

Alumni in Movement for Expansion of Holy Cross

WITH Holy Cross College, one of the oldest institutions of higher education in New England, closing its doors to scores of students every year because of inability to make room for them, alumni and former students of the college are sponsoring a movement for the expansion of the school by the erection of five new buildings on the campus at Worcester, Mass.



FATHER CARLIN, PRESIDENT OF HOLY CROSS

The movement took form at a reunion of alumni and former students at the college Labor Day. A realization of the crisis faced by the school came when it was learned that hallways now are being used as classrooms, dormitories are crowded to the limit of comfort, not a room in the college is large enough to hold its student body assembled, and last July it was necessary to halt enrollments for the present term. With this knowledge, the former students decided to open the way for an expansion of the college.

A new students' dormitory, a science and lecture hall, an assembly and dining hall, an administration building and a new chapel are the contemplated improvements. The additions will permit the school to increase its yearly enrollments to 1,000.

Holy Cross College was founded in 1843 and has grown steadily since that date. It has sought from the start to keep its doors open at all times to the youth of meager means. Although most colleges and universities have been forced, because of increased costs and advances in salaries of faculty members, to increase their tuition fees,

in some cases to \$1,000 and \$1,200, Holy Cross has kept its combined tuition and boarding fee at \$400. This is largely due to the fact that its faculty serves without pay.

The stress placed by educators on the menace to the entire system of Christian education in just such crises as that faced by Holy Cross also has spurred the college's alumni to take definite action looking to an extension of the moral training carried on at the school. Alumni organizations throughout the country have endorsed the movement and plans for the expansion are rapidly taking form.

Elements of Occasion of More Humor and Ill-Humor Than Any Other Earthly Institution.

The weather, more especially our British variety, has probably been the occasion of more humor and ill-humor than any other earthly institution, London Tit-Bits says.

"What you need," once remarked a doctor to his patient, "is a change of climate." "Change of climate!" cried the man. "That's what's the matter with me. If the climate would only keep the same a few days running I would be all right!"

The mutability of the weather reminds one of the indignant customer who returned to the shopkeeper, saying: "Look here, that barometer you sold me a month ago has got out of order. It won't work." "No wonder, sir," replied the shopkeeper, "look what a lot of weather it's had lately!"

There is nothing to beat the story of the American tourist who came across a man out West sitting on a stump. "How's the weather treating you?" he was asked. "Pretty tolerable stranger," replied the man. "I had some trees to cut down, but a cyclone came along and leveled them for me." "That was a piece of luck," cried the tourist. "Yes; and then," continued the man, "there was a storm, and the lightning set fire to the brushwood and saved me the trouble of burning it." "Remarkable! But what are you doing now?" "Oh, I'm just waiting for an earthquake to come along and shake the potatoes out of the ground."

NO HAY IN THE PHILIPPINES

Because of Great Humidity Grass Cannot Be Cured, So It Is Cut Every Day.

Because of the great humidity grass can't be cured in the Philippines. As a consequence it is cut fresh every day and brought into the towns and cities for sale at a stipulated price per cargo, two bundles weighing about 125 pounds. It is cut with a small hand-made knife and washed in running water before being placed in the bundle. American horses cannot live on it, but native horses eat it and grow fat. Guinea grass and Bermuda are the commonest kinds of grasses grown for horse roughage in the islands, according to a writer in the Philadelphia Public Ledger. For American horses and mules hay is imported into Manila from the Pacific coast states and brings about \$75 per ton. Oats sell for about the same price. On account of the excessive rains oats cannot be grown in the islands; rust affects it. Corn grows well; Filipino farmers can harvest three crops a year from a single piece of ground. To keep it, it is necessary to leave it in the husk; otherwise weevils destroy it. It is tied in bundles and hung on bamboo poles, then husked and shelled as needed. Corn mills are now being established in Visayan islands, where the natives prefer cornmeal to rice as a staple food.

More Musical Drums

It is a well-known fact that percussion instruments as a class give the harmonic overtones, and so are musically defective. A special type of drum used in India is a remarkable exception to that rule, says Nature, for it gives harmonic overtones that have the same relation of pitch to the fundamental tone as is found in stringed instruments. The drumhead produces five such harmonics, inclusive of the fundamental tone. The first, second and third harmonics are especially well sustained in intensity and give a fine musical effect. The result is attained through the use, on the drumhead, of a symmetrical distributed load that decreases in density from the center outward. The load consists of a flexible composition of finely divided metallic iron. A second membrane in the form of a ring is superimposed round the edge of a drumhead. The fundamental pitch and the octave are derived from the modes of vibration of the membrane. The center load improves the musical effect by increasing the energy of vibration, and thus prolonging the duration of the tones.—Youth's Companion.

Many Bridal Beliefs

One is inclined to believe that the job of the folklore collector would have been greatly curtailed had it not been for the fund of material that is wrapped around the bride. Every little move she makes, every stitch in her gown, the flowers in her bridal bouquet, and the jewels she dons on her wedding day all have secret portents.

If the first flower a bride sees on her wedding morn is white, say the folklorists, she will lead a happy life; if red she will know sorrow and care. If a bunch of pink roses is given to a bride it is lucky.

Assurance

"One of those campaign 'money diggers' would like to see you," said Mr. Graboid's secretary. "Thunder! Didn't you say I was out?" "Yes, sir. He said he knew you would be out, and he just dropped in to tell you how much."

William Hazlett Tells of Times When He Wants to Be Left Alone With His Thoughts.

Give me the dear blue sky over my head, and the green turf beneath my feet, a winding road before me, and a three hours' march to dinner—and then to thinking! It is hard if I cannot start some game on these lone heaths. I laugh, I run, I leap, I sing for joy. From the point of yonder rolling cloud I plunge into my past being, and revel there, as the sunburnt Indian plunges headlong into the wave that waits him to his native village shore. Then long forgotten things, like "sunken wreck and sunless treasures," burst upon my eager sight. . . . Instead of an awkward silence, broken by attempts at wit or dull commonplaces, mine is that undisturbed silence of the heart which alone is perfect eloquence. No one likes puns, alliterations, antithesis, argument and analysis better than I do; but I sometimes had rather be without them. "Leave, oh, leave me to my repose!" I have just now other business in hand which would seem idle to you, but is with me "very stuff o' the conscience." Is not this wild rose sweet without a comment? Does not this daisy leap to my heart set in its coat of emerald? Yet if I were to explain to you the circumstance that has so endeared it to me, you would only smile. Had I not better then keep it to myself and let it serve me to brood over, from here to yonder craggy point, and from thence onward to the far distant horizon? I should be but bad company all that way, and therefore, prefer being alone. I have heard it said that you may, when the moody fit comes on, walk or ride on by yourself and indulge your reveries. But this looks like a breach of manners, a neglect of others, and you are thinking all the time that you ought to rejoin your party. "Out upon such half-faced fellowship," say I. I like to be either entirely to myself or entirely at the disposal of others; to talk or be silent, to walk or sit, to be sociable or solitary.—Table Talk by William Hazlett.

At North City, Ill., there is a tree known as the "vaulting-pole cottonwood" that has an interesting history which is told by the American Forestry Magazine (Washington) as follows: Hoses Pierce and a boy comrade returned from the war of 1812 to their homes, near North City, in the spring of 1815, and on January 8 of that year they had helped General Jackson whip the British in the Battle of New Orleans. These boys both attended a fox rolling on the old Pierce farm that spring, and as they were returning to the house after their day's work made a wager who could vault the furthest, using their cottonwood handspikes as vaulting poles. They both left their handspikes sticking in the soft earth where they had vaulted, and during the spring rains of 1815 they both took root and lived.

One of these trees died about ten years ago, but the other is still living and is 105 years old. This tree is about thirty feet in circumference, 175 feet high, with a very large hollow in the base of the tree which has been used as a housing for setting hens, a kennel for dogs and is always a fine playhouse for children.

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If Seen From the Moon They Would Appear as Mere Film Separating the Earth.

The layer of cloud covering the earth is relatively very thin. If, for example, we could examine the earth from the moon we would doubtless see a veil of cloud covering little more than half the surface. At that distance the clouds would have no texture, the earth would appear swathed in an irregular sheet of formless vapor, through which, from time to time, the land and water areas could be seen.

The cloud cover of the earth is most attenuated; it may be compared to a film, for it is supposed to be less than one-eight-hundredth of the earth's diameter in vertical thickness.

The thinness of the earth's atmosphere may be more clearly comprehended if we realize that the relative thickness of the cloud layer on an eight-inch terrestrial globe would be about one-hundredth of an inch. Yet it is in this thin belt that clouds form, so that it is seen our weather is produced within limited confines.—The Ace.

The Old Red Barn Pansies

Boys' hood days without a hayloft and like a play without a stage. The automobile has vanquished the big red barn, as the cement bottomed pool has the old swimming pool. The center of boyhood life has disappeared. Imagine the gang sneaking off from trusting parents on a hot afternoon and congregating in the shiny new garage. Where can they conceal the forbidden weapons, or the thumb-marked yellow-back that mother thinks has long since fallen into the sea heap? What do they hide to escape the starched shirt and stiff shoes and the party? Where are the circuses given? The train robberies planned? And the hair-raising stories repeated? The carefree scenes of boyhood life has disappeared. No field to grow and expand in. Half the joys of youth have vanished with the passing of the old red barn.—Summer Session—Kapsan.

Imposing on Hospitality

In Alabama a negro team driver came home one night and found his wife highly agitated. "Jeff," she said, "you know dat Ann Rogers' wife, Sallie, is dead. Ain't you goin' to be a pallbearer' at de fun'r?"

"No, I ain't," answered Jeff with unusual positiveness. "You ain't! Well, wasn't you a pallbearer at de fun'r'l of his second wife, Melissa?"

"So I wuz. But dat ain't—" "En wuzn't you a pallbearer at de fun'r'l of his first wife, Mandie? What you mean, you ain't goin' to act dis time?"

"Liza," he said, "suttnly, I wuz a pallbearer at dem fun'r'l's; en I done de best I could, but I'm tellin' you now I ain't acceptin' no mo' favors from nobody whut I can't return."—London Tit-Bits.

Getting Desperate

Felix Frankfurter of the Popular Government league, said at a banquet in Cambridge: "The authorities, to soothe us—for they see we're getting pretty desperate—the authorities now declare that the high cost of living is going to fall."

Mr. Frankfurter made a gesture of scorn and incredulity. "Well, it has fallen," he said—"on the consumer."

Ideas Confused

"How are the women here as conversationalists?" "The light one over there is rather heavy, but the dark girl beside her is very light."

Extremes Meeting

"The electrician who was on the spot was certainly a live wire." "How do you know?" "I could tell by the way he handled the dead one."

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PUSS AND THE INK

PUSS had a pure white coat and she was very proud of her fine looks, so proud that her friend Toby Dog called her vain.

One day when everybody was out Puss ran upstairs and began to look out for a nice soft place to take a nap.

She selected the sofa in the library, and was just about to jump up on it when something on the big desk attracted her attention. Some one had



"MY TAIL IS MUCH LONGER THAN THE PUSSY'S NEXT DOOR."

left a plate there and Puss thought there might be something to eat on it. But the plate was empty, and Puss was about to jump down when she suddenly caught sight of herself in a mirror standing on the desk.

Puss stood up and stretched herself. She turned her head to one side and then the other, while she admired her pretty self. "My tail is much longer than the Pussy's next door," she thought, swing-

ing her tail over her back rakishly. Then Puss got down in front of the mirror and began to wash her face, then licked her coat and all the time she kept her eyes on the mirror, wondering why she had not found it before.

Now Toby Dog had seen Puss go upstairs, and, wondering what she was up to, he followed and arrived at the door just in time to see Puss switching her tail in front of the mirror.

Toby softly stepped back and peeked around the side of the door frame, and when he was tired of watching he decided he would frighten Puss, and see her jump.

So just as she was standing up to stretch Toby hounded into the room with a loud bark.

Puss jumped and tumbled over, scratching and clawing as she tried to save herself from tumbling off the desk.

When Puss tumbled over she upset the bottle of red ink and not only did she get her feet red but the end of her tail, and as she ran out she rubbed against Toby and daubed him red as well.

When their mistress came home they were both punished for getting into mischief.

Puss was rather proud of her red spots; they set off her white coat. But poor Toby crawled out of sight; he was quite ashamed.

"I'll keep away from her after this," he said. "She is so vain she can't see how funny she looks. Cats are of no use, anyway, only to get us dogs into trouble."

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SCHOOL DAYS



Copyright The Fountain of Youth

TO BE SOCIABLE OR SOLITARY

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