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In a Little While.

THOMAS CLEARY, '12.

OVER the lake, across the brake,
The sighs of summer dying:
On crested hill, by singing rill,
The soft wind gently sighing.

By fitful breeze from naked trees
The clinging leaves are torn;
Sombre they fall, 'neath autumn's pall,
Of all their verdure shorn.

In silence deep the woodlands sleep
Save for the chipmunk's calling;
A scurrying hare on pathways bare,
Or ripened beech nuts falling.

Now sad we mourn at summer's bourn;
Vainly we bid her stay,
When clear and cold o'er plain and wold,
The pale moon wends her way.

A Literary Study of the Parables of Christ.*

OTTO A. SCHMID, '09.

OUR Lord's parables reach the zenith of the art of discourse because they convey great truths in direct and simple language. Christ did not hesitate to employ the melody of language in order to make His message more pleasing and powerful. Many writers love far-fetched comparisons and figures because they think it laudable not to be understood by all, but our Lord thought differently. He chose the simplest language, and His illustrations are the most beautiful because they are the most intelligible. Drawn from all the common sights and sounds of nature, and all the daily incidents and objects of life, they flowed forth without reserve to all and on every occasion—on the road, on the hillside, on the lake, by the lonely well, or at the banquet of both Pharisee and Publican. These were the qualities in the discourses of our Lord that made them so powerful, and give them such universal application and influence to-day. The parables are rapid in their movement, plain in regard to words, simple in thought and noble in manner of expression. The rapidity of movement is brought about by the use of concrete diction which produces distinct word-pictures that interest and attract. The regular melody of biblical expression addresses the ear just as the picturesque appeals to the mind's eye. In naturalness, in simplicity and in directness the Bible has no equal. Its influence is felt wherever the English language reaches to great heights of power and beauty. In Shakespeare and Milton, in Newman and Burke, these distinctive qualities of the Bible stand out prominently.

In a literary study of the parables their religious side can not be left out of consideration for that is the substance of their mission. In the parables of our Lord there is a systematic exposition of the nature of the Kingdom of God and the conduct of its members. The first parable, that of "The Sower," declared that the result of Christ's preaching depended on the attitude of His hearers, and then in the "Fig Tree," the "Great Supper," and in the "Wicked Laborers," He dealt with the acceptance of His teachings and the results in the immediate future. In the "Mustard Seed" and the "Leaven," Christ portrayed the growth of grace in the human soul. The parable of the "Ten Virgins," the "Pounds in Trust," and

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* The Meehan prize essay.

the "Talents in Trust" show the reward of faithfulness and punishment of unfaithfulness. The earlier parables dealt more directly with the theme of Christ's mission and its reception among the Jews. The laws of the Kingdom were brought before the members, while the latter parables dealt with the results of man's reception of the teaching. The members of the Kingdom have a rule of right conduct toward God and toward their fellows. Humility before the Creator is pictured in the parable of the "Pharisee and the Publican," while practical charity is extolled in the story of the "Good Samaritan." The "Prodigal Son" pictures unselfish joy upon a sinner doing penance, and the "Rich Fool" and the "Rich Man" proclaim the folly of reliance upon worldly goods and the sinfulness of selfish use of earthly wealth. Taking the parables in order, a definite thesis becomes evident—they all tend toward one end, the exposition of the Kingdom of God. Each forms a chapter in the whole discourse, each is a sermon complete in itself. A single parable, such as the "Ten Virgins," is beautiful when studied alone, but it fades into insignificance beside the lustre of the whole circle of gems which contain the germ of the Christian religion.

After examining certain of Christ's parables, and surveying them as a whole, the question naturally arises, what rank do they deserve in the category of literary productions? An answer to this requires a summary of the requisites of a literary masterpiece, and having found these present in the parables it becomes necessary to determine the degree of perfection. An estimate can then be made.

Literature in its truest sense and highest form is a glass in which life is reflected in all its forms. There is no other work in the whole world of books so heavily freighted with thought as the New Testament, and no other reflects life so clearly. The parabolic form of discourse is inherently picturesque, consisting of a series of images, comparisons and deductions. The presentation is definite, and the distinctions and shades of meaning stand out as clear as the lines of an etching. Each sentence adds lustre to the whole conception just as each line and tracing adds beauty and life to an engraving. It is this definiteness that has given to biblical language its great hold on the human race. When the Saviour delivered His parables the crowds flocked together from all the country around, for never before had such beautiful and powerful discourses been heard, and for nineteen centuries they have retained their spark of fire and increased their influence on the world. They delight the uncouth and charm the mighty; they are a guide to divines and an inspiration to poets. In the cottage the Good Samaritan is a by-word, and in the mansion the Prodigal Son stands for license ending in repentance. Their one appellation is universality, and to no other book than the Bible can that epithet be applied. Christ used melodious language to convey His lessons, but the beauty and music he infused into His parables are not their great claim to pre-eminence—they retain their hold upon the human imagination because they are the epitome of Christ's teaching on earth. A careful study of them reveals the superhuman wisdom of their Author—in them the interrogation-point of our ignorance and the shadows of our doubt and fear, which mar all our literature, are wanting. Christ's discourses are not fortified by arguments laboriously heaped up. The clear light of wisdom shines through them all; they are powerful and beautiful, deep and universal. Because of these qualities, which are so seldom found, it is no exaggeration to say that "the characters of Scripture are marvels of the mind;" and the dictum of Goethe must be acknowledged as sound, that culture and science and the progress of the mind "will never go beyond the elevation and moral culture of Christianity as it glistens and shines forth in the Gospels."

(The End.)

A Midnight Horror.

THOMAS CLEARY, '12.

"Help! help! O-o-h! mercy!"

I stopped short in my tracks, my clammy hands dropping nervelessly beside me, my hair standing straight on end and my blood running cold through my veins. Never before had I heard such helpless supplication and abject terror combined in one voice. It was as if a lost soul were viewing the

horrible torments already prepared, powerless to avert its doom, yet hoping with a vain hope that the terrible fate might be averted.

I was returning to my home in the suburbs from a down-town office shortly after midnight, and was just passing in front of a large brick dwelling house when I was startled by the above entreaty for aid. I had been in the vicinity of the house before, so was slightly acquainted with the neighborhood. It was sombre looking enough. Tall, gloomy houses on either side gave a dreary aspect to the street even in daytime.

The portion of land wherein the house stood was otherwise vacant except for one or two outbuildings that stood at some distance from the street. The lot facing the dwelling was entirely devoid of buildings. Altogether, the street appeared to have an uncanny air about it difficult to describe, yet with a most certain effect upon the wayfarer. Whether it was because of this circumstance or because of some old legend that the street was called Devil's Lane, I do not know, but at any rate the name could not have been more fitly chosen.

My surroundings had already inspired me with a feeling of nervousness which the sudden shriek for help increased to uncontrollable fear. Even as I paused at the first call, the cry came again, louder and more terrible than before. "Help! for God's sake help! Mercy!" Again and again the words were repeated; then suddenly there was silence, terrible because of what it portended.

I could not conscientiously pause longer. Cold, unfeeling murder was done, or it might be that some dabbler in the secrets of the after-world had at last gone too far to retrace his footsteps and was now in the grasp of an infernal power. Certainly a human being was in deadly peril, and as a fellow-being I owed him assistance.

I calculated quickly that the sound had come from the rear part of the building in the upper story, and curbing my desire to run away I started in the direction of the house. The darkness was intense, so intense in fact that I was obliged to force my way through the shrubbery and lost some time in finding the entrance to the dwelling. At last I found the door which opened without difficulty. It led me to what I soon discovered was a long corridor. Feeling my way along this hallway I reached a staircase and cautiously ascended, expecting every moment to be either shot or stabbed.

At the top of the staircase I paused again in indecision. There were four rooms in this wing of the house, but only one facing the rear, and this I decided was most likely to contain the victim; yet I hesitated. Should I force myself into that room, there was no certainty of my coming out alive. Worse still, I might meet death in some horrible and revolting form. And of what use risking my life? Perhaps I was already too late to be of service. On the other hand what glory I would derive from this night's work if I proved of aid to some one without sacrificing my life. I would be a nine-day's hero at the office, my likeness would be flaunted in the pages of the morning daily, even a Carnegie medal was not too much to hope for.

Urged on by these latter thoughts which flashed through my mind as a ray of lightning, I leaped against the door. It yielded readily, the impetus of my movement landing me sprawling on the floor. Before I could arise some one pounced heavily upon my shoulders pinioning me down. I managed however to disengage myself from his grasp and we grappled with each other for some moments. Finally, in rolling against the wall I touched an electric button and the room suddenly shot into light. At the same moment I shook off the grasp of my assailant, and as I recovered from the glow of the light I saw that he was an old man and to my surprise unarmed. No one else was in the room. There were no blood-stains, no signs of conflict. The old fellow glared at me savagely, apparently too enraged to speak.

"What do you mean, sir, by entering my house at this hour?" he at last blurted forth.

"Have you killed him? Do not attempt to deceive me or it will be the worse for you," I demanded. "I heard the screams," and with this I made a movement as if to grasp him by the throat.

He sputtered out something unintelligible, and then suddenly the expression on his face changed:

"Ah! I see. Perhaps *I* yelled aloud. You must have heard *me*."

"Heard *you*," I gasped, and I thought I detected the shadow of a smile on his face.

"Ah yes," he answered, smiling openly now, "bad nightmare. Often have them. Rare bits, you know. You thought—"

But the reaction was too much for me, I fainted away.

Varsity Verse.

SNORES.

WHEN one's enjoying sweet noctur al dreams,
Ain't it a bore,
If all the neighbors are ripping their seams
Trying to snore?

Noises like fog-horns and squeaks a la rats
Rend the wild night,
Sounding like two or more pugnacious cats
Mixed in a fight.

Engine attachments and fog-horns grown hoarse
Trying to burst,
Are soft-toned music to these, but of course
They're not the worst,

For there's the fat man who snores like a file
Grinding a saw,
With variations in piccolo style,
F'orte on flaw,

While his thin brother of sixty pounds weight,—
Size of a mouse,—
Snorts till he's heard half way over the state,
Shaking the house.

Thus the poor fellow who's cussed long and deep,
Gets good and sore.
Five minutes later he too falls asleep.
Talk about snore!—a brass band
wouldn't be a fair echo to the noise he makes.

L.

CARTOONS IN VERSE.

Will the Pirates get the pennant when the baseball season's o'er?
Will the Sox keep first division if the Yankees boast some more?
Can the Senators beat Cleveland as they did in days of yore?
Well, of all the foolish questions.

Does the Tariff Bill suit Adrich, or look good to Mr. Paine?
What has Billy Taft come West for? Say, will Teddy run again?
Is Uncle Joey Cannon strong in his D. C. Domain?
Well, of all the foolish questions.

Is there graft in City Councils? Are deposits Guaranteed?
Does the workingman get justice? Do the trusts indulge in greed?
Has the North Pole been discovered and by whom? Will Wright succeed?
Well, of all the foolish questions.

G. F.

HALL LIMERICKS.

There was a young Corbyite swell
Got attached to a maiden called Nell:
A pin from her headgear
Got stuck in his ear
The attachment was deep, so they tell.

There lives a great man in Old College—
Was anxious to get some more knowledge
So swallowed a tome
And started to roam—
Gone mad with the weight of his knowledge.

* * *

There is a young man lives in Sorin
Laid him down on his couch all forlorn.
There was a loud crash
The bed went to smash
After which the young man there by his bedside under the starlight prayed for his enemies.

D. J.

The Masqueraders in Shakespeare.

IGNATIUS E. MCNAMEE, '09.

Many extravagant things have been said and are being said regarding Shakespeare's women, both in their praise and otherwise. Critical expression runs the whole gamut of opinion from Tolstoy's cynical invective, "wooden monstrosities," in which opinion his predecessor, Richardson, would most heartily concur, to the bland opinion of Dr. Walsh, who calls them "the most natural, most carefully drawn and ideal examples of poetic genius." Rosalind, Portia, Viola, Imogen, Julia and Rebecca, with whom we are particularly concerned in this essay, have not been excepted in any way from the flood of general discussion, and their qualifications have been canvassed pretty thoroughly, although, so far as I can learn, little or nothing has ever been said upon the specific topic we intend here to consider, namely, the manly disguises under which these six charming masqueraders at one time or another in their respective plays see fit to conceal their identity. We will confine ourselves to a consideration of the value of their disguises in the light of realistic portrayal.

It is worthy of note that in every single case where one of Shakespeare's heroines assumes a disguise, both the character herself and the disguise are taken bodily from the work of somebody else; not one of them is his own. The simple pastoral, "As You Like It," for example, with its exhilarating breath of field and wood, with its delicate charm of wit, vivacity, and wholesome freshness, is not Shakespeare's plot at all,

but merely an adaptation (showing very little innovation—for even the absurdity of killing a lion in the forest of Arden is contained in the original) from an earlier tale of Thomas Lodge. Winsome Rosalind is pictured as completely, even to her disguise, in the earlier story as she is in the play. There is, however, this difference between the two characterizations: Lodge seems to have appreciated the futility of attempting to remake a court-bred girl into a wood-loving boy, one to whom another youth will pour out his heart in earnest outbursts of mock-love, and in consequence he made only a half-hearted effort to conceal the real sex of his heroine; Shakespeare, it would seem, did not fully grasp the difficulty of the task he set out to perform. He apparently thought himself capable to make the duality convincing, and therein, I think, he failed. It is fairly certain to my mind that he was honest in his attempt to bury all trace of Rosalind's womanliness in the character of Ganymede, for the soundness of his plot rests greatly, if not entirely, upon the security of Rosalind's disguise. The whole play, indeed, would sink to the level of a farce, which even Tolstoy with all his caustic accusations would not impute to "As You Like It," if the poet had not made an honest trial, at least, to prove his character plausible.

But Rosalind's very nature unfits her for her double part. She is brisk, full of laughter, ready with quick retort, always innocent, yet ever keen of mind, and thoughtful. She does not hold the icy reserve, the puritanical austerity of Isabella, nor has she the mature dignity of Portia, neither the sharp incisiveness of Beatrice nor the passionate love of Juliet.

> In heedless mazes running
> With wanton haste and giddy cunning,

describes her pretty well. The sweet freshness of her sunshiny nature, her noisy caprice and the fact that she holds so magnetic a charm of manner—all these thoroughly womanly qualities destroy whatever chance she would otherwise have to impersonate the dual rôle. Truly, there is "no doublet and hose in her disposition," as she herself confesses. The only excuse she has for assuming manly garb is given in her own words

> Were it not better,
> Because that I am more than common tall
> That I did suite me all points like a man.

Without any other recommendation than her height and with no exterior urgency for the step, our heroine puts on this "swashing and martial outside, as many other cowards have," and plays the huntsman. Her language at no time during her masquerade befits the character she puts on. Almost her first words with Orlando in the forest are delicately feminine:

"Then there is no true lover in the forest; else sighing every minute and groaning every hour, he would detect the lazy foot of Time as well as a clock."

In answer to the query, "Where dwell you?" she uses a womanly simile:

".... here in the skirts of the forest, like fringe upon a petticoat." And so it goes on. The whole tenor of her language, brimful of wit, charming in its elegance, is altogether too dainty, too delicate, for a man. Imagine a "martial youth" to declare, after a gushing description of his method of love:

"I would cure you, if you would but call me Rosalind and come every day to my cote and woo me." Again, after an appointment has been made, which Orlando fails to fill promptly, the masquerader, Rosalind, chides him.

"Why, how now, Orlando! Where have you been all this while? You, a lover! An you serve me such another trick, never come in my sight more." A moment later comes probably the most womanly trait of the whole masquerade—womanly, because it is so instinct with the fear of loss and with confiding passion:

"Come, woo me, woo me, for now I am in a holiday humor and like enough to consent. What would you say to me now, an I were your *very, very* Rosalind?" to which Orlando makes reply: "I would kiss before I spoke." And this sentimental strain is continued; it is carried on until the situation borders almost on the absurd. One can not, try persistently as he may, realize how two manly men, such as Orlando, the wrestler, is, and as Rosalind (or rather Ganymede), the woodsman, is supposed to be, can banter twaddle in such washy fashion. The character of Rosalind is consistent throughout, that is true; but

she at no time deludes one into the belief that her disguise is entirely effective, no matter how much Orlando appears to be misled by the manish rather than manly masquerade of this, one of the most sparkling character creations in Shakespeare.

Portia, next to Imogen, has more logical right to masquerade, I think, than any other of the poet's heroines. There seems to be at least some reasonable cause in the circumstances of her case for the peculiar costume she puts on, the robes of a judge. Here are the circumstances: The life of Antonio, her husband's friend, hangs in the balance, depending upon the judgment in a lawsuit; she learns that her cousin Bellario has been asked to sit as a court-extraordinary to hear the evidence; and knowing Bellario's Christian antipathy for the Jews, she feels confident she will not be rebuffed in asking to be allowed to substitute herself for her cousin at the trial. The threads of these details are not any too carefully woven together, nor are they flawless in themselves, but there is enough strength in them to satisfy the meagre demands of poetical plausibility; therefore, we pass them over without further comment.

By nature, too, Portia is endowed with sufficient dignity, judicial reserve, shrewdness and firmness to impersonate successfully the character she undertakes, Petrarch's condemnation.

> Il vago spirito ardento,
> E'n alto intelleto, un puro core,

might well apply to her, for she is powerful enough to have been a man. "The most beautiful and the most contradictory qualities—manly determination and womanly tenderness—are blended together in her.... Quick in judgment, skilled in the knowledge of men, and firm in her demeanor, she knows how to frighten away by her behavior the utterly worthless lovers; so superior is she in all this that her subsequent appearance as judge is perfectly conceivable." (Gervinus.) Hazlitt says she "has a certain degree of pedantry and affectation about her, which is very unusual in Shakespeare's women, but which perhaps was a proper qualification for the office of 'civil doctor,' which she undertakes and executes so successfully." Anna Jameson is practically of the same mind: "....her disguise and her deportment as the young and learned doctor," she declares, "would appear forced and improbable in any other woman, but in Portia are the simple and natural results of her character."

Despite all this, I think Portia's assumption of the judicial robes could not have been entirely effective; the disguise was altogether too thin. Portia, as Balthassar, the young doctor of laws, was young, very young, so we are told several times in the play. Now young Italians of Shakespeare's day—and the period of the play is contemporary of that time—did not wear either beards or mustaches; they were clean shaven. So there was no possibility for Portia to attempt facial disguise. Again the judicial robe consisted of a long gown with flowing sleeves and a flat cap, which covered only the crown of the head; so no assistance in the matter of disguise is to be found from that quarter. Now, knowing that there could be neither in false facial adornment nor in the costume itself any possible means of concealing the features, we are, nevertheless, asked to believe that both Portia and Nerissa, who is similarly dressed, are not recognized when they come face to face with their respective husbands at the trial. That an unknown judge from a distant city be invited to try the case can quite readily be understood, because doctors of law from Bologna, Padua and the other university cities were often invited to more or less remote districts to decide cases of passing importance. All that is very well. But disregarding the fact that Bassanio and Gratiano did not recognize their wives, merely because of their unexpected appearance at that time and place, and because of the unconventional dress they wore, we find several situations in the scene itself, which should in themselves have discovered the masqueraders. For example, Bassanio's avowal of friendship:

> Antonio, I am married to a wife
> Which is as dear to me as life itself;
> But life itself, my wife, and all the world
> Are not with me esteemed above thy life:
> I would lose all, ay, sacrifice them all
> Here to this devil (Shylock) to deliver you.

Consider the agitation with which Portia must have listened to these words, to Bassanio's willingness to sacrifice happiness, wealth, everything, even his wife, to redeem Antonio's bond. She was struck livid in

a moment of jealous agony before the magnanimity of it all dawned upon her, and then her heart thrilled with the joy of a new-found quality in her husband's character. It was evidently to hide the spasm of emotion and its reaction—fearing lest she be discovered—that she said wittily, with a nervous laugh:

> Your wife would give you little thanks for that,
> If she were by to hear you make the offer.

A rather flippant remark for a judge to make, is it not? Much credulity on our part is required to pass over this situation and still believe in the effectiveness of Portia's masquerade.

Again, the smothered scorn, disgust and ill-concealed hatred that burst from Portia, after her appeal for mercy and her thrust at Shylock's cupidity had both proved ineffective, were most unjudicial.

> PORTIA. Therefore prepare thee to cut off the flesh.
> Shed thou no blood, nor cut thou less nor more,
> But just a pound of flesh: if thou cut'st more
> Or less than a just pound, be it but so much
> As makes it light or heavy in the substance,
> Or the division of the twentieth part
> Of one poor scruple, nay if the scale do turn
> But in the estimation of a hair,
> Thou diest and all thy goods are confiscate.
> GRATIANO. A second Daniel, a Daniel, Jew!
> Now, infidel, I have you on the hip.
> PORTIA. Why doth the Jew pause? take thy forfeiture.

Imagine a doctor of the law, who was recommended in his letter of presentation as most learned, wise and just, to break forth in so sudden a sweep of sympathy for one of the parties concerned in the trial. Yet no suspicion is aroused among the players over this action.

Lastly, in taking leave, this Balthassar asks for Antonio's gloves and Bassanio's ring—a most peculiar request for a judge to make, and a strange thing to grow vexed at, after Bassanio's explanation for his refusal, yet it caused not the slightest comment even from the sharp-witted Gratiano.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

WHEN you rise in the morning form a resolution to make the day a happy one to a fellow-creature. It is easily done. A left-off garment to the man who needs it, a kind word to the sorrowful, an encouraging expression to the striving—trifles in themselves light as air,—will do it, at least for the twenty-four hours.

—*Sydney Smith.*

A Sketch of the Sonnet.

CHARLES C. MILTNER, '11.

The history of the sonnet is but a record of the "Highly wrought artistic conceptions" of the poets who used it as a means of expression. The sonnet is the highest form of poetry. It is the instrument for expressing grand and dignified thoughts, and its chief characteristic is greatness.

The sonnet, like most forms of Italian verse, originated in Provence in the early part of the 13th century, and its invention is attributed to Vigne, the secretary of State in the court of Frederick II. of Italy. The form derives its name from the Italian word "sonetto," the diminutive of "suono," and comprises fourteen pentameter iambic lines, an octave with two rimes, abbaabba, and a sestette with three, cde cde, though these latter may vary. Originally it was a piece of music and was never heard without the lute or guitar. The reason for this particular division is, as given by Mr. Leigh Hunt in his book on the sonnet that, "As the smallest air is divided into two parts, the second being a consequent or demand of the first; and as these parts consist of phrases and cadences which have similar sequences and demands of their own, so the sonnet, being a long air or melody, becomes naturally divided into two different parts each of which is subdivided in like manner; and as quatrains constitute the one strain and terzettes the other, we are to suppose this kind of musical demand the reason why the limitation to fourteen lines became not a rule without a reason but an harmonic necessity." Rime sequence seems to be an outgrowth of experience striving toward a musical effect. It unifies the form and gives emphasis to the words on which it falls.

Other forms, however, have later developed, chief among which is the Shakespearean, once called "a lawless succession of quatrains clinched by a couplet." This criticism is hardly true, however, as their meaning and emotion clearly indicate. The French sonnet has a regular Petrarchan form, and the Spanish and Portuguese are based upon the Italian. Mention may be made of a number of inferior forms, such as the duodenary

which has twelve-syllabled lines and terminate in dactyls; the mute sonnet characterized by its monosyllabic-rhyme endings; the iterating sonnet, having one rime throughout or none at all; the retrograde sonnet reading alike backwards and forwards; the chained, linked, interwoven and crowning sonnets whose names signify their nature. But perhaps the most numerous of the inferior sonnet forms is the candated or "Tailed sonnet" which is exemplified by the following:

Dear Benedetto - not to let you pine
  For want of news of me this comes to say
  My fever grows upon me day by day
And bread I can as little bear as wine;
Judge how I must detest your turkey and your chine.
  At night when I would sleep, to my dismay
  I hear the gnats arming them for the fray,
And all they hum for are these cheeks of mine.

Dread note of preparation! hideous hum!
  First comes in air an awful mustering sound,
    Fit to have scared Orlando from his blast;
Then raging upon mine eyes, nose, mouth they come.
  Each trumping louder betwixt wound and wound
    Setting my wits and very soul aghast.
      Fairly made mad at last,
I started up in bed and to the rout
Put them too well by cuffing my own snout.
Then madder turn about,
  And rage as if they said—you rout us—never!
  I set on cuffing myself worse than ever.

This and the others of its class exist to-day as curiosities rather than literary forms. Yet it is evident that although the sonnet is used principally to express deep and serious thoughts, every mood may be indulged in it. Petrarca's best sonnet is a prayer to God. In sonnets Dante tells his love to Beatrice; Alfieri denounced vice and corruption; Berni satirized and Casti jested, and yet these sonnets are all famous.

Whatever arrangement the sonnet may take the end is, as Wordsworth tells us, always that "a single wave of emotion, when emotion is neither too deeply charged with thought nor too much adulterated with fancy, to pass spontaneously into the movements of pure lyric, shall be embodied in a single metrical flow and return." Again he says: "If we trace the history of the sonnet from Pier delle Vigne to Rossetti we shall find that the poet's quest from the beginning has been to write a poem in fourteen verses so arranged that they should, better than any other arrangement of verses produce a certain melodic effect upon the ear, and an effect, moreover, that should bear iteration and reiteration in other poems similarly constructed." It is perhaps more on this account than any other that the Petrarchan and Shakespearean forms have survived all others.

Theodore Watts-Dunton in the sestette of a sonnet called "Sonnet's Voice" says:

A sonnet is a wave of melody
  From heaving waters of the impassioned soul,
  A billow tidal music one and whole
Flows in the octave; then returning free
  Its ebbing surges in the sestette roll
Back to the depths of life's tumultuous sea.

These lines describe quite accurately the natural or Petrarchan sonnet. A sonnet to be successful ought to express or deal with only one concrete idea or thought.

The sonnet is distinctly an Italian production, and among the innumerable sonneteers of Italy are included, not only celebrated poets but men of every rank and profession. A monk, Fra Quittomi d'Arezzi, if he did not indeed write contemporaneously with or, as some claim, precede Vigne, was the next to use the sonnet form. It was he who invented counterpoint. If there is any one man whose skill and genius applied to the sonnet can be said to have perfected it and made it famous it is the great Italian poet, soldier and statesman, Alighieri Dante. Gifted as he was with a poetic genius seconp to none and inspired with a theme for the expression of which the sonnet was especially adapted, he exerted an influence over it that gave it a precedent among literary verse forms that has never been lost. No better testimony of his mastery over the sonnet may be had than Rossetti's translation of the sonnet to "His Lady":

My Lady looks so gentle and so pure,
  When making salutations by the way
  That the tongue trembles and has naught to say
And the eyes fain would see, may not endure;
And still amid the praise she walks secure,
  She walks with humbleness for her array.
  Seeming a creature sent from Heaven to stay
On earth, and show a miracle made sure.

She is so pleasant in the eyes of men
That through her sight the inmost heart doth gain
  A sweetness which needs proof to know it by,
And from her lips there seems to move
A soothing essence that is full of love
  Saying forever to the spirit "Sigh."

Petrarca, though a lesser genius, had a greater reputation than Dante. His distinction lies in his success in freeing the sonnet from the crudities and metaphysics of preceding times which the lyrical poetry of Dante himself had not thoroughly outgrown, in giving it a music superior to Dante's, and by conferring upon it beauties of style and modulation. More than three hundred sonnets bear witness to his skill. He had many imitators, though none rose above mediocrity. In 1448 Lorenzo de Medici produced a large number of sonnets, though all are injured by the fact that they were imitations. Thus followed Ariosto, Casa and the highly gifted, though eccentric, Tasso who conferred dignity on the sonnet by his style. Of Marini it is said, "His sonnets were as innumerable as his conceits." Strange as it may seem, Milton was the next writer of Italian sonnets. Although he had a variety of styles he is criticised for being too "*stately, self-exalting and stoical.*"

"Considering that the love of Italian poetry has always been greatest in England when English genius has been in its most poetic condition it's not a little remarkable," says Mr. Hunt, "that the sonnet, the oldest known in our language, dates no farther back than the reign of Henry VIII., the beginning of the sixteenth century." It is a translation of a sonnet of Petrarca made by Sir Thomas Wyatt. This sonnet has been called "As rough as if poetry itself had just been born in the woods among the ruggedest of sylvan gods." His later productions, however, were more meritorious and won for him a not unenviable reputation as a man of letters. Thomas Howard, Earl of Surrey, his friend and colaborer, was the first to make a really polished and musical translation of an Italian sonnet. The man who by common consent has been stamped as the "Choicest type of Elizabethan chivalry," Sir Philip Sydney, was the next to win distinction in this line. He used the Shakespearean form, and was the first to disregard the final couplet. The "Amorette" or love sonnets of Spencer were published in 1595. In fact, between Shakespeare and Milton, there were many poets who wrote sonnets, but their productions are of little value. After the death of Milton the sonnet went out of use until it was partly revived by William Lisle Bowles in the early nineteenth century.

In 1609 Shakespeare's sonnets were first published. These rise above other English sonnets, not so much for their technique, as because of Shakespeare's intellect.

Mr. Theodore Watts writes: "The quest of Shakespeare's sonnets is not, like that of the form adopted by Milton, sonority and so to speak, metrical counterpoint, but sweetness; and the sweetest of all possible arrangements in English versification is a succession of decasyllabic quatrains, in alternate rimes, knit together and clinched by a couplet"

Mr. W. E. Simonds opines that "If they contain anything more substantial than fiction of fancy, it is unlikely that they will ever be reduced to the details of fact."

"With this key Shakespeare unlocked his heart," says Wordsworth, which drew from Browning the comment:

"Did Shakespeare? If so the less Shakespeare he!"

Robert Browning left only five examples of this verse form and these are unimportant. Tennyson wrote twenty-six which, likewise, are not up to the level of his other works. A successful sonneteer of the later period is Dante Gabriel Rossetti. But the real restorer of the sonnet to our literature, and perhaps the last noteworthy author this paper may include, was William Wordsworth. He contributed more than four hundred of these poems, but his most valuable contribution, at least so far as this literary verse form is concerned, is his "Sonnet on the Sonnet":

Scorn not the sonnet; critic, you have frowned,
Mindless of its just honors; with this key
Shakespeare unlocked his heart; the melody
Of this small lute gave ease to Petrarch's wound;
A thousand times this pipe did Tasso sound;
With it Camoëns soothed an exile's grief;
The sonnet glittered a gay myrtle leaf
Amid the cypress with which Dante crowned

His visionary brow: a glow-worm lamp,
It cheered mild Spencer, called from faeryland
To struggle through dark ways; and when a damp
Fell round the path of Milton, in his hand
The Thing became a trumpet; whence he blew
Soul-animating strains—alas, too few!

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—The athletic games, plays and other forms of amusement that are wisely introduced to break in on the monotony of every-day life, should not take up more of the student's time than the regulations specify. One must have recreation, change, amusement. But it is well to remember that a reasonable portion of the day has been set apart for physical development, and one should rest satisfied with that. Recreation becomes such when it is a change. He who is continually taken up with his amusements is rarely amused. One enjoys outdoor sports of any kind all the more from the fact that one has been previously engaged in some serious occupation. There is an exhilaration in the thought that a person deserves his amusement when his work is done. The professional pleasure-seeker does not get one-tenth as much joy from a fishing or a hunting trip as the lawyer or the physician does to whom the press of work makes such an outing an event. The student who is seriously occupied with his books during study hours will welcome a play or a football game by way of change. He feels he is deserving it, and for this reason he enters into it with all the more spirit. One objects to the book-worm who plods with never a free hour away from the dead lore of books, just as one objects to the miser whose life-energies are expended in adding to the store of his wealth. One objects to the trifler who makes his pleasures a life aim, just as one objects to the spendthrift whose days are spent in riotous waste. The *modus in rebus* may not be so easy to find and to keep to a nicety. There are occasions when we find extremes in the best-regulated lives. From the point of view of right human living, it is safe to say, he gets most out of life, in the human sense, who never carries the distractions of pleasure to his work office, and never carries the worries of his work office to the ball-ground.

Work and Amusement.

—The finding of the North Pole on April 21, 1908, by Dr. Frederick A. Cook of Brooklyn, N. Y., gives to America the credit of what will no doubt be the greatest discovery of the twentieth century. Scientifically speaking, the discovery may amount to little else than to prove the common theories with regard to atmospheric and surface conditions; but the great rivalry that has existed among the nations for the glory of this conquest, the almost unimaginable hardships involved in so daring an exploit bring to Dr. Cook, and indeed to America, great glory.

The North Pole Discovery.

Attempts to find the Northwest passage and enter the Arctic regions began as early as the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, fully a century after America was discovered by Columbus, when John Davis and William Baffin, Englishmen, toured the North. Though they made no wonderful progress, every schoolboy knows that Davis Strait and Baffin Bay hold their names in honor. In the early part of the nineteenth century Ross and Parry made greater progress, and the Parry Islands mark the exploit. In 1845 Sir John Franklin with two ships and a company of nearly one hundred and fifty men sailed north, and nothing being heard of the party, it was discovered after ten years that all had perished. It was not until 1905 that the Northwest Passage was completely navigated, and the honor of this belongs to Norway through Captain Roald Amundsen.

Within the last twenty-five years the prospects of reaching the Pole brightened when Nares, an Englishman, and Greely, an American, reached the 83d parallel of latitude in the seventies and eighties. In 1895 Nansen went within two hundred and sixty-one miles of the Pole. Cagni in 1897 went still farther, and in 1905 R. E. Peary reached 87° 6′ N.

To Mr. Peary belongs great praise for his repeated efforts to reach the most northern point of the earth. He, more than any other, has taken this great feat as a life task, and it is regretted by many that he was not the first to accomplish it. This feeling on the part of Mr. Peary's friends brought on a most undesirable controversy as to the truth of Dr. Cook's statement. This strife cast a feeling of doubt over the people, which detracted from the enthusiastic reception with which this discovery should have been received. Now that it has been publicly stated that Mr. Peary's party believes that to Dr. Cook belongs the real honor, all doubt will cease. In the face of this great discovery, Dr. Cook's reception in the United States should be marked with the highest tribute of a people to a discoverer.

Mr. Taft's Tour.

—Probably the greatest national event of the season is the tour of our chief executive through the country. Thirteen thousand miles will be covered during this trip, which will require almost two months, until Nov. 10, to accomplish it. Besides coming into personal contact with the sturdy citizens of the vast West, and with the solid, democratic South, other occurrences will be made notable by Mr. Taft's presence: the Seattle Exposition, the great government engineering and military developments, a meeting with President Diaz, of Mexico, the Waterway's Convention at New Orleans which the President shall reach from St. Louis via the Mississippi. The significance of this presidential tour may possibly be drawn from a consideration of the sections of the country he is visiting and what he has to say to the people of those sections. Out of his forty-seven stops only one has been in the East, at Boston. The remaining forty-six are all in the West and South. So far his speeches have all been on the new tariff law, in the framing of which he so ably acted as judge and umpire. The Republican party promised revision downward, and Mr. Taft insists in his speeches to the West, which profited least by the new tariff, that the Payne-Aldrich Law is the best tariff legislation yet enacted. To pass a reliable judgment on the merits and demerits of this intricate law of schedules is impossible for anyone who has not devoted himself for a long time to the study of tariff details. On the whole, however, the fact, as established by the Senate Committee on finance, that the average rate of duty under the new tariff is 1.1 per cent higher than the High-protection Dingle rate, seems to substantiate the opinion of many of our representative periodicals that the new tariff law is the most thorough-going high-protection measure that has ever been enacted in any country. The only important downward revision besides the tariff on metals was free hides, a concession due directly to the untiring efforts of the President. However, if the new tariff law is defective it is not the President's fault. The country, as a whole, is to blame for allowing non-experts who have always been furthermore influenced by privilege-seekers to make the tariff, which is essentially an expert's work. The recent tariff legislation serves to illustrate the futility of the present way of dealing with the tariff. Neither is Congress to be censured, for it did what no other Congress ever did for the solution of the tariff problem. A step toward real tariff reform was taken by the creation of a commission of experts to handle the tariff, another one of Mr. Taft's victories.

In touring the country President Taft will have an opportunity to come into close contact with the people of the vast nation of which he is the chosen head. That contact, and the wider knowledge resulting therefrom, should prove helpful when there is a question of future legislation which is to apply to the manifold interests of the country. It is a matter of lesser moment what political significance may be attached to Mr. Taft's long trip. The fact is it will prove fruitful of much good to the President and to the people.

Formal Opening 1909-1910.

The formal opening of the scholastic year, which took place last Sunday in the University chapel, was carried out with that splendor of ceremonial so characteristic of the Church services here at Notre Dame. Solemn Pontifical Mass was sung by the Right Rev. Frederick Linneborn, C. S. C., D. D., Bishop of Dacca, East Bengal. Rev. President Cavanaugh acted as arch-priest, and the University officers, Rev. Fathers Crumley and Schmacher, as deacon and subdeacon in the order named. Rev. Father Connor was master of ceremonies. The sanctuary was well filled with priests, clerics and acolytes. The bronze main altar was decorated in exceptional good taste with suitable natural flowers. Hundreds of candles in conjunction with the numerous electric lights gave to the vast sanctuary an unusal brilliancy.

After the Gospel, Bishop Linneborn addressed a few well-chosen words to the students on the work which he is to do in his far-away diocese of Dacca. Among many other topics he touched on the co-operation needed for the successful development of the work. Inasmuch as members of the Congregation of Holy Cross are at work in this foreign field, the Bishop pointed out that the students entrusted to their care should likewise be actively interested therein. Following his brief discourse the Bishop imparted the Papal blessing granted by the Holy Father for the success of the coming school year.

The President of the University entertained Bishop Linneborn at the noon luncheon in the Brownson Hall dining-room. Seated at the President's table, besides the Bishop and members of the Faculty, were Mayor Fogerty, J. M. Studebaker, Sr., J. D. Oliver, Sr., J. D. Stoll and Patrick O'Brien, all of South Bend; Warren Cartier '87, Ludington, Michigan; Joseph Rumely, student '77, La Porte.

The services of the day were brought to a fitting conclusion with Pontifical Vespers and Benediction at 2 P. M. It is hoped that the Bishop will remain for some time yet visiting the University before he returns to Rome, and later to his diocese.

Personals.

—John Matthews (Com'l 1873) is engaged in the restaurant business in Kansas City.

—William O. Vernaza, an old student, is located at 144 East Sherbrooke Street, Montreal, Canada.

—Emil Rothwell, student in Brownson Hall last year, is in charge of his father's ranch at Rothwell, Wyo.

—Gustavo L. Trevino (E.E., '08; M.E.E., '09) will be prevented by ill health from returning to the University this year.

—Thomas O. Maguire (A. B., 1909) has been received into the diocese of Rockford and has entered the seminary at Baltimore, Md.

—Gilbert F. McCullough (B. S. B., 1904), who was recently graduated from the Northwestern Medical College, has a promising practice at Billings, Mont.

—August J. Hackman, student 1890–3, was recently married at Oldenburg, Indiana. Mr. Hackman is cashier of the Oldenburg National Bank of that city.

—Anthony L. Streff, student of Civil Engineering the past two years, has taken a position with a civil engineering corps at Spokane, Washington, for the coming year.

—José V. Usera, a graduate (1901) in Commercial Course, is with R. E. Taylor and Co., 15 W. 34th St., New York City. His brother Ferdinand, of Ponce, Porto Rico, entered school this week.

—Paul Martin, of Indianapolis, a former student, was a popular guest at the University during the week. He was accompanied by Rev. Father Godfrey, O. S. F., the Prior of the Franciscans, Cairo, Egypt.

—John B. McMahon (A. B., 1909) and John B. Kanaley (A. B., 1909) have taken up law at Harvard this fall. Both were members of last year's debating team and rank high among the brilliant men who have gone from Notre Dame.

—South Bend's foremost citizens united last Tuesday to do honor to Frank E. Hering (Litt. B., 1898; LL. B., 1902) who was recently elected National President of the Order of Eagles. Mr. Hering is also president of the Order of Elks.

—Warren A. Cartier (B.S., '87; C.E., '87), president of the Notre Dame Alumni Association, visited the University this week in company with Mrs. Cartier. Their sons, Ray Warren and Morgan are matriculated as students for the coming year.

—Maximilian John Jurschek (LL. B., 1908) has returned from a circuit of the civilized world. Max covered something over 15,000 miles, and did everything from embracing the Blarney stone to riding part way in an airship. He has also perfected himself in all the modern languages, and next year will hang out his shingle in South Bend as a Polish lawyer.

—A pretty ceremony was held in the Sacred Heart Church here last Monday when Cassius McDonald, student 1901–5, and Miss Marie McDonald, of Ironwood, Michigan, were united in marriage by Father Scheier, C. S. C. The services were private, only a few relatives of the bride and groom being present. Mr. McDonald's desire to be married in the church which he had attended during his many years as a student, is a touching example of loyalty.

Safety Valve.

—It is still time, by the way, to subscribe for the SCHOLASTIC.

—"Don't tread on me," says the grass. "Let me die natural." But the man making for Cartier Field by way of the lawn heeds not.

—Speaking of rooms—fact is there's no use talking 'bout 'em.

—Walsh Hall will be finished soon. Still, a piece of it would be acceptable most any day now.

—Trunks to the rear. Also roller skates and bycicles off the side walks.

—Music hath charms, of course. But speaking of the phonograph reminds one that silence also is golden.

—Fine school, fine teachers, fine students, fine team, fine coaches, fine street-cars, fine city, fine time, fine weather, everybody feeling fine. Puzzel: find a grouch.

—Now is the time to hit the right clip in thy studies, and prepare for the spring fever that is ahead of thee, as Poor Richard says.

—Not that one intends murder, but who is the whistler that whistles "I love nobody but you, Babe," round these diggins?

—Also let not your first letter be a demand for more mon.

—The SCHOLASTIC gratefully acknowledges one cheque and several suggestions. We do our banking business largely on cheques.

—Pew rent has been collected in Sorin Hall.

—Are you settled?

Local Items.

—The classes in Biology are unusually large this year.

—Confessions are heard by Father Scheier in the basement chapel every Saturday evening at 7:30.

—The first falling leaves of autumn have kept Brother Philip and his corps of workmen busy around the lawns.

—Charles De Lunden paid his annual tribute to Morpheus in Mechanics class on Monday.

—"Dinny" Morrison has been reported as looking serious. It can't possibly be the '10 Dome that worries him.

—Rev. Father Schumacher gave Benediction for the Minims in their chapel on Tuesday, Sept. 21, the feast of St. Matthew, his patron.

—The Varsity official football schedule is neatly brought out in card form with compliments of the managers of the athletic store.

—Some needed changes are made at the old meat-shop. A second story has been added, thereby affording much-needed additional working space.

—It is with more than usual pleasure we announce a lecture by Senator Albert J. Beveridge, to take place in Washington Hall on Wednesday, Sept. 29.

—The University choir rendered the difficult Mass and Vespers of last Sunday in a manner that elicited much favorable comment. Good singing adds to the solemnity of divine worship.

—The Japanese Commissioners who are at present touring the United States are

expected to arrive in South Bend next week. A visit to Notre Dame is scheduled.

—Wendell Phillips, the popular coach who trained the St. Edward's football team of last year, has been secured this year also to show the Minims the fine points of the game.

—The lecture rooms and laboratories in Science Hall have received a fresh coat of paint during the summer. Several new compound microscopes have been added to the botanical department.

—New clocks have been installed in Brownson study-hall and on the first floor corridor, of the Main Building. These clocks are corrected hourly by Western Union Telegraph Co., thus insuring accurate time.

—Judging from the spirit evinced by Prof. Petersen's band men at their initial practice on Monday last, we will have an exceptionally good band this year. The orchestra and glee club will begin work this week.

—Prof. Worden has succeeded in raising, through personal solicitation, the funds for the purchase of a bronze bust of Lincoln. The bust has been ordered and will soon adorn a suitable place in the University halls.

—Owing to the length of the ceremonies last Sunday President Cavanaugh postponed his opening address to the students till to-morrow when he will speak at the eight o'clock Solemn High Mass in the University chapel. Our next issue will contain the text of the address in full.

—The SCHOLASTIC Staff held the first meeting of the year last Monday. Several matters of importance were taken up and discussed, also certain special work was assigned to members individually. Till further notice, the staff will meet every Saturday afternoon at 12:55, Room 21, Main Building.

—The 21st Battery of Indiana Volunteers held a reunion at Auten Post Hall, South Bend, on September 18, and during the afternoon paid a visit to the neighboring post at Notre Dame. With Bro. Leander as Master of ceremonies, a reception was held in the Main Building. After the reception the guests visited the different halls of the University.

—The Art classes this year are flourishing. The courses are more comprehensive than last year, including pen and ink and crayon illustrating, wash, oil and water-color drawing, etc. Mr. Joseph Byrne, formerly connected with the metropolitan newspapers of St. Louis as a cartoonist, has enrolled as a student, and will lend valuable assistance in art work for the Dome and SCHOLASTIC.

—Thursday afternoon the ex-Carroll Hall students met to organize their athletic club for the coming year. Twenty-five members were present, and elected the following officers: Wm. Cotter, President; H. Armstrong, Manager; O. Hozy, Captain of football team. The meeting was marked by considerable enthusiasm and the ex-Carrollites expect to put a winning eleven on the field.

—The social season at Notre Dame opened Sunday. A banquet was tendered Brother Florian, C. S. C., the popular prefect of St. Joseph's Hall, to commemorate the thirty-fourth anniversary of his receiving the habit, and the silver jubilee of his profession. It was a feast of oratory as well as of good things that cheer. Mr. A. A. Hilkert voiced the general sentiment of congratulation and appreciation.

—Measures have been taken to establish a school of expression in the department of public speaking. Classes for the special study of elocution will hereafter be held twice a week. The theory of expression as well as the practical application of the principles are to be given careful attention. Vocal culture, the study of gesture and the interpretation of standard readings will comprise the bulk of the work.

—"McGarry's Study-Hall" was remodelled during the summer and will soon be ready for its occupants. A partition divides it into two rooms. The eastern portion has been fitted up as an office for the Prefect of Discipline. The west half will be reserved for Father Walsh's Economics classes. The present quarters in Sorin Hall have proven entirely inadequate owing to the increased interest in the History and Economics Course.

—The Junior Civil Engineers have organized a football team and expect to make a strong showing in local athletics. The probable line-up is as follows: Full-back, Elmo Funk; R. H. B., "Egypt" McDonald; L. H. B., Leo Shannon; Q. B., George Washburn; C., Pedro Landero; R. G., Edwin O'Hara; L. G., John Romano; R. T., N. Gamboa; L. T., Tom Howley; L. E., A. Hebenstreit; R. E., J. B. McSweeney; water-carrier, George Wolf; coach, J. Enage.

—The evening study periods of the past week were taken up by the Rev. President in reading the regulations governing the different halls. He visited Carroll, Brownson, Corby and Sorin in the order named. The various rectors had much to commend in the general conduct of their students and reported a spirit of friendliness and good will among the boys. A disposition to maintain high standards of conduct and scholarship by the students residing in the different halls, and thereby uphold the honor of these halls is very much in evidence since the opening of school.

—The classes in sophomore and junior machine-shop work will be kept distinctly separated, the latter being given more

special tool work and lectures on automatic machine tool making. The gas engines of this year will be the same horse power, three and a half, but will be considerably lighter in weight. For the past several years Prof. Kelly has been improving his design until now the engines turned out by students taking the gas engine course are the equal of any sold in the market. All drawing in Kinematics and Machine Design will be done in the drawing room on the second floor.

—Since the close of school last June considerable improvement has been going on in the engineering shops. A large bench accommodating twenty-four additional students has been finished, a new tool grinder has been put in operation and safety devices have been added to all the saws and machinery which might otherwise endanger the safety of the person using them. This last is in accordance with the state laws recently enacted regarding machinery. This year classes in machine shopwork will be taught every hour every day, that is, from eight to half-past four o'clock on six days of the week.

—The Notre Dame Stock Company, the organization of which we anticipated in our last issue, has materialized. The initial meeting was held on Friday evening in the Law Room, and the following officers were elected: President, Claude Sorg; Vice-President, F. Madden; Secretary, Chas. Kelly; Treasurer, John Daily; Press Agent, John C. Tully; Business Committee, Messrs. Havican, Brennan and Johnston. The aim of the company is to unite the best local entertainers for the purpose of filling all available dates with musical, literary and dramatic programs. The plan includes three or four plays and an occasional vaudeville performance.

—The enrollment in the English classes this year is exceptionally large. One hundred and twenty freshmen have so far presented themselves, with an enrollment of seventy in the last year preparatory. The other classes are correspondingly large. The change in the English program has been the cause of much favorable comment. Hereafter, the study of rhetoric will be confined to the Preparatory School, while the Freshmen will study Criticism, the Essay and the Oration; the Sophmores, Poetry, the Juniors, Fiction and the Seniors, Shakespeare and Dramatic Art. The Freshman schedule of assigned work for the period is: Sept. 28, Editorial; Oct. 5, Verse; Oct. 19, Short Story. The Sophmore program is: Sept. 28, Verse; Oct. 5, Editorial; Oct. 28, Essay.

—On Thursday the University was honored by a visit from Theodore Bell, of California, temporary chairman of the Denver National Democratic Convention. Mr. Bell visited the University on a former occasion, so his appearance Thursday seemed not so much the visit of a distinguished citizen, favorably known and highly honored, as it was the return to familiar scenes of a kindly, sympathetic friend. Mr. Bell was accompanied by Frank Earle Hering, Litt. B., 1898; LL. B., 1902. Mr. Bell delivered an entertaining and highly instructive address to the students in the University Auditorium at 1:30 in the afternoon. His words were listened to with marked attention and were received very favorably. Our early going to press prevents us giving the address in full, but our enterprising stenographer has made it possible to reproduce the following practical utterances:

"It seems to me—and I judge young men by my own experience—that when we first start out in life, we hope for success, we look for political honors, we are anxious to be princes in the industrial world, captains of industry or railroad kings, and every once in a while there comes the insidious suggestion that these successes come not through the exercise of character and knowledge, or the practice of truth and the strict observance of conscience, but that wealth and position are gained through trickery, chicanery and cunning, and things that we would scorn here in our college life. But it always has been true—and you might just as well set it down—that honesty always wins; and by the great laws of nature, or by some great law of compensation, every dishonest thing, secret though it may be, will receive its ultimate punishment, and it looks to me that that is the thing you are learning here."

Mr. Bell paid the following notable tribute to Governor Johnson of Minnesota:

"Why is it that the people of Minnesota are bowing their heads in sorrow and greiving over the loss of a single man? What was there in the character of John A. Johnson that secured for him, three times, the highest office within the reach of his people? What was it in him that caused the people to pick him up from almost obscurity and advance him, step by step, to that honorable position? And why is it that they sorrow so much to-day. I will tell you why. It was because from those boyhood days when his mother was taking in washing in that community in Minnesota he was a true man to this mother, he was a true man to every domestic tie, and in the limited environment of that home he learned to be a true man to his state and to his country; and it was because he imbibed the principles of rugged honesty, it was because of the simplicity of his nature, it was because of those elements that we draw from and transplant across the great sea to build up American institutions on American soil."

Athletic Notes.

All the eligible men of last year's team have now returned, and although it is still too early to venture any predictions, the indications are that a team with all the requisites of success will be developed. Real practice began Monday when two full squads were chosen, the first working under Coach Longman and the scrubs under Assistant Coach Curtis.

The appearance of Vaughan, Miller and Dwyer sent a thrill through the spectators on the sidelines. These, with Ryan and Hamilton, make twelve men who have worn the Gold and Blue now on the field. From these Coach Longman will be able to choose a nucleus for the team, and from the new men and the substitutes of last year he can no doubt find adequate material to fill the gaps caused by the loss of Ruell, Sullivan, Mertes and McDonald. Brennan, a new man, looks good at center and veterans Dolan and Lynch give promise of fulfilling all expectations at guard. With Captain Edwards and Dimmick at tackle, and Collins and Philbrook at the end positions the line will be strong on defense. Schmidt is fast at half-back and O'Meara shows signs of developing into a good man at quarter. Vaughan, who is enrolled among the gridiron immortals at N. D. since he registered his touchdown through Michigan's line last year, appears better than ever at full-back. He should be the star of the West this year behind the line.

The above completes the first team as it has been working the past few days. With Miller, Dwyer and Hamilton again in uniform the line-up will likely take on a different appearance.

The schedule is a hard one, and Coach Longman will have to keep after his men every minute to get them into shape. Hard work will be the order and no loafing will be countenanced. Any man who is not at his post and working all the time will find himself speedily displaced.

It is regretted that more of the men of athletic proclivities are not seen on the field. There are positions on the team to be taken, and every man should know and feel that he has as much right to fight for one as the other fellow. Football does not make the man, but it brings out what is in him. No hobnob of "frat," or "drag" governs athletics here, and nothing but merit will put a man on the team. So it's up to you, Mr. College Man, to make the eleven a winner this year. Get out and try, anyhow, and if you haven't the ability let some one other than yourself prove it.

***

Gymnasium classes under the direction of Coach Maris began during the past week. The registration is very gratifying, being already higher than at any time last year. Two forenoons: Tuesdays and Saturdays each week are given to the class-work. Three classes are held each day, the class hours as follows: 8:15 to 9:00, 9:00 to 10:15 and 10:15 to 11:00.

Coach Maris has introduced so many successful innovations in the athletic line that it is becoming customary to look for something new from him every change of season. This time it is an indoor baseball league which he has developed, and success is already promised such as met his efforts in reviving basket-ball, cross-country running and stimulating interest in inter-hall contests. The members of the teams composing the newly established league will be those who are enrolled in the gymnasium classes.

Carroll Hall will have four teams and there will be at least an equal number from the members of the other halls. Temporary captains will be selected next week and the men will be chosen for the teams. Each team is to consist of the regular nine men and one substitute, and will play two games each week. A staff of umpires will be selected from the faculty and older college men. The games will be played evenings in the gymnasium, where several new flaming arc-lights have been installed and an armory size diamond laid out. Those who wish to become members of the league teams should make arrangements at once for joining the gymnasium classes so as to be eligible. Later on we hope to give detailed accounts of the games which should prove of interest to those interested in this indoor form of the national pastime.