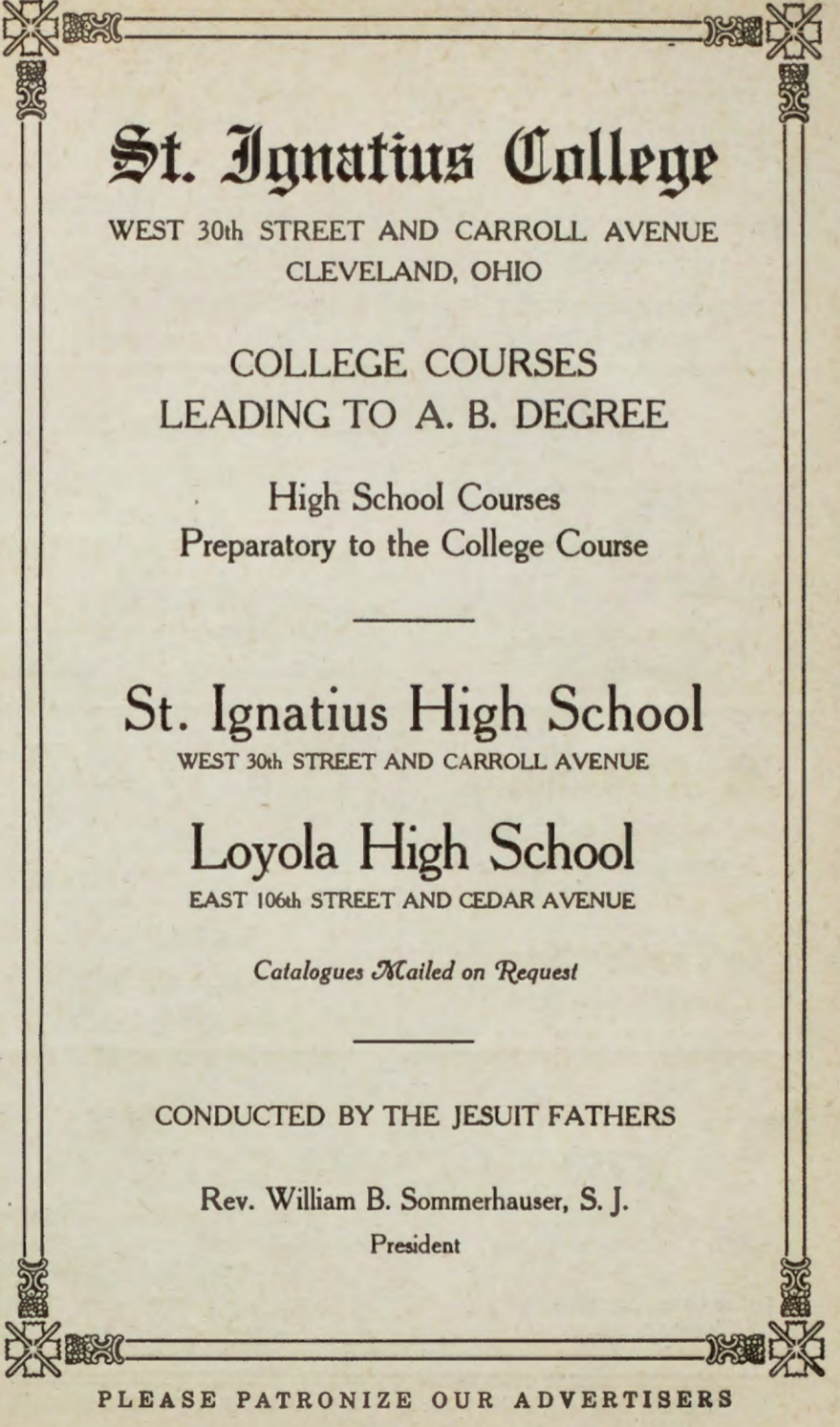
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LUMINA

PUBLISHED BI-MONTHLY BY THE
STUDENTS OF ST. IGNATIUS COLLEGE
CLEVELAND, OHIO

Subscription, \$1.00 per year in advance

Advertising rates on application

Address all communications to The Editor, LUMINA, West 30th and Carroll Avenue,
Cleveland, Ohio

Entered as second-class matter, November 13, 1915, at the Post Office,
Cleveland, Ohio, under the Act of March 3, 1879

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Published Monthly in the Best Mediums in the Interest of Specialized Education by

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JUNE 1917

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An Editorial

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L V M I N A

SAINT IGNATIUS COLLEGE

CLEVELAND, OHIO

Volume 2

JUNE 15

Number 5

The Ships

Three ships sailed in from the sea
And anchored in Youth's blue bay;
Each bore a present for me,
Which I took ere they sailed away.

The first was wee as a flower,
And manned by a fairy crew;
They cried, "Here's a precious dower,
'Tis pleasure we bring to you."

The next, deep down in the hold,
Bore the wealth of a fairy king,
And they said, "We bring you gold,
That will buy you everything."

The third was a nimble craft,
As dainty as a dove,
And they said, as they gaily laughed,
"Behold, we bring you *love*."

Then they quietly sailed away,
And struck for the open sea,
And pleasure was mine—for a day,
And the gold only mocked at me.

But on through the voyage of life,
Through the calm and the angry sea,
All through the night of the bitter strife,
Went the love that they brought to me.

Paul E. Murphy, '19.

Religion in Education

THESE days of turmoil, dark and gruesome as they are, have a significance more deeply rooted and farther reaching than we might expect. Mankind is not in the delirium of battle without a cause. The titanic upheaval that is surging around us and about us had not its origin in the council-chambers of kings, but in the inner recesses of the human heart. It was there that greed and lust for power, false ideals and unchristian principles had their birth, and it is there that those evil creatures of the heart, are leaving their awful scars, scars that the rivers of blood and of tears now flowing fast can never heal over. It is all a terrible tragedy and it has a terrible lesson. In letters of fire, as in Balshazzar's halls of old, the hand is writing the warning against the greatest evil of the day, against Godless and perverted education.

Education is a dynamic force for good or for evil; for good, if it has as a balance Christian ideals and Christian principles; for evil, if it is deprived of those ideals and those principles so essential to its completeness. Secularized education is in itself a contradiction; it professes science without God, history without Providence, and Christianity without the Saviour. It totally ignores the "whence" and the "whither," it merely strives for material adjustment and material advancement. Is it a wonder then, that a system of training which develops the mind but neglects those higher faculties of man's nature, the faculties of the heart and of the will, gives rise to the unbounded ambition for place and for power, a passion that has o'er-vaulted itself in the world today? Is it not apparent why divorce, immorality, irreligion are stalking abroad through our own land unchecked and almost unchallenged?

Indeed it is but history repeating itself. In the lives of England, of France, of Germany, we can turn to the pages where religious principles were forbidden in education, and in the same cold, black type we will find that wars, dissensions, abuses, were scourging those peoples. It could not be otherwise; when man is educated to lose sight of his Creator, when morality becomes a mere convention, when truth and error, right and wrong, good

and evil are confused and contorted, Socialism, unrest, strife, must follow perforce. They are as inseparable as shadow and substance.

Our own great Washington has left a sacred legacy in his farewell speech when he said: "Both reason and experience forbid us to expect that national morality can prevail in the exclusion of religious principles." And yet here in the United States, religious principles are not only neglected, but are absolutely forbidden in our public and our non-sectarian institutions of learning. What will be the result? What is the result?

Truly man is hungering for wholesome ideals and wholesome principles in his early development. His soul, his higher nature, the source of all his nobility, is being starved at a time when it needs fostering under the canopy of love, love of truth, of virtue, of knowledge. In a land of shadows and uncertainties, surrounded by an atmosphere his better self loathes, he is floundering about, crying out for his heritage, searching for the light.

This is verily the case today. The record of the past bears eloquent testimony to the futility of developing the intellect to the neglect of the higher faculties. Consider pagan Greece, the "land of scholars and the nurse of arms," supreme mistress of culture, how low she lies! Rome, "whose eagles glanced in the rising and setting sun," sovereign of the world, mightiest of the mighty, where and what is it now? Time has laid heavy hands upon its colossal grandeur, and today its memory is but an echo in the void. And yet, when Rome was at the heyday of its glory another power had its lowly entrance into this world; the Catacombs were its cradle; the bowels of the earth were its refuge and its security for over three centuries; in all history, there was never a mightier power arrayed against a weaker force with the avowed purpose of destroying it; it was Paganism, powerful, ruthless, world-wide, against Christianity young, meek, loving; and still withal, Paganism has perished as such, and Christianity has persevered and has prospered. Christianity, the glorious trail of the "way and the light" leading from darkness into brightness, from error into truth, the soul of virtue, the handmaid of everything worthy we have today, has lived and has con-

quered, all because it was conceived in the Light which is Christ and the Truth which is His Church.

And it is to bestow the priceless boon of Christian ideals and Christian principles that religion is needed in education. That truth, virtue and knowledge may flower, fresh and vigorous, in the heart of man, the Catholic Church has dedicated its undying efforts for almost two thousand years. Witness this need as she feels it in the almost infinite sacrifices she makes to impart it. In the United States alone her laity spend annually forty millions of dollars that the hearts of their children may be developed as well as their intellects. Who could set a value on the noble christian charity of that vast army of men and women, who have exiled themselves from home and friends and given their all that the fires of faith and of virtue may not languish before the altars of material progression and material knowledge? In this do we see the need of religion in education.

Indeed it is in this field that the great mission and the great triumph of the Catholic Church lies. She received her charter as a teacher from her divine Founder in the words "Go teach ye all nations" and to accomplish that task her labors have known no rest; she has been teaching men of all races and all classes for almost twenty centuries, an experience alone which would qualify her as the greatest of teachers. And mark the fruits of her system; in the supernatural order of things, she has produced numberless paragons of virtue in its highest estate; in the intellectual order, she has been the alma mater of men whose names the very ages cherish; there is not an art or a science but she has given it a peerless leader; the greatest monuments in the realm of history are those of her children, the products of her care, her love, her inspiration.

And those are the results of religion in education. They are the results the sleeping generations of the past have achieved, and they are the results that we, the living generation, must set our hand to equal, we, as we wish to exist in the mind of posterity and in the thought of those who love truth and virtue as well as knowledge exalted.

J. HAROLD TRAVERSE, '19.

Red, White and Blue

Red ran the streams with heroes' blood,
Gore made the ground all livid mud.

A white-hot flame which sudden starts,
Burneth the dross from heroes' hearts.

Blue night pours darkness from her jars,
All mournfully gaze down the stars.

Dyed with the blood that heroes shed,
Old Glory's stripes are pulsing red.

Their hearts were purged in the fight—
Old Glory's stripes are lily-white.

Brave those sturdy hearts, and true—
We know that from the old flag's blue.

The stars? They're windows in the sky,
Where angels gaze from there on high.

Hail! Sweet standard! Hail to you!
Hail to the Red, the White, and Blue!

Edward A. McDonnell, '19.

Local Color

PERHAPS, dear reader, after laying down your favorite magazine, you gaze pensively out of the window at the prosaic surroundings in front of your house with a desire that you might see well known characters and places incorporated in a short story. If you are romantic and a West Sider what fitter place could you choose than the vicinity of let's say—the Market House? Now there were two privates in the Foreign Legion who spent a great deal of their evenings fighting Moors, digging up treasure, and rubbing magic lamps. One became obsessed with the idea that here on the West Side there were no Moors, treasures or magic lamps, the other was of a different opinion. Here is what happened:

"I'll tell you," exclaimed Bill excitedly, closing his well-thumbed Arabian Nights with a bang, "the days of adventure, magic, and genii are gone! Why look at the circle down there, a few people, an endless string of rerouted cars and a flock of sooty sparrows. All the 'gilded glamour' of the old days is tarnished and black. The light of this Twentieth Century has outshone the candle of Romance. How I should enjoy a real adventure on 25th Street!"

"Stranger things have happened," answered Sox from behind a cloud of tobacco smoke. "The old West Side isn't very exciting, but a dear old place any way. I like the people here. They go to market Saturday nights and are democratic to foreigners. Under the very shadow of the market house, there must be adventures, comedies, tragedies, played every day. The trouble with you, Bill, is that you expect gun play, or accidents or miracles; just stand at the corner of Lorain Avenue and 25th Street for a few days and don't sit up here in our swallow apartments reading about Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves. I'll tell you, Bill, write up a story for Lumina. The editor wants a story about Cleveland, preferably about the West Side. He said he needed about 1,000 new subscribers and that the West Side was the place to get them."

"What does he want, one of these Tangle-wood Tales, or a

plot so original that Diogenes kicked the dash board off his cradle on hearing it the first time?" asked Bill.

"No, he wants a real story with plenty of local color, with a setting in the neighborhood of Meckes'."

Bill grunted with contempt at writing a story for Lumina. He was on the "outs" with the editor for his hints in Driftwood that Sox and he were late sleepers. Sox trying to convince his friend, went on.

"I don't see why people should spend their time reading books, when every street corner has a potential 100,000 word novel obtruding itself on the public. All these writers of fiction see the half you see and supply the other half from the rich field of their own imagination. On a Saturday night, or any other night a half-dozen good short stories drift along with the current that flows down Lorain Avenue into 25th Street. One's nose is tickled with a dozen savory and unsavory odors,—Garlic incognito, cigarette smoke, newly roasted peanuts, and a mingle of delicious smells from the old fashioned basket.

"There are sounds and sounds, from the incessant gong, gong of the motorman to the querulous teedle-de-dum of the blind musician on the curb. A matron of forty asks, "If Jim got the roast," while a newsboy shouts 'Szabadsag.' Standing there with your eyes open, you can see girls from 4th St., making a judicious selection of vegetables for tomorrow's dinner. There goes Steve with a ribbon girl from Meckes', while here comes Tim the dignified philosopher carrying his mother's basket. Besides on a clear moonlight night the clock tower looks like some old-world gem by which the rivers of legend and story flow."

Bill acting on all this advice, smoked his little brown pipe and kept vigil in the shadow of the clock tower. One night, it was Saturday night, two men, suit-cases in hand, came out of the shadows of the Metropolitan Business College and walked rapidly across the street. One asked Bill for a match. Both were well dressed and might have passed for bank clerks, but their eyes were unsteady and their actions furtive, which Bill put down as badges of the underworld. They walked down 25th Street, then swung in back of — Brewery, while Bill, like a dog on a

trail followed. Finally, the two stopped before an old dismantled brewery (no, don't look for the place, it's torn down now) and after a careful look up and down the street slipped quickly into the gloom.

Here, indeed, was the nucleus for an excellent story; two well dressed characters with suit cases going into an old building at the hour of eleven on Saturday night. It would bear investigating. Thus elated with what promised to be a big thing, Bill walked homeward, resolving to tell no one but Gen, the broker's stenographer.

For a week Bill haunted the Market House and the deserted brewery, in fact, so assiduous was the attention he directed to the latter, that timorous ladies of the neighborhood called up the 8th precinct, adding in a postscript, as ladies usually do, that "he was good looking and looked like a foreigner." The big Irish cop sent over to ease their mind had a brother at the college, so Bill explained that he was writing a poem on the vicissitudes of life and was drinking in inspiration from the crumbling brick walls.

Ordinarily Bill confided in Gen and Sox, but he found a delightful delight in keeping the latter in the dark. Sox spent part of his evenings studying philosophy, reading Moorish tales and smoking his French brier. He was a year ahead of Bill, and was always quoting philosophy and telling his mate how things should be done. Bill, likewise a foreigner, read the "Prairie Pioneer," and played solitaire, read pirate stories, and studied Antigone in his spare moments.

"Now, Bill," began Sox one night, "you were talking of Romance and adventure. I just read in the S. E. P. where a bunch of cowboys made twenty dollar gold boys up in the wilds of Idaho, shipping them east under the elusive name of horses. Adventure is still alive, as you can see. By the way, as I was walking over the 25th Street Viaduct the other night, I saw some tramps around a camp fire down beside Walworth Run. With a little imagination you could make a fine story out of that."

"Yes," replied Bill, "speaking of counterfeit money, tonight's paper says a number of counterfeit five dollar bills have been circulated in Cleveland. Just now, however, I am doing a bit of detective work which promises results."

"Verily, Dr. Swatson, are you furnishing the Driftwood Editor with material or are you maybe a 'Burns' man?"

"Neither, I am writing a story for Lumina."

"Aha, I see."

Again it was Saturday night, again Bill stood in the shadow of the market house, again two well dressed young men (they might have been bank clerks) walked out from the portals of the Metropolitan Business College. This time, however, they boarded a 25th Street car. Bill sat in the seat behind them apparently reading the war news, but in reality listening to conversation of the two ahead.

One asked the other.

"I wonder if that last spawn is any good?"

"Don't see why it shouldn't be," answered the other.

"Yes but the imported is the best," said the first a trifle anxiously.

Bill pricked up his ears, here was something cryptical.

"Old Binham said the pink-gills bring the highest price on the market. They convey a freshness that makes 'em sell at sight," went on the first.

Then a big pause broken by the second.

"I'll tell you, Ike, Southwick said he would take all we could raise at 40 cents a pound. I see visions of a flivver and a trip to the north woods next fall don't you?"

"Yes, it looks good just now, providing we can keep the thing under our hats. Watson at the bank said they get wormy if not picked every day."

And, then a fat lady unwittingly sat on a good sized corner of Bill's coat, which necessitated apologies, conversation and a loss of what was said by the two well dressed men.

Bill pondered long and well over the conversation he had heard in the car. He felt assured that it was a code of some kind and that the men were crooks. That night when the player piano down stairs ceased its well learned song, Bill repeated the conversation and asked Sox for his opinion.

"Perfectly simple," said Sox philosophically. "Always take a simple and literal explanation unless obvious reasons demand the complex and the figurative. My father used to keep a fish shanty so I know whereof I speak. Now in this conversation we find certain allied words.

" 'Spawn' means the eggs of fish.

" 'Pink gills' refer to trout, let us say.

" 'Forty cents a pound,' why trout would easily bring that much.

" 'Keep under your hat,' well, these fellows have leased a pond somewhere in which they intend to raise trout for the epicures of Cleveland. You see the government furnishes little trout for the asking; perhaps in this case, they got the eggs, although that is not very probable."

"Good, you're a great old boy," shouted Bill with feigned admiration. The world will lose a great detective when you become a lawyer, but then a lawyer is a sort of detective, is he not?"

The next time Bill met Gen, he repeated his experience on the car and asked her opinion and also Bill's version of it.

"You see, Gen," he added, "Bill doesn't know that I saw these men enter the brewery. Taken alone, his explanation suffices, but you know trout could not thrive in a brewery unless they swam in a big vat which, of course, is out of the question."

"Why, Billie," said Gen pleased and flattered on being asked for her opinion, "I think they must be robbers or something.

" 'Spawn'—is a vulgar name for money. Old Hundredmark, the broker, used it in that way.

" 'Pink Gills'—pardon me, Billie, what is that figure of speech where one uses the part for the whole? Thanks, well, gills stand for fish. I suppose you have heard the word 'sucker' used in that connection, altho it is vulgar and I hate it. So let us translate it by gullible persons. 'Forty cents a pound'—possibly means the profit they make on some article which they buy, beg or steal.

" 'Keep under your hat'—means, of course, don't tell."

"Fine work Gen! your terms are in harmony with my experiences. You know that counterfeit five dollar bills have been circulating in Cleveland for the last few days. Don't you think

these might be the counterfeiters? What do you say, Gen, if we hold 'em up and gain a bubble of notoriety thereby?"

Gen was the sister of Bill's chum, a good friend of Bill's and an agreeable and tactful little person. "Excuse me from bubble notoriety, Billie," she answered, "I believe tho you have the plan well in hand. When you get your story written, I'll type it for you, and if you do get the counterfeiters, as I hope you will, why I will feel as proud as tho I helped myself."

"You have helped by your astute observations. If there is a reward, why we will go 50-50, eh, Gen?"

"Don't count your chickens before they are hatched," she admonished.

In his mind's eye, Bill saw the culmination of his labors. He saw the front page of the paper with three inch head lines:

"Counterfeiters Ferreted out of — Brewery. Clever Student of St. Ignatius Unravels a Tangle. Received \$1,000 Reward for Capture of Clever Criminals, etc., etc."

While thus soliloquizing at his old post, Bill felt a hand on his shoulder. He turned to find his old friend Heinie. Just then the two well dressed men walked across the street.

"Do you know those fellows Heinie?" asked Bill excitedly.

"Yes, they work in the — bank."

"Thanks, Heinie, sorry but I have an engagement, so long."

This night Bill was bolder. He crept up to the tottering old building, descended a flight of stone steps, opened a big door and actually stood in the basement. Inside it was pitchy black. A delicious musty, moldy odor titillated his nostrils, redolent with decay and suggestive of famous wine cellars and days of opulence. For a moment he shivered as he thought of the treatment he might receive at the hands of the counterfeiters, but he wanted evidence before pulling the strings, so he groped through the building. After his eyes were accustomed to the gloom, he saw a tiny strip of light across the cellar, occasionally he heard a dull metallic thud identical with that of the little printing press in the Lumina block—they were making bills at this very moment. Bill was convinced.

The next day he marshalled his forces; the policeman who

had a brother at the college, Heinie Smith, a private detective, Gen's brother and himself. They were armed to the teeth with search lights and revolvers. At ten o'clock the two men were seen to enter the brewery. Twenty minutes later the five followed. They went down stairs, opened the first door and stood in the basement. All listened. A low metallic thud was heard, the press was at work. "All together now," whispered Bill and they charged the door. There was a crash, they were through. A strange sight met their gaze. Two pale young men in shirtsleeves stood trembling in a corner. All around them were beds of rich loam dotted with buttons of white. A blackened lantern stood on the floor.

"Up with your hands," spoke the detective.

The pale young men obeyed with alacrity.

"Show us the presses, come across with the goods and no monkey business," added Bill.

"What made that press sound a moment ago?" asked the policeman.

"What do you mean," shivered the young men in shirtsleeves, "were there any wormy ones?"

"Wormy what?" asked the men with the revolvers.

"Mushrooms."

"Mushrooms?"

"Yes, we grow mushrooms."

"Mushrooms? What made that sound like a printing press?"

"Why we pump water with a pitcher pump. The old water pipes are gone up, so we put down a little well ourselves."

A few nights later Sox was smoking a ten cent cigar and ruminating over the following note:

"Spawn"—mycelium of fungi.

"Pink Gills"—referring to the spawn bearing lamellae under the caps of certain fungi—mushrooms.

"Forty cents a pound"—the price of mushrooms on the Cleveland market.

"Literal Explanation" usually good but must not be ambiguous.

Gen also read a note that night :

"Hello Gen :

Will be up in twenty minutes with the story. My notoriety was indeed a bubble one. The whole school is kidding me. Please be sympathetic."

Bill.

A. A. BUNGART, '17.

The Meadows

The meadow is a sea of green,
Where ripples come and go
Whenever in the tall green grass
The summer breezes blow.

The stonewall is a rocky shore,
And when the waves come near,
As on the rough shore of the sea,
They seem to plunge and rear.

A sea of green the meadow is,
And all day I can see
The butterflies with wings of gold,
And the ripple running free.

Eugene F. Madden, '19.

“No God, No Right”

WITHIN closed doors a prominent society of atheistic scientists, pseudo-philosophers, and business men were holding a session, the most important since its organization fifteen years before. At that time a number of men to whom the demands of Morality had proved irksome in their daily life as business or professional men, had banded together for the purpose of enjoying life more fully, especially more sinfully. They naturally increased, for it is a known fact that among the element possessing money as well as a claim to higher knowledge, the tendency is towards laxity rather than severity in matters of morals. Many of those enrolled in the ranks of the society in question had been concerned in shady business deals, others had advocated and even used questionable methods in matters of law and medicine. But they were none the less welcome on that account, nay to the people at large, such a reputation seemed the only one requisite for membership. And so they had continued to add injustice to injustice, heaped injury upon injury in their dealings with others, even with fellow members. Now, however, an injustice had been done by one of the members, the consequence of which had brought ruin of finances and business reputation to the most prominent among them.

A few months before, a young broker had entered their midst and was received with open arms on account of his great success on Wall Street. His foresight in buying and selling was uncanny, but with his small means he had as yet been unable to amass wealth worthy of the name. But this handicap was rapidly being overcome, and no week went by in which he did not figure in successful deals. Keen, resourceful and an excellent judge of men, he seemed rather the master of Fortune, than Fortune his mistress. But now a great calamity had befallen him and this, it seemed, through the machinations of a fellow-member.

“Consolidated Munitions” for weeks and weeks had risen steadily, and as the war continued with increased vigor, its limit seemed far off. The club members had invested largely in these

stocks, the successful young broker especially. For he with confidence had sold all his other holdings in order to take the fullest advantage of the phenomenal rise of this healthiest of all the "War Babies." Another reason for his plunge was the pleadings of his most intimate friend, also a club member and a man famed in society circles and who moreover was burdened with a wife who spent more than he could earn on the "Street." This friend, who was "behind the scenes" in both branches of the Legislature, had materially aided a certain Senator Borton to a seat in Congress. Now this unscrupulous Senator, in order to repay his benefactor, accomplished his end by sending a false tip to Wall Street, viz., that the President was to despatch a Peace Note immediately to the belligerent powers. The false tip had a terrible effect; war stocks fell off and "Consolidated Munitions" fell thirty points in an hour; Wall Street was in a frenzied condition, and as everybody tried to "cover up," money was very scarce and several of the club members had to sell out. The young broker, who had invested all his little fortune, hung on with confidence until it fell to fifty; then unable to obtain money, had to sell at a loss which left him in almost as poor a financial condition as when he first began to "play the stocks." His friend, however, who had even urged the Senator for the false tip, bought up when the scare had reached its height and became a millionaire in a day; for when the report was discovered to be false, the stocks rose higher than ever.

As so many of the club members were ruined by this dishonest scheme, and as suspicion had fallen upon the man of politics and society, the latter was summoned to the secret meeting before mentioned. To their condemnation he made the following reply:

"Consistency, my friends, is a jewel which you do not seem to possess. You tell me that I have violated right, have failed in my duty, have brought ruin to many among you. But, though I admit the last, I cannot admit, nor can you demand that I admit the first. You seem to forget or are you entirely unaware, that when you deny the existence of God, you thereby deny the existence of right and duty. Let us consider this truth.

"A right, gentlemen, is the moral and inviolable power over a

thing as one's own; a duty is an absolute necessity to do or avoid something. Now the origin of right as right is the same as that of duty as duty; this follows from the fact that he who creates a right for one creates a duty for others, the duty, namely, to respect and act in accordance with the right, otherwise there is no right. For example, if the president gives me the right to hunt on his estate, he thereby imposes on everyone else the duty to respect my right to hunt there, not to hinder me or prevent me from disposing of the game in any way I wish. When an officer drives me off the grass in a city park, it is evident that I have no right there. With every right comes a duty of others to respect it. Hence it follows that he who creates a right for one, also creates a duty for others.

"But duty is defined as an absolute necessity to do or to avoid something. But the effect must be proportionate to the cause. Therefore, an absolute necessity cannot be created by any but an absolute being, and this absolute being, God, we deny. But if the absolute being is denied, it follows that there is no absolute necessity, for an absolute necessity demands an absolute being. Having before proved that the origin of both duty and right is the same, namely an absolute being—whose existence we deny, it follows that we admit no right. If we deny the cause, we must deny the effect.

"Again, Christians believe in God, an absolute being, the author of the natural law, by which creatures are to perform good and avoid evil in order to reach their last end, God. Now, the performance of duty towards others is a necessary part of justice, and hence, of the natural law. But God as the author of the natural law must will and enforce the performance of duty. For, if any duty could originate, not proximately but ultimately without God, He would have to enforce it, reward, punish something He did not produce, and thus become subject to a being outside of Him. But this is inconsistent with His absolute independence and complete dominion over all things, for if this could be He would be dependent on something else and therefore cease to be absolute and infinite. Hence God is the origin of duty and necessarily must be, as author of the natural law. But I have proved before that the origin of right is the same as that of duty,

for he who creates a right for one, necessarily creates a duty for another. Therefore God is the origin of right. But we atheists do not believe in God. Therefore, in all consistency we must deny the existence of right. Therefore, stock investors have no right to possess stocks in safety, nor I the duty to respect those rights, and any means is lawful to obtain anything, and no one can claim safety for his life, health or any possession, nor is there any duty imposed on anyone to respect the rights of others."

Was not his reasoning correct? No man with intelligence can deny it. Perhaps some may claim that such a man is unique. Far from it. In the world outside the Catholic Church today, there are many such, and with good reason. When parents seldom mention God except as a prefix to "damn," when God is a word unheard of in the public schools, and many non-Catholic academies for pupils under high school age; when sex-hygiene and the Darwinian theory replace religion in the high schools, colleges and universities, what wonder is it that we are becoming a nation of unbelievers, of scoffers at religion; a nation whose men pursue money and worship beauty in the basest forms on the stage, in the films and in the newspapers, with more ardor than Jason hastened to obtain the Golden Fleece, or Paris worshipped Helen of Troy; a nation whose women are occupied with passing fads and fancies, who mob a speaker to obtain birth-control papers, and don the square-toed, heavy-soled male shoes, to follow in the ranks of Pankhurstism.

THOS. P. CHAMBERS, '17.

Fears

Last night I dreamt I saw the years
On life's swift stream go sailing,
Each loaded with the joys and fears
That bring both mirth and wailing.

And as these ships went sailing past
Into the port of life,
From each dark ship a chilling blast
Cut through me like a knife.

Edward Carney, '19.

The Battle of Lepanto

ON October 7, 1571, the little city of Lepanto, or Naupactus, as it is frequently called, burst suddenly into fame as the scene of the most crushing defeat ever administered to the naval forces of the Turks. Lepanto, a town of about 4,500 inhabitants, is the chief municipality of a district in the province of Arcadia and Aetolia in central Greece. Its people are all adherents of the Greek Orthodox church and their pursuits are much the same as those of the residents of any other town of its size on the Grecian coast. It never was, nor is it likely ever to become a factor of any importance in commerce, as its roadstead and harbor, its chief claim to fame, is small and narrow, and choked up with the years of unchecked sea-growth.*

But this little town, or village perhaps, according to our metropolitan ideas, was the scene of one of the greatest naval engagements of all times, a battle important both for the number of men and ships engaged and the magnitude of the losses sustained by the defeated party, and also for the moral encouragement which it offered the Christians in demonstrating that the Turks were by no means invincible, that it was not impossible to throw off their yoke. This latter effect was by far the more important, for ships can easily be built and men replaced, but the dread fear inspired by a hitherto invincible conqueror can never be restored when that conqueror has once been worsted in combat.

Shortly before this battle took place, Suleyman the Magnificent, Sultan of Turkey, had died and was succeeded by his son, Selim II. Selim was a greedy and unscrupulous prince whose dreams of aggrandizement far outran his prudence. He at once began to plunder the whole Mediterranean sea-board, seizing territory on all sides with unappeasable rapacity. The republic of Venice, a state whose chief greatness was in its island and coastal possessions, was greatly menaced by this reign of terror and appealed to Pope Pius V. to inaugurate a crusade against the Turks. He, nothing loath, for he had viewed the inroads of the Moslem with growing alarm, opened negotiations with the King

* Catholic Encyclopedia. Vol. IX, page 181.

of Spain, Phillip II., and after a year characterized chiefly by the selfish policy of Venice, which viewed the expedition as one in which they were to reap the biggest advantage, an agreement was finally reached whereby the kingdom of Spain was to furnish three-sixths, the republic of Venice two-fifths, and the Papacy the remaining sixth of the men and ships that would be necessary for the campaign. Don John of Austria, half-brother of Philip II., was appointed commander-in-chief of the combined fleet, which met in the harbor of Messina in the beginning of September, 1571.

It was the flower and pick of Christian commanders that Don John led to the fray. There was Giovanni Andrea Doria, of Genoa, probably the most famous admiral of his time, Marco Antonio Colonna, scion of an illustrious Italian family; Veniere, the grizzled old Venetian sea-dog, veteran of a hundred combats; the Grand Commander Requesens, the Marquis of Santa Cruz, the young Alexander of Parma, Barbarigo, and a host of lesser lights. Last but not least there was the famous Don John of Austria, son of Charles V. and half-brother of Philip II., who had been chosen from among a score of older and more experienced, but not more able men, to weld the heterogeneous mass of Spanish, Venetian, and Papal forces into a composite, efficient whole. Against this galaxy of naval talent were opposed the greatest of the Turkish commanders. The commander-in-chief was Pasha Piali, the brother-in-law of Selim. He had as his chief lieutenants the redoubtable Mahomet Sirocco and Aluch Ali, a rude corsair, who by his sheer determination and the brilliance of his naval exploits, raised himself to the important position of Dey of Algiers.†

The forces of the two parties were almost on a par as regards vessels; in men, however, as was nearly always the case, the Turks were far superior in number. The best authorities agree that the Turkish fleet numbered 208 galleys and 66 smaller vessels, manned by a huge force of 120,000 men exclusive of rowers. The Christians on the other hand, had 264 ships and their forces

† Guggenberger: *History of the Christian Era*. Vol. II, page 260.
Also Rawson: *Twenty Famous Naval Battles*. Vol. I, page 81.

consisted of 50,000 soldiers and 26,000 rowers.* The forces of the Christians were composed of Germans, Spaniards, and Italians and a smattering of other nationalities. The rowers in the Turkish fleet were all or nearly all Christian slaves, who had been captured from time to time in raids upon Christian settlements.

The Christian fleet was held at Messina for ten days by unfavorable winds, but finally set sail. Hearing that the Turkish fleet had been seen near Lepanto they bore in that direction and on the seventh of October, 1571, they were rewarded by the sight of the Turkish fleet in the Gulf of Lepanto. Don John divided his squadron into three divisions commanded by himself, Barbarigo, and Andrea Doria, with the Marquis of Santa Cruz at the head of the reserve forces. The Turks advanced to meet them divided in similar fashion. As the whole expedition had been undertaken chiefly on behalf of the Venetians, there was something peculiarly fitting in the fact that the Venetian division should first engage the enemy. Mahomet Sirocco the opposing Turkish commander advanced against Barbarigo who was placed on the left wing. He executed a flanking movement which threw the Christian forces into momentary confusion, with the result that eight galleys were sunk. On the right wing Aluch Ali had attempted the same manoeuvre but Doria, by a superhuman effort, prevented his formation from being destroyed.

The engagements of the two flanks, however, were but the preliminaries to the main battle. The conflict itself did not begin until the two centers met. With a recklessness and headlong bravery that seems strange and even foolhardy in these days of cautious, tentative fighting, in which the leaders direct the course of the battle from a safe place in the rear, and take care not to expose themselves to danger, the two flagships, one with the great silken banner emblematic of the Crusade flying over it, the other bearing the banner of the Prophet, rushed to encounter each other. The meeting is thus described by a prominent historical writer.

"In the center Don John was opposed by the Turkish admiral. The two great galleys, distinguished by their size and their standards approached each other with all the force that could be exerted

* Catholic Encyclopedia. Vol. IX, page 181.

by the toughened arms of the rowers, aided by the light breeze which favored the allied fleet. With a swift rush they sped toward each other, sending the white curving spray before their bows. The rowers pulled under the stimulus of the lash and the despair of their position, for victory meant liberty to them. The shock of the collision was terrible and the great prow of the Turkish galley crushed into the Real, extending as far as the fourth bench of rowers. The excitement was intense, but there was no time for thought. Instant action was necessary. The Christians were ready—grappling-irons were used. The ships are a field of battle!"†

Now the battle was raging on all sides and the Christians were hard pressed even to hold their own against their formidable adversaries. Barbarigo, on the left wing, had lost several of his vessels at the first onset and had himself been mortally wounded by an arrow. The advantage up to this time was with the Turks, but the tide of battle was soon to turn. Barbarigo's Commissary, Canalle, took charge and with a superhuman effort rallied the demoralized Christian forces. Santa Cruz sent several galleys to his aid. A few moments later, Mahomet Sirocco's vessel was disabled and he himself killed. The Turks, dispirited by the loss of their leader, tried either to escape or to wreck their vessels in the shallows, but the Christians pursued and captured them. The sea was a heaving mass of broken spars and floating rigging. Doria, on the right, had completely destroyed the fleet of Aluch Ali. In the center the battle waged indecisively, the two flagships, locked together by the grappling-irons, were struggling desperately for supremacy, while the smaller ships of the division engaged their adversaries. At last, the Pasha fell under a shower of bolts from the Christian marksmen. At the sight of their stricken leader all courage left the Moslem forces and it was but a matter of minutes until the flagship was captured and its great silken banner hauled down. This was the beginning of the end. In proportion as the Turks lost heart the Christians gained in bravery and daring. The Turkish fleet lost all semblance of regular formation and the ships of the Crusaders, pursuing with the fury of wrathful avengers, sunk or captured them.

† Rawson: *Twenty Famous Naval Battles*. Vol. I, page 81.

The result was an overwhelming victory for the Christian forces. One hundred and ninety-three Turkish vessels were either sunk or captured and 20,000 to 30,000 men were killed or disabled. The Christians lost but 17 ships and 7,500 men and at least half of these were lost in the surprise of the first attack. From 12,000 to 15,000 Christian slaves, rowers on the Turkish fleet, were delivered from their bondage and restored to their former freedom. The most noteworthy effect of this battle was that it instilled a confidence hitherto unknown into the hearts of the Christians. Before this time the Turkish name had been one of unalloyed dread and the fierce scourge had swept the seas unchecked. But they were no longer invincible. Their power had for the first time been broken, and "though this victory did not accomplish all that had been hoped for, since the Turks appeared the very next year with a fleet of 250 ships before Modon and Cape Matapan and in vain offered battle to the Christians, it was of great importance as being the first great defeat of the infidels."*

This great Christian triumph was due in great measure to Pope Pius V for it was wholly by his untiring efforts that an agreement was effected between Venice and Spain. Time and again the mercenary spirit of the Venetians made it seem that all negotiations were doomed to inglorious failure and that the plans for the grand Crusade would come to naught. But this Saint of the Church with infinite patience mended all the breaches and strove incessantly until he had brought his fondest dream to a concrete reality. Certain it is that much credit must be given to the Christian commanders, to Don John, to Doria and Colonna, to Barbarigo and Canalle, for the valiant way in which they turned a seeming defeat into a brilliant victory, but even more credit must go to St. Pius V. who made it possible for them to demonstrate their prowess and to check the spread of Mohammedanism that was threatening to engulf all Europe in its devouring tide.

RAYMOND CRAFT, '18.

* Catholic Encyclopedia. Vol. IX, page 181.

The Hours of Day

At the first gray streak of the morning light
There slips from behind the hills of night
A little child whose name is Day,
And merrily begins to play.
Now he dances o'er the green fields,
Springs across the dells,
Wades the tiny brooklets
As chime the morning bells.
Then dashes to the uplands,
Hurries to the fields,
Where he takes a moment's rest, and
Hears the merry shrills
Of the matin birds a-singing
To the brightening sun;
Their merry notes are bringing
Joys that overrun
His heart with happy rhymes,
While gaily toll
To charm his soul,
The glorious noonday chimes.

Then in the glory of afternoon
He sits on his hillside throne;
The gay winds sing him a merry tune
As through the trees they're blown.
But he leaves the field defeated,
And he hies to higher heights,
Nor from aught has he retreated
But the fearful coming Night.
And he treads with heavy feet
O'er his childhood's happy dells,
And he goes his doom to meet
As he hears the vesper bells;
And Twilight on the hilltop finds him dying.
The breezes o'er him blow a mournful sighing,
And Evening, his gentle child,
With her tender touch and mild,
Wraps her purple cloak around his dying form.
Then he passes from the light,
O'er his kingdom reigns the Night,
While the thunder sounds the distant coming storm,
And with funereal-tolling from the dells,
The hilltops echo sad the nocturne bells.

Patrick B. Haggerty, '19.

The Ohio Canal

THE balmy breezes which drive the tiny ripples along the old canal and send them plashing against the bank, fill us with vigor and determination. What care we if we are ten miles from Cleveland? We will walk all the way back and gaze on the dusty "bus" which wheezes by with a nonchalance to which our aching feet give the lie. The birds are singing gaily with the spirit of Spring in their quivering throats. The grass is springing up, fresh and green. The buds are beginning to break forth from the boughs. All is life and happiness save the object of our journey, the canal, but the only movement in the canal is the lapping of the water as the wind drives it against the moss grown locks, and the only sound is the crowing of a cock near a farmhouse a half mile away.

A depressing scene, it is yet picturesque withal. Picturesque in its wanderings through the valleys, yet depressing because it is a thing without life, a thing which has lost its usefulness and is dropping into ruin. It would not be surprising should some enterprising capitalist venture to lease and use once more the old canal, but we can well say that it is impossible in this era of railroads. It is but meet that we take some moments in recounting its history and its usefulness, for it has been more beneficial to Ohio and to Cleveland than many would suppose when they view its present condition. The day will come, nay it has come, when we can point with pride at the Ohio canal and say that the little canal, insignificant as it is, has been the cause of the present magnitude and prosperity of Cleveland. The cause then should hold more than a local interest, and should be viewed by us more as a monument of our present graces than as a reminder of our low beginnings.

Before the year 1825 the prices of commodities in the Southern Ohio were exorbitant. Northern Ohio could be reached from the coast states directly by boat through the lakes, but a tedious overland journey was necessary to bring supplies to the Southern central portions. Agriculture in many regions was restricted to local needs and there could be no stimulus for further production as long as production did not pay. We can

readily see that business could not be carried on at a profit when it cost five dollars to transport a cord of wood forty miles, or a barrel of flour a hundred and fifty miles. Flour in Cincinnati was three dollars and fifty cents a barrel. In New York it was eight dollars a barrel. The flour could be shipped through a canal, the Great Lakes or the Ohio and Mississippi to New York for \$1.70 a barrel thus leaving a profit of \$2.80 a barrel. The crying need for an artificial waterway became apparent and there were many state wide agitations in order that the legislature might consider some feasible scheme. Nothing tangible was accomplished until 1816, when Ethan Allen Brown began to correspond with a New York capitalist, De Witt Clinton, on the subject of a canal, connecting Lake Erie with the Ohio. The legislature, however, wasted much valuable time in considering methods and devising projects while all the time farmers suffered from being unable to import needed implements and supplies except at exorbitant prices, and from incompetency to dispose of their produce at the prices which transportation necessitated. Finally in January, 1822, the legislature passed a bill authorizing the governor to employ an engineer and commissioners for surveys, estimates, etc.

I will omit the reports of the engineers as to the many proposed routes and will merely state that two routes were settled upon by an act passed February 4th, 1825. The first, the Scioto-Muskingum, from Cleveland to Portsmouth, the so-called Ohio-Erie canal; the second the Miami canal following the valley of the Miami River from Dayton to Cincinnati. The first shovel full of earth on the new canal was dug by Governor Clinton of New York on July 4th, 1825, amidst the acclamations of thousands, and in a few weeks operations were actively going forward on both canals. Just two years later navigation began on the Ohio canal and a little later on the Miami, but the canals, as a unit, were not completed until 1833, when through navigation was possible. The total cost of completion of the Ohio canal was \$4,244,539.64 which, when everything is taken into consideration, exceeded the original estimate by only \$486,947.17. The canal was three hundred and eight miles in length and 152 locks took care of a rise and fall of 1,200 feet. The canal was in active operation until 1850, when railroad transportation came

into the race and soon the old waterway was left behind. In 1856 the revenues of the canal began to fall below the zero point and this was the beginning of the end. Repairs were neglected, there was no traffic and the canal gradually merged into its present condition of ruin.

When we read that the debts of the Ohio canals were not paid until 1903 we are apt to consider that as a financial proposition, they were a total loss. This is very far from the truth however. Even considering the direct financial result, the canals were a paying proposition. The following is a statement of all moneys concerned from 1827 to 1903:

Cost of construction.....	\$15,967,652.69
Cost of maintenance and operation.....	12,063,849.47
<hr/>	
Total cost	\$28,031,502.16
Gross receipts	16,952,102.98
<hr/>	
Deficit	\$11,078,399.18
Present property value.....	15,000,000.00
<hr/>	
Balance in favor of canals.....	\$ 3,921,600.82
Gross receipts (above).....	\$16,952,102.82
Cost of maintenance and operation.....	12,063,849.47
<hr/>	
Net revenues to the state, not including interest on loans, cost of construction or recent value of canal property.....	\$ 4,889,253.51

Thus, we can see that, everything else aside, the canals were a paying proposition. The net receipts in 1827 were \$800.00; in 1828, \$11,142.70; in 1829, \$35,311.77; in 1832, \$227,393.50; in 1840, \$387,773.88; in 1847, \$513,910.04. This shows a steady and phenomenal increase in revenue until the entrance of the railroads, when the canals were no longer necessary. They had done their work, and yet the state benefited in many other ways, besides gaining financially, as seen from the above statement.

My readers may have noticed that several times I implied

that the canals were attended by advantages otherwise than financial. A general statement, including some of these advantages, may be taken from the report of the Ohio State Historical Society. "They (the canals) serve to bind together by strong ties of interest different parts of the state. They induced intercourse between remote districts and caused the people to associate with one another. They destroyed sectional feeling, local jealousies, and unfounded prejudices and thus made the citizens of the state a homogeneous, more united people. By giving a stimulus to industry, the canals aided in removing idleness with its long train of dissipations, crimes and miseries, and thus the moral and intellectual condition of the people was improved. The results of the opening of the canal in Ohio go to prove the truth of the statement found in one of the reports of the Board of Public Works, namely: 'If a community is to be benefited, enlightened, and refined, the first thing to do is to give them the means of communication and the rest will follow.' Of course none of these things can be measured in mathematical terms, but of their infinite importance to the state there can be no question."

If we take the year 1861 as the year of the closing of the canal we find that the percentage increase in population for the forty years previous was over three hundred, while for the forty years following it was not quite a hundred, a remarkable proof of the utility to the state. Farmers could ship out their produce to the coast cities and both would profit by the deal. They could import farm implements and necessary supplies at a much lower rate than formerly. Thus, the whole of such a fertile state as Ohio became the field for many immigrants from the eastern states. To keep pace with this increase in population, factories were built to turn out necessities, cities sprung up and soon the greatness, prosperity, and fame of the state were assured.

Cleveland has undoubtedly benefitted by its being the northern terminal of the Ohio canal. From a village whose population was 400 in 1820, there was a jump to 11,000 in 1830 when the canal was being built, and to 60,000 when the canal was busiest in 1857. Today, thanks to its good start, it has at least 700,000. It is famous for its manufacture of all kinds of commodities, and is probably one of the greatest centers of iron-ore

transfer along the great lakes. At this moment ships are being built in Cleveland for trans-oceanic service, and all because Cleveland obtained fame as a lake port from being situated where the Ohio canal runs into Lake Erie. The fact that it was in such a position, demanded that here a break in transportation must be made from canal boat to lake boat. Therefore store rooms had to be erected, laborers hired, elevators erected, stores built and well equipped, hotels erected and markets established. All this required population and the people answered the demand, with the result that the city has attained its present flourishing condition. And so the next time some energetic mathematician endeavors to convince us by his dry figures, that the supporters of the canals were misguided, let us tell him a tale of the prosperity of Ohio in general and Cleveland in particular; show him some of Cleveland's huge freighters going out to sail the lakes, and inform him that in all probability the city would not have attained its present prominence, but for the little canal which unobtrusively hides, almost in the shadows of its sky-scrapers. Then, when you have a day at your disposal hasten from the city and take a walk along its banks. Go when the winds are keen enough to make walking a pleasure and when the chilled oaks while away the bleak day by murmuring to each other of the days that are gone. As the ripples lap against the old rocks, which the industrious mole is undermining, you can muse on the canal as it was. The day is gone when the banks were livened by the shouts of men, the cries of children, the crack of the whip or the splash of the oar, but though the canal may be dead, as far as its present usefulness is concerned, its effects and its memories will yet live and thrive in the Buckeye State. And, this is from experience; if you walk far enough, you'll return with a renewed resolve to walk farther next time, a fearful appetite and a wholesome distrust for signs which read something as follows, "Cleveland, 9 miles."

THOMAS J. DORAN, '18.

Immortal

I was thinking
As the sinking
 Of the sun across the bay
Drew to earth a flood of darkness,
 And dragged the day away.

That the beaming
And the gleaming
 Of the sun's last fainting ray
Closed for aye the worth and goodness
 Of that slowly dying day.

Homeward turning
With a yearning
 For the day just dead,
Found I, lo! the moonbeams shining
 Where the sun had lately fled.

Then I thought,
As well I ought,
 The day I knew had fled,
But lived reflected in another,
 Though its earthly light was dead.

So, I see
It e'er will be
 When men do good in life,
It lives beyond their dying day
 To light some other's strife.

Patrick Haggerty, '19.

Patriotism

(Awarded first prize at the Annual Oratorical Contest)

"I WOULD rather be a live coward than a dead hero. I repeat it, ladies and gentlemen, I would rather be a live coward than a dead hero," so says the slacker. The very anthithesis of this sentence makes it sound plausible. There is life on the one hand, and death on the other. Take life away, and according to the man of to-day you take away everything. Gone are the pleasures which come in the heyday of youth. Gone are the hopes of success which ambition limns for the mind of man. Gone, all the dazzle and splendor of a long life filled with honors, friends, wealth, and a niche in the hall of fame. Why, then, die like a dog in the trenches? What matters it if eulogiums are pronounced over his grave? What if his body was found before the ramparts of the foe? What if loving hands keep green his memory and his grave? He is *dead* and for him life and war are over.

Look you, says the slacker, at the contrast of Peace and War. The whole world is smiling with prosperity; in the cities is heard the hum of industry, on lake and river and ocean ply argosies filled with the produce of a peaceful land; in the country the landscape is a picture of a bountiful harvest. People laugh and are contented, children romp and play in the streets. Life, youth, love like so many bees are sipping the nectar of earth's pleasures. But a thunder storm looms on the horizon, a death-like hush falls on the fair land and someone whispers "War." The storm breaks in all its fury. The skies are illumined with cannon flash and rocket glare, the horizon reflects the glow of burning cities. The thunder of cannon and the cracking and spitting of machine guns drown the cries of men and the wails of women. Then comes the "leaden rain and iron hail." The thunder storm of battle rages in all its fury. Gales of men and gusts of cavalry rush along like the tempest of winter and through it all the steady patter of lead.

The thunder storm has passed. The sun of peace comes out from behind the clouds. Behold the difference! The cities are blackened ruins; where once the children played, lie the rotting

bodies of horses and men. The very streams blush with the blood of the fallen. Where once proudly streamed the argosies of peace, there are now twisted hulks and broken wreckage. Great trenches, like tear-furrows on the cheek, course down the once verdant plains. The wheat fields are wheat fields no longer. They are plowed with cannon ball, harrowed with shrapnel; they are sown with men. And to build up this land to its former strength, money is needed, blood money, blood money squeezed from the poor. Death, Pestilence, Destruction, Poverty, are the children of War. And so we are almost inclined to agree with the slacker when he says, I would rather be a live coward than a dead hero. Pondering over this sentence, we ask ourselves, is there anything worse than war? and the answer is "yes," supine submission, cowardly indifference, a tarnished national honor is far worse than war. War by its very intensity lasts only a short time, but the tyrant's heel bears down for generations.

Our Stars and Stripes wave over the grandest land on the face of the earth. There is no land so blessed by nature as our own United States. No nation enjoys the freedom and liberty that we enjoy. But why? Ladies and gentlemen, there would not be thirteen stripes and forty-eight stars in our flag to-day if our ancestors had not waged wars. If they had not fought and died in order that we might live in peace. Patriotism is devotion to the true honor and real happiness of the country. It is not a blind impulse to be killed in battle, its object is not to wage perpetual wars but to insure prosperity and peace for future generations. Patriots are found in the home as well as on the battle field. The mother who teaches a child to be obedient is no less a patriot than the soldier on the battle field. The man who does his duty day by day is more of a patriot than the blatant orator whose words come from an empty heart.

Our flag waves over a land of 100,000,000 souls; it represents perhaps, 15,000,000 homes; it symbolizes the best resource of the nation in its manhood and womanhood; it includes the gray-bearded grandfather who bled at Gettysburg and the little babe in the cradle. Now, when an enemy seeks to destroy, cripple, or dishonor this nation of homes, patriotism prompts a man to

shoulder his rifle and fight. Just as a father defends his home when a thief enters the house, so the patriot defends his country when a foe attempts to destroy it. This then is the reason why the slacker's attitude demands condemnation. If he deserts his country in time of need, he will shirk all that is hard and disagreeable in life. He will be a coward not only in war, but a coward in business, in ideals, in the home. Patriotism is love of country but it is more, it is love for the units of a country—the families. Patriotism is sown in the cradle, nurtured in the home, and developed in the family. Now if the family is not respected nor revered any longer, then indeed the stability of the commonwealth is shaken.

Much is being said and written about Universal Peace. But let no man be so rash as to say that this will be the last big war. For as long as men and nations are subject to passions and depravities of human nature (and that will be until the end of time) just so long will there be wars. The pacifist, the socialist, the evolutionist, the dreamer, are looking far into the future and whispering softly to themselves, when man becomes contented, when there will be no rich or poor, but equals in everything, when the whole world will be one grand democracy of nations, when ambition and selfishness and greed have been routed out of man, then the cannon, the sabre and the gas bomb will be shown in museums as relics of the dark ages, when men fought and killed one another. Ladies and gentlemen, these men believe their heaven is here on this earth; they are trying to prove that man is growing better, as he was once a brute and is now a man, so in time he will be a man no longer but a superman, a deity in himself. This war has sufficiently refuted their doctrine. All the progress and inventions of twenty centuries have been marshalled to make this the most hellish of wars. When as before this war, men thought themselves gods, when they conquered the air, the land and the water, when they harnessed all the powers of nature to the chariot of science, why they scoffed at the idea of another world and at the childishness of Christianity. But a wise Creator has upset all their block houses, He has turned their own very creative wonders into the weapons of destruction. If mankind has progressed during 2,000 years (and we believe it has) it is not in virtue of evolution, but Christianity.

To-day we are at war. It is a time when the interest and safety of our land means the individual interest and safety of us all. If this war means death to some, why let it mean death. Better death a thousand times than servitude. Our sentiments should be those of Lord Mansfield who so nobly said, "The last end that can happen to man never comes too soon if he falls in the support of the law and liberty of his country."

A. A. BUNGART, '17.

The Voyage

Youth is my port of clearance,
Whence I shall sail anon:
With fair good winds to bear me,
I'll reach the Great Port yon.

O Lord, you'll be my pilot,
Ye saints, make up my crew;
Mary, Star of the ocean,
I'll steer my course by you.

Temptation's storms beset me,
Swift currents bear me far,
But my wheelman holds a tiller stiff,
And ever shines my star.

Pleasure's sirens lure me,
And fain would wreck my bark,
But my Pilot swings the rudder o'er,
And saves my fragile ark.

At last, o'er Life's horizon,
Far o'er a troublous sea,
A Port more fair than that of Youth
Offers a haven to me.

I cram on all my canvas,
And skim the spuming spray,
And my Pilot warps my little craft
To its berth in Heaven Bay.

Edward A. McDonnell, '19.

Editorials

Farewell For seven years we have been residing at the Wayside Inn of life. For seven years we have sat around the fire of learning and dined at the classic table. During that time we have gained many friends; some of them have gone ahead of us down the road of life, some are packing their grips with us, others are still sojourning at the Inn. They have been boon companions; with them we have mused around the fire, with them we have watched the stars, with them we have made excursions into the fields of learning. We wonder if the birds will ever sing more sweetly or the orchards bloom whiter or the skies look bluer than they did when we watched them from the windows of the Wayside Inn.

We have packed our grips. The landlord is shaking hands with us at the gate. He has been a good host, anticipating our wishes; by word and deed he has prepared us for the long journey ahead. As we shake his hand for the last time we are pleased to remember seven years of friendship and fellowship unmarked by a single disagreeable incident. What greater recommendation could one offer a fellow traveler than this?

Down the road we stop to get a final look at the Wayside Inn. It may be our last, certainly never more shall we dine at its tables, or sit before its cheerful blaze, or fraternize with the old friends.

Farewell, dear Wayside Inn. You have been a tried and true friend to us. May you continue to prepare travelers for their journey through life. May we pass by the gate later in life to see the same good host administering to the wants of a larger number of guests. If, in our travels, we meet the tyro who would dine at a table par excellence, remember good host we will refer him to the Wayside Inn.

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Opportunity The greatest and most epoch-making history of the world is being written. The greatest war of all times is being fought in our own day. Governments collapse over night and maps change in a day. Democracy and Socialism are

waging wars within a war. Mechanical appliances have reached a marvelous degree of efficiency. The very seasons are unique in the very niggardliness of their harvests. War, Revolution, Reform, Prohibition, Food-shortage, High Prices, any of these would be a world problem, taken separately, but today we have them all at once. It is a period of uncertainty. No one dares to predict what tomorrow may bring. We are living in turbulent times. It is a time for caution and cool-headedness. As college students we will be called upon to help solve the problems of tomorrow. We are eye-witnesses to the history that will be studied in the textbooks of the future. We must be on the alert in viewing with unbiased minds the chaos so that when swords are laid away, when governments are once more stable and the great wheels of Progress and Reconstruction commence to turn again, we can set them moving in the right direction.

There never was, there never will be, a greater opportunity offered college men than now. Here in this democracy of ours we need trained men in every walk of life; trained men to direct our armies, trained men to safeguard the morals and health of the nation, trained men in the industrial and commercial world, trained men to meet the emergencies and exigencies of the hour, trained men to pilot the Ship of State through the shoals and rocks of a tempestuous sea.

Now is the time, Mr. College Man. You have been training all these years, you have drunk deep from the wells of learning, whether you shoulder a gun or a hoe, whether you wield a pen or a sword, wherever Life's path directs you, show the world that you are a college man. Give the world the benefit of what you have learned. Remember, you are expected to be leaders, and now, as never before, we need leaders. Opportunity even now comes up the path. Will you open when she knocks?

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Kinds of Knowledge There are two ways of acquiring knowledge. One way is to learn a paragraph, a date, a name, a book, and tuck it away in a pigeon-hole of the brain, to be taken out again when needed. This naturally requires a retentive memory, and people so gifted are indeed for-

tunate. All the gems of literature, art, history and science are in one casket, and to that you have the key.

But many of us are not gifted with a keen memory, and for us another kind of knowledge is more acceptable. It requires memory in a local sense. It is the knowledge of where to find a thing when needed. If you have read a selection which you consider very good, a note in the front of the book will mark the page so that as often as you wish to refer to it, you have it in all its pristine lustre. It is more a student's knowledge, for it requires a large number of books, the contents of which have been mastered and the best selections marked. Again, one can compile one's own anthology of favorite poems by incorporating them into a little notebook. The poems that especially appeal to one are there. There is no foam nor dregs, but clear, sparkling liquid.

This is the best pocket-edition of classics and is one's own by selection. Books and reading should be lifelong hobbies. Every book in your library should have a history connected with its purchase. They are thus bound to you by a personal acquaintance. Rich men, who stock their libraries with gilt-edge morocos seldom read them because they have never found friends in books. If a college education did nothing more than infuse a love for books and reading, and if it were to benefit no one but the individual, still it would have been worth while in affording the student the keenest of all pleasures, intellectual pleasure.

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Spiritual So great and far reaching is our mad toil for gold
Preparedness that when the news came that war had been declared, people took it as they do any ordinary newspaper talk. It is only after weeks of patriotic demonstrations by the few and of continuous clamoring for preparedness from Washington that our nation is opening its eyes to its necessities.

We all now see the urgent need for preparedness along every line. We are advocating economy in our consumption of food-stuffs. We are raising armies to till the farms and vacant lands. All this we are preparing for the material good of our nation and our armies. What about their spiritual good? Seemingly, it has

been the opinion among Catholics that the chaplain and a vest pocket edition of some prayer-book is sufficient. Protestants take another view of this matter. Everywhere among the armies the Y. M. C. A. buildings have been erected, and there the soldier may go for recreation when he has been relieved from trench duty. This is a question of importance to every Catholic, and we should plan and co-operate to obtain for our young men in the armies like places for amusement.

This is not an impossible idea. There are at least 16,000,000 Catholics in this country. There are thousands of organizations and some of these number their members by the tens of thousands.

Much is expected during such times as these of the Knights of Columbus. For since this is the largest Catholic society, we measure their strength in numbers and look to them as the bulwark of our faith in America. The various sodalities, whose members are in from every rank and file, from noble to pauper, from general to private, also can do much to make this plan a success.

Finances need be no obstacle, for what money is necessary can easily be obtained. The Catholic Church has many rich adherents in America, and should a general subscription be necessary, I do not think the citizens would be found wanting.

With this plan successfully accomplished, one does not know where to stop mentioning the good that can be done. Army life is not a life of comfort, nor one of extreme cleanliness. He may be called upon to stand all day in the mud-filled trench, and will have to retire when relieved without the comfort of a bath. Nor is it an angel's life. I do not mean to say they are all scalawags and vagabonds, but there are always some black sheep among the flock, and in the army there is less chance of avoiding these men.

Now, with the "Club" tent near, the soldiers could obtain some of the comforts of civilization, could spend their free time in recreation or writing to those at home, and at the same time be avoiding undesirable company, etc.

This is but one of several of the almost infinite number of benefits which a "club" would give a soldier. Let the big so-

cieties elect a board to look into this matter. Let them advise with military men to see where and how the most beneficial good could be rendered.

In doing this you will not only help the army in a spiritual way but these little comforts will attract many "hold-outs" and get the permission to enlist from parents who before thought the army would be the ruin of their boy. You will be boosting our Army and Navy, and be giving Uncle Sam a helping hand. Let our motto be "Our country, first, last and always."

GEORGE LOUIS WARTH, '17.

Song

Quiet the purple skies,
 Quiet the town,
Hushed while the spent sun dies;
Out where the ocean lies
Faint-twinkling stars arise,—
 Night has come down.

Soft evening shadows fall,
 Soft beams the moon.
Lulled by the breezes' call,
There in a poplar tall,
Hid in the night's drab pall,
 Two dovelets croon.

Sleep on, my loved one, sleep,—
 Sleep for the night.
The morrow brings tears to weep;
Onward life's shadows creep;
Dream while the violets sleep,—
 Dream for the night.

Paul E. Murphy, '19.

Alumni Notes

The whole spirit of Jesuit training can be condensed in these few words: "For God, for Church, for Country." Hundreds and thousands of times Jesuit students have exemplified the first two principles. Just as often have they shown the devotion to the Stars and Stripes instilled by their venerable professors; and now they come forth with another manifestation of it. The short list appended hereto does not by any means give the complete roll of those who have given up all to serve Uncle Sam. But it is as complete as we could make it with our limited means. Lieut. Carey, who heads the list, made us a visit recently, which is chronicled elsewhere in LUMINA.

Lieut. Carey, U. S. Naval Volunteers.

James J. Laughlin, '15, Officers' Reserve Corps.

William Kaehni, High School, '14, Officers' Reserve Corps.

Gerald J. Murphy, '15, Officers' Reserve Corps.

Carl Dyas, '08, Officers' Reserve Corps.

Dwight Walker, Troop A, Ohio Cavalry.

William J. Hart, High School, '11-'12, Officers' Reserve Corps.

Edmund Kirby, H. S., '15, Troop A, Ohio Cavalry.

Leo Montgomery, Troop A, Ohio Cavalry.

Russell Honglin, Troop A, Ohio Cavalry.

Gilbert Daly, Loyola, '17, Troop A, Ohio Cavalry.

John Waechter, Troop A, Ohio Cavalry.

Arthur Brady, Loyola, '17, Fifth Regiment, O. N. G.

Joseph Kleinhenz, ex-'16, Troop A, Ohio Cavalry.

Melvin Roach, ex-'14, Fifth Regiment, O. N. G.

J. Frank Carlin, ex-'15, Fifth Regiment, O. N. G.

Thomas J. Walsh, ex-'16, U. S. Navy.

Thomas Cowan, ex-'15, Ambulance Corps.

Lester O'Brien, ex-'13, Troop A, Ohio Cavalry.

Thomas Copp, Sophomore, Troop A, Ohio Cavalry.

We are proud to acknowledge them as S. I. C. boys.

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Patriotic Parade It must have done the old grads good to see our delegation in line the night of that memorable patriotic demonstration. Those who witnessed the turnout could not miss us, for we made our presence known in no uncertain methods. And the old Blue and Gold floated proudly alongside the Red, White and Blue. It was "some" night!

The Judges The oratorical and elocution contests have always proved to be effective in bringing back those who have departed from the walls. This year six of the old grads were present in the roles of judges. Their decisions were received with approval from every person present at the respective contests. Father Daniel Gallagher, Raymond Desson and Dr. Alvin O. Sibila officiated at the elocution contest. Rev. John R. Hagan, D.D., and Messrs. Paul J. Preusser, A.B., and Clarence Perrier, A.B., sat at the Oratorical contest.

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We noticed the names of more than one alumnus on the list of patrons for the recent concert. Allow us to congratulate the men concerned for their display of spirit toward S. I. C.

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The name of Raymond J. Schraff, '15, has appeared in this column. A recent achievement of his entitles him to another appearance here. Ray recently wrote a learned treatise, which the editors of the Medical Journal saw fit to publish. Good work, Ray!

Jim Byrne, ex-'07, has likewise figured here before. Jim's claim to another show is not quite so strong as Ray's. He's now playing plutocrat in the front seat of a F— car.

As members of the Alumni Association, you will want to know the sort of men who will apply to you for admission. Somewhere in this issue of LUMINA you'll find their whole pedigree. The roster of the Association is going to receive a fine bunch of fellows, take it from us.

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The date of the thirty-second annual commencement has not yet been announced. The invitations will soon be forthcoming. Many of you will have the opportunity of re-enacting the scene of your own graduation.

Edward A. McDonnell, '19.



RAYMOND E. CRAFT

Sophomore

Exchange Editor Lumina, Varsity Basketball and Baseball teams.



THOMAS J. DORAN

Sophomore

Secretary Senior Sodality, Driftwood Editor Lumina, Secretary Scientific Academy, Lecturer Scientific Academy.



JAMES BRENNAN

Sophomore

Prefect Senior Sodality, Associate Editor Lumina, Member Little Flower Lecture Club.



EDWARD A. McDONNELL

Freshman

Editor Alumni Department, Lumina
Publicity Agent Athletic Association.

College Notes

The Operetta In announcing our annual operetta I feared lest I be too lavish of praise for the piece itself and set too high a mark for the actors' achievements. But the event itself makes it clear that I had been too modest in my predictions. It was a great success. "The Shamrock" was as welcome as its namesake on March 17. . .

Every person in the two large and enthusiastic audiences left Gray's armory with satisfaction in their hearts and phrases of approbation on their lips.

To those students whose diligence in practice made this annual musical event the success which all pronounced it, we extend our heartiest congratulations.

Following the matinee, the entire troupe repaired to the Alley Club, where a savory supper awaited them.

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Elocution Contest To be a judge in this contest becomes increasingly hard every year. Each aspirant for the gold medals displayed such talent that there was not much latitude for choice, and the judges found themselves face to face with a perplexing task. And it is a gratifying circumstance, too, for it goes to show that where, in the masculine mind, elocution formerly classed with dolls and hair-ribbons, a change has come, and the ability to render a "piece" in the proper manner is now considered a real refinement in a man. We are pleased to voice the congratulations of the entire audience to the speakers and especially to those whose efforts meant success. The winners are: First Division, Thomas Donohoe, I-B; Second Division, Joseph Gill, II-A; Third Division, Cornelius McLaughlin, IV High; College Department, Theodore Walters, Freshman.

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Oratorical Contest A Senior won the medal. The palm of victory goes to Mr. A. A. Bungart, who holds the presidency of half a dozen college societies, and, as the results show, has never let slip an opportunity to speak in public. "Verbum sat sapienti." Second place was awarded to Mr. James P. Brennan, '18.

Of course, like every new baby, each successive contest is termed the best. But in all justice to the orators, it must be said that the keen competition, combined with real merit on the part of every one of them, made this year's contest the most successful we have ever had. Every man on the program deserves credit for the showing, and we only wish that a medal could have been awarded each.

Our Naval Visitors News is swift of wing. Perhaps this will explain the visit we had lately from four distinguished servants of America's first line of defense. Captain Bolton, Lieut. Carey, Lieut. Doran and Chief Electrician Lee were the men who gave us an insight into Navy life. Lieut. Carey is an old St. Ignatius boy, and he didn't pass up the opportunity to tell us of his days in S. I. C. Their purpose in coming to S. I. C. was not so much to get recruits for their company as to enlighten us in matters connected with our Navy.

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Our Parade St. Ignatius is certainly being put into the public mind this year. Our recent turnout was on the occasion of the "Preparedness Parade," held last April. We had only a few practice sessions, but our lack of time was made up for by such genuine enthusiasm that we were named the best trained ranks in the procession.

From the time we moved away from the Armory, amid the thrilling din of bells and whistles throughout the city, all along the line of march the sight of our banner brought forth bursts of applause from the multitudes that filled the streets, and at every halt we answered with a universal cheer for our country and our college. With such an auspicious start was military training introduced at St. Ignatius and Loyola.

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Inter-Collegiate Latin Contest The announcement of the results of this competition always brings rejoicing within the walls of our college. We are generally fortunate enough to merit some mention. When one of our students wins a place we are pleased; when two or more places fall to our lot, we are more than pleased; but when the first, and the second, and the third, and the fifth places are awarded us—why, words are unable to express our feelings. Never in the history of the contest have the highest marks of excellence been thus stamped upon the papers of one college. Such a signal honor was unprecedented. Just think what it means. In a contest in which the best Latin scholars of ten colleges and universities are pitted against each other, to compete in originality, ingenuity and powers of concentration, he who carries off the victor's palm must be a man of no slight ability in these points. So we join in the praise of our successful fellow-students, the first two of whom also won places in last year's contest.

Raymond E. Craft, '18, first.

Thomas J. Doran, '18, second.

James P. Brennan, '18, third.

Edward A. McDonnell, '17, fifth.

Further, it must be mentioned to the glory of those who have so covered their Alma Mater with renown, that they are actively inter-

ested in numerous college activities. We extend our congratulations to their professors, Father Doyle and Mr. Young.

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Inter-Collegiate English Contest We were not quite so fortunate in the Intercollegiate English contest, but nevertheless, we were "there." Paul E. Murphy, freshman, and Thomas J. Doran, sophomore, secured ninth and tenth places, respectively. We must keep in mind, however, that the competition is just twice as keen in this contest, for only freshman and sophomore students participate in the Latin contest. Tom Doran is worthy of special commendation, for this is his second win of the season. Both of these men will be with us next year, and so we have fair hopes of even greater success.

Arthur C. J. Brickel, '17.

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The Scientific Academy A brief retrospect of the work of the Scientific Academy for the past two years cannot fail to bring joy and satisfaction to all those connected with it. Humble and lowly in its first beginnings, it has grown into a recognized institution among the college activities. Where formerly there was little or nothing of a scientific nature done outside the ordinary class work, now work of a sound and truly scientific nature is being carried on; where before, scientific work, if done at all, was sporadic, now the work has become organized and given publicity, with the result that those ambitious of a scientific training find in the members of the academy kindred spirits in whose company they are stimulated to enthusiasm in their own respective sciences, or acquire an interest in a branch of science to which otherwise their attention would never have been attracted. In a word, it has created a scientific atmosphere in the college where the slumbering coals of a taste for science are awakened and fanned into an intense interest.

Twenty lectures given in the academy; two public lectures; several lectures delivered before highly intellectual audiences outside the college; two editions of a Scientific Bulletin, containing very interesting scientific articles—such has been the record of the academy for the past two years. And here it might be well to remark that all this success is due to the spirit of self-sacrificing devotion that has characterized certain leading spirits among the members.

Now what is the prospect for the future? Very promising, indeed. When the new Scientific Department in the college has been created, which, it is hoped, will happen next year or the year following; when those who have elected science as the particular field of their labor; when it is desired to stir up enthusiasm and emulation in this particular field which makes so much for success in any branch of learning,

then shall the scientific academy grow not only in numbers but in the quality and character of its productions.

From one who has watched with interest the rise, the development and the present splendid growth of the academy comes the heartfelt wish that it may continue to flourish, "ad multos annos."

My Garden

O, Spring,

Be thou kind to my garden;

I planted it only today:

I've the promise of April's treasure,

I would have the fulfillment of May.

O, Spring,

Open your lips and breathe on it,

Open your eyes and smile on it,

Open your heart, shed your tears on it;

Your breath shall stir it,

Your smile shall comfort it,

Your tears shall keep it from death.

O, Spring,

Be thou pleased with my garden;

I planted it only today.

I have your Apriline promise, sweet smiles,

I await the fulfillment of May.

Daniel I. Gallagher, '19.

High School Notes

Well, the glorious summer time is here at last. We cannot, of course, warble about the wonderful beauty of spring, as we haven't had any this spring worth mentioning. But cheer up! Good old summer is with us, and we may expect a fair retribution. When Caesar and Xenophon and all the other birds of the same feather will trouble us no longer, then only can we expect and enjoy ideal weather. Think of the rich summer woods, its deep, quiet recesses, its gurgling streams and shady bowers, and, above all, that sweet, soothing, delicious warbling of the birds! Then the old swimming hole near by, and the old farmer chasing you for innocently taking an apple or so. Then the ideal day to take in a fast ball game, and then back to work on Monday morning, hardly able to move. These are the days to hope for, weather to warble about!

At the time of writing these few lines we all are mighty busy getting set for those doleful final exams. But when they will have reached you, dear reader, we'll be in the midst of the grand finale, or maybe through it. In a few short days we'll be away from these hallowed halls on our vacation. Most of us will spend this happy time in working; but for a certainty we'll all do the best we can to enjoy ourselves, so that next September we'll come back here prepared to stand another hard siege of work and study.

But we shall be deprived of the wholesome influence and example of our teachers and our school, and surrounded more than ever by the empty frivolities, we might almost say, of a semi-pagan world. Let's not be influenced by it and forget our little duties, but let us stand firmly by high standards we have hitherto maintained.

* * * * *

The Operetta Yes, it was a big success. And the high school did its share in making it so. The operetta and concert parts were practically handled by High School lads, and they made a hit. The college added solemnity to the occasion, and set us off to advantage, even though they did look like undertakers. Rev. Father Winter's class is especially deserving of praise and congratulation for ticket selling and for getting ads for the programme. James Flood represented our division of the school to perfection, as is testified by the excellent write-up in "The Catholic Bulletin." "Count" Novy and John Walsh did us credit at the piano, while the whole orchestra played like veterans. Yes, we are proud of the whole bunch of them.

Indoor We are sorry to state that at the present time of writing the indoor season is just in full swing. So we cannot send full reports of the various classes into print. Everybody is very enthusiastic at starring on the diamond, and baseball has entirely permeated the busy atmosphere of St. Ignatius. It has even taken hold of the school to such a degree as to cause the stately Freshmen to sally into the dusty arena of the yard to try their luck with the heroic stars of Third B. Sophomore also sent out a representative team.

First B seems to be about the best so far, having taken the meat twice from First C, twice from First A, twice from Second B, twice and a doubtful one from Third A, and one from the heroic Freshmen.

Second A tied Third B, beat Third A, First A, Second B and First C.

* * * * *

Handball If the present spirit keeps growing, the handball courts will soon be worn out. Though indoor has taken a number from the alleys, still they are always crowded. Mostly members from Fourth and Third year monopolize the courts in the rear of the yard, while a quota from the First and Second years are always to be seen in action on the side wall. Handball is a good game, as only those who play it realize. It is superior to practically every other on the market in developing all the muscles of the body. More take to it every year, and we prophesy that in another year or so we'll need an additional court.

* * * * *

Junior Sodality The Junior Sodality has flourished this year. Father Hendrix has directed it, as usual, and Bud Walsh has been prefect. Our Lady's Knights for the most part have been very faithful, especially during May. The Sodality has not decided to what purpose it will apply the earnings of its Charity Section.

* * * * *

Class Journalism This field of literary endeavor still flourishes, though the enthusiasm of the "would-be" editors and publishers is expected to ebb as the approaching end comes on. We wish to introduce one Bernard Hausman to our readers, a shining member of Fourth High, who is the editor of no less than a Latin paper. Yes, sir; Fourth High enjoys the luxury of a Latin paper, due to the classic proficiency of our above-mentioned classmate. Fourth High's other two weeklies are still in circulation—"The Triumvirate" and "The Fourth Hi Weekly." "The Morning Mush," which, by the way, belongs to Third A, and not to Third B, as we said in the last issue of LUMINA, is still in existence.

Roy Bourgeois has taken to ethics. He does not favor capital

punishment. He thinks that there would be fewer crimes if life imprisonment, studying Virgil and Homer, were substituted.

John Buck was caught reading a Hebrew poem during class the other day.

We copped this from one of those mysterious class papers:

If I knock the "r" out of Virgil,
It will still mean "Vigil" to me.
V-I-R-G-I-L or V-I-G-I-L
Are just the same as a student can see.

Take the "r" out of Homer,
It means midnight oil at home.
Oh! wouldn't it now be simple,
Had we lived in Greece or Rome?

C. J. McLaughlin, '21.

Time

The minute that is past
Is infinitely far;
The first is with the last,
Far as the farthest star.

Age clings to youth as though
Youth with her might remain,
Knowing it is not so,
Knowing that wish is vain.

The greatest good is not
The *pain* of life to miss:
Nay, share the common lot,
There is no good like this!

Francis M. Surtz, '19.

Athletics

By Daniel I. Gallagher, '19

ST. IGNATIUS 1, HIRAM 3

April 12th was the chilly day that marked baseball's premier at Ignatius. The squad of eleven anxious athletes, weighed down by traveling bags, balls, bats, and a thousand other articles that go to make up a successful itinerary, puffed out of the Erie station, bound for the town of Hiram, the place of almost perpetual ostermooring. We repeat that the day was a chilly one, and least conducive to a peppery ball game. After dozing about Hiram for the whole morning and a small portion of the P. M., we started the annual pastime with Hiram College. As the game went on, the weather grew colder, and Art Bricekl got a kink in his shoulder. Hiram got away with three rain check runs while we were struggling along with only one tally.

* * * * *

Shortly after this game the war god got busy and started on his devastating career. Our schedule was somewhat wrecked, occasioned by many of the schools abandoning all athletics. Our next game was booked with Heidelberg, but did not materialize. April 16 should have been our May-day at Kent Normal, but this, like many other games, failed or fell through on account of the war-time crisis. From Buffalo we received news that Canisius had discontinued all athletics while the war is on. Thus we were forced to go through the baseball season with our schedule greatly punctured.

* * * * *

ST. IGNATIUS 2, WESTERN RESERVE 0

For the last four years Ignatius and Reserve had not met on the ball field. Each year the spirit of rivalry increased in intensity. What caused the suspended athletic relations between the two schools is difficult to untangle, but we can vouch for this: that "Ignatius was always willin'." Through the efforts of our most capable manager, Ted Walters, we arranged a game with our east end friends. The day opened tearfully, and rained all morning. There was little hope cherished, and prospects dulled with the darkening clouds. It looked bad for a ball game. About playing-time the rain stopped and we took a chance, because we were anxious to add another victory to the string. The field was heavy and slow, and the old pill felt as light as a piano. Well, we started off with the proverbial bang, and succeeded in show-

ing one run over the rubber in the first inning. Brickel was on the hill for Ignatius, and Maltz for Reserve. Brickel started the premier session by retiring the side himself—three whiffs, or nine rusty swings. This business of striking out the opposing batters became so monotonous that the fielders had to resort to mere verbal exercise. In the fifth inning Ignatius made the score 2 to 0 by driving Maltz to the showers after a fusillade of wallops. Smith took up the work for Reserve, and was treated with a measure of leniency, or rather, Ignatius tempered justice with mercy, since the gent was a newcomer. In the seventh inning Reserve made the last gallant attempt to score a run, but Brickel and his confreres refused to be interviewed. Rain came on when a black cloud exhausted and flooded the field.

* * * * *

ST. IGNATIUS 14, BLUFFTON COLLEGE 1

Perhaps you never heard of Bluffton College before we played them; then, too, you may never hear of them again; but nevertheless, Manager Walters found the place while studying a railroad map. Who knows; perhaps Ted knows some sort of somebody in that town; maybe the same one that lured him into the habit of spending all his weekly allowances on flowers. At least, we suspect Mr. Walters of something slicky when he booked this Bluffton bunch for a ball game. They were a fine bunch of fellows, well mannered, polite, and could very easily be enrolled in the "blase class," but as baseball players—consult Ring Lardner's "You Know me, Al," series, and you have the situation. Brickel toyed effectively, and let them down without a hit. For Ignatius it was one batting bee from start to finish. Their third baseman must have had a sore foot, because he had said foot on that third base cushion for all of two hours.

* * * * *

IGNATIUS 3, PERFECTION SPRINGS 2

The game that stirred more than a few slumbering baseball critics in this fair city of ours was the contest with the Perfection Springs. This team, as you all may know, is a Class AA organization, semi-pro, and a whole lot attached to that. Almost every player on the Perfections has been out in fast company, and two or three have been in the "big show." They have a very classy ball club, and one that will set the pace in town here. The game started off when Ignatius won the toss and took the field. The day was warm—the kind that finds Art Brickel in his best pitching shape. In the opening inning the Perfections tallied one. The game resolved itself into a pitchers' duel from the second inning on. Brickel was whiffing the Perfections by the wholesale, while we Ignatians were the victims of a score of tough breaks. In the sixth inning the Perfections moved up another notch,

and made the score now 2 and 0. The Perfections' runs were the result of errors and the game's old breaks. In the eighth inning Pitcher Wallace retired in favor of Fuller. The eighth inning was our big festival. Andrews hit safely to center, Jordan singled to right, McKenna poled one over short, and the score was tied. McKenna went to third on the throw home, and scored a minute later when the Perfection shortstop threw wild to first to get Sommers. Sommerhauser fanned, and Sommer stole third. Nelan flied to deep short, and Sommer was nipped at the plate when he tried to score. In the first half of the ninth the Perfections loaded the sacks, there was no one down, and things began to look doubtful. Then Brickel pulled up and retired one man on a pop fly, another by the strikeout route, and the last man stepped to the plate and faced him. He was the demon slugger of the opposition, but he lifted an easy one to center, and the rest was history.



A Vision of Night

Oh, what a glorious vision, when the moon
Silently gliding through her pathless way,
Has reached the extremest point of her high noon
Shedding o'er this our earth her radiant boon.

Oh, who has ever gazed on such a scene,
Nor thought the spirits of the blest were there,
While twinkling stars and orbs of steadier ray
Shine with a light that mocks the glare of day.

Clement E. Steuer, '19.

Driftwood

The school year is almost at an end. The winter storms are passing away, and the "Driftwood" which floats into our little office appears only on rare occasions. We have done all in our power to corral and secure every floating beam, but sometimes good material has elusively slipped away. Since this may be the last time our pen is used in the interests of our readers, we grasp the opportunity to wish them a better "Driftwood" column in the future, and we hope that our effort has given them at least a small fraction of the pleasure which it was intended to convey.

* * * * *

Ray Craft, the notorious lyric poet of the Sophomores, was careless enough not to have his Muse in working order for last month's "Driftwood," and such a clamor went up from our readers that we were forced to consult him without fail. After some thought, he decided that since a great war was truly a motive for a great epic in an inspired mood he dashed off the following lines:

Unsympathetic Soup

I don't want to go to war;
Fighting always makes me sore;
I've another reason, for
I don't like soup.
Let the armed divisions pause,
Draw the eagle's vengeful claws;
I'm a pacifist, because
I don't like soup.

* * * * *

Brainy Freshman—"Say, Rudolph, why is a man who slaughters pigs in the stockyards like a Fifth Avenue dude?"

Rudolph—"Because he cut a lot of hogs."

Brainy F.—"No; because he's all dressed up to kill."

* * * * *

There still live men who write about
Utopia.

And think that they are right about
Utopia.

But I myself believe

They may easily perceive

There are some who'd make a sight of old
Utopia.

Chorus

(Tune: "That's How I Need You.")
 When Sikorske brings his Greek book,
 When Kopp arrives on time,
 When Keefe does his experiment,
 And McCann gives back a dime,
 When Slowey asks no questions,
 And when Nash can't tell you—
 Let all ideals crystallize—
 Utopia is true

When exams have no terrors,
 When the prefect praises you,
 When you know you deserve honors,
 When you love a mere review,
 When a holiday's distasteful,
 When a vacation makes you blue,
 We'll all rejoice exceedingly—
 Utopia is true.

If Eugene used a whisper,
 If Paul got in at ten,
 If Jerry wore a black neck-tie,
 If Joe Walsh stole a pin,
 If Carrol got long trousers,
 If Gilbride sprung something new,
 We'd smile and say, "We're happy now—
 Utopia is true."

* * * * *

The Editor was fortunate enough to overhear this at home between two sisters:

Single Sister—"You're married. You can take it easy."

Married Sister (haughtily)—"I got married to work."

Single S. (cuttingly)—"You had to work to get married."

M. S.—"Cat!"

* * * * *

A Little Drama, entitled
 "The Wily Dervishes"

Scene: Madison Avenue car passing West Forty-fourth.

Time: Any afternoon.

Dramatis Personae	} Walter Dorsey } Ralph McMonagle } Conductor

Walter—"Have you any stories today?"

Ralph—"Well, here's a little one I unearthed: Once upon a time there was a wily dervish engaged in a penitential pilgrimage through

Central Africa. On arriving at a certain town he was warned by the natives not to proceed further, for the way was infested by a man-eating lion. The dervish was undismayed, and plunged on, armed only with a small knife. He slept in trees during the night, and marched in daylight. About the third day, along towards nightfall, the lion sprang out on the road before him. He did not attack the dervish right away, realizing that he was completely in his power. Our hero seized the opportunity to cut a section of bamboo about six inches long, and when the lion opened his mouth to bite him, he thrust it in vertically, and the lion could not close his jaws. Then he seized the lion's ears, one in each hand, because this method effectually preserved him from being mauled by the lion's claws—"

Conductor—"West 65th! Change for Harvard-Denison."

Walter—"Hurry up, Ralph."

Ralph—"Don't get excited. Well, suffice it to say that the dervish held the lion's ears for three days without ever relaxing his vigilance. Then he was getting weary when suddenly a second dervish appeared on the scene. Number one asked the other to hold the lion's ears while he stabbed him with his knife, and number two obeyed. Our hero then went his way, laughing heartily at the other's plight, and the second dervish was left clinging to the lion's ears—"

Conductor—"Madison Avenue!"

Walter—"Come on! Hurry up!"

Ralph—"Lots of time. To make a long story short, the second fellow held the lion's ears for three more days, when a third dervish, the last to figure in our narrative, appeared. He was deceived just as the second had been, and in mortal terror of his life, clung to the huge ears of the monster. This went on—"

Conductor—"Seventy-third."

Walter—"Can't you tell it faster?"

Ralph—"I will. As I was saying, this went on for three more days. By this time the lion was well-nigh starved to death, and aggravated by keeping his mouth open for nine days. He still had some vitality left, however, as the result will show. The dervish was hungry and thirsty, and angered at the deception he had suffered at the hands of dervish number two. He was almost at his wits' ends, when suddenly he thought of a bright scheme. He knew that if he took his hands away from the lion's ears he would instantly be smitten by the latter's huge paws. About fifty feet away he noticed for the first time that a—"

Conductor—"Eighty-fifth."

Ralph—"Gee, Walter, this is my stop. So long."

Walter—"Wait till the next time that guy starts telling me a story on the car. I'll—" (Censored).

Yes, we've had military training since our last issue of LUMINA. Sometimes it was hot and dusty, and again it was cold and rainy, yet we tenaciously marched, realizing that true were the words of Louis Perme, who might have been heard to remark:

"Oh, Greek, where are thy terrors;
Oh, Physics, where thy sting?"

We happened to be present in person in the great patriotic parade that memorable Saturday night, and we have a few remarks to make.

If Keefe had paid as much attention to the street as to the spectators, he wouldn't have fallen into so many ruts in the pavement.

We had to protect Walter Fowler from the inroads of spectators, particularly young ladies, who tried to snatch fragments of his attire for souvenirs.

Sikorske, while marching out of step, kept trying to convince his company that he was right and they were wrong.

The ardor of the boys was such that they yelled for every organization they could think of, until it was sarcastically suggested, "Let's give nine for the S. P. C. A. and nine for the ten-cent store."

When at last a spectator demanded a yell, Jim Brennan gasped, "We're outa wind."

A slightly inebriated gentleman pathetically insisted on walking next to Kilway, until Warren showed him that if he did so our line would number thirteen. He faded away quickly.

We happened to be walking behind the seniors. If anyone thinks that they can be dolled to keep step, we would inform him right now that it can't be done.

Sometimes a deep murmur of satisfaction went up from the assembled multitudes, something like this: "Ah! the West-Siders!"

* * * * *

Purlock Hones

It was a dark, chilly evening. The date, April 30th, 1917. Purlock Hones was busied in examining the grisly relics of the case which he had so lately successfully terminated, namely, "The Seventeen Buckets of Blood, or the Laundresses' Revenge," Swakon was planting some young tall trees in flower pots, when suddenly the door was flung open and Charles McCoun dashed in, bespattered with Lorain Avenue, and handed him a missive, the purport of which was that Sammy Keefe, the brilliant young physicist, had disappeared as utterly as if he were gone to Painesville. Could the great detective find him?

"Swatson," said Hones, "come with me, and don't forget to bring

your service revolver. It comes in handy for driving nails." They melted into the night, bound for Ninety-ninth Street.

Three days were passed by the Sophomores in great suspense and anxiety. On the third day, Hones returned with the missing Sammy, who looked exceedingly crestfallen. It appears that he had hired out to a farmer to "do his bit," but, unfortunately, at that time the farmer's setting hen had died, and Sammy had to take the hen's place on a nest full of eggs. In three days the chickens were hatched, and Sammy, who did not relish such work, was apprehended by Hones and brought back. Even now he sometimes mutters "Cluck! cluck!" and scratches with one foot on the ground.

Irish Fairy Tale

Some years ago, in the village of Bally Slough Guttery, in the Galtee Mountains, there lived an honest peasant named Padraig O'Callahan and his wife Biddy. She was a handsome woman, and for this reason the king of the fairies carried her off one day and substituted in her place a semblance of her former self, which died in a few days. Padraig, thinking that his true wife had died, mourned her for a year, and then married again, a——— who gave him no peace. On this account he wandered much abroad, and was very kind to the unfortunate. One day he gave the last piece of silver to an old man who was really a fairy in disguise. The fairy, seeing his charitableness, said to him: "Padraig, I will return you a kindness in return for yours. Your wife is not dead, but is in the possession of the king of the fairies. Be it known to you that on next November the twenty-ninth they will be all out riding and will pass through your house, entering the front door and leaving the back. Your wife will be the last of the cavalcade, and you can get her back by throwing some milk on her. Be sure that the milk is pure."

In great joy Padraig went home and told his wife to have some pure milk ready for him next night, for it was November the twenty-ninth. The following night Padraig sat waiting between the back and the front door with the can of milk his wife had got for him. She herself sat by the fire watching him from under her lashes. As the clock struck twelve there was a rushing as of a mighty wind, and the front door and the back swung open simultaneously. A phantom line of men and women swept through on broomsticks, and Padraig saw his wife on the end. As she passed she looked at him hopefully, and he threw the milk on her, but she instantly uttered a terrible cry and disappeared.

The woman who had been sitting by the fire laughed harshly, and said: "You talked in your sleep last night, and I learned all. I knew that if I used the milk from our cow, your former wife would return,

and I would be dispossessed. So I got the milk guaranteed pure from our milkman."

Padraig groaned dismally. He thought all was lost. Suddenly the door opened and his first wife rushed in and embraced him. He was amazed. He asked how this wonder had occurred. She answered, "Well, you see, the heat of our riding evaporated all the water, and it happened that a tiny particle of milk remained, which the milkman had allowed to step in by mistake. This was quite sufficient to work the charm, and here I am."

Padraig turned his attention to his second wife, but she suddenly shriveled up and flew up the chimney, for, between me and you, she was a witch who had been sent to pester him by the fairy king. But it was all over now, and he and his wife lived happily ever after.

* * * * *

If you were an usher in the show, you know how it feels to walk down the aisle with three perfectly good checks in your hand, madly trying to remember where the seats are, and hoping you won't have to look for them too long.

* * * * *

Oh, yes! The Prodigal Son, on his return, wore a straw hat, and resembled Charlie Chaplin to a marked extent.

That Irish contingent must have had St. Vitus dance in their knees, hands and neck.

The Glee Club was fine until it came to the gargling; or do they call it "gogling?"

There's no telling why all the boys who wore dress suits allowed themselves to be seen so freely among the audience in the later stages of the operetta. Probably they wanted to get the full advantage of the show. You know, they only had been to one performance and 'steen rehearsals before Sunday night. We feel sure that Ambrose Gilbride broke a few hearts in his conspicuous position on that right balcony.

A few venerable old ladies of Irish descent grew positively enthusiastic during that Irish jig.

May in No Man's Land

No violet shyly hides her head,
No rose with passion glows,
The robin and his lay are fled—
Now, only woes!

But Mother Mary's in that land,
With tender, soothing arts;
She bears no blossoms in her hand—
Ah, no! but hearts!

Edward A. McDonnell, '19.



Song

In the woods I found it,
Nestling in the shade,
When with care I plucked it,
Saw it wilt and fade.

So, with all our pleasures,
Which from us so fast
Flee, despite endeavors
To keep them till the last.

Edward Carney, '19.

Exchanges

The Laurel The Laurel has long been one of our most highly valued exchanges, and the Easter issue offers no reason for us to alter our regard for it. The articles are numerous and timely, and some of them—notably, "The Classical Drama: Its Origin and Development," and "Radio in 1917 and 2000"—are treated at greater length than is usual in a college publication. "The Submarine" is also worthy of special notice, although we are inclined to question one of the author's statements, namely, that the submarine has enabled Germany to obtain "an unlimited supply of arms, ammunition and food." This assertion, particularly regarding food, hardly coincides with the rumors of strikes and riots in Germany, growing out of an insufficient supply of the necessities of life. However, the article in general is exceptionally well done, and, but for this point, there is no cause for complaint. The poetry is good, and the one short story is up to the usual standard. In our opinion, one more good story would make the magazine one of ideal balance.

* * * * *

The Tamarack The Tamarack, from the University of Detroit, is an extremely ambitious piece of work. Its chief feature is a splendid article on "Our Commercial Opportunity in South America," illustrated by many beautiful cuts of prominent scenes and public buildings in various South American cities. From an artistic point of view, this article is by far the best that has come to our notice for a long time. The rest of the magazine, however, scarcely resembles a college publication. Biological essays, a statistical discussion of the motion picture industry, an article on the steam turbine, all bespeak the technical magazine. It is all well written, but the matter is a trifle too heavy for a college paper. The lighter forms of literature, the short story and poetry, are not even attempted save for a few short poems, and the usual departments are either treated very summarily or altogether ignored. There is none of the intimate life of the college which, to us, at least, seems so essential in a college magazine. Other periodicals can supply us with technical and professional information, and do so in a more thorough and authoritative manner, but none but the college paper can give expression to the living, pulsating spirit of the campus. This we believe to be its mission—to write of the college and for the college, to interest and appeal to the students primarily, and to give outsiders secondary consideration, and, above all, to appeal to all the students of the college. Subjects such as enumerated above would in all proba-

bility interest students who were studying along those particular lines, but would hold no attraction for the majority. For this reason we do not favor topics that are more suited for the classroom or scientific academy.

* * * * *

The This magazine presents its usual well-balanced and
Canisius attractive appearance in its current issue. Clear, compre-
Monthly hensive exposition of the causes that have operated to
 produce the decline in importance of our merchant marine,
 once the most flourishing in the world, and an urgent appeal for the
 removal of these causes, is the first article that meets the eye of the
 questing reader. The subject is well chosen, for few current ques-
 tions are more important than this. If the United States hopes to
 retain her position as a leading commercial nation, steps must be
 taken at once to effect a vast increase in the number of merchant
 vessels registered under the American flag. There will come a time,
 we must remember, when inflated war prosperity will be a thing of
 the past, and the United States will once more be pressed by powerful
 competitors in the fascinating game of getting the world's business.
 Then it is that our merchant marine will come nobly to the front and
 uphold our foremost position, or the lack of one will relegate us to
 a place among smaller and insignificant powers. This article, how-
 ever, is by no means the only thing of moment in the magazine.
 There is another very interesting one describing the stay of the army
 on the Mexican border, and two clever short stories, which, however,
 have the fault that is so common to college short stories, namely,
 that of "falling down" on the climax. In the course of a year as
 exchange editor, it has been our privilege, or painful duty, as you
 please, to look over a great number of short stories from colleges all
 over the country. Most of them have had good plots, many often
 excellent ones, and the development is usually well done. But in the
 great majority, what might have been a fine story has been spoiled,
 or at least greatly impaired, by a weak and unconvincing climax. But
 for all that, we do not think that short stories should be done away
 with. There is nothing in the whole magazine that affords greater
 interest than a well constructed tale, and we have no patience with
 a policy that excludes them. Excellence in this, as in other arts, is
 largely a matter of practice, and we think that if our embryo novelists
 but have the bravery and perseverance and receive the proper encour-
 agement, a standard will soon be attained that will be on a par with
 that of the other literary forms affected by the college writer.

Raymond E. Craft.

* * * * *

The following exchanges are thankfully acknowledged: The Col-
 legian; The Morning Star; The Buff and Blue; The Pacific Star; St.

Vincent College Journal; St. John's University Record; The Belmont Review; The Canisius Monthly; The Schoolman; Notre Dame Scholastic; St. Peter's College Journal; The Laurel; The Dial; The Columbia; De Paul Minerval; The Tamarack; The Redwood; Niagara Index; The Exponent; Creighton Courier; Loyola University Magazine; The Labarum; The Springhillian; The Columbiad; The Champion; The Marquette University Journal; The Marquette Tribune; The Blue and Gold; The Pacific Star.



Spring Time

Flowers, garnered from the bowers
Of the hawthorne spray,
Make these days just breathing hours,
Breathings of the May.

Dew-drops glisten like a pearl
In the lily's pursed lips;
Sun-threads weave a garish curl
At fair Nature's finger-tips.

J. Harold Traverse, '19.



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