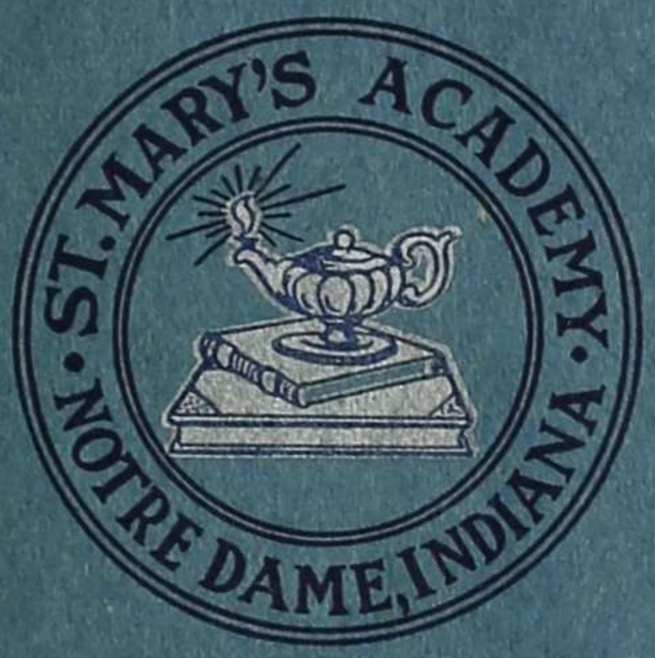
St. Mary's Academic Annual



1916

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TO OUR BELOVED DIRECTRESS,

MOTHER M. PAULINE,

THE FOURTH ACADEMIC CLASS OF 1916,

ST. MARY'S,

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA,

DEDICATES

ST. MARY'S ACADEMIC ANNUAL.

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Our Queen of Peace.

Academic Annual

Edited by the Students of St. Mary's Academy, Notre Dame, Indiana.

Vol. I. JUNE, 1916. No. 3

Immortality.

In pensive musings came the fantasy
That death ends all, and naught can from it flee.
How sad and unconsoling was the thought
That vain is quest of immortality.

My soul grown sick with hopes yet unfulfilled,
I sought in nature's charms true evidence,
And in that seeking found my fairest dream
Was realized—my soul's own recompense.

Long e'er the sun its rays has ceased to pour,
The golden twilight tints the western sky.
The fragrant perfume of the withered rose
Remains, the giver's love to signify.

A mystic strain still lingers silverly
When sleeps the harp strings' rapturous refrain;
Kind words and smiles make fair life's darkest day;
They live to comfort when all else seems vain.

When life's clear sky, o'ershadowed with despair,
Is filled with clouds of endless toil and pain,
Awakes within our souls the memory
Of moments spent with God, a priceless chain.

When death the golden cord of friendship breaks,
Dividing hearts that love and understand,
A deeper tenderness is woven 'round
That soul's communion, formed 'neath God's fair hand.

But stronger far than all these earthly ties
The soul's communion with Eternity,
Begun when God will wondrously fulfill
The hope of union born on Calvary.

Margaret Meredith,
Fourth Academic.

The Abnegation of the Precursor.

THE fairest flower in the garden of virtue, the most beautiful gem of a Christ-like character, and the elemental necessity in the nature of every precursor is self-abnegation. From his earliest years the greatest of precursors carried with him this virtue, and Gourdon, describing the first visit of St. John the Baptist to the Infant Saviour, illustrates it tenderly.

"My lady," says St. John, "I have come to play with Jesus."

"Hush! speak low. He is asleep."

"Just let me look at Him one moment for my pains in coming."

The Virgin is touched and John, cross- his hands and holding his breath, waits. Then, half smiling and half serious, Mary raises one corner of the covering and St. John, on tiptoes leaning over the sleeping child, laughs, trembles, res not. Then quietly he lays one chubby little finger on his lips, kisses it, and presses it upon the beautiful rosy foot. This meeting makes us think of a scene many years later, when St. John uttered his magnificent tribute to the divine superiority of his Master, a divinity he had recognized, ere his human eyes had seen the light.

This ideal leader of men was formed by God in the desert, where the invisible world finds accompaniment in visible nature, solemn enough for its sacred lessons.

Clothed in garments of penance, since no earthly influence was to touch his soul, dedicated to so high a mission, in abnegation he dwelt in the desert, listening to the inner voice of the Spirit and growing strong by its inspirations.

He saw the Kingdom of God approaching and announced its advent, but, far from flattering his country by this news which summed up all the ambitions of Israel, he enumerated in severe tones the means of obtaining it. No good can come without the submission of man to God. The great Forerunner had that passion for good which gives irresistible eloquence; he knew only the voice of God speaking to his conscience.

St. John did not appear in public places, not at the gates of the town nor in the big squares of the Holy City. The Apostle remained the anchorite under the sway of the Spirit in the desert and then he was led to the banks of the Jordan by that Spirit, of which he loved to declare himself only the voice. Life was precious in his eyes only that he might bring others to Christ, and, as he neared the banks of the Jordan, his ardent love for his Redeemer radiated like an aurora about him, and warmed those who drew near. He addressed his burning words to those who passed by and the people of a sin-stained land listened to him in awe and admiration; and when the crowds asked where the Messiah was, he answered,

"There standeth One among you whom you know not. He it is who, coming after me, is preferred before me, the latchet of whose shoes I am not worthy to loose."

His preaching drew crowds to be baptized, and he grew more gentle and humble, till that memorable day when he saluted Jesus, saying, "I have need to be

baptized by Thee, and comest Thou to me," and Jesus answering, said,

"Suffer it to be so now."

His constant and eager declarations for Christ unveiled the soul of the Forerunner and two pictures illustrating this fact are sketched with a delicate touch and wonderful freshness of coloring by the loved friend of the Baptist, who later became the beloved disciple of Christ. One day, as he saw Jesus coming from out the shifting crowd, the prophet, who thought only of his Master, pointed Him out to those standing by and uttered that prophetical salutation, "Behold the Lamb of God. Behold Him who taketh away the sins of the world."

Such was the first name given to Jesus on His entry into public life. No other expresses so well His sacrificial mission.

On another day, Jesus was walking by the river at sunset, after the multitude had dispersed, and John was there with two disciples. Looking at the Saviour as he walked, the same impression that had seized him the eve before, came upon him, and he said,

"Behold the Lamb of God."

The words of John were heard by the two disciples and the tone of their Master moved them. The sight of Jesus drew them, and, in obedience to the great Precursor, they followed the Divine Master. John was not seeking popularity. He had opened the way, and in abnegation his master mind drew many hearts to the Messiah.

A striking fact brought to light is the wonder and annoyance of the followers of the Baptist at the increasing success of Jesus.

"Master," they said, "He whom thou didst baptize beyond the Jordan, all men seek," for it seemed to them the glory of their Master was declining.

Self-denial is a rare virtue and one of the most difficult to acquire. The soul of John possessed it, and he ascended into heroic forgetfulness of himself before Christ. Personal renunciation has never been couched in more sincere and dignified language.

"Why all this trouble," said the Baptist. "If I am a voice crying in the wilderness, God hath given me that voice. He that hath bride is the bridegroom, but the friend of the bridegroom, who standeth and heareth him, rejoiceth with joy because of the bridegroom's voice. This my joy, therefore, is fulfilled."

Knowing his destiny was accomplished, he added,

"He must increase, but I must decrease."

What a striking assurance that he bade his disciples taste the sweetness of the Eternal Son, who was to give them eternal life!

The illustrious Precursor of the Divine One was thrown into prison and from its depth he made a last effort to convince his obstinate disciples, and in self-abasement to influence them to follow the Messiah, whom his great heart loved and adored.

He is great indeed, who is great before God, and St. John won a testimony of his worth from Our Lord Himself.

"There hath not risen among them that are born of women a greater than St. John the Baptist."

CLAUDIA REDMOND,
Fourth Academic.

Some Places of Historic Interest in Indiana.

"The music of sunbeams fills valley and plain,
The wind sings a song through thy ripening grain,
And lyrics are caught in thy soft-falling rain.
Indiana.

Strong men and brave women with brawn and with brain,
(Though the rhythm of heart-beats held minors of pain)
Ten decades have labored thy glory to gain,
Indiana."

IN honoring the hundred years' Statehood of Indiana, it is but fitting that we rehearse the part she has played in the progress of the United States, and that we revisit, as it were, the places of historic interest within her borders.

Of the first three French settlements in Indiana, Oniatanou, Fort Miami and Vincennes, Vincennes, founded on the Wabash in 1731, and immortalized by Maurice Thompson in his charming story, "Alice of Old Vincennes," was the largest and most permanent. It was first used as a military and trading post and went by various names which finally evolved into "Vincennes," in honor of its accredited founder, Sieur de Vincennes. When in 1769, the first census of Indiana was taken, there were sixty-six families in Vincennes, twelve in Oniatanou and nine in Fort Miami.

But Vincennes was not to remain in the possession of the French. The Americans, who knew its importance, wanted to obtain possession of it and consequently a body of soldiers under General George Rogers Clark set out to take it. The town was well fortified and without doubt would have resisted the attack successfully but for the information which Clark obtained from the French priest, Father Gibault. Clark learned that the British commander there, Governor Abbot, had gone with his force to Detroit on business, and the priest suggested that Vincennes might be secured without an expedition against it, his proposition being to go thither as an embassy. This plan pleased Clark and he adopted it.

After their arrival, two days spent in explaining matters sufficed to satisfy the inhabitants and they repaired to the church where they took the oath of allegiance and assumed the status of American citizens. Although the French made repeated efforts to retake Vincennes, it remained in the hands of the Americans. It is now the county seat of Knox county and has a population of over fifteen thousand.

The one battlefield which Indiana owns and preserves as a memorial of those who fought and fell there is that of Tippecanoe, which is located near

Lafayette. The battle which took place early in the morning of Nov. 7, 1811, ultimately decided the future of Indiana, for it checked the Indians who were hostile and who wished to drive the pale-faces out. Governor Harrison with his small army was encamped when the Indians stole upon them and would have massacred them but for their alertness. The Indians, who thought they would be victorious, were defeated, while the Americans lost comparatively few men. General Harrison's military reputation was based chiefly on this single battle, but it was great enough to give him the presidency in 1840. The battleground was formerly owned by General George Tipton, who in 1835, presented it to the state.

The Pigeon Roost massacre was the most fearful Indian tragedy that ever occurred on the soil of Indiana. This settlement consisted of several families located in what is now Scott county. On September 3, 1812, it was attacked by a party of Indian marauders, who committed the most horrible atrocities. Nearly all of the inhabitants were massacred and the huts were destroyed. The spot where the victims were buried was for a time marked by an immense sassafras tree, but on October 1, 1904, a large Bedford stone monument, at an approximate cost of $2,000, was erected there.

And we ourselves are living on historic grounds; for here, on the banks of our own beautiful river, more than two hundred years ago, the sainted Father Marquette crossed Portage Prairie from the Kankakee and embarked on the St. Joe,—the last voyage before his death. Here too, it is said, La-Salle wandered about the woods, seeking to return to his companions. Is it any wonder then that Father Edward Sorin, following in the footsteps of the pioneer priests who first ministered to the Indiana of this region, on November 16, 1842, accompanied by a small band of religious followers, set out for the St. Joseph river. After struggling over ice and snow, and enduring many hardships, on the morning of the 26th they stood on the shore of St. Mary's lake and looked with joy upon the scene of their new labors. The next year, 1843, a small settlement was made one mile west of Notre Dame. It was in this year that four Sisters of the Holy Cross came from France in response to Father Sorin's invitation and started their school of education which bore fruit for their patient toil and endurance and stands today, a living, growing monument, of which the Catholic world may well be proud.

Right gladly then, do we offer our tribute of love and loyalty for the hundred years' Statehood gone by, and to brightest hopes that the future holds in store—

"We pay thee our homage in music's glad strain,
And nature re-echoes the joyous refrain,
While the Jubilant song shall no discord contain
Indiana.

May the Master-Musician with melody deign
In the symphony of life thy soul to sustain,
And fill with true harmony thy cherished domain.
Indiana."

ALICE ORT,
Fourth Academic.

Mother Nature as a Teacher.

"Go forth under the open sky and list
To Nature's teachings, while from all around,
Earth and her waters and the depths of all
Comes a still voice."

THE birth of Nature preceded that of man and she becomes each century more intelligible to him. It is to Nature therefore that we turn as to the oldest and most influential teacher of our race, our constant friend, instructor and inspirer.

"To him, who in the love of Nature holds
Communion with her visible forms,
She speaks a various language."

Nature tells us, perhaps more than of anything else, of the Divine Providence. She tells us that God in His Infinite Mercy foresees and protects all things.

"Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow;
They labor not, neither do they spin,"

and yet we know that they live. Waving in the gentle breezes and kissed by the tender rays of the sun, they grow tall and beautiful.

How happy they are, too! Indeed, all Nature is glad and atune with the joys of living. The trees are glad, the birds are glad, the brook, the streams and the stars are glad, and the flowers with their rosy-tinted lips breath forth the art of being happy. We see from these tiny creatures that God wishes us to be happy and joyous also. But a time soon comes, and we notice it every day in Nature, when the blossoms wither and die. And why do they wither and die? To come again next year in all their glory. Even though they know in the springtime when they burst forth that they will die, still they are patient and peaceful. So we live and are happy. But "into each life some rain must fall" and when it comes are we, like the flowers, always patient and willing? We pay the debt of Nature. We die, as do the flowers, to live again, in the eternal happiness of the celestial garden.

We know that everything in Nature is created for a purpose and through that purpose is brought to a definite end. She wastes nothing; she is economical. Even the smallest animal does his work; even the pollen of the flowers is carried by the insects to other flowers to produce and make them grow; even the sun which we all enjoy so much has its work to do and we could not live without it. And so we see that from the lives of the flowers and the birds, in fact from all Nature, we learn the lesson of economy.

Nature is regular and orderly. The sun rises and sets and with it dawn breaks forth and twilight falls. Day follows day in fleeting sequence. What would happen if Nature should stray from this course? Destruction and ruin of the universe. But this she cannot do.

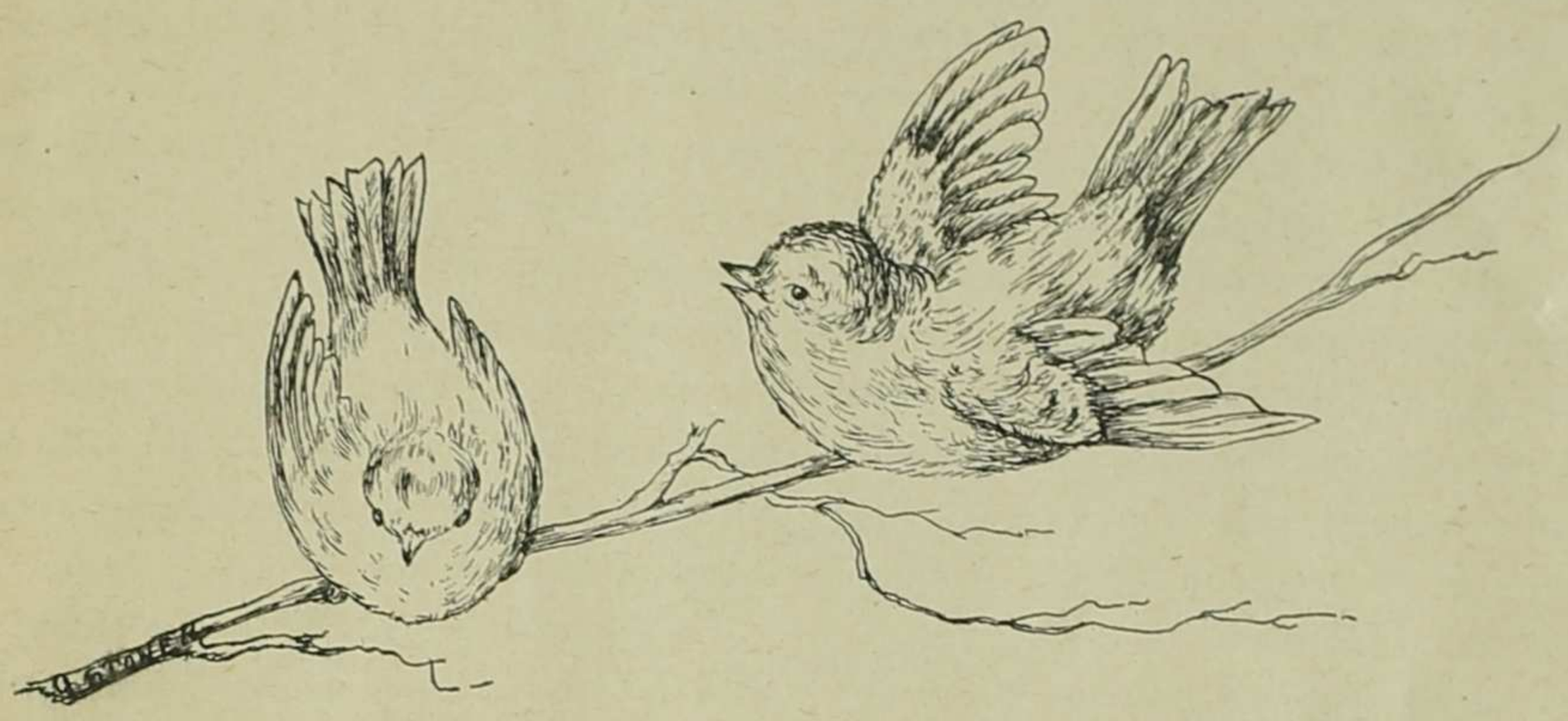
She abides by the law of order and teaches it to man.

But perhaps the greatest and most profitable example we receive from Nature is her inexorable obedience, which, in turn, makes her patient, peaceful and happy.

"Has Nature in her calm majestic march
Faltered with age at last?"

No, the garden of the world is today as yesterday. Great Mother Nature abides by the laws of the universe and through all ages of the earth's endurance has never failed to teach perfect obedience, patience and peace.

HELEN DOUAIRE,
Fourth Academic.



"To Spring."

Ah! lovely spring bedecked with flowers
From winter's rest now waked again—
Roused from thy slumbers on the hill
By rippling brooks' soft murmured strain.

Come! hasten, raise the blue-bell's head
Long sleeping 'neath the winter's snow
And bid the birds their lay impart
In leafy bowers all swinging low.

Oh, spread thy cloak of velvet green
Where dance the woodland's merry sprites!
While to the sway of elm and oak
Soars thy sweet song to lofty heights.

Go tripping lightly o'er the dell,
Yes, deign to show thy wondrous grace
To all the world whose heart is filled
With joy to greet thy gladsome face.

ROSANNA FINDLAY,
Second Academic.

Isabella, the Catholic.

NO woman in history has so deeply influenced her own nation and so affected for good its Catholic generations as Queen Isabella, ruler of Spain.

It is said that she sometimes in person led her troops on to glory and victory. Her power for inspiring and leading men to do great things was very strong, for she was calm, self-possessed and highly educated. Once resolved, she was constant in her purposes, as she proved when she listened to the plan, then considered mad, of Columbus and offered to pawn even her jewels to procure a sailing outfit. If it were not for her woman's intuition, Columbus' discovery would have been postponed perhaps for years. But for all her man-like strength of purpose, Queen Isabella was charmingly feminine and under her calm exterior she had a warm and tender heart. She was indeed a fond mother and noted for the care of her household, while many proud churches could boast of some of her handiwork for their altars.

It is said that the Spanish court almost equaled that of Charlemagne in regard to its learning. The queen did all in her power to promote higher education and in the court some great orators were initiated into their careers. The children of the king and queen were taught by men of great learning and the girls were instructed especially in needlework. Queen Isabella had five children but, instead of bringing to her joy that should have been hers, they all heralded unhappiness. The boy, who resembled his mother in strength and personality, died in the flower of his youth. If he had lived he would no doubt have won a great name in Spanish history. On account of much sorrow one of her daughters went insane, while the others were afflicted with many griefs and depended upon their queen mother for consolation.

Often Isabella is blamed for the cruelty and barbarous proceedings of the Spanish Inquisition. It was not her fault but that of the age in which she lived, and, with all its attendant evils, this institution undoubtedly saved Spain from many other troubles.

To the definite union of the Spanish nation in the two monarchs, Ferdinand and Isabella, Pope Alexander VI. gave the title of Catholic, which the kings of Spain still bear.

At the end of the fifteenth century, Queen Isabella had made Spain the most orderly country in Europe and with her death the entire nation grieved. Of her it has been said, "never will the world again behold such a queen, with such greatness of soul, with such an ardent piety and such zeal for justice."

May Spain never lose the independence that so characterizes her people, "the pride of simple manhood, that looks out of the eyes of her honorable peasantry and makes their innate country." May she always be called "Spain the Heroic."

CLARISSA VINCENT,
Fourth Academic.

Shall I Disappoint Thee, Lord?

A flake of dust in God's fair hand, a sigh
Breathed through that dust, a soul,—
And He beheld His greatest work, a man
With Heaven itself for goal.

Sin wrecked the beauty of this work of love,
But He with pow'r untold
Assuming, let its earthly robe renewed
Divinity enfold.

Dear Lord, in patient watching, guarding me
Through waiting, endless years,
How often hast Thou seen me sin and strive
To lose in earth my fears!

Have I not oft received the priceless gifts
Bestowed with love by Thee,
Without a thought of that love's tenderness
That seeks return from me?

O God, why shouldst Thou not expect to greet,
When it has heard Thy call,
My soul, adorned anew with graces rare
Nor bowed 'neath sin's base thrall!

How could I meet those wondrous, tender eyes
Hurt deeper than I know
With pain untold, my gift of grief to Thee—
O Thou, who lovest so!

KATHERINE MADDEN,
Fourth Academic.

Some Factors of the Immigration Problem.

EVER since the discovery of America by Christopher Columbus, immigration has played an important part in the history of our nation. The number of immigrants has increased year by year until now there is a vast number of foreigners in our country. These people cannot but affect the country in many ways and often it is difficult to deal wisely with the new-comers. The immigration problem of to-day is one of the most important and difficult problems that the United States has to solve.

There has been, since 1883, a marked change in the type of immigrant from Europe, therefore, for the sake of convenience, let us classify immigration before 1883, "Old Immigration" and immigration from 1883 until now, "New Immigration." Ninety-five percent of the former were from the British Isles, the Scandinavian Peninsula, Belgium, Denmark and Switzerland. But eighty-five percent of the latter are from southern Europe. We find, then, that only a small percentage come from northern and western Europe at the present time.

Of the "Old Immigration" 2.7 percent of the people coming here over fourteen years of age could neither read nor write while of the "New" that percentage has increased to 35.8. The reading and writing or Literacy Test for restricting illiterates was passed some time ago by both houses but was vetoed by President Taft. Recently it was proposed again and vetoed by President Wilson. To the one who asks why we would shut upon the "New Immigrant" the "Gate of Hope" that was wide open to our forefathers we may answer that our forefathers came to America with the intention of remaining, while the modern immigrant comes to improve his financial condition, with the intention of leaving in a short time.

Most of the immigrants are peasants, accustomed to farming. But when they come to America they find that there is a great demand for labor in factories and lumber yards at wages which, while they seem small to us, appear large to the ignorant peasants. So they turn from farming which they can do well, to become unskilled, inefficient laborers in the cities. They are willing to work for very small wages, thus preventing the ambitious American from advancing.

Owing to some baneful immigration organizations, their assimilation into industrial, political and social life is blocked. Of these the most injurious to the immigrant are immigrant banks. They are private concerns, often run by a grocer or land agent who knows nothing at all about banking and has no idea of the responsibility involved in running a bank. They encourage the immigrant to send his savings home and discourage his making investments in the United States.

The Orientals are doing a large amount of farming on the Pacific coast. Particularly is this true of the Japanese. They lease or own land and throw Americans out of employment, for they engage men of their own race from whom they may make a better selection. For this reason and also on account of race prejudice the "Jap" has been forbidden to hold land in some of our western states. The Chinese, also, are engaged in farming but

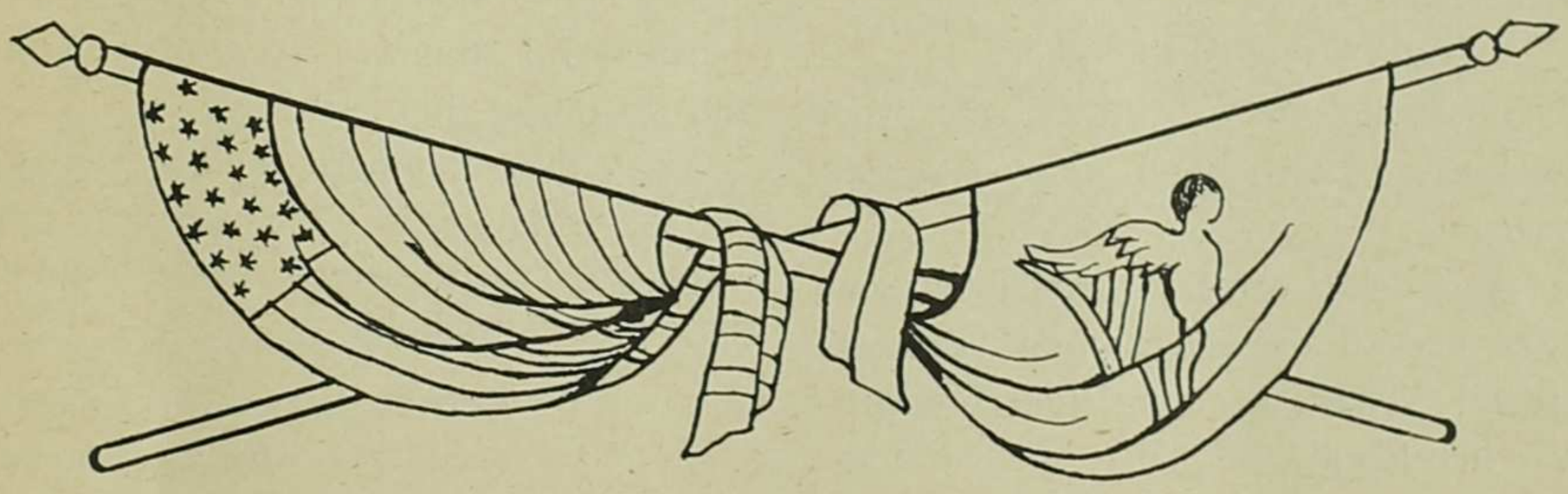
they are usually employed in laundries, salmon canneries or railroads and as domestic servants in hotels and private homes. Oriental immigration has been discouraged as much as possible and the population of the Japanese in this country is about 72,163 and that of the Chinese 71,631 at present.

Many societies have been organized for the purpose of aiding the immigrant. The most important are: "The Immigrant Home and Aid Societies," "The North American Civic League," state bureaus, "The Baron de Hirsch Fund," settlement work and night schools. The aid societies send representatives to Ellis Isle who help in every way possible the immigrant who is alone. If he has no place to go he is taken to the immigrant home where he may stay until he finds employment. The purpose of the North American Civic League is to Americanize the immigrant. The English language is taught and an effort is made to teach the foreigner how to become an American citizen. State bureaus are employment agencies who give their services free of charge. They encourage the immigrant to take up agriculture. The Baron de Hirsch fund endeavors to aid the Hebrew in every way possible. The settlement workers attend to the social end by giving dances and parties for the immigrant. In our public schools there is a work similar to that of the North American civic league. The night school teachers teach the English language and tell the immigrant how to become an American citizen.

No great restrictions of immigration were made until 1907, when an important bill was passed and put into effect. The bill provided that a tax of $5.00 was to be made on all aliens, that no one under seventeen, unaccompanied, would be allowed to remain and that no one having any contagious disease was to be admitted. In 1913 the Dillingham Bill, similar to the Bill of 1907, was passed.

We may see by this that all truly undesirable people are restricted. Another plan has been suggested. It is that the number of immigrants of every nationality be limited according to the average of its immigrants arriving during a given period of years. The Orientals are the only people whose number is limited now and if this law were passed we would seem impartial towards all nations. The literary test is also a good restriction, despite some very strong arguments which can be used against it. But, whatever the result, we may see for ourselves that the United States is endeavoring to prevent non-dissoluble elements from falling into the "Great Melting Pot."

JEANNE SHEPARD,
Fourth Academic.



For Gray Days and Gold.

You must gather the gold while the sun sends it down,
And each beam in a wreath you must twine.
Do not lose a wee strand, for this beauteous crown,
Thus treasured, for aye it will shine.

Then face the gray days with a heart that is bold,
Count them not as a measure of pain,
But wear this bright garland you've made out of gold
And adorn'd as a queen you shall reign.

K. Fleming.
Fourth Academic.

Pictures in the Fire.

"GRANDMOTHER," exclaimed five-year-old Jean, "please tell us a story, you haven't told us one in ages."

It was a cold December day, the snow was falling fast and the wind howled about the house.

One log in the fire-place was burning brightly, and before it were two arm-chairs covered with pillows and among them huddled two tots of four and five years of age.

"Let's play moving pictures in the fire, the time when grandma was a little girl," suggested one.

"Awright," replied the other.

The flame grew brighter, the wood crackled and all looked merry and comfortable.

"Here she comes," exclaimed one. "See her all dressed in pink, isn't she pretty? That's dramma! Oh, I wisht I was like her!"

A pretty, young colonial face beamed among the flames. The quaint attire and fancy laces won the admiration of the little ones. How merrily the flames danced and how warm and cosy everything was!

Next, the children, with their wild imaginations, pretended they saw the large, colonial mansion where a few friends were gathered. Tea was being served, and the old darky servant waited upon her master while the guests had jolly conversation.

The moving pictures ended when mother came in and said,

"Time for supper. No more huddling and dreaming this evening."

Away they scampered and at the supper table that night were two very talkative children, making a smile beam on the whole household.

Ethel Burkhartsmeier,
First Academic.

Our Risen Saviour in His Apparitions.

"HE is Risen." This sentence is an act of Faith in itself, the corner-stone of our Religion. Our Lord arose on Easter morn, as He said, and appeared first to His Blessed Mother. So sublime, so sacred, and so touching a meeting was it, that this is perhaps the reason why an account of it was omitted from the Gospels.

"And on the first day of the week, Mary Magdalen cometh early, when it was yet dark, unto the sepulchre." Imagine the disappointment of this eager lover when she came, only to find the sepulchre empty, and the linens thrown aside. "She ran therefore and cometh to Simon Peter and to the other disciple whom Jesus loved and saith to them: 'They have taken away the Lord out of the sepulchre, and we know not where they have laid Him.'" In great distress the three hurried to the sacred place and found all that Mary related. The disciples soon departed, but Mary stood by the sepulchre to wait and watch for her Beloved Whom she longed to see. "She stooped down and looked into the sepulchre, and she saw two angels," who asked her whom she sought. Mary replied that it was her Lord. "When she had thus said, she turned herself back and saw Jesus standing; and she knew not that it was Jesus."

In all Our Lord's manifestations after His death, He appeared with a changed, ethereal, impassible Body, and hence He had to make Himself known, either by breaking bread, by the sound of His voice or by some other well-known characteristic. Jesus merely said, "Mary." It was only a name, but a name on the lips of a friend is a memory, a history, a life. Then truly did she realize what her Master was to her. With loving recognition of His presence, she replied, "Rabboni." Mary, in her inexpressible joy, went to touch Our Lord, but Jesus said to her, "Do not touch me, for I am not yet ascended to my Father," and He placed His finger on her left temple, where the flesh remained incorrupt even after her body decayed in death.

Two of the disciples went that same day to Emmaus, and were overtaken by a Stranger. They related to Him the things which had happened, and spoke of the marvelous events. They knew not that the Stranger was Jesus, till He revealed Himself by breaking bread. "Their eyes were opened and they knew Him, and He vanished out of their sight."

"Rising up the same hour, they went back to Jerusalem, and they found the eleven gathered together." While they were telling of the wonderful meeting with their Beloved Master, behold, "Jesus stood in their midst and said: 'Peace to you: it is I, fear not.'" Entering through fastened doors, He manifested here His endless power. Is it not then possible for Him to dwell in a little white Host? We are often apt to envy those who talked and walked with Him while on earth, but how much greater is our privilege of visiting Him so often and even receiving Him in Daily Communion!

Thomas was absent during this last apparition. Being told by the disciples

that they had seen Jesus, he declared, "Except I shall see in His hands the print of the nails, and put my hand into his side, I will not believe." Eight days later when all the disciples were gathered together, the door being closed, Jesus again stood in their midst and coming to Thomas, commanded him to see His hands and put his hand into His side. Thomas then made that solemn act of love and adoration which we at the Elevation repeat, "My Lord and My God."

"After this, Jesus shewed Himself again to the disciples at the Sea of Tiberias." They were fishing all night but had caught nothing. "Jesus stood on the shore, yet the disciples knew not that it was Jesus." Our Lord told them to cast their net on the right side of the ship and, doing so, they drew up a multitude of fish. The beloved disciple told Peter that it was Jesus, and Peter, being eager to reach his Master, cast himself into the waves to approach the more quickly. Then followed that triple profession of love which Our Saviour exacted of Peter in reparation for his triple denial, and the commission as Head of the Church, which He came upon earth to found, was then bestowed upon the Prince of the Apostles.

With the untold tenderness of a Father, Jesus led His disciples as far as Bethania. Here occurred Our Saviour's final apparition. After words of encouragement and advice, with renewed promises of His perpetual assistance and love, and a final blessing, He lifted up His hands and ascended to His Heavenly Father.

MILDRED MEREDITH,
Fourth Academic.

"One Of Us."

TO begin with, you'd really never know she was around, unless you heard her, this little girl with laughing brown eyes and cheery smile which lights up her face with a glow of loveliness. Her hair falls over a low brow in all its wealth of golden brown waves and generally hangs in a braid to her waistline. Towering height accidentally overlooked her in his wanderings over the universe, but still she has the comfort of knowing that very valuable things come done up in small packages!

Quite chubby, but gifted with a plentiful amount of girlish grace, she goes about her daily duties good naturedly, always with a sympathizing word to the down hearted and a warm, sunshiny smile for the happy. One unusual gift that she possesses and one which, unfortunately, has not fallen to the lot of most young girls, is an immense amount of good common sense. Simplicity, too, shines forth in her every action and proves to be one of her chief characteristics. Her talent for the piano displays itself most beautifully when she chooses to entertain us. Her class-mates all love this bright little beam of sunlight in their midst and all agree that she is, in every way, a credit to St. Mary's.

ROSANNA FINDLAY,
Second Academic.

When Strife and Peace Have Kissed.

When nations bleed that kings may bask in power
And rages wide grim ruin's hand,
Its terror grapples with their quiv'ring souls,
While war fiends riot o'er the land.
The cannon's roar bursts forth from out the night,
Its blazing heart makes flesh its tomb.
Your wish, ambitious crown, has been fulfilled,
Grown satiate in the hushed gloom.

O Everlasting Judge of right and wrong,
The remnant of a ruined world
Which summons all her rulers to repent,
Lies wretchedly where she was hurled!
Let come the day when gentle peace will meet
And pacify the broken nations' strife,
Though such repentance brings not back the past
Nor all its murdered sons of life.

The death day of your glory, tyrant kings,
Shall see grim horror on the earth.
Its peace will heal not loyal mother hearts
Whose gifts were more than freedom's worth.
But everlasting peace shall find its way
To hearts of lonesome emptiness,
And nations' bleeding wounds shall all be touched
With healing of God's joyfulness.

MARJORIE SHEPARD,
Fourth Academic.

Anglo-Saxon Ideals in English Literature.

LITERATURE is a reflection of life, a reflection of the thought, feeling, conduct, aspiration and ideals of the people by whom it is produced. English literature reflects most vividly the life of the English people, and this literature, like the people themselves and like their language, was originally Anglo-Saxon. Like the people and their language, it has been modified—somewhat by the Danish Invasion, greatly by the Norman Conquest, and still more by the centuries of slow change—but it is still Saxon in substance.

In the primitive Anglo-Saxon we find the qualities which have made his race a dominant one for more than a thousand years. His simple ideals, developed through many centuries and modified by many influences, are still the fundamental ideals of the English people and the distinguishing feature of English literature. The limits of this brief treatment permit the mention of only a few of the more important ones.

One of the most pronounced characteristics of the early Saxon was his profound reverence for woman, his companion and inspiration. He fought valiantly and to victory that he might lay the spoils of his conquest at her feet. It was she that inspired the greater part of his poetry. He always consulted her in matters of importance, and her advice was sacred. She was truly the queen in his home: there was for her a special chair in which no other might sit. A man's reverence for woman is a good test of his manhood, and to this virtue of the Saxon husband is due, no doubt, much of the greatness of his race. The Saxon women in turn deserved the homage that was paid them. They were modest, gentle, loving and cherished a high regard for the men. This mutual esteem of the sexes, which has always been one of the charms of English life, is clearly reflected in English fiction.

A kindred trait of our sturdy forefather was his devotion to home. It is true that the Saxons were a warlike and seafaring people, but when the conquest had been achieved the hero found his reward in the quiet and happiness of his home, his real world. The Anglo-Saxons were by nature a rural people with the common-sense tastes and natural virtues of the country folk. They had no cities of any size, and practically no assemblies, save the banquets given on the occasion of a great victory, when all gathered to rejoice with the conqueror and to hear the lyrics of fame sung by the gleeman.

These simple, rough people were real lovers of learning and literature. And they loved literature not merely for the pleasure it afforded them, but chiefly for its ennobling influence upon their lives. This natural love of letters has been the proud heritage of all the generations of English people.

The characteristic of the Anglo-Saxons that has perhaps been of most consequence was their spirit of equality, the development of which has resulted in our modern democracy. This spirit is illustrated in the Saxon thane's custom of eating at the same board with his servants. Even the most menial of his slaves he always considered and treated

as a fellowman. He was a good and kind master, who regarded his position as a divine trust. He always extended a generous hand to the poor and needy, meriting for himself the title of "bread-giver." Democratic life and government is essentially an English development. We have the germ of it in this disposition of the old thane. Our own great country, with its government of, by, and for the people is merely the Anglo-Saxon ideal of democracy in full maturity.

To these most striking traits of the first Englishmen might be added many others, such as, their devotion to nature, their love of justice, their respect for authority, their strong sense of duty, and their religious disposition. Their ideals have survived the great Norman Conquest with its consequential changes in English life and all the other influences of so many centuries. They are the soul of the Old English literature, and quite as truly the soul of all our later literature —of the great dramas of Shakespeare, of the peerless prose of Cardinal Newman, of Scott's novels, of Carlyle's essays, of Wordsworth's and Tennyson's lyrics. Shakespeare at his best is always Saxon, in thought, in speech, in sentiment, and in spirit. His great heroines, Ophelia, Cordelia, Portia, Desdemona, Imogen, and his heroes, Hamlet, Kent, even his Brutus and Cæsar of the Roman play, are all Anglo-Saxons to the manor born. English literature, like English life, character and language, is a composite of various elements, chiefly the Saxon and the Latin-French, but the basic, vital element in all of them is the original Anglo-Saxon. Whatever may be the truth as to the much-debated superiority of the Anglo-Saxon race, it must be obvious to any impartial person that our literature could never have been what it is, the richest and greatest literature of the world, if the Anglo-Saxon matter and manner were not its distinguishing characteristic.

MARY ESTHER CARRICO,
Fourth Academic.

A Dew Drop.

From sky to earth it fell.
A dew drop chanced to roam,
Pure crystal bright,
It flew and danced away from home
To seek new friends and gaily tell
To all its flight.

A garden beauty fraught, near by,
Encircled a fair rose
With open heart.
The dew drop chanced to see and sought
The lovely heart, there to repose
A silent part.

C. VINCENT.
Fourth Academic.

Dawn.

Soft shafts of light broke through the night's stronghold,
Gold sparks burst forth from tangled web's soft fold,
Great sheets of light unwound the mighty ball,
While dawn descended, answ'ring earth's great call.

M. S.

Labor Conditions in England After the Industrial Revolution.

THE Industrial Revolution was a period in which the labor system changed rapidly and swiftly from hand work to factory work. It was caused by the discoveries and inventions brought forth at this time.

On account of this great change the condition of England became most woeful. There was a mad rush for wealth and no thought was given to those who labored. The factory buildings were put up in the easiest and quickest way and were dingy, unsanitary and dangerous. The laboring people were treated far worse than the black slave of America. The black slave was valued by his master for the work he did, while the English laborer had not even this valuation. If he died of starvation or injury, there were thousands ready to step in and take his place, and work for starvation wages.

Children were especially used in the cotton factories and their condition was most deplorable. They were taken from the poorhouses or workhouses which in all cities were crowded. The best were selected and shipped to the factories by a regular broker. There they worked their lives out as slaves. There was such a supply of them that it was hardly worth while feeding or clothing them properly. They worked night and day in relays and it is said that their beds never cooled, one relay following the other in turn for its share of rest on the filthy pile of rags. Often these little children were beaten as many as ten times a day, sometimes even with irons, for negligence or failure to please the brutal overseer.

Men and women were worked to the utmost limits of physical endurance. Disease and malformation were everywhere found. A report in 1833 from Parliament reads thus:

The sources of unhealthfulness among workers are as follows: confinement; heated, close atmosphere; admission of foreign matter into the lungs; constant, upright positions; wet feet and person in wet spinnings; hurried eatings; accidents from machinery; want of cleanliness; gas lights in closed rooms in winter; personal labor the only means of support; attention obliged to be as unremitting as the motion of the steam engine.

Women and girls worked in coal mines in places where no horses could

go, dragging loads of coal in cars, attached by a chain and hook to a leather band around their waists.

In some factories one-third of the laborers were adults and of these adults one-third were men. The cheaper wages, the easier control and the smaller size of women and children, now that actual physical power was not required, made them more desirable to employers. The hours of labor were excessive; twelve and even fourteen hours a day were not unusual. When the demand of trade was excessive they were arranged in shifts, each shift working twelve hours, one in the day and another at night.

Mrs. Browning's "Cry of the Children," from which I quote a few lines, shows the sadness in the lives of those children who had no time to run and play in the meadows.

"But the young, young, children, O my brothers!
They are weeping bitterly.
They are weeping in the play-time of the others
In the country of the free.

* * * *

"For Oh! say the children, we are weary
And we cannot run and leap;
If we cared for any meadows, it were merely
To drop down in them and sleep."

During this time there was a theory in the country called "Laissez-faire" or "Let it be." In accordance with it the labor conditions were left alone until finally Parliament began to investigate and to make reforms. Then it required the factories to be whitewashed and to be sufficiently ventilated, that the apprentices should attend religious service and be instructed in the fundamental English branches. It regulated the hours of work for the men, women and children. It forbade the employment of a child under nine years of age, and the working of children at night. Many other laws were passed for the betterment of the labor system in England and, finally, the laborer was raised out of his deplorable state into a decent and liveable condition.

ADELE KEELINE,
Fourth Academic.

More Truth than Poetry.

We're taught English all through the course
We Irving's works rehearse;
But what was e'er so hard to do
As write a simple verse?

To read such books as Ivanhoe
We're told most every day;
The more we read, the more we'll know—
And things like this they say.

We like Scott in his "Marmion"
And other things we take;
But I can't quite get through my head,
"The Lady of the Lake."

I'm simply stating facts that are,
Without the least reserve;
With hope that they'll appeal to you,
And as a poem serve.

GENEVIEVE CUMMINS,
Second Academic.

True Kingship in Alfred the Great.

DOWN through all the ages, in their struggles and trials, in their defeats and victories, in peace and in war, we find men subject to leadership. Whether the leader was known to the savage as chief, to the barbarian as the strong one, or to civilized man as king or monarch, the title matters not, since we are concerned more with the reign of the leadership and its fruits. While recalling the illustrious kings of the early Middles Ages, the striking personality of Alfred the Great stands forth with immediate prominence.

Alfred, the illustrious leader of the English people, was born at Wantage in 849. His mother, unlike the average Anglo-Saxon, awakened in her young son a great zeal for learning. His greatness was due chiefly to this classical training and the religious sentiments implanted by his mother, which influenced his entire life. Being his father's favorite, he was sent when only five years old to Rome to be crowned by the Pontiff and this, too, set its seal upon him.

After the death of his elder brother, Ethelred, Alfred was crowned monarch. Immediately he was summoned to arms and the field of battle. Here, as a young soldier he proved himself to be very courageous and noble. Previous to his accession, the Danes had overrun those sections of England north of the Thames. In nine battles the Saxons were overcome. Now Alfred, having gathered an army, defeated the Danes, whereby Wessex was forced to acknowledge the supremacy of Alfred. Again in 886 he recovered London and later in 893, Northumbria. Our bold leader then held regal sway over all England.

However, he was more than a mere ruler and conqueror. He was a lawgiver and teacher as well. Through his ceaseless efforts and untiring toil a written code was compiled, which was prefaced by the Ten Commandments and ended with the Golden Rule. This collection was of no small intrinsic importance. It was one of the greatest monuments of this prudent and far-sighted sovereign, in as much as it laid the foundation for the laws of his successors.

Considered as a whole, Alfred's reign is the most noteworthy in the annals of the early English sovereigns. Indeed, in thinking of his life, the oft-quoted words come to our minds, "And thou shalt know them by their fruits."

We see the effect of his fruits not only on the people of that time, but indeed even on those of the present day. His laws have existed through centuries and now they comprise a great part of the noted English code of laws. So did Alfred benefit his nation and, if only all of England's rulers had been as learned and as just men as he, she would not have waded guiltily through so much innocent blood. Truly, to us of lesser genius, the narrative of Alfred's life is an encouragement and a source of inspiration.

ROSALIND VIVIAN SCHAFER,
Fourth Academic.

The Sacred Poetry of St. John the Evangelist.

PERFECT was the friendship which existed between Our Lord and His beloved disciple, and from its divine intercourse John drew forth his sublime thoughts and exalted ideals. Every word which the sacred poet wrote reflects his love for his Friend Whom he loved with a more human and a closer attachment than was the privilege of the other faithful followers, and he makes us see Jesus in the most human light that has been given. His aim is not only to praise Jesus Christ but also to present Him to us as a friend. His words, although simple, are powerful in their connotation. The power of picturing is a rare gift which the Disciple makes manifest in his vivid descriptions, in his allegories, metaphors, similies and personifications.

He speaks of Our Lord's voice as "The voice of many waters and of great thunder," the blue deeps of Heaven as "A sea of glass mingled with fire." He makes us see with him in his vision that "Heaven departed as a book folded up" and "The stars from Heaven fall upon the earth as the fig casteth its green figs when it is shaken by a great wind." God appears in a new light when we read that "He that sat upon the throne was like the jasper and the sardine stone." How exquisite the coloring—"A rainbow like unto an emerald" and "The Holy City of Jerusalem like to the jasper even as crystal."

St. John's works are divided into his Gospel, the Epistles and the Apocalypse which contains the letters to the Seven Churches. In his Gospel, the sole purpose which he has in view, he expresses, "But these are written that you may believe that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of God, and that believing you may have life in His Name." The end which he hopes to gain is to relate the history of the Incarnate Word. His underlying theme is the supreme act of renunciation of Jesus for our sake. The struggle between darkness and light is the keynote of this phase of his poetry.

Had there been no Apocalypse to follow this masterpiece of poetry, the first fourteen lines would have sufficed to immortalize St. John. He bursts forth with the prologue,

"In the beginning was the Word
And the Word was with God
And the Word was God."

which ends,

"And the Word was made flesh
And dwelt among us.
And we saw His glory
(The glory as it were of the only
begotten of the Father)
Full of grace and truth."

In this master stroke of fourteen lines or two hundred and twenty-seven words, we have related the doctrine of the Incarnation and the Divinity of Christ, the creation, the ministry of Jesus in this world, His coming, the eternal struggle between darkness and light and the fact that the Incarnate Word ever remains God, even as is the Supreme Being Who begot Him. He relates the coming of John the Baptist who "Was not the Light, but was to give testimony of the Light."

"And the light shineth in the darkness,
And the darkness did not comprehend it"

summarizes briefly the reception of Christ in the world. This sublime account closes with the characteristic simplicity of the "Dearly Beloved." "But there are also many other things which Jesus did, which if they were written every one, the world itself, I think, would not be able to contain the books that should be written."

While the Gospel deals with the earthly life of Our Lord, the Apocalypse treats of the perils and misfortunes with which the Church will have to contend, particularly in the time of the anti-Christ.

John was divinely inspired and was lifted up into Heaven where he witnessed the visions he portrays. He heard a "trumpet-like voice" and before him appeared a figure divine. A door in Heaven opened and John ascended. There was a throne upon which was seated the Light and Power of all things. Around the celestial seat were twenty-four ancients clothed in white and crowned with gold. Before this throne burned the Seven Lamps or Seven Spirits of God. Nearby was a crystal sea. Four living creatures, the Lion, Calf, Beast and Eagle, symbolic of human nature and all its unconquerable activity, its nobler flights and its intelligence, were bowed down before the throne, crying out in everlasting song,

"Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty,
Who was, Who is and Who is to come,"

and the ancients echoed,

"Thou art worthy, O Lord, Our God,
To receive glory, honor and power."

Of the visions depicted in these Divine Revelations the most important are the Woman clothed with the Sun which personifies the Church and her enemies, and the last, the scene of the New Jerusalem. The first mentioned tells of the trials and sufferings of the Church. In the second, St. John rises into divine cadences of song:

"And I saw a New Heaven and a New Earth," thus the last revelation begins. The New Jerusalem stretched forth and a mighty voice cried out eternal happiness for the faithful. And the light on the throne spoke to St. John,

"It is done.
I am the Alpha and Omega,
The Beginning and the End."

He told John of the water of life and then an Angel descended and took John up to see the Bride of the Lamb. John beheld the City of Jerusalem coming down from God with the glory of the Divine One and the light of the crystal and jasper. Around the City of Paradise was a great wall composed of twelve gates and on these were twelve angels. The names inscribed were of the twelve tribes of the children of Israel. The city had twelve foundations—the twelve Apostles. The wall was wrought in jasper but the Eternal City was pure gold. The foundations were adorned with precious stones and each gate was a pearl, but the street, like the city, was of gold.

"And I saw no temple there
For the Lord God Almighty is the temple
thereof and the Lamb."

No planets illuminated this Paradise. The glory of God cast a brilliance celestial over all. A river proceeded from the throne, flowing with the Water of Life. On either bank grew the Tree of Life yielding twelve fruits each month. Our Lord spoke to St. John, emphasizing the necessity of obeying His Commandments and His desire to give freely of the Water and Tree of Life. His part-

ing words to St. John were that God's curse will follow anyone who shall add to the words of "His Dearly Beloved" or who shall detract from them. John closes his revelations with "The Grace of Our Lord Jesus Christ be with you all. Amen."

Thus ends a series of revelations so far beyond human comprehension that no one can hope to interpret the divine mysteries which they convey. Even the beloved disciple who witnessed these visions could not find words to express the meaning they conveyed to him. John wrote them as he wrote his gospel, feebly to bespeak the great love of Christ for mankind and to show the perfect friendship of Him Who said, "Greater love than this no man hath, that a man lay down his life for his friends."

MARY KELLEY,
Fourth Academic.

After the Night, the Dawn.

All through the dark and lonely night, a star
Leads on the pilgrim o'er the storm-tossed sea
To haven safe, where his frail bark may rest,
Until the cloud-grey gates of dawn unbar
To free pent golden rays, while darkness flees.
And swift the tiny star is lost abreast
These glorious floods of light which fill the sky,
A gold-red glow which billows low and high.

When in life's darkest hour, temptations press,
When waves of sorrow crush us with their might,
And our own pow'r to bear is broken, spent,
Hope's star will guide us till our happiness
Bursts through dark bonds to greet our eager sight
And flood our weary souls with sweet content.
Its labor done, Hope's ever faithful star
Is lost in light that streams from gates ajar.

When in death's land we live, as in the night,
The lone, bright star of faith will surely guide
Our weary souls on through the silent gates
Unto the just tribunal, where great might
Is naught, where good and evil deeds abide,
Proclaiming us to our eternal states.
O God, be merciful and grant that we
Thine own great glory there at last may see!

HELEN GALLIGAN,
Fourth Academic.

Nature Scenes from the "Lady of the Lake.

SIR WALTER SCOTT, the great Scotch author who has so immortalized the manners, habits and customs of the Highlands of Scotland, was deeply impressed by the exquisite scenery surrounding Loch Katrine. The "Lady of the Lake" was the third of Scott's metrical romances, and it is the one in which, more than any other, he has painted an "idealized picture" of the life and character of the Border States. Scott most vividly portrays with rich description, the rising moon as she cast her gentle rays on Monan's Rill and brightened with her silver light, the lonesome valley of Glenartney.

The summer dawn strangely transformed the purple shade of Loch Katrine to a magnificent blue, the soft-blowing western breeze slightly rippled the calm of its waters, and gently stirred the trees on its shore, making the leaves rustle in a most peaceful, soothing manner. The gray mist slowly ascended from the mountain side, the sun peeped out from behind the clouds and soon beamed down upon the delicate water-lilies on the lake. Upon the mountain's brow the wild flowers bloomed in abundance; each dainty little violet and primrose embalmed the air with its sweet scent. The drooping pines and warrior oaks growing on the picturesque cliffs seemed at times to meet the endless expanse of cloudless blue sky.

A traveler issues from the glen. No trace of a pathway meets his questioning glance, so that he is obliged to climb a far-projecting precipice by means of the long, tough blades of grass which serve for a ladder. From the summit of this precipice he is enabled to view the golden sun, slowly sinking in the west and setting with marvelous splendor on Loch Katrine, making it "one burnished sheet of living gold."

As the shades of evening slowly lowered over the Trosachs, each rugged mountain peak "was bathed in floods of living fire," but scarcely ever was a single ray of its luxuriant brilliancy admitted to the dark recesses of the ravines below. Amid the copse a deep and narrow inlet seemed at intervals to steal a shy glance onward, and then again be lost to view.

Ellen's home is constructed of material obtained from the oak and ash trees on the island, and almost hidden from view by the climbing vines and mosses on its sides. It is situated on Ellen's Isle or the "rocky island," as it is sometimes called because of the dark-gray rocks, shaped like pyramids, which now and then may be seen from behind the graceful birches, dark-green pines and red-berried mountain ash that almost completely overshadow them.

From this we may conclude that Scott was not only a poet of action and narration, but that his wonderful genius so co-operated with his intense love of the beauty of nature, as to enable him to compose the richest and most vivid of descriptive poems ever written in Scotland.

GENEVIEVE CUMMINS,
Second Academic.

The Gateway of Dreams.

My life is but Thy dream, O God,
Worked out by Thee alone, Thy gift.
O watch and guard, Lord, from above
The progress of my ship adrift!

Oh, give me grace that I may live
So that my answer to Thy call
May be to Thee a song of love,
Renouncing self, my life, my all!

K. Madden.
Fourth Academic.

"What We Make Ourselves."

THE annual celebration of Eaton Hall was in full swing. This year the school's victory in football had been declared to be the champion inter-scholastic football team. The celebration was in accordance with the victory and the whole school was in a "hubbub" of excitement. "Silent Red Harton," the hero of the occasion was seated on the platform, awaiting the time when he was to address his fellow-students. Quickly there passed through his mind the remembrance of a similar scene four years ago.

"Powell! Powell! Three cheers for Powell! What's the matter with Bob?" And with the thundering reply, "He's all right!", Bob Powell was raised to the shoulders of his comrades and carried in triumph to the other side of the campus, where the glowing bon-fires were sending out their hearty welcome.

Every man in Eaton Hall was out for this, the greatest festive occasion of all the year. Every man except one.

Roger Harton, better known as "Silent Red Harton," sat on the fence at the left of the campus. His feet were curled up on the fence boards and, as he sat holding his chin and staring fixedly at the scene of celebration, he was the picture of dejection and gloom.

A slight rustling of the dead leaves at his feet seemed to rouse him and cause him to give expression to his grievances.

"What had Bob Powell done to be thus idolized? Why was he any better than anyone else? Why, when Bob Powell came to Eaton four years before, he had been so 'green' that when the fellows told him that a farmer's small milk wagon was the only means of conveyance to Eaton, he had believed them and had driven up to the front entrance in the farmer's cart. True, it had been a rare joke then, but even that had been forgotten in this, Bob Powell's greatest triumph of the day."

That afternoon Eaton had played Winton in the greatest football game of the

season. Eaton's men had gone on the field with only one hope, the prowess of their powerful captain, "Bob Powell." And one man against eleven is poor encouragement for victory. But the game had to be played and with the captain's final word, "Remember, boys, it's for the school," the team slowly trugged out upon the field.

The stands were crowded with spectators, but the cheers of Eaton sounded hollow and lifeless for there was no hope in the hearts of the "rooters."

The first quarter dragged through with a score of six to nothing in Winton's favor. As Powell went off the field, his mind busy preparing encouraging words for his men, a remark from one of the stands reached his ears.

"What can you expect with Powell for a captain? He has no backbone."

A burning flush mounted Bob Powell's cheeks, as he muttered the last part of the speech to himself. "No backbone." So he was to blame for the team's failure. His eyes fell upon the score board. There was still hope and he would—he must win that game.

During the next three quarters Powell played as he had never played before. And as he went off the field he knew that his purpose was accomplished and Eaton had won the victory. But better than that for him, he had shown that he had some "backbone."

And now the annual celebration was at its height with Bob Powell as its hero. Never-ending discussions of the success where failure had been expected were held.

A sign from the cheer-leader silenced the crowd and Powell began to speak. From his place on the fence "Red Harton," could distinctly hear the speaker's words. It was the usual review of the season's work, and "Red's" interest was not very deep until towards the end when the captain began advising the boys.

"I know that I am what you call a hero. But I am a self-made man. When I came to Eaton four years ago I entered as an ordinary student. I received no encouragement. What I have attained in the way of honors has been the direct result of my own effort. My final advice to every one of you is that you can do the same. You can make yourselves what you want to be. For really, you know, we are all only what we make ourselves." Numerous remarks followed and then clamorous applause.

But on Red Harton, perched up alone on the fence, only one line of that speech left an impression. "For really, we are all only what we make ourselves." And the great Bob Powell had said that? What had he, Roger Harton, ever made of himself? Not one thing. Was that the reason the boys never seemed anxious for his company? He realized now that he had never been very congenial and had never gone in for athletics or anything of the sort. So that deplorable name of "Silent Red Harton," had been the outcome of his own actions. But Bob Powell had said that it was never too late to change. Could he—would he, have the courage to try again?

A few weeks later two boys standing on the campus were talking of "Silent Red Harton."

"Oh, I say Carter! What is bringing Red Harton to? Did anyone lose that voice he is using?"

"Couldn't tell you, Paul, but worse than that, he was out watching the prac-

tice this morning. We'll have to get a detective to look into this. Yes, and there he is now. And who is that with him? Well, as I live, Bob Powell. Wonder what he can see in a fellow like Harton? Well, I suppose time will tell."

* * * *

And time did tell. For four years Silent Red Harton upheld the honor of the school in football, and this, his last and greatest victory crowned the success of all former efforts. True, it was his senior year and they must lose him, but his influence would always be felt, though others would take his place.

As he mounted the platform and looked down into the upturned faces of his friends, only one countenance appeared distinctly before him, that of "Bob Powell," who had come down to Eaton to witness his young friend's triumph.

Harton's speech was well prepared and well delivered and unusual stress was placed on his last words, "for you know we are all only what we make ourselves." And as he descended the platform and felt a firm hand clasp, he thought of the night four years before, when he had viewed the scene of celebration from the old fence.

"Say Bob, come on over with me, and see if there could possibly be another Red Harton on that fence, will you? I feel to-night as though I wanted to get a hold of all the down and out fellows I can find and tell them that speech of yours that changed me so much. For really, you know, we are all only what we make ourselves."

JOSEPHINE CONNORS,
Third Academic.

The Harp in Song and Story.

THE harp is the most privileged of all musical instruments. It is mentioned in Holy Scripture as the instrument which the Psalmist used to accompany his songs, and St. John in his mystic vision of the New Jerusalem names it as the instrument which angels will use to accompany their marvelous outbursts of song.

Though we are not certain of the time, place and manner of its origin, because of many conflicting stories, we know that the Hebrews were among the first to use it. They regard Jubal, a descendant of Cain, as, "the father of all such as handle the harp and organ."

The story of the shepherd minstrel, who commanded the evil spirits to depart from Saul, and then soothed the weary soul of the king with the music of his harp and voice, is familiar to everyone.

But it was in Egypt that the harp was first introduced into religious ceremonies. It is recorded by Egyptian historians of 1800 B. C., that Hermes, who was a High Priest of Osiris, when walking one day

on the banks of the Nile, found a tortoise shell, in which the flesh and cartilages had been dried by the sun. Accidentally striking the shell, he heard a pleasing tone and he wondered why a musical instrument could not be constructed on a similar plan. He carried out this idea and fashioned the first lyre which was a forerunner of the harp.

The form of the first harp resembled the bent-bow of the archer but, as the art of music developed, this crude form changed; the base of the instrument was made larger, thereby making a larger sounding chamber; the upper arm was elongated and many more strings were added. These improvements gave to it that beautiful form which we see it possesses today. The main difference between the ancient and modern harp is the front pillar or support of the modern instrument.

The Phoenicians, who were designated by the ancients as "masters of the sea" were an aggressive and venturesome people, who carried on commerce with every known port in the world. Melisius, a Phoenician merchant, with his followers landed on the Irish coast about the year 1260 B. C. The natives greatly opposed their landing but were forced, after several skirmishes, to retire to less fertile parts of the island.

Baal was the god whom the Phoenicians adored. They worshipped him with an elaborate code of worship. Their priesthood was divided into three branches; the bard, the prophet and the druid or priest. To the bard is ascribed the authorship of the heroic poems in celebration of the nation's victories. The harp was the accompanying instrument when these poems were recited or sung. The annual Feis or Congress was held at Tara, where, to quote the ancient Chronicle:—"the Bard sang, and the soft hand of virgins trembled on the strings."

This was known as the Augustan era of music in Ireland, for in every home, whether mansion or hovel, a harp would always be found. During this period the harp was held in such esteem that it was given a place on the royal banner where we find it today, depicted on the British Royal standard in the field devoted to Ireland. No other instrument is so highly honored by any nation.

It will be remarked that this most noble of instruments has been subjected to more vicissitudes of fortune in its long career than any other musical instrument. The favorite of monarchs once, and again the consolation of the miserable, through all it has never been left without friends and admirers and never has it been more worthy of the esteem and honor of all musicians than now, when invention has overcome its faults, and presents it to the musical world, as perfect a specimen of the instrument-maker's art, as can be found.

HAZEL HAWKINS,
Fourth Academic.

Catholic Achievement in the State of Indiana.

WHEN there were no paths in what is now Indiana, except those made by the buffalo and the red-man, the black-robed Jesuits came here and planted in this great wilderness the cross of Christ, which is the emblem of man's redemption. Before the north-west territory was known, the Catholic missionary was here and there were log chapels surmounted by Christ's cross in the valleys. Fifty years before the admission of the State of Indiana into the Union there were congregations with zealous priests who established small schools, and began the work of Christianizing the territory in which we now live.

In an early history of Indiana, written by a non-Catholic, the following paragraph is found:

"The first white man who visited the territory, now Indiana, was a Jesuit missionary, who came from the old French mission of St. Joseph on the shores of Lake Michigan, which was the oldest Jesuit mission in the lake region. This missionary came to the Miami Indians in 1675."

The coming of Father Pierre Gibault from Quebec to the Wabash country in 1770 was not only a great event for the extension of the faith of Christ, but a most fortunate circumstance for the young republic that was to be.

After Gibault the greatest aid and co-operation was given to Clark, by two Catholic laymen of means, one a Spaniard, the other an Irishman. Francis Vigo, after whom Vigo county was named, was the Spaniard and Oliver Pollock, born in Coleraine, Ireland, was the good Irishman. Both these benefactors were merchants, traders and men of large means in that time. Pollock succeeded his father, who was an important merchant of New Orleans, and had somewhat extensive trading posts as far north as Louisville, and on this side of the Ohio river.

The government of Indiana territory by the United States had its beginning July 4, 1800, with the seat of the territorial government at Vincennes, with William Henry Harrison as governor. Writing of this period, George S. Cottman says, "The first white schools were among the French and were conducted by Catholic priests," and in another place we find, "The Catholic Church is by far the oldest religious institution in the state, as it dates back to the days of the French occupancy." Indiana will celebrate her centennial anniversary on December 11 of this year but her Catholicity is older than her statehood.

Maryland, settled by English and Irish Catholics, was the first state to proclaim complete religious liberty for her inhabitants, and in the same way the other states in which Catholics were the original proprietors, such as Florida, Louisiana, Texas, Alabama, Maine, Missouri, Arkansas, Michigan, Iowa, Wisconsin, California and Indiana, solemnly agreed in their constitutions to permit the free exercise of religion and perfect liberty of conscience.

His Holiness, Pope Gregory XVI., issued the Papal Bull creating the Diocese of Vincennes, the thirteenth diocese established in the United States, on May 16, 1834. It embraced all of Indiana and part of Illinois. Reverend Simon William Gabriel Brute-de-Remur, a son of France and a professor of Mount

St. Mary's Seminary, Maryland, was chosen bishop and consecrated at St. Louis on October 28, 1834, by Bishop Flaget, with several other bishops assisting.

The trials and tribulations of the first Bishop of Vincennes are inconceivable to us today, but he was very zealous, visited his native country, France, and brought back missionaries, and soon a seminary for those who desired to enter the priesthood was established, also free schools for boys and girls "without any regard to their religious belief."

How little do we today, worshipping in our beautiful churches, surrounded by all the beauties of art, realize the struggles made by those pioneers who sought new homes for themselves in the Indiana territory, and, despite innumerable obstacles, preserved the Holy Faith which was the foundation of their lives. How little thought do we give to those brave priests who dared the perils of the wilderness and suffered every privation that they might carry the blessings of the true faith to their spiritual children. How little do we appreciate the most noble work of those early Sisters and Brothers of the religious orders, who were the first to carry the light of Catholic education into the beginning of civilization, who, trusting entirely to Providence, laid the foundations upon which some of the greatest educational institutions have been reared. Mindful of the body as well as of the soul, the Catholics have erected many beautiful hospitals where the patients receive the best care.

The state of Indiana is notable for the number of distinguished Catholic institutions of learning it contains. The University of Notre Dame, St. Mary-of-the-Woods College and Academy and our own beloved St. Mary's College and Academy, Notre Dame, are the most noted. They stand today as great monuments to the noble bands of zealous religious who were their founders. They are American as well as Catholic. They are an honor to the state of Indiana wherein they were founded and fostered and to the entire educational world, from which their students are drawn.

Since history reveals the fact that Catholic missionaries were the first to bring Christianity and civilization to this part of America and that Catholics have ever been the foremost in promoting patriotism, education and industry, let us be proud and glad because of Catholic achievement in the state of Indiana.

CECELIA LENSING,
Fourth Academic.

Mammy's Song.

Now yo' tired day is done,
Clos' yo' eyes, my only one,
Snuggle close and go to rest,
Lay yo' haid on mammy's breast.

Lullaby, Lullaby,
Stars am shinin' in de sky,
Lullaby, Lullaby,
Clos' dem eyes and don' yo' cry.

Mammy watch yo' while yo' sleep,
Angels guard and safely keep.
Little black-eyed babe o' mine
Shall safely rest till de sun shine.

BURNESS DOWNS,
Fourth Academic.

Some Women of Culture.

WOMAN, when not inhibited by her environment, has been the colleague and the inspiration, if not the peer, of the most illustrious men who have contributed to the increase and the diffusion of human learning. But she has not always been appreciated. In ancient Greece and Rome the condition of woman was little better than it is in India today, under the law of Manu, where the husband, no matter how unworthy he may be, must be regarded by the wife as a god.

One of the most notable Greek women to assert her independence and to emerge from the intellectual eclipse which had so long kept her sex in obscurity was Aspasia of Militus. She is said to have written some of the best speeches of Pericles, among them, his noted funeral oration over those who had died in battle before the walls of Patriclaea. She was continually consulted regarding affairs of state and her influence in social and political matters was profound and far reaching. But, notwithstanding the beneficent influence which Aspasia ever exerted on those about her, and the heroic efforts she made to liberate her own sex, the wives and daughters were still denied the opportunities of mental culture, the men were given all the educational advantages.

However, soon after this came the downfall of Rome and the taking of Constantinople by the Turks, followed by a period which is known in history as the Middle Ages. Practically, the only schools for girls during the middle ages were the convents. One of the convents to achieve distinction was the celebrated Convent of St. Hilda at Whitby. Hilda, the foundress and first abbess of Whitby, was a princess of the royal blood and a grand-niece of Edwin, the first king of Northumbria. Her convent and adjoining monastery for monks soon became the most noted center of learning and culture in Britain and so great was her reputation for knowledge and wisdom that not only priests and bishops but also princes and kings sought her counsel in important matters of church and state. She inspired the monks subject to her authority with so great a love of knowledge, and urged them to so thorough a study of the Scriptures that her monastery became, as Venerable Bede informs us, a school not only for missionaries but for bishops as well. He speaks in particular of six ecclesiastical dignitaries who were sent forth from this noble institution, all of whom were bishops. Five of them he describes as men of singular merit and sanctity, while the sixth, he declared, was a man of rare ability and learning. Of this number was St. John of Beverly, who, we are told, "attained a degree of popularity rare even in England, where the saints of old were so universally and so readily popular."

Another woman who equalled St. Hilda in knowledge was St. Hildegard, who was for a third of a century the abbess of the convent of St. Rupert at Bingen. She was called the "marvel of Germany" as her attainments were so great. Among her correspondents were people

of the humble walks of life as well as the highest representatives of church and state; there were simple monks and noble abbots, dukes, kings and queens, archbishops and cardinals and no fewer than four Popes. She is without doubt the most voluminous woman writer of the Middle Ages.

During the period of the Renaissance more brilliant women sprung up, among whom we read of the fifty female poets who flourished in Italy and of whom the most eminent were Gaspari Stampa, Veronica and Vittonia. These women, too, deserve much consideration as their productions are still read with never-failing pleasure.

In Europe today there are woman professors in the Universities of Norway, Sweden, Switzerland, France, Greece and Russia, and in our own United States we find brilliant women professors and teachers in almost every college and university and especially in our Catholic colleges. We are at last near that millennium which Emerson had in mind when, in 1822, he predicted "a time when higher institutions for the education of young women would be as needful as colleges for young men"—that millennium for which women have hoped and striven ever since Aspasia inspired the bravest and noblest minds of Greece.

MARY MOLUMBY,
Fourth Academic.

The Symbolism of Flowers.

DID you ever hear the stories of the flowers—the wee little blossoms that hold such wondrous memories and recall the tales of centuries—whose living smile makes glad, whose death deepens pain? They lived before man, they beautified his first heaven, they hedged his first path and their essence of beauty and warmth strives to comfort his body even after his immortal soul has flown. God loved them, He talked to them and told them stories no one else might hear. In their silent way they listened, they smiled, they knew Him and His promises and in low adoration they praised Him, for He is the Flower of all Nature, wondrously beautiful, silently grave and ever breathing forth sweet perfumes to mankind.

God used them as prophetical symbols of His beautiful spouse, Mother Church. "The beams of our houses are of cedar, our rafters of cypress trees." And thus He speaks of the home of His chosen hand-

maids, "My sister, my spouse, is a garden enclosed, a fountain sealed up." And as a gardener He cares for them, "Arise, O north wind and come, O south wind, blow through my garden. Let the aromatical spices thereof flow." And so we see that before our Divine Master came unto us as Man, the flowers were sympathetic interpreters of His sentiments.

Do the little rushes not remind us of the cave of Bethlehem where the Lily of Purity first budded forth for the glory of men? It is the fragrance of that Flower that all men breath,—and breathing, desire to emulate Its purity. Every petaled bit of nature, shadowing God's splendor, every plant and tree was ordained to play a part in the awful drama of His passion. The lone and yet majestic pine stretched forth its arms and stands, the immortal symbol of Christianity; the crown of clinging thorns withered with its Lord and teaches still its lesson of humility.

Flowers were developed by the Orientals into a perfect vehicle for communicating sentimental and amatory expressions of all degrees of warmth. For instance, the young Persian offers his affection by the gift of a tulip.

"There is no color," says Lady Mary Wartley Montagu, "no flower, no weed, no fruit, herb, petal or feather that has not a verse belonging to it and you may quarrel, reproach or send letters of passion, friendship or civility without even inking your fingers."

Among the people of the western nations, the laurel is the symbol of glory, the olive of peace, the rose of love and beauty, and the violet of faithfulness. The daisy and the white violet are the emblems of innocence, the rosemary of remembrance, and the weeping willow, cypress and yew of mourning. Again the lily-of-the-valley expresses unconscious sweetness, the primrose early youth,—and, as surely as the orange-blossom is appropriate to marriage, does the finding of the white heather betoken good fortune. And oft have we heard that the future *chances* of love may be revealed from the marguerite and poppy by a simple method of divination.

Every nation has a flower for its emblem, for no matter how far from civilization its people may live, their soil grows some plant.

God scatters these bright eyes of mother earth in the loneliest nook and every star of the field is some eloquent adumbration of a sacred truth. The sweetest and most ideal of all the lessons to be learned from these exquisitely lovely teachers is the lesson taught by the Snow-white Lily amongst the thorns of Israel.

KATHLEEN FLEMING,
Fourth Academic.

A Lullaby.

Baby dear, 'tis time to rest,
Mother watches, fear no harm.
Every bird is in its nest;
Rest your head on mother's arm.

Eyes so bright are getting dim,
Busy sand-man's on his way,
Chubby fists now lose their vim,
Tired with playing all the day.

F. O'BRIEN.
Fourth Academic.

Just Boys.

IN the village of Greensboro, on the Green River's bank, stood two little cottages, alike in size and shape, and equal in number of inhabitants, of whom Mike O'Malley and Hans Von Heinenberg were the same age, except that the former's birthday was in March, while the latter's came in April. Two real boys were they, full of great ambitions for the future—Mike to be a moving picture star and Hans the Mayor of Greensboro.

The O'Malleys and the Von Heinenbergs had, for many years, lived side by side in their humble dwellings, in the closest of friendship, although their sons had frequently declared that one family would never speak to the other again.

The above mentioned threat was brought into mighty force, at least in regard to the two concerned, when pretty Alice Kilcosky entered the village school, and Mike, too timid to make her acquaintance, saw Hans walk home from school with her, the very first day. In his seventh heaven of delight, young Hans felt that at last he had triumphed over Mike, who was generally the victorious rival. The former disliked girls very much; in fact, would never have walked home from school with one had he not suspected that Mike liked Alice very much. Here, then, was the chance of revenge for the spelling match defeat which had been inflicted on him last week.

Days, weeks and even a month passed by, yet neither spoke. Each day Hans walked home with Alice, each Friday Mike carried off the spelling match prize. In the third month following the memorable one in which Alice had come to break up a life long friendship, a beautiful missionary lady came to the school and told the children a sad, little story of a poor African boy, who, after his conversion, did for his bitterest enemy a kind act which cost him his life. Her words sank deep into the listeners' hearts, especially two.

That afternoon, Mike missed a simple word, in the weekly spelling match; after school Hans wasn't going Alice's way, so Mike went along and carried her books.

After supper when Hans was walking down Cherry street, he saw Mike on the other side, and, after sending several glances across, shouted out,

"Hello, Mike!"

From the opposite side came a responsive invitation to come on across. Hans ran over, and the boys walked home, talking of yesterday's baseball game.

HELEN LYNCH,
First Academic.

"And Ye Ministered Unto Me."

IN this prosperous and successful twentieth century we find in all walks of life a spacious field of duty for everyone. Especially may we carry out to a great extent God's divine command to minister unto others. By those interested in the perfect accomplishment of this, their duty, unending progress can be made in ministering unto those chosen by God to suffer sickness and ill health. Truly, it is not everyone who can undertake this mission of self-sacrifice but for those so called a great merit awaits. This is the mission of the Catholic nurse. A two-fold blessing is hers. She is rewarded for her temporal ministrations and her opportunities for using the graces our Mother Church has bestowed on this work are without number.

The work of the Catholic nurse is connected with that of the priest, but it is of a subsidiary and ancillary character. Its success depends upon the degree of its co-operation with the ministers of the Spiritual Nurse, the Church, who is concerned with the nobler and better part of man, the soul. It presupposes both art and science in the practitioner.

Besides exercising skill in the application of remedies, in the use of implements, and in a thorough acquaintance with the whole human organism, a nurse, the physicians "right hand bower" must possess a genuine scientific knowledge of the profession. Science is not satisfied with the mere observation of phenomena. It gets down to the root of things and will not build upon baseless theories which have been conceived for purposes outside of the domain of medicine. Thus, for example, the physician who insists that the human body is only a part of the mechanism of the great cosmic machine, and that its actions or functions are due to some great primordial impulse imparted to all matter, that there is nothing volitional in human acts because they are all determined by environment, dispenses entirely with God, moral law, and free will. This professional is working on theory, not fact. Fortunately, most professionals, even if they are materialists, forget all this nonsense when they have to deal directly with suffering humanity. Indeed, it could not be otherwise, for they see before them, not a machine, but something which has life, growth, sensations, powers, that no machinery could ever possess, and which, far from being a creature of its environment, is able, if it so wills, to defy, modify, control and even to transform its surroundings completely, so as to wring from them, even when most unpropitious and adverse, results which were absolutely unexpected and which it is impossible for a materialist to explain.

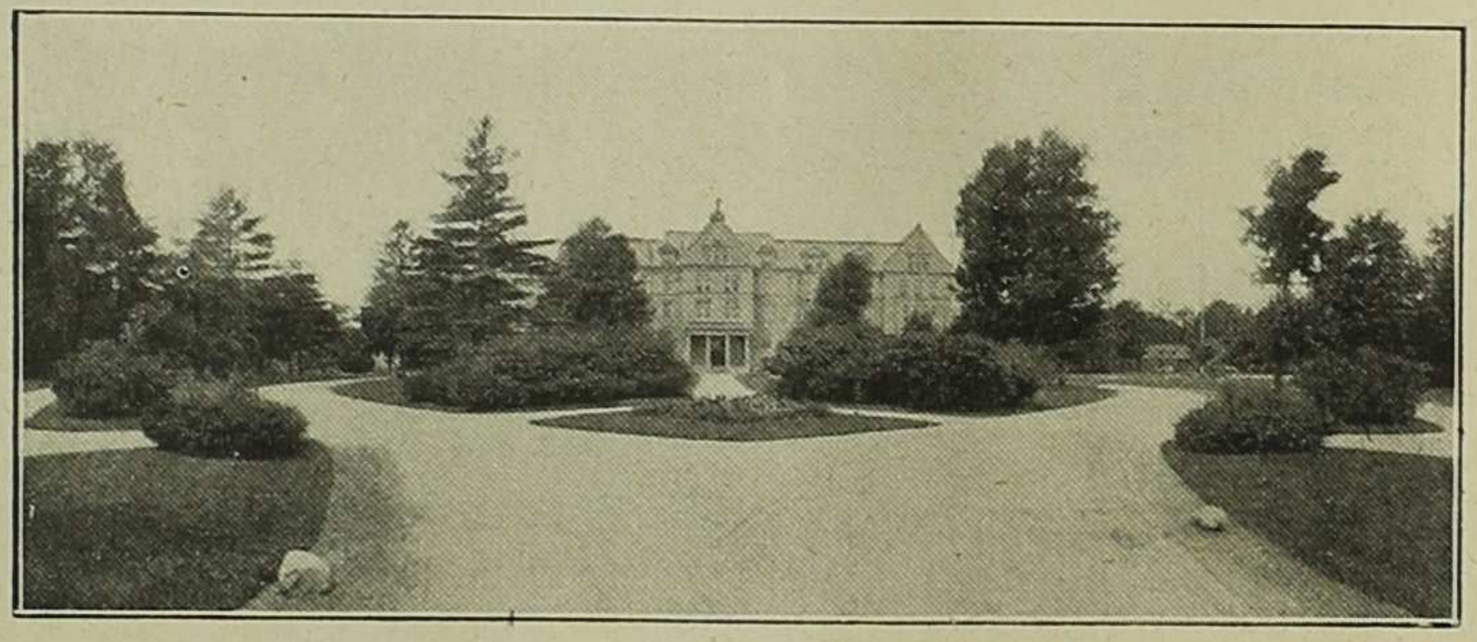
A Catholic nurse is not hampered by any such mental obscurities. She knows perfectly well that the wonderfully beautiful human body has been conceived in the mind of an infinite Creator, that it was brought into being by His power, that it was intended to be the instrument of an immortal soul which is endowed with intelligence, free will and immortality, which has before it the law of right and wrong, and possesses a boundless capacity for acquiring truth, both by its own natural powers and by revelation, and finally, that the body, although naturally prone to corruption, is on the last

day to rise in glory from the tomb. This knowledge gives those interested in the care of the afflicted a reverence and love for the human body, of which materialists have no conception. It enables them also to win the confidence of the patient and to minister perhaps to a mind diseased, by suggesting that the upheavings of the soul whch react so terribly at times on the body should be calmed, in order to give to the body a chance to be cured of its ailments.

The Catholic nurse has another advantage over her non-Catholic associates. She knows that the Almighty in His mercy has added a source of mental light and will power over and above what is supplied through natural channels, namely, divine grace, coming through the Sacraments and giving the mind a clearer comprehension of the truth of things and imparting to the will a power of endurance and achievement which all the explanations of science and all the exhortations of the sublimest oratory could never accomplish. Therefore, she has no hesitation in making use of the assistance of the Divine Physician which she and every one else, familiar with scenes in the sick chamber, have so often witnessed, when perfect calm and tranquility succeed terror, and courage and strength take the place of cowardice and despair. At times, this assistance even restores to perfect health patients, who were pronounced as doomed to death by the doctors. In all cases she has seen the sick man raised up when the Sacraments were worthily received.

Some may say, "How selfish then is the nurse!" She goes about day by day, storing for herself those untold merits and graces. Faithful, watchful, careful and steadfast, she remains at her post, certain of a golden reward in the end. Her stricken patient lies quiet, peaceful, always confident of the ready aid and help of the nurse. We need not argue on this point, for we all know that such argument would be received without opposition by those well acquainted with the laws of Mother Church, which explain clearly the unselfishness of this work, so well filled with meritorious graces. The nurse must be conspicuous during her life for her courage and heroism. Ministering unto all, she accomplishes to the letter the seven corporal works of mercy, and, when performing all these duties with faith and with love of Jesus Christ in her heart, she fulfils His higher commands. Having charity in her heart, she may thus gain an immortal crown of glory to wear for all eternity with her Maker.

IRENE HANNEGAN,
Fourth Academic.



A Curious Place.

MAMMOTH Cave, Kentucky, contains about one hundred miles of explored underground passage way. Unestimated miles have yet to be gone over by venturous persons at the risk of their lives.

The visitor to these regions is usually clothed in a short, dark brown dress of heavy material, furnished by the hotel where she is staying, and is provided with a torch. She may choose her route. A curious person will prefer the one of thirty-six miles for it leads through Fat Man's Misery, Star Chamber and across Echo River. One may walk the thirty-six miles with little difficulty for the air is so pure that exercise does not tire her.

Once within the cavern the party is led by an experienced guide, who forbids anyone to leave him. He first shows them a bottomless pit and exclamations assure him that none of his flock will stray from him.

The top of the cave has a rugged surface of crystal drops, which glisten in the dim light of torches. Fat Man's Misery, a narrow passage, is so winding that a person's torch light cannot be seen by his immediate follower. This leads to Star Chamber, a hollow whose top resembles the heavens on a clear winter evening. Echo River gets its name from the wonderful reverberation of sound along its course. The bottom of this river has never been found, but men do know that peculiar species of eyeless fish live in its waters. It is crossed by means of strong boats provided by the guides. Beyond the river long avenues extend, adorned by brilliant arches and crystal designs. Cleveland's Cabinet is often called a treasure-house of flowers, but some smaller rooms, as Charlotte's Grotto, have a still more beautiful display. The walk ends at Croghan's Hall; beyond this, many have gone but none have returned.

While going through the cave, a man of our party, wishing to experience an extraordinary sensation, settled on a rock by the main passage, having assured the guide he would not move until the latter's return. Our friend afterwards told us that when the light of our torches had disappeared he felt as if he were buried alive. He smoked his last cigar and waited, it seemed an interminable period, for our return. He fancied himself suspended above bottomless pits, with strange objects flying around him. But in the stillness and horror of it all, the party reappeared to deliver him from his torments.

Above the cave, farms and villages prosper, the people taking no thought of the marvelous display of nature beneath them. This cavern first came into prominence in the war of 1812, when it furnished a safe hiding place for stores of ammunition. Although it is not a national park it is held as high in the minds of the people as Yellowstone Park, and is classed as one of the wonders of the new world.

ALICE POTTINGER,
Second Academic.

The Folk-lore of Pre-Christian Ireland.

IN the dark, imaginative, pagan centuries before the coming of Christ, when men were gods, and gods were men, and history was myth, and myth was history, Ireland treasured her store of fanciful tales. Like the Greek, she had her heroes, her war-gods and goddesses; like the Britons, her mighty warriors.

These sagas are highly colored and sometimes absurd in their weird wanderings, but always vividly touched with imagination and imbued with a love of all things beautiful both in nature and man.

A high respect for woman figured strongly in Irish folk-lore, and this seems to have kept it from the moral degradation which tainted all other pagan myths. These early Irish believed in a happy hereafter for the good, and they called the land the "Moy-Mell" or "Pleasant Plains."

"Without grief, without sorrow, without death
Without any sickness, without debility.

"Wealth, treasures of every hue
Are in the gentle land, a beauty of freshness
Listening to sweet music,
Drinking the best of wine."

This belief strongly influenced their courage and made them dauntless in the face of destruction.

The first sagas regarding the earliest mythology are scant. They recount the events connected with the settlement of Ireland, first by the Nemedians who, although driven away and scattered by the fierce Fomorians, returned again in two separate tribes, the Firbolgs and Tuatha-de-Danaans. Aided by the divinities, they fought continually among themselves for supremacy, until finally subdued by the Milesians.

With the coming of this tribe the folk-lore takes on a more definite form. For, though still blurred by the cloudy relationship between gods and men, it seems to present a fairly stable historical foundation. We term this collection the "Heroic" or "Ultonian."

In it the deeds of Cuchulain form the principal theme. One saga relates the mystery of his birth; he is said to be the son of Lugh, a god who figures prominently in the first cycle. Another tells of his "Wooing of Emer;" another, called his "Up-bringing," dwells on his military training which he received under the renowned female-warrior, Scathach. Again we hear of his marriage with Aoife, and of the slaughter of his son by his own hand, a story which corresponds closely to that of Sohrab and Rustum. Probably the most striking tale is that of his death, where we find the wicked Meme, wife of Lewy, the bitter enemy of Cuchulain, disfiguring her daughters, changing them into witches that they might lure this mighty warrior to his death. Then follows the struggle between the evil warriors and the good, and the final victory of Lewy. In conclusion, Conall Cearnach avenges the death of the hero and brings back the head to Emer, whose joy and grief are unbounded. She "desired Conall to make

a very deep tomb for Cuchulain, and she laid herself down in it along with her gentle mate, and her soul departed out of her."

Most touching is the story of Deirdre. Here we find a woman whose fatal beauty is the incentive of jealousies of kings, and proves the ruin of Naoise, her husband and his two brothers. Her womanly fortitude and self-sacrifice and her great grief on beholding them dead are beautifully depicted.

The third cycle, commonly called the Fenian and woven around Conn of the Hundred Battles, his son Art, and his grandson, is more modern, extending down even to the first part of the Christian era. Its appeal to the people is greater and of the three its tales are most often told.

But in every saga handed down to us from the mythology of Ireland, we are enchanted by the beauty, the exquisite thoughts, the sense of appreciation and, above all, the clean morality, qualities which we find also in the souls of this race even in pagan times.

HELEN O'MALLEY,
Fourth Academic

Some Shakespearean Types of Women.

WHAT a wizard this master Shakespeare must have been, to picture so vividly the life and characters of his women. Whether they were tragic or merry, mighty or frail, he brings them out and sounds their depths and heights, registering every half tone of the feminine music in their souls. He pierces the hearts of Portia, Juliet and Cleopatra and lays them open before us with unequalled skill.

The real reason that Shakespeare's women are so interesting to us is because they are so feminine and so like the women of today.

Portia is doubtless the most intelligent of Shakespeare's women. By this it is not meant that her intelligence is developed at the expense of her heart but in conjunction with its worth and lovable characteristics. Intelligence is pre-eminent in her composition.

Besides the dignity, the sweetness and the womanly tenderness of Portia, she is endowed with a highly developed intellect and truly poetic and romantic impulses and emotions. We must regard Portia as a perfect type because she possesses in a high degree the noble qualities of a woman ideally lovely and cultured.

Mrs. Jameson speaks of Portia as a "ray of the purest, divinest loveliness; she stands at the highest, most brilliant summit of life and with overwhelming happiness she seeks the fortunate decision of her life's riddle." To summarize,—in Portia, Shakespeare seems to have aimed at a perfect example of an amiable, intelligent and accomplished woman.

A splendid contrast of character to Portia is found in "The Taming of the Shrew," of which the principal charac-

ters are: The ill-natured Katherine who is wooed by the rough Petruchio and gentle Bianica, won by the refined Lucentio. The father of the two girls will not permit Bianica, the younger, to be married before her elder sister is and, on account of her ill-tempered and shrewish character, no one wishes to marry Katherine. She is a very wild and wilful girl. Her father spoiled her by always allowing her to have her own way and, as a result, she is selfish and ill-mannered. She will not be dictated to by anyone and she is a tyrant toward her sister.

Petruchio marries Katherine and carries her off to his home, away from all her people, where he succeeds in taming her and she is changed from an obstinate, wilful girl to a gentle and submissive wife.

We shall leave Katherine to take up two other of Shakespeare's characters which form a striking contrast. They are Juliet and Cleopatra. Juliet is a plain, simple character, who might be called love, for without that passion she would cease to exist. The loves of Portia, Miranda and Rosalind are in Juliet all at once.

While Cleopatra had loved Cæsar in her youth, still it was not a true and lasting love like that of Juliet for Romeo. Antony meets Cleopatra when she is an experienced priestess of sensual pleasures and her love for him is not pure and innocent like Juliet's love for Romeo. It is a wild passion, deceiving Antony by its refined coquetry. How experienced she is in the wiles of fascination as well as in luxury and art!

Juliet does not try to fascinate men by her physical or intellectual beauty for she is satisfied with her one love, Romeo. She takes her part with Romeo against all her surroundings in the midst of hatreds. She is a picture of youth and beauty and the best love of all pure nature in the midst of polished and artificial life.

Both Juliet and Cleopatra have tragic deaths but in what different atmospheres! Juliet dies with love and happiness on her lips while Cleopatra is in an agony of discordant emotions and ruin.

Another very beautiful character among Shakespeare's women is Cordelia. Her heart is said to be a well of pure and honest affection but this love lies in her soul asleep and obscured from the world. Every charm of her person lies beyond our view. Her character appears to have no surface, as her qualities are hidden and therefore we are unable to perceive them.

Cordelia shows little external development of character or intellect, less of passion and still less of imagination. The first part of the play shows us how Cordelia is loved and the last part shows us how she is capable of loving. To complete the picture her very voice is characteristic of her, "ever soft, gentle and low, an excellent thing in woman."

Shakespeare has left to us the richest literary legacy of all the dead and it is his women who make him famous because of the wide range of character portrayed. He makes manifest in them their varied womanly qualities and their vivid loving personalities.

GLADYS REMPE,
Fourth Academic.

To the Fourth Academics.

Since you've issued invitation
E'en tho' conscious of our station,
Could we see our names most clearly
On the pages of your yearly—
Not with little delectation
Do we conquer hesitation.

As we write thus for your paper
Comes poetic thought to vapor!—
Ac's—we number three and twenty
Dazzling height you prove a plenty;
Ever true to your example,
May we climb with courage ample;
In flower-thought, we love engender
Culled from hearts in full surrender
Sweet forget-me-nots we tender.

CATHERINE BETZ.

The Efficient Gentlewoman.

AMONG all the women of the Old Law, there is one who stands forth prominently as a high type of efficient gentlewoman. This woman was valiant, prayerful and zealous and, by her virtue and fortitude, saved her country from the destruction which threatened it. Although she entered into the realm of the world and went forth to battle, she was not negligent of the affairs of her household. "She was greatly renowned among all because she feared the Lord very much. Neither was there any one that spoke an ill word of her." The Canticle of Judith is not only one of the sublimest tributes ever sung to the power of God, but it is also a perfect exponent of the sublimity of her character.

Passing from the religious atmosphere of the Old Testament into the aesthetic but pagan life of Greece, we find women both like and unlike Judith. During the time of Pericles woman was deprived of almost all of her liberty. Her sphere was her home; she did not mingle in the public life of her country, as she was taught that the politics and the turmoil of the streets were for the men. In Rome, on the contrary, she was not only a housewife, but a companion to her husband; she was a sharer in his political interests and took her part in all the social and religious affairs of the time. If we except the careers of Aspasia, Sappho and a few others who freed themselves from social restrictions and became renowned for their learning, and then compare the secluded Greek matron to the highly accomplished and free Roman

woman, we find almost the same difference as that which exists between a child and a fully developed woman.

During this period of history and forming the connecting link between the Old Law and the New, lived the most perfect type of all efficient gentlewomen, Our Blessed Mother. She of all women knew best and honored most her place in the social order; nor from out of this beautiful and noble place did she seek to move. She was the first Christian woman, who, in her humble home at Nazareth, lived à life efficient for all time.

The efficient gentlewoman of the Middle Ages was, like the woman of the Old Testament, the woman of religion, the nun in her convent. The convents and monasteries were the light amid darkness and in them kings and pontiffs, statesmen and poets sought help and guidance.

But who is the efficient gentlewoman of to-day?

The woman of to-day is a companion as well as a housewife; she mingles in politics and business. She is somewhat restless, but this peculiar form of restlessness in the American woman has come naturally to her on account of the Revolution of 1776. After that memorable event, she was no longer to be a woman of class, she was to be a woman of the people. In other words, she was to be merged into the strong, vigorous life of the Republic. She had to become a capable woman, one who had all the virtues and none of the vices and follies of the time.

But what are the qualities she should strive for in order to become the ideal, efficient gentlewoman of the period? The woman who is to accomplish her mission in life worthily must be educated so that she will be able to educate her children. She must achieve conscious independence whether in or out of her home. She must know her place in the world and do all she can to help to make civilization better and nobler. Woman should always be the centre of the home; she should give it the broadest sympathies, joys and happiness in her power and make it a haven which the young and the old will seek gladly and freely.

Lately, the idea that woman is man's equal, physically and mentally, has been a much discussed question. We do not deny this equality, but when a woman is placed in what is called a man's business, such as practicing medicine or law, editing and the like, one will find that the man's way is usually more desirable than hers. Yet in every profession we find scores of successful women.

The militant suffragette has been a detriment to women. This creature of her own wild fancies sacrifices the most wonderful part of her endowment; she makes her womanhood less respected; she becomes a cold, self-centered fanatic, bent on the accomplishment of one idea. She loses the armor of her womanliness, that natural, calm self-respect which she should always maintain. Yet woman in politics can be a purifying factor if she is politically educated and independently persistent in attaining the accomplishment of her noblest ideals. This very persistence it is which makes the efficient gentlewoman, whether she mingles in the political, educational, social or business world, lives the sweet, wholesome life of the wife and mother, or seeks the higher plane where dwell the chosen gentlewomen, the women of religion.

F. Geraldine Fleming,
Fourth Academic.

Martyr Priests of Pre-Colonial Days.

HOW little do we think of the trials and sufferings that have been undergone to preserve our Catholic faith. In our luxurious America seldom do we think of how the Priests of the pre-colonial days suffered, of how they were tortured in the most cruel ways in their attempts to introduce the Christian faith among the Indians.

The Jesuits and Dominicans were the first to toil their way through this uncultivated country, to reach a nation which had never seen a white man nor heard the word of God, a nation of people who worshipped the sun, and thought nothing of taking human life by the most cruel means.

Great were their sufferings and many crowns of martyrdom were won in those days. Among those who suffered untold agonies of body to receive the greater and nobler reward in Heaven is Father Brebeauf. He was a man of great determination who underwent many privations and sufferings to accomplish his mission to the Hurons, among whom he preached and labored incessantly for sixteen years. He worked among the Indians with great patience and did all in his power to teach them the way to love Jesus Christ. While he stayed among the Hurons he wrote a book on Indian life and customs, made a translation of Ledesma, and wrote a catechism in the Huron language. Father Lalemant, who went to the Huron mission at Quebec to assist Father Brebeauf, was seized with the latter at St. Louis by a tribe of Iroquois Indians. They were cruelly dragged to St. Ignace where they were stoned, beaten with clubs and then tied to a stake to be burned to death. Father Brebeauf suffered martyrdom first and Father Lalemant watched him until he expired. Then he, in turn, received most nobly his crown of martyrdom.

Another of these martyr priests and the first missionary to visit the shores of the St. Lawrence was Father Veil. There he remained, consecrating his life to the Canadian missions at St. Joseph. There he studied their language and collected material for a dictionary and, amidst great difficulties and tribulations, sowed the seed of faith.

One day, as he accompanied a band of Huron Indians down to Quebec he was treacherously hurled from his canoe by a Huron guide who hated him for his faith, and he perished in the rapid waters near Montreal, which now bear the name of Sault-au-Recollet.

Father Chabanil, though he felt a strong repugnance for the life and habits of the Indians, ministered to the Hurons. Never was there a man so patient amidst the endless trials which he endured and his title, "The Lamb," was well deserved by him. During the massacre of St. John's village he was wounded mortally, yet even this did not prevent him from dragging himself towards a dying Indian to administer the Sacrament of Penance. While engaged in this holy duty he received his death blow.

The cruel martyrdom of one missionary did not prevent others from plunging into the wild and savage country to carry on the work of conversion. Father Garier also went into the Huron

country, and there he spent fourteen years without returning. Not even the greatest dangers, though they threatened his life or exposed him to loathsome disease, could keep him back from going to those whom he could baptize. Like all those who had gone before him he suffered the tortures of death from the hands of those whom he cared for, and gave up his life to teach.

Never were there men so brave, so courageous, so daring, so heroic, or possessing such valor as these, and we would not be going amiss in attributing high honors to them, for they are justly deserving of all we can assign to them. Standing side by side with these, there are others who showed their noble and heroic zeal by providing the Indians with a knowledge of the ways and truths of the Catholic faith and by instilling into them a love for Jesus Christ.

ANNE DONNELLY,
Fourth Academic.

Mr. Plot's Visit.

"'OF course, girls, you must have a plot. Didn't I tell you, you must have a plot for everything you write?' Words taken from our English teacher. Mary, don't I sound just like a sermon? Just think, 'eight hundred words.' Impossible! 'An original plot! No ideas from a book!' Was there ever such an assignment! You see, I simply must have a plot and that before tomorrow. I wish I were bright like you, Mary Ann, but I'm far from a Senior, only just Viva, a plain 'freshie.' O, must you go? Do come again. It's done me good to let out my pent up feelings on somebody, but that poor somebody had to be you. Well, ta, ta, come again."

* * * *

Enter a queer looking individual who speaks thus: "And now here's where I enter into the story. I—well—I'll never tell you right out just what I am, but see if you can tell from what I have to say. I was eavesdropping! Yes, I know it's unforgivable and I didn't hear any good of myself either. There! I've almost given myself away, if you remember Viva's complaint. A half hour later I entered her room."

"Why! Why!," cried Viva. "Who are you? I don't know you! What do you want? Money? I haven't any—there's my diamond ring—O, why didn't I give it to the prefect? Take it, only go—let me alone! O, why don't you go?"

"You see what a pleasant reception I met with. It wasn't very comforting.

She didn't seem to want the thing for which she had just been wailing. But I soon explained my mission and though she'd never met me before, Viva was pleased and happy. We started to work, she with pad and pencil, while I, with a dreamy look in my eyes, leaned back and dictated thus:

"It was noised abroad at Kinsdale and throughout the neighborhood that Farmer Brown was to give a husking bee. From far and wide the lads were invited one and all, to come and assist at the task and to partake of the spoils, for of course, there would be a big dinner for all participants, and prizes for the best huskers.

"There! How's that for a beginning? Now, can't you tell about the match? Have the school teacher there and all the farmers and an exciting day. Then, be sure to quote something of the on-lookers' conversation and at last have a little fellow, whom no one suspects, come out ahead of the others. I think that is new and unusual. How about it? Or stay! Here's another.

"Si Hubbard was a queer old farmer, known and quoted throughout the vicinity. He was always doing something new—different from every one else. This year Si talked profusely and exuberantly of his threshing dinner. But what it was to be, no one knew. He was wont to recount all one was accustomed to have at this time. This line of talk he repeated over and over, sitting on a barrel of ginger-snaps in Howe's general store. No one disputed Si's right to sit on the barrel even though the cakes speedily disappeared. No one disputed Si Hubbard at any time. Then, with a quick change, he'd talk about the recently acquired picture show, winking knowingly, smiling and appearing altogether a decided puzzle.

"Now then, you have the keynote to the farmer's character. Let him have his dinner out of doors, a regular barbecue like one he's seen in a motion picture. To top it off, if you care to go to extremes, let him have a camera man take a film of the guests and the dinner and tell about the film's run. Or you could tell the story about his dinner and let the whole thing turn out to be a 'movie.'

"Now you have two good plots and you could have any number of tales about the motion pictures—just have a wreck, or a fire or a daring thief. Even a Mexican bandit would do. Now, how do you like those?"

To my surprise Viva disliked all; they weren't good "movie" stories; they didn't have a pretty girl involved. The pictures weren't good! Any way she didn't want a "movie" story. She wanted something elevated and— . . . .

"O! O! Mary, is that you? I've just had the best dream. O, it's wonderful! You know after you left I started to write and the first thing you know I fell off to sleep and O, a man came in and he told me all kinds of plots! I've enough for a dozen stories. And all out of a dream! And what do you think I dreamed? I was so scared of him—he really was queer looking—that I thought he was a burglar. Imagine! A burglar in school! I said 'O! take my ring—only go—let me alone!' That comes from a guilty conscience. You know I didn't hand my jewelry to the prefect when the others did. But whee! Now I can have the best story and get it in the Annual! O! but I'm glad we have such things as dreams!"

LOUISE DEWENTER,
Third Academic.

A Red Rose.

IN a distant southern country, many, many years ago a little red rose of a heart first budded into life one December night. The branch whereon it grew was called Mary and it was the highest and most perfect branch of the luxuriant bush which stood for the royal house of David.

The little bud was apparently not an extraordinary one; it did not seem any different from the rest, yet the eyes of the great Gardener rested longingly and lovingly upon it. He watched and nourished it as the choicest blossom of the earth. He saw, knew and expected that it would be unwelcome in his flower-garden, the earth. He alone understood that from the beginning its life would consist in a struggle for existence, a continual battle in which it would surely lose, yet that the defeat would result in a triumph.

One by one the petals unfolded; little by little it became lovelier and lovelier; its beauty and fragrance were wafted forth in the kind deeds it was continually performing, for the soul of the God-man looked out from the deep center of the rose. At last it was full grown; at least it seemed to have become perfected but, in truth, the qualities it had always possessed were only becoming manifest. It had attained the zenith of its earthly splendor and it had also reached the beginning of the end.

All the time it had been peacefully blooming there, enemies had not been lacking to it and when the fullness of time had come they gained their evil end. The death which it had long known was predestined for it was near at hand. One of its own companions had betrayed it; another was to deny it and all were to forsake it. Oppressed beneath the weight of sin and sorrow it stood in the quiet garden and soon a few, bright drops appeared on its fair petals, hesitated for a moment, gleamed in the pale moonlight and then silently trickled to the ground. Some might think it was only drops of dew, but alas, it was not!

The next day that dawned was its last. Its foes had accomplished what they had undertaken. They had crushed and torn the kindest heart that ever beat, and toward the close of day it lay alone and forsaken, limply adhering to the faithful stem, the only treasure it had left. This might have been some consolation but oh, no, this was not to be! With superhuman effort the words, "Behold thy mother" were uttered; the last tie was broken; she, too, was gone and all was over. It fell to the ground with a sigh, "It is consumated," and its earthly existence was at an end.

But lo! even as all nature wakes again to life in the spring so, too, in three days this flower arose, never to die again. The death of the rose had appeased the anger of an infinite God, the gates of Heaven were opened and all its sacrifices had not been in vain.

CLAIRE SULLIVAN,
Third Academic.

The Lady of the Lake.

JAMES Fitz-James indeed had sufficient cause to become awed by the wonderful apparition which met his eyes, for, in response to the call of his bugle, there came, not his companions of the chase, as he had supposed, but a lovely maiden guiding a light skiff over the mirror-like waters of Loch Katrine. The graceful lines of her slender form revealed her royal lineage; her fairy-like step seemed more suited to a court-room floor than to the rugged paths of the thickly wooded hills. One would imagine her to be eighteen years of age, but would find delight in reading her strong character shown by the lines in her face. Her large, blue eyes reflected purity of soul, while the crown of her youthful beauty was a mass of black waves forming into ringlets as they reached her waist. Suited to her state, namely that of a chieftain's daughter, she was dressed in costly snood and silken plaid, and a broach of gold adorned her lily-white throat.

A lover of sports, she eagerly accompanied her father and Malcolm Graeme on long tramps through the forest, or enjoyed many hours leisurely rowing with them across the silver strand surrounding the isle. Many an afternoon saw her climbing hill and dale with her beautiful dog, Lufra, at her side.

She was not wholly concerned with self amusement, for in what soothing tone did she not attempt to comfort the old minstrel, Allan Bane, when the harp, irresponsive to his touch of joy, gave forth only a series of melancholy strains. A few hours later, Roderick Dhu asked for her hand in marriage; she seemed transformed from the meek maiden of eighteen summers to a fully matured woman, fired with a determined will. In polite but frank speech she refused his proposal, but expressed sincere gratitude for his goodness to her; she declared that she would willingly give "her blood, her life —but not her hand" in return for the home and care bestowed upon her, both by Lady Margaret and Roderick.

While the clan was gathering on Lanrick Mead, Douglas requested Ellen to accompany him to a place of refuge. Accordingly they journeyed to Goblin's Cave and found shelter in that dark, rugged retreat. What was it on that quiet moonlight night which caused Roderick to pause and listen attentively? Was it the conversation between two generals of the king, making plans for the morrow? Oh no, far from that! It was the melodious strain of Ellen's voice, floating like celestial music over the soft summer night breezes. It was her noble soul bursting forth in prayer, to her spotless Mother, begging that a suppliant child be heard.

Following Douglas' departure to the palace of the king, Ellen became wholly dispirited and it was now Allan Bane's turn to comfort. Doubtful whether Malcolm, her suitor, was still alive and knowing her father's life was in danger, she indeed had sufficient reason for disconsolateness. Soon Fitz-James appeared upon the scene. She succeeded in con-

cealing her feelings until he began to entreat her to come to the castle, thus to avoid the frantic scenes of feud and war. It was then she unfolded the secrets of her heart; her love for Malcolm Graeme; her father being in exile; and declared that it would be dishonorable for her to wed and thus bring infamy on her husband. Vainly he strove to persuade, for her strong will reasserted itself, tenaciously holding to its first resolution.

How differently she acted at their next meeting. That early morn in the castle, when she—a docile, innocent, suppliant child came to plead for her father. Even if Fitz-James had not previously forgiven Douglas, I doubt if he could have refused a plea from such a picture of loveliness and beauty. As he uttered the words, "ask naught for Douglas, he is free," a new spark of admiration flashed in her eye and she fell at the king's feet. No greater reward could he desire for his kindness than to have her,—the queen of the island's beauty, at his feet in loving gratitude.

LENORE JOHNSON,
Second Academic.

Sketches.

A Summer Afternoon.

IT was a quiet, dreamy afternoon of mid-July. Even nature herself seemed to have lost all enthusiasm and the very flowers drooped their heads, forgetting for once how charming they were. The birds had ceased their throat-splitting melodies, which had filled the air in the morning, and had taken shelter in the refreshing depths of the forest, where the tall, old oaks and maples, spreading their young, new leaves to the sun, made an alluring retreat for the weary songsters.

Then came a sudden, refreshing summer shower. Every flower, newly awakened, raised its head heavenward in thanksgiving and every bird trilled forth his newest song.

DOROTHY MCCORD,
Fourth Academic.

A Mountain Scene.

IT was one of those warm afternoons when all is still as in the dead of night. The road, as it wound its way to the north, was barren and sullen looking. Redly it glared at us as we slowly climbed the sun-baked foot hills. The foliage that in the early morning had looked green and fresh now was dust covered and sun warmed. The birds no longer sang in the trees, but sat quiet, while the ever present flies and bees continued their ceaseless buzzing. Even the tiny brook at our feet had suddenly become still. It no longer rippled and sang as it had done in the early morning, but wended its way slowly as if it, too, were tired.

HAZEL HILL,
Fourth Academic.

Southern Summer.

THE day had been hot and the fitful wind, which had risen in the direction of the river, was just beginning to blow in soft gusts under the old mulberry trees in the street and to scatter the loosened petals of syringa blossoms in flowery snow on the grass. Against the glassiness of the river, a great magnolia blazed back at the sun, its glossy leaves and vividly cream-colored flowers made dazzling in the glare. A stretch of wall nearby was adorned along its top with a tangle of little pink roses and masses of other flowers. Behind the wall lay a square, white villa which looked, with its green shutters all closed, as though dozing in the heat and perfume.

MARY KNOTT,
Fourth Academic.

The Broken Wing.

A blue-bird with a broken wing sat on the railing of the porch. At the end of the railing crouched a cat and on the floor of the porch stood another puss. The cats were malicious looking, and never took their eyes from the bird. The crippled bird, realizing that he would soon have to surrender, looked the embodiment of terror. He could not fly to the trees because of his helpless wing and he knew that if he should hop to the ground the cats would devour him. At the least sound he would cock his head on one side, listen, and then look at the cats. Whenever he moved ever so slightly the cats crept closer. Moved with pity, I rescued him.

CARLINE RATTIGAN,
Fourth Academic.

Acrostics.

Hovel, castle, house so wee,
One or other it may be,
Mother love and harmony
Ever make the Home, you see.
M. M.

Love, like a happy sprite,
Out of the gloomy night
Visits the gloomy heart
Ere its sad griefs depart.
E. C.

Place thy sordid cares behind thee, as the
Evening of thy life draws nigh. Lift thine eyes
And fill thy soul with joy. Forget thy sighs.
Compose thy thoughts, for soon to thee will come
Everlasting peace.
H. O'M.

Don't the days just hurry by
And the minutes fairly fly?
Yesterdays seem years ago,
School days only, journey slow.
M. S.

Christmas bells are loudly ringing,
Herald angels sweetly singing,
"**R**ejoice, rejoice, for He has come
Into our midst, this Holy One!"
Sweet Infant King, Thy grace we pray.
Thy will to do from day to day,
Making each act, each thought of ours
A blessing for eternal hours.
Sweet Infant King, we Thee adore!
C. R.

On Writing Verse.

My youthful hopes all blasted are,
For one more line I need as yet—
To make this verse my masterpiece;
But that one line I cannot get!

I'm sure I've looked and cannot find
A word with sympathy to rhyme.
Geography? How would that do?
But no, the thought is not sublime!

'Tis time for English to begin,
And now in sheer despair I see
The "Annual's" pages never will
Be honored with a verse from me.

MARGARET MEREDITH.

* * * *

When I was told to write a poem,
My glance at first went to the dome;
But knowing 'twas forbidden ground,
I turned my head at once around.

But I was then a second Eve
And so a second look took leave;
My thoughts still linger on the dome
And so I cannot write a poem.

A. DONNELLY.

Too hard it is to write
In this loud study hall,
When all there is in sight
Are desks and books, and wall
So bare. My spirits fall.
O Muse! I pray a light!
Too hard it is to write
In this loud study hall.

H. HAWKINS.

* * * *

When I was told to write a verse
My mind grew blank and naught could I
A thought about my subject find,
And, pen in hand, I heaved a sigh.

Iambic foot, pentameter
Was what it had to be, she said,
While all my thoughts were anapest,—
Iambic foot? I scratched my head!

At last, in deep despair I wrote
A verse! It was not very long
And then! Next day the teacher said,
"Your thoughts are good, the meter's wrong!"

So after that I always tried
To have my meter come out right
And keep my thoughts down here on earth,
But still my verses are a fright!

A. KEELINE.

One long, one short, Oh, that's not right—
This meter surely is a sight!
I sit and waste my precious time
And can't make those two last lines rhyme.

You see my teacher's very old
And she will glare at me and scold
And say, with knowing nod, "O My!
I don't believe you ever try."

Those first two lines are smooth and fine—
The trouble's in that short third line.
"The villian nearer drew," now see
That's just as wrong as it can be.

And yet, I sit and think and think
And all my thoughts just sink and sink,
Until I say, "Oh, I don't care!"
And give it up in cold despair.

M. SHEPHARD.

The Woodland Fern.

IT was not a rare occasion upon which Chief Bemidji's squaw had come grunting into Henessey's florist parlors, cautiously bundling her precious wares. A fair exchange was made and she passed through the door, uttering assurance of justification in her Indian language.

Mr. Henessey always enjoyed examining the squaw's transactions, for who but a child of nature has instinct to pry into the muck and produce such priceless works of art? This evening the most attractive in the group was a small woodland fern.

How daintily and delicately wrought were the feathery little leaves, scarcely unfolded in their youth. From thenceforth, thought Mr. Henessey, the tenderest care should be bestowed upon this small jewel, and he placed it outside in the court for a draught of the mild April shower.

But alas, in a surprisingly odd moment the shower became as a cruel March hail storm and irreparable damage was done to the newly found but suddenly lost treasure.

Mr. Henessey was in the city when the office boy carried the frozen and drooping little bit of nature into the store room where pots and cans stood, some containing winter bulbs and others awaiting their season for usage. Here the boy carelessly dropped it into a dark, muggy corner and forgot even its existence.

In the fall when the winter bulbs were given their opportunity to sprout, Mr. Henessey had them all removed to his sun-lit garden and the damp store room was made pure for the following months' returning darkness.

In removing everything, the little fern bulb was also thrown into the garden as a mere place of keeping for the following few days. But, as business was delayed longer than usual, no one came to dispose of this seemingly lifeless object until it had, by the loving warmth of God's sunlight, thrust forth several tiny stalks with feathery little leaves upon them. Again it was placed in the florist's window for the praise and admiration of all humanity and as an example for all plant life.

And in like manner did not Mary Magdalene, the penitent sinner of Our Lord's time, after falling into the crime of all baseness, become a most beautiful example to every type of womanhood? And was it not God's grace which rained upon her and God's sun-light which infused life into the little woodland fern? His power is omnipotent!

CATHERINE DEUR,
Third Academic.

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Morality in War.

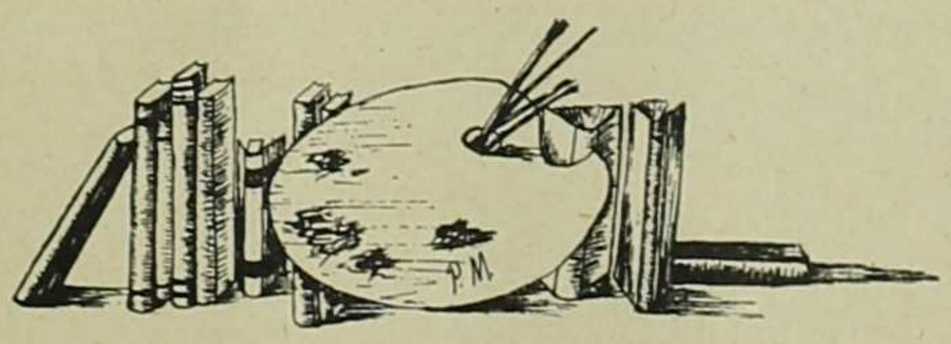
Despite the duration and depredations of the present European war each contestant is hopeful of victory with forces enough of its own remaining to hold and govern its conquests. However, all that is worth defending in the nations will soon have been lost, and the impoverished remnants of mankind will lack energy to rescue the national life, while the new generation will grow listless with despairing hope. All armies deteriorate at the front from loss of vitality and energy, while the war's destruction of the male population between the ages of eighteen and forty-five will make it almost impossible to maintain traditions of civilization. The first experience of the loyal countryman in warfare gives him horror of the situation and makes him an ardent pursuer of peace. If the war had lasted only a few months these good effects might have had their moral consequences, but even now heroism is succeeded by an utter disregard for life, while enthusiasm and concern for national freedom are replaced by the growth of narrowness and hardness under tyrannical commands. Humane feeling decays and a pitiless thirst for revenge fills the hearts of men. The wild animal has been aroused within civilized man and for it he must lose his self respect, his virtue and his uprightness, while a secret shame over his own downfall makes him almost permanently cynical and despairing. Truly, even the most unyielding advocate who speaks in defense of war cannot bring sufficient evidence to bear out such declarations as this, "Men are morally better for their experience in war."

MARJORIE SHEPARD,
Fourth Academic.

The True Function of Criticism.

There are many and diverse views concerning the value and function of literary criticism. Some are of the opinion that it is of no use whatever. Lord Beaconsfield, for example, defined a critic as "one who, having attempted many things and failed to attain distinction in any of them, has sought consolation by sitting in judgment on the works of his fellows who have either by superior industry or greater talents succeeded in reaching the goal which he had been fated to miss." Someone else has observed that "the whole history of criticism has been a triumph of authors over critics." It is quite true that much criticism is valueless. This is due mostly to the erroneous ideas entertained by so many small critics concerning the purpose of their work. A very common error is to consider that its chief purpose is to find fault, merely to censure. Very different is the theory held by the masters of the critical art. Matthew Arnold states it as the primary purpose of criticism "to learn and to propagate the best that is known and thought in the world." "The object of criticism," says Lowell, 'is not to criticise, but to understand." The critic may have to probe at times, but he should do so only to cure; he should understand well the difference between surgery and slashing. The desire of the true critic is not to destroy but to conserve. It is always his aim and his ambition to help the author whom he judges and the public for whom he judges to an ever higher plane of artistic excellence. He understands that the power to appreciate, not the mere ability to find fault, ranks next to the power of creating. He first appreciates himself, and then seeks by his comment to help others who need his help to understand and appreciate likewise. The great critic is free, fair, and fearless in all his judgments. He stands staunchly for the best in art, truth, and morals. He scorns the temptation to be clever merely for the sake of being clever. He chastises when necessary, but always with regret at its necessity. The expert interpretations and well-reasoned judgments of the able critic, based on wide knowledge, high standards, cultivated tastes, and inspired by real sympathy for author and reader, cannot but be helpful to literary art. Indeed, such critiques may be and in fact often are themselves literature of a high quality.

ESTHER CARRICO,
Fourth Academic.



Fourth Academic Class Play.

The first signs of commencement were manifest on the morning of May 22, when the graduate members of the Academic Class held their Class-Day exercises.

The essays, which appear in this issue of THE ANNUAL, show earnest work and wide preparation. Aside from the intrinsic value of the papers, they were read with ease and grace, which gave additional pleasure to the faculty, students, parents and friends who were fortunate enough to be present.

Students from St. Mary's Conservatory of Music and Vocal Department contributed generously to the success of the entertainment.

PROGRAM

1. Piano Duet—Galop Brilliante - - *Owen Cameron*
   MISSES M. MEREDITH, C. REDMOND
   Violin—MISS K. MADDEN
2. Mother Nature as a Teacher - MISS H. DOUAIRE
3. True Kingship in Alfred the Great - MISS R. SCHAFER
4. When Strife and Peace Have Kissed - MISS M. SHEPARD
5. Martyr Priests of Pre-Colonial Days MISS A. DONNELLY
6. Some Women of Culture - - MISS M. MOLUMBY
7. Piano Solo—Hachzeistag auf Troldhaugen - *Edvard Grieg*
   MISS H. HAWKINS
8. Queen Isabella, the Catholic - - MISS C. VINCENT
9. Some Shakespearean Types of Women - MISS G. REMPE
10. Catholic Achievement in the State of Indiana
    - - - - - - - MISS C. LENSING
11. Labor Conditions in England after the
    Industrial Revolution - MISS A. KEELINE
12. After Night, the Dawn - - MISS H. GALLIGAN
13. Vocal Solo—"Your Voice" - - - - *Denza*
    MISS M. KELLEY
    Piano—MISS M. SHEPARD
    Violin—MISS K. MADDEN
14. The Harp in Song and Story - MISS H. HAWKINS
15. The Efficient Gentlewoman - - MISS G. FLEMING
16. Some Factors of the Immigration Problem
    - - - - - - - - - - MISS J. SHEPARD
17. The Symbolism of Flowers - MISS K. FLEMING
18. Some Places of Historic Interest in
    Indiana - - - - - - MISS A. ORT

19. Violin Solo—Serenata - - - - *Moszkowski*
Miss K. Madden
Piano—Miss M. Shepard

20. The Folk-lore of Pre-Christian Ireland
- - - - - Miss H. O'Malley

21. Immortality - - - - Miss Margaret Meredith

22. Our Risen Saviour in His Apparitions
- - - - Miss Mildred Meredith

23. And Ye Ministered Unto Me - Miss I. Hannegan

24. Vocal Solo—"My Thought of You" - - *Ashford*
Miss B. Downs
Piano—Miss M. Shepard

25. The Abnegation of the Precursor - Miss C. Redmond

26. Shall I Disappoint Thee, Lord? - Miss K. Madden

27. Anglo-Saxon Ideals in English Literature
- - - - - Miss E. Carrico

28. The Sacred Poetry of St. John, the Evangelist - - - Miss M. Kelley

29. Piano Duet—Tancredi - - - - - *Rossini*
Misses M. Knott, M. Shepard

Closing Remarks - Reverend J. L. Carrico, C. S. C.

Father Carrico's words to the class were as follows:

Reverend Mothers, Sisters, and Students of St. Mary's:

I don't know just how many times I may presume upon the forbearance of the Fourth Academic Class to do in the way of closing remarks the anticlimax to their programs. Anyhow, I have been asked to test them once more, and, whether they like it or not, I am pardonably proud of the privilege.

The workaday world judges the qualifications of the college or the high-school graduate and the competence of the school that has graduated him mostly by his English. That manner of judgment may not be logical, but it is chronological; it may not be fair, but it is a fact. Whether it be fair or not, it is very evident that these young ladies who are finishing their academic course and the academy which has given them that course need not have any fear of the test. The essays and the poems so well written and so well read are themselves the best compliment to the ability of the authors and to the efficiency of the faculty under whom they have been produced.

Ability to think and to communicate the thought to the best advantage, clearly, forcibly, and elegantly, is very exceptional; and yet it is an accomplishment that may be developed by most any student that will take the necessary pains. In your English work—in any work, for that matter, that you may undertake, from serving at table to saving your soul, remember that it is your best effort that counts. One such effort is worth a dozen not quite so good. Whatever is worth

doing at all is worth doing with all your mind and heart and strength. I like occasions of this kind for students for the reason that it provokes them to do their level best.

And now, Young Ladies, at the end of your preparatory work, I should like to urge you, if there be need of it in any case, not to discontinue your education. Very many students make the grave mistake of stopping school unnecessarily just when it is beginning to do them good, just when they are beginning to grow. Come back to school in September if it is at all possible, and take a full college course. In advising this I am not thinking first of St. Mary's, but of yourselves and of those who in the years to come are to be blessed with the benefit of your influence. And I hope that by the time when you will have finished your college course your grand old school may be able to offer you a splendid four-year course of post-graduate study leading to the doctor's degree.

A great many people do not believe in the higher education of women. They think that it tends to unfit them for their proper work in life. Philosophy, they say, will not help them to make better soup. Not very long ago, indeed, everybody thought that way, but happily we are coming at length to understand that there is quite as much reason for the highest education of woman as for the highest education of man. True education means above all things development, the development of power, physical, mental, moral, and spiritual, the development of power to do, the development of power to do the things that ought to be done—in the case of woman, the development of her power to do her half, the more necessary half of the world's work. The perfect woman can be nothing more or less than the woman that is perfectly developed in every respect, in body, mind, heart, and soul—which is only another wording for perfectly educated.

Education of the right kind, of the kind that St. Mary's gives, given to a young lady of the right kind, such as the St. Mary's student, must in the very nature of things make her womanly, more potent for good, more equal to the great purposes of life. It cannot but enable her to live more truly and more fully the life to which Providence has fashioned her. It must of necessity qualify her better for the sacred duties of lover, and wife, and mother. Bishop Spalding, our great Catholic champion of education and especially of the higher education of women, said to us in the day of his strength and splendor: "Educate a man, and you are educating an individual; educate a woman, and you are educating a family."

It is understood, of course, that the girl who is to be educated to any purpose must be capable of education. To begin with, she must be a person of great good sense. And when woman possesses this *sine qua non* at all it is the usual case, I believe, that she has it in both a greater quantity and a finer quality than man. Now, I think the surest sign of the presence or absence of this essential qualification is the woman's attitude on the subject of dress. If she is a slave of the silly fashions of the season; if she gives on the average more than three minutes of thought a day to the matter of dress; if she prefers full-dress society to solitude; if she care more for her wardrobe than for her library; if she gives more at-

tention to her hair than she gives to her soul; if she does not realize the pathetic absurdity, the painfully bad taste, the sheer sinfulness of wearing shoes that make her walk on her toes, instead of her feet as the Lord in His wisdom intended; if, in fine, she does not know the difference between sense and nonsense, she is not capable of very much development. Whatever may be her physical proportions, she has certainly lost her mental and moral balance, if she ever had any; she has lost her sense of values, and all the educative forces in Christendom concentrated on her till the crack of doom could not make a great woman of her for the simple reason that she has not the makings, for the reason that she is lacking in sense and essence.

Even aside from its religious significance, the habit of the nun, and, however it may seem to yourselves, your own school uniform are a joy to the eye in contrast to the hideous cuts and colors of the street, because they are so simple, so sensible, so modest, in such good taste. Cardinal Newman, the finest mind and the finest man, I think, that the English people have produced, had attended a banquet one evening in London at which the élite of England were present, and at the breakfast table the next morning his sister innocently asked him how the Duchess of Norfolk was dressed. "Now that you ask me," said the Cardinal, "I know that she must have been dressed in perfect taste, because I did not notice what she had on." These animadversions are meant merely for your assurance, if you should need any. When the sensible person goes out into the fashion-crazy world, as you will do presently, he is apt to feel a little lonesome. Lonesome or not, be above it.

In a belated conclusion, I assure you, Young Ladies, who are finishing your academic course, in the name of all here present, parents, teachers, fellow-students, and friends, of our profound appreciation of the spelndid program to which you have treated us this morning. We wish you to-day all the good that you yourselves can wish. We hope that all your efforts in life may be as earnest and as successful as this one. You are young: your future is before you. Don't thank anyone for assuring you that you are now enjoying the happiest days of your life. Happy they are, no doubt, but your happiest days should be the ones in which you can do the most good, the ones for which the present are only a preparation. I could never understand the philosophy of the grown people who are forever sighing for the time of their childhood, who are always living backwards. Know that your future is in front of you, and keep it there. Many circumstances over which you will have no control will help more or less to determine your life, but it will be for the most part just what you really want it to be. Dream now the dream of your life, the dream of your womanhood; make it as truly grand as you can, and then set about to realize it. Your life, by the grace which the good God will surely give you, may be as true, as good, as large, as beautiful, as you are willing to make it. Make it true and good and large and beautiful for your own perfection and merit, for the credit of your family, for the credit of St. Mary's, for the honor of our country and the glory of our God.

Indiana Centennial Celebration.

On the evening of June 6, the graduates from St. Mary's Conservatory of Music gave their annual closing recital in honor of the one hundredth anniversary of the statehood of Indiana.

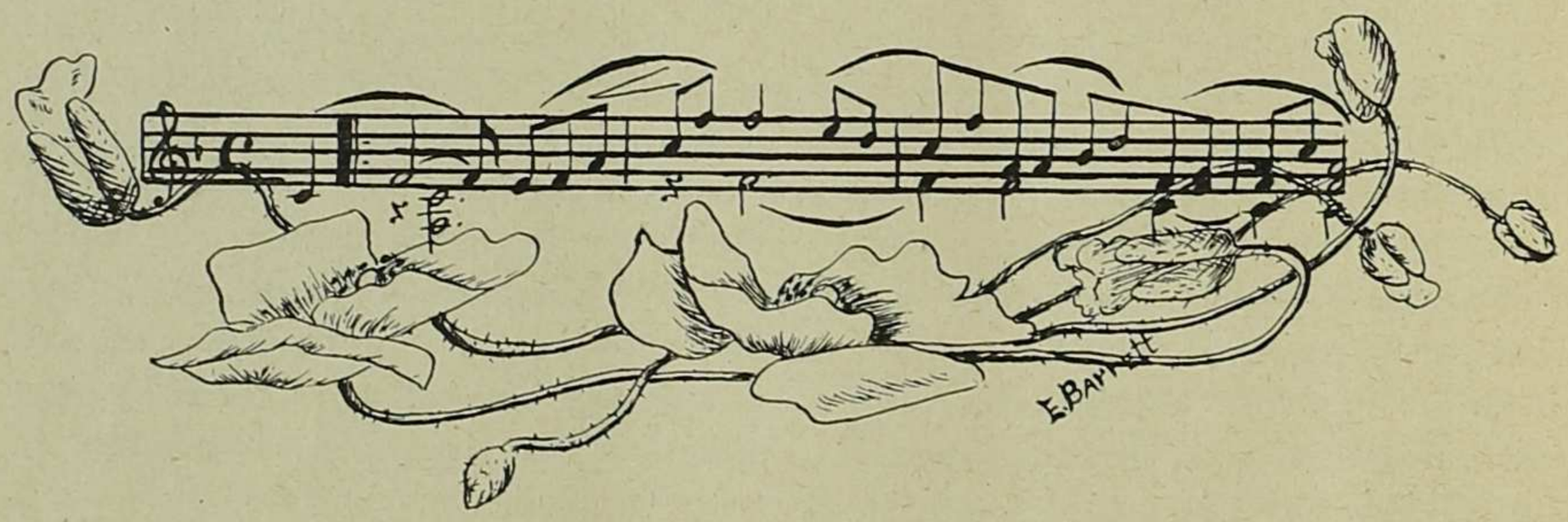
Two essays, "Catholic Achievement in the State of Indiana," and "Some Places of Historic Interest in Indiana," by Miss Cecelia Lensing and Miss Alice Ort, members of the graduating class of St. Mary's Academy, are among the numbers on the program.

Immortal God, we pray Thee keep our state;
'Neath Thy Almighty Hand direct her way;
Draw close her children to Thy Father Heart;
In this safe refuge may they dwell for aye;
And guide, inspire, protect her country's laws;
Nor let her people, on the last great day,
Awake to aught but peace in Thee.

C. LENSING.

Academic Annual Reunion.

To the members of the Academic graduating class of 1916 has been accorded the happy privilege of being the hostesses at the first annual reunion of the graduates of St. Mary's Academy. The following officers have been named to serve for the first year: Miss Cecelia Lensing, President; Miss Geraldine Fleming, Vice President; Miss Katharine Madden, Secretary; Miss Claudia Redmond, Treasurer.



That Class Play of Ours.

Everybody seemed to enjoy our Class Play, given in honor of Erin's Saint, on the eve of the 17th. We were proud of little Miss O'Malley's beautiful old-Irish drama, "The Light of Faith," and also of the modern prologue and epilogue which the rest of us compiled. The Irish atmosphere was enhanced by the musical numbers, true bits of Erin's melody, and perfected by the closing remarks of the Reverend J. L. Carrico, C. S. C., who always does say just the right thing in the right way. The program is printed below. On St. Patrick's Day we took a long walk, but what happened on that walk is our own secret. We were *so* hungry when we returned.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Patricius	the slave	MISS MARGARET MEREDITH
	the priest	MISS C. RATTIGAN
Earl of O'Conarchy		MISS R. SCHAFER
Dairine, his daughter		MISS H. O'MALLEY
Connla, nurse to Dairine		MISS C. REDMOND
Earl of MacDaire		MISS H. DOUAIRE
Lady Kingit MacDaire		MISS K. MADDEN
Barry, their elder son	as a child	MISS M. KNOTT
	later	MISS G. FLEMING
Fan, their younger son		MISS H. GALLIGAN
Milcho MacHunan, King of Dalaradia		MISS H. HILL
Eugene, his son	as a child	MISS A. ORT
	later	MISS C. LENSING
Fairies		MISS B. DOWNS, MISS G. FLEMING, MISS H. DOUAIRE, MISS J. SHEPARD, MISS M. SHEPARD
Kathleen O'Meir	Friends of Dairine	MISS A. DONNELLY
Cathal O'Meir		MISS I. HANNEGAN
Curry O'Reirdan	Followers of St. Patrick	MISS K. FLEMING
Thaddeus Brennan		MISS F. O'BRIEN
Marcus, slave to O'Conarchy		MISS G. REMPE
Baccus, Matilda, Bernicia	Slaves to MacDaire	MISS A. KEELINE, MISS M. MOLUMBY, MISS MILDRED MEREDITH

Bard		Miss H. Hawkins
Coran	Druids	Miss D. McCord
Oonah		Miss C. Vincent
Turlough		Miss E. Carrico

SYNOPSIS

Act I. Room of the Class President.
(In which, after the manner of school girls, we plan our Class Play).

Act II. The Play.

"THE LIGHT OF FAITH."

(Written by Miss H. O'Malley).

Dramatis Personae - - - - - - Ourselves

Scene I. Woods near O'Conarchy Castle.

Scene II. Living room in Castle of MacDaire.

Scene III. (19 years later) Lady Dairine's room.

Scene IV. Woods near the leper's cave.

Scene V. Same as Scene IV.

Act III. In St. Angela's Hall the morning after the play.
(In which we proceed to take advantage of some unprecedented privileges, and sing our Class Song, written by Miss M. Shepard.

Locals.

Earth is feelin' joyful as she's wakin' up again;
Air feels soft and balmy after all the rain.
Spring is here in full array,
Tossin' good things every way.
Energy's what's lackin' to us scholars at this time;
Rhet'ric we have to do and 'tis a dreadful crime.

St. Mary's has had a splendid lecture and recital course this year, but, as our big sister, the Chimes, tells you all about them, we shall be contented with saying that we feel much benefited, spiritually and educationally, by them.

The dancing exhibition of February was one of the most successfully brilliant affairs of the year. The long weeks of previous training, under the direction of

Miss Calahan and Miss Mooney, were duly rewarded when small and large gracefully presented themselves in both the group and solo numbers. Indeed we discovered that St. Mary's talent lay not only in the bravely fought basket ball games and canoe races, but in things of higher grace.

April's diary was indeed filled with showers—not the disagreeable kind, however, but the kind that everyone loved. One of the most refreshing occured on the evening of the 13th when the Juniors and Minims presented before our wondering eyes, "Snow White," in Operetta form. Such fairies and princesses had never been known to appear so graciously before us and to sing so sweetly. We offer our highest praise to you, small actors. May you continue your splendid work!

Do you think St. Mary's is a wholly secluded spot? No, we now have timely connection with the outside world—the clocks are run by the Western Union.

The mighty Juniors met their first defeat in athletics when they unwisely challenged a College team in Basket Ball. Cheer up, Juniors, you're wiser now!

Smile a Bit.

We hope that the Seniors didn't feel slighted when our appearance of superior intellectuality (which, alas, is not always recognized at St. Mary's) was appreciated by an outsider to such an extent that he mistook us for the Philosophy Class and, appealing to us for corroboration of his statements, carefully explained them to the afore mentioned Seniors.

We offer for the kindly criticism of the commiserating public some mistakes in composition (gleaned of course from the written work of non-Fourth Academics.)

"He cast flirtive glances around him."
"There was Yale and Harvard hanging on the wall."
"The room was in great disorder which made it seem more like home."
"Hear is a surprise"
"He was always hanging around"
"We went on a house-party."

Now we do not like to seem conceited, but we would like you to read some of our own idioms.

"The misdemeanor was intrinsically pusillanimous."

"The girl was effervesing with superfluous adjectives."

Teacher—"Did Henry VIII die in the church?"

Mildred—"No, he died in his room."

Teacher—(explaining that too much or too little in a composition would destroy the quality of unity) "Now, for instance, if we had a wax figure with three hands and only one pair of gloves, what would the figure lack?"

Hazel H.—"A glove."

First Girl—(speaking of Easter music) "Wasn't the Regina Coeli beautiful this morning?"

Second Girl—"Who is she?"

Marjorie and Helen were enthusiastically discussing a Moving Picture Scenario.

Helen—(excitedly) "We'll have her flop down on the porch and mop her face with her brow!"

A negro in a shanty shed
Rubbed and scratched his kinky head.
His mind kept wandering,
While he kept pondering
On the colored life he led.

The Dummy.

One evening last November
To the Dom I hurried fast,
I was feeling rather sober,
But it surely didn't last.

For such a sight as met my gaze,
I ne'er had seen before,
Some one reposed within my bed
And clothes lay on the floor!

From out my downy pillow,
A black face looked on the world,
And a form both big and bulky
'Neath my quilts was snugly curled.

But when I gained my breath again,
I did approach my bed,
And found two pillows 'neath my sheet,
A mirror for a head.

CLARA DOLAN,
Third Academic.

The Little Tin Ford.

A little tin Ford
With green painted wheels
Costs a little hoard.
This little tin Ford,
How it speeds o'er roads!
Like a dollar one feels
In a little tin Ford
With green painted wheels.

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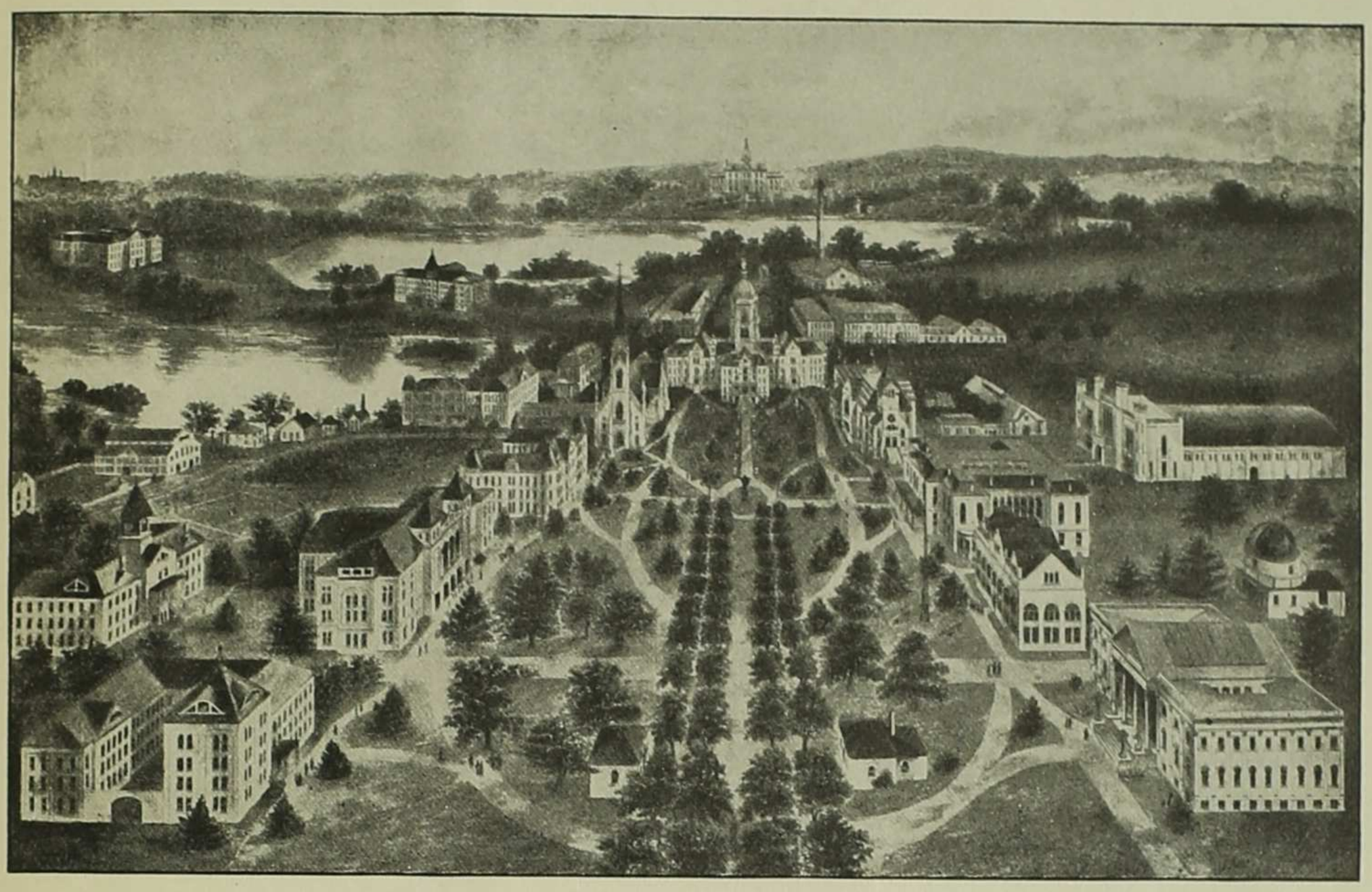

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