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The Gull.

THOMAS A. LAHEY, '11.

TWO lilled wings against the blue
Of heaven's canopy;
A flash of light, a plunge from view,
Into the summer sea.

Two snow-touched pinions dripping foam,
An eager, upward leap,
A strong-wing'd flight unto a home,
That lies along the deep.

Alike in storm, and calm, and lull,
Thou wingest through the sky.
Oh, bright-wi'g'd, light-wing'd, white-wing'd gull,
Tell me, dost ever die?

The Brook-Farm Movement.

FREDERICK W. CARROLL, '12.



MATTHEW ARNOLD, in one of his criticisms, expressed the opinion that the Puritan spirit in America was utterly hostile to the progress of our literature and art. By this statement the eminent English critic came nearer to the underlying cause of America's tardiness in producing a permanent literature than most critics are prepared to admit.

From the earliest writers of the Colonial period American thought has been materially influenced by the strict ideals of Puritanism. It remained for Emerson with his transcendentalism to throw aside the narrowness of religious censorship and to

lift literature to a higher degree of intellectual and spiritual freedom. Puritan principles by their very nature were a detriment to that broad-minded spirit and cultured sympathy which comes from an intimate acquaintance with the world as it is, and which is so essential to the life and development of any literature. Among the early Puritan writers, Anne Bradstreet was perhaps the most highly gifted with literary genius, yet she has not produced anything of especial merit, nor have any of her contemporaries, so severely was their taste compromised by the prejudice of their religious environment. Even among the secular writers of a later period a spirit of narrowness and pessimism prevailed which was far from encouraging to the struggling efforts of our infant literature.

The spirit of Puritan prejudice, however, was native with New England, and was not at all in harmony with the general sentiment of the country, which in the early years of the nineteenth century began rapidly to lose its provincial character, coming into closer relationship with the literature and ideas of other nations. In New York the grace and humor of Irving's exquisite style, together with Cooper's brilliant novels, lent new coloring to American letters, and merited the commendation of European critics who were wont to compare literature in general to their high standards of literary excellence. A little later a new impulse began to manifest itself in Puritan New England; an impulse which soon developed into a strong reaction against restraint in matters social, intellectual and spiritual. It prepared the way for the Unitarians, whose aim and tendency it was to provide greater freedom of thought of every form, without in any

sense becoming identified with dogmatic denominations.

Prominent among the leaders of the Unitarian movement were Dr. Channing and Andrews Norton, both descendants of Anne Bradstreet, learned and scholarly men who had at heart greater freedom in philosophical speculation and research. From the Unitarians a class of cultured *littérateurs* now arose. The transcendental group, as the new school was popularly styled, counted among its adherents such men as Emerson, Theodore Parker, Bronson Alcott, Thoreau, George Ripley and others. With the exception of Ripley, who is of interest by reason of his connection with the Brook-Farm Movement, all these names were closely identified with American letters.

The ideas of the new school were decidedly an elevation above the ordinary experiences and traditions of life. Vague and æsthetic to a high extreme, they still possessed much that was noble and of human interest. The experiment at Brook Farm was a sincere effort to put these ideas into actual practice, and Ripley was looked upon as its most earnest supporter.

Why the new school should be designated as transcendental in its ideas was, however, a question. Even its chief exponent, Emerson himself, could not tell. It was a term, he says, "given nobody knows by whom or when it was applied." It was a term which had no apology for its existence other than that it was allied in some way or other to mystic philosophy. Even in this sense the term is loosely applied, inasmuch as mysticism as defined can show no solid basis of reasoning, but delights in its own wild speculations, without being capable of reasoned demonstration. Transcendentalism as manifested in New England was something more than this. It was a distinct effort to arise above Puritan influence and bigotry, and to place the operations of thought, literary and religious, in a sphere of its own, where it could expand free and untrammelled by restraint. At the outset the movement was characterized by sincerity and ardent enthusiasm, which increased to such an extent that the common routine of life came to be regarded with disdain, and its enthusiasts began to seek exclusion from the existing order of society.

In this tendency to escape from the obligations of human society lay the principal error of the new school. It was,

employed

In forming models to improve the scheme
Of man's existence and recast the world.

It lost its hold on popular sympathy and was pronounced too visionary for practical purposes. Its hold upon the literary spirits of the period, however, was secure. Besides those already referred to, nearly all writers of note were interested in its development. This serves to prove that the movement was not altogether a poet's dream. Ripley was above all sincere in his theories. To him the new ideas meant a regeneration of the soul and mind and a closer union with God by a better understanding of nature. He saw in them the dawn of a new era, intellectual, spiritual and social. He preached his doctrines at first in the pulpit and on the platform, but his ardor soon led him to gather about him as many of the new school as possible in order to found the community at Brook Farm, where he could establish a social order on the loftiest ideals.

The project was put into effect in the spring of 1841. Ripley found little difficulty in finding ready sympathizers in his scheme. With thirty or so members he purchased a tract of land of nearly two hundred acres in West Roxbury near Boston. He had gathered about him editors, poets and prose writers of varied distinctions. The *Dial*, which was the official organ of the Transcendental school, found among these literary lights its chief supporters. Ripley was one of its original founders, and he had engaged Margaret Fuller as its editor in co-operation with Emerson, and with such writers as Bronson Alcott, Theodore Parker, Thoreau and others, Transcendentalism found an effective means of expression.

The site selected for the new abode of thought and culture was well adapted to the refined temperaments of its members. Surrounded with a wealth of country scenery, fresh meadows and verdant woodlands, hills and dales on all sides, it was well calculated to promote that spiritual exaltation for which they so fondly hoped.

The study of philosophy was made to harmonize with the study and pursuit of agriculture. Each and every person in the establishment took an active part in the labor of the field and garden. It was in this manner that they hoped to come close to the very heart of nature, and under the sunshine and beauty of the clear blue sky of heaven to secure the highest development of mind and soul. Bound together by no constitution they lived in the spirit of the most absolute freedom which it was possible to attain. Devoting an equal amount of attention to intellectual and bodily culture, everything seemed favorable for the success of the enterprise from the ideal point of view. But it was only from this view-point that success was considered, as indeed an ideal which tends to isolate men from the sympathy of their fellow-men can hope for little success from a temporary source.

During the first three years of its existence the community had little or nothing in common with socialistic or communistic principles as we understand them. Unlike Communism, it did not seek to do away with private property or enterprise. It differed from Socialism in so far as it was selfish in its tendencies. All lived in relation to one another on the principle that each should derive from the society in proportion to what he should put into it; they could contribute towards its maintenance by their labor or by payment of their cost of living; they shared a common table, provided common entertainment, and promoted the spirit of the most liberal toleration or belief. They sought to practise the highest Christian virtues and to cultivate the disposition of cheerfulness and ready courtesy while ever avoiding any sanction of an established system of ethical rules. It was indeed an application of the thought and sentiment of the times, which Emerson was championing with such startling boldness. It was the carrying out of his doctrine that man should be free from the influence of traditional teaching. He says: "Why should not we also enjoy an original relation to the universe? Why should not we have a poetry and philosophy of insight and not of tradition?" These were the guiding inspirations at Brook Farm, and although Emerson disclaimed to join the community,

he nevertheless felt keen sympathy with its ideals which accorded so well with his own.

The whole undertaking wound itself closely about the career of Ripley. From first to last he was most zealous and energetic to crown it with success. It was his preaching put into practice, a transference of his speculations to working principles, the interpretation of the gospel as he conceived it. It was the fulfillment of Dr. Channing's hope for 'an association of which the members instead of seeking to put one another down, would unite, striving after mutual elevation and spiritual growth.' "The spirit was one of belief in the power of light and love, in natural truth and justice, and persuaded that the world could be helped by nothing else, they excluded competition and the ordinary rules of trade." The cause of education in the most liberal spirit of the Romantic School, the attainment of the best that life could give, were the basic principles of the enterprise. To treat their efforts with full justice in a mere account would indeed be difficult, for the inspiration and genius that sustained Brook Farm was something beyond popular appreciation and sympathy, especially at this remote date.

In its bearing upon current literature in New England, and upon subsequent American literature, the movement was certainly direct and vital. It saw the barriers of Puritan disapproval of progress removed and a new vigor and energy infused into thought. It marked the transition of that staid conservatism of the New England spirit to one of freedom and tolerance which has characterized American literary expression since Emerson, from whom it may be said to have received its present vivacity and power. This is obvious when we remember that Brook Farm was the centre of transcendental teaching which received its greatest support from the Emersonian school, vague and uncertain though it was. Margaret Fuller, who was co-editor with Emerson on the *Dial*, was imbued with the Brook Farm spirit, though she never became an active member; for that matter neither did Channing, Theodore Parker and Thoreau. Yet they were chief among the Transcendentalists.

This period also witnessed the launching of other projects similar to that at Brook Farm. In fact, society in general seemed to be undergoing a system of reform, both in America and abroad. The theories of Charles Fourier were meeting with recognition everywhere, and in this country they received the most ready acceptance in the editorials of Horace Greeley. The views of the French socialist, which pertained to mutual co-operation among individuals, gave rise to many institutions, which were known as "phalanxes." It was not long before the pliant minds of Ripley and his associates at Brook Farm became interested in this scientific system, and the lapse of a short time saw the management change from one of independent indifference to one of ordered routine. The celestial aspirations of Transcendental philosophy became transformed into the stern considerations and demands of practical life, and the genius and spirit of the original movement began to cool. The charm which had so irresistibly attracted toward Brook Farm now changed into a commonplace reality of life as it is, with all the defects of human nature still as prominent and as wearisome as they ever were. Temporary success accompanied the change, but interest had died with the individuality of Brook Farm, and its dissolution was a foregone conclusion. Financial difficulties were followed by a series of reverses, and finally a fire, which destroyed valuable property, completed its failure. Ripley felt the disaster more keenly than any of his associates, as it was a personal failure for him, meaning as it did a shattering of his life's hopes.

The movement failed in its original objects, but its sentiments and ideals lived on in the shape of higher thinking. The essays of Emerson breathe its spirit still, but with the fulness of time even they shall cease to attract and fascinate with their glitter and music, and the shallowness of Emerson's philosophy will become the more striking. It may not be too much to say that the few simple lines of poetry which survive him will be read with interest long after his prose writings will be forgotten, which at one time led sincere souls to such extravagances of thought as were indulged in at Brook Farm.

Varsity Verse.

JOE CANNONISM.

ALL the kings of the earth have power,
And the presidents, too, have some;
But there's not in the whole world a ruler,
Who can look on and make things hum
Like dear little uncle Joey,
The man who is always there,
Enshrined in undying glory
In the 'Speaker's majestic chair.

Why! he runs the whole House, does Cannon—
He's a king and a president too—
And he has there an absolute system
Such as Russia or Turkey ne'er knew.
He can pass any measure he pleases,
He can turn any down that he wills;
Unlike him who rules in the Senate,
He himself can discourse on the bills.

When the President wants legislation
He must ask the consent of our Joe,
He will grant it or veto at pleasure,
He will smile and say "Yes," or growl "No."
For he, he is "it," and he uses
His power for all that it's worth.
If there's ever a union of nations,
Joe would make a good king of the earth.

G. J. F.

A COMPARISON.

Perturbed by every passing breeze,
The sport of wind and wave,
Now whirled across the dreary leas,
Now where the billows rave.

No fixed course the sand grain takes,
No cherished goal it gains;
A nomad when the dawn awakes,
No rest at night attains.

And thus the weakling's days are spent
A slave to base desire,
Ill-motived, by false cravings bent,
Consumed by passion's fire.

A vagrant on Life's barren leas,
Unfixed upon Time's strand;
Borne on by instinct's low decrees,
One-of an outcast band.

T. A. C.

THANKSGIVING.

Responsive throbs the human heart
In gratitude sincere,
For good or ill, both have a part,
To crown a fruitful year. F. M. C.

Spudders' Exposure.

—
 GEORGE J. FINNIGAN, '10.
 —

Mr. Sharp, the disciplinarian at Creig College, looked thoughtful and troubled as he went about the school. Everyone noticed this, for he had never failed to cheer and help the students under his care, and they missed his kind smile and little attentions.

"I wonder what's the matter," said Clark to one of the seniors, down on the big campus during the morning recreation.

"I don't know," answered Spudders, who had come to think highly of Mr. Sharp, and he shook his fiery red head thoughtfully, "but I'm going to find out, for I think he's a prince, the way he uses us fellows."

"Oh! leave him alone," said a voice from a bench near by, "I don't see where the prince comes in. He has done nothing but soak me since I've been here. I guess he's worried about a complaint I made to him. I think I'll quit this place." Everyone looked at the speaker. It was Wicker, and no one was surprised, for he was the most brainless and egotistical fellow in the school. Always complaining, always boasting, he had gained the dislike of all. In spite of their aversion for him, however, everyone tolerated him except Clark. Spudders especially had always shown a manly sympathy towards Wicker. Wicker appreciated this and often did things for Spudders that no one else could have made him do. Clark simply couldn't stand the fellow, and never failed to show it.

"Say, Wicker," he said, "if you'd quit, we'd all miss you a lot!" He was bubbling over with anger. No one spoke for a while. Wicker walked away, swearing vengeance in his heart, for he felt that Clark was his worst enemy, and everyone knew it. Well, he'd get even sometime.

Clark turned to Spudders: "Confound that Yap, some one ought to trim him. He's getting unbearable." Spudders knew that Clark was right. He himself had often thought that he would like to teach Wicker a lesson or two. There wasn't a man in the school but would have rejoiced at the example.

Recreation soon came to a close, and

Spudders walked into the disciplinarian's office. Mr. Sharp stood by the window looking thoughtfully out across the lawn. He turned when he heard the door open.

"Well, what can I do for you, Spudders?"

Spudders looked out from his freckles and red hair, and felt a little timid about what he should say. At last he began:

"I thought perhaps something was going wrong, Mr. Sharp, and the fellows want to help you."

The disciplinarian did not answer for a while. He knew he could trust Spudders, but asked himself if the youth could in reality help him. Suddenly he hit upon a plan; his face lighted up, and he said:

"Something is a little wrong and I think perhaps you can help me. Sit down. Wicker has been coming to me nearly every day this week, saying that something has been stolen from his room on the previous night. One time it was a gold paper-knife, another time a fountain-pen, again a clock, a book, and the last time a pocket-book. I don't know just what to think of it. One night I went to his room about ten o'clock and stayed until half-past two. That was night before last. Last night the pocket-book was taken. Wicker says the worst enemy he has is Clark, who sleeps next door to him, and he speaks as though he thought Clark did it."

"I don't believe Clark would do a thing like that," broke in Spudders.

"I don't myself. I wish you would stay with Wicker to-night, unknown to anyone but himself, and see what you can do."

Spudders agreed and left the office. He found Wicker down in the yard. When Wicker heard the plan he very quickly agreed to it, for he didn't like the idea of having a thief enter his room when he was asleep, and moreover, he had a great respect for Spudders.

That night about ten o'clock Spudders went to Wicker's room. A couch had been prepared for him on the opposite side of the room from Wicker's bed. Wicker said he would sit up and watch, but Spudders thought it better for both to retire, as he himself was a light sleeper. Wicker was soon asleep, but Spudders lay awake. About two o'clock he heard a noise and sat up on his couch. The moon shone in through the

window and lit up the whole room. He sat still scarcely able to move. He looked attentively towards the table, watched closely for a few moments, then laughed heartily to himself. He understood all now. About five minutes later Wicker awoke. He started from his bed and called, "Spudders."

Spudders turned on the light and went over to the bed. The window was open, and this scared Wicker.

"I've seen him," said Spudders; "he took a bottle of toilet water from the table."

"Did he open that window?"

"Yes."

"Who was it? Why didn't you grab him?" moaned the exasperated Wicker.

"I was pretty much frightened and could not get a very good look at him. I wanted to grab him and throw him out, but—well—I didn't."

Wicker had now braced up and declared that if he had been awake he would have fixed the fellow. Spudders could scarcely help smiling. "A fat fixing you'd give," he said to himself. Aloud, however:

"After we make sure of the guy you can trim—. I have a little plan. The fellow didn't see me—I suppose I should have grabbed him—so to-morrow night I'll come again and bring my camera. Just when he's in the act of stealing I'll turn on the light and take a flash of him."

"A good idea," said Wicker, "and I'll see that every man in the school gets a look at the picture. That would be too mean, do you say? He deserves it, for I think I know who it is."

"Well! have your way." Both retired.

In the morning Spudders called on Mr. Sharp, and spent about an hour with him. As they came out of the room together, Wicker was going down the corridor. "I'm glad you have succeeded, Spudders," said Mr. Sharp. "As soon as you make sure, I can proceed." Wicker heard and stopped.

"I think the fellow, whoever he is—and I have my suspicions—ought to be publicly exposed."

"Don't be too hard, Wicker, there's a chance that some one may be playing a trick. Put yourself in his place."

"If I ever did such things even in fun, I'd deserve a ducking in the river, and this fellow does too."

"I will not allow him to be abused," answered Mr. Sharp.

"We'll see." And Wicker blustered down the corridor.

Evening came, and Spudders again went to Wicker's room. He placed his camera on a tripod in a position to take in a good share of the room. At ten both retired, and in spite of Wicker's determination to remain awake, he fell asleep about midnight. Even Spudders dozed a little. About half-past one he awoke with a start, dimly conscious that there was some one in the room. He looked towards the table and could make out a figure leaning over. He slipped from his couch noiselessly and watched. The figure moved towards the window. He could not see the features for the moon was dim. A minute passed. The window was slowly raised and the figure turned his face about. Spudders felt that now was his chance. He opened the slide of his camera and lit the flash powder. The room was intensely bright for a moment, then all was dark again. The light blinded Spudders so that he couldn't see for a minute. When he could, the figure had retired. Later he went over to Wicker's bed and woke him. Wicker jumped up.

"Was he here? Did you catch him? Who is it? Say! turn on the light." Spudders turned on the light. The window was open.

"Yes, he was here, and I've got his picture."

"Who was it?"

"I couldn't see his face well, the flash light blinded me, but I've got his picture anyway. I'm going in to develop it now."

"He took my gold watch," exclaimed Wicker who was up looking around the table.

"Don't mind, when we find who it is, he'll have to refund everything." Spudder left the room.

The next morning as Wicker was going down to breakfast, he saw Spudders coming from Mr. Sharp's room. He immediately accosted him:

"Did you develop the plate? Who is it?"

"Yes! I developed the plate. I showed it to Mr. Sharp, and we decided it is best not to tell you until the time comes to expose him. You know you might be tempted to punish him yourself, and that

would spoil it all." The allusion to his personal strength partly satisfied Wicker.

"I guess you're right," he acquiesced, "but I think I ought to know, just the same."

"Well! I'll tell you this much, the fellow is the worst enemy you have in the school. Don't ask any more," and Spudders walked away, after having fixed the afternoon recreation as the best time to expose the thief.

Wicker walked slowly down to breakfast. It was his worst enemy. Who could that be but Clark? Clark roomed next to him. Clark was the only man in the school who showed by his outward conduct that he thoroughly despised Wicker. By the time he had reached the dining-room, he felt confident that the thief was Clark. How he would enjoy his downfall!

Spudders spent the rest of the morning printing the picture on post-cards and by noon had about two hundred finished. Meanwhile Wicker was not able to keep quiet about the affair, and before dinner nearly every man in the college had been told that Wicker and Spudders together had discovered a thief in the school, and would expose him in the afternoon. Wicker made himself the hero of the story. He had suffered by the theft, and he was going to get satisfaction. When asked who it was he answered: "It's my worst enemy. I guess you can realize who that is," and he looked around knowingly. He even intimated to one or two that it was Clark. This news soon spread around, and Clark, Wicker and Spudders became the subject of many whispered conversations.

As a consequence, when the students gathered in the gymnasium during the afternoon recreation, everyone was worked up to a high pitch of excitement. Wicker stood in the middle of the crowd, complacent. He looked towards the swimming tank at the end of the gymnasium. He had ordered it filled with cold water, not knowing that Spudders had given a similar order a little while before. A few minutes passed and then Spudders came into the room. Clark soon followed. He immediately mixed in with the crowd, and appeared to say something to several fellows. Spudders carried a large pasteboard box which was covered. He made a motion to Wicker, who climbed

upon a stool. Everyone became quiet. Wicker began to speak.

"There's a thief in this school. He has been entering my room nearly every night and taking something valuable. I don't think we ought to stand it. Spudders and I have found him out, and to prove our statement we have a picture of him stealing my watch. I will not say who it is, but will let you see for yourselves." The crowd began to show signs of indignation. Some one cried, "Who is it? To the tank with him!" This pleased Wicker. "Yes!" he shouted, "he ought to go in the tank, the water's good and cold."—"To the tank!" the students cried. Wicker turned to Spudders.

"Show them the picture."

Spudders took the cover from the box that he carried, and scattered the post-cards that he had amongst the crowd. Wicker seized one triumphantly. He looked at it, but what he saw staggered him. He looked into his own face. There could be no mistake. The picture showed him in his night shirt, standing by an open window with a watch in his hand, as if he were about to drop it out. Underneath the picture was written, "The Somnambulist." The truth dawned on Wicker. Shame seized him and he stepped down from his stool to escape, but he did not take many steps. The crowd was by this time in an uproar. Wicker's heart sickened as he heard some one cry: "Give him what he wanted to give." He was grabbed up and borne toward the end of the gymnasium. A moment later he felt himself raised high in the air—there was a cry, a loud shout, and he landed in the ice-cold water of the tank. When he came to the surface he saw several hundred grinning faces about the water and heard as many triumphant shouts. He crawled onto the ground ashamed and humiliated. The crowd seized him again, but Clark restrained them, shouting: "That's enough, fellows, let him go." Wicker made a hasty retreat toward his room. As he passed through the corridor he met Mr. Sharp. The prefect looked at him kindly, but Wicker hung his head in shame and passed on.

Arrived at his room, he changed his clothes, and began to pack his trunk. He would leave: his pride could not brook the humiliation he had received. In the midst

of his work he sat down and thought. He had been made a fool of. Was it just? "No," his pride answered, but his conscience said: "You *are* a fool." This answer staggered him and he began to see himself.

Just at that moment there was a knock at the door. It was probably Mr. Sharp. Wicker sprang to his feet, began to finish packing and cried angrily: "Come in." The door opened and Spudders walked in.

"Not going, Wicker?" he said.

"Yes, I'm going, and you're to blame," he cried. "I didn't think this of you, Spudders." His anger got the better of him. "I don't believe I did it in spite of the picture."

"Come with me, Wicker, and I'll show you." Wicker didn't know why he did it, but he followed Spudders. They descended the stairs and went out to the lawn. The shrubbery and vines about the hall were very thick. Spudders fell on his hands and knees and crawled into the bushes followed by Wicker. After a few moments of tedious work they came under Wicker's window. "Look," said the leader, "there they are." Scattered on the ground and hanging on the bushes were all the stolen articles. Here was the proof of the deed. Wicker turned red and again his humiliation burst upon him. "I'm a fool," he said, "and the sooner I get away from here the better."

They gathered the articles and walked back to the room in silence. Spudders set down the goods that he carried and laying his hand on Wicker's shoulder said gravely:

"Don't go, Wicker. Brace up, and live this thing down. You can do it. I would if I were in your place."

Wicker looked at him steadily and said:

"Would you?"

"Yes," answered the red-head, "I would." Don't go until evening anyway. Sit down and think it over."

The next morning Wicker appeared as usual at breakfast. The lesson had done its work. From that time on Wicker was a changed man. Boasting and egotism found no place in his actions. He and Clark became fast friends, and Wicker's sympathetic tolerance turned to a lively interest. If anyone ever spoke to Wicker of the change, he simply said: "Cameras and cold baths are a good thing sometimes."

Miracle Plays.

RALPH W. NEWTON.

Before the suppression of the monasteries throughout the kingdom of England, the monks made the city of Warwickshire very famous for the pageants they presented there on Corpus Christi day. These were sometimes called the Coventry Mysteries or Miracle Plays. People came from far and near to view these plays, which were built up around the stories of the Old and New Testament, composed in the old English rhyme. The actors were treated with great reverence by the Grey Friars, who had theatres with several scenes, very large and high, placed upon wheels and made ready to be drawn into the principal parts of the city, so that all the spectators might be able to witness the performance. In a way the plays were a help to the city of Warwickshire. Hundreds of people could have been seen entering the city on foot and on horseback during the summer months. All these people either stayed at the public inns or at some private house which reaped a goodly income every year for the lucky landlords. These plays were considered no small event by the people of England as shown by the interest displayed by nobility and commons alike. In 1483 Richard III. visited Coventry to see the plays, and in 1492 they were attended by Henry VII. and his queen, by whom they were highly recommended.

During this period the monks were probably the best playwrights. They would take some favorite story out of the New Testament and make a play out of it, using their own judgment in the make-up of it. Sometimes parts would be left out, while at other times, they would introduce some very curious incidents. As to their dress, scenery and decorations little is at present known. However, in the city of Chester, about this same time, there were twenty-four plays presented by the trading companies of the city. Every company had its own actors and a *pagianti*, which was divided into two parts and placed on four wheels. The lower section was constructed for use as a dressing-room, while the upper one was open to the spectators. There was little scenery, so that

while the play was going on it never took long to change the place of action. The first performance would always begin at the outskirts of the city or the city gates. They would then pull the *pagianti* before the house, and after giving a performance would move from street to street until dark. Later, however, stages were built in the streets.

One of the most noted plays of this period was "The Boy-Bishop," which was always acted at Nicholas-tide. At one time this play became so popular that nearly every parish had its St. Nicholas. Other plays of importance were, "Mary Magdalen," "Castell of Perseverance," "The Raising of Lazarus," "The Hanging of Judas," and hundreds of others which were destroyed in later years. There was one especially notable that they used to play at York, dealing with the history of St. Joseph and the Blessed Virgin up to the time of Nativity, which really contained three plays in one. They were, "The Death of Mary," "The Appearance of St. Thomas," "The Assumption," and "Coronation." The speeches were assigned to a Doctor, but in York were delivered by a personage called *Contemplacio*. Death is discussed, and a long prologue in regard to a life in heaven is spoken by *Pax*, *Justicia* and *Veritas*.

Originally these holy plays or miracle plays were acted in the churches by priests and their assistants. But they apparently became so popular that they were acted in the courtyards, so that all could see the play. As the years rolled by the original performers were excluded and the common people took their places. At one time when the plays were held in the fields, the common people would enter the list as competitors with the clergy, while the wandering jugglers or actors were always ready to aid either, where one side lacked in number.

During Henry VIII's reign, almost all monasteries throughout England were either torn down or converted into castles, private houses and inns. These old buildings contained vast libraries, but these were either burned or sold. A man by the name of Leland was commissioned by Henry to search for old books. Although he rescued many they were very seldom put into the king's library, but were used to increase his own collection. Sometimes a whole library

could be bought for no more than 40 shillings.

At one time a merchant bought a library for a very small amount and used the books for his fire. It is said that at the end of the first ten years he had enough books left to last him another ten years. Among these thousands of books that were destroyed during Henry's reign, a good share of them came from the monasteries. And probably one-half of the books in each monastery were written on some miracle taken from the Testaments. The monks and friars were carried beyond the seas, and in some instances whole ship loads of their books were sent with them to some foreign country.

The Miracle Plays did not survive very long after the monks left. The common people soon grew tired of them, and in the end the great days were left uncelebrated. The outgrowth of these plays are the Punch and Judy shows one sees to-day in England. They have the stage on four wheels, just as the old monks had, but they do not bring out the meaning or convey the learning that the Miracle Plays did in their time.

The Fable of the Good Boy.

There lived two Youths at a Hall not far Distant. One was a Good Boy who loved his Teachers and his School. The other Boy was a Naughty Boy, who took a Skive and made Rough-House. One evening Naughty Boy persuaded Good Boy to visit friends in the neighboring Village where was a Pink Tea. In a moment of weakness Good Boy consented and they both faded into the Gloom after the Evening Meal. They had a Lovely Time: danced, chatted with Fair Maidens, exchanged Pennants and caught the Last Car home. Naughty Boy scaled the high walls like a Dream, for he had been there before. Good Boy, who was not on to the Job, slipped from the First Story and sprained his ankle. The Prefect heard the Commotion and turned the Spotlight on Innocence below. Next day Good Boy appeared on the Carpet and was told to change his Residence. Naughty Boy was first in Chapel early that Morning and wore a Pious Face at prayer.

Moral: The heights by great men reached and kept
Were not attained by sudden flight;
But they while their companions slept
Were toiling upward in the night. L. C.

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—A student body is bound to be versatile; it is in the nature of things. A school like Notre Dame, that draws its patronage from every state and every

Student Activities. land, and from so many different walks of life, presents a many-sided appearance. But this many-sidedness has its limitations. There is too often a tendency to form cliques. We are none of us broad enough; we can never be. But there is an abundance of physical and mental "narrow-backs," and the world is continually regretting their existence. Let us inspect a few of the most prevalent types. Here we have the subject with the receding jaw and the forget-me-not expression who sits on the top bleachers and yells "bone-head" during the progress of the game; a little farther down the line, the little could-be athlete intrudes his obnoxious presence and tells us the why and wherefore; next in line is the man who tells why the school paper could not get along without him; then there is the "peanut-minded person" who is continually bewailing the rise of football at the expense of the classics. We miss one type. He is toasting in his room. Possibly we should say *sizzling*; it suggests less solidity of substance. These other types have a

certain amount of energy; this individual has but one activity: he is a chronic fault-finder. If we belong to any one of these types, or to any of the many equally offensive ones, we should try to get away from ourselves for a while. If one is a ten-second man and can make a speech besides, well and good; if one can sing a song or write a few lines of verse in addition so much the better. If a person can do none of these let him not find fault with those who can. Spread out. Get out this week for the hall track team; get out next week for the hall debating team; get out the week after and practise baseball. Organize a rowing club and join the dramatic club. Be as many-sided as possible.

—The practical utterances of the preacher at the students' Mass last Sunday should furnish food for serious reflection, and it should not be taken amiss that they find echo in these columns. A protest against the widespread profanation

of the Divine Name is always in season; and it is fitting that special expression should be given to this protest on the day set apart by the Church to particularly honor this hallowed Name. We can not ignore the moral side of this question; God's creatures should be ever mindful of their duty to their Maker, and they never can excuse themselves to their consciences for any disrespect or irreverence or open violation of His Name. But for practical purposes we may consider another side of this abuse. To say the least, the profanation of God's Name, whether by blaspheming, cursing, swearing, or simply irreverence, is not the act of a gentleman, and its punishment by society is accomplished with the same rigid severity that meets other lapses of courtesy. It is a practical question that confronts every man every day. If a man in search of work asks for it with an oath on his lips, it does not stand to reason that he will receive the same generous treatment that is accorded his more urbane fellow-searcher. If a man in search of a profitable investment is greeted with a curse by the banker or broker, his first and most lasting impression of that man is a disagreeable one. To say that every irreverent use of the

Divine Name is malicious would be indeed unjust, for much is the result of environment and habit; but no man is so depraved that he can not make some effort to overcome both environment and habit. Thoughtlessness is the cause of much profanity, but a man who seriously regards himself and his duties to God and to society will not be thoughtless in so serious a matter. And it is not a fault that can not be overcome. What man of any worth is there who, no matter how much he may be addicted to the habit, will not guard himself carefully in the presence of his mother and sisters? There is no reason why he should not do the same in the presence of gentlemen and in the omnipresence of God. As a moral issue, the profanation of the Divine Name is a serious sin; as a practical issue, it is bad policy, and natural as well as supernatural means should be employed to check it.

—GENTLEMEN:—I have read with no little surprise the bland announcement in the SCHOLASTIC of January 15, that "the idea of a Knights of Columbus Council at Notre Dame is crystallizing, slowly, of course, but surely." It further remarks "An Excited Correspondent that now "there is no apparent doubt as to its feasibility."

The statement to which I most strongly object is that there is no apparent doubt as to the feasibility. There are some who have voiced their protests against the proposed idea, but it seems they have been ignored. Since last Saturday, we have even more reason to object, for we have witnessed the process of semi-coercion by which candidates are secured.

I see no reason why the Notre Dame Knights should divorce themselves from the South Bend Council. Contact with outsiders will do much more good than a crystallization within one's own petty province. The organization of a Council, with club rooms on the University grounds, is diametrically opposed to the idea of democracy which Notre Dame has always so rigidly taught and practised. Fraternities have been strictly forbidden, and yet a K. of C. Council is organized in our very midst. Finally, I fail to see how the society can ever attain any degree of stability, since it will be almost entirely transient in character. This K. of C. organization here is at present in its effervescent state. The momentary enthusiasm created by a few smooth orators is its only cause for existence, and when this influence ceases, the idea "that is slowly crystallizing" will die a natural death.

I don't suppose you will publish this letter, but I believe that you should, in justice to a large number of SCHOLASTIC readers.

Respectfully,

A CONSTANT READER.

Board of Editors,

Notre Dame SCHOLASTIC.

It should not prove a source of surprise to anybody why the Knights of Columbus residing here at Notre Dame should make a serious effort to organize a council of that organization at the University. There are a hundred members, all of them full of the spirit that characterizes the true Knight. They live together, sharing in equal opportunities and working along similar lines of thought. They are not children any of them. And if they find that a council of their order here at Notre Dame will prove beneficial to their *Alma Mater* and to themselves, it seems eminently fitting for them to have one. If the Notre Dame Knights of Columbus receive permission to establish a council, if their plans are approved by the officials of the University, then it would seem the "protests" of "outsiders" is more or less a matter of bad manners. And we can hardly see that the opinion voiced by our Constant Reader is other than a personal matter, as it is the only protest thus far heard. "Contact with outsiders," says Constant Reader, "will do much more good than a crystallization within one's own petty province." A membership of a hundred is no "petty province," and Constant Reader may rest assured there will be no crystallization. "The organization of a council on the University grounds is diametrically opposed to the idea of democracy which Notre Dame has always so rigidly taught and practised." The K. of C. is not a college fraternity. It is not a university society as such. It is a society numbering some two hundred thousand Catholic men, priests and laity, with councils in every state in the Union, in Mexico and South America. It is the purpose of the Knights here to have one such council in order to derive a more immediate benefit from the organization. And then says C. R. "I fail to see how the society can ever attain any degree of stability since it will be almost entirely transient in character." C. R. confounds society and council. But let that pass. Just how a council which is a part of an organization of two hundred thousand members is "transient," only the brain of our Constant R. can conceive. One could wish the correspondent had given this subject more consideration before rushing into print. It is well worth his best thought.

The Corby Memorial Fund.

As forecasted in our first report many alumni, old students and friends were reminded by the published list of donors to send in their contributions. No doubt each succeeding report will help to swell the Fund. We ought to contribute at least three or four thousand dollars to the Corby Memorial, and we are still far from the first thousand.

Following is a complete report up to date:

William L. Dechant.....	\$25
John W. Eggeman.....	5
William Dillon.....	3
William P. Breen.....	5
Rev. John J. Burke.....	5
Rev. John M. Byrne.....	5
Michael J. Baasen.....	5
Orville T. Chamberlain.....	5
Timothy E. Howard.....	5
Rev. J. P. Quinn.....	10
Very Rev. Frank O'Brien.....	50
Rev. Denis J. Clarke.....	25
Ambrose O'Connell.....	1
M. J. McEniry.....	5
Colonel William Hoynes.....	12
Most Rev. Archbishop Riordan.....	25
Peter M. Ragan.....	5
Rev. E. J. McLaughlin.....	25
Rev. A. E. Otis, S. J.....	5
Rev. John Dinnen.....	5
M. T. O'Dea.....	10
Rev. P. J. Dwan.....	5
Rev. T. O'Sullivan.....	25
J. H. Fenrick.....	25
W. H. Barron.....	5
J. V. Diener.....	1
F. A. Phillips.....	5
W. F. Hake.....	5
J. P. Sheils.....	5
R. W. Healy.....	10
J. J. McErlain.....	5
J. L. Morgan.....	25
H. O'Donnell.....	1
L. Gilbert.....	10
R. M. Roberts.....	10
Max Juraschek.....	1
Total.....	379

Without desiring to make invidious comparisons we may be permitted to call attention to the fact that the largest check thus far received has come from one who while he wears our Doctor's degree was never a student at the University. But Very Rev. Frank O'Brien is noted for his generosity. Three other contributions which on account of special circumstances, will be recognized as representing exceptional goodwill and loyalty are those of Ambrose O'Connell, Max Juraschek and John Diener.

Knights of Columbus Meeting.

The Knights of Columbus Club held its regular meeting last Tuesday. After the routine business had been disposed of, the matter of establishing a permanent Council of Knights of Columbus at Notre Dame was taken up for discussion. Purely as a matter of conservatism Mr. Joseph Murphy enumerated several objections to such a course. His arguments were very convincingly answered by Prof. Reis in a carefully prepared dissertation upon the benefits to be derived from the formation of a Council at the University. Other members of the Club continued the discussion, the sentiment displayed being entirely in favor of the stand taken by Prof. Reis. It was decided to furnish club rooms in Walsh Hall for the present. Forty-six applications for initiation were presented to the secretary and a committee appointed to take up the matter of having the new men initiated as members of a Notre Dame Council. The eloquent speeches delivered during the course of the evening and the large number of Knights present made the meeting unique in its enthusiasm.

Lecture by Max Pam.

On Thursday, January 13th, Max Pam, the noted lawyer and sociologist of Chicago, appeared before a Notre Dame audience in Washington Hall and discoursed learnedly on the influence of religion in good government. The text of the lecture will appear in the SCHOLASTIC within a few weeks. Mr. Pam is an authority on subjects of social and educational interest, and unlike a great number of modern thinkers, recognizes and gives full credit to the essential quality of religion in all departments of social activity. The importance of religion to good government makes it a necessity in education. At the conclusion of his lecture, Mr. Pam announced that he had made the University the trustee for a fund of one thousand dollars to be given as a prize for the best thesis or book to be submitted on the subject of the element of religion in education. The terms and conditions of the prize will be announced in a later issue of the SCHOLASTIC.

Safety Valve.

Madden says that the Sophomore English quiz is a bore. Does that argue for or against it?

*
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Simply as a suggestion, might not the state clubs take advantage of the temporary lull to get into the limelight?

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Very fittingly the residents of Walsh Hall have been christened the Smart Set. We devotionally hope this smartness will mean chiefly a hungering for the lore of books.

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Up to Thursday, Old College was not represented on the score card of the bowling alley. It must be remembered O. C. has a show of its own.

*
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"The snow, the snow, the beaut—rats!

*
**

We are pleased with a split infinitive to cheerfully announce the stealthy march of Lent.

*
**

Don't forget your heavy underwear in this open winter.

*
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Friends of Mr. Wm. Brady will be pleased to mark his presence after a rather violent attack of indisposition.

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From high philosophical circles comes the information that "Copper" and Zinc would make a good battery.

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That Fourth Degree!

 Obituary.

Mr. Joseph Parker, whose son John Parker was a student here in 1906, passed away at Portsmouth, Va., January 1. He was a distinguished confederate veteran of the Civil War. The SCHOLASTIC extends the prayerful sympathy of the community and student body to the bereaved relatives.

Personals.

—The address of James A. Woods, student '01-08, is 710 W. Front St., Los Angeles, Cal.

—Louis J. Steinkohl, graduate in Pharmacy 1894, has recently started a drug store in South Bend.

—Edward Veazey, student of engineering 1906-9, is Inspector of Bridges at Mount Hope, W. Va.

—Adolph J. Zang, student 1902, is now in business with his brother in Johnstown, Pa. Adolph distinguished himself here as pitcher for the Corby baseball team of that year.

—It will be a pleasure to his many friends among old students to know that Dr. John Stoeckley has been elected Grand Knight of the South Bend Council of Knights of Columbus.

—J. C. O'Neill (C. E., '05) is in charge of construction work for the Chicago, Northwestern Railway Co. at Milford P. O., South Dakota. This will be Mr. O'Neill's address until next summer. The SCHOLASTIC is proud of his success.

—The marriage of Eleanor Wendell Cowles to Mr. Louis Bridge Beardslee is announced to take place at Sturgeon Bay, Wis., Jan. 25th. Mr. Beardslee was a well-known and popular student of his time, and his many friends send greetings for the happy occasion.

—Maximilian J. Jurschek (LL. B. 1908), was a visitor at the University last week. With his expert knowledge of agricultural conditions, gained by a trip around the world on a bicycle last year, "Jury" expects to make a success of the Real Estate business in Chicago.

—Sylvester O'Brien and Harry Garvey, both students of mechanical engineering from 1906-'9, are visiting old friends here this week. Harry is in the employ of the Heine Boiler Company of St. Louis, while "Windy" O'Brien is with the Thorner Motorcycle Company of Aurora, Ill.

—Angus M. McDonald, student 1898-1909, has been appointed Auditor of the Southern Pacific Railroad Company, San Francisco, Cal. It is a very large position for so young a man as it carries with it jurisdiction over the whole Pacific coast. Angus

has charge of offices in various places, the San Francisco office alone counting thirteen hundred clerks. We congratulate Angus on keeping up his batting average to the impressive figure he established for it when he held the sack at first base for the Varsity.

—A peculiarly happy marriage was that which united Byron V. Kanaley (Class '04) and Kate Hamilton Buddeke on the 11th inst. The ceremony was performed in St. Ambrose Church, and was witnessed by a large number of friends, lay and clerical. Mr. Kanaley is well known to all the alumni both for his brilliant record in college and for his prominence in alumni work since his graduation. The bride is a very charming type of Southern culture and beauty. The best wishes of the University go with them for a long and blessed life.

Local Items.

—Freeze or Thaw? That is the question!

—Fifteen hundred demerits were shovelled off during the week.

—A certain Mr. Sherlock has been seen in the vicinity of Sorin Hall lately.

—Lost—A pair of eye-glasses. Finder please return to John C. Tully, Room 215, Sorin Hall.

—Several articles of value, found around the campus, have been left with Brother Alphonsus in Brownson Hall.

—Charles de Lunden's train bulletin, located in the Stationery Store, announces that the slide rules are thirty days late.

—The term examinations will take place January 28 and 29 at the hours and in the rooms where the classes are ordinarily taught.

—Although no definite announcement has yet been made, negotiations have been practically completed for an intercollegiate debate to take place some time in May or late in April.

—The Engineering Society, accompanied by Professors Greene, Benitz and Kelly, left Thursday morning by special car for Chicago, to attend the Electrical Show. A full account of the trip will appear in next week's SCHOLASTIC.

—The St. Joseph Literary Society recently

gave a smoker in their club rooms. A delightful musical and literary program was executed. The affair was largely attended and was one of the most successful informal functions given by the society.

—The Chicago *Record-Herald* of yesterday morning announces that one Chicago coach has already picked the winner of the First Regiment meet to take place at Chicago to-night, giving it as his opinion that Notre Dame will secure the largest number of points.

—The Economics classes have moved from Sorin Hall to Room 42, Main Building. Sophomore English is now taught in Sorin Hall, and Senior English in the Assembly Room of Walsh Hall. The Wednesday class of Division B, Freshman English, has been changed to Tuesday.

—SPECIAL NOTICE.—An energetic and reliable young lawyer wishing to locate in a town of two thousand inhabitants in the State of North Dakota, may learn something to his advantage by communicating with the President of the University. There is a resident priest and a fine Sisterhood in the town.

—The promoters of the proposed Notre Dame Council of the Knights of Columbus have been unusually active during the past week. Their success has far exceeded their most sanguine hopes. Applications for associate membership have been refused on several occasions, as the proposed charter is completely filled.

—The most popular rendezvous at the University this week is the Walsh Hall bowling alley, which was inaugurated last Wednesday. The interhall tournament is to begin soon, but the schedule of contests has not yet been arranged. The high scores for the first twenty-four hours were: Jos. McGlynn (Sorin), 174; Terry Culligan (Walsh), 164; Mickey McMahon (Corby), 161; Hugh Daly (Carroll), 65.

—Augustin Daly's mirthful comedy, "A Night Off," has been selected for presentation on Easter Monday. The Notre Dame Stock Company, under whose auspices the performance will be given, has an abundance of splendid material and the play will, without doubt, be an unqualified success; equally, if not more so, than "The College

Toastmaster" presented on President's Day. The cast will be announced later.

—The members of Walsh Hall met Friday evening for the purpose of organizing a society to carry on social and literary functions in the hall. The club is to be known as the "Walsh Hall Social and Literary Club." An election of officers was held which resulted as follows: Jack Dean, president; Hugh Daly, vice-president; Raymond McConlogue, secretary and treasurer; Thomas Hollywood, reporter; Earl Gardner, sergeant-at-arms. Father Quinlan, the director of the organization, predicts a bright future for the club.

—The University orchestra, under the direction of Prof. Petersen, will begin weekly rehearsals on Monday, January 24, from 4 to 6 p. m. Students who have classes at this time on Monday may be excused from them on application to the Director of Studies. Much more interest should be displayed by the musically inclined students. The convenient arrangement of hours for practice removes the only tenable excuse that has so far been offered, and a full orchestra may now be expected to report. Glee club practice will begin next week. The hour will be definitely arranged this week and announced in the next issue of the SCHOLASTIC.

—Senior and junior members of the Law department were guests last Monday of the Freshman class at an interesting debate on the question, "Resolved, that Suffrage should be extended to womankind." The young lawyers who upheld the affirmative were Messrs. Burke, Scheibelhut and Fink, while Messrs. Quigley, Fish and Costello represented the negative. Spirited arguments were given by both sides, the decision of the judges being in favor of the negative. Debates are held weekly by the class under the direction of Judge Farabaugh, and plenty of material of varsity calibre is expected to be developed.

—The Brownson Hall Literary and Debating Society held its first meeting after the holidays on last Sunday evening, Jan. 16 1910. A number of interesting criticisms on books were rendered as follows: "A Kentucky Cardinal" by E. Jennings, "The Strenuous Life" by J. Devitt, "Webster's Reply to Hayne" by G. Marshall, "Oppor-

tunity" by E. Dallwig, "Means and Ends of Education" by R. Clark, "Things of the Mind" by P. O'Brien, "Talk on Books" by Kosinski and "A Reunited Country" by Burkhard. The following new members were voted into the society, Messrs. Quigley, Cotter and Barker. After the reading of the programs for the next few weeks and remarks by the critic, the meeting was adjourned.

—At a meeting of the Executive Committee of the State Oratorical Association, on January 14, at the Denison Hotel, Indianapolis, final arrangements were made for the state contest to take place in Caleb Mills Hall, Indianapolis, on Feb. 4. The orators and the order of their speaking are as follows: Wabash, H. C. Hays; Butler, D. S. Robinson; De Pauw, A. R. Gephart; Earlham, L. T. Pennington; Notre Dame, Francis Weninger; Franklin, R. S. Dobbins; Hanover, Fred C. Millis. The Executive Committee for the year 1909-1910 is as follows: President, George L. Moffett, Butler; Vice-President, C. R. Randel, DePauw; Recording Secretary, H. P. Comstock, Earlham; Interstate Delegate, John F. O'Hara, Notre Dame; Treasurer, A. M. Jones, Franklin; Corresponding Secretary, Karl P. Miller, Hanover; Member Executive Committee, J. J. Daniels, Wabash.

—At the first regular meeting of the Civil Engineering Society on Jan. 19, the following program was rendered: Cement and Cement Mortars, Mr. Gutierrez; Necessity of Sewerage, Mr. Schmitt; Plotting of a Survey, Mr. Herr; and the question: If the projectile be struck horizontally when at its highest point by another body, will it reach the horizontal plane in the same time as if it had not been struck? discussed by Mr. Romana. The paper on Cement and Cement Mortars gave the history, the manufacture and the many uses of these two materials, of which the former is one of the leading products in the building world. Owing to the indisposition of the author, Mr. Dolan presented the dissertation on the Necessity of Sewerage, which pointed out the detrimental influence of refuse waste, and the methods used in sanitary drainage. The value and many means of plotting surveys were well shown by Mr. Herr. In a most able manner did Mr. Romana defend

his subject. Since the discussion was open to the meeting, the question was argued in its many phases, but on account of the lateness of the hour the debate will be continued at the next meeting.

—The following from the "By Hek" column of the *Chicago Tribune* is good enough to keep:

CHICAGO, Jan. 17.

DEAR SIR:—The Explorers' Club of Hegeswisch will gladly bestow upon you a beautifully hand-painted mason jar if you will go forth and dig up one football critic who has had the courage to hand Notre Dame the championship of the West without tying seventeen strings to it, or trying to fight shy of such a proclamation, as if it were a six-cylinder bunch of plumbing gone on a toot.

It may be hard to accept a championship delegation from Indiana, but, as Caesar said when his wife went through his pockets, "There are some things we have to stand for, unpleasant though they may be."

Some of the pedes-pilum scientists still maintain that Michigan has a claim to the pansies. Can it be that they have not heard of the Joy Miller episode or of the Gotch-Smith tussle?

We are not going to hand it to you for fairness, but will you not decide, in triphammer style, once and for all whether the International Correspondence school or Notre Dame University is entitled to the championship?

HUGO HUMPHREY.

(We have awarded the championship to the Missouri Aggies, as a mollifying and compromise proposition. We trust this will be satisfactory; also that the incident may be regarded as closed.)

Athletic Notes.

BASKET-BALL.

The basket-ball horizon continues hazy. The Marion game showed that team-work was sadly lacking, and it will require much steady and consistent practice to overcome this defect. During the last week practice was almost at a standstill through non-attendance of the candidates. Moreover, two of the gym lights have been out of order, and this still further hampered the work. Attley is steadily improving, and bids fair to hold down the position at centre in the most approved style, but Fish has been suffering from a sprained thumb and injured leg. Vaughan shoots baskets daily and his knee is in better condition, but it is not possible to count on him. To stimulate interest and to develop the new men, Coach Maris has hit upon a happy innovation.

The Varsity is to be decked out in blue trimmed in gold, and the second team is to have gold uniforms trimmed with blue. A regular schedule is to be arranged for the second team including trips to Chicago and Culver. Assistant Manager Lynch has prepared the following schedule:

Jan. 29—M. A. C. at Notre Dame.

Jan. 31—Rose Polytechnic at Terre Haute.

Feb. 1—Wabash at Crawfordsville.

" 2—St. Mary's at Dayton, Ohio.

" 3—Turner Club at Dayton, Ohio.

" 9—Butler at Notre Dame.

" 16—Allegheny College at Notre Dame.

" 17—Hope College at Holland, Mich.

" 18—M. A. C. College at Lansing, Mich.

" 23—Olivet College at Notre Dame.

March 5—Wabash at Notre Dame.

BASEBALL.

Baseball practice began a week ago yesterday. So far about forty candidates have appeared, and Coach Curtis has been drilling them in squads. Kelly, Maloney, Ulatowski, Phillips, Heyl, Ryan and Connelly of last year's team will form the nucleus of the aggregation of '10. The weeding-out process will begin as soon as the "gym" is in readiness for practice games.

TRACK.

The First Regiment track meet takes place this afternoon at Chicago. The following men are to represent Notre Dame:

40-yard dash—Fletcher, Wasson, Martin, Mehlem, Cox, Roth.

High Hurdles—Moriarty, Fletcher.

880-yard run—Dana, Devine, Steers, Brady, Fischer, Cox.

Two mile—Steers.

440-yard run—Duffy, Martin, Moriarty, Cox, Fischer, Wasson.

Mile—Dana, Steers, Brady.

16-lb shot—Philbrook, Roth.

High Jump—Fletcher, Philbrook, Roth.

Pole Vault—Moriarty.

Other colleges represented will be the University of Chicago, Purdue and Marquette. Among the prominent athletes of these teams are Con Leahy, the Irish Champion high jumper, Irons, the Olympic Champion, and Ramey, ex-captain of the Michigan track team. Notre Dame won the meet last year, and with all the men in fine condition we are hopeful of another victory.