

## .. The Holy Cross Purple ..

VOL. XXXII.

MAY, 1920

No. 8

### To a Distant Friend



LD friend, here's a young man's fancy  
For you, who have journeyed from me,  
It comes like the orchard's calling,  
As sweet, as the wild flowers free.

Love knows not the miles of travel  
For absence can't deaden the heart:  
Haven't mothers the weal love loyal,  
When sons are wide oceans apart?

The warmth of the sun to southward,  
We have it to bless here at home,  
It touches the cheeks of us waiting,  
Caresses the fair locks that roam.

The daisy that blows on the hilltop  
The violet shy by the stone;  
The sun brings to each bud its beauty,  
No wild thing is sad or alone.

God gave us the sunlight to brighten  
Wild blossoms that live but a day;  
Gave love to the heart's gay garden  
For flowers that won't blow away.

ARTHUR J. O'LEARY, '20

## Wayfarers of the Night

(READ FOR ENTRANCE INTO THE K. K. SOCIETY.)



*VAGABOND* who really liked to roam

*All up and down the streets of the world"*

by a common consensus of opinion has always been known as a temperamental person who rises, roams, and then sets with the sun, spending the night on anything from hay to feathers according to his means. However, whether in masterful oil, or on flickering screen it has been customary to picture him in no other aspect and in no other scenic atmosphere than lazily making his way through the heat and dust of mid-day, no matter how wide the scope of his activities. Why the knighthood of the road should be so everlastingly associated with daylight is beyond my comprehension. From my point of view, if a wayfarer were as temperamental as I think he ought to be, he would scorn traveling under such prosaic conditions; he would repudiate those who were holding up a red sun and a dusty road as heraldic symbols of his tribe. The vagrant soldier of fortune had abandoned the cynical world on account of the humdrumness of its ways. He had heeded the call of wanderlust with its prospect of never-ending change. In this variety, which travel offered, was provided the seasoning with which he could take life as it comes. Then why does he betray himself as a sceptic to his own philosophy of life by putting up with the monotony of daylight?

As I see it, time-honored vagabonding alone of all trades, professions, occupations and pastimes is too conservative to lift its feet from the mud of stagnation. Where formerly there was always progress, now there is nothing but a rut. What this great order needs is a nervy, imaginative Lenine or Trotzky to overthrow dusty traditions and customs, and to blaze a trail from the road of tediousness. Far be it from me to assume this role, but a little advice here may not fall on thorny ground.

Why does a roamer roam? From an analysis of the attacks of wanderlust that have often assailed me, I have arrived at what I think is the essence of this restlessness. It is nothing more than an impelling curiosity, a quality which dares us to solve that which seems unsolvable. It is this same inquisitiveness, which tempts a boy to search for the principle of motion in an Ingersoll, or urges an older person to tamper with the ouija board. This quality makes us lovers of adventure, whether story book or flesh and blood, because the twists and turns like the waves of the sea come breaking unexpectedly and exhilaratingly. A whisper of mystery or oddity instantly makes us prick up our ears. In all probability this trait in our characters is the actuating element of gossip. In sacrifice to soothe the fires of their prying natures, men and women who should know better, waste hours of valuable time, listening to Dame Rumor.

Granting that curiosity is the motive power of the wayfarer, then all the more will my proposition be established: that traveling should be done after day has fled. Night with its sound-

less depths of mystery is the riddle of riddles. Multi-faced in its capriciousness, it is a time of wondrous beauty, and again a period of repulsive hideousness; peace and rest come hand in hand with dark, until night dons its mask of riot and lawlessness. Many a love has been inspired by a mellow moon, but how many crimes of hatred have been committed under those same rays. In fact for every benefit and good that night brings, there is an opposing evil skulking panther-like in the darkness. Herein are contained two magnets which draw out the wandering adventurer from a life of retirement—variety and uncertainty.

He who travels but for the beauty in nature can find it to the point of overflowing in night. From the softness of twilight to the quiet of dawn, darkness breathes with beauty. Like an inspired poem, night unfolds line by line as each hour reveals some hidden delight. We can sense a surge of emotion as we go out beneath the skies to read the language of the stars. Under the influence of our imagination, our pride begins to shrink. What are we but a few molecules thrown together, with a breath of spirit animating us! In no way can we realize it more powerfully than when we gaze from our insignificant pin-point and behold the myriads of jewels scattered on the velvet black of heaven. Hundreds of worlds wisely wink their tireless eyes at the hundreds of fingers of light which beckon from our cities of pleasure. As we read the lines on the arc of the sky from one horizon to the other, a great thought becomes clear to us. How can anyone doubt the existence of a Supreme Poet, when we have examples

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of the perfect beauty of His work on every side. Even an atheist half believes in God by night.

There are many who are knights of the road, because they enjoy the spiciness of adventure. These in particular would feel the spell of night's bewitching eyes. For instance take two great characters of fiction, Haroun Al Raschid, caliph of dreamy Bagdad, and Prince Florizel, exile in foggy London. As a means of soothing their hazardous hearts, they wandered forth as adventurers of the night. Even the Jew, who in the legend has been condemned to wander until the end of time, no doubt welcomes twilight and the dark, and dreads dawn and the day, for the very reason that night with its change and its interest helps him to forget some of his unending sorrows. Then we have the classic figure of Diogenes with his lighted lantern in broad daylight. He no doubt realized that night poured out a tremendous bounty of treasures for the observant, and accordingly attempted with the help of his imagination to banish daylight forever from his life.

To discover what opportunities for adventure, both mental and physical, are present after day has gone, one need not be an inveterate roamer. In fact any one, no matter how weak the nomadic instinct is in him, can see for himself. Let him select any night in the wayfaring season, say one of those periods which after a zestful Welsh rarebit seems so night-marish. As soon as the inner man begins to swing the red lantern, let the amateur vagabond don the buskins of his favorite happy-go-lucky char-

acter, and then strike out into the dark. No matter where he goes, if he has an observing and impressionistic mind, and if he maintains the right attitude, he will derive satisfaction.

If he is a nature lover, he will direct his steps into the country away from gay cities and ways of men. Here can be heard some hidden brook quietly laughing with pleasure, and the crickets fiddling away in the hushed pureness of the moonlight. Fireflies darting here and there against the shadow back-ground of the trees flash intermittently like glowing coals in a coaly darkness. A million shadows dance to some inaudible music where before there was nothing but an idiotic and boresome monotony. The pleasing fragrance of the fields rises like incense to the heavens. Such delights as these we can experience every night of our lives, whether we are cutting our way through the phosphorescent seas, or gazing from the depths of a humble valley, or standing thoughtfully on the summit of a Gothic mountain crag.

For quick change and contrast, the rambler may turn towards the city. As he approaches, he can see the lights of the metropolis rise from the valley up to the horizon to join the stars. There in that whirlpool of industry, of pleasure, and of whimsical fashion, he will come in contact with a wide assortment of people, conditions, and experiences. To escape the pursuit of the hours, he may drift into the mellowness of the Bohemian quarter, where life seems to be but a happy sweep of color. Here they say the fountains of forgetfulness are always bubbling; sorrow is forbidden to linger. The incense of inspiration is for-

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ever burning, as the muses are especially favorable to the inhabitants of this artist colony. This is the land where the lotoseaters gather to dream in the rainbow haze. However, our fair-minded wayfarer will perceive that it is but an entangling web which seems to glisten under the light of false ideals, with the devotees of Bohemia mere self-deceived flies who are passive in the entangling threads.

From this land of fancy, our vagabond, roaming like Ulysses of old, may travel over many city trails and touch at many ports. He will behold men falling under the spell of Circe; he will reach havens of poverty and sordidness; he will be thrilled by acts of kindness and justice; he will shudder at the touch of scaly selfishness and injustice. Perhaps like Haroun Al Raschid he may attempt to right wrongs and turn sorrow into happiness. What our traveler will have undergone this night, will prove to him that truth is stranger than fiction. He will realize that anything, which fires the nomadic instinct in man, such as the search for the wonderful, the love of hazard, and the desire for variety and change, is best satisfied after the dullness of day has gone.

Virtually all of us on this earth are wayfarers of the night. Everything seems to be in darkness about us; we cannot see ahead; we keep plodding on and on with the hope of attaining a better day. Just as we overlook the beauty of night, so we do not observe the beauty that is ever present in our lives. The open book is all around us and within us. Since we pass over this highway but once, let us read!

JOSEPH S. BALTRUSH, '21.

**The Lover's Paradox**

(After Catullus—Poem XCII)



HE'S always talking ill of me,  
And gossiping my name,  
But may I perish if I don't  
Still love her just the same.  
How do I know? Because I am  
That way. Down from above her  
I call ill things, but may I die  
If still I do not love her!

J. ROBERT CLAIR, '20



Grief



BONES, bones . . . .  
On the floor of the sea ;  
And the restless Water moans  
For the lives she has tolled  
When her anger rolled  
In the might of insanity.

Tears, tears . . . .  
As her sad waves roam  
Through the unforgiving years,—  
They are wiped away  
Forever and aye  
By handkerchiefs of foam.

J. ROBERT CLAIR, '20

# The House of Seven Fables

## FABLE THE SEVENTH

### THE SECRET PASSAGE



OR a moment Grantland paused irresolute—and listening. Far below him, he could still hear the monotonous patter of the rain on the graveled walks intermingled with the weird plaintive sigh of the warm night wind through the poplars near his window.

Suddenly his ears were arrested by a soft scraping sound, that sent a queer tingle vibrating through his veins. Nearer and closer still it came until he was certain he caught the labored sound of suppressed breathing. Instinctively he slunk away from the window deep into the shadows, yet the thing seemed to be following him along the wall directly opposite his bed—nearer still it came always with that soft scraping sound, as if of a hand seeking a switch or something similar in the darkness.

Presently there was a blinding flash of lightning, and although he had just pulled down his window curtain, Grantland thought he caught in the momentary brightness of his room, the form of a man, directly opposite on the other side of his bed. For a moment he hesitated, but only for a moment—then with a vicious dive, he leaped at the intruder.

He felt the heavy impact of a body against his own—there was a muffled oath, followed by a blood curdling scream, that

seemed to drown even the crash of thunder, then silence as Grantland's eager fingers found the other's throat only to have his eely adversary squirm himself free. . . . Grantland heard a sneering laugh. . . . then the room swam before him, he took a step forward in a futile effort to steady himself and plunged into space.

His eager fingers caught SOMETHING—a small bar of iron that seemed to jut out from nowhere into space; putting all his strength into his hold he stopped with a jolt, that racked every bone and muscle in his body. Then as his senses returned, Grantland discovered he was in a small elevator well. High above him he could still hear the swish of the rain through the trees and an intermittent peal of thunder that seemed to wrack the old manse to its foundations, adding to the weirdness of his experience. He did not know how far he was from the bottom of the pit, the bar was cutting cruelly into his sensitive hands. To jump might be suicide—then his grip slipped and Grantland dazed, but safe, stood erect upon the floor of the well.

But his surprise was only momentary, for as he stepped forward and stumbled clumsily over the threshold there was a sudden movement in the darkness around him, again he paused irresolute; again he caught that sound of suppressed breathing. A shadow crossed his vision, this time Grantland's fist shot out—there was slight groan and a man crumpled to the floor.

Grantland was not nervous, for the rapid succession of events, had given him no chance for nerves—his main difficulty

at present was to locate where he was. In vain he searched for a switch, but failing to locate one, covertly lit a match and gazed into the features of his opponent of a moment before. He was a lascar and was still stunned from the blow—suddenly above his head the car cable slipped, Grantland hurriedly quenched his match, dragged the unconscious lascar out of the pit and sank back into the darkness to wait—someone was descending in the car.

Nearer and nearer it came, gliding noiselessly downward on its greased bearings—until Grantland, pressed close against the wall, felt there in the darkness that he could hear the breathing of its occupant—then a man stepped out into the gloom. . . .

Quick as a flash, Grantland lunged forward, but quick as he was, the new arrival was quicker, and dealt him a stinging blow with a pistol butt—flashed a light and revealed the drawn features of Claverly.

“Jack!”

“Clav!”

“Great Scott, I never expected to find you here.”—Claverly rejoined—“you gave me quite a jolt!”

“I’ll say *you* did,” said Grantland, rather ruefully, rubbing his head, “but save your surprises, until you find out whom you’re surprising—that gun’s no lollypop you know!” Claverly’s story was easily told. He had been aroused by the scream and hastening to Grantland’s room had found it empty. An examination disclosed the elevator—it also happened to be the same room in which old Clayton Teak had died sometime before.

To Grantland the facts had a reassuring effect. If there was an elevator from the house, he reasoned, then this passage must lead to someplace, quite a distance from the house, else why this elaborateness? But where did it lead to? He looked at Claverly rather searchingly, as if to find his answer on the doctor's features.

But the latter was too busy, examining his surroundings, and Grantland followed admiringly the movement of his long professional fingers as they felt here and there along the wall, thrown into bright relief by the pencil of light from his flash.

He began to imitate on his wall.

"I've got it, Doc—up a little closer near the eaves!" Claverly moved over and reached up gingerly to touch the rough covering of an insulated wire.

"Quick," he said, "I've cut my side—now all you've got to do is to cut yours,—there that's it—now bring your end over here along the ceiling, and we'll fix it so when those yellow devils turn that juice on, it will go singing back the way it came—ten to one they've got their own place mined in case of a quick get-away". . . . so when they turn it on—well we won't be here to see them blown . . . .

Claverly said nothing, but did as directed—he cut the wire on his side of the wall, strung it out along the ceiling until Grantland with little effort managed to connect the two.

Quickly they bound the stunned lascar with Grantland's bathrobe cord and set out cautiously to explore the passage.

Presently, they became conscious of a cold damp chill and leaden heaviness in the air. Grantland clad only in pajamas and bathrobe felt it more keenly—Claverly sniffed and said nothing—he had guessed the truth, they were in a passage leading from Teak House to some unknown rendezvous under the lake.

Whirr! There was a blinding flash of light, Grantland's captive meanwhile disappeared, and the two men found themselves standing alone in a brilliantly lighted salon, sumptuously furnished in all the dreamy splendor of the East.

But the change from darkness to light was so sudden that both Grantland and Claverly stood mopishly for a moment or so in the center of the room, unable to think or to act.

“Ah! Sahibs; so you have come to visit the shrine of Karma—the great god of India. Karma—the child of the sun and the little brother of the moon and stars—you are welcome, Sahibs, thrice welcome!”

Grantland winced at the veiled sarcasm in the voice. He turned in its direction, but saw nothing. Presently a curtain was thrown back by some invisible hand and a tall, lithe, young man, garbed in the picturesque dress of the East stood before them. Claverly again sniffed—this time pleasantly, for he caught the strangely familiar odor of sandalwood.

Grantland however lost his head.

“Come on Sheik,” he blurted, “can that moon and star chatter; what's the idea of this joss house here, down under the lake—come on open up on your little game—or I'll pump you

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full of lead" and he whipped a vicious looking automatic from its place of concealment beneath his bathrobe.

But "the Sheik" was unruffled. Claverly in all his experience had never seen a cooler man.

"Ah Sahib," he rejoined, "one must not forget that the High-Priest of Karma rarely travels without escort. Karma the child of the sun—the little brother of the moon and stars always watches over the welfare of his children" . . . "Singh" . . . "! the word came quick in a deep guttural sound. Instantly the room swarmed with eager babbling easterners, Grantland's pistol was knocked from his hand, and despite his struggles, his arms were bound to his side. Claverly was treated a little more courteously—only his arms were tied behind his back.

The rather becalmed appearance of the two seemed to please their unwelcome host.

"Karma," he went on, "the child of the sun, and the little brother of the moon and stars awaits the return of the Great Onyx of Mustapha I. . . .

Grantland was fuming mad. Presently the air grew close and heavy with the odor of sandalwood. Then Claverly caught the weird chant of native voices gradually increasing in intensity until he felt the whole room quiver with the echoes of the chant. The doctor's eyes never left those of the Hindu chief, and as he watched the latter produced from somewhere beneath the folds of his great robe a massive crystal ball of the brilliancy of polished silver.—A native with a catlike movement glided forward at his

bidding, and replenished a dying incense lamp. Suddenly the Sheik himself joined in the incantation making strange passes with his hands over the crystal as he chanted. Claverly watching attentively felt that he was under some hypnotic power and struggled violently, to shake off the heavy feeling but finally sank in a stupor on the floor.

How long he lay there he did not know, when he felt a draught of cool air upon his cheek, and opened his eyes to see that he was in an Indian pagoda in the city of Delhi. A lone priest knelt in obeisance before an image of Karma—"the child of the sun—the little brother of the moon and stars"—while on one of the fingers of the god, glistened the Great Onyx of Mustapha I. Then a woman entered, Claverly saw that she was young, he saw her dark eyes glisten in the dim light of the temple, her features were strangely familiar. Great Scott! it was Mildred Teak!—he tried in vain to reach her, but found himself held powerless by some inscrutable force—suddenly as he watched—the priest rose at her bidding and snatched the jewel from its setting in the ring on the hand of the god, and gave it to the girl; a gold coin clinked on the tessellated floor, the Hindu with a movement of blinding swiftness picked it up and slunk away in the shadows. Claverly again attempted to spring forward, but again was held powerless by that same hidden force—then something snapped, he lost consciousness and when he came to—Maitland was bending over him.

"Wake up Doc, you're O. K. and still with us!"



Claverly murmured something incoherently—"Grantland—Mildred!" he gasped.

"Present," echoed the imperturbable Grantland, "say but you picked a swell place to faint, if it wasn't for Jim here—I guess you'd still be in it,—only for keeps.—I suppose you know the Sheik and his tribe went up in smoke an hour ago—it *was* a lucky thing we cut those wires!" Claverly sat up like a man in a dream.—"Wires"—"Sheik," "smoke"?—then like a flash the whole thing dawned upon him. He had been hypnotized and while in this state the Sheik had told him the story of the theft of the Great Onyx of Mustapha I, which had occurred years before. Then that woman was not Mildred Teak—ah he remembered now the story of Maitland and Mardos—it must have been her mother.

It was Maitland, however, who cleared up all the points. Alarmed at the continued absence of Claverly and Grantland, he had organized a small posse of guests from the hotel, and had come upon the Shiek and his Hindoos, just as they were planning to make a getaway. A short scuffle ensued—Maitland and his posse succeeded in beating off the fanatical crew of yellow men, and dragging the unconscious forms of Grantland and Claverly with them back into the passage. Suddenly as they reached the elevator, there was a deafening roar, followed by a rush of water, and as the last man sprang into the car, the swirling waters of Monadnock swept into the breach and blotted away forever the secret passage, the ruins of the salon, together with the Shiek and his followers.

And so the mystery of Teak House was solved—it was a woman's cupidity for an Indian jewel that had caused all this trouble—the death of her husband, the kidnapping of her daughter, the murder of Villeneuve, who was in the employ of a rival sect and the poisoning of Mardos, because of his resemblance to the latter and it was this same cupidity which nearly cost the life of a score of others. Claverly shuddered at the thought, until he heard a voice he had grown to love—it was Mildred Teak who was speaking.

"I suppose now like all heroes, you claim the fair princess," she teased.

Claverly said nothing but looked at her in silence—Grantland and Maitland scenting the culmination of a romance knowingly withdrew.

For a long time he remained silent, then suddenly rose, "Not unless the fair princess wants me," he murmured in a voice he could have sworn was not his own, but her answer was in that delightful bantering way of hers—"Well this is Leap Year, Walter" . . . . And Claverly knew his case was won.

Concerning the Great Onyx of Mustapha I—Grantland afterwards admitted that he had removed it for safe keeping from the vault in Maitland's office, and carried it on his person. During the melee in the cache under the lake the Sheik had snatched it from him and in all probability it lay lost forever beneath the cool waters—together with Karma—"the child of the sun and the little brother of the moon and stars."

MATTHEW F. MCGUIRE, '21.

THE END.

The Fleet of Dreams



FLEET of ships is drifting by  
Just at the close of day—  
A fleet of ships is sailing high  
Across the blueness of the sky,  
Across the blue and grey.

And some have sailed when first the sun,  
Emptied his quiver of light,  
Till now their journey 'most is done,  
A journey joyously begun,  
When Day succeeded Night.

And many more throughout the hours  
Have joined this argosy,  
Have left thoughts' homes of pomp and powers,  
Begarlanded with festal flowers,  
And journeyed, light and free.

Perchance at times some wanton wind  
Has struck them in their quest,  
And driven them in courses blind  
But now at length they all must find  
A harbor in the west.

And even sad and silver ships  
Laden with griefs untold  
Are bright, as each one slowly slips  
Beyond the west and gently dips  
Into the sea of gold.

A fleet of ships has drifted by  
Into the close of day,  
Till night once more patrols the sky,  
And whence, I wonder, where and why  
Has been this wakeless way.

Yet each star that so brightly gleams  
Perchance is at the mast  
Of each these ships,—somewhere, it seems,  
This life begotten fleet o'dreams  
Is anchored, safe—at last.

EVANS PAGE HAM, '22

## Jane Austen



AMONG the chalk downs of Hampshire, about seventy miles southwest of London, lies the small village of Steventon. It was in Steventon parsonage, of which parish her father, George Austen, was rector, that Jane Austen was born on December 16, 1775. The Rev. George Austen was a man of excellent education, a sometime fellow of St. John's College, Oxford. Jane's mother, Cassandra Leigh, a woman of superior intellect, was the daughter of the Rev. Thomas Leigh of Hampden, near Henley-on-Thames,—and niece of Dr. Theophilus Leigh, for more than half a century Master of Balliol College and the great University Wit of his day.

The Austen family numbered eight children of which Jane was next to the youngest. All her six brothers were men of ability, the two youngest rising to be admirals of the fleet. But dearest of all, we are told, to Jane's heart was her sister Cassandra, about three years her senior. To this deep and reciprocal affection critics love to attribute the many instances of sisterly love and companionship in Jane Austen's novel. The sisters were educated chiefly together at home where they secured a merely comfortable amount of knowledge at a time when higher education for women had not been discovered.

Jane Austen began to write at a very early age and her little squibs were a continual source of amusement to the home circle.

When she was seventeen she began to write in earnest and, following Richardson's example, produced two epistolary novels. One of these, *Elinor and Marianne*, she afterward rewrote completely, abolishing the letter form, and published it in 1811 as *Sense and Sensibility*. The other story, *Lady Susan*, she left unchanged but never attempted to publish it. The story has as its heroine Lady Susan Vernon, a worthless yet accomplished and clever widow. Lady Susan is engrossed in two intrigues, the one, to marry off her very good and therefore inconvenient daughter to a titled booby; the other, to secure a certain young man as husband. By means of several clumsy *tours de force* the daughter bears off the young man while Lady Susan is relegated to the booby. *Lady Susan* cannot be considered a good novel, and that Jane realized its weaknesses we may assume since she never tried to incorporate it into anything else that she later wrote. The complications are clumsily managed and the characters are too slightly sketched to excite much interest. Moreover, because of its epistolary form there is an almost absolute absence of dialogue whereby monotony might be relieved.

In the minds of many, Jane Austen's descendants committed a mistake when they decided to offer *Lady Susan* to the world. However, by the time of its advent, her matured fame stood on a pinnacle that no immature work could possibly affect.

But Jane Austen began her great and lasting works at about the age of twenty. The next five years may be termed the first of her two literary periods. At least three of her best known

novels were written during this period, although from their not having been published till much later, there is difficulty in fixing the exact dates of their compositions. The fruits of this period are *Pride and Prejudice*, *Sense and Sensibility*, and *Northanger Abbey*.

*Sense and Sensibility*, the first published work, with its sister heroines, Elinor and Marianne, portrays the practical good sense of Elinor, or *Sense*, and the rather excessive emotionalism of Marianne, represented by *Sensibility*. These two distinguishing characteristics are unfolded to us in the sisters' heart affairs. Through consistently regulating her feelings by good sense Elinor secures her heart's desire and Marianne, after passing through the throes of sentimentalism with a dashing young scapegrace, at last discovers, and not without pleasure, her destiny in the person of a middle-aged Colonel who is addicted to anti-rheumatic flannel waistcoats.

In *Sense and Sensibility*, we have the first of Jane Austen's revised and finished works and, in several respects, it reveals an inexperienced author. The action is excessively rapid and there is a want of dexterity in getting the characters out of their difficulties. The turn for caricature which Jane Austen possessed strongly in her early youth crops out a bit disagreeably in several of the minor characters. Nevertheless there is much in it that is good. The more important characters are all excellent, and, remembering it as the work of a girl of twenty-one, it augured well for her future success.

The next book to receive publishment, although the first of her unrevised works, was *Pride and Prejudice*. There are many parallel lines between the construction of this novel and that of *Sense and Sensibility*. We may note the parallels between the two pairs of sisters and the type of scoundrel in the two stories. Philip Darcy, an aristocrat of haughty exterior but with a warm and generous heart beneath, is *Pride*; and lively tempered Elizabeth Bennet is *Prejudice*. The plot is the struggle of their mutual attraction against their mutual repulsion, ending in love and marriage.

Many readers are of the opinion that *Pride and Prejudice* is Jane Austen's masterpiece.

The delight she took in portraying "intricate" characters, as she called them, is indulged in the person of Darcy, a man whose mind and character are intrinsically excellent, but whose excellence is masked by pride. Among heroines of fiction Elizabeth Bennet occupies a pre-eminent position, and many will agree with Jane's own estimate of Elizabeth, *as delightful a creature as ever appeared in print*. The entire cast of characters is exhibited with a dramatic power that is unapproachable by most novelists. Hand in hand with, and perhaps as an inevitable adjunct to Jane Austen's unapproachable expression of personality, goes the subordination of incident to character. She seems to have known intuitively that character resides in habit and is not to be expressed by violent events.

The last book of this period, *Northanger Abbey*, was not published until after Jane Austen's death. To thoroughly enjoy

*Northanger Abbey* one should read Mrs. Radcliffe's *Mysteries of Udolpho*, the paragon of the class of romantic and sentimental novels of that time. *Northanger Abbey* is partly a quiz on the *Mysteries of Udolpho* and makes fun of the literature of sentimentality and horror. The story begins with a young heroine, Catherine Morland, who is introduced with an obvious mock-solemnity that presages many dark and fearful adventures.

Catherine is superficially silly and, because of an extensive knowledge of the romance of the day, is romantically inclined. She is invited to Northanger Abbey, an up-to-date mansion belonging to the father of a prepossessing young clergyman, Henry Tilney. At the Abbey, after seeking in vain for dungeons and skeletons, Catherine becomes ashamed of her fancifulness, especially when Henry Tilney discovers her weakness. Thereupon Catherine becomes a delightful heroine, the mock-heroic element is dropped, and true sentiment enters. Marriage bells are ringing as the curtain falls.

*Northanger Abbey* is a pure, satirical comedy, although, as the story advances, the satire correspondingly diminishes. A mere glance at the novel of the Radcliffe type will show us how appropriate must have been this burlesque of the ridiculously romantic school. While not up to the high standard of Jane Austen's subsequent works, *Northanger Abbey* is well worth our reading. The heroine is lovable in spite of her silliness, and the other characters are quite good enough to make any book famous.

These first three novels were completed before Jane Austen's twenty-fifth year. For the next fourteen years her pen was silent.



During that time the Austens had left Steventon and, after the death of the Rev. George Austen at Bath, removed to Chawton in Kent.

In 1814 began what may be termed Jane Austen's second literary period, or the Chawton period. Jane was destined to have but three years more of life and, happily for the world, her literary industry during these years was tireless and unceasing. In three years she produced as many novels namely, *Mansfield Park*, *Emma*, and *Persuasion*.

The first published work of this period is *Mansfield Park*. This novel portrays a woman loving strongly, and with good cause, but uncertain if her love is returned. Fanny Price, from shrinking modesty, is for a long time unconscious of her feelings for Edmund Bertram, the son of Sir Thomas Bertram of Mansfield Park. The truth is revealed to her by believing that the man she loves prefers some one else. The circumstances are so skillfully arranged that the unfortunate complication very naturally arises; but quite as naturally do events bring a happy solution. *Mansfield Park* teems with delicate touches of character and fine strokes of art. From first to last Fanny Price is charming and the working out of her character is at once the delight and despair of novelists. Among the subordinate characters, the most notable is that of Mrs. Norris. For thorough selfishness and hypocrisy it would be hard to find her equal. Yet we would not be without her. After all, it is to the bad characters in novels and plays that we are indebted for the excitement and fun.

In December of 1815 *Emma* was published. Emma Woodhouse is a very charming girl who has a disastrous propensity for matchmaking. All of her attempts come to naught. The major complication begins when Emma's protegee, despairing of her sponsor's effort, hopes, on her own initiative, to gain the affections of Emma's life-long friend, Mr. Knightly. Emma is astounded. "It darted through her with the speed of an arrow that Mr. Knightly must marry no one but herself." It is needless to say that the protegée is totally mistaken in her hopes, but finds happiness elsewhere while Knightly and Emma are properly secured for each other.

*Emma* is very rich in character, especially in the comic variety. Indeed, there are no tragic characters or incidents, for the entire story is in the cheerful vein of light comedy. Although, as is the case in most of Jane Austen's novels, the story passes in a circle of two miles and concerns the talk and action of a mild, village society, yet the interest never flags. The character of the lovable and garrulous Miss Bates is unique. No one denies that there is but one Miss Bates, and that she has no second.

In approaching *Persuasion* we have to deal with the last of Jane Austen's works. When the last touch was put to it she was very near her end. *Persuasion* tells of the coming together of sundered lovers after the difficulties and hindrances of eight years' separation, in which neither has ever been able to forget the other. The principal character is tender, sensitive, and suffering Anne

Elliot who perhaps finds a deeper place in our hearts than any of Jane Austen's heroines. Anne's character is strongly brought out by the opposite characters of her selfish sister and her inordinately vain father. After many painful hours for Anne the reconciliation is finally effected.

The same delicate characterization is to be found here with which we are familiar in the other novels, as much in the minor characters as in the principals: Every figure is distinct and natural. Jane Austen stands alone in that Shakespearian gift and practice of being always absolutely true to nature. Her bores are bores and her disagreeable personages are consistent in their disagreeableness. Shakespearian too is the art which makes the disagreeable people and the fool entertaining company.

Six months after the completion of *Persuasion*, Jane was removed to Winchester that she might be within reach of an eminent medical man living there. But her broken health could not be mended. On July 18, when in her forty-second year, Jane Austen died. We echo the lament of Sir Walter Scott "What a pity such a gifted creature died so early."

It is easier to feel than to estimate a genius which has no parallel. Jane Austen's faults are obvious. There is nothing striking in her plots; incident is almost absent; her literary field is restricted to the depiction of rural gentility. But it is her power of expressing personality in the conduct of the narrative which converts seemingly ordinary persons and events into matters of

extraordinary delight and interest and makes us unregretful for the excitation which uncommon events produce.

It is this power which holds the world entranced before the lifelike picture of human beings who are immortal in their truth to nature, though their setting belongs to a bygone day.

FRANCIS A. DRUMM, '22.



A Sad Little Miss



MY PUSSY has died,  
O poor little Ted ;  
Tho' to save him I tried  
My pussy has died ;  
So much have I cried  
Now my blue eyes seem red ;  
My pussy has died,  
O poor little Ted.

I wonder each night  
Where my kitty has gone ;  
Did he always do right ?  
I wonder each night,  
When I think how he'd fight  
If dared to " come on,"  
I wonder each night  
Where my kitty has gone.

O please take my kitty  
Dear Man up above  
'Cause he's ever so pretty ;  
O, please take my kitty.  
I know he was flitty  
But he's just full of love ;  
O, please take my kitty  
Dear Man up above.

CHARLES M. BURKE, '22

## “The Alien”



ARLETON had his coat half off his shoulders and was gazing lovingly at his bed when he stopped, and groaned “Lord! I’ve forgotten that letter.”

He was tired and the thoughts of unlocking his desk again maddened him, but nevertheless he threw his coat on and angrily got out his note paper.

Mr. J. D. Goss.

“Jade.”

As you have probably read “The Alien” is a great success. I have advertised it as having been written by me and in return for the liberty I have taken I offer you the entire proceeds of the play while it is in New York. It should net you at least fifty thousand dollars.

Sincerely,

CARLETON.

He was about to rise from the desk, when a sickening sensation passed thru his frame, weakening him! He was tingling to his fingers’ tips and the quiet room seemed charged with danger!

Some one who had entered the room noiselessly plunged a knife in his back and Carleton fell forward on the top of the desk—dead.

## THE ALIEN

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The murderer waited a second, then cautiously backed to the open window and climbed down the steep fire escape to the lot below.

Twenty minutes later Jade walked into Karp's crowded saloon, mingled in conversation at the bar and the solitary pool table and at midnight slipped out, confident that he had built a perfect alibi.

It was a perfect alibi, for he is at liberty today: his hair a little grayer, his eyes a little duller and his hand a little thinner.

\* \* \* \* \*

When William Carleton stepped off the wide brown stone stoop of his home on Fourth Avenue he had no particular destination in view. His head was aching severely after his long day and the sight of the sun lining the gray clouds of evening with golden satin was too strong a temptation to resist, so he started out alone, wherever his mood might lead him.

In his path was an "L" station and instead of passing it by he joined the crowd returning from work. A few minutes later he alighted at Avenue X, the section that taxi drivers show sight-seers as the "Tough Section."

He walked a few blocks and curiosity tempted him into a saloon labelled at the door in gold and black as "Karp's."

Business was as good as usual at "Karp's," so much so that there was no place at the bar for Carleton and he edged his way to a darkened corner where he enjoyed the rough side in solitude.

A finger touched his shoulder. "You're Carleton, eh!"

Carleton started at being so addressed and wondered before looking up who might this person be. He glanced up and smiled. Such a mask as the one before him he had seen John Facymour assume as "Mister Hyde," but never in real life.

"Yes, I am he," he answered briefly. "What do you want."

"I've got a good story for you. I've had it in my nut for years!"

Carleton looked up again at the man's face, but was sufficiently curious to waste a few minutes.

"Well, what is it?" he asked.

"Oh! I don't want to tell it to you out here. Come in the back room," pleaded the vagabond, pointing to another dark door behind them.

Carleton wasn't at all anxious to go in "the back room" with this creature, but the honest sincerity of the man's tone was assuring. He arose and allowed himself (the most celebrated producer on Broadway) to be dragged by the coat sleeve into a room decorated with painted, highly colored pictures of Kentucky thoroughbreds and distillery advertisements.

"Jade" wasted no time on introductions, and so impressed Carleton by his ideas that the expensive fountain pen and leather bound note book were soon working busily on the shaky old table.

"The Alien," Jade suggested tentatively as a title, and then pictured his characters and wove his plot. It was a story of Americanization with the play as a possible solution.



After Carleton had left the ragged "Jade," he telephoned for a taxi and before the car had turned into the smooth asphalt of Fourth Avenue, he had decided what actors would be most suitable to the parts and what little tricks of this peculiar genius he could most effectually use for stage setting.

Stifling July and August passed and the mail man didn't bring word to Jade. September winds made Jade bring his chair indoors from Karp's wooden stoop, and still no word. October found the waiting vagabond as sad as the season.

But in November it came! Some one had left a previous Sunday "Times" on a side chair and nearly the whole "Theatrical Section" was devoted to William Carleton and "The Alien."

Carefully "Jade" spread out the sheet on the table, and cupping his cheeks in his palms he prepared to devour it.

At the top of the paragraph: "The Alien' is without doubt William Carleton's greatest success. Especial credit must be given him because in his twenty-five years of theatrical production this is the first play that he has written himself. "The Alien" is the crown of his most successful career."

A low curse broke from Jade's weak lips and the tears of mad disappointment blinded him. "The only chance in my whole life to set myself on my feet and prove I really was a man," he sobbed. "The only chance! He promised me half—on his word—man to man!" Man to man!"

Slowly the pain and sorrow hardened into rage and hatred, and banging back his chair he ran to his cheap rooming house and got his lean, sharp knife. CLEMENT V. MCGOVERN, '20.

¶erspective



ANY people long to be  
A giant taller than a tree,  
Who crosses rivers in a stride ;  
And, hastening clouds his only guide,  
Struts o'er the Lilliputian sphere  
While pigmy nature shakes with fear.

But if a fairy said to me  
"Why pray, what would you like to be ?"  
Oh, promptly would I then reply ;  
"Please, make me smaller than a fly ;  
And place me in the waving grass  
Where I can hide when giants pass."

Oh, if I were so very small,  
I'd climb upon a daisy tall ;  
And swaying on the roof of gold,  
As from a look-out I'd behold  
The wonders round me everywhere.  
A bumble bee, big as a bear,  
Sails through the noisy atmosphere,  
And frightens me, he comes so near.

And now I cannot see the sky  
Because a butterfly floats by,  
With gorgeous, brightly painted wings ;  
While loudly as a church bell rings  
I hear the clear ecstatic note  
Thrill from the thrush's trembling throat,  
And when at night I take repose  
I'll find some fresh and fragrant rose ;  
Then climbing to my bed aloft—  
A bed all perfumed, warm and soft—  
Oh, I am sure that you must see  
How comfortable I would be.

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A giant strides forth bold and proud,  
With eyes set vainly on some cloud,  
And crushes 'neath his cumbrous feet  
Creations infinitely sweet,  
Where lies some tiny, fragile shrine  
Which boasts of workmanship divine

Towering heads may be too high  
God's greatest temples to espy.  
These are not reached by blinded strength  
Nor strides of some prodigious length.  
Sheer height means not that we are free  
Nor can mere strength mean liberty.

E. GLEN ROSENBERGER, '21.

## Age of Advertisements



ANKIND has passed successfully through the Stone Age, the Age of Brass, the Age of Agriculture, and now, in advanced maturity, has blossomed forth into the Age of Advertisements. Just as stone or iron implements were the dominant notes of prehistoric existence, so now does the spirit of advertisements pervade our modern life. Our newspapers and magazines teem with them, our broad highways are lined with them; the modest buildings of peaceful farms are made to flare and howl with them, and the black, nightly heavens that arch our majestic cities are illumined by them. Whether we turn to the simplest household article, or to an intricate piece of modern mechanical ingenuity, we are confronted by an inscribed advertisement. Whether we pick up a can of nutmeg or attend an automobile show, we are forced to endure the sonorous boastings of the proud maker.

But, if advertisers did no more harm than to hide nature's panorama behind screaming bill-boards; even if they insisted upon invading the hallowed precincts of the pantry by plastering their be-medalled labels on cans of nutmeg, I think we might overlook the matter, and dismiss the care as nugatory. However, advertisements are much more intimately connected with our lives. They mould our desires, they fashion many of our habits, they

cause unnecessary discontent, and, in general, corrupt the even tenor of our ways.

I am convinced that the series of strikes and the scourge of labor troubles, which have of recent years set men to thinking, are due fundamentally to advertisements. We look back with wonder and admiration to the Middle Ages when the laboring classes bent their willing backs to the yoke of oppressive capital. But there is little to wonder at if we but remember that the Age was not an Age of Advertisements. The serf was, indeed, fortunate if he ever got a peep inside of the manor house. He labored contentedly in the meadows and would look up to the castle on the hill as he might gaze at a distant mountain peak. Possibly in the evening he might hear strains of music, and the drinking songs and carousings around the wassail bowl; all of which would tend to make him melancholy, or even thoughtful, but surely not covetous and grudging. How different now in our Age! The laboring man of to-day finds laid before his envious eyes all the trappings of the rich, and there stands only the plate-glass of the store windows separating them from him. Advertisers tease him and beggar him. On his way home from work, jewelers' windows flash in his face glittering diamonds and costly plate; haberdashers thrust beauty before him in the form of silk shirts and spring top-coats. He wends his discontented way home only to find, when he tries to console himself in the evening paper, a real-estate man's prodigious announcement of how to purchase a mundane heaven at so much per foot frontage; and on the opposite page a florid description of the ideally equipped home after the Louis *Quinze*

style. Alas, for us modern mortals, the trappings of the aristocracy are not far removed to a castle on the hill, but they are staring us in the face on every side; and they are so intimately associated with us that the thinness of the barrier between the rich and the struggling proletariat is as obvious as the transparency of the store windows.

Ah, we have, indeed, to be wary lest this sea of advertisements make us a most discontented lot of creatures! I happen to have a tobacco pouch which has served me very well for some time. I always considered it neat and convenient, and, forsooth, a clever contrivance; until, alas, one day I read that there was but ONE tobacco pouch that was of any value at all. All others were a downright imposition upon an innocent and unsuspecting public. There were numerous facts to substantiate this statement, followed by a detailed description of the merits of *the* pouch and accompanied by a sketch which would make any one gasp with admiration. Ever since that day I have despised my humble pouch, and, in my weaker moments, I even guiltily hang my head in shame to think how easily I was duped into believing it a serviceable article. In the same way I have been stripped of many of my belongings, so that sometimes I actually believe myself wallowing in abject poverty. I find that men who speak in such technical terms that my ears tingle, and who are consequently in a position to know of what they are speaking, assert that my fountain pen is utterly hopeless as an instrument for writing. It lacks some necessary curve, and it leaks profusely when held at a certain angle. They mock at it and jeer and scoff at it so persistently

that I am tempted to throw it away in disgust, although I know it is perfectly satisfactory for my needs. There is little use in trying to oppose their vehemence, or the preponderance of their arguments. The only thing for any one to do in such a case is to be stoically resigned, and use the pen as long as it can perform its duty, even though it has lost all claim to respectability.

Still there are times when we all enjoy reading advertisements. There is no denying their charm. From the very first day that I ever turned the pages of a periodical, I have consistently maintained that there is but one way to read a magazine and that is Chinese fashion, starting from the back cover and proceeding to the front. When much younger I found the fanciful pictures in the advertisements much more interesting than those accompanying the stories or articles. The picture of a gigantic can of beans, beside which a house-wife was a mere pigmy, was to youthful imagination much more entrancing than photographs of "Who's Who" or the inevitable female in evening gown sternly pointing a revolver at some gentleman in evening suit. Although the gigantic can of beans does not seize my imagination now, the way it once did, I still take great pleasure in browsing among the advertisements. If one but puts himself in the right state of mind, the rear of a magazine will seem a vast pageant of commercialism, like the historical pageants of Macaulay, and Gibbon, and Belloc. One can there see all the energy, the vanity, the confidence, the mammon-worshipping, and the vulgar manners of industrialism. Therein is revealed the key-

stone of modern history; the network of steel that binds the world in cold embrace; the hewing down of forests, the sizzling of steam, the glare of electricity, and all the elements which make our clanging, bustling Age of Advertisements stand in such sharp contrast to the majestic and tranquil advance of the past.

But, as well as pointing to the faults of our present age, advertisements indicate what it is that prevents commercialism from appearing absolutely hopeless. They show that no man can become so engrossed in machinery and steel and sizzling steam that he entirely loses sight of his ideal. And it is in the advertisements that the ideals of the business world are portrayed. When a firm tells us that the article which they produce is "the one and only, embracing all the best features," etc., it is not merely an argument to persuade backward and uninstructed customers, but it is an expression of some man's ideal. Look through the back of a magazine and you will find a series of ideals, which, if realized, would advance the world a long ways, that is as far as material conveniences and comforts are concerned. Without ideals, there would be a deadlock in progress, even in material progress.

Of course, the obvious difficulty with the ideals of Materialism is that they have no element of permanency. They are not immortal because they destroy each other. Material progress is the advance of a steam-roller that has to crush completely the ideals of yesterday before it can advance. The flowering of the last decade's civilization is as ludicrous to us now as worn-out



clothes. We would be greatly amused if we could now read a 1910 advertiser's laudation of his ideal touring car of that year. This process of destroying the ideals of Materialism is so exceedingly rapid that within a very short period their only claim to interest will lie in their ridiculousness. They are, of course, in sharp contrast to the spiritual ideals, which retain their freshness and inspiration through the ages. Progress cannot quench man's admiration for the Parthenon, the Madonnas of the Renaissance, or the flowering of Gothic architecture. A Grecian urn of two thousand years ago can inspire a poet to immortal verse, but yesterday's advertisements inspire nothing but laughter.

However, these false prophets of modernism are quite unconscious of their error. I can easily understand how one might overlook their mendacity on account of their child-like impetuosity, and because of their enthusiasm and exuberance, and their gushing eloquence. I think, too, that we can almost forgive their pride and their vainglorious boasting because of the confiding whispers with which they address us, and because of the virile faith they place in themselves. And I am sure that one might unqualifiedly forgive them *en masse* for those charming fairy tales which affirm that \$10 articles are marked down to \$6.49; that there is tobacco which never bites the tongue; and that there are automobiles incapable of breaking down which can be procured at an unreasonably low figure. But I think that anyone who would forgive them for wantonly and intentionally sowing the seeds of discontent and social dissatisfaction would be nothing short of a traitor to the cause of human welfare.

E. GLEN ROSENBERGER, '21.

A **PRESSED ROSE**



**H!** WELL-REMEMBERED rose bud ; one they pressed  
Against a childish-breast when first the Bread  
Of Life its Love throbs shed ; oh ! rose, long dead,  
That faded, lay its pure-white self to rest  
On bible-page ; once more the drooping crest  
Of petalled-head is brought to light—Oh spread  
Thy memories far (too long my heart has bled  
For them) of altar-rail and heavenly guest !

God's word—the rose—like one lone star's bright glow,  
In love, the heart-fires of my soul has lit.  
No more ! no more ! you'll lie in sweet repose ;  
But in a way, that sinners only know,  
I'll press thee to my lips, and thoughts will flit  
Of yester morn—of thee, God's word—fair rose.

THOMAS H. REILLY, '23

## Etc.



HERE was nothing unusual about Fairvale. Its citizens boasted a Post Office as their center of civic, domestic and social activity. A general store flourished in the same ancient building. Here was the haunt of the "winter league" with the coal stove very much in promiennce. The dusty shelves were crowded with boxes of Best Woolen Socks, canned goods, etc.

Fairvale was a very ordinary example of a small New Hampshire town. Mrs. Wentworth knew all about the family affairs of Mrs. Hollingworth, and Mrs. Everybody knew all about Mrs. Everybody. No one knew the terrors of Red propaganda, profiteers, unreasonable landlords, etc.

Fairvale had had an extremely severe winter. Most of the farmhouses had been snowed in completely and many a sleek pig and garrulous fowl had been sacrificed to keep the larders filled. The oldest inhabitant fretted to be among "the boys" in his old seat at the P. O.,—why he remembered—etc.

And then timid spring came. There was one person who watched the snow disappear as a prisoner might watch the bars of his prison being pulled out one by one. Perhaps of all the souls in the village, Ralph Petly was afflicted with the most wild attack of spring fever. He felt his honest heart literally bound with that flow of new life, etc.

Worst of all, Ralph was in love! This affectation, coupled with spring fever, can account for almost any kind of madness. So did our hero heave many an earnest prayer for clear roads between his home and the Cartwell farm, where dwelt the subject of his hopes, etc.

It had rained all the morning, and about two-thirty that afternoon he could wait no longer. He hitched "Dol" to the covered buggy and started out over the muddy roads to the haven of his heart, three miles away. In his sorry predicament he whistled the brightest tune he knew,—one of the Sunday School hymns. He smelt the freshness of the newly washed earth and through the misty rain already saw bits of green on the brown wayside, etc.

Having arrived, he hitched his rig under a vacant shed and with quaking emotion pulled the rusty bell knob of the door. The greeting of the lovers effervesced with suppressed affection,—many blushes, etc. Soon "Ralphie" was ensconced amid the gilded appointments of the "front parlor" and the rest of the afternoon was passed in a very orgy of sweet nothings, etc., etc., etc.

Then came supper, of which the smitten pair knew or realized little,—another visit to the sacred parlor and a reluctant good-bye. Ralph became very bold after they had stood at the door saying good-night for hours. He aimed his pursed lips in the general direction of the shadowed face before him, and closed his eyes. . . . As he came down the front steps he sang within himself,

for he was extremely happy, even though that kiss had only brushed her hair, so "raven black," etc.

He did not feel the light rain upon his cheek as he started walking down the road toward his distant farm. He plodded, not through mud, but upon rosy tinted clouds. It was not dark, for the vision of her eyes lighted his way. The Sunday School hymn was an angel chorus;—his thoughts soared upon the wings of love, etc.

The three miles were but three steps. The good Mrs. Petly experienced a very severe shock at seeing her almost unrecognizable son slosh into her immaculate kitchen. He was a statue modeled in soft mud, etc.

"Ralph Petly, what *have* you been doin',—your Sunday meeting suit be ruined,—Lands, look at my clean floor,—where's 'Dol' and the buggy,—I didn't hear you drive up?"

Our hero suddenly came to earth. "'Dol'" and the buggy!" By Judas, he remembered now! Back there under the shed!—His face flammed beneath the outraged and questioning look of her. Without a word he turned from the kitchen, leaving behind muddy pools on the clean boards. Back over the road he started, and this time the three miles were thirty. During all the way he sang no hymns, saw no visions, etc.

Fairvale is a very ordinary little town. When spring comes, its magic affects her good citizens with the same amount of madness, etc., that it does everyone else.

J. ROBERT CLAIR, '20.

Mayflowers



IN MY river of dreams,  
While I'm thinking of you,  
The moon softly gleams  
On my river of dreams,  
And silently beams  
On my boat drifting through  
On my river of dreams,  
While I'm thinking of you.

\* \* \* \* \*

The fairies are a-dancing  
To the bull-frogs' saxaphone,  
The moon their ball enhancing,  
The fairies are a-dancing  
And on the greenturf prancing  
To the syncopated tone ;  
The fairies are a-dancing  
To the bull-frogs' saxaphone.

MARTIN MASSMANN, '23.

# Christianity, the Friend of Science



CUSTOM, laudable or otherwise, once acquired by a people, is as difficult to ward off as the mumps of childhood. Once a man grows to a certain mode of activity, he dies, as it were, in the very boots of his activity. The fisherman born the fisherman dies, the business man by choice soon becomes and remains the business man of habit. Look around even at our current political parties, whose glowing exceptions prove our proposition. How many renegade republicans have we not known to repeat the well known scene from the Prodigal Son, as has been the case with many a defecting democrat.

So, too, in the world of science, or rather I should say among the critics of men and matters scientific, we find the slaves of custom, prejudice and precedent. They base their critiques on the clayey axiom: "The Church is the enemy of science." These two elements, they tell us, are as irreconcilable as oil and water. To be the friend of one is to be the arch enemy of the other. God and Mammon sue for our allegiance, so to speak, one to the exclusion of the other. All this sums up briefly but cogently the creed of the critic in question. Literature fairly gleams with the sparks from burning essays and treatises on Church and Science, or perhaps, to express it more aptly, Church versus Science. The

“greatest” minds have told us, therefore how can we doubt it,—the farther science progresses, so much the more does the scientist appreciate the absurdities (*sic*) of Christian Dogma. Alas, our critics look only to one side of a much mooted question. They write, perhaps, almost subconsciously, surely not reasonably, and awake to find themselves enmeshed in a maze of difficulties—the source and authorities for their silly statements, the prejudice crowning their works, but they find it necessary to stick by the card lest they be undone. Their quotations from sciences are garbled statements of inaccuracies and shuffled theory.

Opposed to these pseudo-critics, destructive in their very essence, we have the greatest scientists, from the very beginnings of scientific investigations to the present epoch of research wonders, standing out as the defenders of the church, the confirming bulwark of a first intelligent cause, the very exponents of the doctrine, concerning the existence of God as the only efficient cause of all things, the creator even of the critics who fatten on their printed denial of His very existence.

Astronomy, pursued and mastered as far as mastery is within the powers of the human intellect, by the world-famed Bessel, did not atheize this man, its pre-eminent student. Bessel and his faith may not be written side by side into the yellow pages of fictional history, yet his contributions to science must needs be recorded even by the most prejudiced. His simple faith, to which his intimate letters bear witness, was kept fresh and gained new strength by his research, during which time he saw more clearly



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the workings of an infinite being. He writes to a friend: "God grant that we may remain unseparated for many years to come." Many other passages might be quoted in which he speaks of God and of Providence with a reverence that is beautifully simple. In him Materialism found a foe,—yet he was a scientist of the highest order.

Herschel—another familiar name in astronomical circles, showed no mercy to the enemies of Christianity. He branded Materialism as a congeries of empty phrases. Such names as Leverrier whose demonstration of the existence and the location of Neptune, stirred all Europe; Hervé, Faye, Santini, Secchi, Respighi, Piazzzi, and innumerable others whose belief in God remained unshaken, yea, increased by their astronomical research labors may strike the chord of memory in the heart of a critic. The progress of Piazzzi and Secchi, catholics and priests, was not arrested by their sublime faith in the Infinite.

In every progressive science known to man has the Christian belief found firm adherents. In physics, the science of physical phenomena and their causes, she boasts many and staunch leaders, as Michael Faraday, conceded to be the greatest experimental philosopher the world has ever known. To give an adequate idea of his work in electricity it would be necessary to compile a manual of his achievements. Dumas, the great chemist, tells us: "There is nothing in this department of science (electricity) that Faraday did not investigate, complete or recast; there is a great deal of which he is the sole and absolute creator." Science, according to Faraday, makes men large-hearted and sympathetic.

Such words from such lips should carry a warning to Agnosticism. In him we have the very nurse of electricity, making the unambiguous statement that he could perceive no opposition between science and religion. And his was no superficial dabbling in physics, Yet, as Christian as he truly was, we find that in his day he was called an enemy to Christianity, an allegation conclusively refuted by an avalanche of facts. James Clerk Maxwell blazed the paths along which move today the most reliable theories of electricity. He was professedly and actively a Christian. He often told his friends: "I have looked into the most philosophical systems, and I have seen that none will work without a God." Maxwell's wide reading in philosophy and theology lend weight to this very pithy utterance. An excerpt from his paper on Natural Science and the Immortality of the Soul will suffice to convince the most calloused reader on what side Maxwell allied himself, whether in the ranks of Materialism or among the hosts of Spiritualism: "The progress of science, therefore, as far as we have been able to follow it, has added nothing of importance to what has already been known about the physical consequences of death, but has rather tended to deepen the distinction between the visible part, which perishes before our eyes, and that which we are ourselves, and to show that this personality with respect to its nature as well as to its destiny, lies quite beyond the range of science." To these truly great men we must needs add such well known and famous physicists as Oersted, Galvani, Volta, Ohm, Ampere, and Coulomb, all of whom stand out as the precursors of our present day advance in electricity.

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Our treatise would indeed be incomplete without some mention of Bibot, one of the most celebrated men of his day, a leader in physics. His worth as a scientist earned for him membership in three of the five French Academies, and even in our own time his name is mentioned with awe and reverence among scientists. He wandered from the Christian belief of his boyhood, but his experience of the Deists and Atheists and the practical rewards of Christianity as he observed them in others, led him back to the simple faith of his first communion day. His friend, Père Revignan, writes him: "You manifest to all in the noblest language an intimate alliance between true science and true faith." To confirm us in our statements we need but quote Abbe Moigno, who confides to us: "He had shown the liveliest joy at the entrance of his grandson, M. Milliere, into the priesthood and it was an affecting sight to see the old, august savant receiving holy communion in the Basilica of St. Etienne du Mont from the hands of the young priest who called him grandfather."

Louis Pasteur, universally recognized as a discoverer of the first order, is famed alike in Physiology and Chemistry. To him, present day progress in medicine owes an uncancellable debt—the discovery of bacteria or bacilli as the causes of certain diseases. This result of his research labors won for him world-wide renown. What does not surgery and its developments owe to his deft discoveries? Pasteur's place among the masters is one set apart and unquestioned, for no one dare upset a throne, established as it is on such solid foundations. His notable career came to an end but a few years ago, and we have every certainty that he

remained till the end a most devoted and steadfast Catholic. He is indeed among the Church's most heavily laureled sons. On the occasion of his reception into the French Academy he made open profession of his faith, all of which served to make the great Pasteur the greater Pasteur. When asked how he, after so much study, could remain a Christian, he answered: "It is precisely because I have studied and reflected that I have today the faith of a Breton, and had I studied and reflected more, I should have the faith of a Breton's wife." A contemporary tells us: "He gave up his soul to God at the last, clasping in his hand his little copper cross, and repeating fervently a confession of faith and hope." Of such stuff was this sturdy pioneer in the field of science made.

In the field of chemistry, Christianity through her son-scientists, flaunts her standards to the skies as highly as in the other sciences. Jean Baptist André Dumas had his lowly beginning in the pursuit of pharmacy, which served to introduce him to physiology, and once his researches had begun, he dipped deeply into his studies and then followed quickly his advent into chemistry. This he enriched by his discoveries of laws of basic importance. His research methods, even in our present stage of chemical advances are practised in every laboratory. He, in view of his sterling worth as a student and discoverer, was received into the French Academy, and during his term he published works varied and original, which have been equalled by few. These works wrote his name with the ink of fidelity into the annals of his beloved science. His position as a scientist allows neither an argument or a doubt. His relig-

*CHRISTIANITY, THE FRIEND OF SCIENCE 707*

ious convictions (for he was a practical Catholic) suffered not as he advanced in his labors. On the contrary, at different times in his career we find that he hesitated not to entomb Materialism with crushing arguments. In him Christianity found a loyal believer, and science none the less a peerless chemist. His unflinching faith is cogently cased in his own utterances concerning his work. "Above the sphere of the phenomena which we investigate, and about which we have so much to learn, there is a higher sphere which is beyond the reach of our methods. We are beginning to understand the life of the body; the life of the soul is in another order."

Science boasts an illustrious son in the person of Louis Agassiz. He held a pre-eminent position among Swiss scientists, and secured for his favorite study—Comparative Anatomy and Embryology—a worthy recognition here in America. The Agassiz Museum of Natural History at Harvard College stands as a monument to his enthusiasm and his brilliant intellectual endowments. It was due to his perseverance and tact that the museum, so lavishly endowed, now stands as a milestone on the road of zoological science. The animal kingdom, according to Agassiz, merited ardent study because "It is the visible manifestation of the thought of God, as expressed in one part of that marvelous whole which we call nature; and from this point of view it is full of the weightiest lessons." Well said! Yet the lessons referred to did not propagate the tenets of Darwinism and Materialism. Agassiz was a Christian and a scientist, and what is more, he was a better

scholar for being a Christian, and a better Christian for being a scholar.

The Abbot Mendel, an Austrian monk, advanced science by his discoveries, and in particular gave to Biology new gems to add to its store of scientific knowledge. The experiments upon which his discoveries were based were made within the wall of his monastery. It is on these discoveries that the Mendel law, so well known today, is based. Mendel's work began where the work of others finished. To the many, theorizing was sufficient. Mendel, with all the fire and ardor of his love for study, worked and put principles to the test and during all his labors, the fruits of which are now ripening, he remained a fervent Catholic, abbot of the monastery at Brunn. His achievements are Christianity's laurels.

We have covered science, at least sufficiently to determine just what the attitude of really great scientists has been and is concerning this all-important subject. The unanimity of anti-Christianity which, one from reading bigoted books would think existed among such great men seems on closer scrutiny to be merely a will-o'-the-wisp, a mere nightmare of fanatics, pure reason running amuck or language subverted to evil ends, and all because the world has bred men who will see nothing beyond what their puny pettishness may teach them. Christianity, then, we can readily see, has been in all truth a handmaid of science and where our materialistic scientists have failed our scientists of faith have succeeded because their labors and research were not founded on false postulates. The history of science and its advance might well be

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written red in the blood of these men, unselfish martyrs, who have immolated their all on the altars of humanity. Well may all mankind reflect on the fruitful labors of these pre-eminent Christian chemists, biologists, physicists and physiologists whose belief in God did not diminish as they went on, daily giving to the world the fruits of their discoveries and inventions. Let our critics laugh away the importance of these men; but they must likewise laugh away electricity as we know it, surgery as we see it practised today. They must also sneer into oblivion bacteriology and its boon to medicine.

Undoubtedly there are many and great scientists who seem unalterably opposed to Christianity—this we take no pains to deny. Yet neither their number nor yet their success contain in them the argument that Christianity is from its very nature a Gibraltar standing in the pathway of science. Christianity from the very beginning has encouraged intelligent research and never has its teachings been found at variance with any thoroughly established laws of science. The word of Andreas Von Baumgartner, an eminent Austrian master mind in the world of science, serve us very well as a conclusion. He tells us:

“Natural science is able above all, to expose the contradictions of materialism, and to show its untenableness . . . In point of fact, rightly directed it is the best and most stable barrier against errors; and more than any other branch of learning it leads us to recognize the universe as the temple of the Almighty.”

CLEMENT MAXWELL, '20.

## Communications

Worcester, Mass., April 30, 1920.

Dear Editor:

The remarkable number of candidates for membership in the K. of C. that has come from the college in the last two years, places Holy Cross, at least as far as the writer can determine, in the front rank of eastern Catholic colleges in this respect. Undoubtedly there are enough Caseys on the Hill not only capable of making a great showing but sufficiently numerous enough even to justify the formation of a separate council. But the drive for membership is still on. The great record of the Knights in the war, their interest in the soldier not only in camp but in civilian life has won them world-wide recognition. Anarchy and Bolshevism they are combating at every stage, on the lecture platform, through their schools, and through the press. But in order to continue this great work, the support of every educated Catholic layman is needed. Every Catholic college man should be a K. of C. Holy Cross is in the vanguard—but yet I feel certain that there are numerous others on the Hill who have yet to join. The drive is still on. Get in the fight against Socialism, Bolshevism, the I. W. W. and all the other agencies which are threatening the stability of Church, State, Nation and family.

Yours for a bigger, greater K. of C.,

"CASEY."

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NEXT!!—

The light burns low—a sorry glow.  
A student sad that vainly had  
Tried to obtain, with much of pain,  
A night permit, and had got it  
Square in the neck, seeks out a deck  
And tries to drown thoughts of down town  
Deep in the pack. He learns to lack  
His fond regret, and seems to get  
Some slight relief from all his grief.  
For long he stays, and, silent, plays  
Without a care, at solitaire (!)  
Another while, he seems to smile—  
A rapid knock—a rasping lock—  
"One dollar, please!!!" —



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(N. B.—The line to rhyme with “please” is left out—the author being overcome at the thought of the twilight of the gods—Liquor, Tobacco, Cards, Next!! Et tu, Baseball?)

Moral: Don't play solitaire. Play poker; there's strength in numbers.

JACK Q. KING, '52.

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DISTINGUO!!!

Dear Editor:

Perhaps the publication of the following lines might afford interesting reading to several Juniors:

I.

Intrinsically, yes; extrinsically, no;  
Is a favorite expression of Prof. So-and-so.  
When he asks my opinion, I just have to guess,  
It's extrinsically no, but intrinsically yes.

II.

Now he happened to ask me in Ontology,  
If I thought prohibition a real entity.  
“Of course,” answered I ('twas a deuce of a mess),  
“Extrinsically no, but intrinsically yes.”

III.

One other fine morning the Prof. said to me,  
“Do you think, a great man now, you ever will be?”  
And I up and answered with stammering stress,  
“Extrinsically no, but intrinsically yes.”

IV.

Today from the office a slip came to me,  
It said I was absent from class history.  
When asked was I there, I made this address,  
“Extrinsically no, but intrinsically yes.”

V.

No matter the question in philosophy,  
I give the right answer. What else could it be?  
I haven't a thought on the matter, unless,  
It's extrinsically no, but intrinsically yes.

VI.

It's much of a habit with me now-a-days,  
This answering rightly, with one little phrase,  
Do you think I will pass in the orals, hey, Bo?  
Extrinsically yes, but intrinsically NO!

MAX ORLEY, '21.

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Mr. Editor:

It has occurred to me frequently of late that the poetical conception of Dame Rumor is not quite applicable on Mt. St. James. Poets are wont to make rumor an eccentric little wight, flitting about with incredible velocity, dropping a hint here and a suggestion there, and in consequence disturbing the composure of the community with startling rapidity.

Now, there is no denying the rapidity with which Rumor travels, but I think it is purely a poetical exaggeration to compare the actual communication of the bit of news to the brush of a hastening wing. At least on Mt. St. James it takes a much different form. He comes sauntering into the room, leisurely sprawls his imposing length upon the bed, and, after a few drowsy but careful adjustments of his weary body, pops his bit of rumor. "Well, we get out a week earlier than schedule."

"No."

"Sure. Well, all right, then! They're going to move the orals up. Who told me? Oh, it's straight. Look here. Father Rector said so himself; my roomy said that Fr. Kimply told his class. Is that good enough for you? Don't they always move them up? Why, sure they do."

Mr. Editor, I will not attempt to follow his intricate logic any further, for I am sure that you are acquainted with the type. It never convinces, but merely succeeds in that which is Rumor's task: arousing hope to stretch itself and forcing curiosity to rub its chin. Thus sated, Rumor takes his slovenly departure without the least indication of haste.

I beg of you, Mr. Editor, not to mistake me. Although our friend across the corridor leaves but discontent and perplexity in his wake, still as a source of reliable news he is indispensable. Who else can we rely upon for authentic explanations of the forthcoming holidays and hours-off! We all are obliged to consult him, and frequently we play the part ourselves when we feel there is a need for the quickening of enthusiasm. But what I wish to complain about is the fact that poets have been mistaken for some time about this. They should not compare Rumor to the brushing of a wing, but the dropping of a feather from that hasten-

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ing wight. It lands out of the sky in such a very gentle and uncertain manner.

I hope, Mr. Editor, that you will not think,

I am,

A. KRABBE.

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Dear Friend Editor:

No doubt you will be glad to hear from me again. Since last month I have been bumming extensively in various parts of the world, studying the interior architecture of national jails. During the short periods in which I was not engaged in this most interesting work I delved into the technique of the different local foot shaking amusements. From the last couplet of the enclosed you may infer that America wins the hand-painted bathtub when it comes to this form of indoor sport.

INTERNATIONAL RAGS

Bohemians in leafy bower,  
Dance 'round in native "redowa."

They love, on J. Bull's islan', Sirs,  
To trip the "hornpipe" and "lancers."

The Frenchman never gets his fill  
Of "cotillon" or the "quadrielle."

The German, who dislikes all faults,  
Disports himself in dreamy "waltz."

The Irish lads, in rustic rigs,  
Make gay by jigging jiggy "jigs."

Neapolitans, those unknown fellas,  
Crawl 'round in their "tarantella-las."

Each Pole is wild to gaily jerk a  
Heel or toe in the "mazurka."

The famous Russian jumping jack,  
Enjoys the ungainly "cosac."

The Scotchmen off their coats do peel  
When sound the pipes for a fast "reel."

*THE HOLY CROSS PURPLE*

In Spain they're not all so dang slow,  
But round they whirl in "fandango."

The Indians all run amuck  
When their tom-tom-tom band tunes up.

But this the greatest music has:  
"Say, Kid, let's go and step this "jazz!"

Sincerely,

JAY ARCY.

Mr. Editor:

I wish there was an automatic cigar-lighter installed in the wash-room,  
right side of the drinking fountain; because, too often

A loud and lusty, pealing cry  
Sets every studious face awry;  
The corridor resounds the call  
Till everyone along the hall  
Begins to fidget and to fret.  
Why should our peace be thus upset?

At first the cry is calm and faint,  
It soon grows to a dismal plaint;  
And now it turns our blood stark cold,  
Its accents are quite loud and bold.  
Pray someone give, give with dispatch  
What he wants—"A SINGLE MATCH!"

B. A. LOUER.



## Under the Rose

Oh, who will tell me all the tales  
That lie wher'er the wild wind blows?  
Oh, who will sing me all the songs  
That rose-leaves sing beneath the rose?

**Summer**      Hail to the blithest queen of all the year—Summer of sun-kissed cheeks and flower-scented breath! Thrice welcome is she who fled Autumn's frosts how many and many a day ago. In memory we have cherished her through October's dying days and the snow-heaped reign of Winter. For we could never forget those sweet, white-lighted moons that steal, ever so softly, out of a breaking sky; nor the purple-tinted dusks, pregnant with robins' farewells and the flicker of Eve's first stars. Her little brooks sing through all the day and night, sweeter even than the lark or the trill of the lawn's first thrush. How beautiful her cloud-set skies, pink with the blush of dawn and purple-barred at the fall of night! Would, O Summer, that we should never say farewell, but trip forever down through the dew-wet fields and rose-studded glades that gleam in thy tuneful kingdom.

JAMES J. TENNYSON, '21

# .. The Holy Cross Purple ..

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*Chronicle:* RAYMOND J. O'CALLAGHAN, 1920  
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VOL. XXXII.

MAY, 1920

No. 8

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## Editorial

### THE PURPLE'S POLICY.

We are hazarding much in this editorial. With a great deal of natural reluctance and modest shrinking, we are endeavoring to answer a question which has on five separate occasions found its way to the Sanctum in this twentieth year of the twentieth cen-

ury. The question asked by editors of sister college papers is "What is THE PURPLE policy." Now while we have no false notions about pre-eminence or special distinction, we feel that we have been successful in making our paper represent our college life. We have thought the proposed question over a great deal and have striven to lay our fingers upon precisely *why* THE PURPLE is favorably received. We have found it an interesting study, and in the hope that it may prove likewise to our readers, we set down a few of our observations for whatever they may be worth.

No magazine can be a success unless it has a peculiar appeal to its readers. There are publications for the movie "fan," for the technical student, for the short story and poetry lover, each having their enthusiastic and particular audiences. On the other hand, we doubt very much whether a periodical devoted to "The Economic Values of Smoke" would ever flourish. The success of a magazine is measured by the extent and nature of its appeal.

The field of the college journal is unique. Its nature is, or should be, primarily intellectual. We shall not here consider news sheets or those of an avowedly humorous tone. Let us therefore divide our readers into two principal classes,—the graduate and the undergraduate.

Aside from the main reading matter that composes our pages, we assert with no uncertain grounds for surety, that the first appeal to our graduate subscribers is the Alumni Department. We state this for many reasons. The personal notes concerning the doings and whereabouts of old college pals are as much appreciated as letters from home. Old classmates are widely separated and their college paper is the only connecting link. So will the graduate, before the bulk of the magazine receives his attention,

turn to the pages wherein he may find news of his old friends. **THE PURPLE** realizes that the Alumni notes are one of its most vital parts and as a result always strives to give it a corresponding amount of attention. In our issue for March there were eighteen pages of Alumni notes.

Next in interest to our first division of readers comes the Chronicle, containing a resume of the undergraduate activities for the month past, and Athletics. The new conquests of Alma Mater, whether on the field or on the debating platform, are ever a source of pride to those who have graduated. **THE PURPLE** feels grateful for having the services of a Chronicle Editor who performs so well the far from easy task of making news items such interesting reading, and of such an enthusiastic Athletic Editor who has, this year, recreated and rejuvenated his department.

Passing to our second division of readers we have the undergraduates or present student body. These make up the greater part of our subscribers, and to these the college journal must especially cater.

We think the present student readers may be divided freely into three types, each of which must be appealed to with widely differing types of manuscript. There is the "deep reader," the "light reader" and the "wag." Clear cut and definite divisions clearly cannot be made. The interests of each of the above readers in many cases overlap. However, we feel that the types enumerated are sufficiently clear for our purpose, for Francis Thompson, O. Henry and Lewis Carroll all have their followers.

To please the first class of these readers **THE PURPLE** has printed such contributions as "Dies Dolorosi" (Oct.), "Spiritus



Ineffabilis" (Nov.), "Brother Azarias" (Nov.), "Sea Shells" (Mar.), and "The Bible Viewed as English Literature" (Nov.).

The "light readers" seem to be especially favored, as prose and verse of the happy ground between the heights of the intellectual and the valley of the comic are in abundance. Here are a few examples of our efforts to please this second class of readers: "Eddystone" (Oct.), "Made in Germany" (Feb.), "The Sheriff's Xmas Present" (Dec.), "A Grave" (Dec.), "The Jest" (Mar.), "The Tramp" (Mar.), "In Days of Old" (Jan.), and "The House of Seven Fables."

The last class is composed of those devoted to the tinkle of the bells on the motley cap. For these there has been: "Bacchic" (Dec.), "Rash Judgment" (Feb.), "Pussy-cat, Pussy-cat" (Oct.), and "Leap Year" (Feb.). We also try to have a few anonymous letters and verses among our Communications each month, which come under this last division; for example, "Prohibition?" (Dec.), "Ballade of Beggars" (Nov.), "The Order of the Day" (Mar.), and "Lament" (Jan.).

Turning our attention to the producing end of the magazine, let us consider how the necessary manuscript may be obtained that is of the proper quantity and quality. We think that the first requisite should be an atmosphere of exclusiveness surrounding the Editorial Board. This is secured by making the requirements for becoming an Associate comparatively difficult. No student should be accepted for the Staff who cannot write enthusiastically, consistently and well. Realizing this the caliber of outside contributions cannot help but be above the mediocre. Under such conditions it becomes an honor to have one's name appear beneath a verse or prose article, and once appreciated, this honor will be striven for in the true and required spirit.

Naturally the actual members of a literary staff should be most dependable in furnishing worthy material. Therefore among them should exist a common enthusiasm and interest with perhaps a pardonable amount of pride. How may this greatly desired unity be obtained? THE PURPLE Staff, upon the appearance of each monthly issue, gathers in the Sanctum for a spread, after which the current number is discussed, suggestions are exchanged, and the next issue planned. The advantages of such a meeting of the Editors is evident. In November of the present year THE PURPLE undertook to run a serial of seven instalments. It was a unique idea in our history and we feel that the interest with which "The House of Seven Fables" has met gives ample proof that new suggestions are of appreciable value.

We must not overlook the influence of a literary society. In its two years of existence at Holy Cross the K. K. Society has done much in the way of furnishing THE PURPLE with manuscript of an exceptional standard. Besides the literary examination and original papers required from the candidates for admission to this society, fortnightly meetings are held at which literary topics and criticisms are discussed informally with evident enjoyment and benefit to all.

A prize usually stimulates competition. Dr. Joseph J. Reilly, '04, established, last Fall, an annual purse of twenty-five dollars, in the name of his deceased brother, James H. Reilly, '98, to be awarded to the undergraduate contributing the most worthy article to these pages. To this we feel greatly indebted for much of our best manuscript.

Photographic cuts and fancy inserts add a great deal to the material appeal of a magazine, with special covers for the holiday numbers.

On a previous occasion have we sung the praises of our Business Department. Subscribers and advertisers make a publication possible and to them we pay a corresponding credit.

These then are some of the more vital sources from which *THE PURPLE* comes. They are elements which cannot be neglected for the success of any publication. No one of them can be pointed out as being absolutely paramount. It is merely the cooperation of well organized parts or units. We have here put them down because their analysis proved interesting. Perhaps our observations may interest some of our respected exchanges.

#### SODALITY COMMENCEMENT

Commencement means a beginning, as we know.

To graduate is merely to complete an apprenticeship of some fundamental training, intended to lead to the accomplishment of an end under a stamp that signifies us worthy and capable of so doing.

We wish to correct a certain fallacy which we feel exists among many as regards the signification of the diploma in The Sodality of The Blessed Virgin.

In the first place, the obtaining of a diploma presupposes a devotion above the ordinary to The Mother of God. In every individual this trait is judged by attendance at meetings and the extent of participation in the various other activities of the Sodality. The whole point is that these first demonstraions which lead to the conferring of the diploma are tests. With the diploma itself comes the title reading that the recipient is worthy of paying his special devotion to Mary in the future. Therefore it is clear that the Sodality commencement means just what any other graduation does, namely, a promise and duty of further endeavor.

To be deemed worthy of paying special court to The Mother of God is a high honor in itself. To be assured that, as her favorites, she will always especially heed our petitions, is reason enough to urge us to further devotion.

As Knights of Mary do not for a moment weaken in her service. We who have received the insignia of knighthood from her own hand should now only *begin* to offer her our staunch allegiance. Is there a greater Queen for whom we may wield our swords?

APPRECIATION.

We feel assured that in welcoming to the Staff of THE PURPLE as Associate Editors, Timothy F. Daley, '20, and Clement V. McGovern, '20, we are paying in honor an obligation that THE PURPLE clearly realizes. We are indebted to both of these seniors for stories and essays rich in interest and merit. Their presence at the spring outing which is now under preparation will be welcomed eagerly by their older associates.

Under our caption "Appreciation" we feel that a word of congratulation and gratitude is due to the zealous and loyal undergraduates not on the staff whose contributions found their way into the "Sanctum" during the year. Every issue of the paper has been enriched by some gems from this generous batch of manuscript. Only second to the constant support of the "regulars" comes this unstinted outpouring from "the staff in the making." Their day is coming!

J. ROBERT CLAIR, '20.

## College Chronicle

**Big Musical Success** The annual musical classic of the Holy Cross Glee Club and Orchestra was presented Wednesday evening, April 21, in Mechanics' Hall. The audience, which nearly crowded the spacious auditorium, included many prominent guests, clergymen, and friends of college from various parts of the state. Among the patrons of the evening were Rt. Rev. Thomas D. Beaven, D. D., Rt. Rev. Matthew Harkins, D. D., Rt. Rev. William A. Hickey, D. D., Rev. Richard J. Haberlin, D. D., Very Rev. Michael J. Owens, Governor and Mrs. Calvin Coolidge, Governor and Mrs. Albert Smith, Senator David I. Walsh, Mayor and Mrs. Peter J. Sullivan, Congressman Ambrose Kennedy, and many other alumni and friends of Holy Cross. The hall was handsomely decorated in purple and white, with displays of Holy Cross Banners and the numerals of the four classes.

The orchestra under the direction of Mr. Berchmans J. A. Boland, S. J., commenced the program with the overture, "Rakoczy," by Keler Bela. Its delightful rendition with its bursts and gushes of harmony, and a pleasing vivace in movement was an excellent disclosure of the mode of the concert. The fantasia, "The Scarlet Crow," by C. W. Bennett, was done superbly by the orchestra at the close of the first part of the program. "Erminie," by Ronald, was a bright renewal by the instrumentalists in opening the second part. The orchestra played the finale, "The Fires of Glory," by Brooks.

"Song Without Words," by Mendelssohn, and "Under the Balcony," by Greunwald, were capably rendered by string instruments. This novel offering was appreciatively received.

"Polish Dance," by Scharwenka, was a pleasing allegretto, in piano solo, by Edward S. Murphy, '20, Lowell, Mass. The second selection in Mr. Murphy's solo suite was Chopin's Valse in E Minor.

Timothy F. Daley, '20, Burlington, Vt., accomplished a masterly rendition, in violin solo, of "Salut D'Amour," by Elgar, and "Souvenir," by Franz Dedla in a manner in close imitation of the artist, Kreisler, who values these numbers in his repertoire.

The Glee club executed its portion of the program most gratifyingly. The first chorus included the "Hunting Song," from "King Arthur," by Bullard, and "The Jolly Blacksmith's Lay," by Geibel. In the second suite by the choristers were "Men of America," by Brackett, and "Yeomen's Wedding Song," by Prince Poniatowski.

Tenor solos by Thomas J. McCaffrey, '23, Pittsburg, Pa., with violin obligato by William J. McCaffrey, '22, Taunton, Mass., and Paul J. Mulcahy, '21, Newark, N. J., were applauded for encores.

A reading, "What a Rogue and Peasant Slave Am I," from Hamlet, Act. II., Sc. II., exquisitely rendered by John T. Breen, '23, New York, N. Y., lent a distinctly academic tone to the program.

The concert was a truly representative Holy Cross activity, and we all take due pride in the Glee Club and Orchestra. We extend our hearty congratulations to their members, especially to Mr. Berchmans J. Boland, S. J., the conductor, who after splendid effort, accomplished the success of the evening; to Mr. Hugh S. Healy, S. J., who at a great sacrifice of time and energy attended to the last detail in making arrangements; to the business manager, George L. Conley, '20, Lowell, Mass., and his assistants, LeGrand J. Bell, '20, Troy, N. Y., and George J. Keville, '20, Haverhill, Mass.

The musical clubs begin their tour of cities in Eastern Massachusetts, April 26, when they will give a concert in Marlboro, Mass. If the Worcester recital can be a criterion, the success of the remainder of their schedule is assured.

**Patriots' Day** The home season of the Varsity baseball team was inaugurated on Patriots' Day when Brown came, saw and was conquered amidst the execution of an elaborate plan of festivities. The student body organized into line on the upper terrace, and headed by a band, marched to Fitton Field. The members of both the Holy Cross and the Brown teams, the students and several prominent guests assembled around the flag pole in deep center field to witness Hon. Peter J. Sullivan, mayor of Worcester, unfurl the pennant of the intercollegiate champions of 1919.

An enormous crowd, estimated at about ten thousand people, filled the stands and covered the banks surrounding the field. The students are indebted to Bandmaster Crosbie whose generosity made a musical program possible. A moving picture camera reproduced the gala scene on Fitton Field. Preparations are being made by Mr. Thomas J. Murray, S. J., to employ the pictures in connection with the coming drive.

**Economic Convention** During the Easter holidays, Rev. John X. Pyne, S. J., professor to Senior in Economics, attended a joint convention of Jesuit economists in Washington. Fr. Pyne was appointed to a special committee to confer with representatives of several Federal Commissions in the discussion of some of the vitally important social and economic problems that are perplexing the government today.

**Sophomore Banquet** The Sophomore banquet was held in the Bancroft Hotel, April 20. Nearly every member of the class attended, and enjoyed an evening which was described by a member of the faculty who had been present on many such occasions, as one of the finest. It was a jolly affair, with a plenitude of wit and laughter, music and oratory—a banner night for the class of 1922.

Rev. Father Rector, Mr. Raymond J. McInnis, S. J., and Mr. John E. Lyons, S. J., were the faculty members in attendance. Father Rector addressed the diners at the close of the repast, congratulating them upon the success of the banquet commending the class spirit and expressing his kindest regards for 1922 as a reliable and loyal unit in the Holy Cross student body.

Patrick Shea, Holyoke, Mass., acted as toastmaster of the evening, being introduced by President Thomas Dolan. The toastmaster and arrangement committee well merited the many words of appreciation spoken by those who attended, for their efforts in planning with such creditable success, a memorable affair.

James Nolan, ex-president of the Sophomore class, who withdrew from college recently to fill his appointment to the United States Military Academy at West Point, returned to extend his best wishes to his former classmates.

The program follows: Toastmaster, Patrick Shea; "Remarks," President Thomas Dolan; solo, Francis X. O'Brien; "Athletics," Michael Walsh; song, Edmund Leonard, "A Proverb," John Davis; piano solo, Charles O'Connell; "University Idea," Philip Donahue; song, Edward J. Saunders; selection, '22's Symphony, John Pyne, William McCaffrey, Sanford Havens, C. Kimball Lubbe, Bernard Corbett, James McKeon, Albert Bourgeois; "Our West Pointer," Hon. President James Nolan.



The committee on arrangements was composed of Edward J. Saunders, chairman; Joseph H. Frates, Francis W. Murphy, Francis P. Morgan, James A. Worden and Edwin S. Prendergast.

**K. K.** We gladly note that Denis M. Hurley, '21, Brooklyn, N. Y., newly initiated member of the K. K. Society, lectured before an audience of two hundred and fifty members of the Holy Name Society of the Church of the Holy Name, Brooklyn, N. Y., on April 11. Mr. Hurley appeared in the absence of a prominent public official who had been scheduled to speak, and took as his subject, "Joyce Kilmer—Soldier and Poet."

**Fr. Donnelly's Lectures** Rev. Francis P. Donnelly, S. J., professor to Senior in Pedagogy, is conducting a special course in "Secondary English Teaching," at Classical High School, Worcester, Mass. The lectures are under the auspices of the University Extension of Massachusetts and pursuants will be credited accordingly in university work, as well as by the authorities in the Educational Department of the City of Worcester. The register contains over four hundred and fifty names, the majority of whom are teachers in the city schools.

**"The Play's the Thing"** The Holy Cross Dramatic Society announces that May 10 and 11 will be the dates of the presentation of its three-act farce-comedy, "The Fatal Shot," in Tuckerman Hall. It is planned that the first performance will be under the patronage of the Seniors and Juniors, and the second the Sophomores and Freshmen.

The farce is sure to "go across" because it contains a plot replete with funny situations, and real comedy parts, and it has been rehearsed almost to perfection. Rev. Edward P. Duffy, S. J., is directing the players.

**Nexus Club**        On April 24th, John J. Caldon, Jr., '16, who is a manager of one of the branches of the H. B. Greene Co., Investment Bankers, addressed the Nexus Club. He explained the character of the H. B. Greene Company, showed the advantages to the stockholders, the general public and the managers. The company is giving the ordinary man who has only a few hundred dollars to invest, an opportunity to secure bank profits. With a few hundred dollars he can buy stock in the company. All the earnings of the company minus the salaries of the officials, are turned over to the stockholders. By holding out to the small investor the prospect of big earnings on his money, this company is doing much to promote thrift. Mr. Caldon declared that there were plenty of opportunities for the members of the Nexus Club who wish to work for the company. The company, which already has offices in all the cities between Boston and Buffalo, plans to extend its operations throughout the whole United States and Canada.

**New K. K. Members**        During the past month four new members were received into the K. K. Society. All are men of recognized literary leanings, who will surely bring to the society the spirit of enthusiasm and ambition that have marked all its proceedings. The new members are: Denis M. Hurley, '21, Brooklyn, N. Y., who read for his entrance paper, "Sea Shells," a light essay, printed in our March issue; Thomas F. O'Connor, '22, Syracuse, N. Y., who read a critical essay on G. K. Chesterton's poetry; E. Glen Rosenberger, '21, Hazardville, Conn., who read an original ballad, "The Guard on the Castle," done in the old folk-song style; and Joseph S. Baltrush, '21, Waterbury, Conn., whose pleasing, familiar essay "Wanderers of the Night," appears in this issue.

**Scientific Society** The Scientific Society plans an informal reception and dinner in honor of Mr. V. E. Hillman, Chief Metallurgist, Crompton & Knowles Loom Works, Worcester, Mass., who has been conducting a course of lectures before its members. This testimonial is a modest expression of the deep appreciation on the part of the society of Mr. Hillman's devoted interest in their work.

Maurice F. O'Brien, '20, is chairman of the arrangements committee. George E. O'Brien, '21, and William J. Sullivan, '21, are assisting. As present plans indicate, the reception will take place May 17 in the State Mutual Restaurant.

Mr. Hillman will conclude his course early in May with a discussion of the "Metallurgy of Iron and Steel.

**Condolences** Our deepest sympathies are extended to George L. Conley, '20, on the death of his father; Thomas J. Crowe, '23, on the death of his father; Francis X. Powers, '22, on the death of his father.

RAYMOND J. O'CALLAGHAN, '20.



# Alumni

## GENERAL ALUMNI

April 24, 1920.

DEAR ALUMNUS:

We wish to call your attention to the proposed publication of the Service Record of Holy Cross College in the War of 1917.

This book, which will be published Memorial Day, if possible, is to be a handsomely bound volume of 450 pages, produced at a cost of approximately \$5,000, and will contain over 750 illustrations, mostly photographs of the Holy Cross graduates, students and former students who have served in the War of 1917.

You may be agreeably surprised to learn that our Honor Roll contains 936 names at this writing. These figures represent men in uniform and do not include those who served in civilian capacity nor do they include the 750 students in the S. A. T. C. and S. N. T. C. This is a record of which you and Holy Cross may be justly proud.

Over 800 complete records and 735 individual photographs have been received. Two records and two pictures (when available) will be on each page, except in the case of the 24 men who made the supreme sacrifice. We shall honor each of them with a full page. The book will also contain a foreword about the part Holy Cross College, in her patriotic alumni, students and faculty, took in the late war, with a brief resumé of Civil War activities. The second part of the book is devoted to the Students Army Training Corps and Naval Unit at Holy Cross College, concluding with a comprehensive table of statistics.

One of the features of the Service Record is the provision made for possible additions. Records have been received, in some instances, unaccompanied by pictures. We have printed the record in each case, leaving a space for the picture, in the hope that at a future date some friend might send us a photograph. When such a picture is received, copies will be made and one sent to each subscriber to be entered in each *Service Record*. Should an entirely new record be received, a new page will be printed and distributed for addition (on the adhesive stubs) at the end of the book. In this way, the Service Record can always be made more and more complete, without disfiguring the book.

The National Catholic War Council, through its Committee on Historical Records, has assured us that Holy Cross College is a pioneer in publishing a *complete* service record and that our publication will serve as a model for other institutions.

No effort has been spared to make this Service Record complete in every detail. Every trick of the printer's and engraver's art has been employed to insure an artistic production worthy of this historical document. The individual records are statements of *fact* and not fanciful imagination.

In a few years the value of this publication will be infinitely precious. It will be a veritable mine of information for future chroniclers of Alma Mater's glories; a source of constant edification and inspiration to succeeding generations of students; and to the service men and their relatives a keepsake of inestimable worth.

As a guide, therefore, in producing this imposing volume, we wish to learn the views of the alumni and their friends. The number of copies ordered by us will be determined by the number

of subscriptions received before May 1st. The charge is nominal, five dollars per copy, postage prepaid.

Enclosed is an order blank which should be returned to us as soon as possible before May 1st.

EDITOR, *Service Record*.

N. B.—The price of "*Service Record*" will be \$5.00.

THE HOLY CROSS ALUMNI ASSOCIATION OF NORTHEASTERN  
PENNSYLVANIA

The Holy Cross Alumni Association of Northeastern Pennsylvania had a banquet during the Easter holidays. The affair was held on Saturday, April 10th, at Hotel Casey, Scranton. Among those present were Rev. Andrew J. Brennan, '00; Rev. James E. Donnelly, '05; Rev. Raymond E. Larkin, '16; Edward H. Gibbons, A. M., '13; John B. Jordan, '95; Michael J. Costello, '00; J. J. Collins, '17; Desmond F. Leonard, ex-'10; William A. Corby, '06; Thomas A. Tierney, '15; and John J. Rady, '14. Several of the undergraduates were also present at the banquet, which was voted by all to be a most pleasant reunion.

'79. His friends and classmates will be pained to learn of the death of Dr. Joseph J. Cronin, in Boston, November 30th last. His ailment was diabetes. Dr. Cronin was in practice in Roxbury and vicinity for more than twenty years. He leaves a widow and two children and many relatives in Worcester. He was a brother of Brigadier Gen. Marcus D. Cronin, U. S. A., ex-'86. Gen. Cronin left Holy Cross upon his appointment as a cadet to West Point.

'93. Although Senator David I. Walsh, '93, denies that he is a candidate for the Democratic nomination for President. it is almost certain that the Massachusetts delegation and that of

several other states will cast their votes for him on the first ballot. The senator has won many warm admirers because of strenuous and successful efforts to Americanize the peace treaty.

'94. John P. O'Brien, '94, former assistant corporation counsel of New York City, has been appointed corporation counsel of the city by Mayor Hylan. Mr. O'Brien thus assumes the leadership and direction of the largest law office in the world, as he has under him 125 lawyers and a working force of 417 clerical assistants, many of whom have had a legal training.

Mr. O'Brien secured the M. A. and LL.B. degrees from Georgetown and he was admitted to the bar in New York. For a time he conducted his own office, but later gave it up to become assistant district attorney. He later entered the corporation counsel's office. As assistant corporation counsel he was head of the franchise division of the office. One of his most notable and spectacular legal victories was in his winning fight against the Brooklyn Gas Company's attempt to secure an increase in the gas rate. Mr. O'Brien is an ardent Holy Cross man and was orator of the class of '94 at the alumni reunion last June. THE PURPLE wishes to add its congratulations to the scores of letters and telegrams which the new corporation counsel received from Holy Cross friends.

'96. Rev. Michael Earls, S. J., went as delegate to the Catholic Classical Convention held this year in Cleveland during the Easter holidays, and was the recipient of the large-hearted hospitality which H. C. men are famed for all through the country. One of the particular purposes of Fr. Earls' visit to the H. C. men of the Ohio district was the formation of a Holy Cross Club, an idea that the Holy Cross men have been looking forward to for some years. William O'Neil, '07, whose interest in H. C. ac-

tivities is as keen as can be found on the map, gave the big start to the movement by offering to give a luncheon party to the first meeting. Cyril O'Neil, '17, estimates that nearly one hundred H. C. men will be brought together in the Ohio chapter of H. C. We know at least forty H. C. men in Ohio alone, and very probably quite a few in adjacent territory. The General Tire and Rubber Co., Akron, O., of which Mr. O'Neil, '07, is president, has a shop league of ball teams, and is anxious to have the H. C. varsity team make a trip West.

'96. Before leaving to assume his new position as Superintendent of Schools of Pittsfield, Mr. John F. Gannon, '96, was presented a chest of silver by members of Bishop O'Reilly assembly Fourth degree K. of C., of Worcester. The presentation speech was made by Atty. James A. Crotty, '11, Past Grand Knight of Alhambra council.

'97. Ambrose Kennedy, '97, United States Congressman from Rhode Island, was chairman and one of the principal speakers at the Rhode Island Republican convention held in Providence on April 4. The purpose of the convention was to elect delegates to the National Republican convention.

'97. Rev. James J. Howard, '97, pastor of St. Peter's church, Worcester, recently spoke on "The Irish Question" before members of the Washington Club of Worcester. The speaker said England's treatment of Ireland was that of a Teutonic against a Celtic race

'00. Rev. James P. Moore, superior of the Springfield Diocesan Mission Band, gave the annual retreat to the Alhambra Council, K. of C. At the Communion breakfast Mr. William J. Mulligan, L.L. D., 1919, secretary of the K. of C.





TENNIS TEAM



supreme war council, spoke of the war work of the order and the work that still confronts its members.

**Ex-'01** On April 24, Alan A. Ryan won a complete victory in the famous Stutz corner, when the shorts were compelled to pay him \$550 for every share they owed him. This was \$159 above the closing quotation for Stutz stock on the New York Stock Exchange on March 31st, when trading was suspended on the ground that the free market for the shares had been destroyed by the establishment of a corner. The bears had attempted to depress the price of the stock and woke up to find themselves caught in a trap. Mr. Ryan, after the settlement, expressed his gratification that the validity of stock exchange contracts has been recognized; but, at the same time, he came out openly for legislation providing for the incorporation of the New York Stock Exchange, which will subject it to the same sort of legal supervision which the government now exercises over the banks. He protested especially against the present policy of the exchange, which permits a governor of the exchange to participate in a decision upon a matter in which he, or the firm he represents, is interested directly or indirectly. The demand for the incorporation of the exchange has often been heard. The usual reply from the brokers was that the exchange regulated itself better than any public authority could regulate it. Mr. Ryan cites his case as an instance to the contrary. He does not wish any interference with the legitimate work of the exchange. But he demands that those who make use of the exchange be protected against arbitrary action by an irresponsible board of governors.

'03 Rev. John J. Keating, '03, for seven years curate at St. Paul's church, Worcester, has been appointed pastor of St. Joseph's church, Shelburne Falls. Fr. Keating studied for the

priesthood at the Grand Seminary, Montreal, and at Louvain, Belgium, where he was ordained in 1907. His first assignment was to St. Joseph's church, Lewiston, Me. From there he went to the Cathedral of the Immaculate Conception, Portland. In 1911, he was appointed assistant to Rev. James P. Moore, '00, superior of the Springfield Mission band, and in 1912 he entered on his duties at St. Paul's.

'04 J. Leo O'Gorman, head of the history department of the Durfee High School, Fall River, has just ended a memorable term of service as president of the Fall River Teachers' association. Under his leadership the teachers' requests, especially in the matter of salary schedules, have been favorably met.

'05 Atty. Charles F. Campbell, '05, who is a candidate for delegate to the Democratic national convention in San Francisco, addressed the Women's Currency club at its first meeting in the K. of C. building, Worcester.

T. Francis McSherry, for the last few years superintendent of the Holyoke schools, has resigned, to enter business. Mr. McSherry received his A. B. from Holy Cross in 1905 and A. M. in 1909. He has taken the Harvard and Dartmouth courses in education. He was formerly principal of the Roxbury evening high school and the Clinton high school. He is president of the New England School Superintendents' association and vice-president of the Massachusetts Schoolmaster's club.

**Ex-'07.** Rev. John A. O'Rourke, of Newport, R. I., who was well-known to the fans of bygone days as a pitcher of renown, has gone on a trip to the Bermudas in quest of health. Fr. O'Rourke, after being on the point of death for many weeks, is now happily started on the road to recovery.

'08. A welcome visitor to the college during the Easter holidays was William J. Gavin, '08. "Bill," who is an insurance broker in New York, has missed only one graduation since 1908, a record of which any one may be proud. Mr. Gavin is one of the most loyal members of the Holy Cross club of New York, and has given the helping hand to many of the younger graduates just starting their careers in life.

'09 Rev. Edmund J. Ward of St. Patrick's church, Fall River, Mass., has recently been appointed chancellor of the Fall River diocese.

A mammoth pageant, the most elaborate spectacle ever presented by the children of New York City, is to be held on the Fordham campus this month, on the occasion of the canonization of Blessed Joan of Arc. Arrangements for this unique celebration have been placed into the efficient hands of Rev. Martin E. Fahy by Archbishop Hayes of New York City. We venture to predict a signal success.

Dr. Thomas W. Wickham has been elected secretary-treasurer of the Carney Hospital Alumni association. At the annual dinner, at which the elections took place, one of the speakers was Dr. John T. Bottomley, '89.

'10. The class of 1910 plan a more elaborate jubilee than any yet presented by any class out of college only ten years. The class reunion committee has already held several meetings and is arranging for novelties and features to enliven Alumni day and Commencement week.

Rev. Francis W. Walsh, '10, is pastor of St. Anne's church, Needles, Colo., with a mission at Blythe, Col., only 125 miles away.

For much information which will appear in the forthcoming Service Record, the editor is indebted to Capt. William A. F. Flanigan, U. S. A.

'12. Rev. Charles C. Conaty, '12, has been appointed curate of St. James' church, New Bedford.

Rev. James H. Carr, who until very recently has been chaplain of the Signal Corps, Wilbur Wright field, Fairfield, Ohio, has been appointed to St. Patrick's church, Fall River.

'13 It was only recently that we heard of the marriage last September of Edward F. McDonnell and Miss Mary C. Cronin of Chicopee. Our congratulations are as sincere as they are belated.

Mr. William B. Colleary, '13, whose plans for a new chapel and athletic unit at Holy Cross have appeared in former issues of the PURPLE, has entered into partnership in architecture with Mr. Edward T. Sheehan, with offices at 120 Boylston street, Boston. Mr. Colleary has graduated from Holy Cross, Massachusetts Institute of Technology and the Alexander Hamilton Institute of Business Administration. He is holder of the S. A. D. G. gold medal awarded by the French government, and winner of the Boston Society of Architects' prize.

'15. Rev. Thomas F. Mullaly, '15, former curate at St. Joseph's church, Shelburne Falls, has been temporarily assigned to St. Paul's church, Worcester, to fill the vacancy created by the appointment of Rev. John J. Keating, '00, as pastor of St. Joseph's church, Shelburne Falls.

'16. William R. Peck, '16, head of the history department of the Holyoke high school, has been elected superintendent of schools, to succeed T. Francis McSherry, '05, who recently resigned. The appointment is for three years. Though Mr. Peck

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is but a young man, his extraordinary success in the teaching line show that he is eminently qualified for his new and important position.

'16. Edward L. Coughlin has our heartiest congratulations on his new success. He has been made circulating manager of the *Portland Evening Express*, which has the largest circulation of any daily paper in Maine.

'17. We offer our warmest condolences to Joseph M. Bergin on the death of his mother, who died during the past month at her home in Adams, Mass.

'20. His Excellency, Eamon de Valera, LL. D., '20, President of the Irish Republic, is meeting with enthusiastic receptions in his tour through the South. Everywhere he addresses monstrous crowds. He has been publicly welcomed by city officials, governors and state legislatures. Loyola University, New Orleans, recently presented him with the degree of L.L. D. Before starting on his Southern tour he was given a banquet in Washington by the Lafayette Club of America. Many distinguished Senators and Representatives were present and spoke eloquently on the justice of the Irish cause.



# Athletics

## BASEBALL

### HOLY CROSS 10—CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY 2

The initial game of the Southern trip resulted in an easy victory for the Purple over the strong Catholic University nine. It was the Brooklanders' first defeat of the season. Bill Horan, star freshman twirler, pitched his first game for Holy Cross, and although a trifle wild, was very effective in the pinches. The C. U. batters found the delivery of the big Purple moundman difficult to solve at all times. The Dugan twins, Leo and Leonard, cavorted in the outer gardens in real major league style, making several feature catches. Gagnon and Captain Daley each got two singles, while Freddy McGuire nicked the Southerners' pitcher for a two bagger. Summary:

HOLY CROSS							CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY						
	ab	r	1b	tb	po	a e		ab	r	1b	tb	po	a e
Leo Dugan rf	4	0	1	1	3	0 0	Roach lf	3	0	1	2	4	0 0
Gagnon ss	5	0	2	2	2	1 0	Lyons cf	4	1	0	0	1	1 0
Len Dugan cf	5	1	0	0	4	0 0	Harrington 2b	2	0	0	0	2	1 0
Daley lf	5	3	2	2	0	1 0	Lucy ss	5	1	1	1	0	9 3
O'Connor 1b	4	2	1	1	9	0 0	Dunn 1b	4	1	1	3	11	0 3
Santoro 3b	4	3	1	1	0	2 0	Foran 3b	4	0	0	0	1	2 2
McGuire 2b	5	0	1	1	0	1 0	Parrott rf	4	0	0	0	0	0 0
Walsh c	4	1	0	0	9	0 0	Corwin c	4	0	2	2	8	0 2
Horan p	3	0	0	0	0	3 1	Dollard p	3	0	1	1	0	2 0
Totals -----39 10 8 9 27 8 1							Totals -----33 3 6 9 27 15 10						
							1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9						
Holy Cross -----							0 2 0 4 0 1 1 0 2—10						
Catholic University -----							0 0 1 0 0 0 0 0 1—2						

Stolen bases Holy Cross 4, C. U. 2. Sacrifice hits: Holy Cross 2, Catholic University 2. Three-base hits: Dunn 2. Two-base hits: Roach, Maguire. Bases on balls: by Dollard 4. Wild pitches: Dollard, Horan. Passed balls: Walsh, Corwin 2. Hit by pitcher: Leo Dugan.

### HOLY CROSS 3—GEORGETOWN 7

Georgetown defeated the intercollegiate champions in their second game of the trip at Washington by the score of 7-3. Dinny McLaughlin got the assignment but was driven from the mound in the third. Gill,



ATHLETICS

our southpaw star, relieved him and pitched splendidly, allowing only a single run. Had he started the game the result might have been different. Our team as a whole performed below their high standard, due to lack of outdoor practice.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	r	h	e
Holy Cross -----	0	0	1	2	0	0	0	0	0	—3	6	3
Georgetown -----	2	1	3	0	0	0	0	0	0	1—7	13	3

Batteries: Holy Cross—McLaughlin, Gill and Walsh; Georgetown—Reynolds and Kenyon.

HOLY CROSS 5—JOHNS HOPKINS 0

The heavy hitting nine of Johns Hopkins were let down with one solitary hit by Bill Horan. This bingle was made by the first man up on the first ball pitched. He fanned nine of their batters and pitched altogether a remarkable game, while his teammates batted Love, their first string pitcher, for eight hits, of which three were doubles. Gagnon shone brilliantly in the field, making the star play of the game, when he grabbed a slow hit ball in back of the pitcher with one hand, and got Egerton at first. The score by innings:

	1	2	3	4	5	5	7	8	9
Holy Cross -----	0	0	3	1	1	0	0	0	0—5

Batteries: Holy Cross—Horan and Walsh; Hopkins—Love and Wood.

HOLY CROSS 17—NEW YORK AGGIES 5

The Purple sluggers enjoyed a batting fest much to the sorrow of the New York Aggies at Farmingdale, L. I., in the last game of the Southern trip. The score was 17-5, and only seven innings were played, due to the extreme cold. Gill and McLaughlin shared the pitching burdens, the former hurling the first three innings and the latter the last four. Len Dugan rapped out four singles in as many trips to the plate. This game wound up the Purple southern trip. Although the bad weather caused the cancellation of half of the games, our nine managed to win three out of four contests played. The score:

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	r	h	e
Holy Cross -----	4	5	2	0	2	4	0	—17	15	3
New York Aggies -----	0	1	2	0	0	2	0	—5	6	7

Batteries: Holy Cross—Gill, McLaughlin, Walsh and Connors; Aggies—Powers and Hutwalker.

HOLY CROSS 10—ST. ANSELM'S 1

On April 17th, Holy Cross inaugurated their regular season by easily defeating the St. Anselm's nine 10-1 in Manchester, N. H. Coach Jesse Burkett's players banged the ball to all corners of the field for a total

*THE HOLY CROSS PURPLE*

of fourteen hits and ten runs, while their opponents tallied once in the eighth. Bill Horan pitched for five innings and held St. Anselm's to one hit, being replaced by Gill, who allowed four hits in as many innings. Jay O'Connor had a great day at bat, slamming out a triple and three singles in five times up. Jim Doherty, the freshman from New Haven high, was sent in at third base in the eighth, and in his sole appearance at bat cracked out a three-bagger. The score by innings:

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	r	h	e
Holy Cross -----	5	0	0	1	0	0	0	3	1	—10	14	2
St. Anselm's -----	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	—1	5	5

Batteries: Holy Cross—Horan, Gill and Walsh; St. Anselms—Laughrey, Downey and Cunningham.

HOLY CROSS 3—BROWN 1

The biggest Patriots Day crowd of fans that ever jammed their way into Fitton Field thronged grandstands, bleachers, and every available spot on the grassy lands beyond the outfield to see the Brown Bear humbled by the Royal Purple 3-1. It was a contest chuck full of thrills as every one of the 10,000 there can testify. The Hon. Peter Sullivan, mayor of Worcester, pitched the first ball, after having led the players of both teams across the field to the flag staff, where the intercollegiate championship banner of 1919, won by Holy Cross, was unfurled to the breeze. Coach Jesse Burkett started Horan on the mound for the Purple, and for a little more than six innings the big fellow didn't allow a hit, although the spectators were kept in great excitement by his wildness and seemingly impossible escapes from dangerous holes. In the sixth with runners on the bases, Gill replaced Horan, and from then on pitched a heady game. Knight, the Brown moundsman, was touched up for ten hits, of which the Dugan twins poled out six, Leo with four out of four, and Len getting two out of three. In the third, after Gagnon had reached first, Len Dugan singled, advancing Chick to third, and Captain Daley smacked a lusty triple to deep center, which scored both. Brown's only run was scored in the fourth through a pass by Horan, with the bases filled. In the eighth Len Dugan received a ticket to first, stole second on an error by Haddleton and tallied on Jay O'Connors' long double. The brilliant playing of the Brown infield helped Knight out of many tight places. The score:

ATHLETICS

HOLY CROSS								BROWN								
	ab	r	1b	tb	po	a	e		ab	r	1b	tb	po	a	e	
Leo Dugan lf	4	0	4	4	0	1	0	Jemail lf	4	0	0	0	0	1	0	
Gagnon ss	4	1	1	1	2	2	0	Tracy 2b	4	1	1	1	2	4	0	
Len Dugan cf	3	2	2	2	2	1	0	Peckham 1b	4	0	0	0	9	0	0	
Daley rf	4	0	1	3	0	0	0	Haddleton c	4	0	0	0	4	0	2	
O'Connor 1b	3	0	1	2	13	0	0	Dana 3b	2	0	1	1	4	3	0	
Santoro 3b	3	0	0	0	0	2	0	Fox rf	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	
McGuire 2b	3	0	1	1	1	3	2	Oden ss	3	0	0	0	2	3	0	
Walsh c	3	0	0	0	9	1	0	Moody cf	3	0	0	0	3	0	0	
Horan p	2	0	0	0	3	2		Knight p	3	0	0	0	0	1	0	
Gill p	1	0	0	0	0	1	0	Miller p	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	
								Needham	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	
Totals	30	3	10	14	27	14	4	Totals	30	1	2	2	24	12	2	
Holy Cross	-----							0	0	2	0	0	0	1	0—3	
Brown	-----							0	0	1	0	0	0	0—1		
								1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9

Two-base hit: O'Connor. Three-base hit: Daley. Stolen bases: O'Connor, Tracy, Knights, Jemail, Leo Dugan. Umpires: Finnell and Hehir. Attendance: 10,000. Time of game: 2 hrs. 10 min.

HOLY CROSS 8—BROWN 4

On Saturday, April 24th, the Purple again defeated Brown, this time on Andrews Field, 8-4. Bill Horan pitched the full nine innings, and his offerings were touched up for just three hits. His stick work was a feature, for his two-bagger in the fourth started the big Purple rally. Brown scored first in the second on a pass, a steal, and an error. In the next inning Holy Cross tied the score on singles by the Dugan twins and an error by Dana. In the fourth the Purple added four runs on three errors, a sacrifice, a single by Freddy McGuire and Bill Horan's double. Brown tallied three times in their turn, while the Purple crossed the plate in the sixth, seventh and ninth innings. The score:

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	r	h	e
Holy Cross	0	0	1	4	0	1	1	0	1—	8	11	5
Brown	0	1	0	3	0	0	0	0	0—	4	3	7

Batteries: Holy Cross—Horan and Walsh; Brown—Eteson, Brisk, Fuller and Haddleton. Two base hits: Horan. Double play: Len Dugan to Gagnon.

PURPLE JABS AT THE BROWN BEAR

At the Patriot's Day contest an interested spectator in the grandstand was the Rev. Fr. Prendergarst, S. J., who played on the nine of '77, the first Holy Cross team to beat Brown.

Those Dugan twins, Leo and Len, didn't bother the Brown Bear much. In the two games all they did was to smash out ten hits in seventeen times at the bat, score five runs, steal two bases, and engage in a lightning double play.

The 8-4 defeat of Brown, by the way, is the seventh straight win for the Purple. Six wins out of six games is Jesse's record as coach.

In the two games Brown secured five hits, quite a modest total.

#### CAPTAIN DALEY

A lamentable injury has cost the Purple the services of "Big Bill" Daley, captain of the 1920 nine. Bill, in sliding into second base at the conclusion of practice on Tuesday, the day after the Patriots' Day triumph over Brown, suffered such a serious fracture of his ankle that, when taken to the hospital it was found that the injury would prevent him in all probability from participating in any more games during the season. It is a bad blow on the Purple's championship aspirations, for during the past three years Bill has been a splendid outfielder and an ideal "cleanup" man on the nine. Many a game has he won by his terrific hitting. Take the Fordham game at New York, for instance, in 1918: Bill it was who won the game in the twelfth with a mighty three-bagger, scoring two men and giving us one more victory over the Maroon. Then the last game in which he took part on Patriot's Day! Was it not his triple in the third which gave us the margin of runs necessary to defeat Brown. He has the deepest sympathy of the entire student body and faculty, and though it may be considered venturesome, we express the hope that fortune may enable him to get into our big contests with Boston College.

#### PURPLE SPARKS

Did it ever strike you:

That if there ever was a real Frank Merriwell he could be no other than our own Eddie Gill. Can you imagine a pitcher beating the Big Three on five separate and distinct occasions, and more than that, trimming every one of them the same year, and the first two, Old Eli and Johnny Harvard the same week. Eddie is the boy who did it all, with his trusty right arm. Dartmouth and Brown four times fell victims of his tantalizing shoots. This veritable story-book hero won thirty-one games while in college, and from his Sophomore through his Senior year lost only three out of thirty-two games pitched, a startling record. Just picture this king of twirlers striking out seventeen batters in one game. Fordham experienced that sensation in New York. As a mere Freshman he went into the box on the Southern trip and pitched his first game, allowing the University of Virginia just one puny hit. What a coinci-

dence it should be that like the first, his last game under the Royal Purple of his alma mater should be a one-hit contest, when he shut out our biggest rivals—Boston College—7-0 before a huge Commencement Day crowd of 10,000. Didn't the memory of that wonderful game fill his classmates with throes of delight when the Governor handed Eddie his sheepskin on graduation day.

That Yale has been vanquished by the Purple five times in succession. From 1906 to 1911 the Bulldog didn't know what a victory over Holy Cross looked like. Sandwiched in these victory seasons are three successive shut-outs, if I am not mistaken, a performance never equaled by any college nine in history against the first of the Big Three.

That the year 1915-16 witnessed an odd happening between West Point and Holy Cross. In the fall the Purple and the Army were deadlocked 14-14 in football, and at their annual baseball game in the spring they battled to a 6-6 tie.

That our first basketball contest was staged in the college gym on December 12, 1900. The Purple made an auspicious start by defeating the Century Cycle club 30-10.

That the baseball team of 1918 won more games than any other nine in our history. Their record stands 25 wins, three losses, and one tie.

That in an intercollegiate tennis match in 1913 with Tufts on the Alumni Hall courts, Quinn of the Purple defeated Murphy of Tufts 6-4, 19-17 in singles. This last set of thirty-six games is without doubt the longest on record in Purple tennis history. By the way, Tufts was beaten that day 5-0.

That our long-distance opponents in baseball have fared very poorly against the Purple. In 1899 the University of Toronto was shut out 15-0. We almost duplicated that stunt again against the University of Chicago in 1901, the score being 14-0.

That the first baseball game Harvard lost to the Purple in Worcester was in 1895. Holy Cross won that day 4-3.

That Holy Cross defeated Colgate and Worcester Tech in a triangular track meet on Fitton Field in 1913, capturing eight first places.

That there are comparatively few who know whether we have ever played Carlisle or not. Jack Barry's nine in 1908 whitewashed the Indians 6-0 on Fitton Field. On a cold November day in Manchester, N. H., the 1914 Purple football eleven tied them in a brilliant 0-0 game.

#### RECORD SCORES

While chancing to pore through some musty volumes of Purple athletic lore, I could not help being amazed at some of the huge scores which Holy Cross ran up on the rurals commencing in the good old golden days

of Sockalexis and Powers, carried on by the famed Barry and Carrigan, and continuing on up to our present-day championship nines of the past three years. The choicest morsel of news in the volume of 1906 is the 15-4 slaughter of Old Eli on Yale Field. By dusting off another chronicle, we discover the Brown Bear in 1899 was twice tamed, 17-6 by our war clubs in the first encounter, and being in a more subdued frame of mind in the second he pawed his way to one run while the rude warriors from Mt. St. James garnered sixteen. Evidently Penn pulled a Tartar in selecting the Purple as an opponent in 1909, for she was immaculately whitewashed 11-0 on Franklin Field. A little over twenty years ago Tufts meekly accepted an 18-0 drubbing at our hands. Just ten years after, to commemorate the feat, our boys ran wild on the bases in order to beat the score. They did—so the 25-3 score indicates. Colgate once decided about a quarter of a century ago that Mt. St. James was the place to win a game. So to Worcester she hied—and that's all the Maroon did, for she took back to Hamilton the memory of a wonderful ball club and we added another baseball to our trophy room collection on which was written 20-4. In 1900 two teams from New York City determined to trim the Purple, but they couldn't give a satisfactory definition of the word trim, consequently our nine performed the scholarly act, first instructing Fordham until the score read 17-5, and on the other member of the duo, Columbia, until they agreed that as long as we were satisfied with twenty-five runs as our share, two would be all they wanted.

As this ancient lore was of a Purple hue it must needs contain something about our ancient foe, Boston College. Therefore I was not surprised to learn that Sockalexis and his cohorts appreciated that rivalry in 1896 by showing Bostonians how well their score board would look with a 22 after the H. C. and a five after B. C. The nine of 1904 emulated their baseball ancestors to a marked degree in equaling their artistic twenty-two, but replacing the five with a well-known zero. Two very interesting visitors at the old field used to be our Connecticut foes, Wesleyan and Trinity. The Methodists evidently had a serious case of spring fever in 1896, for the college results on the sporting pages read, Holy Cross 23, Wesleyan 4. A year ago the intercollegiate champions sporting the royal purple jauntily attended the initial society event of the season at Hartford and departed overjoyed at their reception and firm in the belief that Trinity was a splendid host in taking only one of the twenty-one runs scored. When you read of a baseball nine scoring thirty runs or more on its opponents, it may appear unbelievable. That is what the famous team of 1906 did, engulfing Niagara University 30-6.

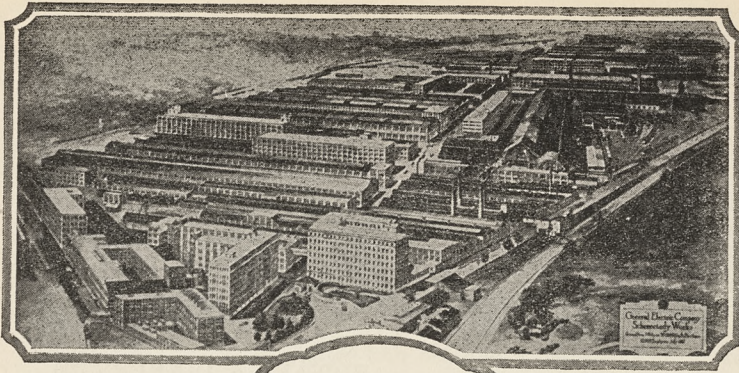
*ATHLETICS*

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A few years prior to this event another nine from Western New York, the University of Rochester, had been shut out by perhaps the biggest score ever made by a Holy Cross team, when they were trampled on 31-0, very reminiscent of football results. The foregoing data contains only a few of the huge Purple scores, which a glimpse into the precious volumes of lore enabled me to obtain.

EDWARD A. DINNEEN, '20.





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