THE VILLANOVAN

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ALMA MATER

By JOSEPH E. HYSON, '17

Vision is thine! thou teachest from Above
Ideals true of courage, faith, and love.
Loyal to thee, we sing peace, pleasure, joy;
Lovely thy halls and lawns, that us employ
Amid high tasks, gay sports. In all the round
No base alloy, we pray, shall e'er be found!
Our minds, our hearts, our wills, thus taught by thee,
Valiant for duty's call the world shall see;
And faithful stars shall guide our ships upon life's sea.
THE SPIRIT OF THANKSGIVING

By ALBERT C. O'LOUGHLIN, '17

TIME, the night before Thanksgiving; place, a large wagon factory in the suburbs of an important city. Under the glare of the arc-light can be read the sign—"No Admittance Except on Business."

After business hours no one is permitted to enter at all except the man on guard. For once we shall dispense with this rule and, in spirit at any rate, go within the building. Let us see what the night watchman does through the long hours of darkness. Let us follow him around in his journeyings—but, of course, unknown to him.

There's his lighted lantern, dispelling in some small degree the impenetrable gloom. He cannot be far away. Here he comes. Taking the light, he starts downstairs. He is just commencing one of his hourly tours of inspection. Let us follow him.

The stairs are rather straight. The railing seems feeble, yet it is worn smooth by countless hands; so it must be strong. Down, down, two flights of stairs into the very depths of this wagon-making monster, with so many turnings and twistings, as to remind one of the famous labyrinth of King Minos of Crete. Finally we reach the engine-room. Here stands the small but powerful engine, the heart and life of all the machinery. To us it seems but a conglomeration of cylinders, pistons, wheels, pipes and valves. So it is. But all so orderly that each one is a necessary part to the whole. There, not far away, is the boiler which feeds these cylinders, pistons, wheels, pipes and valves. The fires are low now, yet everything seems to be creaking and groaning. It appears as if all the machinery were dissatisfied while at rest, and desirous to be in motion.

The watchman, while we were inspecting the engine, a wonder to us, has investigated every nook and corner for any incipient fire which might be there. All is well. Now he is ready to pass on.

We leave the engine-room and pass through a long, tortuous passage, smelling of rusty iron and steel, so dark that the lantern seems only to add to its denseness. At last we again find ourselves amongst machinery, here a drill, there a gigantic trip-hammer, then a machine used for cutting steel. It is the blacksmith-shop. On the opposite side of the room we can see the dull red glow of the fires on the forges. Each fire is carefully seen to by the vigilant man.

Leaving this shop, still following our conductor, ignorant of our presence, we ascend those aged stairs to the second floor. This is the wood department. Piles of logs, ready to be sawed into boards, saws, planers, joiners and drills everywhere. For what we wonder could they ever use so many? Here a low pile of heavy planks, there a heap of rubbish make walking dangerous in the uncertain light.

The night watchman goes in and out amongst the various machines, carefully investigating. But, strange to relate, he seems to be a different man. Downstairs he had been very erect, walked steadily, swiftly, purposely. Now he walks unsteadily, slowly and aimlessly. His head and shoulders seem bent forward, as if age and not responsibility weighed him down, not that all fires were in a safe condition. He is, we find by observation, in deep thought. Moreover, it must be a pleasant thought, for see that countenance now. Downstairs it was hard and set. Now it is beaming and smiling. In his mind's eye he sees a pleasant picture. To-morrow his two daughters, his only children, will come home to spend the day with their parents. To-morrow his daughters' children will be climbing, with childish glee, all over their loving grandfather. He sees his two daughters, coming back to the home of their childhood. He sees his grandchildren running about the house. He sees himself fondling them. All would be in confusion, making ready the turkey, etc., for the dinner—all happy, telling the past experiences, recounting their baby days. No wonder he is smiling now. Downstairs he had been the guard, responsible for other men's property. Now he is the man.

Filled with such pleasant thoughts so soon to be realized in fact, he strolls about. Now he stops. He sets the lantern down on a pile of boards. He puts his elbows on another pile, and his head on his hands. He gives himself entirely up to the enjoyment. The spirit holds the material a captive bound.
For a long time he stayed in this posture. Suddenly he seemed to remember his duty as watchman, and moved quickly. In so doing he disturbed the loosely-piled boards. A cry, a crash, a stifled groan and all was quiet. The watchman, the father, the grandfather, lay buried, as far as his shoulders under the heavy boards. The lantern also fell from the jar, flickered a little, and happily went out.

It was some time before the stunned faculties of the stricken man came back even to semi-consciousness. The whole place seemed turned upside-down. The pain was intense, the darkness unbearable. In this state the mind and fancy bring up pictures of all horrible things. So with the watchman. Fire, the enemy he had so long fought off, now seemed about to gain the upper hand. Yes, his imagination made him believe the mill to be afire. Small at first, but swiftly gathering power and volume, a demon incarnate, devouring all in its ever widening path. Soon it would be upon him. He even felt the heat. A terrible death was near at hand. The agony of mind was too great. He again lost consciousness.

When he regained the use of his faculties, he turned his horror-filled eyes in the direction where he supposed the flames to be. There was a fire, but strange to say it was in a stove. He felt a touch, not the hot, eager, grasping devouring flames, but a soft, gentle, loving, womanly hand upon his brow. He looked. Wonder is this—his wife, his daughters, his grandchildren! He looked again. Surely, this was his own room.

The transition from a burning mill, a terrible death, to his own home, was too great to be comprehended all at once. Slowly the truth dawned on him. Then after the first loving greetings, came explanations. He had been found crushed under the board-pile. Both legs were broken, and he had received many severe bruises. But the doctor had said he was all right. He needed time to rest, and could do that while the bones knit. To his question about the fire, he was told with some wonder that the mill had not been on fire at all. With a sigh of relief he realized his deception by his own mind.

Suddenly the thought that it was Thanksgiving passed through his brain. His accident was spoiling the day for the others. But no! All could talk in his room just as well as in another, and dinner was going to be served there, so that all could be together. And served it was, after much bustle and confusion. All were loving attention to the injured man, and all enjoyed the occasion immensely.

But serious thoughts will come, and they came to the sick man during dinner. There he was injured and helpless, but surely it might have been worse. Death could have been the result. He was very fortunate. His two daughters, his wife, his three little grandchildren, were all well and happy. They were bestowing the best of care upon him. He had his own home; they, too, had theirs. What was his little accident compared to all this? Finally, he arrived at the conclusion, "I am the most fortunate man alive, and I have a whole lot for which I should be grateful, and I am!"

A TWO-FOLD TERCENTENARY

By THOMAS C. MacLEOD, '16

THREE hundred years ago there passed away, on the same day, two men who have left an immortal legacy to all ages and to all peoples. These two men are the highest proof that the pen is mightier than the sword. The nations are engaged to-day in a great world struggle—in a horrible massacre of death that each may exist. Yet every one of these nations has naturalized and enrolled among its most honored citizens to-day these two men who passed away three hundred years ago—SHAKESPEARE and CERVANTES! These two are immortal... universal. They have conquered all time and all space—Shakes-

peare, the ever-living creator of the world of poetic drama; Cervantes, the unrivaled master of prose fiction!

Cervantes, born in a Catholic country, drew in every breath, the vital inspiration of Catholicism. Shakespeare's heart and imagination fondly nourished themselves on Catholic ideas. It is fitting, then, that a Catholic college should, on this tercentenary occasion, pay its tribute of reverent admiration to these two supreme masters of Catholic education.

With regard to the language of Cervantes, we have indeed to be content with translation. But
other nations are in the same position with regard to Shakespeare. The French, the Spanish, the Italians, the Germans, the Danes, the Russians,—all have their classic translations of Shakespeare; but we have the matchless original. The magic diction of Shakespeare supplies our books and conversations with ten-thousand vivid phrases of proverbial currency.

But together with the miracles of magic phrase are the marvelous merits of invention of incident and creation of character. Cervantes excels all fictionists in the one; Shakespeare all dramatists in the other. Cervantes, indeed, has given to us two character creations which embrace the extremes of human nature—the idealist, in the mad knight, and the realist in the common-sense squire. And what a wealth of incident constitute the adventures of this strangely contrasted pair! With what pleasure the imagination loves to recall and to dwell upon the manifold scenes—the windmills mistaken for giants, the merchants of Toledo with their umbrellas, Mambrino's helmet where the barber's brass basin is transformed by magic fancy into a helmet of burnished gold, the voyage in the enchanted barque, the combat with the knight of the mirrors, the air-voyage to the sun on the wooden horse, the all-pervading humor of Sancho's governorship.

But of the characters of Shakespeare—of their amazing truth, vividness, and variety—who can adequately tell?

"Each change of many-colored life he drew, Exhausted worlds and then imagined new."

Equally the master of the natural and the supernatural—the father of English drama has created the ghosts of Banquo and of Hamlet's father, the witches of Macbeth, the fairies and goblins of the Tempest and the Midsummer Night's Dream. He has exhibited the delicacy and depravity of woman—in Lady Macbeth, Portia, Juliet, Goneril, Regan, Cordelia, Imogen, Hermione, Miranda, Ophelia, Desdemona, Rosalind,—each a woman, yet each representing a distinct type of womanhood.

At the same time, he has displayed the most extensive knowledge and most accurate observation of the actions, passions and habits of men—as Romeo the lover, Hamlet the doubter, Shylock the vengeful. In the dramatists of other nations, one may, as Racine, excel in drawing women, and only a particular kind of woman: another, like Corneille, may excel in portraying a particu-
THANKSGIVING HYMN

By GERARD F. HART, '19

For favors past and present too,
    For those Thou didst withhold,
    For impacts of Thy chast'ning hand
    Thy wilful child to mold.

'Cause Thou hast bent Thy watchful eye
    On dear ones far away,
And let us see Thee in our hearts
    Where they live night and day.

    For strength'ning visits of Thy grace
    Thy wondrous call to heed,
    For pardonings of the wounds we made
    By thought and word and deed.

'Cause Thou didst deign to take our flesh
    In stable cold and crude,
    And then to break our sin-link'd chains
    Wast nailèd to the Rood.

    For these and all Thy loving gifts
    (Some unknown to us still),
    We raise our grateful hearts to Thee
    Then bend them to Thy will.

And may Thy last great kindness be
    To call us to Thy home;
Let us, our hearts chained to Thy feet,
    Thank Thee "ad aeternum."
I.

It was the beginning of the scholastic year. Howard Ralston was entertaining two fellow collegians in his "den" in fashionable apartments of the University city. Magnificently arrayed in a gaily embroidered, violet velvet smoking-jacket and red Fez cap with gold tassel and silver crescent, a superb solitaire on his finger and a horse-shoe of diamonds in his cravat, he formed a striking contrast to George Gorman, one of the other students, in his rusty brown business suit, whom their mutual friend, Fred Boyd, had brought to visit him. Ralston was a Sybarite in taste, a sport by aspiration, a student by courtesy.

On the walls, pictures of heroes of the gridiron, the prize-ring, and race-course, pen-sketches of prodigiously intricate flourishing and convolutions yet of astonishing accuracy, mingled with baseball bats, tennis rackets, boxing gloves, fencing foils, and canoe-paddles; while there glowed at frequent intervals the crimson pennant of Harvard, the blue of Yale, the royal tiger stripes of Princeton, the carnation and iris of Penn, with the tulip-like brilliancy and poppy-like diversity of other distinguished institutions.

The furniture of the room was in keeping with this Oriental epicureanism. Here the goddess Nicotia, unknown to antiquity but introduced from the mysterious Red Man, was worshiped with a special shrine. That curious cabinet was surely erected to her honor, adorned as it was with rare trophies of jeweled and engraved cigarette cases; ash-trays, gold, silver, brass, and porcelain, of fantastic diversity of shape and design; pipes of meerschaum, amber, and briar—rare hookahs, chibouques, and padillahs—Turkish, Persian, Egyptian and Hindoo. Opposite, was the shrine of the festive and enlivening god Bacchus—a sideboard, whose polished top supported, and whose mirror multiplied, a dazzling array of cut-glass decanters, filled with the most various of costly wines that the vine-blest regions of the earth could furnish—Champagne, Madeira, Moselle, Vindegrave, Sauterne, Xeres. On the wall between, an elegant little bookcase of rare inlaid woods—sandal, rosewood and ebony—with leaded and diamond panes, discovered the literary taste of the owner—the spiced goût of un homme du monde—drames of Ribot, contes of Pierre Du Pont, romans of Montargis and Emile de Rabutin. If he condescended to introduce any English writers, they must be authors of the world worldly—the military tales of Kipling, the vaga-bond narratives of Jack London, the sporting novels of Whyte Melville. The highly polished floor reflected and repeated all this magnificence, except where, here and there, were spread soft, rich, deep rugs of Damazhan and Khorasan, into which the foot sank as into wildwood moss. At rhythmical intervals were strewn the most inviting divans, heaped with the laziest piles of satin cushions of varied pattern and subtle, Orient hues; the most comfortable easy chairs—Moham- mish, Turkish and Morris—of exquisite aesthetic structure.

"Have a Pall Mall?" asked Ralston of his two guests, passing round a gold and jeweled cigarette case.

Fred Boyd helped himself to one, but young Gorman declined with thanks.

"Oh, I see," said Ralston with reference to the latter, "you are trying for the football team, and want to keep your wind."

After enjoying the incense of the aromatic weed, with various comments on the prospects of the football season, the host brought several decanters from the buffet, and poured out some rare old wine for himself and his guests. Again Fred accepted and Gorman declined.

"Well, I never!" exclaimed Ralston. "Still under the thumb of the coach! The imposition of the simple life has always kept me from trying for the team. I can't give up my habits for any coach."

To look, however, at his mean physique, narrow chest, attenuated arms and spindle shanks, one would infer that there were several other reasons that prohibited; while George Gorman's Herculean frame, magnificent muscular development and steady nerve marked the born football hero, who might some day command armies in the harder rigor of genuine warfare. The advantages of art were Ralston's; but Gorman was vastly superior in the endowments of nature.
It was, indeed, beyond Ralston's ken to comprehend that Gorman, of his own accord, neither drank nor smoked nor indulged in any other harmful custom. Gorman's life was constructive. He developed all natural gifts by healthful exercise, and eliminated all destructive habits. It remains to be seen through the stern logic of events which ideal constitutes the better system to follow—to cultivate all the artificialities of worldly manners with Ralston or to conserve and develop nature's best gifts with Gorman. Such is the object of this story of real life.

The books in the case now attracted young Gorman's attention.

"Ever read any of these?" asked Ralston.
"Very choice! quite famous!"
"No," answered Gorman, "I have not even heard of them."

"I know you football players don't care for literature," commented Ralston. "Well, for my part, I like to be an all-round man, you know, and go in for everything."

"What!" exclaimed Fred Boyd, "Gorman not care for literature! Why, he knows more of Wordsworth and Keats than any one I ever met."

"Wordsworth and Keats!" ejaculated Ralston. "I did not think they had anything in them—that is," he added hastily, noting the look of surprise on young Gorman's face, "anything to interest a man of the world. Now, every fellow here 'in the know' reads Ribot, Dupont and Montesquieu."

Gorman did not like to air his opinions, and was too modest to tell how deeply his intellect had been affected by the profound truth of Wordsworth's philosophy and how grandly his sensibilities had thrilled to Keats' supreme revelations of beauty. He turned from the books, and his eye was next caught by the beautiful pen-sketches among the flashier pictures.

"Those are Ralston's own work," explained Fred Boyd. "He's certainly a wizard with the pen!"

"Yes," said Ralston, who was not at all averse to displaying his talents. "I've never seen anything yet that could get it over me there. I can imitate the most flowing or the most crabbed hand so that it will deceive the original writer."

"An accomplishment as dangerous as it is fascinating!" commented Fred.

"Oh, no danger!" laughed Ralston, "but loads of fun! This is my father's signature," he declared, dashing off an inscription. "The old governor would swear it was his own. Whose is this?" he asked, dashing off another.

"My father's!" cried Fred. "Why, this is witchcraft!"

Ralston only smiled in his sly, easy way and changed the subject.

"Suppose we have a little game to while away the time," he said, drawing forth a small side-table. "Dice or poker?"

"No, thank you!" said Gorman, "I never play."

"Come, now!" objected Ralston, "football training can't enter as an excuse here. You'll play, Boyd, won't you?"

"Sorry!" said Fred, withdrawing with Gorman, "but we must be going. Both of us have some heavy plugging at our studies to do to-night on account of lost time in team-work."

Hereupon the two visitors took their leave and departed.

II.

The next time Ralston met Fred Boyd, the latter was alone.

"What a queer prig you brought with you last time!" remarked Ralston.

"Whom do you mean?" asked Fred.

"Why, young Gorman, to be sure!"

"How do you make that out? I think him a fine, manly fellow."

"Oh, he's not at all a man of the world—don't you know?—far different from our set. It will never do to take him up. He has no social or genial qualities—doesn't smoke, drink or play cards. Besides, he's vastly seedy-looking. Not the gentleman at all! Why on earth did you ever bring him to see me, or how can a man of your position and tastes tolerate him?"

"Well, it's this way. We three fellows are all from the same town, and we ought to hang together with local pride and patriotism."

"I can't see that. I never knew him in our town, and I don't see why I should know him here. Our family never took up with such people."

What Ralston said was indeed a fact, but it was only partly true. If he had seen and told the whole truth, the facts would be thus. The three young men represented three different social circles in their native town of Ironton; and in no place are the lines of caste so rigidly drawn as in certain country towns. Despite appearances
at the university, where Ralston far outshone Boyd in dash, prestige and luxury, Fred's family was the oldest, wealthiest and most prominent and influential in Ironton. Gorman's people, on the other hand, were among the poorest, their only heritage being their unimpeachable honesty. Consequently George was working his way man-fully through the university. Ralston belonged to that upper stratum of the middle class—or, rather, to the lowest of the upper class—the shoddy aristocracy, who are always aping those of superior fortune and will condescend to associate with no other. Fred Boyd's father was the largest iron manufacturer in Ironton, while Ralston's father was in his employ as a clerk. The mystery was how Ralston managed to live in such display at the university. Fred was too simple-hearted to make the comparison or draw the inference. If he thought of the matter at all, he imputed it to Ralston's acknowledged superior shrewdness.

"Gorman will do big things here," resumed Fred, "both in athletics and studies."

"He'd have done better in some dinky college," retorted Ralston, "where such as he belong, without thrusting himself into a big, aristocratic university, filled with the old traditions of gentlemen. Thank fortune, he's not in the same department with either of us. You're for medicine, I'm for law, and he's scientific. In so large a university, we shall see him seldom, especially as he's so poor he has to board at a good distance from our apartments. That's a consolation!"

"The coach and the faculty," objected Fred, "speak of him in the highest terms already."

"His standing with the coach and faculty proves him only a drudge and grind. He's not gentleman enough to succeed in the college world. Besides, I always suspect these goody-goody fellows who are too pious to have a good time. They're always the kind to play one some dirty trick or other. Better look out!"

"I don't know about that. He's the kind I like. It always does me good to meet a big, frank, manly fellow like him, who shakes hands with you as if he meant it."

"He certainly has an awful grip on him, like an iron vise."

Ralston here looked at his own dainty hand, which had been tortured in that main de fer.

"Yes!" rejoined Fred, "and better yet he has a grip in his brain, which gives him a vigor of purpose that is going to make him far outstrip us in the race for success in life. I've been far too idle these first two years of my college life, doing little but amusing myself. I'm going to cultivate this pious Hercules with his earnestness of purpose and strength of brain and brawn."

"Pooh! the world doesn't give its prizes to such uncouth clodhoppers. Besides, he's a Catholic, and their sanctimonious humility is notorious for being only a cloak to treachery."

"Gertrude Arden is a Catholic." Fred's tone became solemn and tender.

"The Ardens are the exception that proves the rule. They belong to the highest class of society. Such Catholics are entirely different from the low, ignorant ones. The latter are under the priest's thumb; the former rule the priest. Mark my words—square-toes will turn out nothing but a church sexton or a walking Testament, if not a sneak."

Uttering this fling, Ralston parted company with Boyd.

(Continued in the next issue)
A MODERN HAMLET
By JOHN F. BURNS, '17

To rise, or not to rise,—that is the question:
Whether 'tis pleasanter for a man t' obey
Th' unwelcome summons of outrageous bells,
Or to lie snugly in a sea of blankets,
And stay reposing in them.—To lie,—to sleep,
O man! and by that sleep to say we 'scape
The biscuits and a thousand other pains
The chef is père to. 'Tis a consummation
Most gladly to be missed.

To stay, to go,—

To slip the bounds at night. Ay, there's the rub!
For on our late return what schemes to make,
When we have shuffled off our boisterous shoes
Must give us pause. There's the pretext
That makes our parties of so long a life.
For who would leave (just to get back on time!)
The gladsome song, the good host's hospitality,
The sweet environment of cozy parlors
(For parlors sans environment are naught!)
Or care if dorms are locked on his return,
When he himself can his quietus take
On a bare doorstep. Who would dormers bear,
To grunt and sweat at adamantine beds,
To hear the muffled laugh of mischief in
That undiscovered corner from whose bourn
The errant pillow flies, reaches its victim,
Who straight prepares to lay a feathered siege.
But footsteps oft make cowards of us all;
And thus the rosy hue of resolution
Is sicklied o'er by shadow pale of prefect;
And pillow-pitchings of pith and momentum,
With this regard, their courses turn awry,
And leave the field of action.
AN EPISODE OF RATTLESNAKE CAMP

By JAMES HAUGHEY, '18

There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
Than are dreamt of in your philosophy.

HAMLET, Act I, Scene 5.

Students of the occult may furnish the Oedipus
that shall solve this enigma. Experts in tele-
pathy may bridge the abysmal chasm that yawns
between the subjective and the objective phases
of this most curious psychical problem. But to
me the mystery remains a veritable puzzle. I
shall relate, however, the plain facts of the case
just as they happened. Witnesses can be adduced
as to their verity. Let not grinning incredulity
triumph in derision, but reflect, rather, that "there
are more things in heaven and earth than are
dreamt of in their philosophy!" Meanwhile,
Pro-
hibitionists and Anti-prohibitionists may argue
pro and con, and vice versâ, whether this reptilian
episode that I am about to narrate could, or could
not, have taken place in the State of Maine.

Believing that theory, no matter how good,
should be supplanted by practice, no matter how
arduous, I turned immediately at the end of nine
months' hard study at books to three months' hard
work at tools. With this view, at the finish of
my first collegiate year in the technical course of
the scientific department of a leading Catholic
university, I obtained a position as chairman on
an engineering corps. My first assignment was
with a gang sent out to survey a vast tract of
wild, uncultivated country, said to be infested
with rattlesnakes.

We had been notified to prepare for a stay of
several weeks, which would necessitate our camp-
ing out in the open. As the weather was warm,
everybody was pleased with the opportunity of
sleeping out of doors. We had been warned by
every one who heard of our expedition that the
country in which we were to camp abounded in
every species of snake, and particularly the rat-
tlesnake. The boss advised us to procure high-
top boots, leather trousers, and such accessories
as would tend to our comfort and protection.

On arriving at the spot, our impressions were
far from favorable, and confirmed all the dis-
agreeable reports we had heard. Never had I
beheld a more desolate prospect. Far as the eye
could reach there extended in every direction a
monotonous level, broken by no elevation. Tall
swamp grass, dwarf trees, thick shrubbery and
underbrush grew in rank luxuriance from the
rich, marshy soil. The region was practically
impassable, no path whatever being anywhere
discernible. Brambles and briers, twining ivy
and intertwisting convolvulus added to the ob-
stacles to be encountered. Surely, these cir-
cumstances formed the ideal abode—the very
paradise for snakes!

As I looked at the dismal prospect, a creepy
feeling possessed me, caused by my great antipa-
thy to the slimy serpent. The soughing and
moaning of the wind in the stunted pines, dwarf
birches, and low alders; the swish-swosh of the
swamp grass as it tossed and fluctuated in the
breeze; the dull suction of the gushing ooze that
responded to each upward and downward move-
ment of our footsteps,—these cheerless sounds,
so much in keeping with the dreary sights, added
an uncanny feeling to the overpowering creepi-
ness. With each rustle of a twig, the sudden
thought of a snake flashed through my mind and
startled my already strained nerves. However, I
braced myself bravely against the growing terror
of the gruesome scene.

By means of our brush-hooks we cleared a path
through the shrubbery, until we came to a spot
where the underbrush was not so tall and the
earth was dry. Here we decided to pitch our
tent. Locom castris idoneum deligimus, we
quoted, recalling Cesar's Roman legion in similar
circumstances. This gave the manual labor a
scholarly flavor, as befitted college boys at work.
The ground was thoroughly cleared of all the
brush, and the tent erected. We surrounded the
tent with a canvas fence, five feet high. We were
extremely careful to have the bottom of the can-
vas touch the ground, for the purpose of excluding
as many reptiles as possible. Egress and
ingress were effected through a small oval open-
ing in the canvas several feet from the ground.
Our camp, thus completed, was named, from its
dominant circumstance, RATTLESNAKE CAMP.
An increased feeling of security from the un-welcome intrusion of serpents now prevailed in the tent. But even with these precautions absolute safety from a venomous visitor was known to be impossible. Upon entering the tent each evening, everything was inspected to find traces of snakes. The beds were stripped and remade to make sure no slimy visitor slept with us. As a further precaution, we arranged a system of sentry duty, dividing the night from 10 P. M. to 4 A. M. into three watches. On retiring, one of our number was placed on guard as sentinel to keep vigilant watch against the subtle intrusion of any reptile into our tented Eden. After serving two hours, he awoke another camper, who took his place and relieved him of sentinel duty. In the same manner the third sentinel finished the guard for the night.

Such were the preventive measures within the tent, and equal precautions were taken for our outside expeditions. Orders were given that no man should enter a thicket until he was positive, through previous examination, that no guileful serpent lurked in insidious ambush therein. Each man was armed with a revolver to dispatch any snake that would dare rustle its sinuous course through the swamp grass or underwood near him.

But, though the general attitude was that of extreme caution, yet there were in our gang two exceptions. These for the sake of discriminating the different characters of their dissent, we shall call the Skeptic and the Ophiologist.

The Skeptic, the elder of the two, was a young man just past his majority, and took full enjoyment of his new dignity, not only for casting his vote at government elections, but also for asserting his individual opinion on every conceivable topic. Accordingly, he was vociferously incredulous on the subject of snakes. He objected that day after day had passed without producing the slightest evidence that there were any serpents in this so-called Snake Land.

"Every one of you," said he, "reports strange movements in the brush. Many fire in consequence. Nevertheless, no reptile has been shot—nothing but a few frogs and turtles. For all we ever see of serpents, we might as well be in Ireland or the island of Crete! Snakes! I don't believe there are any here."

As a test of the sincerity of his convictions, he offered a reward of all his cash, together with the privilege of collecting his season's wages, to any one that should produce a real snake—dead or alive!

The Ophiologist was a mere youth, still in his teens. He refused to carry arms against the serpents, but equally rejected the skepticism of his companion. He was, in fact, of too tender a disposition to kill even a loathsome reptile. This tenderness, however, was disguised under the pretext of an absorbing interest in the study of ophology, the science that treats of the species and habits of serpents. The present occasion he regarded as a great opportunity for the scientific observation of snakes in their native habitat. Accordingly, his diligence in the search for snakes was unsurpassed by any of the rest of us, though his object was very different. The adage that the bravest are the tenderest was admirably exemplified in him. All his life he had never been afraid to handle snakes; and he affirmed that if, as the reward of his investigations, he should find a rattler, he intended to tame and train it. Its rattle would serve as an excellent alarm clock to wake us betimes in the morning. The sentry then could be dispensed with. Every man, after his day's hard labor, could sleep all night long under the safeguard of the vigilant rattler. To be protected from snakes by a snake, charmed the fancy of all with its quaint paradox. Still we doubted that the tender-hearted ophiologist was over-sanguine.

Nevertheless, the opinions of the two dissidents had some influence on the rest of us, together with the fact of the non-appearance of any serpents after a week's lookout. The result was that, after the first week, the guard was discontinued, and everybody went to bed at night.

Finally, the climax came. On the third night after the removal of the guard, every man went to bed without any thought of impending peril. But it seems that danger comes when least expected.

Early in the morning—just at the gray of dawn, a full hour before the red glow of sunrise would streak the horizon—I was roused suddenly from a deep slumber by a sharp, rattling sound. It had all the effect upon me of an alarm clock. In an instant I was fully awake. The light of dawn was sufficiently clear so that I could see each sleeper distinctly. Imagine my surprise, horror and consternation when I saw a huge rattlesnake coiled on the chest of our boss, who, buried in sound sleep, was totally unconscious of his dread-
ful peril. I durst not call out, for any movement of the boss’s head or arms meant death from those venomed fangs. Yet something must be done. For a moment all I could do was to gaze in the stupefaction of amazement at the shining volutes of the great serpent coiled like the spirals of a huge steel spring, with head poised, a baleful glare in its beautiful, evil eyes, its fangs darted, ready to strike. All the while the boss breathed with the heavy regularity of a sound sleeper, his eyes closed tight in merciful slumber against the terror before him.

The next moment the boss unconsciously lifted his arm, and the snake’s head shot up erect, ready to sink its poisonous fangs into the arm of the sleeping man. No time was to be lost now in the dilemma of indecision. In an instant, I seized my loaded revolver from under my pillow—took aim—pulled the trigger—and the snake’s head fell several feet from where the boss lay.

The report of the shot awakened every sleeper in the camp. Soon all crowded round me, as they saw me standing with a smoking revolver, and inquired what was the matter. Although modesty is the most becoming adjunct of heroism, and although my dominant feeling was joy in the fact that the boss’s life was saved, still I could not repress certain lower feelings of pride and vanity from rising. I felt I was the hero of the hour. I had been the first to find a snake in the locality. I could, therefore, claim the offered reward, although I intended of course magnanimously to refuse it. Glory was enough for me. Accordingly, I began explanations.

“There was a snake,” said I, “coiled on—”

“My chest!” said the boss, in great excitement, interrupting me and finishing my statement. “He says true. There was a large rattler coiled in huge volumes on my chest.”

I could not understand how the boss knew that; for during the incident he gave every evidence of being in the profoundest slumber. Nevertheless, any detail that I would start the boss could always finish it with the precision and exactness of an eye-witness. He knew as much about the affair as I did. It was now my turn to be mystified and to wonder. Before I could satisfy my curiosity, however, my inquiry was prevented by a fresh turn of events.

“Where is this snake that you two are talking so much about?” asked the Skeptic, who had been investigating everywhere while we were talking.

The question brought us to a realization of the scene before us. Where was the snake whose head I had just shot off? Where were the remains? The boss and all the rest of us searched everywhere throughout the tent. There was not the slightest vestige of a serpent.

The mystery seemed impenetrable. My seeing the snake; the boss’s confirmation of this circumstance, although he was at the time in deep slumber; the mysterious disappearance of the dead snake itself—all these circumstances were so perplexingly contradictory. The more we thought over the matter, the more mystified we became. Then all the facts arranged themselves in harmonious agreement in our minds. Suddenly on the countenance of all present there broke a ghastly smile, which spread by quick degrees into a horrible grin, and then swelled into a terrified guffaw, as the true solution dawned, flashed and kindled in the minds of all our campers:

Great Snakes! I had shot the boss’s dream!!!
REMINISCENCE

By THOMAS A. ROWAN, '17

Oft, in the stilly night,
   With all my children round me,
Fond memory brings the light
   Of football days around me:
      The chills, the fears,
      The twisted ears,
      The baffling signals spoken,
      The eyes so true,
      Then black and blue,
      The shapely noses broken!

When I remember all
   The men of brawn and muscle
I've seen around me fall,
   Like scrubs in practice tussle,
      I feel like him
      Who leads a team
That has been badly battered,
   Whose stars are benched,
      Their ankles wrenched,
      The whole team sadly shattered!
Thus, in the chilly nights,
   With blankets wrapt around me,
Sad memory brings the fights
   Of younger days around me.
“INSIDE STUFF” IN TURKEY

By ARTHUR B. MAXWELL, ’18

No one will dispute the fact, that a good, old-fashioned Thanksgiving dinner, with its fifty-seven varieties of culinary devices to whet the appetite, occupies a place dear to the heart, or somewhere thereabout, of every American. Yet how many of us have sought the history of the turkey, the central figure of attraction on this day? Perhaps we take it as a matter of course, relying on the good taste and judgment of our forefathers. This is well enough in its way, but those of a more inquiring and philosophical turn of mind like to understand the causes of things.

Felix qui potuit rerum cognoscere causas—

VIRGIL

Several different origins are ascribed to the presence of the fowl in this country. Some, basing their argument analogously to the origin of the name chemistry, say that it was imported from Turkey. Early travelers in the Turkish Empire, it is said, were enraptured with the deliciousness of a fowl prepared on festive occasions for the Sultan Abdul Yo Edi. A thorough perusal of the folk-lore of these people discovers that they have confounded the turkey with a species of the avis de squichibus, or what is known as our common guinea-hen. Others claim that the turkey was first discovered in Greece. I could find no mention, allusion or reference to such a fowl in any Greek author, ancient or modern. It is probable that the authorities, ornithological and historical, have mistaken the fowl invader of that unfortunate country for the evading fowl!

Thus having met with little encouragement in the research of these foreign claims, I resolved to investigate the circumstances of the first Thanksgiving dinner. It was impossible for our forefathers to be thoroughly acquainted with the resources of their new-found home. Hence we read that they sought the co-operation of the Indians in preparing their feast. Since they had not brought the turkey from the old country, it is logical to conclude that it was native here. In the ancient legends of the Indians, we read of a large bird they hunted for festive occasions. It was called the Tur-kee-wa. Above all, as the ethnologist Brinton points out, Indian is a Turanian language and, therefore, begins with the same syllable as turkey—Tur. The philological coincidence is as remarkable as it is convincing. From this circumstance and from the important rôle the turkey played on the first Thanksgiving, we can readily associate the former with the latter, both from the notation of its name and from its historical significance.

Of course, we can readily realize that the early conditions, both in procuring and preparing the fowl, were far different from those of the present day. Then, there were no turkey-farms or fire-arms. The huge bird was hunted in the wildest part of the woods with the crudest of weapons. To-day we have the domesticated bird and may hunt the wild one with the most modern type of fire-arms. It was taken over to England shortly after the discovery of this country and had been domesticated there early in the sixteenth century.

There are but two known species—the common wild turkey, Meleagris gallopavo, and the Yucatan, or Meleagris acellatus. They were once considered as two distinct families, but are now conceded as the only American representative of the family Phasianidae. In late years the output has reached an enormous number. At Christmas and Thanksgiving as many as 9,000,000 fowl are disposed of in this country alone, on an average of one to every nine.

Who of us, then, can look with indifference upon the approach of Thanksgiving? It is distinctly an American feast. The result of our researches places the origin of the chief ornament of our festive board where it belongs. Let us, therefore, enter upon its enjoyment with vim and gusto. Let us increase, if possible, the ratio from one turkey to every nine persons to nine turkeys to every person.
THE VILLAGE CHURCH

By JOHN F. BURNS, '17

(From the French of Deschamps)

One Sabbath morn, when youth was in its prime,
I reached a neighboring town at service-time.
Loud rang the bells, the church its front opposed,
The preacher’s lips in prayerful song unclosed;
The open portals bade all welcome there,
Where kneeling children lisped their simple prayer,
And pious parents, reverently inclined,
Poured o’er the leaves with sweet devotion lined.
The sun, meanwhile, its daily course assumed,
The air with balmy fragrance was perfumed,
Above my head delightful sounds o’erflowed,
And Nature in her best regalia glowed.
THREE GREAT MUSICIANS

By HUGH O'NEILL, '17

THE careers of Haydn and Mozart represent the middle stage of eighteenth century musical development. Not only in point of time, lying midway between Bach and Beethoven, as they do, are the lives of Haydn and Mozart typical of a middle-stage development, but in other respects as well. Thus, as a general rule, their works, in point of character, may be said to lie equidistant from the fashionable Italian artificialities of the day and the heroic grandeur of Bach and Handel. Greatly indebted as the music of to-day is to Haydn and Mozart, still more does modern musical development date from Beethoven, and it is almost impossible to imagine modern musical art divested of his influence.

Haydn, living quietly and uneventfully, writes his music which reflects the nature of the man, simple, genial and unaffected; the sources of his inspiration were his own good qualities, his piety, his lovable nature.

In composition, Haydn is recognized as being the first to outline the possibilities of the “sonata-form.” Apart from his other compositions, Haydn, in his fifty-three sonatas for piano, contributed to the progress of musical art a form which for flexibility and fertile resources, became a legacy of inestimable value to his great successors, Mozart and Beethoven. Without his fertile labors their work would have been almost impossible.

The development of Mozart the performer and Mozart the composer was on terms of equality. He was taught little pieces at the age of four, and began to compose at the age of five. When eight years old he could read difficult music at sight, improvise charmingly and solve perplexing problems in composition easily.

Very closely is Mozart’s name associated with the opera; and his operas have been accorded their present seemingly disproportionate amount of space, because, as a composer of opera, Mozart stands alone among his fellow-giants of the eighteenth century.

Towards the close of his brief career, another field of his vast creative energy opened up, that of church music, in which he ranks as the father of the modern music of the Catholic Church.

With Beethoven the dynasty of genius, commencing with Bach early in the eighteenth century, comes to an end. He represents in himself at once the consolidation, as it were, of the knowledge of the preceding generations, and the opening of a new period in musical history.

His compositions betray the influence of Haydn and Mozart, and the smooth, facile workmanship of the eighteenth century. What first strikes one, viewing his work as a whole, is the vast preponderance of compositions of the sonata kind. There are many reasons for this preponderance of the sonata-form. For nearly two centuries harmonic, as opposed to contrapuntal form, had been developing steadily, and when Beethoven appeared, the sonata, which is the highest form of harmonic music, was already an established art-form. He was essentially a pianist and this was sufficient of itself to turn his mind towards the sonata. When his genius as a composer developed, it was to the sonata-form that he naturally turned for his most congenial vehicle of expression.

To sum up then, the influence of Bach was predominant alike in Haydn, Mozart and Beethoven. If Haydn did not shine as a performer, he left his mark as a composer of sonatas and thus proved so important a link as to render his services indispensable. Mozart contributed technical facility, clearness, and above all grace and charm to the list of necessary qualities in good piano-playing. He developed to unheard-of perfection the art of improvisation; while Beethoven greatly increased the technical horizon by his inventive genius and his force as a virtuoso.
AESTHETICS AND ANAESTHETICS
(A CLASS ANECDOTE)

By THOMAS A. ROWAN, '17

THE professor was learnedly expounding a point in the aesthetics of fiction. He warned the class against the crudity of amateurs. He advised them not to throw the reader into the midst of an unpleasant idea and leave him there with that as the main point to be contemplated. Such work he declared hopelessly inartistic.

Several members of the class objected. "Hamlet," said they, "abounds in unpleasant ideas, yet the world’s criticism praises it as the master-tragedy. Poe’s tales are regarded as artistic, though having a most unpleasant basis."

The professor met this objection by showing how a great artist resolves the discords of his material into the harmonies of beautiful, dominant ideas. In order further to enlighten the minds of the class, he contrasted the mellow perfection of the artist with the following amateurish crudity. He told this story that had been submitted to a college journal when he attended the university.

A musical composer had devoted the work of a lifetime to the composition of a chef d’œuvre. Late one evening he was trying it on the grand organ in the church. At last it satisfied his taste; it had reached ultimate form. As he laid the manuscript on the table, the boy that worked the organ-pump came forward. Brushing against the table, the boy accidentally upset the light on the manuscript, and thus burnt the composition. Hereupon the musician became so enraged at seeing his lifework destroyed that he seized the boy by the throat and choked him to death.

"Now," asked the professor, "what do you think of such a point as that? Would you call it pleasant or unpleasant?"

"Un—" started the class.

The professor smiled in satisfaction to think that his explanation was understood. A succession of ideas thronged his mind, as he expected to hear excellent critical reasons of condemnation. First, the inherent improbability of the story. The boy could not destroy the lifework of a musician, which would be engraved on the composer’s memory. Hence the boy had merely burnt paper. Secondly, no sufficient motive, in consequence, for the murder, which was too discordant to contemplate as coming into a hitherto innocent life devoted to the gentle pursuit of sweet sounds. Thirdly, the aggravating circumstance of the brutal offense by gratuitous sacrifice in a church.

But what was the professor’s horror when the class finished thus in grand chorus:

"Unpleasant—for the pump-boy!"

THANKSGIVING FOOTBALL

By JOHN J. MAGUIRE, '20

THE 'Varsity football team of Stamford University were having their first scrimmage of the season. Burdick, the veteran 'Varsity half-back, went crashing through the scrubs’ line for gain after gain; and after each plunge he would laugh derisively at the efforts of the scrubs to check the victorious onslaught of the 'Varsity. Burdick, as a player, was a marvel; but he had a mean disposition, his anger being very easily incurred.

"Look who’s here, fresh from the farm!" shouted Burdick, as the coach put in a new man at half-back on the scrubs in place of Payne. The new man, Tom Harris by name, heard the un-called—for remark; but, although it hurt, he gave no sign of having heard. Harris was a novice in football, but he possessed strength, speed, pluck, and a desire to learn the game. Accordingly, when, on the next play, Burdick came speeding around the end, he made a lunge at him and missed his tackle. Burdick laughed and continued down the field for a touchdown.

The scrubs were then put on the offensive and began to hammer at the regulars’ line, using Bancroft and Schmidt, two experienced backfield men. Their efforts were in vain. Several forward passes were then tried, one of them being successfully executed. Harris was then called
upon to carry the ball, and fought his way through right tackle for a five-yard gain. Once more they lined up, the 'Varsity being a bit surprised; and once more Harris made a gain through right tackle. Burdiick was quivering with anger and muttered something about a "farmer's luck." Harris overheard the remark. His cheeks flushed, but he made no reply.

Three or four more plays were tried without much success, and then Harris was sent speeding around the end with the ball. The interference cut down the defense until Burdiick alone blocked his way. He saw Burdiick's sneering countenance, and speedily sidestepped his terrific flying-tackle. Burdiick, not taking into consideration Harris' sidestep, missed his tackle by a small margin and went sprawling on the dusty field. This time it was Harris that laughed.

Billy Devere, the head coach, upbraided Burdiick for not making his tackle sure and declared that Harris was doing better than he. Burdiick straightened up, removed his head-gear and snarled, "Is that so? Well, if you can get along without me, go ahead. Put that overgrown calf in my position. I don't care. I'm through with this team." He started to walk away, but stopped suddenly. Turning to Harris, he snapped, "But I'm not through with you. I'll get even with you yet! I'm going over to Crampton now to join their squad. I'll come back here with Crampton, and we'll give this measly team the beating of a lifetime." Then he turned away and continued towards the dressing-rooms.

The coach, thinking it was just another of Burdiick's idle threats, did not attempt to stop him, but ordered his charges to continue their work, shifting Bancroft to Burdiick's place and replacing Bancroft by Payne. Tom Harris felt that the team had lost its best man, because he had forgotten his proper position as subordinate and, while only a new recruit, had laughed at a veteran like Burdiick. In order to make reparation for this mistake, he played the very best he knew how, and soon made a good impression upon the coach.

That evening Tom Harris talked over the events of the afternoon with his room-mate, Tim Harrigan. Tim had been a cripple from his birth; nevertheless, like many more of his kind, he knew football thoroughly from his own keen and constant observation of the game, and he gave Tom Harris many pointers about the science and art of the manoeuvres and tactics on the gridiron.

As practice went on, Harris improved greatly from day to day. Although he was still on the scrubs, his team-mates, especially his captain, Paul Armstrong, recognized his natural ability for the sport. They wondered why the coach did not appreciate his efforts; for, indeed, Billy Devere paid but little attention to Harris, and seemed determined upon developing Bancroft. But the coach had been given full power as to the selection of players, and Armstrong was powerless.

In the first game of the season, Stamford defeated Devonshire on Devonshire's own field, the score being 14 to 0. Harris was not given an opportunity to play, although Bancroft was slightly injured and gave place to Payne. Each succeeding game was the same story. Stamford won every game, most of them being hard fought. Harris, meanwhile, was kept on the bench, although several times the coach had him warm up on the side lines only to disappoint him and send Payne in to play.

This treatment Harris received without the slightest sign of discontent, although it seemed to everybody else nothing less than extreme cruelty on the part of the coach. Nevertheless, every one trusted in Billy Devere, who had made good in every instance in the past. Therefore, while they were at a loss to understand his reasons for so acting, nobody dared question his authority.

In practice, no one worked harder than Harris. In the scrimmage, it was always Harris that made big gains against the 'Varsity on the offense; and on the defense, not a man got by him. Harris had developed into a great football player, and he devoted his every effort to the game every time he played.

At night in his room, he would talk matters over with Tim, while Tim massaged his bruised muscles with soothing liniments. Tim was as much puzzled at the coach's actions as any one, although down in his heart he felt that Billy Devere had a special reason for slighting Harris. What that reason was he could not imagine. Yet he gave Harris every encouragement, and it was these little talks of theirs that kept up Tom's courage.

At last, the final practice of the season was over. The next day, Thanksgiving Day, was to be the close of a most successful season, no defeats having been chalked against them as yet.
The opposing team for the great Thanksgiving game was to be Crampton. Burdick, Stamford’s former star, had bolstered up Crampton’s already strong team, and they, too, claimed a clean slate—twelve victories and no defeats. Crampton’s rooters boasted that Burdick would make good his threat and that Stamford’s claim for the season’s honors would be swept away in an inglorious defeat. Stamford’s players went to bed early that night, each one with a prayer on his lips that Devere would relent and allow Harris to play on the morrow.

But the next day the game started with Harris on the sideline, fretting and fuming because he was not allowed to play against Burdick—the one man in all the world whom he detested—the man who had deserted the team that had made him the player he was—the man who had sworn to get even with him. Time after time Burdick was sent crashing through Stamford’s line for big gains. Although Stamford’s cheering squad gave yell after yell for the moral support of their team, the line seemed unable to check Crampton’s advance.

After a series of line-bucking, forward passes and trick plays, Crampton had the ball on Stamford’s ten-yard line. Amid the cries of Crampton’s cohorts for a touchdown and the plea from the Stamford rooters to “Hold! hold! hold!” the red and blue warriors fought valiantly. Crampton could not gain so much as an inch, and the ball was in Stamford’s possession. At the end of the first quarter, they had advanced just halfway to their opponents’ goal line, and they still had the ball.

The second quarter started with a rush. Bancroft fumbled the ball. The ever-alert Burdick scooped it up and ran with the speed of an antelope in the direction of the goal-posts, never stopping until he had placed the ball down over the goal line for the first score of the game. Douglas, Crampton’s big full-back, kicked the goal, making the score 7 to 0, with Stamford on the small end. But the wearers of the red and blue were not discouraged. Indeed, this served only to imbue into them the spirit of determination and to make them fight harder than ever. The half ended without further scoring by either side.

The second half began, with Harris still on the bench. Every time Burdick made a gain or a good tackle, Harris winced. Once when Bancroft was slow in getting up from the ground, Billy Devere turned and glanced at Tom. It seemed as if his long-awaited turn had come. But Bancroft rallied bravely and continued playing. A fresh man was sent in at end, and the team seemed to be strengthened by his freshness. They advanced the ball down the field until they were within striking distance of their opponents’ goal. Then, in spite of all the efforts of Crampton, Armstrong kicked the ball between the uprights for a field goal, just as Bancroft crumpled and fell exhausted.

Tom Harris’ chance had come. The coach whispered a few words of instruction in his ear and sent him out onto the field. But Harris seemed to have lost all the spirit he had shown in practice, as he trotted dejectedly across the field. Then through the momentary silence, Burdick’s voice rang out. “You’re just the man I’ve been waiting for!” he sneered. Burdick’s words roused Harris’ ire, and he went into the game determined to defeat Crampton and to show Burdick who was master. He worked with almost superhuman effort. Crampton had the ball. Harris broke up every play, forcing them to punt. For the second time, however, Stamford fumbled, and for the second time Burdick recovered the ball. The game developed into almost entirely a two-man game, with Burdick on one side and Harris on the other. Stamford soon had the ball in their possession again. Encouraged by the undaunted spirit displayed by Harris, they advanced steadily until they were in the shadow of Crampton’s goal line once more. Here time was called for the end of the third period. Armstrong gathered his players about him and instructed them as to the next play.

The whistle blew for the final quarter. The teams lined up quickly. Without any signals, the ball was snapped back to Harris, who sped round the end for a touchdown before the surprised Cramtonites knew what had happened. The try for a goal was unsuccessful, the ball swerving a few inches to the right. Stamford was now in the lead, the score being 9 to 7. Stamford kicked off. The ball was advanced and retarded all over the field, neither team making any substantial gain. Harris and Burdick were still fighting with the ferocity of wild beasts. But the strain was beginning to tell upon Burdick. He had silenced his jeering tone.

Only one minute remained to play. Crampton tried a trick formation, which threw Stamford
off their guard for the moment. Burdick received the ball. He shot through the opening, shook off the opposing tackle, and started towards Stamford's goal line with no one in his way. A groan arose from the Stamford stands as he sped onward, for a touchdown seemed inevitable. Suddenly there shot out of the mix-up of players a form in a red and blue jersey. It was Harris! As he cut down the lead of the fast tiring Burdick, foot by foot, the groan that had been emitted from the throats of the Stamford rooters changed to a cry of hope. Then once again their voices were heard—this time in a cry of exultation. For Harris, putting every last ounce of strength behind his tackle, had left his feet in a beautifully flying tackle, which brought Burdick down, two yards from the goal line and a Crampton victory. Before the disheartened Crampton team could line up and resume their offense, the shrill whistle of the referee proclaimed that the game was over, and that Burdick had failed to make good his threat.

One of the first to reach Harris' side was Billy Devere, who gripped Tom's hand and said, "Good boy, Tom! I knew you would do it! I recognized your ability from the first. But I realized also that, in order to defeat Crampton to-day, you would have to be subjected to all sorts of cruelties and injustices until your very soul cried out against it—until deep in your heart was implanted a desire to show the world that you could play football and that you could beat Burdick at his own game. That time was not ripe until after the game had started to-day. I know you have suffered, Tom, and I want you to know that all Stamford honors you as a man of unfailing courage and of extraordinary ability." There were tears in the eyes of the coach as he finished his impressive speech, and he turned away to hide them.

Big-hearted Tom Harris smiled at the approving faces about him. There was a twinkle in his eyes as he said:

"Well, I'm thankful I didn't have to wait till Christmas for this game. But," he added, seriously, "It was worth it."
THE FADING YEAR

By JOHN HANS, '19

The change from summer’s glow to winter’s gloom
Foretokens each man’s doom,
Anticipates the tomb.

When fairest flowers rejoice the sunny year
And song-birds charm the ear—
O sights and sounds of cheer!

Then rose-hued hopes in every bosom spring;
Our spirits dance and sing;
For joy rules everything.

But autumn frosts and bleak November days
Show nothing here that stays:
Fair Nature’s work decays!

And now our souls sink sadly with the year:
Hope gives its rule to Fear;
Song sighs and drops the tear.

Emblem is here of man’s uncertain state:
Trust not the brightest Fate;
All earthly joys abate.

Then look alone to Heaven’s unfading prize;
Place thy home in the skies,
And view it with Faith’s eyes.

For change from summer glow to winter gloom
Foreshadows all men’s doom—
Anticipates the tomb.
PSEUDODOXIA

By YE STUDENT

THE examination of prevalent opinions in order to expose popular fallacies, has been a favorite theme with successive philosophic inquirers from Bacon's time down through Sir Thomas Browne, Favorgue, Dr. Primrose, Laurent Joubert, Seipio Mercurius, Barrington, Bentham and Charles Lamb. The student himself has often been puzzled by the manifest paradoxology of the current credulities of Zeitgeist, and here proposes some detached reflections on a few of the most striking.

Future generations will learn with astonishment how a great presidential contest in the fourth lustrum of the twentieth century was decided by a point of grammar. On the early returns in the recent election, announcement was made to President Woodrow Wilson in these words, "You'se is elected." Our most learned chief executive, from his pedagogic habits acquired in his experience as schoolmaster, immediately corrected the hideous solecism, bidding them tell him in good English, "You are elected." His knowledge of grammar thus saved him the day, and its national consequences give it an epic importance and significance. And yet there are skeptics who question the utility of a liberal education and ask with cynical sneer, "What's the Hughes?"

A propos of the Shakespeare-Bacon controversy, which has raged anew in this tercentenary celebration of the immortal dramas, we have come at least to this conclusion. That Lord Bacon should have put the ham in Hamlet (considering that bacon and ham form a favorite breakfast food of Shakespeare's nation) is a combination of ideas not incompatible—or even Hoggr, the Scotch poet. But that Lamb (generally supposed to be a vegetarian) should find his favorite viand in roast pork is indeed pig-uliar!

The commentators of Shakespeare, with all their alertness, acuteness and industry in the textual emendation of that much garbled dramatist, have unaccountably overlooked an obvious reading. The passage in mind occurs in the grave-digging scene, the first of the fifth act. The first clown, discussing the mode of Ophelia's death, while digging her grave, concludes his third speech with these words in the text as it stands:

Argal, she drowned herself wittingly.

"Argal" is evidently a misreading for "our gal"; "are" being improperly used for "our" by a slovenly colloquialism common among the illiterate. The pronoun "she" should be omitted as a vulgar redundance of the nominative substantive "gal." The true reading then is:

Our gal drowned herself wittingly.

This emendation, like Ophelia's watery grave, is too deep for general acceptance among commentators.

The last are a troublesome set anyway. This compels the student to think that the critical condition of Ireland (which rouses his concern as a loyal lover of the Emerald Isle) must be due to the fact that the island abounds in common 'taters.

The employment of the term potatoes in connection with Ireland and Shakespeare reminds the student that there is such a thing as Literary Botany. Lamb the Essayist probably did not wish to cultivate a florid appearance when he eschewed his namesake's vegetarian diet.

For Vegetarians, one supposes,
Have cabbage heads and turnip noses.

Hence Lamb displayed subtle discernment when he chose the neighboring field of Literary Zoology and preferred above all diets roast pork, which cultivates an important department of the understanding. For, contrary to what most people assert, the beast that possesses the greatest amount of judgment is, not the half-reasoning elephant, nor the intelligent horse, nor the sagacious dog, but the pig, as will be seen by a little reflection. The educated pig, on exhibition in raree-shows, exercising all the functions of rationality, has excited wonderment as a porcine paradox, but is really, after all, in the nature of things—as the pig is never in-Jew-dishes (injudicious)!
Another vulgar error is that of literary smatterers, who ascribe no literary value to the cat. From the proper point of view, however, Puss is the most poetical member of the brute kind—for it alone assiduously cultivates the news.

According to the illustrators of college journals, the most common symbol of students is professedly the owl, the reputed bird of wisdom, sacred to Minerva, the patron goddess of all high-browed intellectuals. Yet most students really prefer a lark; though we hope few, or none, favor a bat.

The student has always been sadly troubled with Addison's broken metaphor in his poem on Marlborough's campaign:

I bridle in my struggling Muse in vain,
Which longs to launch into a nobler strain.

The laureate of Queen Anne's reign has here three badly mixed images. His Muse is first a horse, then a boat,—and the boat that is a horse wishes to sing! The student humbly submits the following amendment, which possesses at least the jewel merit of consistency of imagery:—

I bridle in my hungry mule with pain,
That longs to lunch on every load of grain!

The canons of textual emendation are here strictly observed. The author is scrupulously followed, and the corrections are suggested by the text itself. When the sagacious emender of Plato's corrupt text changed, in a certain famous passage, "lura" into "aura," he bethought him that in Plato's time the small Greek letters had not yet been invented; therefore the capitals were then in use. Furthermore, on changing to the capitals, lambda (Λ) resembles an uncrossed alpha (Α). Accordingly, putting the cross-piece into the first letter of lura, the critic changed the word into the altogether different one of aura, thus vastly improving the sense by the simple device of a mere stroke of the pen. So here we just take the under-loop of "s" in "muse" and make it the upper loop of "l" in "mule." Equally simple is it to cross out the "a" of the incongruous word "launch" and thereby transform it into the pertinent action of "lunch." We thus give consistent consequence to the opening circumstance of "bridling," the poet taking occasion to improve the opportunity for moral instruction by animadverting on the unbridled appetite of gluttony. Such are the fascinating pursuits of the literary detective, and such are some of the simple means that lead to the most extensive consequences!

Objectors to our method have insisted that we go too far, and urge that we read the second line of Addison's couplet thus:

That longs to lunch on every field of grain.

They claim that a "field of grain" is far more poetical than a "load of grain."

Our reply to this objection is twofold. First, their reading destroys the alliteration of "l's, beautifully found in "longs", "lunch" and "load". The last word "load" supplies that third "l" that the first two words have made the ear expect. Satisfaction, not disappointment, is a supreme law of the literary art.

In the second place, we insist that our opponents do not sufficiently take into consideration the character of the period to which our poet belongs. This is very necessary to all true criticism.

You then whose judgment the right course would steer, Know well each author's proper character; His fable, subject, scope in e'ry page; Religion, country, genius of his age. Without all these at once before your eyes, Cavil you may, but never criticise.

Now the Age of Queen Anne was hopelessly artificial. It had neither eyes nor feeling for nature. It would not recognize grain growing in a field. How often have we not lamented our superiority and blessing in this respect! Has not every work on aesthetics been teaching us this for the last hundred years and more? When a Queen Anne poet once saw a tree by accident for the first time, he mistook it for a paradoxical sort of branched chandelier hanging up from the earth instead of depending from the ceiling. The Queen Anne poets, then, were town poets, knowing nothing of rural life. Hence the "field" would be lost to their apprehensions, while a "load of grain" packed in a wagon or piled in a stall would appeal strongly to their experience. The cries of the author, consequently, reining in his eager mule from the grain-loads, afford an exquisite tragi-comic picture of a Grub Street poet's whoas. An art-stroke should be double-edged, two-pointed, exercising force at either end. The word "load" fulfilling the two conditions of alliterative form and truth of picture in meaning proves conclusively that this is the right reading.
The observant reader will have, doubtless, remarked how the various ranks, or degrees, of the literary craft reveal themselves involuntarily by their prevalent turn of thought and imagery. The high-fliers sing of ecstatic flights on the wingèd horse, Pegasus,—that poetic aeroplane of the equine species, which mounts on the view-less wings of poesy through the interstellar spaces of the Empyrean. But the humble citizen of the Republic of Letters dare not lift his thoughts so high, and so speaks only of his "mule"—and that mule a hungry one. This circumstance shows that the fortunes of the Grub Street residents have not improved since the time of the Dunciad.
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STAFF
JOHN V. DOMMINEY, '17 ... Editor-in-Chief
JOHN J. DOUGHERTY, '18 ... Athletics
JOSEPH T. O'LEARY, '19 ... College Notes
PAUL A. O'BRIEN, '18 ... Alumni
CHARLES M. MAGIE, Ph. D. ... Literary Adviser

REV. JOSEPH A. HICKEY, O. S. A. ... Faculty Director
JOHN A. WALSH, '19 ... Business Manager
MATTHEW P. DOMMINEY, '17 ... Asst. Business Manager
JOHN J. HANS, '19 ... Advertising Manager
WALTER L. CAIN, '18 ... Asst. Advertising Manager

GEORGE McCANN, '20 ... Staff Artist

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FOREWORD

THIS is the début of The Villanovan—the new magazine representing the various interests of the student body of our College of Villanova. The Prolog enters, bows and speaks—inviting favorable attention. We cannot address the world at large, but we hope an audience of the alumni and the undergraduates. While our journal is undergraduate in management, we look to the alumni for fostering aid and inspiring example. May the alumni, who cherish such fond recollections of the old Villanova magazine, find in the present venture a not unworthy successor! This object may be achieved, if the alumni will kindly co-operate with the undergraduates to make The Villanovan a permanent educational instrument of our beloved and honored institution. This co-operation on the part of both alumni and undergraduates—so necessary to assure success—consists of two complementary factors—first, literary co-operation; second, financial co-operation. On the side of literature, our purpose is mainly for the training of undergraduates in literary self-expression; hence we look to the alumni rather for interested patronage, for kindly advice, for helpful criticism. On the financial side, the alumni can help in several ways. They can assist in extending the territory of our magazine, they can increase the number of subscribers among themselves and their friends, they can advertise in our columns. As alumni news is a striking feature and an important department, the alumni can always find something of personal interest in regard to themselves and their old college friends, awakening dear recollections of their former good times. It is taken for granted that the undergraduates know their financial duty in the case before their very eyes.

Now, undergraduates and alumni, will you, as loyal sons of Villanova taking pride in Alma
Mater’s achievements, respond to our earnest appeal? Will you by a little self-denial on the part of each one make possible a great success in the aggregate? Will you kindly assist in this good cause of sound education? We offer grateful acknowledgment to our alumni for their hearty support and to the student body for their zealous efforts to bring to completion hopes so long cherished by all Villanova men. If the cooperation continues in the future as hitherto, our permanent success is assured. With these three key-words in summary—literary contribution, helpful criticism, financial support—the Prolog bows and exits, as the curtain rises.

John V. Domminey, 1917.

COLLEGE SPIRIT

There are times in College life when loyalty is manifested by real and earnest efforts to place the name of Alma Mater upon some high pinnacle of honor through heroic achievement. These efforts are indeed praiseworthy, but they do not sound the genuine depth of the meaning of the word loyalty. It is rather in the everyday life that the calibre of true spirit is tested. When no valiant eleven is rushing to the objective goal, when no blue and white streamers of victory are rousing spontaneous utterances, when fortune seems to deny our college even a little smile,—then it is that we can judge the loyalty of a student-body.

Loyalty to your school means defense of that school. The crowd easily takes up a half-truth uttered by an unthinking boy. It circulates, and many who do not know all the facts of the case are deceived. The school is injured. Your Alma Mater, your fostering mother, has received a wound. Your loyalty should prompt you to speak the good word, the whole truth, and help your college on to victory. She wants praise where it is deserved. She wants work—hard, individual work, robbed of that individual selfishness, so characteristic of our age. She urges you to put forth your efforts for the common weal. Forget your little personal grievances, forget your own advancement, and Alma Mater will not lose sight of her loyal son.

Loyalty to Alma Mater means personal affection to your Alma Mater. Let the name “Villanova” arouse the best qualities of your soul. She has fostered you, cared for you as a mother cares for her little child. Every advantage compatible with religious education, she gives you. In return she wants your love. Love stops at no sacrifice. It strips itself of all for the object of its love. You are not asked to give up much. Just give her your affection, your unwavering allegiance. She will regard this as an inestimable treasure.

Loyalty to Villanova means your individuality. What does college spirit mean in your life? Villanova wants you to live up to the strict morals she has taught you. She wants you to take advantage of the intellectual opportunities she gives you and to show fruit worthy of her. The culture of a gentleman in dealing with others is loyalty to your school. People know you are a Villanova man. That should be worth more to you than the wealth of nations. In your hands you hold her reputation, her hope of advancement.

Loyalty means the motto of your school—Veritas, Unitas, Caritas. Loyalty means “Truth.” Be true to yourself, be true to God, be true to the Church. Do not be afraid to defend and promulgate the truth. Keep it ever shining before you as your guiding star. Loyalty means “Unity.” In unity there is strength. You must unite yourself, then, to the cause. You have joined yourself to Villanova, and there are consequent obligations to which you must not close your eyes. Her strength depends upon the strength of individuals. Be loyal to every Villanova man, to every Villanova enterprise. Forget not the last word of the motto—Charity. The Augustinians are characterized by their burning love of God. The great Augustine was especially noted for his charity. Your love must mean more than mere words. Your charity must mean loyalty, love of school, devotion to Villanova’s aims, faithfulness to Villanova’s sons.

Arouse your spirit, Sons of Villanova. Do not neglect your fostering mother. Her way is weary. Often it is hard for her to travel alone. You must be her supporters. Let your loyalty extend further than your college days. May it extend beyond your graduation days! May a loyal student-body be but the beginning of a loyal alumni!

John V. Domminey, 1917.
OPENING OF COLLEGE

The College reopened with due formality on Monday, September 18, one week later than was originally scheduled. The delay was caused by an order of the Board of Health, due to the prevalence of infantile paralysis throughout the State. In this we fared better than many other colleges in the East, which were subject to a more extended quarantine.

ENROLLMENT

The enrollment in the College shows a decided increase over that of last year, the largest Freshman Class in the history of the institution having registered on the opening days and all the other classes, with the exception of the Senior, showing slight gains. In the Preparatory School, however, there was a slight falling off.

CHANGES IN FACULTY

Among the faculty several changes were announced.

The Department of Chemistry is now in charge of Mr. John S. O'Leary, O.S.A., and Mr. Ruellan P. Fink, O.S.A., both of whom are Villanova graduates of the Class of 1916. They succeed Mr. John B. Mockaitis, B.S., who resigned last June to accept another position. Mr. Fink and Mr. O'Leary are fully capable of performing their new duties, having taken an extended course in Chemistry.

The Rev. Michael J. Murphy is another who has returned to our midst after an absence of several years, and has taken up his work in the Department of Classics. Father Murphy will be remembered by many of our alumni who will be glad to hear that he has returned to their Alma Mater.

Another newcomer in the same department is Rev. Luke M. Powers, O.S.A., who has succeeded our old friend and former vice-president, Rev. Matthew Corcoran, O.S.A., who has been transferred to St. Rita's parish in Philadelphia.

In the Department of Biology and Bacteriology, Mr. Hartzell has been succeeded by Mr. Hopkins, O.S.A., and Mr. Martin, O.S.A.

Other new teachers are Fathers Spirali, Mullins, Shea, Campbell, Salinas and Zabalzo, all of whom were raised to the priesthood last June.

Those of last year's faculty who have been transferred to other fields of labor are Fathers Corcoran, Fahey, Kelly, Yamis, Dwyer and Cotter.

IMPROVEMENTS

Among the many new improvements may be noted the new Biological Laboratory on the second floor of the Main Building. It is larger and presents much better facilities than its predecessor. The rapidly increasing size of these classes made the change necessary.

The new tennis courts, which were to have been ready in October, have been subject to several unavoidable delays in the course of construction, which will prevent their opening until the Spring.

PATRON'S DAY.

On Friday, September 22, the feast of our patron saint, St. Thomas of Villanova, was duly celebrated in the church with a Solemn High Mass. The president of the College, Rev. Edward G. Dohan, O.S.A., acted as celebrant, assisted by
Rev. Francis A. Driscoll and Rev. George C. Egan, O.S.A., as deacon and sub-deacon, respectively. Besides the entire student-body, there were many others in attendance. This was the first of the holidays for the year and no classes were held.

**Burning of Barn**

On Monday evening, September 25, the monotony of the school life was broken by a disastrous fire, which destroyed the large barn attached to the College Farm. The fire was discovered shortly after seven o'clock by several of the farm hands but it gained headway so quickly that little could be done toward saving the main structure. However, several smaller adjoining buildings were saved by the valiant work of the students and the firemen from nearby towns, who responded to the call for help. The entire student body turned out and was of material aid in rescuing stock and farming implements, which were housed in the burning building. A large quantity of newly harvested crops and several horses were destroyed, the total damage approaching close to $15,000. Just how the fire started is a matter of conjecture, but it is generally believed to have been caused by spontaneous combustion. The severe loss to the College authorities is to be greatly regretted since it was only partially covered by insurance. The occasion created plenty of excitement and the fire was witnessed from points of vantage by many of our neighbors and residents of the Main Line district.

**Columbus Day**

Columbus Day was celebrated on Thursday, October 12, and according to custom, was a holiday for the entire College.

**Cheering**

It was with much pleasure that we noted the great increase in the cheering at the Catholic University football game as compared with that at the games preceding it. This shows that the student body is at last beginning to awaken and that the old school spirit is beginning to come to the fore. School spirit is one thing which is essential to the life of a college and this year bids fair to mark a new era in its development.

**Visit of Bishop Jones**

Among our recent distinguished guests was the Right Reverend W. A. Jones, O.S.A., Bishop of Porto Rico, who, during the month of October, made several visits to the College. On the first occasion, he was entertained by the students of Corr Memorial Hall, who presented an impromptu program which included several musical numbers, rendered by their newly organized band. On October 25, the eve of his departure for Havana, he was tendered an informal dinner by the faculty of the College.

**Death of Father Moran**

On Monday morning, September 25, the Rev. Joseph T. Moran passed away at our College after an illness which lasted for nearly a year. His genial disposition had made for him a host of friends, who grieved at his untimely though not unexpected death.

His life was a very active one. He was born in Washington, D. C., and was educated at St. Charles College, Ellicott City, Md. In his early years he was engaged in newspaper work in many of our western cities. Later on, he entered the Order of St. Augustine at Villanova and was ordained in 1902. For many years he occupied the position of Professor of English Literature and served one term as Vice-president of the College. During his active life in the priesthood, he was connected with several of the Augustinian missions including Chestnut Hill, Pa., and St. Mary's, Lawrence, Mass. He was also connected with the Augustinian Academy at Staten Island and with St. Augustine's College at Havana, Cuba.

His interest in Villanova was always very great and worthy of imitation, many of Villanova's most worthy sons being brought here through his zealous efforts. He was an able teacher and many of his pupils, who to-day occupy the pulpit and positions of public trust, may trace much of their success to their early training under the care of Father Moran. May he rest in peace.

**Publications**

The recent publication of Rev. F. E. Tourscher, D.D., O.S.A., Professor of Church History at the College, "Diary and Visitation Record of the Right Rev. Francis Patrick Kenrick" (translated and edited by permission and under the direction of His Grace, the Most Rev. Edmond F. Prendergast, Archbishop of Philadelphia), has been very favorably reviewed by Doctor Guilday in the October number of the Catholic Historical Review. After commenting upon its great im-
portance as a contribution to the sources of American Catholic History, the reviewer remarks: "It is no lessening of the credit due him to say that the translation could not have been done in a more favorable intellectual centre, for he had at his service the long and perhaps unique experience of one of the foremost historical scholars [Dr. Middleton] in the United States." He concludes with the statement that "this volume will undoubtedly become the model for this kind of historical work."

The Villanovan joins with his many friends in presenting to Doctor Tourscher its warmest congratulations.

Phi Kappa Pi

The Phi Kappa Pi Engineering Society held its first regular monthly meeting on October 13, at which the following officers, elected last June, were installed: President, Joseph Kirsch, '17; Vice-President, James L. Haughey, '18; Secretary, Paul A. O'Brien, '18; Treasurer, John J. Sweeney, B.S.; Sergeant-at-Arms, Cletus J. Brady, '19; Faculty Advisor, Charles A. McGeehan, E.E. A lengthy business session was first held after which topics of engineering interest were discussed. Several committees were appointed by President Kirsch to make plans for the annual reception and initiation of new members which will be held this month. The society intends to have several lectures during the year and many visits of inspection to plants in the vicinity are under consideration.

Dramatic Society

The Dramatic Society has taken up its work for the year under the direction of Mr. Skelly. Several tryouts have been held thus far and there seems to be a wealth of new material among the incoming members which should prove of great benefit in the production of the yearly program. The first performance will be given early in December on a date which has not yet been decided upon but which will be announced soon. The committee in charge has several plays under consideration and it is likely that a farce-comedy will be chosen. Officers for the year will not be elected until the next meeting.

Epsilon Phi Theta

The annual initiation of candidates for membership into the Epsilon Phi Theta, was held on Tuesday evening, October 24. Nineteen new men were "put through the mill," and the affair was declared to be one of the most successful which the society has ever held, the degree team receiving many compliments on their good work.

A reception to the new members was held on the following evening, October 25, at a smoker given by the society in the club rooms. A very delicious repast was followed by songs and speechmaking. Rev. Fathers Dohan, Hickey and Baker were among those present and they spoke of the promotion of good fellowship and the benefits of college spirit. Doctor Hickey seized the opportunity of boosting The Villanovan before the members.

The following are the officers for the year: John V. Domminney, '17, President; Donald C. McDonald, '18, Vice-President; James J. Egan, '19, Secretary-Treasurer.

Holy Name Society

The first meeting of the Holy Name Society took place in the Assembly Hall on Sunday evening, November 5. As all Catholic students belong to this society, there was quite a crowd on hand. Father Dohan, the Spiritual Director, was the speaker of the evening. In his address, he spoke to the new members of the purposes of the society and told some of its past history. In concluding, he asked the co-operation of all members, both new and old, in making this year the best which the society has ever had. The following officers were installed at the meeting: President, John V. Domminney; Vice-President, John F. Sheehan; Secretary-Treasurer, Thomas G. McGrath.

Senior Debating Society

The unofficial announcement of a Senior Debating Society, to be organized by Father Hickey, has been greeted with much enthusiasm. Its main object will be to give the members a thorough knowledge of the essentials of debating practice and to afford them an opportunity to acquire experience in public speaking.

Junior Class Officers

The Junior Class elected the following officers at the first meeting for the year 1916-1917: Charles H. McGuckin, President; John F. Sheehan, Vice-President; Joseph O'Leary, Secretary; Collier J. Griswold, Treasurer.

Joseph O'Leary, '18.
THIS department of The Villanovan is to be devoted to the interests of the alumni and former students of Villanova and will contain all items of news which may be of general interest to them. It will thus supply a long-felt want, for since the days of the old Monthly there has been no medium through which they might be kept informed of the successes of their former comrades and brothers in that ever growing family of Villanova's sons. To be successful in this endeavor the co-operation of all is necessary and is earnestly solicited. The editor of this department must depend upon the members themselves or their friends for information and news items. All communications therefore will be gratefully received and any assistance rendered him will be appreciated. And precisely because this section of The Villanovan is devoted to the interests of the alumni and former students any criticisms or suggestions from them concerning it will be welcomed and, if feasible, adopted.

Of the members of last year's class, some are pursuing further studies, while others have begun their professional careers—Charles Heiken is studying medicine at the University of Pennsylvania. Sylvester Sabatino is taking law at Fordham. Patrick O'Brien has joined the ranks of the pedagogues, Jerry Fogarty and Joseph Monahan are studying theology; the former at Niagara, the latter at St. Augustine's Seminary, Toronto. Thomas O'Malley is back at college taking a post-graduate course. J. Roy Gutwald is salesman for the Dupont Powder Company. James Koch is with the Cambria Steel Company at Johnstown. James Grady is with the Westinghouse Electric Company. Joseph Kumer is working on some contract work in Munising. John James is with the Bell Telephone Company.

George Wilson is with the Otis Elevator Company, and Joseph Woods is field engineer for the Bethlehem Steel Company at Baltimore, Md. The other twelve members of the class are studying theology at Villanova.

In addition to the above, Joseph Murnane is studying medicine at Fordham; Owen McGovern and Carl Gilbert are at Jefferson Medical; James Flannery is taking the same course at the Medical-Chi; while Walter O'Connor and James Malone of Scranton are studying dentistry; Caleb Vaughn has entered Niagara Seminary, and John Taptich, St. Mary's, Baltimore.

Thomas Reap, former tackle on the 'Varsity, whose name will long endure in Villanova's football history, is now studying law at Dickinson, and in spare moments assists in coaching the Dickinson "line." Much of the present success of the Dickinson eleven is attributed to his instructions.

Robert O'Brien, '13, who last June graduated from the Law School at the University of Pennsylvania, is now working in the law offices of his father in Scranton.

Frank Monaghan, who studied law last year in a law office at South Amboy, is now continuing his studies at Columbia University.

Arthur Haberer, M.D., who last year graduated from Jefferson Medical, is now an interne in St. Joseph's Hospital in Philadelphia.

Raymond Larkin, '14, has recently been appointed assistant engineer in the Bureau of Public Health in Philadelphia.

John A. White, '09, is now chief inspector for the Philadelphia and Reading Railroad, on a bridge which this company is constructing across the Susquehanna River at Sunbury.

Patrick Kelly, '11, has just been appointed inspector of dredging for the United States Gov-
ernment in Newark Bay. Pat visited the College recently enroute to Conshohocken. Those who know Pat will understand the reference.

John B. Mockaitis, '12, former Professor of Chemistry at Villanova, now holds a responsible position in the Chemical Laboratories of the Standard Oil Company at Bayonne, N. J.

James H. Lytle, '10, Clearfield, Pa., is now with the Penn Public Service Company. James has charge of all the engineering work connected with the Central Station such as testing, installation of machinery and care of transmission lines. He is a member of the second class graduated by the Engineering School and we are all pleased to hear of his success.

John P. Kiley, '15, is now in the Valuation Department of the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Railroad at Chicago.

Rev. Patrick Crowe, of the Albany Diocese, has recently been appointed rector of St. James' Church, North Creek, N. Y.

Rev. P. Riordan, Rev. M. McMahon and Rev. John McCann, of the same Diocese, have likewise been named rectors of important parishes.

"Capt" Pat Reagan, of last year's victorious 'Varsity, has returned to College to assist in coaching the "line."

The following who have received their training within the walls of old Villanova have been recently elevated to the Holy Priesthood of God: Rev. Howard Barry and Rev. Gerald Dunn at Rochester, June 16th; Rev. Thomas O'Donnell, Rev. John Byrne and Rev. Howard Miller at Altoona, June 16th; Rev. James O'Hagen at Philadelphia, May 16th; Rev. T. Cowell O'Neil at Atchison, Kansas, June 16th; Rev. John A. Hennessy at New York, July 16th; and the following at Villanova, May 27th, Revs. Philip Colgan, Lawrence Spirali, John Corr, Edward Sheehy, Patrick Campbell, Joseph Mullins and Louis Tierney.

During the last few months Cupid has been very busy with Villanova's alumni and many have fallen victims to his arrows. Among them we note the following: Charles McGeehan, '12, who was married to Miss Catherine McHugh, of Hazleton; John Sweeney, '12, to Miss Florence O'Rourke, of Philadelphia; Evan V. Quinn, '14, to Miss Gertrude Whitten, of Olean, N. Y. (this marriage took place at Villanova the day following Commencement); Frank (Capt) Prendergast to Miss Nora Reagan, of Steelton; Dr. James Sullivan to Miss Mary Maguire, of Fall River; Dominic A. Noonan, '04, to Miss Margaret Ryan, of Rosemont, and Martin M. Quinn, '10, to Miss Gertrude Stuart, of Bradford. Another name will soon be added to this list, for announcement has been made of the engagement of Timothy Spillane, '13, to Miss Mary Ryan, of Rosemont.

Among the recent visitors to the College we noted Edward Kirsch, '09, who holds a responsible position with the United States Steel Corporation at Gary, Ind.

James (Staten Island) Kelly, '15, who is now with the Baldwin Locomotive Company at Philadelphia.

Oscar Alveraz, who is engaged in the sugar business in Cuba.

Among the many present at the Catholic University game the following were observed by the Editor: Pat O'Brien, William Powell, John Malone, the Flannery Brothers, Robert O'Connor and Joseph Scanlan.

Many will learn with regret the death of Frank J. McCormick, which occurred at his home in Bridgeport, July 16th. Frank was one of the most popular students that ever attended Villanova, and was unquestionably one of the best football players that ever wore a Villanova jersey. In stature a giant, in strength a Samson, in fleetness an Achilles, his playing was a joy to behold. Under Fred Crolius, during the early days of the forward pass, McCormick developed into a wonderful player and contributed much to the fame which Villanova then achieved on the gridiron. The fact that he was the first Villanova man to be chosen as a member of an All-American eleven is an evidence of his great ability. Requiescat in pace!

In reply to many inquiries Manager McGeehan announces that headquarters for the Villanova football squad at the Fordham game will be the Hotel Martinique. The team will arrive in New York the evening before Thanksgiving Day. After the game they will return to the same hotel for dinner. Mr. McGeehan assures to all the "old boys" who come around a cordial greeting on the part of the entire team.

All our alumni will be sorry to learn that the President of the Alumni Society, J. Stanley Smith, has been very ill at his home in Overbrook for the past three weeks. We sincerely hope that he may have a speedy recovery.

Paul O'Brien, '18.
RUTGERS, 33; VILLANOVA, 0

On September 30th Villanova’s football team journeyed to New Brunswick and opened the 1916 campaign. Many new faces were seen in the Main Liners’ lineup, as only four veterans of last year’s team returned to school. Dutch Sommers, who coached last year’s squad, did not return to Villanova this year, and Eddie Bennis, another Penn man, took up the coaching responsibilities.

The New Jersey team won the game, score 33-0. Villanova’s followers hardly expected the team to win, for they realized that with only four of last year’s regulars in the lineup Coach Bennis would have a difficult task upon his hands. No one anticipated, however, that the final count would be so big in favor of the New Jersey lads.

The New Brunswick team presented a whirlwind attack and Villanova’s inexperienced eleven could do nothing against the varied offence shown by their opponents. Rutgers got the jump in the first quarter and never lost it. Villanova, while betraying evidences of nervousness which resulted in frequent fumbles, put up a game fighting battle, but it was of no avail against the veteran team which opposed them. They were unable to stop the onslaught, except in the third period, when Captain Lynch’s team took a brace and Rutgers went scoreless.

Villanova was on the defensive most of the game and had little opportunity to score. In the closing few minutes, the Varsity played desperately for a score, and opened up a series of forward passes, all of which with the exception of one were grounded. This proved one of the feature plays of the engagement. McGucken hurled the ball twenty yards to Reap, who advanced it ten yards. Only Scarr was between him and the goal line, but the Rutgers captain was equal to the occasion and made a beautiful tackle which prevented what looked to be a sure score. The closing minutes of the battle were fought in Rutgers’ territory, but Coach Bennis’ proteges could not score and the game ended with the ball on the twenty-yard line.

Lineup:

**VILLANOVA.**

Reap .............. Left end .............. Ellicott
Coan .............. Left tackle .............. Rendall
Dougherty ........ Left guard .............. Waller
Lynch .............. Center .............. Mason
Fogarty .............. Right end .............. Garrett
Hartigan .............. Right tackle .............. Robeson
Donminny .............. Right guard .............. Feitner
Chambers .............. Quarterback .............. Scarr
McGucken .............. Halfback .............. Kelly
McGeehan .............. Halfback .............. Bracher
W. Brennan .............. Fullback .............. Hazel

Substitutions—Villanova—Murray for Coan; Rutgers—Wallace for Kelly, Houser for Feitner, Neuschafer for Ellicott.

Touchdowns—Hazel, 2; Kelly, Bracher, Wallace.

**SCORE BY PERIODS.**

Rutgers .............. 6 14 0 13—33
Villanova .............. 0 0 0 0—0

VILLANOVA, 3; MUHLENBERG, 0

On October 7th, Villanova opened the home season with Muhlenberg in a game which was one of the hardest fought battles ever played on Villanova field and which was not decided until the last quarter when Charlie McGucken booted a field goal from the thirty-yard line.

A series of line plunges by McGeehan and Fleming, who substituted for W. Brennan, put
McGucken in position to make his kick, after Villanova had held Muhlenberg on the one-yard line for downs. Muhlenberg was in a position to score in the last quarter but Herron’s drop kick was far too short and Villanova punted out of danger.

The Allentown Collegians had possession of the ball during the greater part of the second and third periods, but the Blue and White line held at critical moments and Muhlenberg was unable to score despite some clever use of the forward pass and good end running by Caskey and Stephens. The teams on the whole appeared evenly matched and the game was evenly contested.

The entire Villanova line played a good defensive game, especially Lynch and Hartigan. It was the latter’s first appearance in a game on the home field and he made quite a hit with the student’s section by the manner in which he smashed everything that came near his side of the line. McGeehan’s line plunging was exceptionally good and was a big factor in the final result. It was Hughie’s first experience in the backfield and he made good with a vengeance. Taken as a whole the team showed a decided improvement over the work in the opening game.

By a strange coincidence this makes the second straight year that McGucken has beaten the upstate team with his toe. Last year the score was 10-7, and it was again Charlie’s boot that saved the day for Villanova.

**VILLANOVA.**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>VILLANOVA</th>
<th>MULENBERG</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Domminey</td>
<td>Herron</td>
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<tr>
<td>Reap</td>
<td>Left end</td>
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<tr>
<td>Murray</td>
<td>Left tackle</td>
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<tr>
<td>Lynch</td>
<td>Left guard</td>
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<tr>
<td>Dougherty</td>
<td>Center</td>
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<tr>
<td>Hartigan</td>
<td>Right guard</td>
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<tr>
<td>Graney</td>
<td>Right end</td>
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<td>McGuckin</td>
<td>Quarterback</td>
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<tr>
<td>M. Brennan</td>
<td>Right halfback</td>
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<tr>
<td>McGeehan</td>
<td>Left halfback</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>W. Brennan</td>
<td>Fullback</td>
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</tbody>
</table>

Substitutions—Chambers for Graney, Coan for Reap, Flemming for W. Brennan, Fallon for Herron, Devereaux for Fallon, Herron for Taylor, Daly for Herron.


**LEBANON VALLEY, 13; VILLANOVA, 3**

On October 14th Lebanon Valley squared accounts with Villanova for the trimming handed the Annville boys last year. On that occasion the Main Line team scored a 13-0 victory and this year they were confident of administering another licking to the Lebanon squad. In this hope, however, as the final result shows, the Blue and White team were doomed to disappointment, the score being 13-3 in favor of Lebanon.

In the first play of the game, Hartigan, Villanova’s big tackle, had his ankle badly twisted and had to retire to the side lines. This greatly handicapped Villanova, as Hartigan had shown up excellently in the previous games and had proven himself to be a tower of strength both on the offence and defense.

Villanova got within striking distance of their opponent’s goal line only once during the first half and on that occasion lacked the final “punch” and could not make the coveted distance, surrendering the ball on the one-yard line. Lebanon promptly kicked the ball out, and it was again Villanova’s ball on the thirty-yard line. McGucken at once seized the opportunity to kick a field goal and dropped it over from the thirty-eight-yard line. This was Villanova’s only score.

Lebanon Valley scored in the first period, Jaeger carrying the ball over on a twenty-yard dash after it had been brought up the field on successive first downs. Mackert kicked the goal. The second touchdown was made by Rupp in the second quarter after the ball had again been carried by steady gains to Villanova’s three-yard line.

During the second half Villanova clearly outplayed Lebanon, but the final drive was not there and the game ended before Villanova could cross the line.

**LEBANON VALLEY.**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>LEBANON VALLEY</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Graney</td>
<td>Left end</td>
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<tr>
<td>Coan</td>
<td>Left tackle</td>
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<tr>
<td>Dougherty</td>
<td>Left guard</td>
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<tr>
<td>Lynch</td>
<td>Center</td>
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<tr>
<td>Murray</td>
<td>Right guard</td>
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<tr>
<td>Hartigan</td>
<td>Right tackle</td>
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<tr>
<td>Reap</td>
<td>Right end</td>
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<tr>
<td>Diggles</td>
<td>Quarterback</td>
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<td>McGeehan</td>
<td>Halfback</td>
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<td>M. Brennan</td>
<td>Halfback</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>McGucken</td>
<td>Fullback</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Substitutions—Lebanon Valley—Goff for Jaeger, Winishe for Wenrich, Wenrich for Mackert, Mackert for Swartz, Swartz for Walter; Villanova—Reap for Hartigan, Chambers for Reap.

Catholic University, 20; Villanova, 7

On October 21st Catholic University met Villanova in their annual clash. The game was played at Villanova field and the Washingtonians were returned victors, score 20-7. The game was a very hard fought battle and the ball seesawed between the two twenty-yard lines for the whole first quarter and the greater part of the second. The Southerners, however, could not be denied and finally, toward the end of the second period, they succeeded in crossing Villanova's line after Butler had caught Reap's punt at midfield and run it back to the fifteen-yard line. From here a series of line smashes by Glasco and Butler placed the ball behind the posts.

The Washington team had wonderful interference and Villanova's defence could do nothing with the visitors' sweeping end runs from kick formation. Butler scored another touchdown in the third period on a thirty-yard plunge through Villanova's line. Most of the visitors' plays were from kick formation and toward the end of the third period they scored their last touchdown on a long forward pass, Butler to Rooney, from this formation.

Villanova did not score until the last period, when McGeehan carried the ball from midfield on a series of line plunges. Hughie finally planted the ball between the posts for Villanova's only score.

McGeehan, Lynch and McGucken played the best ball for Villanova and time after time some one of this trio spilled the man with the ball and prevented many long gains by their defensive tactics.

Catholic University.        Villanova.
Manning .................Left end............. Dominey
O'Hearn .................Left tackle........... W. Brennan
Greer .................Left guard............... Henry
Murphy .................Center................... Lynch
Straub .................Right guard........... Dougherty
Killion .................Right tackle........... Coan
McKinney .................Right end........... M. Brennan
Shortley ........ Quarterback.................. Diggles
Rogers ........ Halfback................... McGucken
Glasco ................ Halfback................ McGeehan
Butler .................Fullback................ Reap


Touchdowns—Butler, Shortley, Rooney, McGeehan.

Army, 69; Villanova, 7

The greenness and inexperience of Villanova's eleven explain in great measure the crushing defeat administered to them by the Army on October 28th. Thus did the Army atone for and wipe out their defeat of last year at the hands of Villanova. As on that occasion so too this year was McGucken the bright star of the game for Villanova. And it is to his playing and that of "Hughie" McGeehan that Villanova owes her only score. The boys feel that it was no great disgrace to be beaten by the Army team of the present year. Against Villanova they played at top form with Oliphant more spectacular and brilliant than ever—and if they can continue in the same form, there is no team in the East which will stop them. Villanova, undismayed, looks now to the remaining games on her schedule and hopes by future victories to atone for past defeats.

The schedule for the remaining games is as follows:

November 11—Gettysburg, at Gettysburg, Pa.
November 18—Navy, at Annapolis, Md.
November 30—Fordham, at New York, N. Y.

John J. Dougherty, '18.
To Dad

Dear Dad: it's hard to write to you
For classes keep me busy.
Drop me a line, a check will do
And give my love to Lizzie.
Send all the "profs" cigars to smoke
As soon as you can do it
Then all exams will be a joke
For there'll be nothing to it.
I've Campistry at half-past one,
I'll have to drop my pen.
As ever your obedient son,
J. Montmorency Glen.

J. D., '17.

* * *

Who says they never come back? Ask Mr. Banks. Yes, sah! Comin' sah!

* * *

Solitaire is an absorbing game and one naturally resents interruptions—This is for the benefit of the fourth floor front.

* * *

Lester Henry (350 lbs.): "What's the matter with the laundry service? All my shirts have been sent back unwashed."

Edwin Logan (95 lbs.): "Well you can't expect them to laundry tents, can you?"

* * *

Wanted: the man who invented the demerit system.

Minnie is anxiously awaiting the return of the Ukalele Twins.

* * *

Q. Reus would like to know what became of Ewing's "Frat" brothers.

* * *

Friend: "Why weren't you over to recitations to-day?"

Big Bill: "There! I knew I'd forgotten something."

* * *

At the practice of the Mandolin and Ukalele Club it was suggested that Charlie McGuckin be present at the next meeting with a harp. At the next meeting he appeared with "Pat" Fogarty.

* * *

Prof. of Railroads: "Which curve would you rather walk over?"

Junior Civil: "That one" (pointing to the longer one).

Prof. of Railroads: "Of course I mean when you are alone."

* * *

Who's the girl with the sharp teeth, Hughie?

* * *

To Cletus a suggestion: Grow that hair upon your head instead of upon your lip.

* * *

New Student: "Do you have much variety in the dining-room?"

Old Student: "Well we have three different names for the meals."
The show case in the pie-shop broken again!
New fields to conquer for Towhey.

* * *

The Goble-Gobles threaten another invasion—
Freshman beware!

* * *

The latest popular refrain with the Junior Class—"It's a long time between meals."

* * *

For the benefit of some, the old proverb, "Neither a lender nor a borrower be" should be changed to read: "Never a lender, but always a borrower be." "Got a Camel?" Do you know him?

Student (answering a question): "Er—Er—Ah—"
Prof.: "Mr. H., if you can't swim—splash."

* * *

Who kidnapped the drum from the Senior Wing?

* * *

Coach: "Sylvester, when you catch a forward pass the point is to throw it back to the fellow who threw it."

Sylvester: "Really, Coach, I thought I was supposed to do that."

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<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Year</th>
<th>Premium Income</th>
<th>Assets</th>
<th>Policy Reserves</th>
<th>Policies In Force</th>
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